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Barb Wire

By Chuck Pfarrer

Give me more!
Come on, honey, get it all off!
Come on, let me stand up
for queen and country.
Come on, show us what you got!
Come on, honey, all of it!
There you go, all of it!
And the dress!
Come on, babe!
If one more person calls me "babe"...
Mr. Santos, your package has arrived.
-My special order?
-Under lock and key.
-What about the new dancer?
-Who?
The blonde with the guns.
If she's more to your pleasing,
it's her first night, and I
haven't had a chance to feel her out.
But you'll be very pleased
with the special order.
She's as tender as Tuscan veal.
How's the crowd, honey?
Wet!
-Come again?
-She's Chinese.
Very well done.
They loved you.
I'd like to talk to you...
about coming back.
In my office.
I'll be waiting for you.
Sure thing, big boy.
What are you doing here?
Looking for a light.
Got one?
I don't smoke.
Neither do I.
Who are you?
I'm the one who's getting you
out of here. Trust me.
-Right this way, Mr. Santos.
-Shit! Come on.
Go!

Minka.

-What are you doing?

-Ever seen "Batman"?

No, I can't.

No!

No!

Shut up!

Goddamn it!

Here's your little pride and joy.

Thank you.

Thank you

from the bottom of our hearts.

We thought

we'd never see our little girl again.

Thank you.

Cut the shit! Where's my money?

Honey, pay this woman.

I'm afraid

there's been a slight problem.

I could only come up

with half the money.

Half the money?

-Fine... I'll take half your daughter.

-Wait.

I'm sure, we can negotiate something.

The car plus the cash...

Not a bad night's work.

It was the middle

of the second American Civil War.

The world had gone to hell.

The year was 2017,

the worst year of my life.

There was only one free city:

And that's where I lived

for three years... port Steel Harbor.

What a shithole!

Why don't we start again?

From the beginning.

I told you...

I told you everything I know.

I told you.

Line's cleared up on screen one,

Colonel.

Image is present.

Image is recording.
Citizen, I... I abhor torture.
But your words
just don't match your thoughts.
There are too many details
that you're just not sharing.
Our little mind-reading device
doesn't lie.
Reset sensors.
Now,
where's doctor Corrina Devonshire?
No! No!
She's going to Steel Harbor,
the free city.
Can you tell me,
why Cora D. is going to Steel Harbor?
She's meeting
members of the resistance.
They're giving her the retinal lenses.
Helping her out of the country.
To Canada.
She's with a freedom fighter...
named Axel.
Who has the retinal lenses now?
Krebs.
William Krebs.
How are they
getting her into the city?
She's had plastic surgery.
Her face is changed.
You won't recognize her.
-You'll never find her.
-You're so beautiful.
I'm sorry.
Colonel Pryzer,
Executive Council on line two.
Tell him to hold.
Put him on.
Colonel Pryzer... any word yet
on our traitorous doctor, Cora D.?
I'm not gonna pander
to that mythic name bullshit.
Doctor Devonshire still poses
quite a problem to the Congressionals.

Her escape may jeopardize
our strongest defensive action yet.
I'm fully aware of that, citizen.
Doctor Devonshire was privy to some of
the most sensitive military secrets.
Her DNA holds the antidote
to our greatest biochemical weapon.
She must be captured alive
at any cost.
I'll take care of your problem.
I'll get my hands dirty for you again.
I wouldn't be cleaning up your mess
if you'd stopped her from escaping
Washington in the first place.
Well, I...
I had no direct knowledge
of that operation.
Of course, it was a vital part
of our contract to...
Save it for the U.N.
Doctor Corrina Devonshire, Cora D.,
whatever she calls herself,
it really doesn't matter...
She belongs to me.
She's connecting
with a resistance contact named Krebs.
He has the lenses
and will be helping her
leave the Congressional territories.
They're meeting in the free city,
Steel Harbor.
I'll contact
their local authorities immediately.
You see, I do my homework, citizen.
It's them. Let's go.
-Which one of you is Krebs?
-We meet him later.
Hurry.
I said, get to the back of the line!
-I'll take those weapons.
-Don't lose the clip.
Don't worry about it.
Dry martinis and a Cuban cigar.
You got it.

Bubbly on the house!
Please, leave it out.
Excuse me. Curly!
I'm still waiting
to hear from Miss Wire.
I conveyed your offer to her.
1500 Dollars to chop off
the legs of your ex-partner.
You must be joking.
Naturally she declined.
Miss Wire doesn't accept
this kind of job.
Please!
What?
My money's not good enough for her?
I will make my offer in person!
-If I were you, I wouldn't do that.
-Why?
Her private secretary Camille doesn't
have you in her appointment book.
-And she can be very mean.
-Let me through.
-You see?
- Time for a couple of dedications.
To Bobby from Colleen... The test
came back and everything's cool.
And from Samantha to Cal...
"You thieving murderous bastard!
If I ever see you again, I'll rip out
your eyes and pluck off your ears."
Damn, if that just don't thug
at my heart strings.
Now, here's a little rhythm
for you heartsick boys and girls.
Chanel No. 5. Am I correct?
Yes, you are.
When I smelled it,
I thought to myself...
"Charlie, now this is obviously
a woman of significant breeding."
And then I thought...
"I wonder if she'd like to do some?"
Breeding, that is. What do you
think about that, sweetheart?

Who are you talking to?
Some chick.
Where's your mercurial sister?
Why don't you try the office?
And when you see her,
tell her I only had two.
Okay, whatever you say, Charlie.
That's my boy.
Goddamn. Customs police.
Stay put. We'll handle this.
Where's your ID?
-Something feels wrong.
-This is making me very nervous.
Look,
we just stick with the plan, okay?
Change of plans! Let's go!
Shit!
Find them now!
Sorry, boss. Is this a good moment
to talk about the payroll?
-No.
-Tonight's fan mail.
Three offers
to sell black market dollars...
Another offer to buy the bar...
An urgent request
to contact the resistance,
and a badly-scented proposal
of marriage.
No more valentines, Curly.
Oh, it's awful.
Look, boss, I hate
to keep bringing this up, I really do.
But tomorrow's payday.
What am I going to use for money,
a smile?
Relax, Curly, I got it covered.
-Are we going out?
-For a while.
Just how far out are we going to go?
I want to get some air.
But I thought
you got some air last night?
That didn't happen.

This isn't happening either.
Anybody asks,
I'm taking a bubble bath.
Barb, I just don't like...
Keep Charlie out from
under the tables. It's embarrassing.
I will.
Sweet dreams.
Okay. Okay, let's go.
Now what?
We find Krebs.
Any bright ideas how?
Just one.
I had to do a little moonlighting
to keep my bar running.
Not an easy life. A girl's gotta do
what a girl's gotta do.
And in this world
you gotta use everything you got.
Hey, handsome, you want some company?
You a cop?
See a badge?
You got your Med-Reg?
Full medical, checked yesterday.
-How much is this gonna cost me?
-That depends on how you wanna play.
-I like to play rough.
-Me too.
Hey, nice nuts!
Get a life!
Apartment four, seven, two...
One guest.
Retinal scan verified:
Ruben Tannenbaum,
one, zero, eight, one, one.
How romantic!
I have an idea.
Why don't you go change
into something more comfortable?
How about
something a little less comfortable?
I can hardly wait.
Bingo! Mr. Krebs.
Did you wash your hands?

No.
I was bad.
I'm so glad to hear that.
Now, close your eyes and turn around.
What the hell?
I wouldn't do that
if I were you, Krebs.
Come on, move your ass!
Shit!
Go ahead, go!
-You're not going soft on me, are you?
-Okay.
You can have him.
Good.
You're my last bail jumper, Krebs.
Wake up, sunshine.
-Please don't kill me.
-That was nice kicking.
You really know your stuff, babe.
What did you call me?
Don't call me babe!
Goddamn it!
Ah, Mr. Krebs.
It's a pleasure to see you.
You know,
we were getting very concerned.
And Barb...
it's a pleasure to see you too.
You're looking
rather buoyant this evening.
Shut up! My fee?
-10 000...
-No!
The price went up for this one,
Schmitz.
-We had an agreement.
-You told me he was alone and unarmed.
-He wasn't.
-Sorry.
How could I know that? Bounty hunting
is an ugly, unpredictable business.
You of all people should know that.
How much?
20 000.

Canadian.

Miss Wire.

I do believe

that I'm being extorted here!

As a duly authorized officer

of the court, I must protest!

Look at it this way, Schmitz:

Alive, Krebs represents

your investment in this bail bond.

Dead, he's toxic waste.

20 000,

Canadian, now!

It's a pleasure

doing business with you, Barb.

If it was a pleasure, I'd charge more.

-Everything go okay?

-Candy from a baby.

-Pay the help, for God's sake.

-Please, not in public.

Excuse me, Miss Wire? I...I...

I'm going back

to the front lines tomorrow,

and I was wondering...

You look beautiful. Would...

Would you dance with me?

Come on, Barb, give him a thrill.

Come on.

I can't believe, I'm actually dancing

with the Barb Wire!

Where are you from, soldier?

Steamboat Springs, Colorado,

or what's left of it.

Did you hear, the Congressionals

just took over Denver?

No, I didn't.

Do you have a girl back home?

Yeah.

-Do you miss her?

-Yes, ma'am, every day.

I tell you what:

and let's pretend

she's right here in your arms.

Yes, ma'am.

Everyone, stay where you are!
This is the police.
Willis,
Steel Harbor's Chief of Police.
He was a drunk with sticky fingers.
But at least, he was honest.
He admitted,
he was a liar and a thief.
-Check his ID.
-Yes, sir.
Retinal scan verified:
Lawrence Crabtree,
five, seven, two, three, nine.
Ben Jones, eh?
Arrest him.
Good luck, soldier.
-Next.
-Right, get over.
- Retinal scan verified: Martha Berg.
-Arrest her.
-Willis, what the hell is going on?
-Barb, how lovely to see you.
What gives?
It's a messy business tonight.

Most unpleasant:

double homicide in the old harbor.
-So?
-So, we're checking a few IDs.
We have reason to believe, this
might have been resistance-related.
As your bar is non-discriminating
to this town's more nefarious side...
-How long is this gonna take?
-Everything's negotiable.
-Curly...
-Music!
You really upgraded this place
from what it was, Barb.
I like the new sound system.
Sounds expensive.
-I've been saving my lunch money.
-Didn't know you opened for lunch.
Now, a little gun running here,

some bail jumping there,
the occasional midnight detonation:
Those are the kind of jobs
that pay for new toys.
-I don't moonlight.
-I do.
-It's profitable.
-What's with the bullshit arrests?
You sold half those
Congressional IDs yourself.
Moi? Bullshit arrests?
Two of my men are dead.
Now granted, they were
homicidal thugs, but they were my men.
What makes you think
resistance was involved?
Why? Do you have any
other information I should know about?
Of course not.
Of course not.
That's sexual harassment, Chief.
Listen, Barbara Kopetsky,
we can play this
cat and mouse game all night long.
But I have
more important things on my mind.
Now, where the hell is William Krebs?
Never heard of him.
Why are your men watching him?
That's classified police business.
I can tell you he was resistance
and the Congressionals have
a million dollar bounty on his head.
So if someone knew where Krebs was,
I can make it worth their while.
Goodbye, Willis.
Okay.
By the way, we're expecting
some distinguished visitors tomorrow.
A Congressional delegation
out of Washington
including First Directorate,
Colonel Victor Pryzer.
-Might bring them by the Hammerhead.

-Their money will be welcome.
You don't know Victor Pryzer.
Speaking of money, I don't have to
make more arrests for the usual 3000.
1500...
I better go downstairs
checking some more IDs.
-Two grand.
-Darling.
-30 bucks for the cognac.
-Add it to my tab, Miss Kopetski.
Miss Kopetski died in the war.
I'm Barb Wire.
Some cigarettes and a drink,
then I'll be fine.
Give me a goddamn drink!
You, you or you!
Just give me my drink!
-Sir, we're not open yet.
-You've had enough already.
Blow me!
Camille... package check.
Get her off of me!
That's Camille. She works here.
Camille, sit.
-You don't wanna see her roll over.
-No, no, no.
Good. Camille, outside.
-Have a nice day.
-Yes, ma'am.
Willis, what's with the monkey suit?
You know how uniforms
impress the Congressionals.
The delegation arrived this morning.
Look lively.
They could be here any minute.
Excuse me, Barb.
-My table?
-Best in the house, as you requested.
Just keep them away
from the weapons check.
We don't want our customers from
the United Front trying to get even.
I think you'll find our guests

from Washington command more respect.
You're confusing respect with fear.
Speak of the devil.
They are punctual,
I'll give them that.
You'll join us for a drink later.
On my tab, of course.
Fat chance!
Colonel Pryzer. Alexander Willis,
Director of Police Operations.
Welcome to Steel Harbor.
Wipe that smile off your face, Willis.
This burnt-out hellhole is
the last place on earth I want to be!
If it wasn't
for your almost complete incompetence,
I wouldn't be here in the first place,
would I?
Yes. Needless to say,
we had intended to have both Krebs
and Cora D. sent to Washington by now.
However, due to circumstances
outside of our control...
Listen... carefully!
If Cora D. escapes,
I will personally
rip your heart out of your ass
and stuff it back down your throat!
That's not very sanitary.
Baby, you tell me it's late, but
I tell you, it only feels that way.
So sit back and enjoy someone or
something elicited, if you can get it,
and listen to the music.
Gentlemen,
the steaks are excellent tonight.
Colonel Pryzer, allow me to introduce
our hostess, the inimitable...
Even in Washington...
we've heard of Barb Wire.
I hope you'll join us.
You attract a very eclectic crowd.
It looks that way.
Rumor has it you used to fight

with the resistance?
Shouldn't believe everything you hear.
-I'm neutral. I'm a business woman.
-Perhaps we can do business.
I can assure you, Barb has
a very keen sense of commerce.
Then I'll get to the point.
There's a fugitive, a traitor,
in Steel Harbor.
She intends to make
a crossing into Canada with the help
of some more disenchanted members.
Do I look disenchanted to you?
Your business dealings bring you
in contact with all levels of society.
I thought
you were getting to the point.
Her name is doctor Corrina Devonshire.
You may have heard of her as Cora D.
One of those
overly romanticized resistance names.
It keeps her legend alive.
-What does she look like?
-We're not sure.
She had her appearance
surgically altered.
These are photos of her before.
It's hard to find somebody
unless you know what she looks like.
Her present appearance
is of no consequence.
Identification can always be made
by retinal scanning.
So?
The Congressionals
can count on your assistance?
Excuse me, boss.
Trouble in the kitchen. I need you.
Excuse me, gentlemen,
I have a bar to run.
-Very interesting woman.
-With most impressive assets.
Gentlemen... There you are, sir.
Act natural?

That's easier said than done.
Two beers, buddy. I'm looking
for a Barb or Charlie Kopetski.
Barb is out there.
The Congressionals!
-They have my photographs.
-Let's hope resistance are here.
-They are looking everywhere for you.
-Who are we meeting?
Someone I used to know.
Wait here.
Hello, Charlie.
This must be
a post-traumatic stress flashback.
I could swear I just heard
an old voice from the battle fields.
Surprised to see me?
Do I look surprised?
Guess you didn't hear.
A Congressional smart grenade.
It followed me to my foxhole.
I thought I'd dug it deep enough.
I guess I didn't.
-I'm sorry.
-Yeah.
Me too.
Miss, two bourbons.
You don't have to buy me a drink,
Axel.
I'm tight with the management here.
You got a lot of nerve coming in here.
I had no choice.
Where's Barb?
I don't think talking to Barb
is such a good idea.
She took Seattle
a hell of a lot harder than I did.
I need her help. I need her to put us
in touch with local resistance.
Haven't you heard?
Barb's retired.
Leave. Now. Before Barb sees you.
There's no telling what she might do.
Too late.

Three,
-Two...
-Hello, Barb.
One!
-Okay, I guess I deserved that.
-Get out!
-I need your help.
-Rot in hell!
I remember
when you believed in something.
I remember how it felt,
like I was kicked in the stomach.
I've got 24 hours
to find a man named Krebs.
I don't know how I feel.
I don't feel much of anything anymore.
-Will you just trust me please?
-Like I did in Seattle?
What happened there isn't what
you think. I never wanted to hurt you.
-Now is not the time to explain.
-You're three years late.
Get out and don't come back!
Your check, sir.
Such blatant disregard for money.
Thank you for your hospitality.
And I do hope
you'll think about our offer.
I'm thinking about it.
I knew I shouldn't have come here.
That woman's in love with you.
There's a lot of things
I need to tell you.
-I hope it's sooner than later.
-Axel, over here!
Charlie.
I can help.
The blind leading the blind.
Go to the old factory district to a
place called Steel Harbor Metal House.
It's a front for the resistance.
There's a stairway in the back,
near the loading dock.
Watch yourself.

Shit!

Who are you?

Charlie Kopetski sent us.

Doesn't matter who I am

but this is Cora D.

Scan her.

Retinal scan verified:

doctor Corrina Devonshire,

four, four, seven, nine, one.

Cora D., I'm honored.

We've been looking for you. I never
thought I'd meet the legend in person.

I'm commander here.

They call me Spike.

-You're so young.

-Maybe.

-But I'm tough.

-Well, we're glad we found you.

We hope that you can help us, Spike.

It took us a while but we found Krebs.

The lenses are gone,

not to mention his eyeballs.

We found him in an abandoned washing
machine behind the old V.A. hospital.

-The Congressionals took the lenses?

-No.

They're still looking for Krebs,
we know that.

Willis and the cops don't know squat.

Everybody's chasing their tail.

Who's got the contact lenses now?

Word on the street is Krebs was turned
over to a bail bondsman named Schmitz.

Schmitz was aiming to turn Krebs over
to the Congressionals for the bounty.

-But then they got wise to the lenses.

-They are worth two million.

Without them I won't be able to get
past the scan and get on that plane.

-Let's not wait. Let's get Schmitz!

-It's not that easy, doc.

-We can't find him.

-The plane leaves in 24 hours.

Somebody must help us.

Only one person at Steel Harbor
has connections on all sides.
If anyone would know
where Schmitz is, she would.
The trouble is,
she won't help nobody for free
and we're a little low on cash.
You know I do, Connie.
Don't make me say it.
I love you. Bye.
-What are you two laughing at?
-Who was that?
-Your mother.
-Give me three.
How many?
Put that down!
-How many more?
-Give me two.
-Your bet, Moe.
-I'll bet, when I get ready.
Just wait.
Ten-hut!
Don't know how you do things
in Washington,
but I do make the occasional arrest
without slaughter.
You incompetent.
We needed to make an interrogation.
Sorry, sir, they resisted.
Is any of these men Schmitz?
No.
Look who's here.
Krebs.
Cora D. can't be far.
I'll need one of the bodies.
Preferably...
one without a head wound.
-Hey. You want some company?
-No.
Okay. Do you want some advice?
No!
Okay.
Drink when you want to remember.
Don't drink when you want to forget.

I'll be there.
I promise.
Let's move!
-Barb, we have to go now!
-No, he'll be here!
Barb!
Axel!
Are you Barbara Kopetski?
-Yes. Where's Axel?
-He's not here. He's not coming.
He said he's sorry
but you gotta get out of here.
You guys gotta get out of here!
Go! Go! Go!
That's it. Let's go!
Come on, get in! Get in!
You cheated me
out of one million bucks, Schmitz!
I should blow your head off right now.
Lucky for me you don't hold a grudge.
Don't I?
A million dollars is pocket change
to what's going down.
I got a business proposition
for you.
-You got connections, everyone knows.
-I don't take sides.
Exactly... You deal with everybody.
-I got something to deal.
-You can't sell Krebs on your own?
It's not about Krebs anymore.
It's about retinal contact lenses.
Smuggled in from Germany.
You put these in your eyes,
you get through any retinal scanner.
Congressional or U.N.
I was gonna sell them
but my buyer fell through.
Krebs was resistance.
Those belonged to his friends.
Do yourself a favor:
Just give them back
and say you're sorry.
Goddamn it Barb, I can't.

They'll kill me and you know it.
The Congressionals
broke into my office.
They slaughtered everybody.
They were looking for me.
With or without these,
I'm a dead man.
Relax, Schmitz, you can only die once.
Barb?
I know I double-crossed you.
I made a mistake. It happens.
I want to trade the lenses.
-I want to trade them to you.
-For what?
Get me out of Steel Harbor.
Canada maybe.
Just get me out and they're yours.
You want out?
Click your heels together three times.
You could sell these.
Do you know how much they're worth?
You could get two mil...
Canadian... easy.
Enough money for Europe. You could
get an operation for Charlie's eyes.
I don't buy. I don't sell.
Get out!
You're gonna regret
not dealing with me!
You're gonna regret this
very, very much.
I'll add that to my list.
The subject is reasonably fresh.
We'll probably only get a few seconds
of readable thought data.
Cognitive impressions, those closest
to death first. And then what's left:
memories, dreams.
-Record it.
-Sir. Step away from the tank.
-That's it?
-Here it is in slow motion, Colonel.
Issue a warrant
for the arrest of Barb Wire.

Issue a warrant?

This isn't Washington, Pryzer.

-I need a reason.

-She's involved.

Well, you heard what he said.

Sometimes all you get are dreams.

Every man in Steel Harbor
dreams about Barb Wire.

-I need something more conclusive...

-When did the law ever matter to you?

Miss Wire may know the whereabouts
of the retinal lenses.

-We will search her bar.

-Retinal lenses?

All of this

is over a set of Bausch and Lomb's?

All of this is over capturing an enemy
of the Republic, the traitor Cora D.

If Cora D. were to exit
this charming free city,
your relationship with the Republic
would be severely compromised.

Painfully compromised.

Do I make myself clear?

Your administrative fee should cover
the cost of issuing a search warrant.

Now, find a reason
to search the Hammerhead!

As you wish, Colonel.

As you wish.

I'm unarmed.

How did you get in here?

Where's my dog?

I'm irresistible to females.

Thanks, Camille.

Towel!

-What? Are you gonna shoot me?

-Why waste a good bullet?

I thought I told you
never to come back?

I came here to do a job.

The biggest operation

I ever signed up for.

I came ready for anything

the Congressionals could lob at me.
The only thing I wasn't prepared for
was running into you.
You'll get over it. I did.
I wouldn't have come here
unless I had to.
I wouldn't be here
if I knew you were coming.
Goddamn it!
I guess
it's bad timing for both of us.
Am I interrupting something?
Lovely you brought company.
Barb, this is my wife, Cora D.
How impressive. I'm sure you'll have
very strong, smart children.
Look, I know
this is awkward for all of us.
You gotta know, all I wanted back
in Seattle was to disappear with you.
-The war changed that.
-The war changed everything.
Good one.
I'm not surprised
you don't believe me.
The mission took months.
I thought after all that time
I was better left a part of your past.
That's why I didn't get
an invitation to your wedding?
Barb, there's more to the story
than meets the eye.
Do you remember
what happened in Topeka, Kansas?
How the whole city was wiped out?
I can explain.
I was Chief of Medical Research
for the Congressional Directorate.
I was directly but unknowingly
involved in a global project,
an HIV derivative
known as Red Ribbon.
It can kill you in twelve hours.
When I learned that Topeka, Kansas,

was a lab experiment
and the Congressionals planned
to unleash it on the entire territory,
I defected to the resistance.
Axel got me out of Washington.
Initially we married on paper
purely for identification purposes.
-We've been on the run ever since.
-How utterly, goddamn heroic!
Now, what the hell
do you want with me?
Cora has the vaccine
to Red Ribbon in her system.
The Congressionals want it back.
We have to get her to Canada
to tell the Truth Commission
there's a cure.
We have to tell the world.
We need your help.
The cause needs your help.
What has the cause done for me lately?
Barb, where are the contact lenses?
-If I knew you think I'd tell you?
-We know that Schmitz was here.
Now, if you know where the lenses are,
for Christ's sake, name a price.
That's what you do, isn't it?
Sell yourself to the highest bidder?
I'm out of your price range.
-Is there another way out of here?
-Are you kidding?
The other way is covered.
Roll it, ladies.
Give me three minutes
and meet me downstairs.
-Why should we trust you?
-Maybe you shouldn't.
-Check him!
-Yes, sir.
Put his head back.
Oh god!
He doesn't have any retinals,
you morons!
Sorry about that, Charlie.

-We're not open for breakfast.
-It's legal. We have a warrant.
It's a little sticky.
-What exactly are you looking for?
-This... is a murder investigation.
It's a Congressional matter.
I can assure you, citizen,
if we discover that you're involved,
the consequences will be abrupt
and severe.
-Who are they?
-I picked them up off the boulevard.
I like a good menage
every now and then.
Go out through the back.
Scan them.
This is ridiculous.
Commence scan.
Sir, the scanner is broken, sir.
Idiot!
You're wasting my time. Get out!
How long is this gonna take?
As long as it takes, citizen.
As long as it takes.
I wish you could see this mess.
I couldn't see it when it was clean.
What the hell
were they looking for anyway?
-Stupid contact lenses.
-Oh yeah?
Schmitz was here last night trying
to trade them for a trip to Canada.
I should've done it.
-Contact lenses?
-Yeah.
Like these?
What color are they?
The color of money.
We can give them to Axel
and help them escape.
This is our ticket to Europe.
-They don't belong to us!
-Finders keepers.
I still believe

in fighting for what's right!
Cheer up, baby brother. We're rich.
You're making a mistake, Barb.
-Tell me that when we get to Paris.
-A big one!
-Charlie, you worry too much.
-It's not just about money.
I knew Charlie was still friendly
with the resistance.
But I didn't know how friendly.
-He's expecting me.
-Let her through.
Big Fatso!
How's the king of the underworld?
Well, well, well...
-If it isn't Barb the buxom.
-A gesture.
Donuts! I thought
I'd be hearing from you real soon.
-I have a proposition.
-Oh now, ain't that sweet?
But you know
I only like big fat women.
A business proposition.
As in... lenses?
Don't give me that surprised look like
you don't know what I'm talking about.
You didn't drive to the evil empire
to see how my diet's going.
You came here to talk about
the contact lenses, didn't you?
-I'm in a position to broker the sale.
-That's what I heard.
I believe
you've already met... Mr. Schmitz.
Never looked better.
Let's make a deal.
Spike?
Anybody?
It's Charlie, I'm here.
-Spike ain't here.
-Well, where is she?
She knows
I was supposed to meet her here.

She sent me instead.
I talk to Spike or I talk to nobody!
If the resistance wants to know where
those lenses are, you get me Spike!
Coming right down.
-Spike?
-Charlie Kopetski!
Hold him!
You're charged with concealing
information regarding contact lenses!
You can cooperate and talk to me...
or you can join your little friend.
I'd rather join my friend!
One million Canadian.
-Deal!
-I'm not done yet!
There's a plane I wanna catch at the
old airport by the unoccupied zone.
Unoccupied zone...
Bad part of town.
I want save passage for me and Charlie
all the way through there.
That means an escort
to the old airport.
The zone can be very unpredictable,
and
the toll collector's quite difficult.
I'd have to stack
a few more men here and there...
How about... half a mil Canadian?
750 upfront.
Deal! You got the lenses?
What do I look, new?
We'll meet at the first toll entering
the zone an hour before sundown.
Cash for the lenses, right there.
You're five minutes late,
I'll sell to another buyer.
The damn screen
is not picking up his thoughts!
Colonel,
he has no visual data for that period.
Goddamn it! Where are the lenses?
Speak now, man

or suffer at your leisure.
The Easter Bunny took them.
I'll talk.
I'll talk.
-This guy has them.
-What guy?
He's fat... wears a red suit...
white beard.
The name is Kringle.
Kris Kringle.
Merry Christmas!
-What a mess!
-Well, this mess is all yours, Curly.
The bar is yours.
Get out!
I'm giving it to you.
Me and Charlie, we're history.
What do you mean, "history"?
You're leaving forever?
You're not coming back?
Look, Barb...
I have no experience in running a bar.
I'm just a waiter, for Christ's sake.
Curly, relax, you're a natural.
Camille!
Well, this is it.
I'm gonna miss you.
I'm gonna miss you too, Curly.
Now, take care of Camille, okay?
Yeah, all right.
I never thought I'd see the day you'd
drive away in that horrible thing.
-Where's Charlie? He should be here.
-He went to see an old friend.
-Someone named Spike.
-Spike?
Get in!
Oh god!
Charlie!
Oh my god!
What happened?
They're just kids.
What's that?
Charlie.

We heard the Congressionals
discovered this place.

-We were on our way to warn them.

-Yeah, well you were too late.

Listen to me, Barb, we need your help.

There's no more time. The plane leaves
in 90 minutes. Only you can help us.

Please.

For Charlie.

I'll take care of Charlie.

Let's go.

-What about the lenses?

-They're safe.

She'll never be able to get on
that plane without the contact lenses.

I said they're safe.

Are you coming or not?

Does the word "overkill"
mean anything to you?

-Ever driven out of Steel Harbor?

-No.

Then shut up!

-What's this?

-It's a road block.

On the other side
is the unoccupied zone.

There's a toll.

-You two stay here.

-What's going on?

This is our escort.

Look at her, all gussied up.

-Nice jewelry, Barb.

-Got the money?

No chit-chat?

Have it your way.

-I said cash!

-Hey, I had to work fast.

It's a gold debit card
with 750 000 credit on it.

-It's as good as cash.

-That wasn't part of the deal, Fatso!

I told you, I had to work fast.

You got the lenses?

Nice.

-Watch them!
-What the hell you think you're doing?
-Back off, Axel!
-Well, well, well...
If it isn't Axel the freedom fighter
and the famous Cora D.
We got ourselves the star-studded
gathering going on here.
-How could you?
-How many times do I have to tell you?
I don't take sides!
I'm in this for me only.
Right, Big Fatso?
Right,
and I like the way you think, Barb.
The lenses!
All right, phase two of the deal:
a safe escort to the old airport.
Slight change of plans.
You fat son of a bitch!
Nice work, Mr. Big Fatso.
I'm the man, I'm the man, I'm the man!
Barb, I'm gonna have to ask you
to drop your weapons.
You'll love this, Barb.
Not only do I get the lenses,
but I get a million dollars bounty on
your head and on the head of the doc
for turning you both over
to the Congressionals.
And not to mention the 750 000
dollar credit on the debit card.
Don't you just love it
when a plan comes together?
The face may deceive,
but the eyes never lie.
Do they, doctor Devonshire?
Washington has been
in such an uproar since you ran away.
I can't tell you how eager we are
to have you back.
Whore!
Chief Willis, arrest these people!
I want you to know I had nothing to do

with what happened to Charlie.
And I'm sorry.
-Don't move!
-Look out, she's got a grenade!
Forward!
Hang on!
Jeez, we're gonna die!
I'll kill you! I'll break you in half!
How am I supposed to get on the plane?
If we ever get out of this alive,
I'll kill you!
-Axel, take the wheel!
-What?
Don't argue, hurry!
In an emergency
pull that yellow lever.
How come I don't get to drive?
Second toll, dead ahead!
The airport's just beyond.
We cant just break through a bus!
-Does this constitute emergency?
-Yes!
Oh shit!
Hang on!
Where are you going?
Holy shit!
Wait up!
Give me your gun.
Willis, get them to the airport,
quick! I'll stall them.
-You can't.
-I'll meet you at the plane.
Goodbye, Axel.
All right, let's go!
Get going to the airport,
I'm going back. Move!
There he is. Get him!
He's over here!
Follow him!
Hold your fire!
Where are you, bastard?
Gosh!
This one makes it go up and down?
Yeah, it does.

-Which one makes it go round?
-That one right here.
How about this one?
How touching,
the last stand of the desperate.
Normally I don't get emotional
about my work.
But vaporizing your springy ass
is gonna be a real pleasure.
Oh Barb, we're so close.
Don't you feel the magic?
This is just like my favorite song...
-"I got you, babe!"
-Don't call me babe!
Attention! Attention!
Prepare for retinal scan
identification enforcement.
Only U.N.
authorized and identified personnel
will be permitted past this point
but fractions
will be dealt with severely.
Damn, Willis, we gotta do something.
We'll create a flamboyant diversion.
Thanks.
There they are.
Are we cutting it close enough?
Put these in.
Final seating flight 647.
Destination Quebec, gate two.
Hold that plane!
Good luck, doc.
Thank you.
-Destination?
-Quebec.
Step to the scanner.
Retinal scan verified:
Citizen approved by all governments.
She's home free, mission completed.
You're gonna miss your plane.
I thought Barb Wire never took sides.
Keep it to yourself!
Last call, flight 647...
Goodbye, Axel.

Goodbye.

Willis.

Where will you go?

I hear

Paris is nice this time of the year.

I do believe I'm falling in love.

Get in line!