Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior

By Terry Hayes
My life fades...
...the vision dims.
All that remains are memories.
I remember... a time of chaos...
...ruined dreams... this wasted land.
But most of all, I remember
the Road Warrior...
...the man we called Max.
To understand who he was, you
have to go back to another time.
...when the world was
powered by the black fuel...
...and the deserts sprouted
great cities of pipe and steel.
Gone now... swept away.
For reasons long forgotten, two
mighty warrior tribes went to war...
...and touched off a blaze
which engulfed them all.
Without fuel they were nothing.
They'd built a house of straw.
The thundering machines
spluttered and stopped.
Their leaders talked... and talked...
and talked...
...but nothing could stem the avalanche.
Their world crumbled...
...the cities exploded.
A whirlwind of looting...
...a firestorm of fear.
Men began to feed on men.
On the roads it was a
white-line nightmare.
Only those mobile enough to scavenge...
...brutal enough to
pillage would survive.
The gangs took over the highways...
...ready to wage war
for a tank of juice.
And in this maelstrom of decay...
...ordinary men were
battered and smashed.
Men like Max...
...the warrior Max.
In the roar of an engine, he lost everything...
...and became a shell of a man...
...a burnt out, desolate man...
...a man haunted by the demons of his past.
A man who wandered out into the wasteland.
And it was here...
in this blighted place...
...that he learned to live again.
Don't hurt the snake!
Put it down...
...gently, gently... nice.
Now the iron.
The gun.
Down, down. Turn around.
Looks like I've got myself some gasoline eh, eh?
V8? Eh?
Booby-trapped.
Touch those tanks and BOOM!
Booby-trap! Back up!
Oh, you crafty little man, you!
You're quick... very quick.
Never seen a man beat the snake before.
Who are you?
Reflexes... that's what you've got.
Me... I've got brains.
A fella... a quick fella...
...might have a weapon under there.
I'd have to pin his head to the panel.
Don't play me the fool!
Gas! Fuel! Gasoline!
Thousands of gallons of it!
- As much as you want!
- Where? Where?
Pumping it, they are! Refining!
- A huge tanker full.
- Crap!
No, it's true!
It's not self-service, no.
It's too hard for me...
...but a man of your ingenuity...
Where?
Kill me and you'll never find out!
Good dog...
Nice doggy, eh?
Well, there it is.
Four days I was up here.
Me and the snakes...
playing mah-jong, taking tea...
...watching, thinking...
...how was I going to
get in and get the gas?
Day and night it's pumping...
Fuel to burn.
They've got the lot: Power,
lights, you name it.
You can bet your life
they mean to keep it.
Arrows, flame-throwers, guns!
No place for man or reptile, I thought.
Then this trash arrived...
...as moths to a flame.
Round and round, attack, attack...
...like angry ants, mad
with the smell of gasoline.
In the tanker, that's
where they keep it.
Thousands of gallons.
As much as you want.
If anyone's gonna get in
there, it's gonna be you.
Er, me... I'm gonna feed the snakes.
A man lives by his word. I reckon
I've kept mine, eh?
Look, we had a deal. I show you
the gas and you let me go, right?
The arrangement was
I wouldn't kill you.
After all I've done for you...
I reckon you got a bargain, don't you?
Attack, my vermin, attack!
Onward! Bring me the fuel.
For the glory of Humungus.
For the great glory of Humungus.
Smegma crazies to the left!
The gate!
Gayboy berserkers to the gate!
I am your Lord.
Attack, my vermin, attack!
Thank you, thank you, thank you!
Save it.
I'm just here for the gasoline.
As much as you like.
Just take me back there.
Show your weapons and come forward!
Steady now!
Take it real easy!
That's as far as you go!
Turn around!
Nathan! Nathan! It's Nathan!
Lose them!
Open the gate!
Hurry up with that damned stretcher!
Hey, that's fine, that's fine.
Just stay there.
Cover him, cover him!
Come on! Quick, quick!
Oh, what a waste!
Watch his leg!
You and your handiwork!
He didn't stand a chance!
I warned him! You all heard me!
"Madness!" I said.
"We can escape;
take our gas!" he said.
Get that machine inside!
Close the damned gate!
Who are you?
How did you get through out there?
Look, I want some answers.
Where did you find him?
Two or three miles down the road
left for dead. We had a deal...
There were 3 other vehicles.
Did you see anything of them?
Yeah, they're heading hard out to
the southwest in heaps of trouble.
He said if I brought him back
here you'd give me some gas.
- Now there's not much time.
- There was a woman in the car...
She is dead.
What did they do?
It was quick. Look, I just want my
gas and I want to get out of here.
For all we know he's one of them!
Give him nothing!
She's right, he's a parasite!
Trading in human flesh!
Mercenary trash!
We had an arrangement.
You talk to this man.
Try something! Try something!
Try something!
If you had a contract, it was with him.
And it died with him.
Get rid of him!
Left!
Got to hand it to you, treasure!
The last of the V8 Interceptors!
A piece of history!
Would have been a shame to blow it up.
Here they come! Close the gates!
They're coming back!
Hold your fire!
He comes in peace!
For Christ's sake, hold your fire!
Greetings from The Humungus!
The Lord Humungus!
The Warrior of the Wasteland!
The Ayatollah of Rock and Roller!
I am gravely disappointed.
Again you have made me
unleash my dogs of war.
Look at what remains of
your gallant scouts.
Why? Because you're selfish!
You hoard your gasoline.
Don't listen to him!
Now, my prisoners say...
...you plan to take your
gasoline out of the Wasteland.
You sent them out this
morning to find a vehicle.
A rig big enough to haul
that fat tank of gas.
What a puny plan!
Look around you.
This is the Valley of Death.
See!
Nothing can escape!
The Humungus rules the Wasteland!
Give them nothing!
Blow it up!
Humungus will not be defied!
Wez! Wez!

Listen to me!
I've got it! I've got it!
Quiet! Quiet! No more games!
No more games!
We're here for a purpose.
We come with an offer.
No! No more talk!
We go in! We kill!
We'll kill them!
Be still my dog of war!
I understand your pain.
We've all lost someone we love.
But we do it my way!
Losers wait!
We do it my way!
Fear is our ally...
the gasoline will be ours.
Then, you shall have your revenge.
Take him away!
There has been too much
violence, too much pain.
None here are without sin.
But I have an honorable compromise.
Just walk away.
Give me the pump...
...the oil...
...the gasoline...
...and the whole compound,
and I'll spare your lives.
Just walk away; I will give you
safe passage in the Wasteland.
Just walk away and there will be an end to the horror. I await your answer. You have one full day to decide. We'll never walk away! Never! You heard what he said! It sounds reasonable! We don't have to die! All we have to do is walk away! No! We've worked too hard! It's simple! All we do is change the fuel and this junkyard for our lives! Look, if we walk out there, they'll slaughter us! They'll set us loose and then cut us down like pigs! Don't listen to them! All right, all right! I'll talk to this Humungus! He's a reasonable man... ...open to negotiation. He promised us safe passage! He gave his word! And let us suppose he keeps it... ...and we walk away from here with our lives. What then? Do we wander the Wasteland and become like them? Savages. But remember! Remember one thing: That is more than just a tanker of gas. That is our lifeline to a place beyond that vermin on machines. That's 2,000 miles from here! How do you expect us to get it there? Drag it? If we have to, yes! There's always a way! But the first step: Defend the fuel. Words! Just words! You'd die for a pipe dream!
We fight for a belief! I stay!
I wish it could have worked,
Pappagallo.
You can't expect to compete with that.
Every day we get weaker while they
get stronger... It's finished!
I'm sorry.
Two days ago I saw a vehicle
that could haul that tanker.
If you wanna get out of here...
you talk to me.
Okay, so that's my offer.
I deliver a rig big enough to
haul that tanker of yours...
...you give me back my vehicle
and as much juice as I can carry.
We lost 8 good people this morning.
What's he got in mind?
Now to do the job I need
five gallons of diesel...
...and some high-octane gasoline.
Think of it as a down payment.
And that's the last
we'll ever see of him.
He has to come back for his wheels.
What have we got to lose?
You've got yourself a deal.
My vehicle and all
the juice I can carry.
Come on, dog.
You know what I miss most of all?
Clean women.
Nail polish, perfume...
...the smell of bicycle
seats, cocktails...
Shut up!
Lingerie. Remember lingerie?
I knew it! I knew it would work!
Lethal! Lethal these snakes.
Born killers.
It's my snake! I trained it.
I'm gonna eat it!
So find your own! Get out of it!
I've got a recipe for snake.
Delicious.
Fricassee of reptile.
Better than your dog food!
Pure protein...
...minerals, vitamins.
A man's gotta look after himself.
Healthy mind, healthy body, dog.
You are what you eat, I reckon.
Get away!
You two ought to take a look
in the mirror some time.
No style, no taste.
Empty!
All this time!
That's dishonest... low!
Let's have a look at
this machine of yours.
How do I know that one's not a dud?
Find out.
Now you've got to understand the basics
of aerodynamics in a thing like this.
Shut up... shut up!
What about me? You're not
gonna leave me here, are you?
Do what you want.
We're partners!
You and me... we're partners!
Partners!
Go! Go!
My dogs, run! The gate!
The gate! The gate!
You! You can run...
...but you can't hide!
You did a great job.
Don't go overboard now.
Don't touch, please.
It's a precision instrument.
Don't touch!
Tell me, son... this machine of yours...
...it can take two, can it?
Possibly.
I'm okay. Just get them organized.
We're moving out tonight.
Okay, listen, everyone.
We're going out tonight.
You all know what to do,
just get on with it.
Timbo, Derek...
Pappagallo's been hurt.
How's the rig?
The rig. How is she?
Got a cracked timing case cover
and it's broken...
...a couple of teeth off
the timing gears.
Got a cracked timing case cover,
it's broken...
...a couple of teeth off the timing gear.
The radiator's damaged at the core.
It's got a cracked water pump.
It's got a fractured injector line.
Well, what does all that mean?
Yeah, okay, but what does that mean?
- What does that mean?
- 24 hours!
They got 12!
You've got 12!
Listen, I was wrong about you...
...and I'm sorry.
It's a long time since I've
seen driving like that, man.
You're okay by me, son.
With you driving that rig, we got it
licked! Nice to have you aboard, son.
I've been saving these.
I want you to have them.
Thank you, and welcome.
It's been a pleasure doing business
with you, but I'm leaving.
Oh, my God, look!
Up on the hill!
They're stringing them up,
the bastards!
Look!
You have defied me! You will know...
...the vengeance of
The Lord Humungus!
I promise you...
...nobody... nobody...
...gets out of here alive!
Who's supposed to be helping
out with the drums? Come on!
Come on with the drums, come on!
What's wrong? Come on.
It just seems wrong
sneaking away like this.
But you said you wanted
to come, sweetheart.
I know I did.
Look, you're scared now. Come on,
it'll be much safer up there.
What are we waiting for, eh?
This is my family...
...I'm not going to leave these people.
I'm staying.
I'm sorry.
Come on, I'll show you!
I told you. He's leaving.
Look, I don't have time for long
speeches, I want you to drive the tanker.
Sorry.
We had a contract.
I kept my part of the bargain.
We'll make a new contract.
I've got all I need here.
You don't have a future. I could
offer you that. Rebuild our lives.
Buy a ticket for 2,000 miles.
You have to come, sonny.
This is where we're going. Paradise!
Fresh water, plenty of sunshine...
Nothing to do but breed.
No thanks.
What is it with you?
What are you looking for?
Come on, Max, everybody's
looking for something.
You happy out there, are you?
Eh? Wandering... one day
blurring into another?
You're a scavenger, Max.
You're a maggot.
Do you know that? You're living off the corpse of the old world.
Tell me your story, Max.
What burned you out, huh?
Kill one man too many? See too many people die? Lose some family?
Oh, so that's it. You lost some family.
That make you something special, does it?
Listen to me...
Do you think you're the only one that's suffered?
We've all been through it in here, but we haven't given up.
We're still human beings, with dignity.
But you, you're out there with the garbage.
You're nothing!
Get out, kid!
Go on, get out of here.
Go on, get out. Scat! Get out!
You're letting him go?
Well, let's keep his vehicle at least.
He fulfilled his contract.
He's an honorable man.
Okay, so who's gonna drive the tanker?
I am.
They've got you wrong, you're not a coward.
Stupid, maybe, but not a coward.
You're making a serious mistake...
...splitting a great team.
You and me together, think of the possibilities.
See you around, maybe.
Good-bye, good luck.
We go!
You disobey me! You puppy!
Toadie, the gas! Hurry up!
Don't waste him! If he's alive...
...I want him!
The tanks are full, O mighty Wez, and it's all yours.
It's all over. Let's go!
Look! Out there.
Oh, hell!
You blew it, you fool!
Relax, partner!
I'll be driving the tanker.
We're going to crash or crash through.
Now, at this point, that's

_all they want:_
So they'll come straight after us.
So we'll use that to
punch our way out...
...which will give all of
you a very, very good chance.
Now, don't hesitate!
Once you're outside there, split
up and go as hard as you can.
Now, 200 miles to the north...
...there's a place with a
bridge called Powder River.
That's our rendezvous.
Give us till sunset.
If we haven't made it by then...
keep going.
Good enough for me to build,
but not to ride on, eh?
You are not coming on this tanker!
I sweated blood on this mother and
no bastard's going to tell me...
...to ride in no lousy school bus!
- O.K., settle down!
If it's all the same to you...
...I'll drive that tanker.
The offer is closed.
Too late for deals.
No deal. I want to drive the truck.
Why? Why the big change of heart?
Believe me, I haven't got a choice.
And how do you think you'll do it?
I mean, look at you.
You couldn't even drive a wheelchair!
You should look at yourself, Max:
You're a mess.
Come on, cut the crap!
I'm the best chance you've got.
Right, let's get moving!
Move that kid! Get rid of him!
Shit!
Go! Go! Go! Go!
I'm all right! I'm all right!
Got her! Got her!
Come on! Come on! Come on!
The tire! Shoot the tire!
Boy! Come on, jump!
We've won!
It's over, boy.
Get the bullet!
Get the shell.
And so began the journey North...
...to safety...
...to our place in the sun.
Among us we found a new leader:
The man who came from the sky...
...the Gyro Captain.
And just as Pappagallo had planned...
...we traveled far beyond
the reach of men on machines.
The juice, the precious juice,
was hidden in the vehicles.
As for me, I grew to manhood...
...and in the fullness of time,
I became the leader...
...the Chief of the
Great Northern Tribe.
And the Road Warrior?
That was the last we ever saw of him.
He lives now... only in my memories.