

[Snoring]

[Whistle Blowing]

DEAD
Jim Jarmush
MAYN

[Snoring]
[Snoring]
[Snoring]
[Snoring]
Continues]

Look out the window. And doesn't
when you were in the boat ? And
you were lying, looking up at the c
and the water in your head... was n
landscape and you think to yourself

-Assuring me of a job there.

-I wouldn't know, because,

uh,

I don't read, but,

uh,

I'll tell you one thing for sure:

I wouldn't trust no words written down on no piece of paper

especially from no Dickinson out in the town of Machine.

-[...]THIS LETTER CONFIRMS MY POSITION HERE...

- THIS LETTER CONFIRMS MY POSITION HERE...

- THIS LETTER CONFIRMS MY
POSITION HERE...

-The only job you're gonna
get in here is pushin' up
daisies from a pine box...

NOW GET

OUT

- Hey, Bill. You got any tobacco anywhere?
- No, I don't smoke.
- Damn.
- Ow!
- Oh, watch it. It's loaded.
- Why do you have this?
- 'Cause this is America.

[...]

Last night, my youngest son, Charlie...
God bless his soul...
was gunned down in cold blood right here
in our own hotel. The gutless murderer,
one Mr. Bill Blake, also shot to death
Miss Thel Russel, the fiancée of my beloved son.

Not only that, but he stole a very spirited
and valuable horse, a beautiful YOUNG PINTO
that belonged to my personal family stable.

- Stupid fucking
white man...

Do you have any
tobacco ?

- I don't smoke.

- Did you kill the white man who killed you?

- I'm not dead.

- What name were you given *at* birth, stupid white man?

- *Blake. William Blake.*

- Is this a lie? Or a white man's trick?

- No, I'm *William Blake.*

- Then you are a *dead man.*

EVERY NIGHT...
AND EVERY MORN',
SOME TO MISERY ARE BORN.
EVERY MORN' AND EVERY NIGHT,
SOME ARE BORN TO SWEET DELIGHT.
SOME ARE BORN TO SWEET DELIGHT.
SOME ARE BORN TO ENDLESS NIGHT.

- *William Blake*, do you know how to use this weapon?
- NOT REALLY.
- That weapon will replace your tongue.

You will learn to speak through it,

and

your poetry will now
be written

with

blood.

- What is your name?
- My name is *Nobody*.
- Excuse me?
- My name is *Exaybachay*:
He Who Talks Loud, Saying Nothing.
- What is your name?
- My name is *Nobody*.
- Excuse me?
- My name is *Exaybachay*: He Who Talks
Loud, Saying Nothing.
- He Who Talks
- I thought you said your name was *Nobody*.
- I prefer to be called *Nobody*.

-You *William Blake*?

- Yes, I am. Do you know my poetry ?

[*Rifle Shot*]

[*Rifle Shot*]

[Sniffing, Shuddering] [Sniffing, Shuddering] [Sniffing, Shuddering] [Sniffing, Shuddering]

-Sorry boy
- [*Rifle Shot*]

-Some are born to endless night.

THE END

This world will no longer concern you.

Found some tobacco.

The tobacco is for your voyage,

William Blake.

Nobody.

I don't smoke.

Aho, William Blake.

STARRING

Johnny Depp
with

Gary Farmer

John Hurt

Iggy Pop

and

Robert Mitchum

Music by Neil Young

Victorianna thin

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy
z
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

Victorianna thin, jeu stylistique n°1
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

Victorianna thin, jeu stylistique n°2
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

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Dessin de lettre par *Sébastien Hayez*

www.hayez.kudeta-graphic.com

hayezsebastien@hotmail.com

Corrections (de dessin & optique) & programmation

par *Jérémy Landes-Nonnes*

www.jllnn.fr

Typespecimen par *Olivier Dolbeau*

www.olivierdolbeau.fr

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