



Scripts.com

# Big Trouble

By Robert Ramsey

God said to Noah, "I am going  
to put an end to all people  
"for the Earth is filled  
with violence because of them.  
"You are to bring into the ark  
two of all living creatures  
to keep them alive with you. "  
In other words, life is hard,  
so you better find someone  
who will be your partner.  
Eliot Arnold's story  
is a lot like Noah's,  
except Eliot's story  
takes place in miami.  
You just can't beat these  
when they're really fresh.  
Anyway, Eliot should probably  
tell you exactly what happened,  
because I was locked in the trunk  
of a police car for part of it.  
my name's Puggy,  
and I live in a tree.  
I hope I didn't ruin anything  
for you.  
Man; I look at this ad,  
and it doesn't say  
"Fish Hook Ale" to me.  
This sucks.  
Bruce, what  
I'm trying to do -  
Do you know what  
my business philosophy is?  
No, Bruce,  
what is it?  
my business philosophy  
is that there a lot of people  
in the world.  
That certainly  
isn't -  
And all these people  
want something.  
Do you know what they want?  
Well, I -  
They want to feel good.

You know what I mean?  
Yeah, well, I -  
No, you don't know  
what I mean,  
because I gave you  
the perfect concept,  
which is not  
this piece of shit here!.  
What the hell is this?!  
Why are you saying "ugly"?!  
I don't want to see ugly!.  
That's not the feeling  
I want!  
Bruce,  
W- What I'm doing here  
is - is contrast  
in a humorous fashion.  
"Get hooked on Fish Hook" -  
that's the concept!  
You got a guy and a boat  
and a girl.  
The girl's in a bikini.  
She has big tits.  
They're on a boat, getting  
shitfaced, drinking Fish Hook Ale.  
The girl  
has really big tits!  
The feeling of this ad is  
somebody's going to get laid.  
It's perfect.  
I gave you the perfect concept.  
And you give me ugly?!  
All right, all right,  
Bruce, I'll try -  
No, no. Don't tell me "try. "  
I hate the word "try. "  
"Try" is for losers.  
Listen to me, you are not the  
only ad agency in this town!

**Eliot:**

I had a nice house,  
a beautiful wife,  
and a job I really loved.

Now I was being called a loser  
by this guy.

For 18 years, I wrote a column  
for The Miami Herald -  
funny stories the higher-ups  
referred to as "offbeat. "  
Deeber wants  
to see you.

**Eliot:**

Prizes for my offbeat stories,  
I was pretty much left alone  
and treated with a great deal  
of respect...  
until Ken Deeber came.

- Eliot...

John Croton tells me you still  
haven't turned anything in  
on the day-care crisis.

Yeah, Ken, listen,

I figure with five people  
already working  
on the day-care crisis story,  
our readers pretty much know  
there's a crisis in day care.

- Eliot, you were given an assignment.

- I know that.

The pelican story?

Right.

No one else has it.

This old Cuban guy

is training pelicans -

To drop bombs

- the most asinine thing I ever heard.

Come on. He tried to

kill Castro with a bird!

Eliot, I gave you an

assignment, and you will do it.

Or what, Ken?

Well, if you want to continue

working at this newspaper,

you will put something

in here before you go home.

Why don't I put something

in there right now?

**Eliot:**

the wrong day to be a jerk.  
Earlier that day,  
I had found out  
my wife was having an affair  
with her tennis instructor.  
In retrospect,  
I should have written  
the day-care crisis piece  
and never opened  
Eliot Arnold Advertising.  
And if you think I'm gonna pay  
for this stupid shit,  
you can forget it!  
I'm not paying for ugly!  
I can get ugly for free!  
It goes without saying,  
Bruce.

Eliot.

Dad, I need to borrow  
the Geo tonight.

Hello, Nigel.

How's London?

Nigel?

Foggy.

Ah, could you hold on, Nigel,  
just for a moment?

This is a really important  
call - long-distance.

Listen, I want to see it  
tomorrow, and it better be right!

All right, Bruce. I think we  
got it, uh, well on its way!

- Good!

Hey, matt, how you doing?

Dad, can w-we borrow the  
stupid Geo tonight or not?

Because me and Andrew  
have to kill a girl.

"Andrew and I  
have to kill a girl. "

Thank you.

Yes, you can borrow  
the Geo tonight,  
but I need it back at my  
apartment at, uh, 10:30, okay?  
- Okay. - And I want you to  
promise me that you'll drive -  
...carefully.

**Eliot:**

because of the divorce.  
He was mad  
because I bought a Geo.  
Sweet little vehicle.  
Just get divorced?  
Ah, it doesn't matter.  
42 miles to the gallon,  
am/fm radio.  
I'll even throw in  
the undercoating.  
Anything else  
you'd like to know?  
Yeah. How many clowns  
can it hold?

**Eliot:**

a 48-mile-per-gallon symbol  
of my bad luck, wrong choices,  
and missed opportunities.  
Little did I know that my shot  
at a second chance  
had just arrived in miami  
onboard Flight 57  
from New Orleans.  
The suitcase  
was sandwiched between  
a quarter-ton of frozen crawfish  
and a dalmatian that gave birth  
to a litter of 17  
over Lake Okeechobee.  
The dalmatian  
made the evening news.  
The suitcase didn't.  
What is it?  
It looks like

a garbage disposal.  
So this is miami, huh?  
They can keep it.  
You got that right.

**Eliot:**

30-aught-6 hunting rifle  
with a Bushnell scope.  
Charlton Heston takes his  
to shoot bighorn elk.  
Henry Desalvo  
and Leonard Ferroni  
take theirs to shoot anyone,  
as long as they're paid  
25 grand apiece.  
We play with a guy  
that cheats.

**Eliot:**

Leonard didn't play golf at all.  
Will you come on?  
We've got an early tee time.

**Eliot:**

to kill a man named Arthur Herk,  
who had stolen money  
from his employer.  
Puggy arrived in miami  
the same day as the hit men  
and the suitcase,  
but for a much different reason.  
A week earlier,  
at his place in Boston,  
Puggy read an article  
in Martha Stewart's Living  
that said miami had some  
of the finest Cuban restaurants  
in the entire world.  
Since Fritos  
were his favorite food  
and corn chips  
as close to Cuban cuisine  
as Puggy had ever eaten,  
he decided to hop a fishing boat

and check it out.

Puggy could not have been happier.

After only 20 minutes in miami, Puggy was already thinking that this had to be the warmest, friendliest place on Earth.

You stink.

Beer and a bag of Fritos.

man on television:

She ran track for 10 years.

Woman on television:

She definitely has the legs...

Out.

I tell you once before, you two, out!

Look, man, we got money, and we'll take however this much here will get us.

Ass-wipe.

**Eliot:**

and Eddie Leadbetter had met two years earlier at the state prison just outside Louisville.

They hit it off immediately, having similar tastes in humor.

Ass-wipe.

man on television: You know, I don't know how long she's been into strength conditioning.

But she's been into conditioning for a long time

because she ran track for 10.

Woman on television: Listen to the crowd. They are so into it.

Hey.

Is there a problem, chief?

Give me that back.

Look, man,

this ain't your problem.

You are problem.



Out.

He broke my ankle.

- I break your head.

- I'm going.

Next time

I see you again...

you're dead.

Out!

Out.

You can stay.

They took all my money.

It's okay.

Free beer.

Aluminum, huh?

We sponsor

girls' softball team.

You want to make \$5?

That too.

Is not for us.

Package deal -

suitcase or nothing.

Lay it down gentle

so as not to fall.

Strong.

Come back tomorrow 1:00.

maybe I have more job

for you.

**Eliot:**

After only one day in miami,

Puggy had

a more satisfying career

and lived in a better

neighborhood than I did.

Sound system sucks.

Why'd your dad buy a Geo?

He thinks he's a loser,

so he bought a loser car.

Besides, he's a dork.

Super Soaker 600 holds

a gallon of water,

accurate up to 50 feet.

So, what's the plan -

through the front?

Yeah.

"It's matt Arnold.

I'm here to kill  
your daughter, Jenny. "

No, we gotta go over  
the wall, dickweed.

I just hope she doesn't see  
this stupid turdmobile.

Martha Stewart;

Spread it out on your bed...

Where's Arthur?

I haven't seen him  
since his third scotch.

...These corners  
are in the inside corners.

And there.

A rather clumsy task is  
accomplished in no time.

It's a good thing.

T alk to me, martha.

Good night, Nina.

- I was wondering  
if you'd like a drink.

Something with tequila?

**Eliot:**

one of the few Floridians  
who was not confused  
when he voted for Pat Buchanan.

No, thank you, mr. Herk.

I'm very tired tonight.

Of course you are,  
because you work so hard,  
you're on your feet  
all day.

A woman's feet  
are very important.

Let's have

a foot massage.

But, mr. Herk,

mrs. Anna -

Oh, it's okay.

She's watching television.

And I'm not gonna tell her

that I was here,  
and you're not  
going to tell her either,  
are you, Nina?  
Your strong,  
sturdy ankles,  
your proud peasant arches.  
Nina...  
let me clean your toes  
with my tongue.  
Nina!  
Nina!  
Nina! Nina...  
Come out of there.  
This is my house.  
You work for me, and I  
want to suck your toes.  
Hope they don't have  
a dog.

**Eliot:**

the Herks did have a dog.  
His name was Roger,  
and he was the random result  
of generations  
of hasty, unplanned dog sex.  
For the past three months,  
Roger had eaten nothing but dirt.  
That was when the most evil  
being in the universe  
entered his life.  
Under the influence of the  
toad's hallucinogenic chemicals,  
Roger thought his furry butt  
was a 24-ounce porterhouse.  
...Nice cut of meat.  
And notice how it is nice and  
thick all along up till about here,  
and then it kind of tapers off.  
She looks like  
she has nice feet.  
What are you watching her  
cook for, anyway?  
All you know how to make

are reservations.  
Good one, Arthur.  
What?  
Leave her alone.  
Whoa-ho!  
I'm gonna see what else  
is on.  
They have a dog.  
Hope they don't have a dog.  
They have a dog.  
Come on. Get outta here,  
you mangy...  
That's our guy.  
Kill him now, we make  
the 11:40 back to Newark.  
I can't. He's too close  
to the women.  
Yeah, you don't  
shoot him soon,  
I'm dead  
from these mosquitoes.  
Look at this thing.  
He's the size of a Buick.  
- She.  
- She what?  
The mosquito is a she.  
How the hell  
can you tell that?  
Discovery Channel.  
Only the female mosquito  
sucks your blood.  
Sounds like my ex-wife.  
Bitch.  
I'm going to my room  
where it's not so -  
I don't know - stupid.  
Good night, mom.  
Aw, good night, honey.  
I think I'll let Roger in  
and go to bed, too.  
Here we go.  
Roger!  
I'll witness from here  
in case her dad shoots us.

With what,  
the remote control?  
This is miami.  
He has a gun.  
We got an interloper.  
Not a problem.  
- Good night.  
Hey, Jenny!  
You son of a bitch!  
You leave her alone!  
Aaaah!  
Nina!  
- Leonard?  
Leonard?  
Uh. Oh.  
I don't want any trouble.  
me neither.  
It was a gift  
from the wife.  
You don't want to be holding  
that when the police get here.  
Up.  
I'll go around back.  
Got it.  
You son of a bitch!  
Freeze!  
Everybody, hold it!  
Son of a bitch!  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Stop it!  
Slowly.  
Freeze!  
It's all right, Walter.  
What happened?  
- This person tried to kill us.  
- No.  
No. It's me. It's matt Arnold.  
I'm in her Biology class.  
It was a squirt gun.  
It's a squirt gun.  
Oh, shit.  
We have this game  
at school - "Killer. "  
You get somebody's name, and

you're supposed to squirt them.

In their house at night?

What kind of a game is that?

It's about time

you putzes got here.

- And your name is?

- This is my house.

Good for you.

Your name is?

Arthur Herk.

I know the mayor.

What took you people

so goddamn long?

We came as soon

as we got the call, sir.

my TV.

He broke my TV.

You son of a bitch!

I'm gonna make you pay for that,

and you're gonna go to jail!

- It was a squirt gun, sir.

- What?!

Squirt - squirt gun.

It's a good thing

you ran away, Arthur.

You might have gotten wet.

Shut up!

Monica; Easy.

Don't tell me easy!

This is my goddamn house!

And these are my handcuffs,

and if you don't take it easy,

you'll be wearing my handcuffs

in your goddamn house.

That's right, sir.

Okay.

One at a time, starting

with mr. Killer over here.

What happened?

me and Andrew were outside.

- "Andrew and I."

- Thank you.

Who's Andrew?

Nobody.

Andrew's nobody.

So you were outside  
with a squirt gun  
and an imaginary friend?

Yeah.

Okay. So you and your  
imaginary friend are outside.

- Then what happens?

Officer Kramitz, would you  
please go see who that is?

You'll be okay?

Coming!

Uh, Jenny's mom  
opened the door,  
and I came running up  
to squirt her.

And then, uh,  
Mrs. Herk jumped me -  
or jumped on me.

And, uh, and then  
I went down on Jenny -  
or I f-fell on Jenny.

This guy says  
that his son is here.

I'm Eliot Arnold.

I got a call from Andrew.

You all right, Matt?

Yeah.

Andrew

the imaginary friend?

Arthur; Yeah, well,  
you better have a good lawyer,  
because your dumb-ass son  
broke my TV.

That's an RCA  
39-inch horizontal!  
35-inch diagonal.

Could somebody just tell me  
what happened?

I was trying to sh-  
squirt Jenny,  
and her mom jumped me.

Jesus, Matt.

Look, I'm sorry

that my kid squirted  
your daughter.  
I- I mean, I'm - that  
he - that he got her wet.  
I mean,  
the way he described it,  
I thought  
it was just a game.  
Hey, kids - you know.  
Yeah? Well, your jerk-off kid  
is going to jail.  
monica,  
take a look at this.  
Who shot the TV?  
Shot it?  
Nobody shot it.  
Well, this is a bullet.  
Monica; Wait a minute.  
matt, when you and your  
imaginary friend were outside,  
- did you see anyone else?  
- No.  
mrs. Herk, do you live here  
with anyone  
besides your husband  
and your daughter?  
Well, there's...  
Where's Nina?  
Jesus.  
Puggy.  
Anna; Nina?!  
my God,  
the woman of the house.  
I have to go.  
Nina? That's you?  
What's your name?  
Puggy.  
Nina!  
I don't think they know  
I live here.  
I won't tell.  
There was another shooter.  
Man; What do you mean?  
What do I mean?



What do you mean,  
what do I mean?

I mean there was another  
shooter, is what I mean.  
So, did you take care  
of the job or not?

Not.

Well, did the other shooter  
take care of it?

Hold on a second.

- Not right now, okay?

It's cool, man.

Hello?!

Yeah, I'm here.

We want this job finished  
as soon as possible.

You got that right.

I'll tell you who did it.

It's probably  
some goddamn kids.

'Cause these goddamn kids  
today -

they all got goddamn guns,  
and they're all sniffing glue!

Any additional insights,  
mr. Herk?

Any information can  
help us to protect you.

I seriously doubt that you or any other  
member of the police force in this town  
could protect their own dicks  
with both hands.

Thank you  
for that observation.

I'm not gonna  
arrest you, Matt,  
unless mrs. Herk  
wants to press charges.

Hey - kids.

I want to press charges!

Cuff him!

my hands are kind of full  
right now,  
what with holding my dick

and all.

This "Killer" thing's  
really stupid, matt.

Yes, ma'am.

Good - now you  
and your shithead kid  
can get the hell out of here  
and never come back.

Thanks for everything.

I'll walk you out.

Go get the Geo,  
will you, matt?

You have a Geo?

A metro, the LD1 coupe,  
or the hatchback?

my biological father  
sells them in Tulsa.

If the salesman tried to pitch you on  
free undercoating, it's total bullshit.

They fall apart  
before they rust.

60% of the parts are made from  
recycled plastic soda bottles.

It's true.

Listen, I'm sorry  
my husband's such an idiot.

He's probably really upset  
because someone shot his TV.

No, he's an idiot.

Do you think someone's  
trying to kill him?

God, I hope so.

What does a guy like Arthur  
do for a living?

He's an executive  
at Penultra Corporation.

I did  
an article on them once.  
They built the jail downtown  
where the plumbing doesn't work.

I called it  
"Crapital Punishment. "

Eliot Arnold  
from The Herald?

I used to read your column.  
You were so funny.  
What happened?  
I lost my sense of humor  
in the divorce.  
How does a guy like Arthur  
end up  
with someone like you?  
I married him  
when Jenny was little.  
my first husband  
left us kind of early,  
and we had to move to this  
crappy little apartment.  
And I met Arthur.  
He was different then.  
I keep looking up divorce  
lawyers in the phone book,  
but then I think about  
that horrible apartment.  
It's unavailable.  
I live there.  
Can I borrow this?  
I'm totally into  
The Seminal Fluids.  
Arthur threw mine out  
at the carwash.  
He doesn't think it's music  
unless somebody's  
playing an accordion.  
I'll drive.  
I say we blame  
the whole evening  
on rap music and too much  
violence on television.  
You could yell at me if it'd  
make you feel more dad-like.  
I don't want  
to yell at you.  
Why don't we talk?  
You and I -  
let's just talk.  
Come on.  
Okay. mom wanted me

to remind you  
that the alimony check  
is due monday.  
See?  
That wasn't so hard.  
Look, Matt -  
Dad, I messed up tonight.  
Everybody messes up.  
You know that  
better than anybody.  
So all I'm saying is  
I don't think I need  
any fatherly advice from you  
about how to live my life  
when you're not doing  
such a hot job living yours.  
Hey, we're talking.  
Okay.  
Now it's my turn.  
Up yours,  
you little shithead.  
Your turn.  
Puggy.  
I bring you some lunch.  
Listen... I love you.  
You see?  
You see the difference?  
You ask a guy  
what he wants -  
tits or an ugly fish -  
see what he tells you.  
- Probably...  
- Tits! I gotta boogie.  
Hey, she should  
be leaning over  
for maximum exposure.  
maximum exposure...  
Anna; Maximum exposure?  
That's advertising  
terminology.  
Oh, I see.  
T o what do I owe  
this pleasure?  
Uh, did you happen to lose

a pair of reading glasses  
last night?  
I don't wear glasses.  
Oh, well, then, I guess I  
made the trip for nothing.  
Nonsense. I'll need them one day  
- not right this minute.  
Well, things change.  
I'll need them.  
Um, hey, could I offer you  
some coffee?  
That would be wonderful.  
It's more of a dare  
than an offer, actually.  
Did the police  
find anything?  
Well,  
after meeting Arthur,  
they figure  
I'm the primary suspect.  
So...  
How do you, uh...  
like it?  
Oh, light and... sweet.  
I forgot my jacket.  
Got room for a third?  
No harm in asking.  
I hope  
I didn't hurt you.  
No, no, that's -  
Didn't know I was, um -  
well, we should go.  
Let's - let's, uh...  
Yeah.  
It's probably a good idea.  
You should go.

**Eliot:**

Arthur Herk stopped by to have  
a friendly chat with his boss.  
morning, douche bag.  
Arthur?  
Jesus. What happened  
to your hair?

It's a wig, you moron.  
Don't act stupid.  
I know you know  
what's going on.  
Those dickwads upstairs  
are trying to have me whacked!  
Hey, hey, first of all, those  
decisions are made way over my head.  
And secondly, you stole money  
from them, Arthur!  
What do you expect them  
to do?!

Look, bitch, you take that express  
elevator upstairs to the top floor,  
and you tell those sugar-cane-sucking  
scumbags to lay off,  
or I'm gonna blow the lid  
on this whole operation!  
You're putting me  
in a very awkward position.  
No, no, no.  
No, no, no. No. No.  
An awkward position  
is what you're going to be in  
when the FBI is shining a  
proctoscope up your big, fat ass!  
I have evidence,  
and I'll use it!

**Eliot:**

He didn't have evidence,  
but he knew  
where he could get some.  
And that made Arthur Herk  
a very dangerous man.  
Arthur may not have been  
a genius,  
but he did know that the bullet  
that went through Xena's head  
was meant for his.  
Penultra Construction had arranged  
for the hit when they discovered  
Arthur had been skimming money  
from the company.

Up until yesterday, Arthur Herk  
had been their bagman.

Gentlemen...

we have a problem.

Can I get personal?

Oh, now you're asking?

Your daughter  
really likes you.

Yeah. We have  
a pretty good relationship.

The divorce, Arthur

- she doesn't throw any of that in your face?

Oh, I told Jenny a long time  
ago that I wasn't perfect.

She tried

to accept my mistakes,  
and I try to accept hers.

Sounds simple.

Well, I mean,  
it wasn't that simple  
when she came home with a  
scorpion tattooed on her butt.

matt hates me.

He basically thinks

I'm a loser.

He called me a loser,  
so I called him a shithead.

If we had bad teeth, we  
could go on "Jerry Springer. "

So, what you're telling me  
is that her mom beat you up?

Well, she's  
in pretty good shape, man.

I mean, she could snap you  
like a toothpick.

Hey.

Hi.

You -

don't stare at my boobs.

So, did they give you points  
for the kill?

No, they said  
it didn't count.

Well, I know this won't end

till it ends,  
so I'd like to get this  
over with.  
You can squirt me tonight  
over at Bayside.  
I'll be outside The Gap

**at around 8:**

Okay.  
And you - don't look  
at my ass when I walk away.  
I can't make  
that promise.  
"You can squirt me tonight  
down at Bayside. "  
You're gonna remember that line  
when you're an old dude, dude.  
- You looking at her ass?  
- Yeah.  
There's some things  
I'd like to know.  
For instance, who's the guy  
running around with the rifle?  
And who in the hell is the guy  
jumping on me from out of a tree?  
What guy in a tree?  
That's what I'm wondering.  
Look, you brought us  
down here  
to do a simple job -  
in, out, bing, bang.  
All of a sudden, I got  
Geronimo running into the house  
and Tarzan landing  
on my coconut.  
Your primary concern  
is to finish this job  
before a certain party  
shoots his mouth off.  
Excuse me.  
Nice.  
Gentlemen, would you mind  
putting out your cigars, please?  
- Come again?



- I asked...  
Would you mind putting  
out your cigars, please?  
As a matter of fact,  
I would mind.  
Well, you see, the reason  
I ask - all due respect -  
I got a great New York strip  
sitting over there,  
cost me \$27 and change,  
and it tastes like  
I'm eating a cigar.  
Listen, ace, number one,  
you're eating a steak  
at a place  
called Joe's Stone Crab.  
And number two,  
there's no rule that says  
we can't smoke.  
Well, number one,  
my name is not Ace.  
And number two, I'm not  
talking about rules here.  
I'm talking about manners.  
You see, there is no rule  
that says  
I can't come over here  
and fart on your entree,  
but I don't do it.  
Why? Because  
it's not good manners.  
So I ask you again  
in the nicest possible way  
to please put out  
the cigars, okay?  
Thank you.  
I hope you realize you've  
just committed assault.  
I know, I know -  
you know, I remember a time  
was you actually  
had to hit somebody.  
You go tell your employer  
it's gonna cost him

another 10 G's apiece.

Okay.

But we want this finished  
as soon as possible.

Well, believe me,  
we don't want to spend  
any more time in this  
garden spot than we have to.  
Got that right.

Whoa.

Look at those wheels.  
Douche bag's probably  
some kind of drug kingpin.  
Bet he's got a helicopter  
and a big-ass boat  
and a pad down in the Bahamas  
like a tax shelter.  
Stayed in one of them shelters  
once. Didn't like it much.

I'm tired of living  
foot to mouth.

Let's go to The Jackal.

There's something

I want to do.

I don't want to mess  
with that bartender  
and his baseball bat.

man on television:... In  
the lightweight division.

Heather is from Woodland Hills,  
California.

What do you see right away?

man #2 on television:

She's got very good balance.

She's got

good muscularity.

She's going through  
a routine right now.

Hello, Mr. Herk.

Something to drink?

I need a missile.

This for you?

This is personal missile?

What the flying shit

do you care?  
Usually you drop money,  
somebody else  
pick up equipment.  
What, are you keeping  
a diary?  
You got a goddamn missile  
or not?  
Right now,  
do not have missile.  
missile wery hard to get.  
Well, I want you to try  
wery goddamn hard  
to get a missile.  
You got me, comrade?  
- You pay?  
\$10,000.  
maybe I have item  
for you.  
What the hell is that?  
Bomb.  
Looks like  
a garbage disposal.  
Is big bomb.  
Take a look.  
Okay.  
I'm not long  
for this place.  
my brother's working security  
at the airport.  
Big time.  
Oh, yeah.  
Check this out.  
Well, we're not  
supposed to carry guns.  
Well, we're not supposed  
to drink on the job either.  
All right. Let's reconnoiter  
back here at 2100 hours.

**10:**

**man on radio:**

Gator fan to call.

Where are the Gator fans now?  
All you Gator fans call  
when you win.  
But now that you lose, you don't  
have the guts to call in.  
I'm waiting for one,  
just one...  
What the hell are Gators?  
Football - college.  
- morons.  
- mm-hmm.

**man #2 on radio:**

Gator fan, and I'm calling.  
And what do you  
have to say?  
Well, you said we don't  
have the guts to call,  
and I'm calling.  
That's it? You're calling  
to say you're calling?  
This town gives me  
a headache.  
Why do you think he'd  
come here, a guy like that?  
Good job, nice house,  
plenty of cheese.  
What - what's he doing  
in a shithole like this?  
maybe it's Happy Hour.  
I might as well have a bucket  
over my head.  
Keep walking. Don't do  
nothing stupid in there.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
this whole idea is stupid.  
I think we got Gator fans.  
Is that a squirt gun  
in your pocket,  
or were you happy  
to see me?  
So, where are we  
gonna do this?  
We don't want to make

a scene, like last time.  
Well, there's a parking lot  
behind the drugstore.  
Sounds like a good place  
to die.  
maybe you could buy me  
some lip gloss afterwards.  
Are you staring  
at her ass?  
You're not?  
Whip out your pistol,  
cowboy.  
Where do you want me  
to shoot you?  
Why don't you shoot her  
in the crotch?  
You could be like a couple.  
This is a friend of yours?  
How about I just shoot you  
on your hand?  
my first hand job.  
- Freeze!  
- move, move, move!  
- Who's shooting?  
Andrew, come on!  
- Come on, Andrew!  
Holy shit.  
Oh, shit.

**Eliot:**

Officers Romero and Kramitz  
were headed westbound  
on Biscayne Boulevard.  
Three months earlier,  
they had been involved  
in a scuffle with a crack dealer  
at the very intersection  
they were now passing through.  
Romero's shirt had been torn  
open in the altercation,  
revealing a red bustier  
from the Victoria's Secret's  
"Desire" collection.  
Kramitz had never gotten it out

of his mind.

So, I was thinking maybe you and me could get together sometime.

Walter, do you want to have sex with me?

**Eliot:**

Walter couldn't believe it.

Had he somehow found the wormhole in the universe that guys have been seeking for eons -

the wormhole that would allow him to bypass all the talking and talking and talking and just do it?

Walter thought hard about how he would phrase his response to monica's question. Yeah.

Well, I don't want to have sex with you.

You're a married man.

Yeah, but not happily.

- Man with a gun.

Police! Put the gun down right now!

It's not my gun.

Some guy -

Put down the gun!

I'm a very good student.

- Shut up, punk.

- Officer Kramitz,

he looks about as menacing as a Backstreet Boy.

Can I talk to him for a second?

What's your name?

Andrew Ryan.

Andrew Ryan, what are you doing with a gun?

Some weird guy

was shooting at us.

He dropped it,  
and I picked it up and ran.  
Who's "us"?  
my friends -  
matt and Jenny.  
Police! Police!  
That's correct.  
We are the police.  
Jack Pendick,  
Big Sky Security.  
There was a girl  
in the parking lot,  
and they were gonna shoot her  
with a gun.  
Hmm. Let me guess -  
a squirt gun, right?  
Yeah.  
Mr. Pendick, does this  
firearm belong to you?  
Yes.  
No.  
Have you been drinking  
tonight, mr. Pendick?  
Absolutely not.  
Monica; Go get him, Walter.  
Stick 'em up.  
Remember me?  
No.  
I ain't done  
with you yet.  
Open the cash register.  
Reach for that baseball bat,  
and I blow your head off.  
Okay, Eddie, go get it.  
Woman on television:  
... A little bit too much.  
The choreography is starting  
to lag. There you go.  
Get the big bills first.  
Which big bills?  
This one  
or the other one?  
- Where's the money?  
- I have money.

\$18?!

What kind of bar is this?

Business very bad.

Is bad location.

Snake, check it out. It's  
the kingpin with the Fag Jag.

You - give me your watch.

Oh... nice.

All right.

Now give me your wallet.

What's in there?

A bomb.

- Right.

- No, it's a bomb.

These guys are Russians,  
and they sell bombs.

- Bombs? No bombs. Is bar.

- Is bar.

Hey, Eddie

open the suitcase.

What if it is a bomb?

Well, then you'll get blown  
up, and nobody will miss you.

Open it.

Looks like

a garbage disposal.

Nah, it's a time-lock  
safe thing.

Probably got drugs  
or emeralds in it.

Snake, let's get  
the hell out of here.

I think I hear one of them  
silent alarms.

Are your wheels outside?

Give me the keys.

All right,

latch up the suitcase.

We're going for a ride.

Kingpin's coming with us.

No, no, no, you don't want me.

You don't want me.

You want these guys.

These guys are Russians.



- They have missiles.  
There's - - Shut up, asshole!  
Snake, I think we done  
pretty good.  
Why don't  
we just call it a day?  
We got an opportunity here,  
Eddie.  
Now, maybe you don't see it,  
but I do.  
And that's why I'm me,  
and you're you.  
This guy's probably got lots  
of cool shit back at his place.  
So that's where we're going,  
and we're taking this with us.  
I bet it's pure  
14-karat gold in there.  
It's heavy.  
Snake; Pick it up.  
- You...  
Get back around here  
with your friend.  
That'll teach you to hit  
people with baseball bats.  
Sit down!  
If you assholes try to call  
the cops after we leave,  
the next bullet  
goes through your head.  
Let's go!  
Kingpin!  
...Gator fans.  
And the Japanese doctor  
says,  
"Lady,  
you have Ed Zachary disease. "  
And the lady goes,  
"Oh, no, Ed Zachary disease.  
What does it mean?"  
And the doctor says,  
"It mean your face look  
Ed Zachary like your ass. "  
Get it?

"Your - your face look  
Ed Zachary like your ass. "  
Who thinks  
this shit up, huh?

**man:**

Gators ever do is talk trash.  
Then when they lose, you don't  
hear a peep out of them.

**man #2:**

and I'm talking to you right now.  
So what's your problem?  
You said we don't have the  
guts to call, and I'm call-  
These guys need a hobby.  
There's our guy.  
And I believe that's Tarzan.  
Where do you think they're  
going - our boy's house?  
"Ed Zachary. "

Officer.

Officer, what's going on?

Well, we had  
a little shooting,  
but we got it under control,  
miss...

Weintraub -

Heather Weintraub.

Pretty name.

I want to talk to your two  
friends. Any idea where they are?

They probably went back  
to Jenny's house.

Officer Kramitz!

10-4.

Well, we gotta take care  
of something.

Official business.

Code seven.

See you later.

Let's move!

Nothing to see here!

Let's go!

You ready to roll?  
Let me drive, okay?  
The house  
where the TV got shot.  
Didn't we  
do this last night?  
mm-hmm.  
They're in the living room.  
Strip poker. Strip poker -  
now, that's a good game.  
This is a stupid game.  
Dad, no offense, but only a moron  
would mistake that for a real gun.  
You could've been killed.  
And where's your partner  
in crime?  
- Andrew?  
- He ran the other way.  
Did anybody call the police?  
Anna; I'm making coffee.  
Do you want some?  
I'll call the police.  
New TV?  
Arthur bought it  
this afternoon.  
God forbid he should miss

**"Xena:**

If we don't shoot somebody  
soon, I'm gonna forget how.  
Let's do it.  
Well, I suppose you're right.  
Technically, it's not an emergency, but -  
Woman; Please hold  
and your call will be...  
The police  
just put me on hold.  
I, uh, met with  
a divorce attorney today.  
Jenny?  
Those kids won't be happy  
till they get arrested.  
Hi.  
We're friends of Arthur's.

Hello.

Hello! Hello!

Woman;

Your call is very important...

Everybody shut up!

Unless you wanna get shot  
where the sun don't shine.

Don't think I don't know  
where that is either!

A shot.

maybe the pantyhose gang  
beat us to the draw.

- Again with the TV.

- Shut up.

Take that stupid thing  
off your head.

Yeah, nice place.

What are you,  
martha Stewart?

make yourself useful  
and tie everybody up.

With what?

Woman; 911 operator.

- This is Eliot Arnold.

This.

Well, I can only do a  
slipknot, a double knot, and a -  
What do you call it?

The bowman.

What do you want?

You going for eagle scout?

Tie 'em up.

Baptist church  
two blocks over.

FBI Agent Pat Greer.

Alan Seitz.

How can I help FBI?

Well, you can tell FBI  
where the suitcase is, Ivan.

- my name is John.

- Sure it is.

Your name is John,  
and you're just a hardworking,  
law-abiding,

small immigrant businessman,  
running a shithole bar  
where you got... no customers.  
- Bad location.  
- Yes, it is.  
I'd like to take a look around  
the back room right there,  
the one  
with all the locks.  
You have warrant?  
Ain't that heartwarming?  
You know, the way a man can  
come here from another country,  
and in just a short time  
here in America,  
he has embraced our way  
of living to the point  
where he wants to know  
if we got a warrant.  
Don't that just warm the cockles  
of your heart, Agent Seitz?  
It warms the shit  
out of my cockles.  
My cockles are burning.  
We don't need a warrant.  
You see,  
we're operating under -  
What's that thing called we're  
operating under again, Agent Seitz?  
Special Executive Order  
768-04.  
That's it - Special Executive Order  
768-04, which basically means that,  
if it's a matter  
of national security,  
we can send a search party and  
a Doberman pinscher up your ass.  
I want lawyer.  
Did you hear that,  
Agent Seitz?  
He want lawyer.  
As is his right  
under our Constitution,  
which we hold sacred.

Want me to shoot him  
in the forehead?

- Yeah, go ahead.

Just playing.

Come here.

my partner wants to shoot you  
in the forehead,  
which I have absolutely no  
doubt that he can legally do  
under Special

Executive Order 768-

- Dash 04.

- Dash 04.

Now, me, I'm thinking,  
wouldn't it be better  
if you just reached into  
your pocket, got the keys,  
and showed me around  
that back room -  
the one  
with all the locks.

- Yes?

- Hi, mrs. Herk.

Do you mind  
if we talk to Jenny  
about something that happened  
at Bayside tonight?

She's not in trouble, but it's  
important that we talk to her.

- Oh, Jenny's not here.

- Do you mind if we come in for a minute?

No, no.

I- I mean, yes, I mind.

- I mean -

- monica.

What do we have here? If it  
ain't a Dick and a Dickless Tracy.

You're making  
a big mistake.

Story of my life.

What's happening?

Well, moron number one  
is tying up the family.

So take the shot.

Well, I would, but moron  
number two just came back  
with a couple  
of Miami's finest.

- Hold on.

Hold it a second.

We have a "Die Hard" situation  
developing in the kitchen.

- What?

- There's a guy there in the kitchen.

A guy?

What - what's he doing?

Well, my guess is he's either  
gonna whack 'em  
with a rolling pin  
or he's gonna bake 'em a cake.

It could go either way  
with this crew.

Holy shit!

Betty Crocker's  
got a squirt gun.

Let me look.

Forget about it. This is  
better than Pay-Per-View.

There goes the warranty,  
and here comes

The Iron Chef.

One wrong move, and you'll  
be crapping lead for a week.

Snake.

- Who are you?

- You talking to me?

- Uh-huh.

- I'm your worst nightmare.

I want you to lower the gun  
and get the hell out of here.

Otherwise, I bust a cap  
and drop this loser.

I ain't going nowhere without  
that kingpin's suitcase.

Take it.

On second thought,

why don't you just waste him?

Better yet,

I'll do it for you.  
moron number two just got  
moron number one all wet.  
Gimme.  
I- I ain't never seen that.  
They got enough stuff back there  
to fight a war in North Korea,  
but no suitcase, and Ivan  
here doesn't seem to know  
what suitcase  
I'm talking about.  
Ivan, I know  
what you're thinking.  
You're thinking you can use the  
suitcase as a bargaining chip.  
You tell us where it is,  
we go easy on you.  
I- I bet that's  
what you're thinking.  
Isn't it, Ivan?  
Don't be a baby, Ivan.  
It's just your foot.  
It's what we at the bureau  
call an extremity shot.  
Generally,  
the victim survives.  
They don't do so good with  
what we call a torso shot.  
What you think, Ivan?  
You want to experience  
a torso shot?  
I tell you who has suitcase.  
- I'd get a bolt lock for this.  
There's some really bad people  
out there.  
We're out of phone cord.  
What about him?  
Snake;  
He's coming with us.  
- So is she.  
- No!  
- Where are we going?  
- The Bahamas.  
I hear they go pretty easy



on kingpins in the Bahamas.  
money.  
Excuse me?  
There's 5 grand  
in my pocket!  
Okay.  
Kingpins ain't so tough.  
What you driving?  
Chevy Caprice with a 354 barrel  
and positraction.  
Not bad.  
Keys.  
I'm not getting  
into that Fag Jag again.  
It's built by Ford now.  
Okay.  
Let's go.  
Eddie.  
Yeah?  
Eddie, you drive.  
Britney Spears, in the back.  
Eddie...  
Let's go.  
moses,  
you're flying coach.  
Got enough leg room?  
Buckle up, ma'am.  
Let's go.  
I ain't never drove  
one of these before.  
It ain't a spaceship, asshole.  
Drive.  
The gate.  
No shit. Back up slow.  
It'll open.  
You got the brake on,  
asshole.  
Don't call me...  
...Asshole!  
- mrs. Anna!  
Nina! They took Jenny!  
Quick, quick!  
Come on.  
Here - grab this.

You don't wanna push - pull.  
I'm going after them.  
Okay,  
I'm going with you!  
Yeah, me too.  
I love Puggy!  
Hey, wait.  
Wait for me!  
I'm the police!  
monica, you got to  
get yourself loose.  
Call Dispatch. Tell them to  
get somebody out to the airport.  
- I'll handle this.  
- Walter!  
If you remember,  
call that number.  
Tell a miss Heather Weintraub  
I might be late.  
- Walter!  
- Walter!  
That boy leads an interesting  
life, don't he?  
What are you doing'?'  
He's attached to the cop.  
That copper can't do anything to  
us cuffed to that shelving unit.  
Even though that shelf is  
brass, it's not the cheap stuff.  
All the phone lines are cut. We gotta  
get outside and yell for the neighbors.  
- Help me.  
You can't make me!  
Help me or I will crush you  
like a goddamn bug.  
Just take the shot and let's  
get the hell to the airport.  
You got it. The longer we stay  
down here, the weirder it gets.  
You got that right -  
Weirdsville, USA.  
- Damn!  
- What the hell are you doing?  
On three, we're gonna smash

this thing through the door.

Like shit, we are!

One, two...

That's glass, you moron.

You're gonna get us killed!

- ... Three!

- No! No! No, no, no!

- Did you get him?

- I think so. He went down.

- Cop went down, too.

- Goddamn dog.

Weirdsville, USA.

You got that right.

Get up!

Ugh! Ugh! It got my face!

It got my face!

We can get some help  
if we can get this thing up.

You okay there, officer?

Who are you?

Pat Greer. Alan Seitz.

Herk?

Yeah, that's Herk.

Can you uncuff me?

Not now.

mr. Herk, I'm with the FBI.

I need to know

where that suitcase is.

Oh, my God,

she's coming to get me!

- The dog, mr. Herk?

- No, her!

- Who?

- You know!

Her!

Herk! Herk! Herk! Herk!

Oh, my God!

She knows my name!

She knows everything!

She's coming to take my soul!

- mr. Herk, can you hear me?

mr. Herk, can you hear me?

This is very important.

I need to know

where that suitcase is.

Oh, God! Please don't let her  
take my soul!

Please don't. Please.

What the hell  
is he talking about?

I don't know.

How close did  
he get to that toad?

Like face-first.

Bufotenine -  
hell of an hallucinogen.

He's gone. He won't be coming  
back any time soon.

- Discovery Channel.

- Oh, please, don't hurt me!

Listen, we have reason to believe  
that mr. Herk had a suitcase,  
possibly made of metal,  
very heavy.

- Have you seen it?

- Yeah, they had it.

- Who's "they"?

- An idiot named Snake.

Him and a possibly even bigger  
idiot took the suitcase,  
two hostages, and what sounded  
like my squad car, so -

- Where did they go?

- You wanna know?

- Take me with you.

- We don't have time for games.

This is a very important  
federal matter.

Hey,

if you don't uncuff me,  
you can stick your very  
important federal matter  
right up

your big federal ass.

Turn right!

Can't you see the sign?

- You sure they said the airport?

- Absolutely. They kept talking about the Bahamas.

Did anybody open  
that suitcase?

Not that I saw.

What's in it?

The guy we left back there,  
the frog kisser -

Uh, actually, it's a toad.

Anyway, the toad lover's  
an illegal weapons trader.

Weapons? That's what's in  
the suitcase? You mean guns?

Well, how bad can it be,  
right? It's a suitcase.

We're not talking about  
a nuclear bomb, right?

Right?

Okay, we gotta pick a road.

Arrivals or departures?

We're arriving,

but... then we're departing.

Which one, Snake?

What do you think?

I think you guys  
should turn yourselves in  
and plead not guilty  
by reason of stupidity.

Departures.

It'll be okay.

- Dad!

Was that a goat?

Dad!

- Where did they get that stuff?

- Russia.

- Don't the Russians have controls on that kind of thing?

- You'd faint if you knew.

A few months ago,  
somebody got a warhead  
out of a missile-dismantlement  
facility in a place called -  
Sergijev Posad -  
not far from moscow.

Beautiful churches there.

Travel Channel.

Anyway, somebody who knew what

they were doing modified it.  
Dumped it on some guys who run a  
place here called The Jolly Jackal.  
The bar?  
That bar has more AK-47s  
than Budweiser.  
- So can they set it off?  
- Best we know, flip three switches,  
and you got 45 minutes  
to clear out.  
45 minutes.  
man, I guess it was bound  
to happen one day.  
What makes you think  
this is the first time?  
Never mind  
which time this is.  
The important thing is we got those  
assholes trapped at the airport,  
and until we say further,  
no plane is taking off.  
You can do that?  
Okay, let's go.  
I'm gonna have this  
pointed right at you,  
so don't do  
something stupid.  
How would you even know  
if I did something stupid?  
I'll know. Believe me,  
I can tell the difference.  
Eddie, open the trunk.  
If you don't do like I say,  
you know what's gonna happen  
to you, right?  
- You're gonna shoot me?  
- You got that right.  
Okay, let's go.  
Bring the suitcase.  
I hope you're not gonna  
give me a ticket for this.  
If I don't see them,  
I don't write them.  
Everything

is very, very wrong.  
Don't worry. They'll never make  
it through airport security.  
We're gonna miss our flight.  
You see what the problem is?  
I don't know. There's some  
kind of commotion up there.  
- There might be something  
about it on the radio.

**man:**

when they play a game and lose,  
I don't hear a peep  
from Gator fans.

**man #2:**

hearing what I'm saying.  
I'm saying  
that I am a Gator fan,  
and I'm calling you now,  
okay?  
So I don't understand  
what the problem is,  
- or are you just not...  
Was that a goat?  
Let's get  
the hell out of here.  
Woman on P.A.; Passengers,  
please go to the exit...  
Hey, Snake.  
Huh?  
Man on P.A.;  
Smoking is not permitted...  
Well, we want to arrive  
in the Bahamas,  
but... we want to depart.  
This is a joke, right?  
Stop making fun of us,  
okay?  
Let's go.  
Yeah?  
We need four tickets  
to the Bahamas,  
one-way,

next flight you got.  
Nassau or Freeport?  
The Bahamas.  
Nassau and Freeport  
are in the Bahamas.  
Whichever's next.

**There's a 10:**

to Freeport.  
Four one-way tickets  
are gonna run you \$360.  
Okay,  
take it out of there.  
Okay, I'm gonna need  
the names of the passengers.  
John Smith.  
And the other passengers,  
sir?  
John Smith.  
You're all John Smith?  
Everybody.  
I'll need  
some photo I.D., sir.  
There you go.  
Okay, then, family Smith.  
Have a nice vacation.  
Step through, please.  
Come on.  
- Unh-unh.  
Woman; Computer check.  
Computer check!  
Hold it.  
Snake, this ain't  
gonna work, man.  
They got Xerox machines  
up there and shit.  
I'm so sick  
of your bad attitude.  
Just let me do  
some thinking, okay?  
Bag check.  
Step through, please.  
Bag check.  
Computer check.



Computer check.  
All right, step through.  
Okay, let's go.  
Step through, please.  
Step through, please.  
Bag check.  
- Bag check.  
Is this yours?  
It's mine.  
Bring it over here  
and open it, please.  
Do it.  
Bag check.  
What is this?  
- A garbage disposal.  
- Bag check.  
- A garbage disposal?  
- Portable.  
- Bag check.  
- Bag check.  
You'll have to turn it on.  
It's got a timer. Grounds up  
your garbage while you're out.  
- Bag check.  
Bag check.  
Bag check.  
Bag check!  
Okay.  
Let's go.  
Over there.  
They shot my radio!  
Dad, the goat  
kicked your Geo's ass.  
The car is  
a piece of shit, okay?  
We're gonna get Jenny.  
Goddamn goats.  
Boy, does this town  
give me spielkas.  
You got that right.  
This isn't gonna work.  
If you can get up  
to that service road,  
you can hook over

to Douglas.

Well, see if this guy will  
let me squeeze in front of him.

Excuse me!

Excuse me.

Got a little emergency.

You mind if we get through here?

Look, he's coming  
to take our order.

- What do you guys want?

You ever hear of Special  
Executive Order 768-04?

No, what is it?

It's a powerful  
law-enforcement tool.

What country are we in?

All right, Anna,  
you come with me.

matt,

you take Nina with you.

You see those idiots,  
you come and get me.

- You got it?

- Okay.

What about me?

Find a cop.

I need help right now.

There's a hostage situation  
here at the airport.

- Where?

- I don't know where.

Well, we can't help you,  
can we?

- You got a twin brother works at Bayside?

- Maybe.

I need to use your phone.

That's for airport security  
personnel and cops only.

I am a cop.

Can't you see the uniform?

- Where's your badge?

- It was stolen.

- Where's your gun, your flashlight?

- They were stolen, too.

Look, are you gonna help me, or are  
you gonna be a big, fat, stupid asshole?  
Strip search!  
Good evening,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Fly By Air Flight 2038  
to lovely Freeport  
is now ready  
for passenger boarding.  
You can get on the plane.  
Right this way.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Have a nice trip.  
Ah, mr. And mrs. Kraft,  
happy honeymoon.  
Thanks a lot.  
Oh, the John Smiths.  
I'll check that for you.  
I- I-I-I-It rides with us.  
I- I-I-I-It doesn't  
'cause it's too big.  
FAA regulations.  
You know, I just -  
too big for most airlines,  
I mean.  
Right this way. Let me  
help you with that crate.  
Okay, right this way.  
Come on.  
Where's mr. Smith going?  
Aw, screw it.  
Let's go!  
Get out of there!  
Hey!  
Get in there.  
Puggy!  
Nina.  
Where's Jenny?  
They took her  
on the plane.  
Matt; Dad!  
They got on the plane.  
They took Jenny.

Fly By Air, Gate J-4.  
All right, find a cop.  
Any cop!  
Puggy, are you okay?  
Welcome to Fly By Air  
Flight 2036-  
Flight 2038 to Freeport.  
I'm Captain Justin Hobart,  
and this is my copilot,  
Jan Vigushin.  
In a minute, we're gonna be  
closing the door,  
giving you a safety briefing,  
then we'll be on our way.  
Hey, how about we go now?  
Sir, we have to finish  
the preflight checklist.  
It's for your safety, sir.  
I got my safety  
right here, asshole.  
Okay, we're gonna  
make this real easy.  
This is how  
it's gonna work.  
Let's get the suitcase  
out of here quick  
and as quiet as possible.  
Got it.  
Your jurisdiction.  
Gentlemen.  
Well, miami sucks...  
but the cops  
are kind of nice.  
You got that right.  
Hey... start the plane.  
Uh, we have to close  
the door,  
and we don't have clearance  
from the tower.  
I'll take care of the goddamn  
door, zit-face.  
Now start the plane, or I'll  
blow your zit-face heads off.  
- Snake.

- What?

No!

Oh, shit.

This is Fly By Air

2036-

- 38.

- 38.

We have a man on the plane  
with a gun.

Get going.

I don't have a runway.

- '09er looks nice.

- '09er it is.

Oh, my God, it's moving.

You got to go get help.

I got to stop that plane.

- Jenny!

- I'll get Jenny. I promise.

matt!

What? I can't find a cop.

Where's my dad?

Dad?

Everyone please proceed  
with caution.

This area has just  
been hot-mopped.

Gastric incident.

- Please keep moving.

- FBI.

Step back, please.

We've had an incident.

Everyone proceed  
with caution! B-

Name's Arch Ridley. Tell me what  
you need. Please don't kill me.

We're tracking

a couple of scumbags

with one, maybe two hostages

and a big metal suitcase.

Anybody in this crackerjack system  
of yours see anything like that?

Let me just check

on that.

- Man on P.A.; Would the owner

of a yellow Humvee  
parked on the curbside...  
Hello, Alice -  
What?  
5 minutes ago, the tower got a  
message from a Fly By Air pilot  
saying he's got a guy  
with a gun on his plane.  
- What gate?  
- Gate J-4.  
I thought you said  
all the planes were grounded.  
Give me the wing commander  
at Homestead.  
Tell him we have a situation.  
The plane's in the air.  
All right.  
Now we're getting somewhere.  
Peanuts?  
Yes, I need all lines to stay  
open between myself and Homestead.  
Mrs. Herk!  
my daughter's on the plane  
with that man,  
and he tried to shoot at us,  
and you have -  
Mrs. Herk, ma'am, listen, we need to know  
where that metal suitcase is right now.  
I don't know.  
I don't know about a suitcase.  
It's on the plane.  
Did anybody open  
that suitcase?  
They made us turn it on.  
What happened  
when you turned it on?  
Lights, little numbers.  
What's that thing doing?  
It means  
the rear door's open.  
I can't fly the plane much  
longer with those stairs down.  
Eddie, pull up those stairs  
and close the door.

Eddie -  
Eddie,  
stop screwing around.  
Okay, confirm  
they got him on radar.  
What does he mean  
they have them on radar?  
Give me a second.  
You're gonna shoot  
that plane down.  
You can't do this. There's  
innocent people on that plane.  
If that nuke goes off over  
Freeport, many innocent people die.  
Now, nobody likes this,  
okay?  
But this has been discussed,  
believe me,  
as high as it can be,  
every scenario.  
- And this is the only way out.  
- How soon?  
When the plane is over the Gulf Stream  
- three minutes.  
- What about the kid's father? maybe he made it onto the plane.  
- Let's say he did.  
Is he, by any chance, familiar  
with a Russian nuclear warhead  
with a plutonium rod encased  
in a terillium core?  
I believe  
he's in advertising.  
Eddie.  
Get up.  
Get up, you lazy shit.  
He's not lazy.  
He's unconscious.  
miami Tower, this is, uh...  
Fly By Air 2036.  
- 38.  
- Whatever.  
What?  
What did he say?  
What? What?

They heard from the pilot.  
H- Hang on.  
You tell them get that suitcase  
off the plane right now.  
You understand me?  
Right now!  
Get the suitcase  
off the plane!  
The suitcase - get it off!  
Get it off the plane!

**All:**

off the plane!  
No!  
Let go of the suitcase!  
The kingpin will never let go  
of the kingpin's suitcase!  
It's a bomb!  
It's a bomb!  
Get it off the plane!  
Have it your way!  
It's gone!  
The suitcase is gone!  
Falcon One, Falcon One,  
break off.  
I repeat, break off.  
Do you read?  
Jenny; Mom, mom, listen to  
this! It's totally incredible!  
- It's the most amazing story.  
- Oh!  
You should've seen matt's dad.  
Seriously intense.  
He smashed that really dumb guy  
on the head  
with the fire extinguisher,  
which was very cool.  
And then that guy, Snake, he had  
a gun, and he shot at Matt's dad.  
Then Matt's dad started beating  
the crap out of him.  
Then Matt's dad said, like he  
was some sort of action hero,  
"He's not lazy.



He's unconscious... "

**Eliot:**

I had to outrun a plane  
and subdue two convicts  
with a nuclear weapon  
to get matt's respect...  
Good job, dad.  
...But it was worth it.  
Seitz; Mr. Arnold?  
Agent Alan Seitz, FBI.  
The president thanks you for  
your selfless act of courage.  
Because he can never admit to  
knowledge of what happened here,  
in lieu  
of a medal of honor,  
he'd like to send you  
a pair of cowboy boots  
with a "W" on them  
and a hat.  
Sorry for any trouble,  
folks.

**Eliot:**

served his sentence  
at a correctional facility  
just outside Jacksonville,  
and became very good friends  
with his cellmate, Dwight,  
who shared  
similar tastes in humor.  
Walter; Monica!  
Monica!  
Walter Kramitz never returned  
to the force.  
Being naked in public  
was a revelation for him.  
Walter loves the attention...  
Stick 'em up!  
...But always tosses the pouch  
to his new wife,  
a miss  
Heather Weintraub Kramitz.

Pretty name.  
And with that,  
I say good night.

**Eliot:**

refer to the Arthur Herk job  
as the low point  
of their professional careers.  
Woman on P.A. ;  
Your attention please.  
Captain Lynch has informed us  
that there will be a delay  
due to an obstruction  
on the runway.  
I really feel  
like killing somebody.  
You got that right.

**Eliot:**

day after day,  
when suddenly a bomb  
drops into our lives.  
Sometimes you can't get out  
of the way.  
Sometimes  
it's a new beginning.  
Let's take it slow.  
Absolutely.  
We were married a week  
after Anna's divorce.  
What is it that brings  
two strangers together  
so that one soul  
inhabits two bodies?  
Sometimes it's profound.  
Sometimes it's Fritos.  
make her stop!  
God in Heaven, make her stop!  
She wants my soul!  
Arugula! Arugula!  
Arrrrrugula!