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# Impulse

By Nicholas Kazan

Now, what is that?  
Charlie, did you feel that?  
Yeah, I felt it.  
It broke my damn window.  
Is everything OK?  
Suction.  
Respiration.  
Jet.  
-I am starved.  
-You're always starved.  
Let's eat.  
Jennifer, phone call for you.  
You bitch!  
Did you... to think of that.  
I thought you said...  
Mom, is that you?  
Listen, bitch. Listen to me.  
You listen to me now.  
Listen to me.  
You so innocent, aren't you?  
Aren't you, you...  
-Stop it.  
-Sweet and so innocent.  
Mama, please stop it.  
Smiling little child whore!  
Whore! Bitch!  
I hate you! You listen to me.  
Didn't know? Didn't know?  
Doing that all the time!  
You filthy little smiling slut!  
Mama?  
Wonder where they are.  
-Damn it!  
-That guy did it on purpose.  
Will you look at this?  
Jenny?  
Hi, daddy.  
How's mama?  
She's hanging on.  
Papa, this is Stuart.  
Mr. Russell, I'm very sorry.  
Call me Bob.  
Well, I guess you want  
to get home and clean up, huh?

No. I want to see mama.  
Mama?  
It's me.  
I don't know  
what I could've done wrong...  
but whatever it was, I'm sorry.  
And I love you.  
Bye.  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
Mama, are you OK?  
There's something wrong.  
What's the problem, Margaret?  
Nothing serious.  
She just needs a bedpan.  
Stuart, will you help me  
change her, please?  
-Certainly.  
-Jennifer, would you excuse us?  
Hello, Mrs. Russell.  
Just loosen that sheet.  
You know, to tell you the truth,  
I don't do a lot of this myself.  
You get used to it.  
I spent fifteen years  
getting used to it.  
My mother was a stroke victim.  
Now if you lift her up,  
I'll get rid of this.  
Easy.  
That's it.  
Yes, sir, fifteen years.  
Two or three times a day.  
The washing machine  
never stopped.  
Oh, we do have nurses  
in this town... two of them.  
One of them ran off to get  
married, the other one drinks.  
So, there you go, old girl.  
I told you  
not to worry about it.  
That's what I'm here for.  
Thank you, Stuart.  
See that fence?

That's where our land starts.  
Why are you stopping, daddy?  
Those tracks  
weren't there yesterday.  
Who the hell's been up there?  
Let's go home.  
Eddie!  
It's OK, honey.  
It's all right.  
It's OK.  
I hope the accommodations  
are OK, Stuart.  
It may not be  
what you're used to.  
Oh, don't worry on my account.  
I'll sleep like a log tonight.  
I fixed up the spare  
down the hallway for you.  
So, what's your specialty,  
Stuart?  
Well, I'm a surgical resident...  
but I've been thinking about  
going into research.  
-Get out!  
-I'm not afraid of you!  
Stop it! That's enough!  
I forgot  
how good milk could taste.  
Tit to table...  
it doesn't get any fresher.  
Daddy, you know  
I never drink that stuff.  
Well, that stuff put you  
through college, you know.  
Stuart's very impressed  
with Dr. Carr.  
Said mama  
couldn't be in better hands.  
Yeah. He's highly thought of  
locally.  
Well, he has fine credentials...  
Johns Hopkins,  
Harvard Medical School.  
He'd have been a star

at Mass. General.  
Carr isn't that type.  
He's perfectly happy  
here in our community.  
Stuart's just saying his  
degrees are impressive, daddy.  
Eddie, we got company.  
Tell us about the earthquake.  
It wasn't much of an earthquake.  
Busted a couple of windows...  
gave everybody  
something to talk about.  
Cigarette smoke  
bother you, Stuart?  
No. I don't mind at all. No.  
Put it out anyway, Eddie.  
You heard what the doctor said.  
No problem.  
Come on, you two.  
This is ridiculous.  
Seems like a nice man, Stuart.  
You two  
thinking of getting married?  
We've talked about it.  
Maybe someday.  
It sure is good having you  
home again, Jenny.  
Were you and mama  
happy together?  
Of course we were, Jenny.  
It's been a good marriage.  
That's the truth.  
Why does she hate me?  
Oh, honey, she doesn't hate you.  
I know she doesn't.  
Relax.  
How do you expect me to relax...  
Your father's right next door.  
Roll over.  
OK. Lie on your stomach.  
Yes, ma'am.  
What is that?  
It's nice, huh?  
Witch hazel.

I thought this stuff  
went out with Tom Sawyer.  
Wait until I get to the talcum.  
I want to do this to you.  
Just shut up and enjoy it.  
When I was little, I used  
to pray I'd get a heat rash...  
so my mama  
would give me a rubdown.  
Sometimes  
she'd give me one anyway...  
just because it felt so good.  
I don't understand it.  
Come here.  
What?  
Morning.  
Need any help?  
I think I can handle it.  
He sure takes his deliveries  
seriously, doesn't he?  
I wish you could talk to me.  
I want to understand, mama.  
You know what?  
I'm your daughter...  
so I know something  
nobody else can know...  
how much you love me.  
Come on, let's go get a malt.  
Last one there is a rotten egg.  
Come on, let's go.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
Morning.  
Good morning?  
Have a nice day.  
Yeah, you, too...  
and a wonderful life.  
Been keeping yourself amused?  
Yeah, to say the least.  
Mr. Anson.  
Hold your horses.  
I'll be right there.  
Thanks, Eddie. Still no change?  
Well, we all keep on  
hoping and praying.

-How much money you got?  
-I only got a quarter.  
-What'll it be, boys?  
-Two ice creams, please.  
Why don't we make it three?  
I think the house can afford it.  
-Thanks, Mr. Anson.  
-Thanks.  
Thanks a lot.  
No problem.  
Thank you.  
Sorry, Mrs. Piersall,  
next window.  
I'm closing for a while.  
You can't. I've been waiting  
in this line twenty minutes.  
Very sorry, Mrs. Piersall.  
Some goddamn bank.  
Gladys, calm down. We can just  
move into the other line.  
I am not going to move  
into the other line.  
I've been waiting here  
for twenty minutes.  
I couldn't believe it.  
I'm so sorry.  
It's all right.  
Oh, Gladys,  
that is unreasonable.  
Well, Stuart, Margo.  
Do you think that's unusual?  
Happens all the time.  
No. That's right. You...  
That's my balance, right?  
Well, sure.  
Well, I guess  
that takes care of it.  
Thank you, Janet.  
See you next week.  
-Same time, same station.  
-Great. Thank you.  
-I saw what you did.  
-So what?  
You took that money.

-What if I did?  
-Give me that purse.  
I want to look inside  
that purse!  
Sorry.  
-You can't do that!  
-Why not?  
Because it belongs to the bank.  
So? Who cares?  
Come on. Don't be so selfish.  
Don't be ridiculous.  
Get your hands off my purse.  
-Wait.  
-Stop!  
Nobody's going anyplace,  
Mrs. Piersall.  
You, too, Mr. Biederman.  
Glad to see you, sheriff.  
Put the gun away, Ned.  
Theodore, what's that  
you got in your hand?  
That's my Christmas club money.  
The girl that I love so...  
Give me a pitcher, Bird Eye.  
Mary, what are you doing here?  
Oh, just having a drink.  
You know my sister Dawn  
and my brother-in-law Pete.  
I got waylaid at the bar,  
if you'll pardon the expression.  
Are you leaving?  
I just got here.  
No.  
He gets up when a lady comes in.  
A what?  
I'm just kidding, Stu.  
I think that's really sweet.  
-Where's Bill?  
-Bill who?  
Bill is my husband  
of, lo, these many years.  
I left him bleeding to death  
on the living room carpet.  
I didn't, but I should have.



Excuse the girl talk,  
OK, Stuart?  
Why don't you visit?  
I'm going to get some more wine.  
Thank you. We're going  
to take a short break.  
We'll be back  
in about fifteen minutes.  
You all right?  
What, Margo? What's the matter?  
Is Bill the problem?  
No, I'm the problem.  
I've been having nightmares.  
And awful...  
they don't ever stop.  
Hey, do me a favor  
and don't touch me, OK?  
It's just the way I feel  
right now.  
I'm sorry.  
I can't help it.  
May I have this dance?  
Do you mind waiting  
for the next one, Howard?  
Well, I'd like to cut in now,  
if you don't mind.  
Next one, Howard, huh?  
How come you think  
you're better than me?  
I don't.  
You know, you always have.  
You always have.  
Easy, Howard, easy.  
What do you think  
you're taking it, asshole?  
Just back off, huh, will you?  
Back off.  
You'd never go out with me,  
would you?  
You just didn't think  
I was good enough, did you?  
Did you? You slut!  
Jennifer!  
You never felt real pain,

have you, Jennifer?  
You want to see real pain?  
Howard, you can go home now.  
If it gives you any trouble,  
call me.  
Otherwise,  
I'll see you in two weeks.  
OK. Thank you very much,  
Dr. Carr.  
You, too, doctor.  
Life can be so sweet  
On the sunny side of the street  
There's a place.  
You pig! You pig!  
That's my parking place!  
God, I think I took her spot.  
Hey, I'm sorry. I'll move out.  
Hey, relax! Just relax!  
-I said I'd move!  
-Look out!  
Move!  
Lucky it's no more  
than a concussion.  
How did it happen?  
It was unbelievable. She just...  
she kept ramming into us.  
Think this could be a variant  
of Tourette's syndrome?  
I doubt it.  
The development's way too fast.  
No, thank you.  
There's no facial twitching...  
and as far as we know,  
no genetic history.  
What are you talking about?  
That this could be  
some kind of a disease.  
It's as if the censor  
in people has disappeared...  
so they're acting on  
any urge that comes along...  
instead of censoring out  
the unacceptable ones.  
You ever get mad when

someone took your parking place?

Well, sure,

but I don't go around sma...

But that's crazy.

That's just crazy.

There's one thing

to be said for all this.

It gives us something to do

besides shuffling bedpans.

There's something wrong

with the phones.

I've been getting busy signals

all morning.

The door's locked. It doesn't

look like there's anybody here.

Well, that's strange.

It's Emmy Jones' shift.

She hasn't missed a day

in thirty years.

Watch out.

The main line must be down.

What the hell's going on?

Won't find anything wrong

with this water.

I'd let my three-year-old

daughter drink it.

You don't mind

if I test it anyway, do you?

Help yourself.

I told you. I'd let

my three-year-old drink it.

Something wrong, Margaret?

What did you say, Margaret?

No.

I couldn't quite hear you.

Dr. Carr.

Right away.

-Hi, Shawn. Where's your mom?

-Out.

Her car's in the garage, Shawn.

You don't fool me.

Why aren't you in school?

Margo?

Upstairs!

I brought you some candy.  
You feeling any better today?  
Sure. Thanks.  
Now, hold still.  
Put your finger there.  
Not you, Jennifer.  
-What happened?  
-Jimmy sprained his wrist.  
Broke it.  
It's sprained. I told you.  
Now take a hike.  
It's been a bad morning.  
-I got to do the kids' rooms.  
-You OK?  
Of course I'm OK.  
Why wouldn't I be OK?  
You left last night without  
saying anything, and we were...  
I'm fine.  
God damn it, no.  
-Shawn! Shawn!  
-What?  
I told you  
to clean up your room!  
I wish  
they'd clean up their rooms.  
Is that unreasonable?  
Is that asking too much?  
I want to talk to you.  
If it's bad news,  
I don't want to hear it.  
I've got enough problems  
with Jimmy's broken wrist.  
I thought he sprained it.  
Well, he did sprain it.  
-That's what I said.  
-No, you said...  
What are you asking me  
about his wrist for?  
What difference does it make?  
Margo, please, calm down.  
Let's talk, OK?  
Well, then  
what'd you start for?

You're the one that started  
talking about it.  
-What are you looking at?  
-What happened, Margo?  
Tell me how Jimmy  
broke his wrist.  
Never mind.  
Tell me how Jimmy  
broke his wrist.  
Why do you keep asking me that?  
-Why are you yelling at me?  
-I said never mind!  
Mind your own fucking business!  
Kids, come on. I want you  
all to come with me.  
Come on.  
Get in the car. I'm going  
to take you to my place.  
Come on, let's go!  
Jimmy, come on!  
You can ride in the front.  
Hurry up. Get in.  
Shawn, get in.  
You think that's funny?  
That what you've done  
is a joke?  
What made you do  
such a stupid thing?  
Come on, tell me!  
They let all the air  
out of my tires.  
You think it's easy  
having kids?  
Little shit.  
Fuck it.  
Open the door, you little brats!  
Somebody please help me!  
Margo, help!  
Margo, please help!  
Margo, please!  
Oh, God.  
Come on.  
Please, come on.  
Come on.

Jesus Christ!  
Bye! Come back again!  
That's your way of saying  
"Good afternoon," Margaret?  
It's not very attractive,  
if you want the truth.  
Still need a bedpan, Margaret?  
No, no, we're way past that...  
way past that.  
Dr. Carr?  
Mama?  
Take two of these now  
and then one every four hours.  
They'll help you rest.  
I'm only giving you six.  
They're very strong.  
Bob will be fine.  
I told him just  
take it easy for a while.  
Doctor, may I speak with you  
for a minute?  
Now, what about the autopsy?  
It's as I feared. Bob said no.  
He wants Margaret  
buried in peace.  
I don't think he understands  
how important this is.  
We can't do a goddamn thing  
without those tissue samples.  
It's against Bob and Margaret's  
religious principles.  
I just don't see any point...  
in putting them through  
all this, do you?  
We have got to have them.  
I think we've about covered it,  
doctor.  
Isn't he ever going to leave?  
Let's go in anyway.  
You think  
you ought to wait outside?  
I need some help. Get me  
some test tubes with the labels.  
-You better not watch.

-I can handle it.  
Christ. She's cyanotic.  
-What?  
-No oxygen.  
She died of lack of oxygen.  
The respirator must've stopped.  
No. It was still running.  
I heard it.  
Jenny.  
We're leaving.  
What about him?  
We're taking him with us.  
I hope this constant smoking  
isn't offending anyone.  
I'd stop if I could.  
What will they do with me?  
Legally, I don't know...  
but, medically,  
you're our best chance.  
Finish my days as a specimen?  
Sounds exciting.  
Don't get carried away.  
Somebody sure has been busy.  
They don't want anybody  
coming or going.  
I swear I seen him  
come down this way.  
-Sheriff!  
-Not now. I'm busy.  
There he is!  
Sheriff, wait!  
Please, wait!  
Wonderful singing, Ed.  
I can't tell you  
how much I appreciate...  
what you've done, John.  
Margaret loved this church.  
Well, Margaret  
was a wonderful person, Bob.  
We all share your loss.  
Look out!  
Jesus Christ!  
I'm going to teach  
that little bastard...

-not to crack parking meters.  
-Sheriff!  
Sheriff!  
Sheriff, who the fuck  
you think you are?  
I didn't work all my life...  
just to watch some goddamn  
son of a bitch destroy my store.  
You asshole. I'm going  
to blow your fucking head off.  
Asshole?  
-Watch out!  
-That was a good one!  
Dad!  
Well, nothing's wrong here.  
Shit.  
I checked the news  
on the car radio.  
Hell, they're talking like  
nothing's happened.  
The rest of the world either  
doesn't know or give a damn.  
It's getting  
a little nippy outside.  
If you need a jacket...  
why don't you go grab  
one of mine?  
Goddamn.  
I knew I should've burned them.  
Jenny?  
-You all right?  
-Yeah.  
I needed some air.  
Do you want me to leave,  
or do you want me to stay?  
Stay.  
You feel good.  
But not now, OK? Later.  
Who's to know?  
Everything OK, daddy?  
I'd rather you two  
weren't out here.  
Good night.  
Good night.



Oh, my God.  
That's what I thought, too.  
I want you to see  
something else.  
Easy, easy.  
Jenny, easy.  
You're still just  
a little bit shaken.  
I'm sorry. I should've  
anticipated the shock.  
It's going to be OK. You OK?  
Oh, good.  
I'm going to get you  
some water, OK?  
I'll be right back.  
It's OK, honey.  
It's me. It's me.  
-He killed Eddie.  
-What are you saying?  
He killed Eddie! He killed him!  
Don't go!  
It's OK, Jenny.  
Look, you're going to have  
to give me a hand here.  
Jenny, start the engine.  
Oh, come on, will you?  
Jennifer, the door's locked.  
I can't do it for you.  
God damn it,  
will you do what I say?  
Please?  
Put it in first.  
We'll rock it back and forth.  
Don't give it too much gas.  
OK. Now go.  
Come on. That's it. Come on.  
Kick it over again. We got it.  
That's it!  
There was  
some kind of toxic spill.  
It got into the milk.  
You got to get out of here.  
What's the use?  
No! Don't open the door!

I can't be sure of myself.  
I'm going to go back into town  
and see if I can help.  
Now go on, get out of here!  
Well, why won't you  
come with me?  
Whatever it is,  
I've got it, and you don't.  
You don't know that...  
not for certain.  
Please, Stuart, come with me.  
You're all I have left.  
Please.  
I'll join you as soon as I can.  
You promise?  
I promise.  
I love you.  
I am sure am glad  
you could help us out today.  
It's the worst  
I've ever seen it.  
We could lose  
every tree in town.  
No problem.  
Happy to oblige you guys.  
Is this it?  
Yep. It's heavy, though.  
Let me give you a hand.  
Is that where  
you want me to spray?  
Roger that,  
and when you're done...  
proceed north by northeast  
ten degrees.  
Ninety-nine Yankee to ground.  
Ground. Go ahead.  
Over the town. What town?  
Spray it.  
You're freaking out, ground.  
Repeat. I didn't read you.  
I said spray the town.  
You sure about that?  
I thought you said  
the outlying areas only.

I'm sure about it.  
Here goes, then.  
Well, what about Main Street?  
There's a lot of people  
down there.  
Main Street, too.  
OK, you're the boss.  
Ninety-nine Yankee, clear.  
What are you doing here?  
Hey, pal, don't worry.  
I'm here to help you people.  
Nobody's going to get hurt.  
Nothing's going to happen.  
There's been a little accident.  
We're just here  
to clean things up, that's all.  
Who are you?  
Any unit  
with the last known location...  
of unit G-73-99,  
come in to control.  
G-seven-three-niner-niner.  
Go ahead.  
G-73-99, what's your status?  
The medfly is dead.  
I'm returning to base.  
G-73-99, roger.  
Looking for these?  
Come on, I haven't got time  
to play around.  
Just hand 'em over, OK?  
You're not going anywhere, pal.  
You're staying right here  
with me.  
I'm serious. Give me the keys.  
You're just going  
to have to find them.  
Shit!  
Done by (c) dCd / June 2005