

Music: *Bad Boys* or Cops-type music

Announcer: VICE-COPS is brought to you by Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson,

For bikers and bikers at heart.

Valdez: Hey rookie—you won't live long on vice, dressing like that!

Jenkins: Blue jeans and a sport shirt?

Valdez: Jenkins, you might as well be wearing a pocket protector! On the street, you gotta be bad. We're getting you to Rio Grand Valley Harley Davidson.

(Siren wails/tires screech). (Sfx: doors open)

Betty (old): Welcome to Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson –OH—it looks like an undercover cop in the sport shirt. Just out of the academy?

Jenkins: Pipe down grandma.

Betty: Ooh—you gonna arrest me? Maybe put me in handcuffs?

Valdez: Betty, we gotta get Jenkins fixed up. What would look good on him?

Betty: We've got a body bag.

Jenkins: Don't push me.

Betty: Maybe you want to strip search me...

Valdez: Jenkins just needs some Harley gear. He's tired of looking like a meter maid. You've got everything here---How 'bout some Harley shades and a leather vest...and a real man's wallet.

Betty: Oh my! What's he gonna chain it to?

Anncr: Vice-Cops has been brought to you by Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson, East Expressway, in Pharr.

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**Valdez: Jenkins, now you're styling. I'm feeling safer working the streets with you. Just
one trip to Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson and you look like one bad dude.**

**Jenkins: Well, actually I went back again. A couple of times. Maybe six. I wanted some
more stuff—another vest, and a couple of Harley shirts. A n#\$%! . Let's roll!**

Valdez: Let's ROLL? Wait a minute—what was that last item? A n#^*&?

**Jenkins: It's nothing. A nightie. A Harley nightie, for my wife. She kinda liked it. Let's hit
it, Valdez. We're late.**

Valdez: Your wife likes the Harley gear?---aren't you two separated?

**Jenkins: We *may* be getting back together, maybe. I just happened to drop by her place right
after I got the Harley jacket.**

Valdez: Just "happened" to be going by---in your Harley jacket. When did you buy that?

Jenkins: The fourth trip there. It went well with the, uh, Harley gloves I bought.

Valdez: And the nightie.

2 way radio: Red Dog, you there?

Valdez: Go ahead Charlene, you got something?

2 way radio: Jenkins wife just called. She asked what time he's getting off "to-night-y".

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Jenkins: Valdez, please don't smoke in the car.

Valdez: WHAT?!

Jenkins: Smoking stinks up the car.

Valdez: Jenkins--half of our busts get sick in the back seat—
and you're worried about my cigarette smell?

Jenkins: Well, it's my new threads.

Valdez: Threads?

Jenkins: My new leather jacket from Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson. The slacks, too.

Valdez: Don't ever say "slacks". We'd be so busted as cops.

Jenkins: OK, but in Vice, I gotta wear my own clothes. I wear good stuff, now, from Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson. I just don't want you to stink it up. No offense.

Valdez: None taken paleface.

Jenkins: QUICK Valdez--Turn left here!

Valdez: You see something?

Jenkins: Yeah—my dry cleaners. I've gotta pick up a couple of Harley vests.

Valdez: Why'd you have them dry cleaned?

Jenkins: They smelled like cigarettes.

Valdez: Maybe I should put some "po'pori" in the back seat for the suspects?!

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Harley Anonymous by John Wolf

Claude: My name is Claude Stempel. I'm addicted to wearing Genuine Harley Davidson Motorclothes. (light applause) I've been wearing denim shirts and Retro Knit shirts. They make me feel hipper, younger.

Counselor: Sure they do, Claude. Where do you get these "Motorclothes"?

Claude: Well, Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson, in Pharr. (gasps)

Fred: I know the place. It's huge! My wife shops there.

ALL: YOUR WIFE!?

Fred: For, uh—our kids. OK, FOR ME TOO! I admit it. Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson has everything: Inferno Nylon Jackets, Basic Skins Jackets...

Counselor: But Fred, you're an insurance man. Wearing Genuine Harley Davidson Motorclothes?

Fred: I felt nervous at first. But then, it opened up a whole new line of clients who had always thought that I was too square, with my ties and alligator shirts.

Joyce: I GO THERE TOO! At first, I just went at night, wearing dark shades. Now, I wear my denim halter tops to the office.

Counselor: You gave Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson a number on your speed dial, didn't you Joyce?

Joyce: (sobbing) I gave it ALL the numbers!

TAG: Rio Grande Valley Harley Davidson, on the East Expressway in Pharr, where people are marching to the beat of a different dresser.