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The Survivors

By Michael Leeson

- Mr. Quinelle.

- Morning, Betty.

Mr. Stoddard wants to see you.

- Me?

- You can go right in.

Mr. Stoddard?

Mr. Stoddard, sir?

Mr. Stoddard?

Quinelle!

Good morning, Donald.

You have been a valuable asset
to this company.

So this is not easy for me to say.

You're fired.

Mr. Stoddard, you can come out now
and have your laugh. Mr. Stoddard?

Do you have a peanut or a cracker?

No, zip.

No.

Betty?

There's a parrot in there.

I got fired by a parrot.

Wow, that's wonderful.

I didn't know the old man had
a sense of humour. Where is he?
He's gone during reorganization.

- Reorganization?

- We'll miss you, Mr. Quinelle.

Your final check.

You can use the company car...

...until the end of the month.

Come on, a bird can't fire me,

I'm upper management.

They can't fire me.

Yes, he can.

Could you get him on the phone?

- I'm not to bother him.

- Get him on the phone.

- I can't.

- Get him on the phone, Betty.

I've worked here eight years...

- Don't make me use it.

- You're overreacting.

I'm sick of everyone griping.

No one cares...

...how Mr. Stoddard feels.

- How does he feel?

- He's got an ulcer.

- I'd be upset too.

Each person he fires

is a nail in his coffin.

You don't know how hard he worked

to teach the bird.

Why not have it

take a dump on me?

You'd rather get a cold,

inhuman printout?

I hope you don't mind me saying this,

but you're an ungrateful turd.

Twelve years of doing business

doesn't mean anything?

You can close me up, just like that?

You're not closing me up.

You're just cutting deliveries.

I'm a gas station. What will my

customers do? Push their cars in?

I know all about free enterprise

and the American way.

I fought a war for all that.

What war? The big one: Korea.

Well, it was big to me.

They put you on hold as

soon as they don't want you.

Hello? Hello?

Excuse me, it's my first time here.

Where do you get a blue card?

Blue card?

- Card.

- Card.

Yes, sir.

My green card I leave

in my other pants.

You don't speak...

I'd better help you, I think...

I love America.

Isn't it?

Thank you. Thank you.

Excuse me, I just have one question.

Do you mind if I hop in line?
No. Do you mind if I bite off
your nose and stick it up your ass?
I have told you, Mr. Paluso,
why you're not eligible.
I paid into unemployment...
...for the 12 years that I owned
the station. So I...
An owner cannot be unemployed.
Only an employee can be unemployed.
I do not make the rules.
Since I paid that money and
nobody's collected, why...?
I'm terribly, terribly, terribly,
unable to help you.
Who else can I talk to?
Your supervisor or the assistant?
You may get a form in line " C"
and take it to window " F"...
I won't stand in any more lines.
I've stood on line since 8 a. m.
Six hours it took me
just to see you.
I'll sit here until someone
who can help me shows up.
- I ask you politely to leave.
- You can't treat people like cattle.
Excuse me.
- For the last time, leave.
- No.
I'm not going until I get
a logical answer.
What the hell? Jesus! Goddamn it!
Next.
More coffee, hon?
Alrighty.
Could you cut that out
or go someplace else?
Excuse me?
The moaning, the noises.
The moaning noises you're making.
It's getting to me.
I don't know who you hear moaning,
pal, but I don't moan.

Must have been somebody else.

- I'm not a moaner.

- Forget it.

Yeah.

It wasn't a moan.

I was just clearing my throat.

I was just, I was...

A person can clear his throat.

I'm not the most sensitive guy,
but I can see you've got some trouble.

It would help you
to unload it on somebody.

So if you want to talk,
go someplace else, okay?

Check.

What's wrong with people
in the world?

Today, the head of a major corporation
had a parrot fire me.

A woman I know pulled a gun on me.

And another woman I don't even know...

...threatened to bite off my nose
and stick it up my ass.

Now I'm accused of moaning.

All right, everybody freeze.

Everybody! Everybody!

Don't be jiving with my ass.

Y'all, get out of the booth. Now!

You, get off the table. Get up here.

What's wrong with you,
you honky mother?

Get the lead out of your ass
and get up here.

Whoa, where was you going?

Think you're going to the police?

No, you take your clothes off.

Everybody, get your clothes off.

Get your clothes off.

Get out here and get them clothes off.

Get on out there and get to shucking.

Shit, you ain't got no money.

What did they pay you in, food stamps?

You should be robbing me.

You're slower than molasses.

I told you get them clothes off.
I promise I won't chase you,
just let me keep my pants on.
I'll be a rock,
standing here with my pants on.
With the what?
Let me talk to you. Let me talk.
Well, do it, man. What?
I'm a divorced man,
and I let the laundry pile up.
- So I'm not wearing any underwear.
- I don't care!
Just get your honky ass undressed.
Please, give the guy a break.
He's not wearing any underwear.
- Some people aren't gifted.
- Shut your damn mouth.
Okay, I'll take it off.
Don't get so excited.
Get at it! Come on.
I won't watch this man dangle
for your delight.
You can take our wallets,
but you can't take our dignity.
I'll tell you what.
While your britches are down...
...why don't you bend over
and kiss your ass goodbye!
You hear that? Let it go!
Let go of my damn gun.
I'm gonna blow your ass off.
Look what you've done.
I've been shot.
I'm bleeding, aren't I?
Oh, that's a major gash.
I couldn't die in a good restaurant.
No, my last meal had to be a chilidog.
You won't die.
They always say that to people
who are dying, don't they?
Did you see the gunman?
Did you see what he looked like?
He looked familiar.
You look familiar too.

You I've never seen.

I never thought I'd be engaged
to a man with a bullet wound.

I think it's very '80s...

...very sexy in a way.

I'll live. Press that button.

I have a surprise for you.

- What button?

- That one right there.

- Whoa, watch out.

- Donald...

- **Look:**

- Okay.

Look, Mr. Weasel rising from the dead.

- Donald. Donald!

- What? Sonny.

- I don't want to break up your fun.

- Are you kidding? Come on in here.

Sonny Paluso, I'd like you to meet
my wife to be, Doreen Ryan.

- Honey, Sonny.

- What you did was really brave.

It was one of those crazy things.

I just came by to see

how you were feeling.

Besides the ventilation, fine.

I came by to apologize.

If not for me, you wouldn't be shot.

- Come on.

- You wouldn't be here.

- I mean it...

- I do too.

Sometimes you need some sense

knocked into you. Some mondo reality.

We spend so much time pursuing
that almighty dollar...

...that we can forget

what matters most.

Like people you love. Health.

God.

Those are three of the big ones,
all right.

When they brought me in here,

I lost a lot of blood.
You'll think I'm in bozo city, but...
No, go ahead. What?
As I felt my life ebbing away,
just for an instant...
...I saw God's face.
- You wanna know what God looks like?
- Who wouldn't?
I couldn't make it out too clearly,
because there was...
...this bright glow.
He had this white cloud
all around him.
Finally I could make out a head.
He has a large head.
Sure, he's God.
Then finally the cloud disappeared...
...and I heard this voice say...
Holy shit! Jeez, that's us.
Ordinary citizens putting up
their dukes and slugging it out.
Indeed, shooting it out
with violent criminals.
That's heroism. Or is it?
This station manager thinks...
...it is reckless
and potentially fatal stupidity.
What?
Jeopardizing the lives
of innocent people...
...is an act of hotshots, not heroes.
Hotshots?
Criminals must be stopped,
but by our capable police force...
...not hotshots armed only
with dumb luck.
Dumb luck?
This is a Channel 6 Editorial.
Opposing viewpoints welcome.
Opposing viewpoints?
Here's your opposing viewpoint,
you video dipshit.
Take it easy, Donald.
He hardly ever acts like this.

"Take it easy"? He made idiots of us.
I am sure no one who matters

watches the 5:

Forget it.

He was doing his job.

We should go down there
and give a rebuttal.

I think it's mandatory.

He's got a right to his opinion.

Besides, I think the holdup guy...

...knows that I saw his face.

Yeah, I know he knows that.

What, are you afraid?

Yes.

All right, I won't get involved.

That's fine.

Great movies all this week on
Channel 6. Monday, Billy Jack...

Good evening, baby.

Hi, Poppy. How'd it go? Did you
find a new place for the station?

No, not yet.

It shouldn't be too hard
to rebuild the old one.

I didn't exactly tell you the truth
about my relocating, Candice.

I didn't want you to worry.

- It worked. I wasn't worried at all.

- You're old enough for the truth.

Just remember that things
always happen for the best, okay?

Now I'm worried.

I didn't say anything for you
to be worried about.

The last time you said

"Things always happen for the best"...

...you and Mom were getting a divorce.

So what's the terrific news this time?

Well, the truth of it is that...

What's this? PBS?

PBS, I'm sure. No, it's a cassette.

When The West Was Wet.

Who gave you this?

I went by the video arcade,
over by the laundromat...
...and they were playing these...
This guy was playing Cosmic Attack
while waiting for his shirts.
We talked and stuff...
And stuff?
Dad, cut me some slack.
He's a nice guy.
Nice guy?
Nice guys don't give
It was a tape, if you don't know.
Don't go near arcades,
don't even go near laundromats.
You're 16 years old.
You don't know the first thing
about life, about...
- I mean the near robbery
of the Pitstop Diner...
...about a week ago,
give or take a day.
- Oh, my God.
- What? What?
He said, "Hotshots with dumb luck
have no business handling crime. "
Who is that guy?
We're not hotshots,
we're non-victims.
I know it's the police's job
to stop crime...
...but it's everyone's right to
protect himself, be he male or female.
Be he male or... Redundancy
is odd, but we have that right.
He's a brain.
Why is there crime?
I think the root cause is criminals.
In crime, there must be

Criminals and B:

Or B:

Without victims,
there's no criminals.

Unless criminals preyed
on other criminals, ad infinitum.
But I digress.
I'm speaking for myself,
not for Sonny Paluso, my compatriot.
- When I say I disagree...
- My God. He mentioned my name.
How would Mr. Van Dussen feel
if he had to undress at gunpoint...
...and wore no underwear,
like my poor friend, Sonny.
It's my opinion,
not Mr. Paluso's...
Directory Assistance.
A listing for Sonny Paluso
in either Brooklyn or Queens.
- How are you spelling that?
- P-A-L-U-S-O, Paluso.
- U-S-O?
- I guess. I'm not sure.
- I've got an S. Paluso.
- That's it.
What's the address?
- He said my name on television.
- Congratulations.
- I'm not a hero. I'm not a hotshot.
I just believe in life, liberty...
...and the pursuit of happiness
to the best of my ability.
Good night, and have
a pleasant tomorrow.
Hey, I'm really sorry to wake you...
...but I never kill a man
in his sleep.
This is one of those
very lifelike dreams...
...and I'm in the dream
knowing it's a dream.
I have to wake up and turn on
the light. I'll wake up and...
Sorry. Very sorry.
Nice explanation, though.
You don't want to kill me.
No, not particularly.

I hadn't planned to kill you.
But your friend on TV
was running his big mouth...
...turning this into a circus. That
pressures the cops to get involved.
You two I.D. me, the police arrest me,
stick a fork in my ass, and I'm done.
I told him not to go on TV.
Think you were upset? I was upset.
I called him immediately.
I told him he was no friend of mine.
I hire this out
to kill people, right?
And I'm responsible for a lot
of big murders. Unsolved murders.
Remember a certain labour leader
that just disappeared?
Jimmy Hoffa?
I'm not bragging,
but I had a good living...
...until the economy
went in the toilet.
Everybody wants to bargain,
even the rich dudes.
They want me to give them a deal,
but I don't make deals.
I know what you mean.
I was raised a very strict
southern Baptist.
I place a high value on human life:
\$20,000 minimum.
It's very fair.
You think I wasn't embarrassed
stooping to armed robbery?
Using that phony accent in that caf?
I've never been called
a " honky mo'fo" before.
I had to be somebody, and we blame
everything on blacks anyway.
- Sure.
- So I'm a putz.
A putz?
When I told you I wasn't
wearing underwear...

...and you pointed that gun at me,
I felt like a putz too.
You didn't want to strip, eh?
The place was too crowded, wasn't it?
I better get home. If I'm gone
long, the old lady gets mad.
- You want some coffee before you go?
- No, that caffeine makes me quick.
If you don't mind, I would like to use
your pillow. Muffle the gunshot.
- You're still gonna kill me?
- It's business, and I got a family.
I got a family too.
Their pictures are on the wall.
- Is that your daughter?
- Yeah.
Looks like my oldest daughter.
She's a very sweet girl.
Hey, is that who I think that is?
- Is that Trini Lopez there?
- That's right, that's Trini.
That's me and his chauffeur.
They came in for gasoline
and new wipers.
" Lemon Tree. " Remember that?
He made a record of that song.
- Yeah, the record.
- What's that Spanish writing there?
"Gasolina. "
Or "Gracias por la gasolina. "
What does gracias...?
"Thanks for pouring the gas. "
- That's it.
- Writes funny, don't it?
Yes.
Back to business.
- Who is it?
- I don't know, I swear to God.
- I don't know.
- Come on, move.
I don't know who that is.
I'm coming, I'm coming.
Okay, okay, I'm coming.
- Is Sonny here?

- You're the guy from the news.
- Yes, I'm Don Quinelle.
- Hi, come in.
- He's upstairs.
- He must have seen me on the news...
...he left a message
on my machine with carnal verbs.
He's awake. I heard him stir.
If I could see him...
Don't! I woke him up before,
and he got really mad.
Could you wake him again?
Just tell him I'm here.
No way, no way.
I'll give you a dollar.
Dad!
Why aren't you in bed?
- Get him in here.
- I can't.
I said, get him in here.
I can't do that. He's an idiot,
but I can't double-cross him.
- Shut up. Be quiet.
- I won't do it.
No, don't bother. I've got to go.
Don't bother waking him.
I better be going.
I'll get back to him
tomorrow, okay? Bye-bye.
He's gone.
I didn't hear a door slam.
Forgot my hat.
Bye.
All right.
Move. Move.
Oh, God.
You creamed that sucker.
I did, didn't I?
I didn't know I had that in me.
I saw my life flash before me.
You really hit him hard.
I thought it was him,
I was right there...
...and I heard the voice.

Then I heard that " keep quiet. "
I ran down, and all of a sudden...
...then he goes, he says...
I'm sorry.
I don't know, it's strange
and then, and then...
I got this. Then I ran upstairs,
I got... You came out.
I almost got you.
Then you came out and then, wham!
And then I just... Wham!
Then he dropped
like a sack of potatoes.
I got this. I guess I improvised.
I didn't know I had it in me.
The thing that makes me
grab things, hurt things.
I'm babbling now.
He's not dead, is he?
I didn't hit him hard,
I'm not covered for that.
He's okay, he moved.
- He's waking.
- Thank God.
Maybe you better hit him again.
Oh, you hit him.
No, I can't hit him. You hit him.
You have the technique down.
- I already hit him.
- Just a little tap.
- I got this.
- Jeez.
I'll keep him cops,
you call the cover.
There we go, that's fine.
He's moving. Don't mess with me.
- Leave it to the police.
- You're history.
- Police Department.
- We have...
All our personnel are busy...
...but stay on the line
for the first available officer.
Come on. Hey, hey, hey.

Wait, wait, wait!

Be careful or someone will get hurt.

Come on, come on.

I'm fine, I'm fine.

Look, the neighbours are waking up.

You're going to jail, pal.

Then you'll get my dry cleaning bill.

I'm fine. Everything's cool.

- You hurt?

- No, but that tree's dead.

- Don't know much about guns, do you?

- I'm handling it.

- I wish you'd put the safety on.

- Do you, now?

- I really would.

- I bet.

- It's right on the...

- Put your hand down.

Don't try that trick. Think you're
Mr. Smart? Now you met Mr. Smarter.

Donald, would you please
put the safety on?

In case we stop suddenly
or hit a bump or something.

Okay, Sonny. Yeah, right, right.

Could you point the gun
in a safe direction?

Donald, for everyone's sake,
will you do it?

Yeah. I am, I am.

- In front...

- Back on your hands.

- Excuse me.

- Good. Back in same direction.

In front of that hammer,
on the left side, is a lever.

- See? Push it up. Right thumb.

- Great. Now what?

Now the gun is on safe.

- Excuse me.

- Sit down.

- We have a man...

- Sit down.

Okay.

- We'll have to wait.
- Come on.
- I hate to put you guys through...
- I've just been accosted.
We were here first.
- I was accosted.
- In this century?
- Let the lady talk, will you?
- Everybody calm down, okay?
What's wrong, ma'am?
I was on my way home
from my friend Alice's apartment.
She's making a sweater for her son.
He's a big attorney in Denver.
- Cut the crap and get to the point.
- Stop it.
As I passed the 7-Eleven...
...they shouted nasty insults at me.
I'm not talking pee-pee ca-ca,
I'm talking...
He's got a gun!
I believe you got
everybody's attention.
Drop the gun.
I'm not a criminal. He is.
We brought him here.
We don't wanna make trouble.
- Put it down, scumbag.
- Get rid of it.
My name's Donald Quinelle.
The irony is, this isn't even my...
- Wait, you're the guy on the news?
- Yes.
Let him go.
You've violated my rights
and integrity.
Whiplash, asphyxiation.
Nice double lawsuit.
Don't wave guns around.
- That's not my gun. It's his.
- That's true.
Actually the gun
belonged to my father.
He was killed carrying that weapon

on Iwo Jima.
He threw himself on a grenade.
His commander sent it to me.
It's all I have to remember him by.
Tell him how Lee gave
granny a mule at Gettysburg.
He's slicker than
whale shit on ice.
You're looking for him. Look at him.
He has a face from
the road company in Deliverance.
- What did he do?
- Tell young Kojak what he did.
Actually he's the gentleman who...
...robbed the diner.
He killed Hoffa.
Did the fact escape you?
Maybe he was just talking.
Let's go.
He said, "What did he do?"
You said, " He robbed a diner. "
Like Attila the Hun just
conquered Europe.
He wanted to kill you.
He could have.
You become a doorstep
for a guy named Vinnie.
We're still alive, aren't we?
The computer will discover who he is.
When he's out of jail, he won't hold
a grudge. He'll kill the computer.
I should have shot him.
The police. " Drop the gun, scumbag. "
That pissed me off.
I may be an asshole,
but not a scumbag.
You're right. I'm overreacting.
Sorry. Oh, God!
You know something?
I really miss that gun.
- I've had it with guns for one night.
- Yeah. Boy.
- Can we stop?
- Forgot what guns look like?

We'll browse. A few minutes.

Please.

- No.

- All right. I'll go in alone.

- When the light changes, I'm leaving.

- I'll take a cab.

If you're not out in 10 minutes,

I'll be gone.

Bless you, Sonny.

It's gonna happen.

Society will bite the big one.

When the going gets

tough, the tough get going.

Smart money heads for the hills.

I wanna see what happens

when society bites the big one.

- Can I see a magazine?

- Sure.

The fee can apply toward the down
payment on a Survival Hideaway.

- A.44 magnum.

- Can I hold it?

- That one?

- Fits in the small of the back.

- So I could come up behind someone.

- Well, it...

- Come on.

- I'm just looking.

- Look fast.

- You got it.

- Can I see one of those? Thanks.

- Yes.

- Aboriginal.

- I beg your pardon.

- The obsession people have for guns.

- Just like the cowboys.

- How about that?

- Aim it right down the barrel.

- Can I get a shoulder holster?

- A shoulder holster?

Right here. You see

how I got that, huh?

- You don't want a more compact...?

- That wouldn't kill a flea.

If you saw this you'd run.

- I want one.

- No you don't.

- Yes.

- No.

I have wonderful luck with my mace.

- Think you'd like it?

- Yes.

- Can we go together on a refill?

- Thanks...

...but I'm allergic to mace.

Quite a weapon.

Just looking.

- Donald?

- Hon, I'll be right in.

Don't you worry. I'll be right there.

- Where were you?

- What?

- What time is it?

- It's late, little buttercup.

You go right back to bed.

I'll be right there. Come on now.

You know I can't fall asleep
again once I wake up.

- Not unless we snuggle.

- No, no.

Something's poking me.

It's the best I can do
on short notice.

Something's under here.

Make a wish.

What is that?

Looks like an assault rifle.

Semi-automatic. 308 caliber with...

...a folding stock.

I was gonna show you at breakfast.

You spoiled my surprise.

I've seen that look. You're mad at me.

I'm not mad at you.

Really? You're gonna love
these other goodies I got.

A little detachable bayonet. Look.

Hey. Self-cleaning too.

That's nice. It won't rust.

I got one for you.
It's called a " Fem-Prod"...
...or the " Little Squealer. "
Kind of nice...
...designer thing,
goes with any outfit.
I got another one here.
This is a concussion grenade.
That would break up any party.
These are little designer weapons.
Chinese throwing stars.
Put them as buttons and
if someone messes with you...
I got two extra clips.
These are fun. Look at that.
This is for a medium load,
and this is for a large.
Fifty shots.
This is it. He threw this
in for free. Look.
Looks like a belt buckle, doesn't it?
But, okay. Surprise!
- Now you're mad at me.
- I'm not mad at you.
You've been under pressure.
I know that pressure can make
people do crazy...
...and impulsive things.
No, I bought these things for us.
For you too.
What if someone broke in?
What will you do?
Stun him with good taste?
I bought them because there's a need.
The world's coming undone like a cheap
suit. We have to be ready.
This may be impulsive,
but it's not crazy.
Maybe we should get some rest
and talk about this tomorrow.
You should read this first.
"Give me two weeks,
I'll give you a future. "
I've enrolled us in this.

I want us to go to Vermont
for a few weeks.

- We may stay if we like it.

- You serious?

Yes, very much so.

Times are changing
and not for the better.

I never thought I'd consider
marrying a man with an automatic gun.
Semi-automatic.

Automatics are illegal.

- Why are you saying "consider"?

- I just mean, Donald...

...you seem so different.

- Whizzer...

...I'm no different, I'm just armed.

Survival training will be fun.

Like skiing,
except for booby traps.

I don't believe in surviving.

I believe in living.

Come on, take a chance.

I'm not gonna go.

If you want to go, you can.

But, I won't be here
when you get back.

Yes, you will.

You'll love me more when I'm back.

You'll remember I was a wimp
and love me more...

...because I'll be a real man.

- I love who you are now.

Or at least who I thought you were.

Don't...

I'm on my way. Got my gear. I'm
giving you one last chance to come.

You can give me
pointers when you get back.

Depending how things go,

I might not come back.

I may buy a survival condo
and stay indefinitely.

Indefinitely?

In case you want to visit,

here's the address and directions.

- There are no phones. You can't call.

- We'll write.

We'll tie messages on birds.

You look at me like

the lights are on, but nobody's home.

A man's gotta do

what a man's gotta do.

- I've never had a friend like you.

- Same here.

- Take care of yourself.

- You too, kid.

I get 47%

of the meter drop plus tips, right?

Car 89, your fare will

be in front of the address.

Looks like we gonna have us

a little rain.

Keeps up, this damp weather.

What do you think?

Let's go.

Take a right.

You escape?

- I made bail.

- They let you out.

They had me for attempted robbery,

and the computer didn't work.

So here we are.

You, temporarily.

- Take it right... Turn right here.

- Where?

At the next street.

Are you gonna start that shit again?

- Wait a second.

- You wait a second.

Hands in your pockets.

The police didn't link you

to the murders so nobody knows.

You know who I am.

Your friend knows.

I didn't say anything before, did I?

I could have told them.

I appreciate that. I don't know if

your friend's biscuits are done.

You give up on killing us...

...and we won't say anything
about your killing...

You see? I already forgot his name.

- Why don't we talk to him?
- He's out of town. Maybe indefinitely.
- Let's call him.
- There's no phone there.
- Can't talk to him, can't phone...
- Tell you what.

I have his address.

I'll give it to you.

Get away from the car. Come here.

I'll make you a deal. If I haven't
heard from him in a week...

...you'll be the deadest sons of
bitches God strung a gut through.

Now, my phone number is 555-1727.

And don't call before 9 a. m.

- I'll take your car. You don't mind?
- My pleasure.

You remember that number.

Look.

Hello. We're looking for somebody.

But we could look someplace else.

I knew you'd change your mind.

I feel like a bear's gynaecologist.

- Hope you like scrambled eggs.
- I didn't know you cooked.
- I whip up something now and then.
- What else?

Powdered coffee, powdered pancakes,
powdered bacon.

You could snort breakfast.

I have. Here we go. There.

You get the hang of it real soon.

- Are those done?
- You bet.

What brings you here, huh?

You're probably fleeing
the Big Cesspool.

That's what Wes calls New York.

Kind of a play on words.

The Big Apple. The Big Cesspool.

- He's a witty guy.
- I can't wait for you to meet him.
- Why are you really here?
- Excuse us, sweetheart.
- Do I have to?
- Yes, go watch TV.
- No TV.
- How do you exist?
Go read a magazine. Look outside.
Listen to your headphones.
Watch for migrating geese.
You didn't take your breakfast.
Feed it to the migrating geese.
If the heat stays on,
the eggs turn back to powder.
Saw Jack the other night.
He's out on bail.
The only people worse
than lawbreakers are lawmakers.
I made a deal with him.
Stop cooking and listen to me.
I made a deal with Jack.
We reveal nothing...
...and he, in turn, leaves us alone.
But he wants to hear it from your lips.
That you go along. What do you say?
Let's go.
Go get change in case this runs
over three minutes.
I don't think Jack
really wanted to kill us.
I think he's a decent human being.
Jack, it's Sonny Paluso.
It's ten of nine.
I'm sorry you did and I forgot.
I'll call you back after 9.
Please excuse... You sure?
It's okay? I don't mind calling you...
He's right here. He's anxious
to talk to you. Thank you.
Hello. Yes, this is Donald Quinelle.
Yes, Sonny told me.
What do I think?
I'll tell anyone

whatever I want, whenever I want.
I don't wanna hear
what you want.
You'd be the one
knowing your mother like that.
You don't scare me.
Matter of fact, you amuse me.
When I see you, I'll try
not to laugh in your inbred face.
My ass is here
if you wanna whup it.
Just come try and
I'll blow you away like lint.
I'll give you directions, dipshit.
Yes indeed, can you write?
Is anyone there with
an education past first grade?
You just take highway 16.
Yes, that's one and
then five numbers after it.
You drive fast, oyster-brain.
Yes, indeed.
Once you're here, there will be
one less wart on society's ass.
Yeah, fuck you too. Bye-bye.
- Feel better?
- He'll be here tomorrow.
What a relief. Thanks.
No, thank you. God, think of it.
It'll be like my final exam.
Going mano a mano with
only the victor left.
Mano a mano? What did you say to him?
You leaving again?
- Is she young?
- Who?
We've been married too long to play
these games. You'd leave, I never ask.
- I wish you wouldn't start that.
- You went away for weeks.
Will you ever trust me?
I don't care if she's a stewardess.
But if you're in love...
After 17 years,

you know I don't love anyone else.
Why the trips?
The phone calls that make you leave.
- I lie awake, picturing you with her.
- You wanna know?
You really wanna know?
I'm a professional killer.
- Come on.
- That's right.
Wanna know where I've been lately?
I've been in jail.
Wanna know where I'm going?
I'm going to kill two people.
Wanna know why?
Very simple.
These men can finger me
for the death of Jimmy Hoffa.
Then I'll spend my life in jail.
I can't have that shit.
So I'm not out there
committing adultery.
I'm out committing murder.
Thank God.
It wasn't like I asked you to do
anything difficult. A phone call.
- Are you done?
- He's a professional killer.
- Me too.
- You're a shit disturber.
I don't believe you actually called
him a clam-brain.
Oyster-brain.
There are people living normal lives,
why can't I be one?
Why did I end up with a nut
dressed like an Eskimo terrorist?
- Now you attack my clothes.
- What will we do?
We'll fight and we'll win.
We'll walk tall and fear no man.
No, really, what will we do?
- Wanna meet someone to help you relax?
- Desperately.
Take a right, up there.

Stay close.
They're using live ammo today.
I'd hate to die before he gets here.
I'd hate to get killed anytime.
If you get killed, you can't
party or anything. It would be a drag.
Shoot the radios. Without music,
they lose half their will.
You won't find any arrowheads
down there.
We each have a dog sled team.
They go anywhere.
If it's cold,
you can sleep with the dogs.
Platonically, of course.
- What does that mean?
- Means he's no dog lover.
- Wes once ate a dog.
- On purpose?
Yes. He was stranded without food.
Good thing it tasted like squirrel.
Too bad it was his fastest dog.
Not fast enough.
Wes changed my life.
Now I control my environment...
...instead of it controlling me.
If I had to, I could kill.
I took an aerobic class.
It didn't cost \$5000 or anything...
...but if I had to,
I could jump and land in a split.
You die!
Sorry, Bob, too early. You seen Wes?
Greetings, gentlemen.
Welcome to the new middle ages.
There will be violence,
destruction and savagery...
...never dreamed of.
But, if you are prepared...
...this will be a time to treasure.
For all of you.
You are the kings of the future.
Did you pass...? Did you pass out
the Supply Survivor Catalogues?

Hideaway brochures?

I wasn't supposed to
till you finished your speech.
I finished the "kings of the future"
speech. Look alive. Come on.

Please turn to page three of your
Supply Survival Catalogue.

When the end comes, there won't be
supermarkets. No drugstores.

There will always be mail order.

And this is your life line.

The two-dollar fee will be refunded
on your first purchase of over \$50.

This sounds stupid, but...

...won't you get bored out here
if society doesn't collapse?

Wes says, society's heading
for the big flush...

...we'll be clinging to the rim
while everything falls.

- What if things improve?

- Is the air?

- True.

- The economy? The Middle East?

Arts? Literature?

Television? Presidents?

Anyone can nitpick.

Name one thing that's improved
the last decade.

- See.

- Video games.

- Video games. There you are.

- All right. I acknowledge that.

But society will deteriorate.

But hiding up here in the hills,
it seems so un-American.

We won't stay forever.

When the shit hits the fan,
pardon me, we'll come take over.

Now you can't get any more American
than that, can you?

See that attach case that man has?

In that case are Wes' plans
for the restructuring of society.

Boy. Think about that.
A whole new society.
We'll be part of it.
- It makes your sphincter tingle.
- Sphincter tingle?
- Those words didn't come to mind.
- Let's tell Wes.
- Wait...
- We gotta...
...so everyone can prepare.
It'll be a homecoming.
- We'll make something special.
- Maybe we shouldn't.
Maybe we should keep this between us.
You know, mano a mano?
- Wes will want a mano in there too.
- That will spoil it.
- That's how John Wayne would do it.
- Damn straight.
Fucking-A. Pardon me.
Let's go meet Wes now.
I think we'll do that...
...but let's go see Wes now.
- I'll tell you what.
We get up early tomorrow,
meet Wes, maybe take a walk...
...then we finish Jack off
and grab dinner.
- Make a day of it.
- Yes.
Fantastic.
Does this make you realize
that men have nipples too?
- Wes said other things...
- Nipples?
Hello, Jack. How have you been?
Sure, we can talk. Talk this!
I admire a man who can
go one on one with me, because...
Oh, you cheat! Oh, my leg!
Too bad you're wearing a Teflon vest.
I guess you got me. Not really!
Now for the mercy kill.
Ciao, baby.

- Hey.
- Pardon me?
- Let's get out of here. Let's pack.
- Hey, pack this.
You're gonna force me to do
something I didn't wanna do.
What's that, old man?
- I'm a master of hand-to-hand combat.
- Oh, well...
Sorry, now you're packed.
Quick. Let's get him out of sight.
Faster, Wiley, faster!
Knock it off.
- Hi.
- Don around?
- He's out.
- Totally.
- Friend of his?
- Yes, I'm Sonny Paluso.
This is my daughter.
- Such lovely skin.
- Her skin is only 16 years old.
I've some business with Don.
I'll see him at class.
- We won't be here.
- Candice and I won't.
We dropped by for today.
We're going to the Big Cesspool.
I'm afraid not. I've closed the area.
No way in or out till dawn.
- Good. We'll sleep well knowing that.
- Doreen.
- Have a nice night.
- Thank you. You too.
Here, Lucky, here, boy. Mush!
WXIW weather.
Intermittent snow flurries.
Okay. Now, let's do it once more.
What are you gonna say to Jack
when he comes?

I'm gonna say:

" I go along with the deal. "
And then I say,

"What happened before...
...is between him and the police. "
That's nice.
Then I'll say, " I'm sorry...
...but I have to blow a hole
in your skeevy heart. "
"Skeevy heart"?
Yeah.
- An expression you learned from Wes?
- Yes.
Wes says meet an attack
with a vicious counterattack.
If I don't get sleep,
I won't be vicious.
And to you Wes is a god?
No. Just an ordinary man.
Ahead of his time, but just a man.
- Wes is an asshole.
- Blasphemy!
You'll smoke a turd in hell
for that!
Wes says your gun is your friend.
- Yes, I love my gun.
- Well, here is your gun.
Show me how you'll use it
when Jack gets here.
Give it to me.
Maybe you'd like to use
your friend, the knife.
Shit!
Perhaps when Jack comes in you'd
prefer to make him pancakes.
No! No!
Yes.
This is a lot like how
I gave up smoking.
Let's go through it once more.
What will you say when Jack comes?
Hi, Jack. Want some pancakes?
Come on. I'll put the thing on.
Come on.
There we go.
Yes, today we go to victory.
Here we go.

Here we are.
Sorry.
You do well,
you'll be leader of the pack.
Industry is dead!
Bread lines are forming!
America is bankrupt!
The future is anarchy!
Be alert!
The have-nots will soon
be coming after those...
...smart enough to prepare
for the inevitable end.
Looting may occur any day or night!
So use your eyes, and your ears!
Move out! Move out!
Was Donald signed up
for the looter course?
He paid the fee.
I love the smell
of malamute in the morning!
He chewed through the ropes.
He's more primitive than I thought.
No more for me.
You only had to watch him
for 15 minutes!
I did.
Where is he?
God knows. He's not as dumb
as I thought.
He has to be
around here somewhere...
...because I had my eye on him
the whole time.
- You fell asleep.
- I didn't.
I swear. I...
Look, here's what happened. I was...
You were asleep. I was wide awake.
And he was asleep.
And I was awake and watching him.
And, well, I think
he released this gas.
And...

...he must've had it in his shoes...

Candice.

Okay, I'm not sure about the gas,

but what happened was...

All right, I fell asleep.

I'm sorry. I messed up.

You hate me, right?

Just sit here, understand?

And don't open the door.

Not to anybody. Okay?

- Where's Don?

- He had to leave in a hurry.

Something's not kosher.

Somebody tell me what's going on.

Something's wrong.

I can smell it like a dog.

You are what you eat.

- What's this?

- I was making a sweater.

What have you done with Donald?

Shit.

No! Not now!

Don't chicken out! Stay!

Goddamn it!

Your gun jammed, Mr. Honky Mo'Fo?

Shit!

My God, that's sick.

What kind of man

gives cigarettes to trees?

Come on out and fight!

I don't want to have to kill you!

You don't want to...

You're not gonna kill me the slow way

by leaving cigarettes in trees.

You want to try and kill me?

Well, Mr. Honky Mo'Fo,

take your best shot!

Shit, the same arm!

It's too cold. My arm's frozen.

That's why I'm not bleeding.

Men, I have to ask you to do something

I haven't fully trained you for.

I have to ask you to kill.

Don't be intimidated, men.

I'm merely speaking of some simple, scum-sucking vermin. It's not the starving city vermin we've been hoping for... ..but these days you have to take what you can get. Sorry, Wes. Go ahead. You will be up against a professional killer. Now this is us! The vermin could be on this road... ..or he could be in the luxury survival residence of our own Donald. We're going to be here! And we're going to be here! And the command post here! The special squad will surround the post. Those with weapons that fire full auto... Excuse me, are you saying... ..you want us to shoot a real person? That's what you're trained for here. This cost extra? You shot my gun, goddamn it! You're not supposed to shoot a person's gun! That pisses me off! You know how much one of these costs? You think you got me? This one has your name and address! Jack? Yeah? Time out, okay? What? Time out. You won't believe this... ..but I brought the wrong bullets. - Is that right? - Yeah. This morning I was in a hurry to get out... ..and I brought the wrong ammo.

Silly me. It's a mistake
anybody could make!
What do you want me to do?
Make a few snowballs...
...while you get bullets
to shoot at me?
Would you mind?
I'll be right back!
It'll just take a minute!
Yeah, you go right ahead!
I knew you were church people.
Liar!
Mush!
Shit!
Men...
...follow me.
Donald!
You idiot, you'll get us all killed!
Where the hell are you?
No, wait! Whoa!
Why are you here?
You're alive! Where's Jack?
Unfortunately, he's alive too.
Now get on! Move it!
I emptied the clip!
I put more bullets in.
.38 caliber don't fit. 45 caliber!
That's why I'm here. Ammunition. Help!
You made me slap my hand!
Why am I wearing all this?
Strip down for efficiency!
He ruined my gun. \$1000!
- These?
- I need. 45s.
Those are long and thin!
I need. 45, short and fat.
Short and fat.
You checked in.
Bless you for staying with me.
You're not going any place.
I'm standing here, and you
and your bullets won't get by.
We're staying alive.
Candice, quit helping.

Listen, I didn't ask you
to come up here and save me.
I came up here to save myself.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Well, I guess it's like what Wes says:
"When it comes down to it,
it's every man for himself.
And no man is an island.
And some men are peninsulas. "
- What?
- I don't want you to die.
Don't kiss my ass now.
- You're my friend!
- Too late for that.
Jack, let's talk!
Not interested.
Somebody's trying to kill me.
I would get away from the window.
Can't anyone look
without breaking a window?
I didn't even have this house
paid for.
White platoon, get across the front
and lay down perimeter fire.
I can't go into battle wearing this.
How will I draw? Or reload?
Or move with cat-like swiftness?
Just guard the briefcase.
It holds the future.
Throw out your weapons!
How do you feel now,
Mr. Bigshot-gun-for-hire?
Those are my people!
One of you fire a warning shot.
My friends are trigger-happy.
Go say we're coming out.
"We"? I ain't going out.
I can't face them
if he's in here still alive.
You think I'll let you shoot me
so you'll look good?
- You crazy.
- Chicken.

Stop bickering and think!
I will count to five, at which time,
if you have not surrendered...
...I'll give the command to open fire.
- He tried to kill me.
- Who shot first?
I didn't put a hole in your jacket.
- Look!
- One.
Who tried to make a deal? Me!
Then who shoots up the trees?
Yeah, you!
- I was nervous.
- Two.
- What about me?
- You're so cool you piss ice cubes.
Check weapons.
It's hereditary in my family.
Nerves, colitis...
Must be horrible having colitis.
- They must hear you coming.
- Three.
These are wonderful. You'll love it.
Rolaid!
- Hurry up, I need one.
- Oh, God.
Want a Rolaid?
I got some Valium if you want.
Take aim.
It's okay. You can all go home.
Thanks for coming. We don't need you.
Send out the vermin!
- This can be settled peacefully.
- No, it can't.
Send him out or we open fire.
What's the matter with you?
Suddenly everybody wants
to shoot everybody!
You've been around here too long.
You're waiting... no, hoping...
for this country to fall apart.
You got paper targets
that look like real people...
...so you can kill

with no more thought...
...than putting a hole
in a piece of paper.
Are you guys insane?
Just knock each other off right now.
You can start with me
if that's what we're coming to.
If you're the future,
I don't want to see it!
This could be a trick.
"As our beloved General Douglas
MacArthur once said:
The soldier, above all other people...
...prays for peace.
For he must suffer and bear...
...the deepest wounds
and scars of war.
The soldier is the noblest development
of mankind.
But no brute instinct
can take the place...
...of divine help. "
Horse shit.
- Dad!
- Go back.
This scumbag's gonna die!
- What are you doing?
- I got the drop on him!
Go to the car. Now.
Get out of here, old man!
Take that hippie girl!
Know what's wrong with you?
You're meek.
They'll inherit the earth!
To the depth of six feet!
I'm going to blow his mind!
He's going to be bloody!
He'll be a steaming hunk of goo!
I'll tear his ears off
and hang them in my car...
...like furry dice!
We'll put his eyes there
so he can see what I said!
You were my favourite...

Then I'll make a tire
of his intestines!
Talk soft.
We should call the police.
It's good publicity.
No, he's mine!
- Please turn me...
- Shut up!
No, you're gonna crawl, sleaze bag.
You'll die like a whimpering dog
in the dirt!
Or like a whimpering cat in the dirt.
Move it!
- What are you doing?
- We wanna watch.
It's a private thing!
Between him and me.
Mano a mano.
It's how John Wayne would do it.
You know, he's right.
Here. You'll need this.
If you need help, we'll be here.
Bless you, Wes.
Move it, dickhead! Come on, haul it!
You'll die like a man! Or a facsimile.
This is where we're to meet.
At least, I think this is where.
- Did Donald come up with this plan?
- Yeah.
Then it doesn't matter. It won't work.
This is Don. Over.
We read you.
Do you need assistance? Over.
Negative. Wish you could be here.
Up off your knees, slime mold!
I'm about 200... from the...
...follow the trail of blood
to the large pine...
My knife!
Now I'm...
- He's begging for mercy.
- Please, no!
I'm now taking...
His tongue is in my hand!

His tongue is in his hand?
Where's his tongue?
Jesus.
That sounded like a car door.
Don? Come in, Don.
Now from the stage
of the Grand Ole Opry...
...it's Bill Monroe and his
Blue Grass boys singing:
"Wes, Stick It Where The Sun
Don't Shine. "
Come on!
To the sleds! I want them alive. Get
those bastards! I want them back.
Let go!
- Let me drive.
- What's wrong?
You're driving like a trout
with diarrhea.
Don't start!
Wiley, move your mutts!
Every man, every weapon, follow me!
This is great. Look at that.
Those dogs are fast.
There ain't a dog alive
that'll catch this car.
Come on, let's go!
Think you were
a little wide on that turn?
I smell gas.
I'd like to get out now if I could.
I'd like out.
I don't want to die! I got to get out!
Let me out!
Good. This'll be like
shooting fish in a barrel.
Now we fire, right?
Now we wait for the support team.
I'll show you how to...
Would you move!
This car ain't worth shit.
Everybody out of the car.
Everybody back in.
They sure put one over on us.

This is the last time anybody
makes you look dumb.
Move over. I'm driving.
They're not doing anything
but taunting us. Move!
You're moving!
You're free!
Keep going!
You're free!
You're stuck!
That does it for me.
They're sneaking away.
Fire a warning shot!
- Just one.
- Check.
- Want to give me a hand?
- Well, maybe...
Don't shoot.
- Those guys are morons.
- Well-armed morons.
This is one of the neatest
times we've ever had.
- They're too far to shoot.
- Close enough.
When I go around the corner...
Hold it! Wait a minute!
Move out! And take them alive!
- Where you going?
- Queens Blvd.
What about them?
Okay.
A medal to whoever gets them!
Follow them! Forget the old fart!
Why are the dogs chasing the car?
They aren't listening!
Way to go! You're freaking them out!
Watch it!
Wiley, come now!
Oh, shit!
Stop! Stay where you are.
Nobody touch anything.
Freeze!
Our futures depend on these.
Do not read them.

You wouldn't understand.
Thank you, I got it.
These are the plans for the
reorganization of society?
May I have that?
That says you own a Minnie Pearl
takeout franchise in Detroit.
Great chicken.
New York City Municipal Bonds
due in the year 2025.
I love Broadway theatre.
You've got 5000 shares in U.S. Steel,
Christmas Club accounts...
Three books of S&H Green stamps.
I can explain.
And a catalogue with a circle around
an outdoor barbecue for 20 books.
All right!
All right.
Listen...
...I believe in America.
I'm just a simple businessman.
That's all it's about, isn't it?
Capitalism?
Making the most of an opportunity.
Know what I mean?
Give us our money back.
No refunds.
I got my receipt.
But I could make each one of you a
partner in a mini-mart in Pittsburgh.
I think I got to go now.
You really got to hand it to that guy.
I mean, economy's in the toilet
and he's making a bundle.
Guess I have to find
a sucker to buy my cabin.
You don't have to worry.
You don't own the land.
Wes has a two-year lease
on the land...
...from the Iroquois Indians.
I bet the Indians are having
some laughs about this.

I hope this isn't
a personal question...
...but where did you put Jimmy Hoffa?
It was a hype.
You injected him?
No, I didn't kill him.
Nobody else took credit. Figured
it'd do wonders for my reputation.
- You didn't kill him?
- Didn't even know him.
You kidding?
I figure they'll catch up with me
on a lot of other stuff I did.
I won't worry about it.
I have faith in our system of justice.
Could we pull the car over?
I'd like to get some air.
Maybe you'd better pull over.
Where are you going?
There's air over there by the car.
It's the same air.
Did you get sick riding in the back?
I always do.
I don't know where I'm going.
I think you're heading directly north.
I don't know what's real anymore.
These are real trees. Real snow.
It's real cold.
I used to be on my way up.
Now I look like I'm on my way to
a Veterans Day parade in Nome.
I'm going nowhere.
I know what you need. A good meal.
Some hot solid food. Beef stew.
- Let's find a diner.
- I can't go dressed like this.
I look like a guardian Eskimo.
I don't have a job.
I don't have any money.
I don't have any place to live.
I don't even have Doreen anymore.
- You'll get pneumonia!
- At least that's something.
- Are you nuts?

- Yes.

I think I am.

You know, it's not that bad.

You'll freeze!

You're right. I'm freezing.

What do I do now?

The first thing you'll do
is take my coat.

Then you'll freeze.

That's okay. We'll freeze together.

Thanks.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Tell me things will work out.

Everything will work out.

Boy, it's been a strange winter,
hasn't it?

Not really.