



Scripts.com

# Rescue Me

By Mike Snyder

("Help Is On The Way" by Billy Trudel)

Your pictures fill my camera  
Your image fills my mind  
I always want you with me  
Want you all the time  
I'll take the world on, baby  
If it ain't good to you  
Go out and face the fire  
There's nothin' I won't do  
Baby, when you need  
me help is on the way  
Help is comin', help is on the way  
Whenever you're in trouble  
My love will set you free  
You know I'm there to love you  
You can count on me  
When you're tied up and stranded  
And thinkin' what's the use  
I'll be right there beside you  
I will turn you loose  
Baby, when you need  
me help is on the way  
Help is comin', help is on the way  
And when you need protection  
If you're too weak to fight  
I'll always get you through it  
Get you through the night  
Oh, get you through the night  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Whenever you're in danger  
I'll be there at the scene  
If someone tries to hurt you  
I'd jump right in between  
No one will ever harm you  
No one will make you cry  
I swear that they'll regret it  
Just don't let them try  
When you need me help is on the way  
- Nice work, Samuels.  
(upbeat rock music)  
(faint shouting)  
- Hey, pretty neat, Sweeney.  
- Huh?  
- Ever hear lick medic occurrence?

- What?  
- The lick medic occurrence?  
(laughter)  
- Never mind, you will.  
(laughter)  
Yeah, that's the lick  
medic occurrence!  
- What happened?  
- I'm sorry, Mrs. Evert.  
It was an accident, I was--  
- Well, pay more attention!  
Or I'll have to revoke your  
Bunsen burner privileges!  
(class laughs)  
(bell rings)  
(upbeat rock music)  
(crowd cheers)  
- Frazee, are you gonna spend  
the entire senior year suicidal?  
- Look, I'm workin' here, Billy.  
This is the biggest pep  
rally in the biggest game  
of the season, remember?  
- Uh-huh.  
Samuel's shooting the rally, Frazee.  
Frazee, if Todd Lathrop catches  
you photographing Ginny  
one more time, you're gonna be roadkill!  
- God, she's got great cheeks!  
- It's just a short skirt, Frazee!  
C'mon, don't you wanna live till summer?  
Alright, fine, fine.  
I'll see you in class.  
- Alright, people!  
Here they are, the (mumbles) history!  
Starting with our star quarterback,  
Todd Lathrop!  
(audience cheers)  
(people shout indistinctly)  
- Hey, Fraser, take our picture!  
- Sure!  
- Now, me!  
- No, me, Fraser!  
(camera clicks repeatedly)

So, Fraser, how are my chances  
of getting a page in the yearbook?

- Great, it's a cinch!

- Thanks!

- [Coach] Alright, let's  
hear it for the team!

(audience cheers loudly)

(band plays victory song)

- Hey!

Hey, what?

- Hey, Todd.

How's it going?

- Didn't we have a talk  
a while ago, Sweeney?

- A talk?

- Now, refresh my memory,  
Karl, what did we talk about?

- About this dork not takin'  
any more photos of Ginny.

- What's this look like to you?

- Ginny! (chuckles)

Check this one out.

Not bad, huh?

Yearbook quality for sure.

- Yeah?

- You see, Mr. Warmsley,  
he wanted a cover page  
for the athletic section.

I got the cover page.

- Yeah, so what about Ginny?

- Well.

We gotta make her look good for the  
state cheerleading scholarship, don't we?

- They got scholarships for cheerleading?

- Oh yeah, big time!

Todd.

Her dream is to follow you  
all the way to the 49ers.

- Okay, let's get outta here.

(sighs)

Hi, Mom.

- Hi, kiddo!

You're out early!

- Half day for seniors,

there's a big game tonight.

- Oh. Thank you.

The receipt's in the bag.

- How's Grandma?

- Oh, you know Grandma.

A little touch of the flu and  
the whole world has to stop.

And I don't want anybody in  
the house while I'm gone.

Do you understand that, anybody.

- Not even Billy?

- Especially Billy.

- Well, I'll just go over there, then.

We have to study for the scholarship test.

- Fine.

- Mom, can't we just talk about this?

This is a great opportunity for me.

- (sighs) I don't wanna  
discuss it, Fraser.

You know where I stand on you  
going so far away to college.

- Yeah.

Okay, okay.

Guess I'll see you at home.

- Okay.

(upbeat music)

(scooter growls softly)

(thoughtful music)

(motorcycle growls softly)

(birds chirping)

(suspicious music)

- Well?

- Well?

(suspenseful music)

(camera clicks repeatedly)

- So what's with you and Sweeney  
who follows you everywhere?

Is it love?

- (laughs) Oh, sure!

- Ginny, Ginny!

- Hey, what is this?

- Todd, what's going on?

- Hey, no way, man!

(loud thud)

(loud grunt)  
- Do something!  
(tire screeches loudly)  
- Oh, man!  
- No!  
- Ginny!  
Ginny!  
- Hold on!  
I'll go get help!  
- No, what are you doing?  
- Let's get the hell  
outta here, now!  
- Alright, come on!  
- Let me go, let me go!  
(loud shouting)  
(thrilling music)  
- [Ginny] Let me go!  
- Would you put her down?  
What are you doing?  
(gun fires repeatedly)  
- [Ginny] Let me go, you thug!  
No!  
No!  
(thrilling music)  
- Get in the car!  
- No!  
- Get in there!  
Get in there!  
Alright, she's in!  
(engine growls loudly)  
Go, go, go, go, go, go!  
- No!  
(screams) No, let me go!  
- Shit!  
(tires screech loudly)  
- Shut up now!  
Will you just be quiet!  
- Let me go!  
- Shut up!  
- Alright, alright, chill!  
- Great!  
Just great, mastermind!  
We were just gonna score  
the stuff and split!

What in the hell are we gonna  
do with this dippy broad?

- Hey!

- Shut up!

- I didn't know the guy  
was gonna have a gun!  
How could I know that--

- You know,  
you are stupid, Rowdy,  
that's what you are.

Just plain stupid!

You don't get it, do you?

Miss Lickety Split here can ID us!

- We can waste her!

- No way!

- You don't get a vote!

- Look.

My father will pay a lot for me.

He owns a bank.

You can't kill me.

- Sure we can! Here, watch!

- Hey, wait a minute!

- Give me that!

- If you touch me, I swear--

- What?

What are you gonna do, huh?

(loud slap)

- Will you knock it off, both of you?!

Let me think, alright?

- Look, if you--

- Shut up!

- You shut up!

- You shut up!

- You shut up!

- Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

Christ, this is like having kids!

Alright.

Alright, we'll just--

We'll try it your way.

Yeah.

(suspenseful music)

- Yeah, yeah, Mr. Grafton, please.

(loud grunting)

Look, I know the bank is closed!

You tell him it's important.

It concerns his daughter, alright?

Jesus.

(loud grunting)

(suspenseful music)

- Three guys just waiting  
for us with a gun.

As soon as I saw 'em, I  
knew we were in trouble.

I tried to protect Ginny but  
the young guy was too fast.

And he had a gun, did I mention that?

- [Reporter] Only about 50 times.

- Anyway, he knocked me down with his gun.

And then he grabbed Ginny and  
he used her as a human shield.

I couldn't do anything!

I swear, honest, I was  
trying to help her as her--

- Ladies and gentlemen--

- Mr. Grafton.

Is it true that the  
kidnappers have demanded  
a quarter million in ransom?

- Yes, it is.

Please, tell them  
that I have the--

- Look, look, look.

You folks are gonna  
have to clear outta here  
until we've conducted our investigation.

- If the money can be raised,  
will the FBI allow a trade?

- I have the money, please tell--

- No ransom.

The Bureau's policy is firm  
against dealing with terrorists.

- Terrorists?

- Did you say terrorists?

(reporters talk at the same time)

- I meant kidnappers.

Don't print that about terrorists, okay?

I meant to say kidnappers.

- Terrorists in Nebraska.



- I meant kidnappers!  
(reporters talk indistinctly)  
You folks are gonna have  
to clear outta here.  
You shouldn't be in  
here in the first place!  
It's all being handled,  
we'll let you know, come on.

- I smell another screw up comin'.  
You remember last year?  
The guy that kidnapped the  
Johnson dame up to Lincoln?

- Oh yeah, yeah, yeah!  
The one that got all hacked to pieces.

- (laughs) Yeah!  
Feds sat on that so long, the guy spooked,  
carved her up to hide the evidence.

- Excuse me.  
What if the Feds have  
pictures of these guys?  
Wouldn't that help?

- Didn't help last year.  
Grabbed her out of a Mini Mart.  
Had videos and everything.  
Guess he figured no  
corpus, no corpus delicti.

- [Reporter] That's right!  
(fretful music)  
(upbeat rock music)  
(loud shouting)

- Alright, everyone back to fun!  
(upbeat rock music)  
Hiya, sweet cheeks, whoo!  
(laughs) Oh relax, kid, I  
was just being friendly.  
You lose something or lookin' to?  
Harriett, I got a cherry here for you!

- Hiya, kid!  
(upbeat rock music)  
(indistinct chatter)

- You lookin' for someone?  
- Could I sit?  
- Well?  
(upbeat rock music)

What do you want?

- Her.

Your friends kidnapped her.

They want money and the FBI says no.

- So I heard.

- They'll kill her.

- Yeah, they're stupid enough.

- They're your friends.

Can't you do something?

- Look, kid, they're not my friends.

I never saw 'em before and

I haven't seen 'em since.

You got it?

- We still gotta save her.

- We?

- You know where they're  
headed, don't you?

- Maybe.

- Well, you've gotta take me there.

I've gotta rescue Ginny.

- Who the hell do you think you are?

The Lone Ranger--

- No, I know

exactly who I am, okay?

I'm the geek who's gotten

straight A's since the third grade

but still can't get a girl to kiss him.

- Look every cop in the  
state's already lookin' out  
for your girlfriend.

For all I know they're  
lookin' for me, too.

So what are we supposed to do?

- We find her first before  
the Feds get her killed.

- What if I say no?

- Then I take these to the cops.

- Even after I've tried to save her?

(upbeat rock music)

- I'll be back at 10.

- That kid's gonna be trouble, Mac.

- Man with a mission, Carney.

- Oh, I'm so sorry I  
got you into this, man.

- I asked.  
Think he'll turn me in?  
- I think  
he'll do whatever it takes.  
- He sure was handsome in that uniform.  
- Yeah.  
- You okay?  
- Sure.  
(crickets chirping)  
- Well, you coming?  
- Yeah.  
(melancholy music)  
- Give Grandma my love, okay?  
(engine revs)  
(thrilling music)  
(anxious music)  
(upbeat rock music)  
(soft smack)  
(clears throat)  
- Hi, kid.  
- Hi, kid.  
- You ready?  
- I guess so.  
- Come back real soon, Mac.  
You, too.  
Hey, kid.  
(laughs) That's for luck!  
- Thanks!  
- I'm Cherie, with a soft C.  
- Right.  
- Well, now you kissed a girl, kid.  
The rest is all downhill.  
- Bye.  
- Hey, kid.  
I'm gonna give you a piece of advice.  
- What?  
- You wanna live longer,  
listen to Mac and do like he says.  
There ain't none better.  
I don't expect you to understand but  
he ain't at all like what you think.  
(rock music playing faintly)  
(crickets chirping)  
- Which one's yours?

What do you say we take mine?

We'll make better time.

- Okay.

Okay, one second.

(upbeat rock music)

Hey, Cherie!

Thanks.

(motor idles softly)

(grunts)

Sorry.

(engine growls loudly)

(fire crackles)

(cow moos)

(loud moo)

- You can untie me, you know.

I'm not gonna go anywhere.

- I don't know.

Kinda like you like this.

- Don't.

- Don't.

Don't what?

- Don't hurt me.

Rowdy?

Undo my hands.

Please?

(loud thud)

(loud grunt)

Oh, shit!

- Oh, shit!

- Why don't you go get  
some firewood or something?

- Kurt!

I got some firewood.

- Well, get some more!

- Kurt--

- Rowdy!

- Firewood!

Firewood, firewood, firewood, firewood!

- Now, you aren't to go  
pokin' around with him, miss,  
unless you wanna get bit, hm?

- (scoffs) I'm sure I  
don't know what you mean!

- See, Rowdy, he ain't none too bright

but he can be real mean when he wants to.

I know you.

You're daddy's little girl.

You always

got what you wanted by

crawling up into someone's lap.

Don't you go fannin' Rowdy's flames

'cause, see I ain't turnin'

in no damaged goods.

Comprende?

(crickets chirping)

(owl hoots loudly)

- Whoo!

Whoo!

Haven't been in the mountains

much, have you, kid?

- Look, I don't see why we  
couldn't just keep going.

- We're making good time.

- But we could there first  
and we could set a trap.

- Yeah.

And maybe they'd have one set for us.

It's better to go in when it's light.

Bring those photos?

- Don't worry, they're in a safe place.

- Dammit, kid!

- If I had, what's to  
stop you from grabbin' 'em  
and just takin' off, huh?

- Now why would I wanna do that?

- 'Cause you think I'll get in the way!

- Well, you will!

- If something happens to Ginny,  
that's just too damn bad, isn't it?

All you care about is your  
stupid dope, that's it!

- Get some sleep.

- Sleep?

How can you sleep now?

- Always grab it when you can, kid.

You never know what's comin' up.

(loud clicks)

- Yeah, well, my mom says

that all they taught my dad  
in the army was to sleep  
and to fight.

- Your old man was a grunt?

- He was better than that, okay?

You're gonna (mumbles) till you earned it!

Didn't he teach you anything?

Huh?

- He's dead.

My father died.

(melancholy music)

I never really knew him.

- I'm sorry about that.

(sighs)

Vietnam?

- (sighs) Yeah.

- That's tough.

Goodnight.

(water rushes softly)

(gun fires)

(gun fires repeatedly)

What do you think you're doing?

You scared the hell outta me!

Give me that gun!

- I should know how to use it, too!

- It's too dangerous.

- Look, what good am I gonna

be if we get into a fight, Mac?

I mean, that's even more dangerous!

- Look, this ain't a toy!

(loud clank)

(birds chirping)

C'mon, you can practice some other time.

(upbeat country music)

(police siren wails)

- Ha, ha, ha!

- What now?

- Take off your vest.

Your vest, take it off.

- My vest?

Take it off?

- Howdy.

- Good morning, officer, what's up?

- Ma'am!

Just looking for some people, is all.

Your daughter?

- Daughter-in-law.

Takin' my boy and her to  
Cheyenne to see her folks.

What'd they do to these people?

- A little of this, a little of that.

Sure gonna be a hot one.

Mighty uncomfortable for you, ma'am!

- Actually, I--

(loud thud)

- Ow!

Ow!

- Just gonna stretch my legs.

I am sorry!

- Oh, damn!

- Are you okay?

- I'm okay!

I'm okay.

- Try to take a deep breath.

I just--

I am sorry!

I'm not generally that careless.

I am really sorry.

I apologize for this!

I just didn't realize how  
close you were to the door  
and I--

- Go!

Have a safe trip!

(engine revs)

- Again, I'm sorry  
about your--

- Just get outta here!

- (laughs) Oh, Kurt!

Oh, Kurt!

- Dude point!

(laughter)

- Ugh, I look horrible pregnant!

(birds chirping)

- We don't have to beat you.

We can be home!

Home is where you hang your hat.

We got the money.

I mean, she's here we can liberate her!  
We'd untie her first!  
And then we can go!  
They're right behind us!  
I mean, what else do we gotta know?  
They got guns, we got guns!  
We got the money!  
We don't need the girl!  
She's pretty but we don't need her!  
We just take off!  
- Why don't you take a real walk?  
- Hey, hey, hey, Kurt!  
Listen!  
I think that we should just  
get the hell outta here,  
you know, and go home!  
- And I think we oughta hole  
up here for a couple days,  
see which way the wind blows.  
Don't you?  
(stammers)  
- Good.  
- I don't have to like it.  
(laughs)  
- Hello!  
Excuse me!  
- What?  
What do you want?  
- I have to, you know, use  
the little girls' room?  
- Well, hell, don't let  
me stop ya! (laughs)  
- Rowdy!  
- Just havin' a little fun!  
(sighs)  
- Thanks, Rowdy.  
Last night,  
I had to try to escape.  
I just wouldn't feel good about myself.  
- Yeah, well, you know.  
I know.  
- Rowdy?  
- Huh?  
- You two havin' fun?



(loud racket)

You know, I don't know what's  
the matter with you, missy.

I think maybe you're dumber than he is.

- Oh, hey now, Kurt!

You know I hate when you  
talk like that! (chuckles)

- Okay.

You're still dumber.

- At least he's nice to me!

Not a total sleaze like you!

- Too many people have been nice to you.

That's your problem.

Now if you gotta take a  
leak, why don't you go ahead  
and do it?

If not, I'm gonna tie you up myself.

- Take a leak! (chuckles)

She's a girl!

- You sure this is the place?

- Carney's seldom wrong.

- So what do we do now?

- Not we, me!

- Mac, what?

- Look!

Your just as likely to  
get your girlfriend killed  
if it is a gun raid.

- (sighs) Dammit, Mac!

I've gotta help!

Don't you understand?

- Yeah, maybe I do.

(thrilling music)

- Fraser!

- You're my backup, you got that?

You do what I say and  
you do just how I say it.

I go in first.

Things go down, you eat the carpet  
and stay out of my way.

(glass breaking loudly)

Shit!

- Fraser!

Fraser, I'm up here, help!

- Now keep your head  
down and don't be a hero!  
(thrilling music)  
- Hey, where do you think you're goin'?  
- Official business!  
(loud screaming)  
- Hey!  
(guns fire)  
- [Ginny] Fraser!  
Help!  
Help!  
- Rowdy!  
- Just a second!  
Go, go, go, go, go!  
Just go!  
(loud screaming)  
(thrilling music)  
- [Ginny] (screams) Fraser!  
- [Kurt] Will you just shut up!  
(guns fire)  
Pipe down, will ya?  
- [Mac] Shit.  
- Don't shoot, you'll hit her!  
(loud screaming)  
No!  
(gun fires)  
- Come on, you!  
(loud screaming)  
(thrilling music)  
- Give it to me! Give it!  
(guns fire)  
Shit!  
- [Ginny] (screams) Stop it!  
(thrilling music)  
Let go of me! (screams)  
- [Fraser] They went that way!  
(horn beeps insistently)  
("Help Is On The Way" by Billy Trudel)  
(engines growl loudly)  
(indistinct shouting)  
- I can't concentrate on my driving!  
Cut it out!  
Quiet!  
- [Fraser] Mac, watch out!

Mac!  
(Ginny screams)  
(guns fire)  
- Mac, let me have the gun!  
- Aim for the tires and  
watch out for the girl!  
(guns fire)  
(Ginny screams)  
- [Kurt] Come on, Rowdy do something!  
(shouts)  
Not the window!  
(guns fire)  
Get your ass back in here!  
- Shit!  
- Fraser!  
Fraser, help!  
- Just shut her up!  
(loud thud)  
- Whoops!  
(gun fires)  
- Great, you dropped the gun!  
- Damn!  
- Quit hangin' on me!  
- You're the one driving!  
- You wanna drive?  
Shit!  
(guns fire repeatedly)  
(engine growls)  
(loud shouting)  
(loud groaning)  
(laughter)  
- Get outta here!  
(engine revs)  
(tires screech)  
- You had enough yet, kid?  
- No.  
(thunder rumbles)  
- Come on!  
- Look.  
I don't see why we gotta go back there.  
I mean, that hotel clerk  
probably gave our description  
to the cops already.  
- That's Carney's only contact.

Besides,  
if you wanna know where  
your enemy's goin' next,  
you study where he was last.  
- What, they teach you that in Vietnam?  
You don't like talkin' about  
the war much, do you, Mac?  
- It was just a job, kid,  
I don't work there anymore.  
- What'd you do there, Mac?  
(thunder rumbles)  
- Kill people.  
- What was it like?  
- It hurts.  
- No, not them, Mac.  
What was it like for you?  
- It hurts.  
- Bam!  
Blam!  
- Blam!  
- Hey, we got 'em, huh?  
Damn, we got 'em pretty good! (laughs)  
- Oh, yeah.  
Yeah, we got everything.  
Listen, how's the girl, huh?  
- She's okay!  
You know, she's perfectly okay.  
She--  
- Rowdy!  
- (stammers) I'll tell you what happened!  
You see, I had to--  
And she was ba--  
And it just went, ugh!  
Accident!  
- You're an accident!  
(car horns beep)  
(tires screech)  
You idiot!  
- What is your name, anyway?  
- Fraser.  
- No, I mean, what do they call ya?  
- Fraser.  
Sometimes Fraze.  
Not often, though.

Mac?

That

girl in the bar, Cherie.

Was she your girlfriend?

- Kid, Cherie's probably sittin'  
on someone else's lap right now.  
Acting like he was the only one.

- I'm in love with Ginny.

There's no question about it.

It's just--

When Cherie kissed me, I thought  
I love her, too.

- Welcome to the world.

(faint hissing)

- Don't worry about her.

I clipped her pretty good.  
She'll be out for a while.

- Yeah, nice goin'.

- I said I was sorry!

(sighs)

- Peace and quiet is nice  
for a change, though, huh?

- Yeah, this is the greatest.

I love being outdoors.

- You worry me, you know that?

- No, really!

It's like we're the first ones  
to come over these mountains!

Like the pioneers!

And here we are, we're markin'  
our territory, you know?

(howls loudly)

I wish we had some snow.

Could've wrote our names.

(sighs)

(birds chirping)

- What have you been  
doing since Vietnam, Mac?

- You writin' a book? (grunts)

- No.

I just thought we should  
get to know each other  
a little better, that's all.

I read that

guys over there, they used a lot of drugs.

- Depends on what you mean by drugs.

A little grass every now and then.

Don't pay to go in the

bush with a buzz on.

That bother you?

- No!

No.

- And for your information,

it wasn't drugs

in that knapsack!

- Look, Mac,

I was just wondering, that's all.

- Well, it wasn't!

It was stamps.

- Stamps?

Like kids collect?

- No.

The kind the government puts

on cigarettes and booze.

Five thousand sheets, 200 per sheet.

Only these come from Argentina.

- Counterfeit?

- And they're worth a

hell of a lot of money.

I found this plane crash when

I was crossin' the desert.

No one was around but the bag of stamps.

I knew Carney from Chicago

and that's how I ended up

in that two-bit town of yours.

She knew those guys were in the area

and needed some stuff.

Set it all up.

Things just haven't been going so great

the last couple of years, Frazee.

It's a chance to start over again.

People do dumb things, Frazee.

Like the doozy you pulled at the hotel

jumpin' in the hall like you did.

- I also stood on the

back of your motorcycle

and shot at him all the way down the road!

- Yeah, dumb!

We lost our only weapon.  
(melancholy music)  
You had them you all that time?  
- Do you have any matches?  
The negs are in there, too.  
Thanks for letting me to dumb things, Mac.  
No one's ever let me do that before.  
(faint country music)  
- Hey, she's been out an awful long time.  
Do you think she's okay?  
- Yeah, I think she's okay.  
- Maybe I should just loosen  
up her clothes a little bit.  
Man, bad idea!  
Sure would be good to get home, huh?  
You wanna go swimmin' with me?  
- No!  
- You never wanna go swimmin'!  
What's the use of livin'  
right by the beach  
if you never go swimmin'?  
Are you ashamed of your body, Kurt?  
(bell dings)  
- Holy shit!  
Haven't seen one of these in a long time!  
- Think you can fix it?  
- Sure!  
But gettin' parts and all?  
Could take three,  
three, maybe four days.  
- Tell you what, this your truck?  
- [Fraser] I can't believe  
you sold your motorcycle  
just like that!  
- Look who's talkin'.  
You gave yours away for a kiss!  
Listen, when we get inside,  
I'll do all the talkin'.  
Got it?  
- Yeah, I got it.  
- You know, it's still  
not too late to dump you!  
- Hey, I said I got it, okay?  
- Just make sure you do.

- Hey!

Aren't you the two that came--

- That's right.

We need some information.

- Howdy, boys!

Well, Hector!

I reckon these are the two fellas  
you were tellin' about, huh?

- Sorta.

These are the two who came in  
after their mother felt his friend!

- I see!

Well, boys, what do you ha--

- What's your name?

- Sheriff Gilbert.

- One more screw up like this,  
it'll be Patrolman Gilbert,  
you got that?

I just asked this man to  
produce his phone records,  
and instead, he tries to bribe me.

Now, is this the kind  
of civic responsibility  
you two boys teach around here?

- Fred, I-I--

- Shut up, Hector!

Alright.

Who might you be, friend?

- MacDonald.

DEA, Midwest division.

- Yeah?

Then why did Hector say he  
saw you two ridin' around  
on a souped up motorcycle  
like a bunch of Hell's Angels  
or somethin'?

- Shut up, Albert!

Yeah!

Why were you two on that cycle, huh?

- Because...

- We're undercover.

- We're undercover.

- Any fool could see that.

- Who in Sam Hill is he?



- Sweeney.

- Sweeney.

(loud pat)

- It's okay.

Sweeney, juvenile division.

- When they come bustin' in here,  
the boy did say they were  
on official business, Fred!

- Is that right, kid?

- Kid?

Kid?

Let me spell this out for you  
in simple sentences, Sheriff.

I've got more commendations  
than the combined IQ  
of your police force.

Right, MacDonald?

- That's right!

- And I was single-handedly  
responsible for the Iowa takedown.

We got over two tons  
out of Des Moines alone.

Right, MacDonald?

- That's right, Sweeney.

- Now, Sheriff.

Let's talk about you.

- Me?

- We've been after two of  
the biggest drug suppliers  
in the tri-state area for over a year now.

Now, you don't want me to get into  
how they happened to be operating  
right under your very nose now, do you?

- He's got you there, Fred.

- Oh, shut up!

- We don't have all day here!

I'll do it myself!

Sheriff, give me a hand here!

- Now, just wait

a minute here!

I'm still Sheriff of this here county!

Alright, Hector.

- The older fella.

Made a call right after they

got in here this morning.

About 10 o'clock.

- Sheriff, I'd do yourself a favor  
and run a TXP6049, immediately.

- A what?

- A TXP6049, immediately.

- Well, I heard him!

You think I'm deaf or  
somethin', for God sakes!

- Hey!

Get your switchboard  
supervisor on the phone now!

- June?

June, Sheriff Gilbert.

Yeah, I'm down here with Hector.

Now, I need a--

- A rabbit.

On every call out of  
town around that time.

- Yeah, I need all the  
long distance calls made  
on this phone this  
morning around 10 o'clock!

Yeah.

Alright, thanks, June!

Well.

- Thank you.

- Sheriff, your country owes you one.

- Oh, hey, kid!

You know, I didn't mean nothin'  
about the way I was talkin', I--

- Kid, huh?

- Oh, sorry.

Sir, sir!

- Hey, Mac, was that a real badge?

- Yeah, I did some night watchman  
work when I was in Tucson.

Always meant to get back.

Where're you goin'?

- I thought I'd call my mom  
so she won't worry.

- You know who this is.

- Hi, guess who?

- You're the guy that

called this morning, right?

- Fraser, where were you?

I called twice last night.

- Oh, really?

I must have been in the dark room.

- You crazy?

What are you callin' again for?

- Well, are you okay?

Why are you calling?

- Just double-checking the meet, is all.

- Oh, I'm fine, I'm fine.

Just checkin' in, that's all.

How's Grandma?

- What?

You don't listen so good?

- She's okay.

And I called Billy's house.

His mother hasn't seen you all day.

- Oh yeah, I was at the library for most of the day.

- Hollywood Reservoir, nine a.m., day after tomorrow.

- Got it, Reservoir.

- Fraser, is there somebody there with you?

- Hey, is someone there with you?

- It's the radio. Look, I gotta go.

- Mom, it's the TV.

Look, I really gotta go, okay?

- Okay, you take care.

- Okay, let's party!

- Bye.

- The deal's in LA, I figure.

Now get in the truck.

What?

- We're goin' to Los Angeles?

- Yeah, why, you got somethin' against California?

- No!

No, it's just I've--

I've never really seen an ocean before.

(birds chirping)

- (laughs) Oh, man, Kurt!

We're almost in Las Vegas!

Hey, when we stop for gas,  
maybe we can take turns watching her,  
and we play slots--

- Rowdy!

- What?

- Gambling is for losers!

Okay?

- Losers?

- Yes!

- Oh.

That's why!

- Welcome to Nevada, kid.

- Where are we?

- A place.

We get a fresh start in the  
morning, be in LA by four.

- Mac?

(laughs) Oh, jeez, Mac!

(Mac laughs)

- Hannah, meet Frazee.

Short for Fraser.

- Howdy, Frazee.

- Hi.

- Well, come on in!

(giggles) Damn, it's good to see you!

- It's good to see you!

Oh, Hannah.

- Mm?

- You wouldn't have  
anything to eat, would ya?

Fraser's real hungry.

- Sure.

Hey, Frazee, why don't you  
go on out to the kitchen  
and I'll have someone  
wrestle you up some food.

- Yeah, okay.

- It's all downhill, kid.

- Hey, Cindy.

See to Fraser, will ya?

He's a little bit hungry.

(relaxing rock music)

- Hi!

I'm Cindy.

So you're hungry?

(loud groan)

- Get her feet, would you?

- I got it, I got it.

- Rowdy, come on!

- I got it!

- [Kurt] Let's get her outta here.

I'll get the other side.

Can you get the door alright?

- I got it.

- Excuse me, excuse me, hi! Hi!

Hey, you must be my new neighbors!

My name is Dawn!

Dawn Johnson.

But it's spelled D-A-W-N. (laughs)

I just moved in next door!

- Hi.

This is my sister.

- She okay?

Oh, sure.

Yeah.

She's resting.

- Oh!

- She just got  
rolfed?

- Bye!

See you!

- Oh, hi, hi!

This is my sister!

She just got rolfed?

Rolfed?

- Well, what was

I supposed to say, Kurt?

"Hi, this is somebody we just snagged?

"She got knocked out during a gunfight?"

- Would you just dump her on the couch?

Rolfed!

- [Rowdy] Hey, Kurt, what are you doin'?

- Just pay attention, okay?

- Wh-wh-wh--

- Daagh!

- You don--

- Hey!

Alright, alright, you--

- Oh, man!  
- Rowdy, she has been fakin'  
it since before Vegas!  
When are you gonna learn, huh?  
Chicks play all the angles.  
All the angles!  
Ain't that right?  
- Well, he hit me!  
- Good, you're gettin' on my nerves.  
- And do you hit him every  
time he gets on your nerves?  
- Yeah, usually.  
- Good.  
Are we really in California?  
- Yeah! Yeah!  
Right down there is Venice Beach!  
I know they don't got the boardwalk,  
but they got girls with  
loose string bikinis  
and corndogs!  
And they have--  
Frozen bananas?  
- What are you?  
The welcome wagon?  
- I like watchin' a man eat good.  
(Fraser chuckles)  
(Cindy giggles)  
I wish I was goin' to LA.  
Lived this close all my life  
but never seem to make it  
out of Tecumseh County.  
You're lucky.  
- Actually we're,  
we're not goin' to LA for pleasure.  
- Mm.  
Pleasure's where you  
find it, I always say.  
(owl hoots loudly)  
(crickets chirp)  
Relax.  
Hannah said I was to see to you.  
- I thought she just  
meant dinner. (chuckles)  
(Cindy giggles)

(Fraser clears his throat)

- So why are you headin' to LA?

- Ah, find a girl.

- Any girl?

- My girlfriend.

Her names' Ginny.

I think she'll be my  
girlfriend after we find her.

You must like her an awful lot, Fraser,  
to come all the way from Nebraska.

- Yeah.

- It's kinda like in a fairytale, huh?

- Maybe, I don't know.

- Well, did her folks move there?

Is that why you're doin'  
it, to bring her back?

That's real romantic.

- No, she was kidnapped.

- You're foolin'.

- No.

- Fraser, you're gonna  
be a hero or somethin'.

- Well, me and Mac.

- Fraser.

I wanna make love to you.

- Look, Cindy, I can't.

- You wanna make love, too, don't ya?

But you're just scared 'cause  
you've never done it before?

- Me, scared? No, no!

I'm just pretty tired,  
you know, from the trip.

That's all.

- I wanna make love to you.

And you wanna make love to me.

You do, don't you, Fraser?

You know what I am, right?

- Yeah.

- Maybe it's better this way.

Like in the old days?

When your daddy would bring  
to you a place like this  
for your birthday or somethin'?

Don't worry.

Safe sex.

Hannah insists on stuff like that.

And I'm real good.

Honest.

It's best you learn from someone like me.

Ginny will thank you for it.

I really want to, Fraser.

Be like the first time for both of us.

It ain't often in this dance

a girl like me gets to lead.

(romantic music)

Happy birthday, Fraser.

(birds chirping)

- G'mornin', Frazee!

- Isn't it a great morning?

Just a great morning!

Mm-hm!

(upbeat rock music)

(waves crash loudly)

I don't know why I'm crying like this.

(touching music)

- It happens.

- I'm supposed to start college this fall.

Got accepted to Columbia and everything.

Only I can't afford it.

Everything happened so fast, I

forgot that tomorrow's

the scholarship exams.

- It was important, huh?

- Obviously not as much as

getting Ginny to like me.

(touching music)

Thanks for having Cherie kiss me.

And for Cindy.

- Those ladies do perfectly well know

they don't need any help from me.

- (sighs) I really hated

lyin' to my mom yesterday.

- Yeah, well.

Bein' an adult isn't all

just kissin' girls, I guess.

- You know what I think?

- What?

- I think that being an adult is



having to choose between things  
and none of them perfect.

- There you have it, kid.

(touching music)

- Mac.

We're not gonna stay with any more  
of your friends tonight, are we?

- Nah, I just figure

we'd crash on the beach.

- (chuckles) Good.

'Cause I gotta get some sleep.

- Get some sleep.

- Well, I'm hungry.

Thai food all around?

- Can I come, I promise I won't try--

- Ah!

This is not date night.

- Please?

You don't know Daddy.

He's probably gone ballistic by now.

I will never get out of the house again!

I can't go back without  
seeing Los Angeles.

I won't try and get away  
or anything, I promise!

- Are you nuts?

- It's not you, you make  
out like we're doing you  
some kind of a favor!

- Well, can Rowdy and me take  
a walk down to the beach?

- No!

- [Ginny] Why not?!

- I want the two of you  
to be sittin' right here  
when I get back!

(cartoon plays faintly on TV)

- Do you want some  
Evian or something?

- Actually, would it be  
alright if I took a shower?

I feel pretty raunchy.

- No, no, no, no.

- I promise I won't try anything.

- No, don't take a shower,  
you can't take no shower.

- I'll leave the door  
open so you can hear me.

- Well.

No.

- Please?

- (sighs) Alright, you throw  
your clothes out, alright?  
That way I know you won't try nothin'.

(cartoons play faintly on TV)

(water splashes softly)

(dog barks faintly)

(playful music)

(carnival music)

- Where is chick from, Nebraska?

Ugh.

(water splashes softly)

- Hello!

Hello!

I'm dead!

(carnival music)

(people shouting excitedly)

(upbeat rock music)

(loud clapping)

(soft humming)

- Hi again!

Remember me, Dawn Johnson, D-A-W-N?

- Sure!

Hi!

- How's your friend's sister?

- Oh, she's fine, fine, fine. (chuckles)

That rolf, it really takes it out of you.

- No, I don't, I've never been rolfed!

I don't think it's allowed in Ohio!

- Yeah, well,

Ohio. (laughs)

I gotta go.

- You don't mind me bothering you, do you?

It's just that it's really hard

when you move to a strange

city not knowing anyone.

- Yeah, I mean, sure.

I guess.

- Great, okay!

Bye!

See ya!

- Bye.

- Oh man, oh man, oh man!

Oh, oh, Kurt!

Come on, we gotta get outta here!

The cops will be here any  
second, I just feel it!

(pants heavily)

C'mon!

- You let her get away,  
didn't you?

- Well, no,  
now she was in the shower, honest!

I mean, I could just  
stand there watchin' her!

Here, I even made her  
take her clothes off!

- You let her get away, didn't you?

Yes!

- Didn't you?!

- Yes, I did!

But Kurt!

Why were you gone so long?

- I just got a hold of Daddy!

He's gonna slip the Feds  
and fly in here tomorrow!

With the cash!

Now what?

- Your folks letting you stay?

All by yourself?

- As long as I like.

I'm almost 18, you know.

- So, what are you gonna do?

- Hang out for a while.

Maybe get a job.

It's my life, you know?

- Man, Nebraska's more  
epic than I thought.

You have a boyfriend back there?

- No.

I used to.

They're not as epic as here! (giggles)

I really like your music.

- Did I tell you that we  
have a record deal lined up  
for the fall?

- Yeah?

So what kind of car do you drive?

- Yeah, I was just wondering  
if there had been a report  
of a missing girl turnin' herself in.  
Her name is Jennifer Grafton.

I'm her father.

From Nebraska.

Thank you, thank you.

No, no, thank you.

Thank you, yeah, bye.

- Well?

- Told you, that stupid  
chick don't wanna get saved.

- What if this doesn't work?  
I mean, what if the cops are lyin'?

- Believe me, they don't think that fast.

- Daddy is on his way.

You and me?

We got ourselves a little  
girl to deliver, huh?

(upbeat rock music)

- Cathy, you wouldn't believe it!

He is like sheer death!

He's tall, blond and drives  
this totally rad Beemer!

(groans) BMW.

God, Cathy, get real!

Oh, and his father is  
taking us to lunch tomorrow  
at the studio.

I mean, is that like  
beyond beyond or what?

Cathy, I will phone Daddy in a day or two.

No, don't call Daddy, I said I would!

Cathy, don't you dare!

I swear if you do, I will tell your folks  
you haven't been a virgin  
since the ninth grade!

(suspenseful music)

- Hey!  
Hey, what are you doin'?!  
Get outta here!  
- I was just--  
Well, who wants your bag anyway?  
- Get outta here?  
Mac!  
Mac?  
Mac!  
(suspenseful music)  
(birds chirping)  
- Thanks again, Sarge.  
- No sweat, Mac, I owed you one.  
(engine revs)  
(thrilling music)  
(soft clanking)  
(birds chirping)  
(thrilling music)  
(birds chirping)  
- Shit!  
You left me!  
- Very good.  
To get us breakfast!  
When I got back, you'd split.  
What was I supposed to do?  
Wait around to see if you'd show up?  
- No, I thought that--  
(suspenseful music)  
- Give me that.  
- Let's take 'em!  
- Simmer down.  
(thrilling music)  
- Did you bring it?  
- No.  
I'm waitin' for a train.  
- Just askin', you know.  
- Mac, Mac, it's Ginny!  
- Okay, I need you over behind the limo.  
When it goes down, I  
want you to pull, release  
and throw for all your worth, you got it?  
- [Fraser] Pull, release and throw.  
I got it.  
- It's all downhill from here, kid.

Now, go.

Go!

(thrilling music)

- Ooh, God, look at all that money!

- Uh, that'll be fine.

(suspenseful music)

(soft whimpering)

- Nice doin' business with you, too.

Who the hell is that?

(sinister music)

- She's--

My sister!

- If you guys are into some weird shit...

(gun fires repeatedly)

(loud hiss)

(loud screaming)

(loud hiss)

(thrilling music)

(loud scream)

(loud splash)

- Wait!

(tires screech)

That's my car!

That's my car!

(gun fires repeatedly)

(loud hiss)

(loud crash)

- Kurt!

Kurt!

(birds chirping)

(loud whimper)

(thrilling music)

(loud thud)

(loud grunt)

I don't know where you came from, punk,  
but you ain't goin' any further.

And neither is she!

- No, don't do it.

(thrilling music)

(loud thuds)

(loud grunts)

- You ain't got the mud, kid.

(gun fires)

(loud grunt)

(soft whimper)

(loud groan)

- I'm sorry.

I thought you were gonna hurt her.

Are you okay?

- Yeah, I'll live.

Here.

(pants heavily)

(groans)

- It's me.

You're safe, it's okay.

- Oh, thank you!

Oh, golly, thank you!

- You're not Ginny!

Where'd you come from?

- Ohio?

(gun fires)

- Mac!

Are you alright?

- Except for the new hole in my arm!

I gotta go back there.

- I shot a guy.

He was gonna hurt Ginny.

Only it wasn't Ginny.

I don't understand!

- LA is a weird place, kid.

You're my life, it cuts like a knife

When I see you talk to him

You're my soul, I'm out of control

Coz I've always been so crazy for you

I'm letting you know

That baby, I can't let you go

Everywhere I turn

I see your face

I see you smiling

Everywhere I turn

I see your eyes

I feel you close to me

- Mac?

You awake yet?

- [Mac] Hey, Frazee.

- They wouldn't let me in all morning.

How you doin'?

- I've been better.

You?

- Okay.

Hey, I finally found Ginny.

- And?

- And she was with some new guy.

- Yeah.

Yeah, they're like that.

- All of 'em?

- No.

One or two's about all.

For a guy, that is.

(chuckles)

- Oh.

- What's this?

- Money.

All of it.

From the guy in the limo plus  
what Kurt and Rowdy ripped  
you off for back home.

I hid it before the cops showed up.

They think you were just  
helping me rescue Ginny.

Mac, we're sort of heroes!

Even if it wasn't Ginny  
we ended up savin'.

- The stamps?

- I threw them in the lake.

- Some of this is yours.

- No.

No, you take it.

It's your chance.

- In the bottom there.

- I forgot all about this!

- Open it.

(touching music)

I'll miss you, kid.

- Hey.

You ever come back to Nebraska...

- Yeah. (chuckles)

- Bye, Mac.

- So long, friend.

(touching music)

- Uh, Mac?

I don't think it's ever all downhill.



Ever.

- [Student] Oh, Fraser's back!

- [Student] Hey, it's Fraser Sweeney!

- [Ginny] Fraser!

- Hey, Fraze, welcome back!

- Thanks.

Hi.

- Hi!

Look, I never got to tell  
you but what you did?

It think it was great.

- Sure.

- I would have told you that  
day at the carousel but I--

- But you were busy.

Don't worry about it.

- Yeah.

- Is it true you shot some guy?

- Yeah.

- Get out!

That is so extreme!

What was it like?

- It hurts.

- Would you like to join  
us for lunch, Fraze?

- Uhm...

Thanks, Ginny.

Thanks but I'm kinda busy right now.

Thanks, though.

Thanks.

Billy!

- Hi!

- I miss much last weekend?

- Nah.

- Hi, Sweeney!

- Hi.

- Welcome back.

- Samuels?

- Yeah?

- What is your first name, anyway?

- Hillary.

- Hillary.

Yeah.

- Fraser Sweeney, please report

to the principal's office immediately.

Fraser Sweeney,

to the principal's office.

- Jeez, Fraze.

Who'd you shoot now?

- (chuckles) Later, guys.

- Go on in, Fraser, they're waiting.

- Ah, Fraser, come in!

- Hi, Mom.

- [Mom] Hi.

- Hey, Carney.

- How you doin', kid?

- Okay, you?

- Can't complain!

No one else better! (laughs)

- Mom?

- (sighs) Sit down, Fraser.

- This--

(sighs) lady,

informed me this is for you.

It's what known as an endowment.

In this case to Columbia.

University?

For four years, tuition,  
books and living allowance.

- Holy shit!

(clears throat)

I mean,

what?

- Congratulations.

- But,

but how?

- Not how, kid, who!

- Do you know a Mr...

Daniel MacDonald?

(touching music)

- Yes.

Mom.

- I'm just so proud of you!

(inspirational rock music)

- Whoo!

Right!

Yes!

(engine growls)

Whoo!

Yeah!

("You Are My Hero" by David Feldstein)

Holdin' the strength I need  
To face reality once more  
You've been a friend near and far  
Hope from a distant star  
When shadows stood before me  
You've been the voice deep inside  
Whenever I tried to hide  
Whenever I've been lonely  
You've been right there to hold me  
When sadness leaves me wet and cold  
You are my hero  
Right by my side again  
Ready to fight again once more  
When torment fills the morning sky  
You are my hero  
You're reachin' out to me  
Until I'm settled, let's go  
You've been a friend near and far  
Hope from a distant star  
When shadows stood before me  
You've been the voice deep inside  
Whenever I tried to hide  
Whenever I've been lonely  
You've been right there to hold me  
When trouble walks into my life  
You are my hero  
You're taking every fear  
Before I shed a tear far away  
When courage walks out the door  
You are my hero  
Holdin' the strength I need  
To face reality once more