



Scripts.com

Tremors 3: Back to Perfection

By S.S. Wilson

Is that the new guy?
Si, mi amiga. We are
completamente seguros here...
because I've selected
my position carefully.
First rule of engagement:
Know your enemy.

Second rule:

Know where to engage him.
Good you've kept
your engines running.
I want maximum heat emissions
from these coordinates.
Mucho caliente.
Comprende?
The time...
0500 hours.
The place... seven clicks
south of El Chaco.
The situation...
a single graboid reported
in the area two weeks ago.
Third appearance of these underground
carnivores in the last 11 years.
Unfortunately, lack of action
on the part of local authorities...
has allowed the creature
to metamorphose...
into the second stage
of its life cycle,
producing six shriekers...
a voracious,
hermaphroditic life-form,
which can double in number every few
minutes by eating sufficient food.
In this case, chickens.
Aye, dios mio!
A truckload of chickens.
Infrared monitoring now indicates
the shrieker herd...
moving across the pampas
toward us,
closing at less than

300 meters.

290... 280.

I've managed to lead the shrieker herd
away from civilian population.

My tactical approach is
utilize various maneuvers,
demonstrated by Sitting Bull
at Little Big Horn...

and Field Marshal Rommel during
the North Africa campaign.

The idea being to set up
a proper kill zone.

I should take this opportunity
to point out their zero tactical skills.

Lacking eyes or ears,
they can sense only heat and...

Patience, mi amigo.

Aye, dios!

Nothing to worry about,
because for once I have
the proper tool at hand.

Looking for a little heat?

Any questions?

Hey, Burt, welcome home.

We saw you on CNN

shooting that cannon thing.

Dual. 50 antiaircraft
turret mount.

Good to see you, Miguel.

What the hell is that?

Some real estate guys out of Reno. They
wanna cut up the valley into parcels.

- That'll be a cold day in hell.

- That's what I told 'em.

Hey, Burt,

while you were gone,
there was this conga line of cement
trucks going up to your place.

What the heck

you building up there?

I installed an underground
graboid barrier, my own design.

Big cement box, two-foot thick,
steel reinforced,

completely surrounding
my compound...
sides and bottom...
now I can sleep nights.
Come on, Burt.
What's it been, 11 years?
No reason to lower
your guard.
Burt, welcome home.
Put in a bar code reader?
Jodi, they can use that to build
a profile on all my purchases.
Burt, welcome home.
Yeah, welcome.
Next they'll want a sample of my DNA.
How you been?
Oh, I guess
I'm getting by.
Getting by? You're doing better
than your uncle ever did.
Hey, in retail, if you're not three
steps ahead, you're one step behind.
- You want your mail?
- Yeah, I guess.
"Perfection Valley
Ranchettes. "
Uh-huh. They've been making
offers to all of us.
- Shall I file it for you?
- Mm.
Hey, cool watch.
Hmm? Oh, gift
from the gauchos.
It continuously updates
its time to the nanosecond,
- Uh-huh.
- by connecting directly...
to the cesium clock in Colorado
via ultrasonic frequency.
Well above our normal range
of hearing, but it'll give a dog fits.
Right, right, right. So, were you able
to get me graboid or shrieker parts...
beaks, tentacles, claws?

Aren't you overdoing
all this a little?
Burt, this stuff
is our claim to fame.
China's got pandas.
Australia's got koalas.
And we've got... these,
even if they are
extinct here.
You trying to turn the valley
into a theme park?
It worked for your friends,
Earl and Grady.
I'm just fighting for my piece
of the leisure dollar.
But this...
this is your theme park
kind of guy.
"DesertJack's Graboid Adventure"?
Who the hell is this yahoo?
He moved in while you were gone,
started this business,
taking people out
on graboid safaris.
I don't believe this.
Oh, believe it, ladies and gentlemen.
Believe it.
This is no theme park
simulation here.
You are in the heart
of graboid country.
These savage
subterrestrials;
these death-dealing
denizens of dirt...
first appeared
about 11 years ago.
Yeah, you keep your eyes peeled,
your mind and body centered.
These thing can jump up
at any moment.
What the...
Just a jackrabbit, folks.
Just a jackrabbit.

Breathe and release.
There you go.
Yeah, these suckers,
I've seen one jump...
near 50 feet out of the ground
like a volcano.
Swallowed a semi-truck whole.
Now that's what I call roadkill.
I tell you, yes, friends, this whole
area is a major feeding ground.
Now, just over that ridge there
is where a simple shepherd...
named Old Fred
lost his herd of sheep.
Yeah, and everything else
from the neck down.
Now as I said, we're in the heart
of graboid country.
Right in the heart of it.
Whoa!
Looks like we have company, folks.
- Man.
- Is that a graboid?
Yeah, looks like it. Get back, son,
you're gonna lose a limb now.
Oh, God,
it'll get us all!
- It's flooded!
- Calm down, lady!
Has it spotted us yet?
I don't know. I can't tell.
But it's bigger than I've ever seen.
Look!
Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!
Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!
- Here it comes!
- Take control of yourself. Don't panic.
Keep goin'. Come on.
Movin'in!
Well, we'd better
get the hell out of Dodge!
Come on now.
We got it. It's called
divine intervention.

All right, just stick with Jack,
you're gonna make it back.

- That's one.

- Uh-oh, I think he picked up our scent.

- Thought they only hunt by sound.

- That's what I meant, sound.

Four!

All right, baby.

Been waitin' for you.

Come to Daddy.

Come on now,

hop on this here rock.

Here you go. Here you go.

Gimme your hand, darlin'. Come on.

Here you go.

All right. All right.

Hang on to your hat now.

Here's the rest of us.

We got everybody now?

Let's see here...

one, two, three, four, five.

All right, that's good. Well, I think
we just best wait it out a spell.

How long do you think
it will be?

Well, ma'am, time
is the eternal river.

I suggest we not
swim upstream.

Damn, it's hot out here.

Anybody up for
an ice-cold beer?

All right, I got three bucks
a bottle domestic,
4.50 imported.

Also, might I recommend
my fresh-fruit juices.

Monster Mango.

Graboid Grape.

And for a buck extra,
you can keep the souvenir glass.

Glow in the dark, right there.

Look at that.

Please enter access code...

or level one security program
will be activated in ten seconds.

Nine seconds, eight seconds,
seven seconds,
six seconds, five seconds.

DesertJack thanks you for your business.

I'd say we got pretty lucky out there today.

- Oh, absolutely.

- All we saw was dust.

That's all you wanna see,
believe me, son.

Y'all stay on the blacktop now till
you're clear out of the valley.

Tell your friends about us.

Whee!

Got to restock the cooler here.

Um, by the way, you didn't pay me
for that bag of ice this morning.

Well, yeah, well, you know,
I thought it was complimentary ice.

I'm in business here, Jack.

Yeah, so am I. I've been thinking you
oughta sell me my refreshments at wholesale.

- Because?

- It's a natural part of our symbiotic relationship.

Oh, "symbiotic relationship. "

That's a good one, Jack.

You see, Jodi,
all things are related.

My business brings business
to your business.

Probably like an increase of about,
approximately around,
uh, 50 percent.

Actually...

22 percent,
with questionable sustainability.

"Questionable
sustainability"?

Do you have
a business plan?

I try not to plan too much. I trust
in the ebb and flow of the universe.

You have to plan to be a viable entity

in today's economic landscape.
See, me, I'm in phase three
of establishing my product identity.
You know, L.L. Bean...
canoey, outdoorsy.
Land's End...
golf clubby, sailboaty.
I see. I see.
Chang's Market.
Is that, you know, that, uh,
kind of deserty, underground monastery?
Exactly.
All righty.
Sure hope nothin' stops you
from becoming a viable entity,
'cause I hate
when that happens.
I'm billing you for
that complimentary ice.
You know,
I really like this clay.
It doesn't crack in the kiln,
but it is so expensive.
Oh, I can get 10 percent off
if you order 200 pounds.
Yeah, I can't
even afford that.

- Hi, Jodi.
- Hey, Mindy.
- Can you give these to Jack when he comes in?
- Sure. Throw 'em on the table.

Thanks.
Hey, Mindy, I think Jack
was expecting you to sew those pants,
not just stick
tape on them.
Mom, tape is
a total statement.
People like Jack and I
understand that.
Oh, I was into
safety pins myself.

- Hey, Burt.
- Hey, Mindy.

I thought you were
off at school.
Mom didn't tell you?
I- I had to drop out.
We couldn't afford the tuition.
So, I'm back working
at the Arby's down in Bixby...
and trying to
survive my mother.
Well, I hope things
work out.
Thanks.
Beer's inside.
There you go.
Watch your step.
Gummer?
Is that you?
It is, isn't it?
God damn!
Real pleasure to meet you, sir.
Jack Sawyer.
Listen, I've started up
this little tour business.
You know, kind of
an homage to you guys.
I would be honored if you
would consider being a part of it.
You know, sign
a few autographs...
maybe a little
weapons demonstration.
Mom, take a picture
of me with the tremor.
Cute idea.
They're called graboids.
Hey, come on
over here, folks.
Look who I've got for you.
Come on down!
The legendary
Mr. Burt Gummer himself.
Mom, it's the gun guy.
Oh, it is.
Here, Milton.

Stand right here, up straight.
You don't mind, do you?
Straight, honey.
Nice and tall. Taller!
Say "graboids. "
- Graboids.
- Oh, great.
Thank you so much,
Mr. Goober.
Come on, honey.
You had that look on your face.
- What was that about?
- Don't start, Mom.
They're out of
their gourd right now.
I've been listening to my inner voice
and it's telling me,
you and I are destined
to work together.
- So, what do you think?
- I think if I had an inner voice,
it'd be telling me
to tell you to get lost.
Well, you know,
take your time.
You just think about it
and get back to me now.
He'll come around.
Buford! Get your head
out of your pants, boy.
- Just looking at the scenery.
- Droolin' on yourself. Go set up for the next group.
You don't have to
be so mean.
Boy, you're about as sharp
as a bowling ball.
Oh, yeah, tough guy.
Hi, Mindy.
That skull was ripped
wide open, boy.
Eyeballs poppin' out.
Oh, ugly!
Now as I said, you're in the heart
of graboid country.

Yeah, you're-you're
right in the heart of it.
Let me tell you
something, boys,
you're right in the
friggin' heart of it!
- Honey, did you see that?
- SweetJesus! Look!
Having a little engine trouble, folks.
Stay calm. Stay calm.
- Where is it?
- All right, just stick withJack, you'll make it back.
- Hold on to your hats.
- Help, help, graboid attack.
This is what you guys
do all day?
I mean, no offense, Buford,
but it's, like, tragically lame.
Huh? Oh, this is
a good livin'.
I mean, especially compared
to what I was doing before.
Which was?
Well, I was...
shoveling roadkill
for the county.
Okay, I get you, but...
why's a guy likeJack
wasting his time,
scamming yahoos with
this Scooby-Doo routine?
I mean, I bet there's a zillion
better things a guy like that could do.
I bet he's nursing
a broken heart.
- Why are you stopping?
- Or something totally tragic.
I bet he's just dying to talk
to somebody who understands him.
All right, we got
everybody now?
Damn it's hot out here.
Anybody up for an ice-cold beer?
You know, I couldn't help

but notice that you're getting...
awfully red
out here in the sun.
Do you really have to
keep doing that?
When is this tour
gonna be over, anyway?
You don't enjoy
my company, huh?
You know, a man could
take offense at that.
What's that?
Freeze!
Is he all right?
Come on, gimme your hand!
What the hell?
This thing's not even real!
- Everybody, shut up! -
Who's that? - Listen to her!
- Who's that other guy?
- Shut the hell up!
Okay, Jack's jeep can outrun it,
but we have to create a diversion.
Some noise!
Everybody, grab something.
- Here!
- Like what?
Anything. Okay, we're gonna
throw stuff out that way,
and then we're gonna pile in
the jeep and haul ass this way.
Got it? Okay. On three.
One... two... three!
Okay, come on!
Hey, where's my camera?
You threw away my brand-new camera?
This time
we're ready for you.
This shipment of graboids
has four tentacles instead of three.
They look ridiculous.
Nobody's gonna buy them.
What the hell is that?
It's Burt's siren.

The graboid ladder?
It can't be real, Nancy.
Well, he wouldn't blow the siren unless
it was for real. Come on!
Oh, God. I hope Mindy's okay.
Hope she doesn't do something stupid.
I'm not paying for them!
If you ask me, there's something very
amateurish about this whole operation.
I mean, you take people into a life-or-death
situation, and you don't have a real gun?
Are you even licensed
to do this?
You wanted to see a graboid,
you saw a graboid.
So, I strongly advise you... hit the highway
and don't stop till you reach Seattle.
I expect you
to pay for that camera!
Mindy, thank God!
What's going on?
Mom, they're back.
We just made it out of there.
Graboids?
Live ones?
Burt! Burt,
we found one.
Son of a bitch killed Buford. I mean,
things... just boom and he was gone.
The thing's like
the size of... a whale.
Yep, I've seen 'em.
Burt, is it okay?
Can we come down?
Come on down.
They're not close. You check
the seismo-monitor I gave you?
It's not working very well. I think
the batteries are dead or something.
Come on, Burt.
It's been, what, 11 years?
Yeah, Burt here.
Talk to me.
Hey, Burt, was that siren noise

for real, man?

- Affirmative.

- No me chingas.

- You on your roof?

- Damn right I'm on the roof.

Have you checked
your seismo-monitor?

Any graboid activity
near your ranch?

Burt, that aerial thing, it got bent,
man. I've been meaning to fix it.

Well, now it's all hands
on deck, Miguel.

So, I suggest you bug out A.S.A.P.,
maintain a steady speed on your truck...
and report to H.Q.

at Chang's, you copy that?

The good news is
there's only three of them.

- How do you know that?

- A few years ago,
I installed a geophone
monitoring system around the valley.

Data transmits to my laptop,
gets triangulated.

It's all based on Rhonda LeBeck's
geological research.

- I sell all her books.

- The comics were better.

- Totally.

- Shh!

They're moving slowly down from
the north, just like last time...
from Jasmer quadrangle,
straight down the valley...

- into Calypso quadrangle.

- Huh?

- I think he means Cactus Flats.

- Why can't he just say it?

So, what do we do?

Your little jungle boat ride
is over, mister.

Time to fish or cut bait.

Yeah, yeah,

so what-what do we do?

Burt, excuse me,

but we're not cut off this time.

We don't have to act like a bunch of militia nitwits. We can call for help.

Nancy, since no one has bothered to maintain or monitor their seismic equipment,

we have no idea how long

the graboids have been active,

and therefore no idea

when they may become shriekers.

We can't wait for the authorities to bumble into this.

We are the authorities.

So, what do we do?

We hunt them down.

We wipe them out.

We go at dawn.

These are perfect.

- How many do you have in stock?

- Eleven.

Need to requisition

all of them.

Whoa, requisition.

That mean I'm getting reimbursed?

- Not today.

- How does this work?

Killin' them

with a toy truck?

- Graboids hunt by sensing...

- Sound. I know. I know.

A graboid hears a toy truck,

goes after it just like a cat to catnip.

- It's in the comic books.

- The second he swallows it, you detonate the explosive.

Boom! End of worm.

Explosive. Where we gonna

get the explosive?

This not being an officially

sanctioned event...

I've provided something

of my own design.

Don't worry about Burt.

He knows what he's doing.

It's like his thing.

Put these on my tab, okay?

- Let's mount up and move out.

- You don't have a tab!

Jack, I'm going with you.

No, you're not.

Yes, sir?

Good morning.

Mr. Gummer?

Morning.

Agent Frank Statler.

My cousin, he already
went back to Mexico.

- I've already filed for my business license.

- The right to bear arms...

- shall not be infringed.

- Hey, Department of the Interior.

This gentleman is

Field Agent Rusk of the B.L.M.,
and Dr. Andrew Merliss, Director
of Paleontology at the Smithsonian.

Look, we don't have time to chat.

We've got work to do.

Not if it's hunting
graboids, you don't.

- I called them, Burt.

- I've been granted authority,
to insure adherence to section 1472
of the Endangered Species Act,
which specifically guards the welfare
of large-class desert reptilians.

I'm enforcing an immediate ban on all
hunting of graboids in Perfection Valley.

- Those are my cattle out there, pendejo.

- Uh-huh.

The B.L.M. man gave me permission to kill
anything that's dangerous to my cattle.

El lobo, el coyote
and el graboid.

Well, your B.L.M. man reports to this
B.L.M. man, who now reports to me,
and I'm here to tell you there will be
no more killing of graboids, period.
So, we let them live, and we become

the endangered species.
You-You have been
instrumental...
in the eradication of the oldest,
rarest species on earth.
Not just once, but on three separate
occasions, on two continents.
Saving lives and property as a guest
of two foreign governments.
- Are you even aware of the public outcry?
- Public? Not this public.
Our mandate is quite simple:
To investigate, trap and transport...
at least one of
these creatures for study.
Trap and transport? By the time
you find out that's impossible,
we'll be up to our necks
in shriekers.
If we discover that there is
a genuine threat to public safety,
we're prepared to evacuate Perfection
Valley, seal it off indefinitely.
Wait a minute!
You'd make us leave?
That's not why I called you.
I called you here to help us.
The government's gonna offer fair
compensation for your property. That's a given.
Eminent domain.
And people
call me paranoid.
I don't think
you're paranoid.
I do, but not no more.
Son of a bitch!
Call me Ishmael.
Now if you would kindly
lean your endangered carcass...
over my property line,
I'll just call your
untimely demise self-defense.
Damn stupid graboids.
Can't afford to get

eminent domained out.
Every cent I have is tied
to this business.
Well, at least
you got a business.
Body language says it all.
Does it say I could use
a cold beer?
- What'll it be?
- Miller Lite.
Yeah, we still don't have cell towers.
You can use the pay phone.
Outside it's C.B. s
and walkie-talkies only.
Charming.
Listen, you guys weren't serious
about making us move out, were you?
Unless we can catch one of them,
we may have no choice.
It kinda seems like
a small operation.
I mean, to catch
one whole graboid.
We don't have much of a budget. It's not
a high priority in Washington. Okay?
Yeah, but, uh,
if you did catch one,
I mean, you boys would
go home heroes, right?
Look good on a resume.
And your point would be?
Just that the one guy who knows more
about these things than anybody;
the one guy who could
actually help y'all out,
is warmin' up the bench
'cause you took him out of the game.
I didn't take him
out of the game.
May I remind you, Jack,
they are not your friends?
They are government agents.
Over.
Cut me some slack.

All I did was a little negotiating.

- You did what?

- I cut us a deal.

We help catch one live graboid, they
give you back your hunting license. Over.

Uh, copy that. Roger.

Uh, one question.

Shoot.

Is your head up your ass
for the warmth?

We thought you'd be happy. You want
to get eminent domained out of here?
Catch a live graboid? It's hard enough
to kill one without saturation bombing.

I told 'em, "Burt Gummer,
he'd come up with something. "

These bastards are smart, and the harder
you come at them, the smarter they get.

You're still here, aren't ya?

I'd say you're up to it.

So, Mr. Gummer,
what do you think?

Ahh!

Fish or cut bait.

You... say you have
some sort of tranquilizer.

Yeah, we're using
tranq darts.

We got 'em to chase us, but we couldn't
get these to penetrate the dirt.

I'm ordering titanium tips
and a more powerful launch gun.

Of course, you could squander
the taxpayers' money,

but I can get a graboid
to swallow this...

with this, for 49.95.

Then, if it goes to sleep,
you can dig it up,

take it back to Area 51...

or whatever fits

your plausible deniability.

I don't quite understand what you
just said, but do we have a deal?

We-We have a deal? Because we
wanna know what we should do.
You guys do
what you do best...
find something simple
and complicate it.
- It's good he expresses himself.
- Mm-hmm.
Repressed emotions
can be real toxic.
He needs counseling.
- Get in!
- Huh?
You got me into this.
All right!
Whoo!
Use the door!
It's unbelievable!
Frank! Charlie!
It's unbelievable!
Unbelievable!
I was, uh,
I was doing cores...
out where they recorded
the earliest graboid movements.
- Uh-huh.
- Voila!
I hit this on my third dig.
It's an egg. I've proven
they come from eggs.
I've already carbon-dated it.
The yolk remains are current,
but the shell
is over 300 years old.
Current graboids
must have come from these.
They lay dormant
for 300 years?
It appears so. I-I need to use
your phone. I must call the museum.
I'll give you
50 bucks for that.
Are you kidding? It's going
straight to the Smithsonian.

All right, all right,
a hundred!
Somebody getting married?
First, we make enough noise
to move one in close,
then we use the remote-controlled
truck as bait.
Damn Feds,
I told them to butt out!
No, I think that's somebody else.
Well, Burt.
Long time no see.
Looking good.
Hard core as ever.
- Melvin?
- It's Mel, actually.
How come you never
answer our letters?
How come I gotta drive
all the way out here?
"Perfection Valley Ranchettes. "
That's you?
You said I'd never
amount to anything.
Look, uh, Burt, we're making
some really good deals here.
Between you and me...
you know, 'cause we're friends...
we're gonna offer you twice
what we're offering the other people.
What the hell are you doing?
You grew up here.
Exactly. I wouldn't wish
this place on anybody.
So, come on, Burt,
what do you say?
I'd say, "I'll give you
a ten-second head start. "
People are folding, Burt, and I
got this whole county in my pocket.
You can't hold out
forever.
I was born to hold out.
Uh, Burt, is this bad?

It's, uh, it's kinda bad here.

Is this bad?

It's, uh...

Graboid. One of them spotted us.

Freeze! Everybody, quiet!

- A graboid?

- Quiet!

- Are you kidding?

- Shh!

For real?

Burt!

Burt, hang on!

Hang on, Burt!

Burt!

Hey, Burt, hang on.

I'll get a rope.

Yeah.

Houston, we have a problem.

- Burt?

- Affirmative.

Are you, uh,
are you okay?

Not much time.

Only got limited air. What's my 20?

Uh, well, hold on.

Hold on.

Well, you're about
a quarter mile west...

No, better make that
east of me.

Couple of miles from my place,
engage the graboid.

- What?

- Drive like hell and lead the bastard to my front gate.

- Copy?

- Yeah, I copy, but-but, uh...

Out of air.

Burt out.

Burt! Burt, what do
I do when I get there?

What do I do?

Burt! Burt!

Come on, graboid, graboid.

Come on, baby, come on!

Come on, baby.
We are runnin'
with the graboid.
Oh! Oh!
Holy shit!
Head-on collision.
Burt! Burt!
Burt, are you down there?
Burt, hang on, hang on.
I'll be right there.
Hold on, buddy!
Hang on, buddy!
Just breathe!
Breathe!
Come on, baby!
Hang on, buddy!
Hang on!
Jack! That Melvin guy
said you got attacked!
What the hell
are you doing?
I'd prefer...
we keep this...
to ourselves.
Oh, y-you guys definitely
need to be supervised.
Burt here.
You read me? Come back.
Yo, come back.
Burt here. Come back!
Is that a graboid?
Yeah, but we should be
seeing two of them.
Have either of you
heard from the Feds?
- I can't raise 'em.
- Not since this morning.
I guess they've gone out of radio range.
They were chasing a graboid.
They were chasing it? It wasn't
chasing them? I don't like that.
So, maybe they scared it.
Jesus, what is that?
Dr. Merliss,

what happened?
We found the graboid.
On the surface.
It was... It was...
Hollow. Split open.
Yeah, split open.
Split open.
Wh-When we examined it,
the sound.
I heard this...
this screaming.
And then they were all around us.
S- So fast!
Rusk and Statler...
torn to pieces!
I- I hid in my van,
but they were ripping it apart.
I remembered something:
Don't-Don't let them see body heat.
So...
I sprayed myself.
It's cold.
It's so cold.
That was good. That was
good thinkin'. Good thinkin'.
It's not...
entirely effective,
I'm afraid.
Oh, my madre!
Nancy, Mindy,
Burt here. Come back.
Yeah, Burt. We're up on Chang's roof.
Is the graboid still
sneaking around somewhere?
We've got a bigger problem now.
- Squealers?
- No, screechers.
Shriekers. The government team
have all been killed.
- Oh, my God.
- Listen carefully.
These sons of bitches don't hunt
by sound. They see heat...
with sensor organs

on their heads.
You've gotta hide
your body heat somehow. Copy.
Hide our body heat?
Uh, Burt, we copy.
Can't track shriekers
with geophones,
so now I'm rigged to download
infrared satellite images.
Now when shriekers first emerge,
there are only six of them.
If we can kill them before they find
food and multiply, we have a chance.
Okay, here we go. Here we go.
Preston Dry Lake. Jeep trail.
There we are. That's our cars, right?
Reading the engine heat.
Bingo. We have a visual.
Two, four.
There are seven of them.
You mean they're already
making more of themselves?
Yeah, they munched on Statler and Rusk.
We better get moving.
I totally hate my life.
Damn, I still
don't see them.
- How do you focus these things?
- Here, try these.
Hey, fellas. Better get that
satellite thing again.
- We got you covered.
- That's it, right there.
- Yeah.
- Holy... There's eight of 'em.
Eight?
What the hell are they eating?
Coyotes, lizards, snakes.
They don't care.
So this is
really serious.
I keep trying to tell you people!
How far are your cattle?
If they get to your herd,

we're in big trouble.
Burt, look!
Look there.
They're going into
that box canyon over there.
- Come on!
- There's only one way out of there.
- If we get there before they leave...
- I'm with you.
We just roll in and mop
those little devils up.
Graboids!
- Go! Go!
- Come on! Come on!
Miguel!
Oh, my...
Where the hell...
Es blanco.
Holy shit. I've never seen one...
a live one of them.
Holy shit!
What do we do now?
Radio Nancy and Mindy to call
for some kind of help.
Damn thing tried to eat my jeep.
What the hell's
it thinking?
You left your engine running.
He went for the noise.
Haven't you read the graboid comics?
It's all in there.
Freakin' slug.
I owe money on that thing.
Jack, you got
your walkie?
It's in my jeep.
Where's yours?
On my hood.
Well, I guess
we just wait.
Darn! Oh, man!
Jeez!
Are you remotely worried
that the shriekers might get out...

and go eat Miguel's cattle, and,
I don't know, the rest of Nevada?
Absolutely.

But "I do not dwell on that...

- over which I have no control. "

- That's great.

- I have to do all the "dwelling. "

- If you choose to.

You know what I've found?

Most people prefer your dramatic
cumulo and nimbus clouds.

But I've always had
a weakness for a cirrus.

Yeah. Wispy, and way
up there, you know?

I wouldn't know.

Well, don't you
ever look up?

- I'm busy.

- Too busy to look up?

Yeah, as a matter of fact, I am.

I'm working for myself here.

All right? I could have
stayed in San Francisco,
parleyed my M.B.A. into
a six-figure income...

but hey, I'm busting my ass
eking a living out here...
to build something
for myself.

I know it's not easy. But I just think
you can enjoy yourself while you eke.

Who-Who says

I'm not enjoying myself?

You know? I don't have to
justify myself to you.

Food Mall?

Snake, you said you were buying
all your supplies from me!

Well, see now, I don't recall signin'
any purchasin' agreement.

It was a verbal commitment.

It was understood, okay?

In exchange for you tying up

my telephone lines, and my computer,
you're getting
free overhead, pal.
And for your information,
I do enjoy myself.
I do.
Well, one bit of good news...
the shriekers are still in the canyon.
Gotta be the same one
I saw outside my house.
Albino, I think.
Yeah. We used to have
a female goat like that.
No kids.
- Impossible.
- Sterile, huh?
Maybe that's why El Blanco
hasn't turned into Los Shriekers.
Son of a...
0500 on the dot.
Be sunrise soon.
In 37 minutes,
32 seconds.
- Hey, Burt. Heads up!
- What? Whoa!
- Why, you...
- Ooh.
You know,
he follows you, Burt.
I think he's got
a thing for you.
If I could reach my Grizzly. 50 caliber,
I'd have a thing for him.
Mm.
Is that them?
It must be!
But I've never heard 'em
make a noise like that before.
Like coyotes...
- with their kill.
- They're still in the canyon.
Can't afford to wait anymore.
I've got to get to my radio.
Wait, Burt!

Try this.
I saw it on
a repeat of MacGyver.
Dental floss!
I always carry it.
There. There, there.
Yeah. Come on. Come on!
- There, you got it.
- Yes!
Nancy! Mindy!
Burt here. Come back!
Hey, Burt. What's up?
Look, we're pinned down by this-this...
Great White Graboid,
and we need an assist.
I want you to make one hell of a racket
over the radio. Copy?
You want noise, Burt?
I copy that.
Ohh! Mm.
Honey, what's going on?
Burt just phoned in a request.
Hey! He's going for it.
Here we go. One more.
- Uh-oh. It's coming back!
- Yup.
He's taken the bait.
Jodi, Jack, let's move it.

- This is yours:

- I don't know...
It won't bite you. Jack, grab
your Weatherby and let's do this.
- My Weather what?
- Your rifle. In your gun rack?
Uh, gun's not real, Burt.
Borrowed it off some movie guy.
Here. You do know
which end the bullets come out of?
- I've seen movies.
- Here. You look cold.
Now, let's go bag
our limit of shriekers.
Come on!

Gotta be right around that bend.

Whoa!

- What the...

- Jeez, what are they doing?

I do not know.

- Let's tenderize 'em a little.

- I remember these babies.

Cover!

Aah!

Holy shee-it!

- He doesn't fool around.

- Burt is very, uh... committed.

Come on, come on!

Let's hit 'em!

Check it out!

Vaporized them!

I mean, there's nothin' left.

No, no, no, no.

We should see remains.

- They wouldn't just disintegrate!

- How do you know?

- I've blown them up before!

- Uh, hey...

It looks like

they shed some kind of husk...

or skin, like a snake.

I don't like that.

Maybe they went

back underground.

Let's just

go find my truck.

Aw, Burt!

I really liked that truck.

Aw, man. That's gotta hurt.

It was new, wasn't it?

At least it died for a good reason.

And my Grizzly Big Bore.

My sidearms.

- My ammo.

- Hey.

Something moved...

over behind the fence.

It's a... shrieker?

Not no more, it's not.

In Mexico and Argentina, we killed 'em
before they lived 12 hours.
This is what happens when you don't?
So, what, they just keep
mutating like a virus?
I have no idea!
Hey, look. That son of a gun's
got the same heat sensor.
Tracking us.
It's not smart
to track Burt.
What's it doing now?
- Hey!
- What the...
Point, shoot!
Come on! Point, shoot!
Ah, no!
Oh, my God.
I shouldn't have
taken that shot.
Shoulda shot sooner!
How could you know it was gonna
take off like a goddamn rocket?
Jack, give me your walkie.
Nancy, Mindy?
Burt here. Come back.
Yeah, Burt.
We're here.
Nancy, listen. They, uh...
They killed Miguel.
He's gone.
Oh! Oh, my God, no.
What, Miguel? No!
Nancy? Jodi here.
Listen, those shrieker things.
They can fly now.
So, get off the roof. You're not
safe up there anymore. Copy?
Hurry! Help!
Lock it! Lock it.
It's coming back!
What are you doing?
They can only see heat!
Help yourself!

I'm not dumb, ya know!
Come on,
into the meat locker!
Honey, I never thought you were dumb.
Ugh!
An egg. Graboid egg.
So it's a graboid, to a shrieker,
to one of these here new things,
and finally back
to a graboid.
It would make sense,
biologically.
I guess they developed
the ability to fly...
so they can carry the eggs
as far as possible.
Whoa! Whoa!
Well, look at that. Look at that
right there. Reacts with the air.
- Smells like a bad night of beans.
- Yeah.
Some high-octane
stomach acid he's got there.
Extremely reactive.
Almost like pure sodium.
Well, whatever it is, they work
it up there in their ass, see...
- Excuse me?
- No, no, no, no. That's how they blast off.
It's always something
new with these things.
- No. I got it! You're both empty.
- I got it!
- Empty?
- Already?
You fired ten, she fired four.
I'm empty too.
Oh, that's just great.
Great.
Look, my place is three miles away.
We just have to try to make it.
What, with these honkers
doing aerial recon?
- We have to conceal our body heat somehow.

- All right, it...

Uh, I can make

a dumb suggestion.

No! All I'm saying is,

we discovered 'em, right?

So, we should name 'em.

Let me think.

Okay.

"Blast-offers. "

Or... "butt-launchers. "

That's better, huh?

Oh! Oh!

"Ass-blasters!" How's that?

Sounds like

a porno film.

Listen!

Get down!

Get down!

He didn't see us!

We're okay.

- Lunch date?

- Damn! El Blanco.

- I'm sorry?

- White graboid.

- He's moving towards us.

- Oh, can't we get a break here?

Come on, come on.

This way.

Beneath this ridge is

a solid granite intrusion.

We'll follow it, but El Blanco

will have to go around.

- "Granite intrusion"?

- I've memorized the geology of most of the valley.

Oh, yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

I been meanin' to do that.

Give me your weapons

and make yourselves at home.

I'll see if Nancy and Mindy got through

to the Air National Guard.

Whoa. Lots of choices.

Nancy, Mindy.

Burt here. Come back.

Burt calling

Nancy and Mindy. Copy?

You know those
supplies I bought?

How 'bout I let you
have 'em at cost?

Feeling guilty?

- Nancy, Mindy. Burt here. Come back.

- Yeah.

But mostly I'm gonna
need travelin' money.

Burt calling

Nancy and Mindy.

Copy?

You copy?

Burt here. Come back.

Nancy? Mindy?

Nancy? Mindy?

Talk to me. Burt here.

So, you'll be
leaving, huh?

Can't run a business
where your customers get eaten.

- Guess not.

- Nancy, Mindy, Burt here. Come back!

Damn it!

Hope they got out okay.

Our old friend El Blanco
is finally comin' this way.

Not to worry; our perimeter
is completely graboid-proof.

But is it
ass-blaster-proof?

Oh. Oh!

Come on, come on.

I'll grab my weapon! Oh!

Go! Go!

Come on!

This way,
into the safe room!

Come on!

Seal it!

What is all this?

Food?

Better. M.R.E.s.

Most dense, most nutritious food
known to man.

Okay, okay, how long can we
wait it out in here?

Six, seven years.

Depending on how well
you maintain your dietary discipline.

Son of a bitch is
meltin' the door down.

Damn his butane,
butt-blastin' ass.

Forget that! Here!

- Escape tunnel!

- Burt, I like you.

You should!

Go on, go on!

Burt, what happens if this thing
eats your food?

Ass-blaster
blitzkrieg.

Go on! I'll take care of it.

Trick or treat,
you son of a bitch!

Five gallons of unleaded.

Oh, man. You really
go the distance!

Oh, yeah. I'm a masterpiece
of self-destruction.

Fire should reach my stock
of reloading powder right about...
now.

Cover!

Come on! Over here.

Go, go, go!

Aah!

- Burt!

- Now what?

Burt, where have you been?

We've been trying to raise you.

- You won't believe it.

- No, try me.

You know those flying shriekers?

We've got one!

Well, actually, it almost

got us, but you know how we got it?
Food! It ate half the food
in the store!
If they eat enough, they go into
a complete food coma!
No. No, no.
They multiply!
No, Burt, they don't!
Just feed it!
Give it all
your M.R.E.s.
Burt, do you copy?
Burt?
Burt, do you copy?
Burt?
Uh, Burt's, uh...
Burt's not available
at the moment,
but thanks for
the update, Nancy.
What kind of Supreme Being
would condone such irony?
Well, there are those who say,
the marksman aims at himself, Burt.
Power of non-attachment.
You need to tap into that right now.
Jack,
enough with the Zen zingers,
all right?
Burt? Maintain.
A lifetime of preparation,
and I end up a refugee?
I hate to ask, but have we gone through
all this just to be eaten by El Blanco?
Oh!
The explosions were so loud,
they have driven him far away.
You really should
read the comics.
Aah!
There's four more of them?
Nothing like a fire to attract
every heat-seekin'...
meat-eater in the valley.

- We gotta hide.
- Where? I have no home!
Junkyard.
- What?
- Junkyard! Yeah.
We just gotta
get that far.
The universe provides.
The universe
provides a boat?
And a blue tarp.
Come on!
Get your heinies up here before
they see us! Now, move! Come on!
Get in!
Put it over yourself!
Come on! Cover! Like I said, just stick
with Jack, you're gonna make it back. Whoa!
Whoa!
- Whoa-ho!
- Now, go left. No, no! Right!
Jack, now go right!
- Not that far! Now go right!
- Make up your mind!
Right!
Whoa! Ho!
What the heck...
Jeez...
Aw, the little turd.
We made it!
Look!
Plenty of places to hide!
Hey, wait.
It doesn't see us.
Calmly... get out of the boat.
And calmly...
just head for...
It sees us!
Shit! Run!
Got ya, Jodi!
Let's run.
Oh!
It's coming! It's coming!
Oh, my God.

Whoo! It's right there,
can you hear it?
I hear it.
- It's right there.
- That's what I said!
Let's get out of here!
- Yeah!
- That one's for Miguel!
- Whoo!
- About time we got a break.
Uh-oh. Here comes
the rest of 'em.
God! Do you think they see us?
Do they know we're here?
No.
- Yeah.
- Cover. We gotta find cover.
Hey! We can
hide in these!
No.
There. There.
Come on. Come on. Come on.
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!
- God, no! Can we hide over there?
- No time!
Well...
Let's assess the situation.
- We're screwed.
- We're screwed in an outhouse?
If I had been able to
grab just one gun!
- Even a single shot!
- How long are we stuck in here?
A few minutes. Our combined
body heat'll make this thing...
- glow like a furnace to them.
- So, so we run! We just run like hell!
No, they fly.
We couldn't get half a mile.
Okay. Can't stay.
Can't go. Your turn.
Oh! Oh.
Ah, We...
We gotta fight 'em.

They're not that smart,
they only see heat, right?
And they light their own farts.
How is this helping us?
No, wait.
They're full
of flammable chemicals.
Could we ignite
them somehow?
Get them to swallow
something hot?
- How? - Stick 'em with
something hot. Or-Or a fire.
Um, um...
A flaming spear.
We can't get that close to them.
They'd tear us to pieces.
I'd rather shoot them, somehow...
If I just had my...
Burt, you don't have a gun!
Deal with it!
- A potato gun!
- A what?
- A potato gun!
- What?
Didn't you ever make one
when you were a kid, Burt?
- Actually, I converted my B.B. gun to full auto...
- We made 'em from an old pipe.
You seal up one end, put in
a few drops of lighter fluid...
stick in the potato...
light the touchhole.
Boom, potato would go
a hundred yards.
Instead of a potato, we-we...
shoot... a-a flaming arrow!
Why not?
I like it.
Yes! Now, of course,
we gotta do some shoppin'.
We gotta get us some pipe... any size...
things for arrows, rags to burn.
And then we're gonna need

something for gasoline.

Uh, uh, alcohol... I mean,
this thing ain't gonna be easy.

Wait, wait. I got a line on
flamin' liquid. You two go for parts.
You see any of these
rocket butts nearby?

- No.

- No. All right, let's go.
Watch yourselves.

Oh, yeah.

Ha! Ass-blaster!

Blast your own damn ass!

- What the hell was that?

- I killed one! I did kill one!

- Whoo! Way to go, girl!

- Don't get cocky!

- That still leaves three!

- I killed one.

Listen up, it'll be dark soon.

How're we doin':

- I got some pipes!

- I got some rags!

Good work!

I need some arrows.

Let's meet over at that yellow truck.

Okay, Nestor,
we need your help.

Yes!

Thanks, Nestor.

- Jeez, Burt!

- What's takin' Jack so long?

I don't know.

- Jeez, Jack!

- Is that enough?

That'll do.

Now look. Let's move to
that mobile home.

It offers high ground,
for a good line of fire.

Come on, Jodi!

How'd you like it? Yeah, eat that.

Damn, girl!

Come on,
let's get to work!
An old friend, Nestor, was killed
in the first graboid incursion.
His trailer ended up here.
He loved his 'shine.
Here, rip some of these.
Ha, now you gotta
seal up one end.
- Also, you need to make a touchhole to light it.
- I get the concept.
Any minute this guy's gonna kamikaze
through your roof like he did before.
All right,
I need a gun sight.
Anybody grab any
tape or wire?
Your earrings.
Your earrings!
- Take 'em off.
- Excellent.
Still don't have
a touchhole.
This has a little hole.
Will this work?
Yeah.
Armed and dangerous.
Uh, but do we have
a lighter?
- Burt does.
- How do you know?
Well, you're... Burt.
Damn right I am.
Oh, shit!
Another kamikaze run!
Whiskey down the barrel.
About a shot's worth.
He knows.
He's up! He's up!
Open the door.
Door open!
There he is!
- Now? Now?
- No, wait for it. Wait for it!

- Now?
- Wait for it.
Wait for it.
Now!
It worked!
Blew him away!
I mean, blew hi...
Blew him away!
And that's why we're
at the top of the food chain.
Two down, and two to go!
Reload.
Whiskey!
I'll take that arrow.
Load it.
That'll do it.
Sh-sh-sh-sh!
Get down! Stay down!
Stay down! No, no! I got an idea.
Light the arrow and we'll shoot it
through the other skylight.
Stay down, Burt. Stay down!
- Now what?
- Spread your legs.
Excuse me?
Oh, I get it. Okay.
Okay.
Don't blame me
if I miss...
- 'cause I haven't had...
- Aim and shoot!
Okay, okay!
Ooh!
- What the hell'd you do?
- I shot him.
- Burt?
- Burt!
We should go hunting sometime.
Uh-oh.
Here ya go.
Here ya go.
Oh, I think
he looks pissed!
Pissed but dumb.

No sitting duck, huh, Burt?
Never assume anything.
She's ready.
And stand by to fire
at my command.
Light me!
- No way!
- I knew it!
Sons of bitches are
always on a learning curve.
Load. Load!
Incoming!
Lighter.
I need a lighter.
Go, into the back room!
Now!
- Get in here!
- Oh, my...
Go, go, go, go!
Get in here, Burt!
- Yuck.
- Oh, jeez.
23 hours, 59 minutes.
Mission completed.
Damn it! How the hell does he
always know where I am?
The watch.
The ultrasonic signal.
- Burt! Are you okay?
- I'm caught.
Oh, Burt, it's comin'!
Get rid of the watch!
- You're crazy. Get out of here!
- Shh! Shh! Shh!
El Blanco, you want it?
Come get it, dude!
Here you go, buddy!
My Leatherman.
My tool! My pocket!
Here you go,
little buddy, now!
Right side, bottom row,
third pocket.
Now, cut the springs

where my vest is snagged!

How the hell do you open this thing?

- Ohh!

- What is that?

All right...

- Come on.

- Jodi, hurry it up!

I'm workin' on it!

- Get outta here. Go on!

- Shut up, Burt!

Go on!

God Almighty!

Wow!

Good throw!

Hey, I used to pitch
a little single "A" ball,
till the old rotator cuff
started acting up.

Uh, on the off-chance that
Blanco's comin' back for seconds,
want to get me off this thing?

Yes. Could you hold on
for just a minute?

They matched your offer.

Well, I'm sorry. This is the world's
only living ass-blaster.

- And I have a daughter to put through school here.

- I want a car.

Come on!

Could you hold a minute?

The Vegas guys
went even higher.

Should we do it?

Siegfried, Roy...

he's all yours.

Make sure you stay
behind the ropes.

- Hey!

- Hey.

Hittin' the road,
DesertJack?

Well, more like,
uh, "Car Wash Jack. "

I landed a job managing

that place down in Bixby.
The universe provides.
- Congratulations.
- Thank you.
So, I guess
you'll be sticking around.
Yeah.
Yeah, I like the area.
Has a lot to offer.
Hey, listen, I'm, uh,
breakin' in my new rear axle.
You want to...
go for a little ride?
Oh, I'm-I'm restocking.
Nice clouds out there.
I can see
the clouds from here.
Yeah, but these...
See, these are the good ones.
Well, um...
Mindy?
Can you watch the store?
It figures.
Older women.
Buenos tardes,
Senor Blanco.
That's it, just...
just follow the car.
Burt!
Hey, nice wheels.
I've been expecting you,
Melvin.
You are one persistent
little money-grubber.
Come on, Burt. Look around, man.
There's nothin' here.
I want to turn this into something.
I'm going to build homes for families.
The smart thing for you to do,
Burt, is cash in right now.
- You might want to join me, Melvin.
- Why?
It's safer up here.
Jesus Christ, Burt!

I thought you killed all those things.
- I never said that.
- God, man, kill it! Blow it up!
- What are you waiting for, Burt?
- Thing is,
as long as one of these reptilians
is still alive,
this whole area
is deemed protected.
You know, pursuant
to section 1472...
of the Endangered Species Act?
In other words,
no houses,
no condos, no ranchettes.
You're crazy! Okay, these things,
man, they're gonna...
They're gonna eat you, Burt.
They're gonna get all of you.
We got new geophones,
graboid barriers, blanket protection.
The whole town agrees. Between you and
El Blanco, they'll take him every time.
Adios, Melvin!
Burt! Hey!
Oh, Burt! Burt!
Burt! You asshole!
You damn son of a bitch!
God! I hate you!
I hate your guns!
You sorry, sick...
paranoid, right-wing...
redneck psycho!
Shit-kicker!
God damn you, Burt!
And I hate that hat!