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# Planet Terror

By Robert Rodriguez

They called him Machete.  
\$70 a day for yard work.  
Get in.  
Sewage.  
Have you ever killed anyone before?  
As you may know,  
illegal aliens such as yourself  
are being forced out of our country  
at an alarming rate.  
for the good of both our people.  
Our new senator must die.  
And for that I will pay you \$150,000...  
cash.  
He was given an offer  
he couldn't refuse.  
I cost the most...  
'cause I'm the best there is.  
Aah!  
Set up, double-crossed,  
and left for dead.  
I took a vow of peace.  
And now you want me  
to help you kill all these men?  
Yes, bro.  
I mean, Padre.  
I'll see what I can do.  
He knows the score.  
Where are my wife and daughter?!  
He gets the women.  
He's back  
Machete  
And he kills the bad guys.  
No!  
Oh, shit.  
You mean that a Mexican day laborer  
is a goddamn Federale?!  
But they soon realized...  
He's coming after us.  
...they just fucked with the wrong Mexican.  
- Uhh!  
- Action.  
Suspense.  
Aaaah!  
Emotion.

Please, Father, have mercy.  
God has mercy. I don't.  
If you're gonna  
hire Machete to kill the bad guy,  
you better make damn sure  
the bad guy isn't you.  
Machete  
Rated "X".  
Brought to you from your friends  
at The Weinstein Company.  
Real pretty tonight, Holly.  
God damn it, girls.  
If you're gonna do that shit,  
do it onstage!  
Smokin' hot. Whew!  
Cherry, darlin',  
I told you too many fuckin' times--  
you can't be up there cryin'  
and all that shit.  
You know what a go-go dance is?  
Useless talent number 12?  
No, it's a happy dance.  
You get up there  
and you dance happy.  
It's go-go, not cry-cry.  
I'm quitting.  
You say that  
at least one night a week.  
I mean it this time.  
I need a dramatic change in my life.  
I've always said you're funny.  
Like that Chris Rock...  
only prettier.  
But if you don't stop  
all that cryin' and shit,  
I'm gonna have to fire  
your fuckin' ass,  
and I don't want to fire your ass  
'cause I like lookin' at your ass.  
"Any girl leaving early"  
"must check out with their finger"  
"and have a bye-bye slip."  
Here's my finger.  
And here's my bye-bye slip.

We're gonna need some cash.  
Dick. Fuck!  
Aah!  
Oh!  
Ass bag!  
Aah!  
All right, boys. Come on.  
All right, all right. Come on.  
You guys know the drill, huh?  
Wait here, Lieutenant.  
I'll handle this.  
Hey, Abby.  
I can see you've had  
a spot of trouble, Romey.  
Would you like to tell me  
what happened?  
Well, they--they escaped.  
Uh...  
All three?  
Yeah, 1--  
I don't know, uh--  
I don't know how they did it.  
Just, they got out--  
I'm sorry, Romey,  
but I just don't trust you anymore.  
And you know the rules.  
Hold on.  
I'm out.  
I swear, Abby, I'm--I'm--  
You're not gonna  
see me anymore, okay?  
Not so fast.  
I also want your balls.  
I'm really quite attached to them.  
Oh, sweetheart.  
I was really attached to my specimens.  
Now they're out there in the night  
doing God knows what.  
I can't do it, Abby. Please.  
Please, Abby.  
Hey. Hey! What are you guys--  
Let me go, you motherfuckers!  
Son of a bitch!  
Abby! Listen!

You don't need Abby!  
There's more!  
There's more!  
I can get you all you want! Abby!  
Fuck!. Motherfucking pussies!  
Let me go, you son of a bitch!  
I can get you more!  
No! No! No! Aah!  
Aaaaah!  
Pick this up, please.  
Where's the shit?  
The shit's right there.  
The deal is still good.  
No, it's not.  
You held out on me.  
Now I want all of it.  
Uhh!  
Looks like I got you  
by the balls, Abby.  
You certainly have.  
So...  
I'll ask you one more time.  
Where's...  
the...  
shit?  
Everywhere.  
Oh, balls.  
Get that thing away from my pumps!  
It's just overheating.  
I need to get to town.  
It's just a stripped radiator cap.  
Water leaks when it heats up.  
No pressure.  
You okay?  
I'm just cherry.  
Go on and have a seat anywhere.  
I'll be right in.  
Here, take this with you.  
That's your good spring water.  
Ain't nothin' good about it.  
I bottled it myself.  
I get it right there out of the dam.  
Thanks...  
J.T.

We're serving inside tonight.

The best barbecue in Texas  
around the clock.

I gotta go.

Savin' lives, are you?

Now, how did you know that?

Now, that's a rump roast.

Mmm.

Open the shades.

Get some light in here.

Nice night.

Coffee.

Oh, shit.

I couldn't get off work this week.

But you only have to stay till 10:00.

A friend of mine will be here before

I'm going to eat your brains

and gain your knowledge.

What did I tell you?

No playing with toys at the table.

- Didn't I tell you that?

- Yeah.

There's a packed suitcase  
under his bed.

Give it to Tony to take with him  
when my friend picks him up.

I'll leave him watching TV.

But you need to be here  
in the next 20 minutes.

Thank you.

Hey, what happened to your tooth?

Fell out.

Wow.

Think you can say a prayer  
for your old man?

No dead bodies for Da-da tonight.

No dead bodies for Da-da tonight.

Amen.

Amen.

Who was that you were talking to?

Babysitter.

She's on her way.

- You believe her?

- No.

Me, neither.  
Fucking catastrophe.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
- How's it goin', J.T.?  
- All right.  
- Still open, I see.  
- Oh, yeah, all night.  
Cup of coffee  
and a pack of cigarettes, please.  
Free of charge.  
Tonight...  
is a special night.  
What's so special about tonight?  
Been open 25 years.  
You should've thrown a party.  
I did. See the balloons?  
You're the second person  
to show up tonight.  
Who's the first?  
Right there.  
Must be passin' through.  
Seems only strangers eat here.  
I still eat here, J.T.  
Oh, yeah, you sure do.  
By the way, don't choke  
on all that food you're eatin'.  
Hello, Palomita.  
I don't go by that name anymore.  
Why not?  
'Cause it's the name you gave me.  
So, uh...  
you ever become that--  
that fancy doctor?  
Never did.  
I thought for sure you would.  
Talked about it enough.  
That's the problem with goals--  
they become the thing you talk about  
instead of the thing you do.  
That's my jacket.  
I looked for it for two weeks.  
Yeah? How long did you  
look for me, Wray?

Yeah, well, the jacket belonged to me.  
You didn't.  
So, um...  
what are you doing now?  
I'm going to be a standup comedian.  
Really?  
You're not funny.  
That's what I've been trying  
to tell everybody,  
but they all say I'm hysterical.  
But you're not.  
Great. Well, that's just fantastic,  
because I believed everybody,  
and I've already booked shows in town.  
Now what am I gonna do?  
Yeah. Yeah, that--  
that sucks, really.  
There's a difference  
between being frank  
and being dick.  
Yeah, well...  
it was really good seeing you again.  
Oh. Um...  
what name do you go by now...  
in case I want to catch  
one of your shows?  
Cherry.  
Cherry Darling.  
Sxounds like a stripper.  
No, it sounds like a go-go dancer.  
There's a difference.  
Right.  
Well...  
you'll always be Palomita to me.  
I need a ride.  
What do you say, El Wray?  
I'll give you a ride.  
Good-bye, Bill.  
- Don't you mean "see you later"?  
- Of course.  
Hey. What's up, Doc?  
The little lady's lookin'  
pretty good there, I gotta say.  
Looks like she could suck



the bend out of a river.

I'm kiddin'. Heh.

- Take a look at that shit.

- What happened to your arm?

Well, uh... I got bit.

Bit? Bit by what?

Well, if I told you,  
you probably wouldn't believe me.  
I need some Bactine or something?

Whew.

Can't you just...sew it up?

Well, normally I would.

I'd even be doing something  
to stop the bleeding.

The only problem is  
this one doesn't bleed.

Oh, shit. Check this out.

When this was still a military hospital,  
this one guy came back  
from Iraq with this.

Whew!

Chronic herpetic lesions.

When he urinated, it came out  
through all these little holes here,  
kind of like a fountain.

Oh, Jesus.

Well, how'd you treat it?

Fuck that. I was never in Iraq.

Good for you. The shit they spread  
around there you wouldn't believe.

I swear to God.

I've got these Iraqi eyeballs  
a friend of mine brought back  
to do some studies on.

Incredible. They were  
completely milked over.

Mustard gas--

it does that to your eyes.

Actually, I still have those in my fridge.

Bot fly, do you think?

Chronic viral ulcerative lesion.

That looks like gout.

He's running a temperature of 105.

- Is that bad?

- It's high.  
Bad will be 108.  
You could have a seizure,  
go psychotic.  
And--and probably die.  
Say "ahh."  
- Alhh.  
- Oh! Jesus!  
Oh, nice.  
Black abscessed tongue.  
All abscesses  
should be drained, period.  
What are you doing?  
Shut up, Joe.  
Baby...get the needles.  
Be right there.  
Right now.  
Asshole.  
It's spreading.  
Holy shit.  
- When did you say you got this bite?  
- Just now.  
See this?  
This shows the advanced stages  
of gangrene and epidermal rot.  
- And this over here...  
- Advanced rot?  
...shows the swelling of tissues  
and the lack of any type of circulation.  
See, you're telling me  
that you just got this bite?  
- Yeah, just like a half hour ago.  
- What I'm seeing here  
is a deep impact wound  
with several virals  
and secondary bacterials,  
and that, by the accumulation of  
denuded tissue around the incision marks,  
indicates that you've had this bite  
for over 14 days.  
Uh... uh, at least 14 days.  
Could that be possible?  
Well...what is today?  
Today's Wednesday.

The 15th.  
Of April.  
Aw, hell. Can't I just get  
a tetanus shot or something?  
We gotta lose the arm, Joe.  
Lose the arm?  
What do you mean, lose the arm? My arm?  
It's spreading all the way  
up to your shoulder.  
Now, if we don't sever that arm now,  
it's gonna take over your chest,  
and we can't very well  
cut that off, can we?  
Well, shouldn't I get a second opinion?  
Hi, Joe.  
I'm going to give you  
a very strong anesthetic,  
so you won't feel anything  
during the procedure.  
These...  
...are my friends.  
My yellow friend...  
- ...is just to take the sting off.  
- Aah!  
My blue friend...  
you'll barely feel.  
That means my yellow friend  
is already taking effect.  
See how fast my friends work?  
And after my red-headed friend...  
... you'll never see me again.  
...see me again, see me again.  
They all react differently.  
Now what?  
Dedicated to our own Jungle Julia--  
in loving memoy  
It's not the radiator.  
Damn it.  
All right.  
Fuckin' thing.  
Cheapp--whoa.  
Damn light.  
Ohh.  
Hey. Hey!

Hey! Bastard!  
Bastard!  
Oh, thank God.  
Oh.  
Oh. Hey!  
Hey! Hey!  
Get outta  
the fuckin' road, bitch!  
Ohh! Stop!  
Stop!  
Please! Stop!  
No! No!  
What the hell was that?  
People picking up road kill.  
What, like an armadillo?  
Deer.  
You get a lot of them around here.  
You know, I read a statistic that said...  
that the eating of venison has risen  
People eat road kill?  
If you're driving out here  
at 70 miles an hour  
and a deer darts out  
in front of you,  
if you blink or brake or swerve--  
shit, you'll just kill yourself.  
So, what do you do?  
Just ppick 'em off...  
just like this.  
Send it flying away from you.  
Unacceptable.  
Not really.  
It's just a clear case of you or him.  
Or her.  
Oh, fuck!  
Aah! Aah!  
Cherry?  
I thought you said if you saw a deer,  
you shouldn't fucking swerve!  
It wasn't a deer.  
Cherry! Cherry! No!  
Aah!  
Palomita.  
- Don't let her die on me, Block.

- What do we got?  
Car accident. Heavy contusions  
about the torso,  
possible spinal trauma...  
one severed limb.  
Where's the leg?  
Three sickos attacked her.  
I shot at them.  
I never miss.  
They took the leg with them.  
You'll have to come with us, Wray.  
We need to talk about this, you know?  
He has to sign her in.  
Do what, now?.  
Well, he's with her.  
He's responsible for her.  
He can fill this out after we talk.  
Let's go.  
Okay.  
Okay! Fuck!  
Hey, Block.  
No, you do it.  
Suit yourself.  
What are you doing  
with a rifle, Wray?  
Nothing.  
Just thinking about maybe doing  
some hunting when the season breaks.  
Come on, Wray.  
You know you're not supposed  
to be doing that stuff anymore.  
Not even hunting?  
Not even hunting.  
And you know that.  
Not with your history.  
And here I stick my neck out for you.  
I stick it out far.  
Now you've got a gal in your wrecked truck  
with a missing leg?  
A missing leg that's now missing?  
And here you're saying  
in front of everybody  
that someone up and snatched it?  
And that you shot at 'em with a gun

that you never should've had  
in the first pplace?  
And that now they're gone?  
What if I find the leg?  
So, now you know where it is?  
You'll tell us where it is,  
give us a full confession, you're saying?  
Sheriff, can we finish  
this conversation somewhere else?  
My thought exactly.  
I know it sounds a little arrogant  
puttin' upp a sign--  
"Best damn barbecue in Texas..."  
"Period."  
But, hell...  
who's gonna come in here  
and argue about that?  
Oh, yeah.  
Big contest comin' up.  
Mm.  
I'm workin' on the perfect sauce.  
Yeah.  
That'll put me on the Food Channel.  
Put this pplace back on the mapp  
where it belongs.  
I'll talk to you later.  
Can I interest y'all in a plate of  
soon-to-be-award-winnin' barbecue?  
You're from Dinky's, ain't ya?  
Well, you tell that sumbitch,  
he thinks he's gonna come over here  
and get my recippes...  
well, I got a double-barreled answer  
to his query right inside.  
God damn, that's good.  
Doctor Block!  
Three fresh ones rollin' in!  
Christ, you're kidding.  
Automobile accident  
off of Highway 18.  
DOAs?  
Have Andy pick 'em up.  
He's already on 620  
picking up another two.

Fucking Wednesday nights.  
That's unsanitary, Doc.  
Not if I'm the only one using it.  
Helps me monitor  
my state of calmness.  
Yeah, don't get all worked up  
enough to crack it.  
Fuck.  
You might cut yourself pretty good.  
Then I'd know I was not calm.  
Yeah, what do you say now, Doc?  
Somebody call my wife.  
DC-2?  
Mm.  
Yeah.  
Well, what about  
countering with atropine?  
Yeah.  
Okay. Gotcha, gotcha.  
Well, boys, I'm beat.  
I gotta get home.  
I'll see y'all tomorrow.  
All right, then.  
Thanks for the extra help, Earl.  
Hey, Wray.  
You in trouble again?  
Just passin' through, I hope.  
Well, me, too.  
How's the wife, Earl?  
Well, she's not too good.  
Thanks for askin'.  
Most of it's her own doin', you know.  
Smokin' them goddamn cigarettes.  
Pack a day for 40 years.  
Yeah, she doesn't want anything  
to do with, uh...chemo.  
So...it does take its toll.  
You don't smoke, do you, Wray?  
No.  
That's probably good.  
See y'all.  
You're gonna start by telling me  
when you first started  
carrying this gun.

And then we'll move up  
to when you first set eyes  
on this gal Cherry.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Sheriff Hague.  
It's J.t, Sheriff.  
J.T., how's the barbecue business?  
Ever since that bastard landlord  
raised the rent, it's gone to shit.  
Well, I'm real sorry  
to hear about that.  
I wish there was something  
I could do.  
Right now I ain't callin' my brother.  
I'm callin' the sheriff.  
I'm listening. What's the trouble?  
Well. there ain't no trouble.  
Not yet. anyway.  
I got two delinquents been hangin'  
around here for over an hour.  
They won't purchase  
and they won't leave.  
Oh, never mind. Here they come.  
You cook that meat  
at 250 degrees, don't you?  
I don't remember.  
I set the heat with my hand.  
You give me that recipe, or I'll raise  
your rent higher than a Georgia pine.  
Brother. ain't no Texan's ever gonna  
give you his barbecue recipe.  
That's a fact.  
He'll take it to his grave.  
I could be bleedin' like a stuck pig.  
I ain't gonna tell you.  
I could be dyin' in your arms.  
I ain't gonna tell you!  
- Heh heh heh.  
- We'll see about that.  
You gonna look.  
or you gonna eat?  
You called for me?  
I need for you to see this.



Looks like a no-brainer.  
What does that mean?  
No brain.  
Scooped clean out of her skull.  
Oh, oh, oh!  
I know what this is.  
Don't tell me.  
Uh... Iiquefactive necrosis.  
You think?  
Oh, sure, yeah.  
Thank you. That'll be all.  
Oh...  
Did you know she was back in town?  
No.  
I didn't.  
What happened to her?  
I don't know, baby.  
I thought you stopped  
seeing each other.  
We have.  
Well, yes, you have now--  
she's fucking dead.  
I mean, we--  
we stopped before.  
I--  
I haven't talked to her in a while.  
But you've written each other.  
Here and there.  
But not--  
What are you doing?!  
Let me see your last three messages.  
- You have no right.  
- I don't?  
I don't have a right?  
Show it to me.  
Show it to me.  
No.  
Aah!  
Now, that's just to take the sting off.  
Show it to me.  
No, please.  
- Show... it...to... me!  
- Aaahh! Aah! Aah!  
Now let's see how fast

your friends work.  
That's pretty fast.  
Oh, what do I know, my love?  
Exactly.  
That you're a cheating, lying...  
sack.  
I didn't want to hurt you.  
But you did.  
Bill...  
you're insane.  
And I was afraid...  
of what you might do to me,  
to our son.  
I'm the mother of your son.  
Aah!  
And after this one...  
I'll never see you again.  
Doc.  
What?  
You gotta see this.  
I'll be right there.  
Where the hell are the bodies?  
That's what we wanted to show you.  
They're gone.  
They didn't just get upp  
and walk out, did they?  
Mmm-hmm  
Shut the fuck up!  
Somebody take care of this perp for me  
before I fucking kill him!  
What the hell's going on?  
Alh, he was causin' a ruckus  
over at Skipp's place, so I cuffed him,  
and the son of a bitch  
bit my goddamn finger off.  
Quit your hollerin' and get yourself  
a goddamn Band-Aid.  
I'm not exaggerating,  
using colorful speech, Sheriff.  
He bit my finger clean off!  
Fucking shit!  
Get out there and book him,  
'cause I'll fuckin' kill him  
if I have to do it.

Carlos, go get him.  
Wray, you stay put.  
Are you sure he's in there?  
He was.  
Motherfucker.  
He's gone.  
Broke out the window.  
Where's my finger?  
Found your ring.  
Could it be the same guy  
as your leg-snatcher?  
I didn't get  
a good look at mine.  
That him over there?  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Aah!  
Wray?  
Fuck.  
You motherfucker!  
Uhh!  
- No, don't touch him!  
- Why not?  
He's infected.  
With what?  
Everything.  
Wray!  
Dropp the fuckin' gun.  
Where the fuck  
do you think you're going?!  
I'm gonna go get Cherry!  
Fine. But we're taking my car.  
I'm riding with you.  
Don't make any sudden moves.  
Viral infections.  
They came pouring in.  
Some are rapidly developing  
coliform lesions.  
Highly contagious.  
What do you think?  
Self-preservation comes to mind.  
Yeah. Let's get the hell out of here.  
First let me get my wife.  
I love you, sweetie.  
There you go, bunny rabbit.

Come on, come on.  
Open up, now.  
I want you to be around for a while,  
you understand?  
We don't want you checkin' out  
right this--  
God...damn.  
Ramona.  
You been fartin' like a goddamn  
pack mule since I met--  
God damn!  
I hate to do this to you Earl.  
but we need every man on the job!  
The shit has hit the fan!  
Bring some guns...and ammo!  
Meet me at my brother's!  
I gotcha. I'll be there.  
Gotta eat quick, sweetie.  
Come on.  
Ramona.  
Ramona.  
Aah!  
Uhh!  
Aaaah!  
Oh, my God.  
What the hell is goin' on?  
Are you gonna give me a gun?  
Are you fucking kidding me?  
Fuck.  
Oh! Fuck me!  
God damn it!  
Let's sort this shit out, boys!  
Dumbass.  
Yeah.  
Not today! Not today!  
Fucking Wednesday nights!  
Aaah!  
Uhh!  
Palomita?  
Get up. We're leaving.  
I can't walk.  
So what? Get up!  
- Get--  
- Aah!

Uhh!  
Motherfucker.  
Look at me!  
Look at me!  
I was gonna be a standup comedian.  
But who's gonna laugh now?  
Some of their best jokes  
are about cripples.  
Let's go.  
It's not funny. It's ppathetic.  
Would you stop cryin' over fuckin'...  
spilled milk?  
I have no leg!  
Now you do.  
What do you think?  
You could carry me, Wray.  
Yeah? You never wanted that before.  
Why start now?  
Alh-ah!  
Uhh!  
Alhh!  
Uhh!  
This is fucking ridiculous.  
The sheriff must've  
taken the others to J.T's.  
Get in.  
God damn it, wait for me.  
My leg's stuck in the door!  
- It's just wood.  
- It's splintering.  
Will you just leave it alone?  
Why is this happening to me?  
I don't know. Just--  
just do me a favor right now and just...  
stay strong.  
"Stay"?  
Yeah, baby. Stay.  
Okay, my name is Electra.  
Fucking listen.  
My name is Electra.  
Her name is Electra, too.  
It's furry.  
No.  
He's a furry one.

She goes by Lia, I go by El.  
El from "Electra", Ame from "Amelia".  
Does that make  
any fucking sense in your head?  
You can call me whatever the fuck  
you want--I don't give a shit.  
Oye. chica.

- **You said 10:**

- I'm sorry.  
We can't be watching your kid  
all goddamn night!  
Your friend never showed up,  
and we got shit to do!  
That's right.  
Then start doing it.  
Oh!  
Uhh!  
Tony! We're leaving!  
Wait, my tarantula.  
Bring it. Let's go.  
And my turtle.  
And my scorppion.  
We're not all octopuses.  
We can't carry everything.  
"Octopi."  
Ohh...come on, let's go.  
Tony, what did I tell you?  
You can't bring them all.  
Didn't I tell you that?  
It's okay. They can live  
in the same tank.  
What about my pocket bike?  
It's in the trunk.  
Aah!  
Where do you think you're going,  
you fucking bitch?!  
We're gonna fuckin' kill you!  
Are you sure you want to do this?  
Everybody grab a badge and a gun.  
You're all deputies  
as of this moment foitward.  
Except for you, Wray.  
Yo.

What do we got?  
Something's wrong up there.  
J.T. always comes out and greets.  
Let's go.  
Try not to shoot yourselves.  
Don't shoot each other.  
But especially...  
don't shoot me.  
J.T.?  
Go on! Get off him, Rusty!  
God damn, J.T.  
Yah!  
Barbecue?  
Asshole.  
Damn good sausage link, J.T.  
Best in Texas.  
Must've passed out  
after I killed those things.  
Nice shootin'.  
Everybody gather up supplies.  
We head out in 20!  
I think I nailed it.  
Holy shit, I think I finally cracked it.  
I finally found my--  
my award-winning barbecue sauce!  
Your blood's in it.  
God damn it, he's right.  
Hey, my other tooth fell out.  
Heh.  
It sure did.  
Hey, your tooth fell out, too.  
We're toothless buddies.  
Oh, we sure are.  
I want you to open that for Mommy.  
Now, take the gun.  
Careful.  
And if anyone comes to the door  
that isn't me,  
I want you to shoot them, okay?  
I'm not kidding, Tony.  
You shoot them...  
just like your video games.  
You shoot them in the head.  
What if it's Dad?

Especially if it's your dad.  
And be careful  
where you point that thing.  
You'll blow your own face off.  
I'll be right back.  
I love you.  
Tony!  
Aah!  
Hello, baby.  
Ohh!  
I'm gonna eat your brains...  
and gain your knowledge.  
Stay away!  
Look what you did to our son!  
Stay away!  
God damn it, I told you  
I didn't want to see you again.  
Daddy!  
Get your sorry ass in here!  
Aah!  
If it's escape vehicles you want,  
escape vehicles I got.  
Right this way.  
Watch that meat.  
Meet my wife.  
Jesse James Custom Dominator.  
I made Jesse a pplate of barbecue  
so goddamn good,  
he made this baby for me  
free of fuckin' charge. Heh heh heh.  
Got anything that could  
transport more peopple?  
Where's the top?  
This baby's chopped permanent.  
Ain't got no roll bar, chicken wire,  
none of that shit.  
- No protection.  
- But she's fast.  
Nitrous-injected,  
Who are you?  
I mean, really.  
Wray's Wreckage.  
That's what it says on your truck.  
Are you a wrecker, Wray?



I'm nobody.  
It's the easiest thing to remember.  
So remember it.  
Just stack 'em  
on top of the counter.  
Hey, you want some barbecue?  
Heh heh heh. Best in Texas.  
Aw, no, thanks.  
What's the matter,  
you don't eat meat?  
Oh, I eat meat.  
I also eat lots of shit.  
You see this?  
What's that?  
Shit-eating grin.  
You ought to be a comedian.  
What do you think of the leg?  
Oh, that's funny.  
How's your stump?  
They knocked it out something fierce.  
Still can't feel a thing.  
This must be the real Bone Shack.  
Old J.T. knows how to live.  
Like fuck he does.  
I like how you say "fuck".  
Good. Fuck you.  
Fuck me?  
Oh, so, now you're the comedian.  
Go ahead, drop your pants.  
That'll be good for a laugh.  
I highly doubt that.  
That's my jacket.  
Yes, I know.  
I looked for it for two weeks.  
Look, you were being  
an unbelievable dick::.  
I was walking out on you.  
I was cold.  
I took your fucking jacket.  
So, if you're gonna go on one of your  
psycho obsessive controlling rants  
about a fucking jacket,  
then fucking take it,  
'cause I'd rather fucking freeze

than fucking hear about it one more time.  
Did you find what was in the pocket?  
Fuck no.  
Look for it.  
No, the other one.  
I was gonna give it to you,  
but you left me.  
You took the jacket.  
And I looked for it for two weeks.  
Read it.  
"Two against the world."  
Remember that?  
I never forgot it.  
Then why'd you leave?  
Because you didn't believe in us,  
or in me.  
I figured one of them new deputies  
might end up shootin' me,  
but not you, Tolo!  
Sorry. I'm sorry.  
- Dumbass.  
- You're gonna be all right.  
- McGraw's here.  
- Now, now, now.  
- And a whole bunch of others.  
- Everybody in!  
Come on!  
Over here.  
Move your ass! Come on!  
What did I tell you, Tony?  
Don't point the gun at yourself.  
Didn't I tell you that?  
Thank you for telling me about...  
you know.  
Don't mention it.  
That's an order.  
If I had known that you were...  
El Wray...  
I wouldn't have given you  
such a hard time.  
I didn't mean to be a prick about it.  
Need-to-know basis, that kind of shit.  
Take this.  
Do what you do best.

No, you're not!  
Don't give him the gun. Not--  
Give him the gun, Tolo.  
Give him the gun.  
Give him all the guns.  
Holy shit.  
That boy's got the devil in him.  
We gotta fight them off.  
Get to our vehicles.  
Everyone behind me!  
Outside now!  
God damn you!  
Everybody back inside!  
You, Skip.  
Front and center.  
You go out front,  
start up the Kill Dozer.  
We'll need it to transport  
the other survivors.  
You fuckin' crazy?  
I'm not goin' out there.  
- I'll cover you.  
- I'm not goin'.  
I never miss.  
Come on, Skipp.  
It's go-go.  
Not cry-cry.  
Cherry!  
Oh, dear.  
Alh!  
Aah!  
J.T.!  
You take whoever you can fit  
in your convertible.  
Everyone else on board!  
Skipp, grab the ttwins!  
Come along with me!  
You take the chopper.  
I need someone else  
to drive my truck!  
I'll do it.  
You're bleedin' like a stuck pig.  
Your vision's blurred  
and you're on your last legs.

Anything else?  
Don't wreck it.  
Somebody grab the slaw!  
You can't have no barbecue  
without coleslaw!  
- Give me a gun.  
- Take this.  
Fucking cool!  
All right, y'all, head out.  
I'll hold 'em off.  
I can take care of myself.  
Bye, Daddy.  
Do you remember how to ride a bike?  
Useless talent number 32.  
Good.  
Anyone else have a car?  
Now, you're sure you're okay  
driving this thing?  
Hell yeah.  
Dakota...  
we're sorry about Tony.  
Thanks.  
Your engine is shot  
and you've got three blown tires.  
But I've got his ppocket bike  
in the trunk.  
Is it fast?  
Zero to fifty in four seconds.  
You ride with her.  
I'm Cherry.  
You sure are.  
Move out!  
Damn shame.  
Rusty!  
Aah!  
God damn it!  
Aah!  
Sheriff! How much ammo we got?  
Not enough.  
Don't shoot!  
We're not infected!  
All survivors gotta come with us.  
Especially you...  
El Wray.

I don't go by that name anymore.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
We're here in quarantine  
with the other survivors.  
Where is here?  
The old army base.  
El Wray?  
That you?  
He's with them.  
I saw him in their convoy earlier.  
I'm a scientist...  
and a businessman.  
Not military.  
Which is why he's gonna tell us  
what the fuck is going on.  
They're stealing biochemical weapons.  
DC-2?  
Also known as "Project Terror."  
Designed to take out an entire populace  
in a controlled landlocked area.  
You were supplying it to them.  
- That's why they shut you out.  
- They found my supply.  
It's under our feet.  
Ten stories down.  
What about countering  
with atropine and PAM-2?  
Interferes with the neurotoxic delivery,  
sets off the cell-blaster,  
and you're gushing blood and pus  
through every sacred hole in your body.  
Apetizing.  
The only treatment  
is a regimented exposure to DC-2 itself.  
It delays the negative effects.  
They need it...  
I like a drug.  
Correct. But we found that  
a small percentage of people  
are not affected by the gas itself,  
and within this small percentage  
lies a cure.  
What do you want to do?  
Mexico.

Put our backs against the ocean  
and defend ourselves from there.  
No. We have to get back to my lab.  
This infection will spread  
all over the world,  
to every man, woman and child,  
unless I finish my antidote.  
You have an antidote?  
You! You!  
Come with us.  
Move it!  
Move it, Peggy!  
Uhh!  
Do you like Ava Gardner?  
I'm sorry?  
Ava Gardner.  
Do you like her?  
Yeah, I guess.  
I was just thinking that you, uh...  
kind of look like Ava Gardner  
a little bit.  
You got something  
you want to say to me?  
I have nothing to say to you.  
You got nothing to say, huh?  
That's funny.  
'Cause I could've sworn you just  
gave me a "fuck you" look right now.  
You want to say "fuck you" to me?  
Not at this moment.  
You know what this is?  
A gun.  
It's simplicity itself.  
You see, you point it  
at what you want to die...  
and you pull the little trigger here...  
and a little bullet comes out of here.  
And the little bullet  
hits you right there.  
And you know what?  
You don't look like  
Ava Gardner no more.  
Don't taunt me, tramp.  
I am not one to be taunted.

You got it?  
Let me here you say, "I got it."  
I got it.  
You damn well better.  
Tool.  
God damn it, that's it.  
I figured it out.  
Salt.  
Got it all figured out. It's salt.  
Blood is salty.  
That's all my sauce needed,  
was just a little more salt.  
It just needed a little thickening agent.  
You know what I'm talkin' about?  
What are you doing, J.T.?  
That's all I gotta do,  
is put a little more salt in.  
It'd just do the same goddamn thing  
that the blood did.  
I tell you what, brother,  
that little bit of blood did the trick.  
Don't do nothin' stuppid, J.T.  
I got it covered.  
It's already got my sweat, it's got my tears.  
Now all it needs is some blood!  
- Dropp the gun!  
- J.T.!!  
- Do it now!  
- Okay, okay!  
Don't shoot!  
J.T., you all right?  
Uhh!  
Hey, you all right, bro?  
God damn it,  
I'm not all right at all, brother.  
Not at all.  
Wait here.  
Oh...I sure will.  
Goddamn sauce.  
"Women in Cages".  
See them in action.  
See them in love.  
See them in terror.  
White skin on the black market.

Soft flesh for hard cash.  
"Women in Cages. "  
I'm gonna go get my dick wet.  
She's got one leg.  
Easier access.  
You got a point.  
Get the rest of this shit upstairs  
and we'll blow this entire floor.  
Yes, sir.  
Get Lewis down here.  
He's getting his dick wet, sir.  
Get him the fuck down here now!  
Lewis?  
Wilson?  
Where are my men?  
I've got several right here.  
What the fuck's this?  
Their balls, sweetheart.  
I'm walking out of here  
with this shit, Wray.  
- Let us go.  
- Tell me why we should.  
Because I earned it.  
How do you figure that?  
You want the story?  
I'll spin it for you quick.  
A termite's nest of caves  
on the Afghan border,  
me and my men walking around  
with our dicks in our hands  
and our balls in our throats,  
lookin' for America's most wanted.  
- Bin Laden.  
- Yeah.  
For once, our intel  
was right on the money.  
I come around a corner--  
bam, there he is,  
lookin' me right in the eyes.  
Wait.  
You killed bin Laden?  
I put ttwo in his heart,  
one in his computer.  
So that was you.



Yeah.

That was me.

Class-A clusterfuck.

He wasn't supposed to be there,  
we weren't supposed to be there,  
and I sure as fuck wasn't supposed to be  
the one to punch his dialysis ticket.

So, instead of a chest full of medals,  
we get a face full of DC-2.

No cure.

That is, not until we found  
somebody from the other side  
willing to sell us batches of this shit.

Science comes first, but business  
comes a close fucking second.

Then you realized if you could  
infect a large enough populace,  
the experiment and its survivors,  
you'd find a cure.

I swore to my men  
that I'd do everything in my power  
to keep them alive.

And that's what I intend to do, Wray.

Understand?

I never had a choice.

Neither do I, sir.

God bless you  
and your service to this country.

You're a doctor?

Heh.

I was earlier tonight.

I always wanted to be a doctor.

Instead, I can do...

this.

Ohh. Useless talent number 66.

I'm very pliable.

A girlfriend of mine  
had a theory.

She said at some point in your life,  
you find a use for every useless talent  
you ever had.

It's like, uh, connecting the dots.

I'm not that optimistic.

I feel like I'm sinking down the drain

and I can't get out.  
She'd say...  
when you're stuck in that spiral...  
you reach up.  
What if there's nothing up there?  
Just reach up.  
You're a dancer.  
I was earlier tonight.  
Well, I'm pulling you out of retirement!  
Get your ass up!  
Now, I'm starved for entertainment, baby,  
and that means you.  
Radio!  
Wail, baby, now!  
' to a pay...  
That's--  
That's what I'm talkin' about.  
Dance it up.  
Keep dancing!  
'Cause now. I'm jaded...  
I have seen me  
some crazy ass shit in my day...  
but ain't never seen me  
a one-legged stripper.  
I have seen me a stripper  
with one breast,  
and I've seen me a stripper  
with 12 toes,  
and I've seen me a stripper  
with no brains at all,  
but I ain't never seen me  
a one-legged stripper.  
And I've been to Morocco.  
Dance, bitch!  
Break a leg!  
Break it off! Ha ha!  
Dance for me, motherfucker.  
- Uhh!  
- Aaaaah!  
Aah!  
Ohhhh!  
You thought it was pretty funny,  
didn't you?  
Actually, yes.

You gave me some wood,  
now I'm gonna give you...  
some fuckin' wood!  
Alh--ah!  
Alhh!  
The gas! You need your gas!  
No! Fuck the gas, fuck it.  
I'm just gonna have to make this quick.  
Aah!  
Uhh!  
Where'd you get that?  
Useless talent number 37.  
Aaaaah!  
Uhh! Uhh!  
I broke my leg.  
That's okay.  
I made you something.  
I do believe in you.  
Always have.  
I believe that you could be better.  
You deserve better,  
even better than me.  
Right now,  
I need you to become...  
who you're meant to be.  
Stand.  
I'd stand clear if I were you.  
Oppen that door, will you, baby?  
Uhh!  
They've destroyed most of the tanks.  
Any that are left  
we'll get on our way to the helicopters.  
There are two helicopters,  
big enough to take all of us.  
Who can fly?  
Can anyone else fly a helicopter?  
I can fly, but...  
no way in hell I'm gonna fly tonight.  
Okay. Cool.  
I'll fly.  
Let's go.  
I think we're gonna stay here, Wray.  
You'll take care of this for me,  
then, Sheriff?

With pleasure.  
Three minutes.  
Your brother's a good man, J.T.  
Best in Texas.  
Hop on.  
No, the other way.  
Oh.  
No. The other way.  
The helicopters are  
on the other side of this wall.  
We make a run for it!  
No! If we all get killed,  
there's no stopping this plague.  
Don't you get it?  
We're the antidote.  
Well, is there another way around?  
Wait here.  
I don't suppose there are any other  
biochemical engineers around? Heh.  
Take that as a no.  
We have to get over that wall!  
I was thinkin' we could build us  
a new place,  
right there where the old one was.  
You cook,  
I work the back.  
You don't make that rent  
so goddamn high.  
We share the recippe,  
we share the rent.  
Start at 250 degrees.  
I knew it.  
For how long?  
- 12 pounds?  
- Sure.  
Wrapped in tin foil, right?  
I don't use no goddamn foil.  
Damn.  
Tomatoes? Fresh?  
Canned.  
- No shit?  
- Yeah.  
You score me some?  
Oh, yeah.

'Cause we're brothers.  
Thank you for this.  
You just remember...  
you got to take this recipe  
to your grave.  
I think I can...  
goddamn guarantee that.  
That's our cue.  
Cherry, darling...  
it's all you.  
Let's go!  
Aah!  
Wray!  
Damn it, Wray.  
Ohh.  
Okay. You need to get up  
'cause we're leaving.  
They told me I'd find you here.  
I was beginning to lose hope.  
I'm sorry...  
but I lied.  
I did want to hurt you.  
My turn.  
No more dead bodies  
for Daddy tonight.  
Never did like that son of a bitch.  
About as useless  
as a pecker on a pope.  
Don't touch anything.  
I want to fly it.  
- He said not to touch anything!  
- You don't know what you're doing!  
- I do know what I'm doing!  
- No, you don't!  
- Shut up! Shut up!  
- Shut up, sit down...  
and don't fuckin' touch anything!  
Everybody sit down!  
Whoo!  
Hit the wipers.  
Go on, leave me.  
I am not leaving you here like this.  
Motherfuckers around here  
eat road kill.

See? I'm funny.  
I made you laugh.  
Go to the ocean.  
Put your backs to it.  
Protect yourselves there.  
I'm not leaving you, Wray.  
It's two against the world.  
It will be.  
I promise.  
I never miss.  
Don't worry, baby.  
You'll find your way.  
Reach up!  
Reach up!  
It's like you said  
it would be, Wray.  
I'm like you said I would be.  
I find the lost...  
the weary...  
those that have no hope.  
I find them and I lead them...  
to a land we've made for ourselves.  
The land by the sea.  
It's beautiful.  
She's beautiful.  
I wish you could see us, us two.  
It's like you said it would be.  
Two against the world, baby.  
Two against the world.  
See the pyramids along the Nile