Attack of the 50 Foot Woman

By Mark Hanna
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
This is KRKR-TV.
And now for the latest news.
Early tonight the captain of a Swedish icebreaker in the Barents Sea...
...reported seeing a strange red fireball come out of the sky.
Says the captain: "It hovered above my ship for about a minute...
...and then headed south by southwest."
Unquote.
Radio Cairo reports a herd of camels stampeded by a comet-like object...
...streaking southwest across the Sahara.
And in Cape Town, Africa, a Boer, no doubt...
...reports a similar flash across the sky.
And still one more, ladies and gentlemen.
A farmer in Auckland, New Zealand reported the strange glowing object...
...this time moving northeast.
Now, let's see.
Barents Sea.
Cairo.
Auckland.
Considering the time table of these reports...
...the stranger from space should be over our California desert in a matter of minutes.
No, no!
Harry! Harry help me!
Harry, help me!
Harry...
Harry, what will your wife say?
She'll say plenty, tonight anyhow.
Did you see the way she tore out of here in that big car of hers?
She only caught us nodding to each other.
She'll make up for all the things she hasn't caught us doing.
I'm so fed up.
I never should have agreed
to go back to her once we were separated.
- Why did you?
- You know why.
I couldn't pry one nickel out of her.
That community-property routine
only works for women.
A man hasn't got a chance.
Unless the wife dies.
I didn't say anything.
You were thinking it.
Not the same thing.
Didn't you say she was
in the nut house for a while?
A private sanitarium.
What's the difference?
She was off her rocker, wasn't she?
I suppose so.
Probably got some fancy name for it.
Mostly she'd have
these violent headaches.
And then she'd get falling-down drunk.
Still has them to this day.
What are you getting at?
Oh, come on, now, Harry.
Let's not be naive.
You've made a good start,
now follow through.
- She's on the brink and you know it.
- I don't know it.
This Dr. Cushing seems to be
helping her a lot.
She's tapering off on the bottle too.
Hardly took a drink all evening,
you saw her.
All she needs is a little help.
Play the husband right to the end.
Once she's in the booby hatch,
throw the key away.
That will put you in the driver's seat.
You'd make a wild driver, Harry.
With 50 million bucks.
Harry!
Harry!
Harry, help me!
Mrs. Archer. Mrs. Archer,
what's the matter?
Here, somebody give me a hand.
We'll take her into the office.
Hey, chief!
Chief.
- Mrs. Archer.
- Harry.
Go on, folks, go on.
Go on, nothing you can do around here.
Go find Harry
while I take care of Mrs. Archer.
- All right, let's break it up.
- Now, come on, Mrs. Archer.
Come on and sit down in the car.
I'll send somebody
for some black coffee.
Black coffee?
You think I'm drunk, don't you?
- All of you! I'm not drunk, I'm not!
- Now, Mrs. Archer.
- You've got to believe me.
- Please...
It was right in the middle of the highway,
- It lit up the sky.
- I know that.
You don't believe me, do you?
Any of you.
I'll believe you, Mrs. Archer.
I'll believe you, just be calm.
Now, come on and sit down in the car.
Come on, take it easy
and tell me all about it, slowly.
Hey, Mr. Archer.
Mr. Archer.
What is it, Charlie?
Oh, all right, I get the message.
She's over at the sheriff's office.
She's in kind of bad shape.
She's pretty hysterical.
You couldn't find me tonight, Charlie.
I took a cab home.
Sure, sure, I get it, Mr. Archer.
Thanks a lot.
So... So she's tapering off, eh?
Hardly took a drink all evening.
Must have been a bottle in the car,
I don't know.
- Did you find Mr. Archer?
- He took a cab home, chief.
Charlie, go get the riot gun.
We're taking a ride in the desert
with Mrs. Archer.
Right.
Why the heavy artillery, chief?
There's a flying satellite...
...and a 30-foot giant
a few miles out on 66.
A 30-foot giant?
Oh, no.
Hey, look. There it is.
Mrs. Archer's car, I mean, chief.
Where did you see it, Mrs. Archer?
You can think what you like.
It was right there
in the middle of the road.
Yes, ma'am.
Come on, Charlie, let's look around.
What's up?
She off her rocker or something?
Don't look back, but as long as she's
paying most of the taxes around here...
...we play along with her.
Let's spread out here.
You see anything, chief?
Come on.
Not a thing, Mrs. Archer.
No prints of any kind either.
Why would there be? I told you
everything happened on the roadway.
I was standing right here.
It seemed to be reaching
for my diamond.
That's another thing
I've been wanting to tell you, Mrs. Archer.
That diamond you're wearing
would tempt the devil himself.
There are a lot of drifters in the desert...
...who'd commit murder
for a well-cut piece of glass.
In other words, you're suggesting
what I saw tonight was some desert tramp.
You're saying that, ma'am.
I'm only suggesting that you be
more careful with that diamond.
I didn't run all the way to town
just for a lecture, sheriff.
We'll be glad to escort you home,
Mrs. Archer.
No, thanks.
Boy, she's tearing out of here
like she was heading for the moon.
Poor, mixed-up Mrs. Archer.
I feel kind of sorry for her.
Well, I feel a lot sorrier
for her husband...
...if she catches him with that
Honey Parker he's got stashed at the hotel.
- What a doll.
- Yeah.
Well, come on, Charlie.
It's past midnight.
Town can't afford
to be paying us overtime.
Good evening, Mrs. Archer.
Is there anything I can do for you,
Mrs. Archer?
Yeah.
Beat it out of here.
Don't talk to Jess like that.
Maybe you should marry Jess
and hire me for the butler.
Hey. I said out.
You can go, Jess.
Yes, ma'am.
And as far as I'm concerned,
you can go too.
Go back to Tony's
and that woman you were mooning about.
Knock it off, will you?
Now, you pulled a boner tonight, and you know it.
Why, leaving me stranded at Tony's without a ride.
I wasn't in the mood for an argument in front of all those people.
I didn't feel like sitting there and watching you flirt...
...with that red-headed wench you call Honey.
For heaven's sake, Nancy.
Why, I hardly nodded to the girl.
Now, you listen to me, Harry.
I won't stand for any more of your two-timing.
You keep away from that girl in that hotel, you hear?
Your backdoor romancing split us up once already.
The next time there won't be any reconciliation.
You know, you're gonna flip your lid just one time too many with me, Nancy.
And you're gonna make one too many passes at some other woman.
My husband.
My gigolo, that's what you are.
You're a miserable parasite.
You're just after my money.
I was rid of you once.
Why did I take you back?
Why, why?
Why did you, Nancy?
Why?
Because I love you, Harry.
Why am I always fighting with you when I love you so?
I'm sorry.
But if you'd only show me once that you really cared...
...I'd do anything.
What's wrong with us, Harry?
I don't know.
Maybe it's me. Maybe I'm...
Harry, I've got to tell you something.
Only please don't make fun of me.
First, listen to the whole story.
Tonight while I was driving home...
You're going to think I'm crazy.
No, no. Go on, Nancy.
Harry, I saw a satellite tonight.
Oh, is that all?
You know,
everyone's seeing satellites these days.
Not like this.
It came out of the sky
and landed in the middle of the highway.
Harry, I almost hit it.
And a man,
a giant of a man came out of it.
I could feel his hands at my throat.
I think he was after my diamond.
Well, I see you still have the diamond.
I ran in the desert,
that's why I'm such a mess.
I told the sheriff and he didn't believe me.
I saw the look on his face.
He thought I was drinking.
Harry, you know I wasn't drinking tonight.
Oh, please, Harry.
You believe me, don't you?
Of course I do, sweetheart.
Now, you've had a terrible night.
I think you need some rest.
Now, it's late. Come on.
I'm gonna put you to bed
and we'll go through this tomorrow.
Why can't you be nice like this
all the time, Harry?
There.
Oh, now, I never meant
to be mean to you, Nancy.
Any more than I wanted you to stay
in that sanitarium...
...you know?
Well...
...things seem to worry you lately.
You know, like before.
I don't know.
Maybe it's my fault, huh?
For not making things easier for you.
Maybe it would be better
if we separated again.
Now, I wouldn't want to cause
another breakdown in your health.
Oh, Harry, I couldn't stand that.
I need you.
Oh, if you only knew how much.
You're all I have, Harry.
There you go.
That's why I've always liked this place.
We could be so happy here.
Just the two of us, no more arguments.
Here, Nancy. This will make you sleep.
I don't wanna sleep.
I feel much better with you here.
No more arguments.
Water.
There you go.
That's the girl.
Feel better?
Don't leave me, Harry.
Harry.
I need you, all to myself.
Hi, Mr. Archer. I was...
I was just saying arrivederci.
I thought you'd be waiting for me
at your hotel.
You know I don't like you
hanging around here alone.
You're not jealous of that clown, are you?
It's too early to go to bed.
Anyways, I'm sick of that fleabag
you call a hotel.
And I'm tired of waiting.
All I do is wait, wait, wait.
Maybe you won't have to wait
as long as you think.
She's cracking up again.
She's seeing satellites and giants.
Not only told me about it,
but she spread it all over town tonight.
- Even had the sheriff out looking for it.
- Charlie was telling me about it.
This could be it.
When Dr. Cushing hears about it,
he'll have her committed right away.
He's in Baker. I'll call him tonight.
Well, that sounds more like it.
I don't think I could take
much more of this setup.
Well, anytime
you get to thinking that way...
...remember this.
The Star of India.
It's the most famous diamond
in the world.
And you play your cards right
and it'll all be yours.
Someday.
Let's call Dr. Cushing.
- What do you think, Dr. Cushing?
- She's not well, Harry.
She's suffering from mental exhaustion.
And her drinking doesn't help her any.
You did well to send for me.
Jess.
Now, give Mrs. Archer...
...one of those every four hours,
and two at bedtime.
Keep her very quiet and no alcohol.
There's not much we can do for her
until she gets some rest.
You needn't come out, Harry.
Jess will see me to the car.
Doctor.
About last night...
Oh, that satellite business?
Probably overworked imagination.
- You think she's having a relapse?
- Mentally?
Well, let's hope not.
I'm afraid it'd kill her if she ever
had to go back to that sanitarium.
She needs to be near you, Harry.
She seems to get a great deal of consolation from you. 
Now, be patient with her, my boy. 
And with the right understanding on your part...
...I have high hopes for her eventual recovery. 
Oh, I'll be in town for a few days. 
If you need me, just call. 
Well, my faithful husband, no less. 
You finally decided to come home. 
What's the matter, Harry? 
Couldn't you stand the suspense any longer? 
Couldn't you wait another minute for the psychiatrist's verdict? 
What did he say, Harry? Does he think I'm crazy too? 
No one thinks you're crazy, Nancy. 
How nice. 
Then you believe me. 
You believe I saw the satellite. 
It's not the first time someone has seen a satellite. 
Right in the road, with a giant in it? 
Don't be so condescending, Harry. 
I know what you're thinking. 
I know why Dr. Cushing was here, 
I know who called him. 
I called him. 
He's here for your own good, Nancy. 
And I know where you spent the night last night too. 
You seem to have a lot of information. 
Well, I don't like being tailed in my own home. 
Here, your giant friend may come looking for this. 
Harry, wait. Where are you going? 
Ask Jess. 
Wouldn't you like something to eat? 
The doctor said...
Oh, Jess, quit mincing around and leave me alone.
Yes, ma'am.
Ladies and gentlemen, this is KRKR-TV.
And now, more news of high fliers.
Nancy Archer, the former Nancy Fowler...
... Heiress to the Fowler millions and owner
of the fabulous Star of India diamond...
... Has joined that ever-expanding
international society of satellite-seers.
From the Archers' palatial
home-away-from-home comes a report...
... That Mrs. Archer has not only been seeing
a sociable satellite...
... But its inhabitant as well:
A 30-foot giant.
Was he pink with big ears and tusks?
Well, maybe Mrs. Archer...
... who has recently been feuding
with her husband, handsome Harry...
... Has finally found a man
from out of this world.
A man who could love her for herself.
Come, come, now, Mrs. Archer.
A man can ignore $1 million,
but 50?
That's too much to ask
even from the man in the moon.
What happened?
So I'm crazy? I'm seeing things, am I?
Jess, get the car.
I'm going out to the desert
and find that thing.
And you're going with me.
Well, don't just stand there, go on.
You're being ridiculous, Nancy.
There's nothing out there.
You don't believe me.
Well, you're wrong. You're all wrong.
You're drunk, Nancy.
Why don't you try to sleep it off?
Not until I've proved it to myself
and to you.
We'll drive on the side roads.
I have a strange feeling it's out there
somewhere waiting for me.
I'm certain of it.
And if it isn't?
Then I'm crazy
and should be committed.
The car's out in front, ma'am.
Jess, get the revolver.
What's the gun for?
We're going hunting, remember?
Let's go.
Nothing.
Just sand and space.
Well, seen enough?
Keep driving.
There. Stop the car, Harry, there it is.
I don't see a thing.
I saw it flash behind those hills.
All right, all right, I'll turn around.
Hurry.
Well, now we've combed
all through these hills.
You saw it.
There's nothing out here.
Just emptiness.
Well, shall we drive on a little further?
I'm sorry, Harry.
I'm sorry.
That's it. I did see it.
I told you. I told you!
I was right. I was right. It's real.
- It's real!
- Nancy.
Nancy, come back here.
Come back here.
Let's get out of here. Nancy.
It's real. It's real.
- Nancy, get away from it.
- I'm not crazy. I did see it.
- It's a satellite.
- Come here.
- Harry, touch it. I did see it.
- Nancy, come here.
Hurry, Harry!
Harry, help me!
Harry! Help me!
Help me, Harry!
Harry, help me!
Harry!
What have you done with Mrs. Archer?
Get out of my way.
You're not leaving this room
until you tell me what happened to her.
You aren't gonna get away with it.
Give me the sheriff's office.
Get dressed and packed, quick.
What's the matter?
No time for questions and answers now.
Here, we're getting out of here.
What did you do?
Rob the First National Bank?
Shut up and get moving. Come on.
All right, all right.
Nobody wants to get out of this dump
worse than I do.
Hey. Those are the only clothes I've got.
You finished yet?
You just got here.
If you saw what I saw, you'd have
jumped out of your skin to get moving.
Here, zip me.
- Come on, come on, come on.
- All right, all right.
- Where we going?
- Out of here, but fast.
You going some place?
Miss Parker is leaving town.
It's kind of sudden, ain't it?
The night clerk here
didn't know anything about it.
Well, she... She does now.
I'm sorry, Mr. Archer, but Sheriff Dubbitt
wants to see you in his office.
The both of you.
You're making a mistake, Charlie.
Let's go.
Let me see, now. You got three sixes...
...you got the queen of hearts,
that's the heart run...
...so safest card in the deck.
Hey, what do you want that card for?
And that's a gin.
I don't wanna play anymore.
Getting daylight already.
The chief's always worrying
about the taxpayers' money.
Yeah? Oh, hi, Mary.
No, darling,
I wasn't dancing at Tony's Club.
I was out picking up a couple of guests
for the sheriff.
Yeah, he's out in the desert now
with a posse looking for the...
Oh, they did, huh?
On the pool house?
What do you know about that?
Yeah. They found Mrs. Archer.
I don't know how she got there.
Hey, maybe by a helicopter, huh?
Yeah, all right, Mary.
Will you take any messages that come in?
Yeah, we're on our way right now.
Yeah. Bye, sweetie.
We'll take your wife's Imperial, right?
Yeah, right.
Imagine your wife was home all the time
on top of the pool house, loaded.
How serious is it, Dr. Cushing?
Too early to tell. But we should get her to
a hospital as soon as she's strong enough.
Those hours of exposure on the roof
didn't help any.
Especially the way she was dressed.
It's not the exposure that worries me,
it's those scratches on her throat.
That's Mr. Archer now.
And Honey.
I never would have thought it.
Better let me do the talking, Dr. Cushing.
What's wrong with Nancy?
What happened?
I'll ask the questions, Mr. Archer.
- Now, suppose you tell me what happened.
- I'm in no mood for games, sheriff.
I wouldn't go up there
if I were you, Harry.
There's some possibility
she may have been contaminated.
There's evidence
of some kind of radiation.
Of course, we can't be sure.
Now, tell me what happened out there,
Mr. Archer.
- Out where?
- Jess told us.
You drove Mrs. Archer out
into the desert last night with his gun.
You came back alone.
Now, what happened to Mrs. Archer...
...and what happened
to the diamond she was wearing?
He's lying. I left the house alone.
Right after you, Dr. Cushing.
That's right.
Harry was with me all evening.
We were stepping out for air
when your deputy stopped us.
Dr. Cushing, it's time
for that injection you ordered.
Thank you, nurse, thank you.
I wouldn't have believed it, Harry.
I'm very disappointed.
- There seems to be a difference...
- Be careful with that, nurse.
Exactly 0.75 cc.
One way or another.
When Mrs. Archer regains consciousness,
she'll corroborate me, Sheriff Dubbitt.
Well, where does that leave us?
Nowhere.
Just don't try to leave town for a while.
And that means you too, Miss Parker.
We have nothing to hide.
We'll be around.
Come on, Honey.
I'll drive you back into town.
According to Jess...
...Mr. Archer drove his wife
out into the desert last night...
...and came home alone.
One thing you can be certain about,
Jess is absolutely trustworthy.
He's been with Nancy
since she was a little girl.
I know he's telling the truth.
What's the matter?
Our necks are way out
if Nancy comes to and talks.
There is a way out
if you've got the nerve.
Try me.
The serum that private nurse is using
in her hypodermic needle, I...
I heard the doctor tell her
that an overdose would be fatal.
Money certainly brings out
the best in you, doesn't it?
Have you got the nerve?
Read the morning papers.
Slide over and drive to town.
I've got things to do.
Doctor. Doctor Cushing.
Something's happened to Mrs. Archer.
- Something's happened to Mrs. Archer.
- Astounding growth.
Meat hooks.
- Four lengths of chain.
- The chains you were expecting are here.
Good. I'll tell Dr. Loeb at once.
Meat hooks, four lengths of chain...
...40 gallons of plasma...
...and an elephant syringe?
The chains are here.
Well, Heinrich, what do you make of it?
Fantastic.
I've made every test in the book.
There's no diagnosis.
Look at this slide.
Dermal connective tissue.
Filaria?
If only it were filaria.
We'd have something to go on.
A beginning.
There's not even streptococcal infection...
...to incite the inflammation of the lymph channels.
What could it be?
I don't know.
I just don't know.
We may find our answer when we operate.
Giantism can result from an overactive forward lobe...
...of the pituitary fossa, as you know.
Then you think surgery is indicated?
Except for that one thing.
The blue-green color around the scratches at her throat.
I would venture to say...
...it is some sort of radiation...
...which we in medicine have never touched upon.
Fortunately, the dose she received was not deadly.
Then you... You feel there is hope.
With surgery? Yes.
We'll have to have the husband's permission to operate, of course.
There is always hope as long as there is faith, Raymond.
I almost gave you up, baby.
I've been reading the papers.
I told you what happened on the phone.
We've got problems again.
That new doctor, Von Loeb, thinks he can help her.
Bring me a drink, will you?
What's the matter?
Your conscience bothering you, Harry?
You know, the trouble with us is we've both got the same disease.
Money.
And happy ways of spending it.
I've missed you.
Has she talked yet?
She's still in a coma.
They're looking for me now
to give them permission to operate.
That's great. That's wonderful.
You just hide out
and let her blow up like a balloon.
You can pull now, Heinrich.
Steady.
Give me a boost, Charlie.
- Nothing.
- Yeah, I could see that from here.
Almost.
There's a ladder over there.
Charlie.
- What is it?
- I don't know.
But whatever it is,
it wasn't made by a Japanese gardener.
Go get Jess.
Tell him to get down here pronto.
Excuse me.
Jess. Sheriff Dubbitt wants to see you.
Right away.
I thought you two might like a cool...
Did you ever see anything like this
around here before, Jess?
A giant footprint.
Maybe Mrs. Archer wasn't so...
I've been thinking the same thing myself.
Hey, look.
There's another one over there.
- Hey, look. There's another one.
- Charlie.
We've got to keep quiet about this thing
or everybody will think we're nuts.
Be dark in a half-hour.
We'll follow these, see where they lead.
- We will?
- Mrs. Archer has a station wagon.
Good. Run my car into town
and get the riot gun, Charlie.
Bring a couple of grenades
and some tear gas and flashlights too.
- Tear gas? Grenades?
- We'll leave as soon as you get back.
You better plan
on being up all night tonight.
We've gotta have somebody in the office
in case Jess and I wanna get in touch.
Sure. You know,
I'd like to go with you, chief.
There will be no charge for overtime.
Come on, Jess.
There's still some daylight left.
Let's follow these things.
Excuse me, chief.
Bring it up.
Amazing.
Here.
We'd better walk the rest of the way.
There's a radio phone in the car.
Shouldn't we call for help?
No use yelling for outside interference
until we see what we got.
Harry must have brought her out here
and left her.
And then this...
This giant must have taken her home
and put her on the pool-house roof.
Amazing.
Look.
My gun.
He emptied it before he ran.
At what?
Over here.
Look.
The Star of India.
Mrs. Archer was right.
The thing was after her diamond.
Diamonds everywhere. Different colors.
Must be used to power this thing
in some way.
Let's take this one and get out of here.
The radio's shot too.
We might as well start walking.
We'll come back for all this stuff later.
It's gonna be a long walk.
I've known Nancy since she was born.
In those days, she was a beautiful child.
Fresh, young, full of the joys of life.
But in the last few years, after her marriage,
she changed.
Her health seemed to rise and fall
with the tide of her emotions.
A very sad case.
A case not infrequent
in this supersonic age we live in.
I'm afraid I was unwise in advising her
to take Harry back after they'd separated.
Who knows, my friend?
When women reach the age of maturity...
...Mother Nature sometimes
overworks their frustration...
...to a point of irrationalism.
Like the middle-aged man of our age...
...who finds himself looking longingly...
...at a girl in her early 20s.
Harry!
What was that?
Harry!
Harry.
I'll get Dr. Cushing.
Harry. I want him here.
Nancy, Nancy, calm yourself. Morphine.
Harry's asleep in his room.
He'll be right here.
- Harry!
- Call the sheriff.
Harry.
Harry!
Sheriff's office, please.
And hurry, operator, it's urgent.
- Harry.
- Hello. Sheriff Dubbitt.
Have you found Mr. Archer yet?
No, ma'am,
but I left messages everywhere in town.
Oh, she did, huh?
She is?
Yes, ma'am, I know it's an emergency.
All right, I will, right away.
Hi, Mary. I'm going over to Tony's Club and then I'm heading out to the Archers'. If Sheriff Dubbitt calls in, tell him he'd better get out there too. Thank you, baby. Bye.

No, there's no cutting in here at Tony's Club, buddy.

- Mr. Archer.
- Why, it's the deputy.

What can we do for you this time? Your house has been trying to get you all evening.

- Didn't the bartender give you my message?
- He did.

And now you've delivered it in person. Anything else?

No...

Well, yes, there is. They say it's important. An emergency.

Well, thanks.

All right.

Let's see, now. Where were we, huh?

- Here.
- Oh, yeah.

Never should have kept this out of the papers.

The poor girl, she's had so much publicity all her life. I'm afraid now there's no alternative. We'll have to notify the authorities.

If you hadn't given her that sedative, there's no telling what would have happened.

Well, thank heaven we got the chains on her arms and legs.

- How long will the morphine be effective?
- No telling, with the size of her body.

But we'll have to keep her under sedation until the state police arrive.

I'll phone the authorities at Baker.

Operator.

Doctor! Dr. Cushing, it's her.

She's come to again.

- Dr. Cushing!
- Hither, nurse. More morphine.
This is Mary, your operator.
What's going on there?
What's happening?
Hurry with that morphine, Cushing.
She's loose.
She'll tear the roof off.
Operator. Operator.
It's dead.
I know where my husband is.
He's with that woman.
I'll find him.
She's loose.
A tank couldn't have done a better job.
She... She's heading for town.
Hi, chief. I was just on my way over
to the Archers'.
I think Mrs. Archer finally came to.
Say, they've been
asking for you over there.
- Did you find anything out there?
- Get moving, will you?
Yeah, sure, sure, hop in.
Say, where's the station wagon, chief?
Doctor. Doctor,
give us a hand with the door.
Here's the sheriff's car.
Holy Toledo. What happened?
Thank heaven you're here.
It's Mrs. Archer. She's on a rampage.
- We've got to warn the town.
- She's grown into a giant.
Never mind. Get into the car.
We'll explain as we go along.
Drive to town.
Uranium.
This is just make-believe.
A lot of junk to sell to the people.
It ain't like the old days when
we could go out prospecting for gold...
...with a sluice box and water.
I can see it now.
Come on, Hazel. Come on.
Hey, hey, hey, Tony.
Something's happened to your lights.
I got eyes. I can see.
- Who needs lights?
- Well, I need another drink.
- Hey, Ton. Tony.
- Oh, you're a good fellow, Tony.
Attaboy, Ton.
- Mellow, mellow...
- Happy birthday, Honey.
Well, wouldn't you know it.
Can't you drive any faster?
What happened?
Was it a giant woman?
- Going toward town?
- Let's hurry.
Harry.
She'll tear up the whole town
until she finds Harry.
Yeah, then she'll tear up Harry.
See if you can locate him
and put him in the police car.
We'll try and draw her off.
I'll call Baker for help.
Come on, let's get out of here.
Let's get the sheriff.
- Hey, what's going on here?
- Harry!
It sounds like someone's
calling your name.
Harry!
Harry!
It's your wife.
She's wrecking the town looking for you.
- Come on, I gotta get you out of here.
- No.
If she sees me out there, she'll kill me.
She's crazy.
Come on, Mr. Archer,
we gotta get out of here.
You're a deputy. Do something.
I can't shoot a lady.
Give me the gun. Give me that gun.
No. No, no, Mrs. Archer.
Help me move this beam, Charlie.
She's dead.
No! Nancy.
Nancy. Nancy, no.
Nancy, no.
Nancy, don't.
Oh, no.
- Don't, Nancy. You killed Honey.
- No.
Nancy, no. Put me down.
You killed Honey. Nancy, no.
Nancy, no. No.
You're crushing me. I can't breathe.
Hurry. Hurry.
She's got Harry. She's got Harry.
- Why doesn't the sheriff do something?
- She's squeezing him to death.
Put him down, Mrs. Archer.
Sheriff, you're not gonna
use that on her.
What do you want me to do?
Put salt on her tail?
She's down.
Let's take a look.
Let's go.
All right, everybody keep back now.
Come on. Stand back there.
She finally got Harry all to herself.