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On the Edge of Innocence

By Maxine Herman

(Wind whistling)

(Jet engine)

Charles, isn't this great?

Yeah.

(Chuckles)

Good afternoon.

MECHANIC:

Man, what wouldn't I do
to get my hands on her?

Get your hands on who?

The Challenger--

\$20-million airplane.

What did you think I meant?

-Come along, Charles.

-Charles, you coming?

-Yeah.

-I'm supposed to give you this.

-OK.

-Charles Morse the billionaire?

My God, is that who you are?

Yeah.

MAN:

into the back.

I've taken the liberty
of talking to the pilot.

I've checked the engine log.

The plane's in good shape.

Good avionics.

The fella's been around.

Try not to fly

under any low ceiling,

any possibility

of bird-strike, or ice.

-What's bird-strike?

-Flocks of migrating birds.

-If we hit them, we're all dead.

-Absolutely.

Especially this time of year.

Any questions, I'll have a
chopper here and fly you out.

We'll be fine.

-I said you'd have a good time.

-Yeah.

When will you require
your plane?

-Bob?

-They want the film in 34 hours.

I'd say 8:

-Eight o'clock tomorrow night.

-Yes, sir.

Thank you.

-(Man sneezes)

-Oh, no!

You can't handle
this northern weather?

-I'll be all right.

-It's your own fault.

WOMAN:

Yeah. Dual time zone.

Tells the time in two places.

What for?

If I want to know

the time in New York,

I don't have to add three.

CHARLES:

Right there.

So you built this place
with your own hands?

Yes, ma'am.

Been building it all my life.

OK, right this way, folks.

You don't have to worry about
keys 'cause we got no locks.

Kitchen is always open.

You can fix whatever you like.

The bedrooms and outhouses
are upstairs.

We want you to relax,

kick off your shoes,

and just get

down-home comfortable.

-Hey, Stephen.

-Yeah?

This is what I'm talking about.
See? That's what I want

for tomorrow:

an unsentimental photograph.
To get a truly
unselfconscious photograph,
you almost have to go
back to the 19th century.
How old is that?
Took it last fall. That's
Jack Hawk, a friend of mine.
You took the photo?
I took the photo.
He took the bear.
I'd be out hunting with him
right now if you weren't here...
and I had my rifle sighted in.
You interested in books?
Yeah. Why can't you get
your rifle sighted in?
What?
Why can't you get
your rifle sighted in?
Need to rig up a bench rest.

CHARLES:

makes a good bench rest.
No disrespect...I'm surprised
you know what a bench rest is.
Charles knows
what everything is.
Got a question, ask him.
Charles knows everything.
Take a mighty accomplished man
to claim that.
I don't claim anything.

WOMAN:

See if I'm wrong.
-Bet you can't stump him.
-Bet you I can.
Tell you what...
I will give you \$5.00...

if you can tell me what's
on the other side of this blade.
It's a rabbit smoking a pipe.

Hmm.

(Man laughs)

A rabbit smoking a pipe.

Well,well,well.

Why in the world would that be?

Uh, it's a symbol
of the Cree Indians.

On one side there's the panther,
on the other, his prey,
the rabbit.

He sits unafraid.

He smokes his pipe.

It's a traditional motif.

Why is he unafraid?

Because he's smarter
than the panther.

Ha! Sir...you impress me.

Oh. Thank you.

Amazing accomplishment.

No, it's not an accomplishment.

It's a freak.

Is that so?

Yeah.

I seem to retain
all these facts,
but putting them to any useful
purpose is another matter.

MAN:

Oh, hey, listen up, folks.

We got a problem
with bears around here.

Never leave food uncovered,
even in the lodge.

Never.

You see a bear near you,
stand still.

Let him know that you know
that he sees you.

And back up, hmm? Real slow.

Anybody's in trouble,

get my attention.
I'll be on it
like a duck on a June bug.
Now, make yourselves
comfortable.
I think I'm going to bed.
Shut up!
(Motor running)
Lord, I'm bushed.
New book?
Yes. It's about surviving
in the wilderness.
You're always reading something.
Yeah. My secretary gave it
to me. Do you know why?
Huh?
You know why
she gave me the book?
That guy gave me the creeps with
all that talk about the bear.
Why she gave you the book?
Because you're
the salt of the earth.
Oh, is that so?
You're the most excellent man.
That's why I married you.
And you're the only woman
I've ever wanted.
Well, then...
see what a lucky guy you are?
Yes, I do.

CHARLES:

a special day for me.
I know it is. I'm really glad
you came away with us.
You should get away more often.
Charles.
Yeah?
Can you go downstairs
and get me a sandwich?
Yeah, OK. Of course.
Did I ever tell you
you're an angel?

No.
Everything but the wings.
A sandwich.
(Creaking)
(Roaring)
Aah!
Surprise!
Oh, my God.
Charles, are you all right?
Christ, Charles.
Are you all right?
Jesus, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
Are you all right?
-I'm fine.
-Are you all right?
-Uh-huh.
-You sure?
EVERYONE SINGING:
Happy birthday dear Charles
Happy birthday.
So you didn't forget.
I could never forget you.
I could never forget.
Come here, baby.
-Yes, sir! Yes, sir.
-A glass of champagne.
Champagne for Charles!
Thank you. Thank you.
Blow out the candle, Charles.
(All cheering)
May I have your attention
for a moment, please?
Can I get serious for a moment?
Charles, thank you
for your good nature,
your intelligence,
your generosity.
Yeah.
Uh, forgive us for this charade.
And in short, happy birthday.

ALL:

CHARLES:

To a good companion,
a goodfriend, and a good sport.
And a very brave man.

MAN:

Here.
Thank you. Ah.
Right.
Oh, Mickey, that's beautiful.
There's an engraving inside.
What's it say, Charles?
It says, "To my beloved husband
on his birthday...
'from the luckiest woman
in the world."

ALL:

This is a superb present.
Thank you.

MICKEY:

in good health.
Here you go.
Here you go, you birthday boy.
Thank you.

MAN:

SECOND MAN:

-Oh, look at that!
-Good knife.

CHARLES:

Give him a coin. You got
to give the donor a coin.
Old superstition.
Ah, yes. Thank you.

STEPHEN:

If someone gives you a knife,
you should give them
a coin in return...
or it cuts the friendship.
Thank you, Bob.

Charles.
Getting late. Work day tomorrow.
Let's pack it in.
(Murmurs of agreement)
-Happy birthday, Charles.
-Happy birthday.
Thanks. Thank you. Good night.

STEPHEN:

WOMAN:

Thank you.
-Happy birthday to you.
-Thank you.
Nice looking lady. Your wife?
Yes. Why do you ask?
Just like to know
who everybody is.

STEPHEN:

It's flaring. Got it.
-OK...and let's go.
-Five, six.
All righty.
Beautiful.
Really beautiful. Great.
-Yep.
-Yeah, that's great.
-Oops.
-Could you lift that up?
-Are we on here?
-Give me the 180.
-For me?
-No, no, no.

ROBERT:

We'll do one more roll.
One more roll.
Officer...can I sunbathe
on this beach nude?
Sorry, lady,
it's against the rules.
But I have a divine right.

ROBERT:

either, but rules is rules.
Let's go. Check it, please.
(Camera clicking)

ROBERT:

MAN:

Soon kill you as look atyou.
And the one's killed a man,
man-hunter for the rest
of his life.
Nothing he'd rather eat.
Got the taste of human flesh.
A man-killing machine.

ROBERT:

so let's getthe shoes polished.
Do I need to walk you
through this whole thing?
-No, the shoes---
-Scrapthe shoes.
Whatthe--for God's sakes,
this isn't brain surgery.
It's afucking pair of shoes.
GetJames down here.
Robert, he's sick.
He's sick,
the shoes look like shit,
and everything I ask youfor--
This is lame.
This is reallyfucking lame.
The inside of a banana peel
will shine shoes.
Come with me.
Afount of information.
Shine shoes with a banana.
You should know that.
He's sick, Bob. James is sick.
Well, how sick is he?
He'd have to get betterto die.
Ha!
That guy.
That guy. He's the guy

for my photograph.
Excuse me. Where is this guy?
He's your friend, right?
Where is this guy in the photo?
This is the guy we want,
not some fucking model.
Where--where is he?
Jack Hawk?
Cabin up north, 80 miles.

ROBERT:

MAN:

He'll likely be out hunting.

ROBERT:

go and find him. Let's go.
Seems you can make a compass
out of a needle.
My God. That's a new one on me.
You spend much time
in the woods?
No, I'm afraid most of
my knowledge is theoretical.
Such a...perfect spot.
Such privilege.
It's a shame...
everyone can't enjoy it.
Yeah.
It is remote, and--
That's true. Now, you think
this spot is so remote...
that only the few can enjoy it,
but I got a plan.
I got a scheme
to develop this lake,
and I think that
you could appreciate it.
Now, no need, really,
for you to look at these...
'cause you can envision this
better than they can draw,
but I want you to look
at these figures.

Now, here's
the interesting part.
For only 30 or
Ah.
I beg your pardon?
I thought for a moment
you were just being courteous.
What do you mean?
Nothing.
Come on, let's go get him.
We'll lose the light.
We lose the light at 4:18.
There's the guy we should've
been shooting all along.
He's got some character
in his face.
-Charles.
-Yeah?
-What's the matter?
-Huh?
Uh...no, it's nothing.
He's jaded. That's what it is.
That's it. I'm jaded.
We're going on an impromptu
adventure. You come, too.

MICKEY:

That's right.
What do you say, Charles?
We'll be back in two hours.
-Uh...
-Get some air under your wings.
All right.
Yeah, OK.
Behold the mighty hunter.
Come on.
Hello!
(Echoing)
(Knocking)
Aw, that's just great.
Our model's gone bear hunting.
How butch of him.
Where's he going?
Big Bass Lake, partner!

It's about 20 miles northwest.
And we're left here taking
a picture of sweet Fanny Anne.
-What do you say, Charles?
-Huh?

ROBERT:

-Should we chance it?
-Be careful.

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

-What's a deadfall?
-It's a pit to catch bears.
What are we being careful of?
It's a bear pit.
What do you say? Should we
press on? Should we be bold?
You really need to find him?
I need to get that film.
A good plan today is better
than a perfect plan tomorrow.
-What do you say?
-OK, let's be bold.
Hey, there's the spirit
that beat the Japanese.
Weather coming in from
the north. Snow, maybe.
-Could I tell you something?
-Hmm? Yeah, if you like.
I admire the way you took
that joke last night.
Handled it well.
Embarrassing moment.
-I thought you handled it well.
-Thank you.
Tough row to hoe,
you think about it.
What would that be?
Oh, all that money.
Ah.
A lot of responsibility.
Never knowing

who your friends are,
never knowing
what people value you for.
Yeah.

Must be tough.

Never feel sorry for
a man who owns a plane.

So...what do you
value me for, Bob?

Well, I tell you what...

I like your style.

And I think your wife's
pretty cute, too.

Yes.

So...how are you planning
to kill me?

-Oh, fuck! Hold on!

-Oh, shit!

-What's happening?!

-Oh, no! Jesus!

Aah!

(Engine sputtering)

-God damn it!

-Look out!

Jesus!

(Screaming)

(Gurgling)

Aah! Aah...

(Gasps)

(Coughing)

Bob!

OK, get him up. Get him up.

I got him.

Steve. Steve!

(Steve coughing)

Anyone got any matches?

Got any matches?

Help me up.

We'll make a fire right here.

Make a fire.

That's better. Yeah.

Come on. Oh, God.

CHARLES:

Come on. Come on.
That's it. Come on. Oh, God.
Oh, shit.

STEPHEN:

Let's stopfucking about,
shall we, and getthe guy warm.
Hey, come on. We need those.
We need them.
Come on, Stephen, come on.
Come here.

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

afewflares left.
Shouldn'twe keepthem
for signaling?
Whatwe need is...
Whatwe want is wood--quite
a bit of it,for a signalfire.
When they comefor us,
they'll see the smoke.
Huh?
-Why would they comefor us?
-Hmm?
Well,they know
we wentto the cabin.
When they go there,
they'll see the note.
Oh.

ROBERT:

we're infor a walk.
What's that mean,
'we're infor a walk"?
Whatthefuck does that mean?
l once read an interesting book.
lt said that most people
lost in the wilds,they...

CHARLES:

STEPHEN:

Yeah.
They die of shame.
'What did I do wrong?"
'How could I have gotten
myself into this?"
And so they sit there,
and they...die.
They didn't do the one thing
that would've saved their lives.
And what is that, Charles?
Thinking.
Look. Steve, look.
All right, here's the lodge.
Here's the cabin where
we were supposed to have gone.
This is where we did go--
through this pass,
mountains, river.
They'll be looking for us
in the south, all right?
If we can get back south
of this pass by tonight,
we can use the flares.
How do we find it in the woods?
Head south.
Aha. We head south. How do
we know which way is south?
OK, uh...
Look.
Point the hour hand at the sun.
Halfway between the hour hand

and 12:

This is broken.
Give me your watch.
Mine's busted, too.
-Steve?
-It's lost.
OK. All right, I'll tell you.
Uh...the birds will be flying
south. We'll follow them.
-What if we can't see them?
-Sorry I got us into this!
Stop that! Stop it!

Just stop it.

-Where are you going?

-Gonna make a compass.

Uh...

Right. You take a needle,
rub it on silk, magnetize it.

And, uh...

Here, place it on a leaf. Here.

You have a compass.

Who travels with a needle?

Ah.

Here.

Ha ha! Oh, shit.

You see? It works.

It works.

That peak is south.

-What if it isn't?

-Huh?

It is. Has no choice. It's drawn
by the Earth's magnetism.

I know how it works, Charles.

Good. Then you know.

That's south.

What do we do when we get there?

Take another sighting.

It doesn't feel south, Charles.

Just because you're lost doesn't
mean your compass is broken.

Come on.

The Vikings would steer
their ship with a rope.

A rope?

How'd they do that, Charles?

They'd have these two set points
on the land...

they'd left behind

or sailed away from,

and they'd line them up,

and that would be their bearing.

Then they'd trail this long rope
behind the ship,

pointing it at those two

points--the hill or whatever.

You might want to conserve

your breath.
Oh,yeah. Yeah!
Gotto getthrough by nightfall.
Come on.
What are the odds
thatthey'll see us,
thatthey'll see theflares?

ROBERT:

You think so?
I don't know,
but I have to say so, don't I?

ROBERT:

-Charles.
-Yeah?
Is it my diseased imagination,
or did you say,
'How are you planning
to kill me?'"
-Did you say that?
-Yeah.
What did that mean? Why would
I wantto kill you, Charles?
For my wife.
-For Mickey?
-Yeah.
That's a bizarre way
to meet girls.
I'd kill you to get
nextto yourwife?
I've seen you with her.
Charles, baby...

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

I've seen the way you are.
No offense, Charles,
but I can get my own girl,
if you've noticed
since we've known each other.
And P.S.,you're a powerful guy.
Why would I want

to antagonize you, Charles?

For the money.

Oh.

The money.

Now it's the broad, now it's

the boodle. Nothing is safe.

Rich man. All anybody wants is

to take something from you,

and when they want it

bad enough, to kill you.

You know something, Charles?

The rich are different.

STEPHEN:

How far do you think it is?

Can't be more

than about 10 miles.

-Aah!

-What?

A stitch. A stitch in my side.

-Find a round stone.

-What?

Find a round stone.

Spit under it.

Old Indian remedy?

Yeah, that's right.

You think I'm a fool.

No. Old Indian remedy.

Makes sense.

Make him slow down,

find a round stone,

take his mind off it,

make him stretch, bend over.

You think I'm a fool

because of what I said.

-About what?

-About my wife.

Ah, what you said

about your wife.

What I think... I think that

you got too much money,

uh... latent homosexuality,

lots of other good stuff,

paranoia...

We'll all gettogether
when we get back,
you and me and yourwife,
and we'll get into a hottub...
and, um...bare ourfeelings,
and, um...

Look, even if I wanted to kill
you, I need you to get home,
youfucking idiot.

Needing people.

Isn't it a bitch?

-Who are we talking about?

-Fannie Farmer.

The mother of
level measurement here.

-Good to know you have a hero.

-Oh, cheering up, are we?

Regaining our impertinent,
feisty demeanor, eh?

It's good of you to notice.

-Knows all,tells all.

-(Animal roars)

Wait.

Listen, listen.

(Animal growling)

Come on.

(Growling)

(Bear growls)

(Twigs snapping)

(Bear roars)

Come on!

Charles, come on!

We'll never make it.

Now,then...

This tree. Come on! Hurry. Pull!

Steve, now! Pull! Help me!

(Grunting)

Come on.

One,two,three!

(Grunting)

(Bear roaring)

Up!

Up!

(Bear growls)

OK.

STEPHEN:

STEPHEN:

STEPHEN:

STEPHEN:

-Yes!

-Take it easy, Charles.

Look out! Look out. Come on.

-Charles, it's OK.

-You got it. Come on!

-Just keep coming!

-Come on, Charles!

STEPHEN:

Just keep coming, Charles.

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

STEPHEN:

STEPHEN:

ROBERT:

ROBERT:

STEPHEN:

Charles, hang on! Hang on!

Charles! Char--

Hold on!

(Roars)

Aah...

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

-You OK?

-Yeah.

(Bear roaring)

Let's go.

CHARLES:

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

six matches left.

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

fire. The plane will see us.

Charles?

Snap out of it, Charles.

It's gonna be fine, Charles.

It's gonna be fine.

Which way is it, Charles?

It's up there.

Man, come on.

Oh, God. Aah.

-You OK?

-Yeah.

OK.

You saved me.

Get over it.

I need you to navigate.

You saved me.

I couldn't kill you

with Stephen around.

I'd have to kill him, too.

Come on. You saved my life.

Buy me something nice

when we get home.

How do you like your coffee?

I like my coffee

like I like my women.

Bitter and murk y.

CHARLES:

I lost the bloody flares.

ROBERT:

Why do people die in the woods?

CHARLES:

Yeah, they die of shame.

ROBERT:

We want to get up--top of
that rise, high as possible--
let the plane see the fire.

Why would they even
come looking for us?

Know what happens
when you misplace a billionaire?

Gonna make some story
when we get back home.

Yes. Quite a change from, "That
cab driver was so rude to me."

(Laughing)

ROBERT:

No.

CHARLES:

Oh, my God.

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

Hey, maybe the buckle
threw it off.

-What are we gonna do?

-Well...

What are we going to do, OK?

We're going to die out here!

Nobody knows where we are,

and we don't know

what the hell we're doing here!

What are we gonna do?

We're gonna die!
Nobody knows where we are.
We got nothing to eat!
All right, Steve. Look.
Look here.
This is what we're gonna do.
(Snaps open knife)
You see this?
Gonna make a spear, all right?
You...you want me to make
a fucking spear?
Yeah. We need you
to make one for fishing.
Go on, take that. Take it.
Good. Fine. OK, you can do that.
(Chuckles)
They'll never find us.
They will. And even if they
don't, we'll walk out of here.
Do as I say.
I'm gonna make a fire.
Come on! Get on with it.
It'll be OK.
What is he gonna do,
make a spear?
Is he gonna fish for our dinner?
I wanted to give him
something to do, that's all.
Are they gonna come for us?
You are an important guy, right?
Right?
Look, I'm talking to you!
What would you like to do, huh?
Should we lay down and die?
Should we lie down and die?!
(Echoes)
There's nobody here but us.
Have I missed something?
You're right.
You're right. I'm sorry.
OK.

STEPHEN:

Shit!

Shit.

CHARLES:

STEPHEN:

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

Shit! What have I done?

What have I done?

STEPHEN:

Jesus.

It's deep.

I'm not gonna lose my leg!

It'll be all right.

STEPHEN:

-Press down, both hands.

-OK.

-Keep them there.

-OK.

All right? OK.

OK.

CHARLES:

pull this tight, OK?

Wait! All right.

-(Cinches bandage)

-(Stephen screams)

CHARLES:

Bury this.

CHARLES:

Start building the fire.

-(Stephen moaning)

-You'll be all right.

CHARLES:

Not too tight?

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

CHARLES:

It bled clean.

CHARLES:

the bandages regularly,
it should knit up fine.
Guess I'm no lumberjack.
Ah...

You're doing fine, Steve. Fine.

-You know something?

-What?

You're all right.

Am I?

No, I mean it.

Very thoughtful man.

-Thank you.

-And I appreciate it.

It's my pleasure.

STEPHEN:

Are we getting out of here?

CHARLES:

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

OK, you see this...

See that constellation?

Cassiopeia--the big W.

OK...try the right edge
of the W.

Points to the North Star.

The North Star is north.

Tomorrow, we walk south
to the river.

The river will take us home.

Will it work better
than that compass?

-Yeah.

-(Chuckles)

I hope so.
Why do people die in the woods?
They die of shame.
Yeah.
Puts things in perspective,
doesn't it?
What's that?
Out here. A little different
from the fashion world.
Different from snorting coke
off the girls' hipbones.
In what way?
(Laughing)
Charles, you know,
you're starting to loosen up.
You think so?
That's my report.
(Chuckles)
(Thunder)
(Stephen groaning)
-Huh?
-So?
What?
He's not that badly hurt.
Then what are our chances
when all is said and done?
We can walk out of here
and probably die,
or we can stay here,
and he'll certainly die.
I think our chances are good.
-Seriously?
-Yeah.
They're better than good.
We know that that's north,
and that's...
Charles? Charles!
I told you we had to bury those.

ROBERT:

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

They put the smell of blood
in the air!

-Hey!

-(Growling)

ROBERT:

in the middle of a thunderstorm!

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

I'll get them down.

STEPHEN:

CHARLES:

Oh, shit! Oh, sh--

(Screaming)

Aah! Whoa! Oh, shit! Oh!

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

(Roaring)

Aah!

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

Charles, stay back!

(Yelling)

(Roaring)

CHARLES:

ROBERT:

Come on, Charles!

(Screaming)

(Roaring)

STEPHEN:

Steve!

(Screaming)

Steve!

(Screaming stops)

Oh, God.

Come on! Come on!

We navigate by the stars.

We travel by night

if there's a moon.

We can't live out

the winter here.

The river will take us out.

They won't look for us

this far north?

We have to walk out.

Ah.

What do we eat?

I'm working on it.

(Chittering)

Aah ha ha ha ha!

Whoo!

(Laughing)

CHARLES:

Yeah!

Hey, is...

Hang on.

(Helicopter)

Come on!

Come on!

Wait!

Wait!

No!

No! Wait! Stop!

Oh, God.

Did you know that

you can make fire from ice?

You can make fire from ice.

Hello! I'm talking to you.

Do you know how that

could be done? Bob?

Can you think?

You... moneyed folk, isn't it?

-Isn't it?
-Fire from ice. You know how?
Sit up there, drinks and golf,
screwing the maid,
but get you in an emergency...
-Try.
-And you bloom.
You make me sick, you know that?
I'm sure I do.
You fuckin' make me sick!
I mean, what puts you off?
Jews and taxes!
Fire from ice.
Can you think how?
I don't want to know, Charles!
(Crying)
You have anything
you'd like to live for? Hmm?
You know something?
You know something?
Maybe we were right
to have let people like you...
run this country
all these years.
You're the only ones
dense enough!
I'm not dense,
I just have no imagination.
(Laughing)
Making a decision tree,
is that it?
That's it, Bob.
We can't think they'd come back?
No. You shouldn't think
they would come back.
(Crying)
They've scouted this area,
and they'll move on.
All right.
All right.
Fire from ice.
Let's have it.
Ice, if you take it
into your hands,

can be molded into a lens...

...which will concentrate
sunlight into fire.

Hmm?

I doubt we'll be reduced to
that. We still have the matches.
I believe that's all we'll need.
Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus.

CHARLES:

there's fish in there.

What will we use for tackle?

How will we bait them?

Wouldn't you find that
attractive?

I don't know. I, uh...

It's gold.

The whole world longs for it.

I'm not in a very humorous mood.

Come on.

Don't go native on me, Bob.

I'm sorry. I'm just tired.

I'm...very tired.

Why don't you rest...

and gather some wood?

(Growling)

(Roaring)

Bob! He's a man-killer--been
following us the whole time.

He's stalking us.

Come on!

(Bear roars)

(Bear roars)

(Growling)

(Growling)

He's toying with us.

What are we going to do,

Charles?

Huh?

What, do I have a plan?

Am I supposed to have a plan?

You tell me.

We can't move.

It won't let us eat.

Well...we're going
to starve up here.
(Bear growls)
What are we gonna do?
We're gonna kill him.

CHARLES:

Spear, bait.
Induce a charge.
Bear charges and rears.
As he falls,
he impales himself on the spear.
Same principle as the deadfall--
use his own weight to kill him.
What are we gonna use
to bait him?
We lure him.
-What?
-We lure him!
You know...Masai boys in Africa,
they kill lions with spears.
How do we... "lure" him?
Eleven-year-old boys
kill a lion.
Indian boys used to run up
to the bear and slap him--
count coup on him
as a test of manhood.
No, no, Charles.
How are we going to lure him?
Blood.
Blood!
We'll have to distract him,
of course.
We'll have to distract him and
trap him, but it can be done.
Do you believe it, Bob?
You believe it?
-I don't know, Charles.
-Huh?
-I don't think it'll work.
-It will work!
No.
It will work. What one man

can do, another can do.
You can't kill the bear,
Charles. He's...
He's ahead of us all the time,
like he's reading our minds.
He's stalking us,
for God's sakes!
You want to die out here, huh?
Well, then die.
But I tell you what...
I'm not gonna die. No, sirree.
I'm not gonna die.
No, I'm gonna kill the bear.
Say, "I'm gonna kill the bear."
Say it. "I'm gonna kill the
bear. I'm gonna kill the bear!"
Say it!
-I'm gonna kill the bear.
-Say it again!
-I'm gonna kill the bear.
-And again!
I'm gonna kill the bear!
Good. What one man can do,
another can do.
What one man can do,
another can do.
Say it again!
What one man can do,
another can do!
-And again!
-What one man can do...
another can do!
Yeah! You're goddamn right.
'Cause today... I'm a-gonna
kill the motherfucker.
(Twig snaps)
(Bird shrieks)
(Growling)
(Roaring)
(Roaring)
Come on.
Come on.
-(Roars)
-Now.

(Bear roars)
(Shrieks)
Run!
(Roaring)
Aah! Oof!
Come on.
-Come on!
-All right.
Aah!
Aah!
-(Roaring)
-Hey!

CHARLES:

you son of a bitch!

CHARLES:

Get him in the neck, Charles!
Jesus. Jesus!
Over here! Come on! Come on!
Aah!
Come on, you son of a bitch!
Look out. Look out! Look out!
(Yelling indistinctly)
Come on!

CHARLES:

-Come on! Charles!
-Aah!
Charles!
Aah! Ohh!
Aah!
(Screaming)
-Hyah!
-(Bear shrieks)
Come and get me!
Get me! Come and get--
Come on!
(Groaning)
Come on! Come on!
Come on, you son of a bitch!
Aah!
Come here, you motherfucker!
Come and get me!

Charles!

-Come and get me!

-Charles!

Come on! Come on, get me!

Come on, get me!

ROBERT:

Charles, look out! Charles!

Aah!

-(Shrieking)

-Unh!

Char--

(Moaning in pain)

Charles?

Charles?

(Straining)

Wish we had some salt.

You know,you can...you can
season meatwith gunpowder.

Did you know that?

Wish we had some gunpowder.

I don't suppose
you made one for me?

Yeah.

(Laughs)

Hey...ahem.

-What do you think?

-Oh,yeah.

(Robert hums)

What's the matter, Charles?

Nothing.

No, really. What?

All my life, I wanted to do
something thatwas...

...thatwas unequivocal.

Well, Charlie, I certainly
thinkthis qualifies.

It's something.

See, Charles,that's why
they call it "personal growth."

A month ago,

Smokey would've reared up,
you probably would've
called your lawyer.

Nah. I wouldn't do that
to an animal.

(Laughing)

OK?

(Wind whistling)

CHARLES:

I said, "If this is my life,
then this is my life."

But you can change your life.

That's what I'm telling you.

Yeah. Is that true?

Well, why wouldn't it be true?

Because I never knew anybody who
did actually change their lives.

I tell you what...

I'm going to start my life over.

ROBERT:

You'd be the first.

Yeah.

(Pounding)

No one's been here
for quite a while.

-What do you make of it?

-If we're here...

That canoe's gonna take us
right out.

You know what we gotta do?

Find out if that canoe floats.

Yeah.

(Laughs)

Hey, it floats!

Yeah.

Cup of tea?

Yeah.

(Rattling matches)

(Footsteps)

-Ain't got that fire lit yet?

-No.

Drinking the other fellow's
supplies?

Get back...

I'll send him a check.

ROBERT:

CHARLES:

Hell of an adventure,
eh, Charles?
Yeah, wasn't it?
You know...

ROBERT:

ROBERT:

I would've made my fortune.
Made my fortune.
That thing's busted to shit,
isn't it?
It still has some...
sentimental value.
I suppose it does.
Can I see your watch, Bob?
My watch?
Don't work. I told you. Busted.
I know... I know it doesn't work,
but could I see it?
New when we left.
Just a piece of junk now.
What's the matter, Bob?
Can't do it sober?
Yeah.
I suppose you don't
need me anymore.
You can find your own way
out of here.
You had no business
with that broad, anyway.
You know you don't.
You know you don't, Charles.
Hey, hey, hey...
Look at her.
Why did she go with you?
Why in the hell
did she go with you?
Your money, for the love of God.
Everyone in the world knew that.

Are you nuts?
You went through the airport
with her, everyone said,
'There goes a guy with a plane.'
'There goes a guy with a plane.'
I'd say you drew tough luck
this time, Charles.
Well...
That's right.
Yeah.
'For all the nights.'
How touching.
Why torture yourself?
It's over now.
Let's go outside.
Just tell me one thing.
Was it from the first,
you and my wife?
Was it from the first, Bob?
Come on, Charles.
Ah. Is that
an indelicate question?
Come on, Charles. Done is done.
Well, I'm dying, so...
what difference does it make?
Why is that so important to you?
I love her.
I'm sorry. It's time.
-Don't do it.
-You live in a dream world.
You always have.
-Now turn your back.
-You don't have to do it.
The hell I don't.
You know that I do.
What the fuck are you thinking?
Now turn your back.
I don't want to hear
any more of your nonsense.
-I don't want to hear it!
-(Birds scatter)
How close we've become
and how this and how that...
You'd have died out here without

me, with all your wealth!
You understand me?
I said turn your goddamn back!
-Bob, listen to me.
-Don't go any further, Charles.
I said turn your back.
No?
You know, life is a short thing,
Charles, full of betrayal.
In many ways,
you're well out of it.
-Bob...
-Charles, don't--aah!
(Screaming)
Be careful of the deadfall.
(Robert moaning)
Aah...
Aah...oh, God, Charles. Oh, God!
Aah...oh, God,
I think I've broken my...
I think I've broken my leg,
Charles.
Oh, God, Charles. Aah!
God. Oh, my God. Oh, God...
(Groaning)
Oh, God, Charles, no. Please.
All right.
Aah! Aah...
Now, try and lie still.
(Groaning)
All right.
(Screaming)
(Moaning)
All right.
OK.
OK, Bob.
I'll take a look
and see what's wrong.
-I don't feel very well.
-Take a shot of this.
All right.
I'm taking a...
just going to take a look here.
Ow!

(Moaning)

Hold on.

I suppose I only have
so much of that in me.

-Yeah.

-Charles?

Charles, what is it?

What is it, Charles?

I...I don't feel very...

I can't say I feel

very well at all, Charles.

Hell of a guy. Hell of a guy.

I never told you that.

Fucking shithole of a world,

eh, Charles?

Yeah.

Shithole of a world.

Yeah. OK.

-I need you to...

-What?

I need you

to put pressure on it.

Aah! No--aah!

(Screaming)

Bob?

Aah...

Bob?

Yeah.

Jesus.

(Bird shrieks)

Ah...

CHARLES:

Listen.

We're going to get you

out of here, OK?

Hell of a way to end an outing,

eh, Charles?

You'll be fine.

It must be quite a thing...

Quite a thing...to have so much.

(Coughing)

Everybody...

wants something from you...

Everybody depending on you.
Don't talk so much.
They're so pushy.
Save your energy.
I...I don't really feel
quite 100 percent, Charles.
I'm going to take us
into shore,
find us a fire, keep you warm.
Hey.
Why would you save
a piece of shit like me?
Let's say it's a challenge.
The sporting aspect of it, eh?
-Yeah.
-No. I know what it is.
You never had a buddy.
That's the thing, isn't it?
That's right.
Now I'm your pet project.
I'm your hobby farm,
eh, Charles?
(Coughs)
Yeah. Whatever you say, Bob.
The guy who tried to kill you.
That's terrific, Charles.
Nah, you wouldn't have done it.
Yes, I would've,
you stupid son of a bitch.
(Coughing)
Yes, I would.
Well, then...you would.
What'll you do
when you get back?
Huh? Ah, it's not important.
It is important to me.
I may not go back.
(Coughing)
What do you mean?
Of course you'll go back.
To what?
No, I don't feel sorry
for you, Charles.
Never feel sorry for a man

that owns a plane.

(Coughing)

Come on. Hold on. Hold on.

I'll get us out of here.

Bullshit.

Hey...I'm dying.

I'm dying, and I never did
a goddamn thing.

But wait.

Charles, I gotta tell you.

-Charles...

-What?

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, what I did.

And your wife, Charles...

Listen to me, Charles.

She was never in on it,
this business...

(Coughs)

Doing you in.

I swear it on my life.

Charles...

Thanks. Very kind of you
to say so, Bob.

(Laughs)

Never too late for
a kind gesture, eh, Charles?

Don't die on me, Bob.

Don't tell me what to do.

(Distant helicopter)

Hold on.

(Helicopter)

We're getting out.

Hey!

Over here!

Over here!

Hey!

Hey!

Hey! Over here!

Hey!

Hey!

(Charles laughs)

Hey!

(Laughing)

Bob! Ha!

(Sighs)

Why is the rabbit unafraid?

'Cause he's smarter
than the panther.

Yeah.

REPORTERS SHOUTING:

Mr. Morse! Mr. Morse!

MAN:

Can we get a statement, sir?

(All talking at once)

OFFICER:

Give the man some space.

(Cameras clicking)

MAN:

SECOND MAN:

(Both asking questions)

WOMAN:

Mrs. Morse, how did you feel
during your husband's ordeal?

Uh...

We're all put to the test.

But it never comes in the form
or at the...

...point we would prefer,
does it?

MAN:

the other men, your friends...

My friends...

MAN:

How did they die, sir?

They died...

...saving my life.