The Great Outdoors

By John Hughes
You messed up the words, Ben.
You messed up the words twice!
Oh, wow. It hasn't changed.
I would have thought
they'd made some improvements.
Come on. Everybody.
Our Lady of Victory, pray for us.
Break! Let's go.
Watch the doors.
Whoa! Trees in the parking lot!
Oh.
Nature all around us, boys.
Take it in. Take it all in.
I'm gonna go check us in.
This is great.
Well? Is this a real north woods
lodge or what?
- Uh-huh.
- It's great.
Check out the shotgun lamp.
Isn't that something?
You don't see that every day.
Hey!
Hello? Anybody home?
- Looks the same, doesn't it?
- Doesn't it?
- Smells the same too.
- Yeah, it does. Hello!
- Do they have chickens?
- What's this?
"For prompt service, blow me."
- Interesting touch.
- Charming.
- Blow it.
- Shall I?
Yeah!
Whoa!
Jeez!
Don't mind Wormer. She hates people.
Wormer, shut the frig up.
What can I do you for?
What happened to that dog's face?
Porcupine quills.
Loves porcupines, hates people.
She's in heat too.
Too bad you're not a dog.
What can I do you for?
Has your dog ever had a bath before?
There she is.
That's a gorgeous cabin.
OK. Hold it. That's good enough.
That's bigger
than our honeymoon cabin.
You city-dwelling fools
are lucky to have this cabin.
- It became available yesterday.
- We call it "the loon's nest".
- Know what a loon is?
- Yeah, we have one in our family.
We had a fishing party in there.
They caught their limit and blew.
- It's all redecorated.
- Every bit.
We sank over 300 bucks into it,
not counting what we spent on Lysol.
- Is that right?
- It's beautiful. Enjoy your stay.
- Thanks.
- How could you not in this place?
You could get the shits
from the well water.
- What did he say?
- I missed it.
What a gas.
Chet's gonna shit a solid gold brick!
I'll go see where he's bivouacked
the family.
This is very unfair, Roman.
What? We're a family,
for crying out loud!
We're always inviting Chet and Connie
to the islands.
- We weren't invited here.
- They'll be tickled to see us.
Honey? I found out
what was stinking up the shower.
A present from me to you.
How thoughtful.
Put it in there with the others.
There's fish everywhere.
Look, a pink one.
All right, let's leave this stuff right here, OK?
Get your bathing suit and we'll go to the lake.
No, you go.
I just can't seem to relax in filth.
We'll all clean up later. Let's go.
Someone has to find the toilet seat.
- Buck found it on the sun porch.
- Sun porch?
- It makes you wonder.
- No excuses.
- What are you doing?
- I don't know.
- Stop it.
- The kids are at the lake.
- Chet, what are you doing?
- Nothing.
Honey, no.
We got the house to ourselves. Hello!
Oh, no, what happened? I'm sorry.
I just don't feel like this.
I'm tired, I'm stinky.
- Come on.
- What are you doing?
- We got the house by ourselves.
- What about the kids?
- They're down the lake.
- Don't!
- Let's go to the bedroom.
- Why?
That's the great thing about being in the woods.
- What are you feeding me now?
- Come on.
You can run around naked and you won't run into anybody.
- Is that right?
- Yes.
Really?
Do you think it's possible
that we could play fashion parade?
- I don't want to play.
- Why?
- You get to wear the good outfits.
- I'll let you wear them.
- You will?
- You will be Shelana.
- Shelana, the oak tree woman.
- I love being the oak tree woman!
- Temptress of the woods.
- Yes!
And I will be Burt. A guy named Burt.
I love it when you're Burt.
You're always so manly.
Or I could be Smokey's cousin Horny.
- He has endurance too.
- Yes, he does.
Anybody home?
Shelana the woods temptress
with Horny the bear, Smokey's cousin?
OK. OK.
- Turn that off.
- Oh, yeah! No, Chester, you said it.
Do it on the floor!
Beautiful style. That's all right.
Role-playing helps in a marriage
after a while.
Turn the damn thing off.
That was quite a surprise.
You got me.
And the whole week you'll be here.
Ha-ha, OK!
Oh, wow. Just something.
Anyway, you're an intelligent man.
Thank you.
- Make a good living.
- Not bad.
- Got a good life.
- Pretty good.
- Answer me this.
- Sure.
Why would you want to come
to a no-man's-land like this
and live like a barbarian for a week?
- You wouldn't understand.
- Try me.
I have great memories of this country.
I used to come here with my dad
and I want the boys to have
the same memories.
Look around you, Roman, for God's
sakes, this is beautiful country.
Take a good look.
I'll tell you what I see,
if you want to know.
Yeah, I'm curious.
The underdeveloped resources
of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan,
a consortium exploiting over
a billion dollars in forest products.
I see a paper mill
and a mining operation,
a green belt between lakeside condos
and a waste management facility
focusing on the newest rage in waste -
medical refuse.
Infected bandages, body parts,
IV tubing, syringes,
fluid, blood, radioactive waste -
all contained,
sunken in the lake
and sealed for centuries.
I ask you, what do you see?
I just see...
see trees.
No one ever accused you
of having a grand vision.
While the ambitious scramble
for wealth and power,
the Chets of the world can lay back
and casually stroll along life's path.
- That's a compliment.
- Oh, thanks.
The rest of us will probably die
of strokes long before you!
I hope so. Wouldn't that be great?
To see a bunch of people drop
that you hate. That'd be something else.
My goodness! My goodness me.  
I'm going to walk down life's path right now.  
Get the barbecue going, hot dogs...  
Wait a minute. No way.  
Wait a hot shit minute.  
Rule one - no relative of mine is eating hot dogs as long as he's sharing my cabin. Katie!  
Do you sense the presence of an alien life form?  
Now you mention it, I do sense something kind of strange.  
Oh, sh...  
Did I tell you about the futures market?  
- Probably.  
- We got a Deutschmarks contract, sat on it a week, sold it, took in a 300% profit.  
Well, easy money is money easily lost.  
I can't believe how old-fashioned your thinking is.  
- 300% profit, huh?  
- Sometimes 200% or 100%.  
Take the good with the bad.  
Yeah. Still, that's pretty good.  
Point of the matter is, you should have your piece too.  
Whoa! Hot!  
- How are those tails?  
- They're 28 bucks a pop.  
had lobster since our anniversary.  
- Oh, my God. A jumping lobster!  
- Save that one.  
- That'll be for me.  
- I'll make sure of that.  
The gourmet here wanted hot dogs.  
You know what they're made of?  
Lips and assholes.  
I'm old-fashioned. I like assholes.  
Ha! And I like lips!  
If I could market lips like those,
I'd make another million!
Lobster turned out all right, if I do say so myself.
We should go into town and pick up a ski boat.
What do you say? Sound good, guys?
Uncle Roman will blow some coin on a kick-ass drag boat.
We're renting a pontoon boat.
Pontoon boat. What are you going to do with a pontoon boat?
Retake Omaha Beach?
Not at all. A pontoon boat, you go out and cruise the lake.
You swim from them, fish from them, even bring the barbecue out.
You have a great time.
You tour the lake in comfort.
You guys want to cruise in comfort or would you rather skim the waves in a jet boat?
Jet boat!
- Sorry, Dad.
- Attaboy, Benny!
All right, that's my man.
Care to put it to a vote?
We don't need a vote.
You want a jet boat, get a jet boat.
- Buck and I are getting a pontoon boat.
- Sorry, Dad.
Directly from the mouths of babes!
Are you going to argue or enjoy yourselves?
I'm enjoying, Chet's arguing!
How about if the kids catch fireflies?
We can play cards.
Cara, Mara. You little dolls want to go outside and catch fireflies?
Honey, they don't like bugs.
What? All kids like bugs. They're cute.
Especially fireflies.
Their butts light up.
I am a killer Monopoly player.
Roman taught me. He's vicious.
- Buddy Riecher died.
- Oh, no.
President of Energy Resources.
- Honey.
- Died in bed.
- He was your mentor, wasn't he?
- A man I admired.
- I'm trying to read here!
- Sorry. Sorry.
I think I have to, er, tell you this story.
A story that might save your lives
up here in the woods.
I know the Heimlich maneuver.
No. This is a...
a bear story.
A true bear story.
Connie and I honeymooned
at this very lake.
Big spender!
- We stayed at my uncle's cabin.
- Uncle George?
Yeah. That's right.
One night
we were getting ready for bed
and we heard this terrible noise
out by the trash cans.
You remember? And, er...
I went downstairs to check it out,
looked out the window...
and there...
was the biggest,
baddest bear in the north woods.
- Sure, Dad.
- No, it's true. It's true.
This bear was over eight feet high.
With big, white teeth.
Fangs...
stained pink...
from whatever it killed
before it got to our cabin.
It was frightening.
Frightening.
- The paws on this thing were immense.
- Urgh.
With big, black claws.
Razor sharp...
like Freddy Krueger.
Only worse, worse.
This wasn't a movie.
This was happening right in front of me.
And all that separated me
from that bear...
was a pane of glass.
Honey, maybe we shouldn't
tell this story...
- It's fine.
- I'm thinking about nightmares.
No, no. They have to hear this.
Like I say,
it might save their life one day.
Now, I saw that bear. It saw me.
And it was hungry.
Hungry for blood!
Human blood.
You see, once a bear gets a taste
for blood...
it craves it.
It needs it.
It will do anything it can to get it.
That bear had become...
a man-eater!
Our eyes locked. My heart was pumping.
Pump, pump, pump, pump, pump.
I ran into the living room,
grabbed the shotgun off the mantle,
turned around, and there was that bear
right in the window.
Its breath was fogging up the glass.
And suddenly,
it let out this god-awful roar.
It started smashing the walls.
Pots and pans started rattling,
the walls shimmering
and the floorboards lifting.
I knew then that it was either the bear
or your mom and I.
So I raised the rifle,
I took aim and I fired.
- You wasted her?
- No, Benny.
- A shotgun's not going to kill that.
- What happened?
The buckshot shaved the hair
clean off the top of its head.
It ran off. We never saw it again.
I hear from my uncle now and then...
and he'd tell us about
the baldheaded killer bear in the area.
The baldheaded killer bear...
of Clare County.
- Is she still around?
- Oh! No, no. That bear's gone.
Well, she may be out there.
Crazy, bloodthirsty as ever.
So when you go to bed tonight...
if you hear a noise...
whatever you do...
don't look out the window.
Because it might be a bear!
Christ! I'm half-drunk here, Chet!
- Are you trying to give me nightmares?
- Come on.
I can't believe you, Dad!
- Benny, honey.
- Thank you!
I'm 25 pounds overweight, I don't
need a blast to the ticker like that!
- Really inappropriate, Chet.
- What? It was a story. Come on.
Oh, come on.
It was a kind of true story.
Part of it happened.
I just embellished a bit. Come on!
What? What is that look?
So now I get the look?
I was just trying to have fun.
Oh, God!
So I made the fangs a little bigger. Jeez!
You have nothing
to be afraid of, OK? I mean it.
It's a story my dad told me
and I'm sure his dad told him,
and I'm telling you. It's made up.
One day you're going to tell it
to your kids, I guarantee it.
Good evening. How's it going?
Listen, girls...
As your father,
I feel it incumbent upon me
to set the record straight
on the validity of the tale
Uncle Chet shared with us.
A story like that
coming from an authority figure
could be traumatizing for kids.
I had a similar experience with
my Uncle Roy and a story he told
about a family who were attacked
by a band of psychiatric patients
who had been subjected
to violent, hellish
behavior modification experiments.
They escaped from the metal boxes
the army kept them in,
found this family in the woods,
fell upon them,
slaughtered them and ate them.
That story gave me nightmares
not to be believed,
so I don't want Uncle Chet's
bear story to upset you.
So I'm here to say
that there is no bear
and that all Uncle Chet was saying
was just a yarn for our entertainment
and even if there were a bear,
I'm in the house to protect you.
So, no more thinking about bears,
all right?
No more unpleasant things.
We're going to close our eyes
and dream about nice things.
About cuddly, soft, fluffy things.
OK?
Super.
Good night. Sleep tight.
'Hey, kids...
New people in the loon's nest.'
'They have Illinois plates, Mom.'
'If they're from Chicago,
we'll be eating good.
'Lobster tails!
'A shitload of raw hot dogs.'
'You know what they're made of...
'lips and assholes!' 
Honey?
Chet? Where are you?
Oh, God! That's rotted. Oh!
Jerry Asner, please. Roman Craig.
Yeah, I can't hold for long.
My signal's kind of weak.
- Honey?
- Yes, Roman?
Why do Chet's kids look at him
like he's Zeus?
My kids look at me like
I'm a rack of yard tools at Sears.
I mean, why can't they connect
with me?
Maybe if you spent less time at work,
things would be different.
Put a cork in it, honey.
Talkin' business. Jerry?
Roman. How are you?
I'll save us trouble
and cut right to the chase.
I've got an investment opportunity.
You got about three minutes
and 25 grand? Jerry?
Did you hear what I said?
Lost the signal.
These phones don't work.
- Maybe he hung up.
- Why would a minister hang up?
- I've been to his church.
- Oh, yeah. Once!
All right!
How about that?
We'll be scraping the bugs
off our teeth with this!
- Dad.
- That's too much boat.
- Look...
- It's just too much.
- Can I ask you a question?
- Sure. You hungry?
Give me four chili dogs
and two plain dogs, please.
- That's six hot dogs.
- It's for everybody.
And I'm hungry.
- So?
- Yeah.
Do you mind if I just walk around?
Cruise the town?
I can walk back when I'm done.
All right. But you gotta promise me
we'll spend some time together.
- That's why we're here.
- I know.
That's the whole point -
to be in the woods,
together, rugged,
manly, the full nine yards.
- Exactly.
- Right?
- Give me a hug.
- What?
- Give me a hug.
- Dad...
- I'm too old for hugs.
- You're never too old for hugs.
- Can I go now? Thank you very much.
- Go.
Bring back your friends
for a ride in "suck my wake".
Great!
You've got it in neutral!
It's OK.
It's in neutral. You gotta put it...
- OK.
- I'll figure it out. Just give me the skis.
I'm sorry. I forgot.
You're a professional skier.
You don't need any notes.
Any help from someone
who might know about skiing.
- We'll go over it once more.
- Fine.
- This is important.
- OK!
What are we doing sitting here?
He's teaching the kid.
He wants Benny to be safe.
Lean back. That feel better?
There you go. We're leaning back.
There's trouble.
- What?
- Trouble. There's trouble.
Come on. What do we do?
Let go of the rope.
If you're in trouble,
let go of the rope.
Remember, go loose when you fall.
Just go loose.
- What's he doing?
- I don't know.
- He's shaking.
- He's got a new dance.
- Hold this. Thanks, Dad.
- Are you going to ski or what?
I can't tell you how important this is.
Let's go. Ski or flee.
Honey, he's waving.
- He's going?
- He's going. Great.
Whoa!
Hey, Dad, let go of the rope!
Oh, my God!
Help me, for God's sake!
Holy shit!
Oh, no!
Wow!
Whoa!
You bastard!
- You bastard!
- What's he saying?
- You bastard!
- What's he saying?
- Faster.
- Faster?
Go faster.
What the hell are you doing?
I'd love to see him rocksie!
I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!
I'm dead! I'm dying! I'm dying!
I'm dying! I'm dying!
I'm alive. I'm alive.
Thank you. Thank you.
Oh, no!
What a show! What a champion!
- What are you doing?
- What does it look like?
I am not taking any more
of Roman's crap.
You can stay cos I'm out of here.
What happened that got you so crazy?
What happened?
Come on, what happened?
How about Roman dragging me
all over the goddamn lake?
- Have you seen my ass?
- Not recently.
I'll be picking splinters out of it till I die!
- Honey, come on.
- You find that funny? Hysterical!
It wasn't funny
but because I love you...
- Thanks a lot!
- What about the kids?
His kids? All right.
Let's talk about his kids.
They're spooky. I'm waiting for their
heads to rotate and vomit pea soup.
- I mean our kids.
- Our kids already do that.
What about this father-son thing?
You're gonna leave? Come on.
- He's driving me crazy!
- You're a big man.
You're a nice man
and you're above all this.
- Oh, don't.
- You are.
- Come on.
- I know it to be true.
Don't. Come on, I'm mad. I'm mad.
Come on. All right, all right.
Am I being silly?
Crazy. Stop.
- Why do you always do this?
- I'm crazy about you. Kiss me.
- Feel better?
- I do. I'm sorry. I feel like a kid.
OK.
Why did you do this? I was ready to go!
Why? I was almost in the car.
Now I've got to spend a week
with Roman.
You're gonna have fun from now on.
Roman's making goat-cheese pizza
to take to the lodge.
- Making what?
- Er...
- What did you say?
- Pizza.
- You said something else.
- Big man pizza.
What are you hiding?
- Tell me what it is.
- Pizza.
No. You said a goat. Is he making
goat pizza? Hey, come here!
Roman, I've got a few things
to gnaw over with you.
What's up?
I found your kids
inside the mine perimeter.
- What mine?
- There's an old mica mine.
It's full of boreholes,
sinkholes, pits, caves, hollows.
The war shut the facility down.
Anyway the kids go there
and yell down the holes
so they can hear their voices echo.
I won't tell you what the teenagers do.
- I'll bet!
- Tell Ripley too.
Done.
Take care of them, Roman.
We could see a female Elvis impersonator at Whitewater
and you want to wish happy birthday to some guy?
If you want to go to Whitewater, go.
I find it more interesting to pay my respects
to a man who's lived on this earth
He's the oldest man in Canada.
Isn't that something?
I'd rather see a 46-inch bust singing Burning Love.
Yeah.
Hey, Wally.
How about a nice club soda?
I'm driving tonight.
Nice outfit.
You're Mr. Coordinated tonight.
- Well...
- Quite the look on you.
Yeah. Well, the pants are riding up the butt something fierce but...
look at that.
- Wally, how's the bear dump situation?
- We got a good one.
Good evening, sir. Happy birthday.
He must be hard of hearing or something. Try again.
Sprechen Sie Deutsch?
Do you speak English?
Our sincerest congratulations, sir.
You wishing Mr. Tomkins a happy birthday?
I don't think the guy can hear us.
How about a nice group photo?
Everybody get in there.
- I push the red button?
- Yeah.
- How do you focus?
- You don't.
- You don't focus?
- Push the button.
I don't like them climbing around Mr. Tomkins. He ain't no jungle gym.
Girls, why don't you kiss Mr. Tomkins on the cheek?
- No.
- A nice kiss on the cheek.
Come on, it's cute!
What old man wouldn't like it?
A dead one.
Bill died in the car on the way over.
- Jesus, Dad!
- Go wash. Go wash.
- I touched him.
- In the bathroom.
- How could you do that?
- I didn't. He did it.
You're disgusting! Kids?
That was a really good shot, Ben.
Really good.
What the hell?
Hey! You gave her a class goose with the pool cue.
She's so cute.
Violent but cute.
You got chalk right there.
- Look, I'll be back in a minute.
- What about the bear dump?
Hey, it's crowded. This is great.
- Yeah, Dad.
- A lot of people are hip to this.
Oh, yeah. Hey!
Right. Look at those bears. Huh?
Are you scared or what?
Look at the bears!
- They're great, Dad.
- "They're great, Dad."
You're gonna see some bears.
- Dad?
- Shh, shh, shh.
Here you go! A nice Zagnut.
Yeah. Come on.
Come on.
Come on. More.
Come on. Here's some more.
Jeez. Boy, he likes those.
Now we'll get some action.
Big head on him. Ooh, boy.
Easy, easy there. Easy.
Come on, watch the paint job! Hey, shoo!
Look at the size of those teeth. Whoo.
- Hey! Shoo! Go on.
- Dad, I wouldn't do that.
All right. Maybe you're right.
He's looking at us.
He's not finished.
When he finishes, he'll go.
- Pretty big bear.
- Very big.
Just let him eat his candy bar
and shoo shoo shoo.
Hi. How you doing?
Whoo.
Oh, Jeez! All right, all right. OK.
Erm, let me rethink this.
Hey! What the hell?
All right.
- I've told you I love you, right?
- Yeah.
Good.
What do you say we call it a night?
Holy Jeez! Oh, boy!
Oh, boy. We've started something.
Erm...
- Let's call it an evening.
- Yeah. I'm tired.
- Me too. Yeah. Let's just go.
- Yeah.
That didn't scare him, Dad.
I'm, erm... gonna move now.
I'm moving now!
All right. I'll just drive out.
He'll jump right off.
Don't you worry.
Dad? Isn't it illegal to drive
with a bear on your hood?
I don't know in this state, son.
It's Yogi and Boo Boo in the flesh.
I wish Ranger Smith
would get out here.
Hey, easy on the roof, pal!
Should have brought Uncle Roman's car.
Knock knock.
You, er, didn't give me
a chance to apologize.
- Can I sit down?
- I don't own the park.
Oh.
Look...
- I just got here. I'm from...
- Chicago.
- How did you know?
- It's no big trick.
You live in this town,
it becomes like second nature.
- I guess I just met my first local.
- You don't know how local I am.
You know...
It's a...
It's a really beautiful town. I mean...
It's a hole in the earth.
Look, save your breath.
I'm not a tourist attraction.
What did I do?
Hey, Dad.
- How are you?
- What are you doing down here?
Oh... getting a breath of night air.
Hey... You want to take a spin
in the rowboat?
- Now?
- What the hell?
- In the dark?
- We'll check out some stars.
- I don't know.
- Let's do something.
- Let's go.
- Dad...
Come on. I'll let you row.
- Oh, great.
- It'll be fun.

Boy, what a beautiful sky.
Smell that air. Isn't that something?
That's the city in your lungs.
You're getting the good air in now.
One day, you'll be coming up here
with your kids.
- Yeah. Maybe.
- I want to give you something.
You're not going to kiss me
in the boat under the moon?
I'm not going to kiss you.
I want to give you my ring.
- Why?
- Why? Because...
my father gave it to me
and I'm giving it to you.
You're grown-up now. You deserve it.
So, like, er...
you and I coming to the woods
is like your father bringing you here?
- Yeah. I guess so.
- Yeah. I understand.
Thanks for the ring.
'Rocks on top of the cans.
'That never works.
'We'll just knock the cans over.'
'Of course we will.
'Can I stay up again and watch
the big guy rake up all the mess?'
How are you doing... Cammie?
Can I help you?
I don't know.
What's the house specialty?
Where am I supposed to put the tray?
Going by last night, I'm sure you can
think of some good places.
I'm sorry. I was in kind of a bad mood.
Don't worry. It's no big deal.
That doesn't mean I didn't mean
what I said. It's true.
Wait. You don't even know me.
How can you say that's true of me?
- It's a safe assumption.
- Excuse me?
- Can we get some service?
- I'll be right there. I gotta go.
- What time do you finish work?
- Eight o'clock.
Eight o'clock?
And where are you
going to be after work?
I'll be around.
- Can I see you?
- Yeah. If you can find me.
I got you. I got you!
Come on, Chet!
If you trail behind,
the Indians will get you!
- Come on, honey.
- Uncle Roman, wait for Dad.
Come on! Hurry up.
Watch out for those Wisconsin
rattlers and wild boar.
Honey, come on!
Wait up, you guys.
Come on. Whoa. Hey. Ow!
Easy. All right. OK.
OK. Have it your way. I'll just get off.
You all right? OK.
We're walking. Come on.
Come on, let's go. Hey!
Easy, easy. Let's just walk back
to the stable, all right?
I'm walking, you're walking.
Let's have a nice easy walk.
All right. That was your last chance.
That's it. Have it your way.
I don't want to do this
but you forced me to.
I hate to do this to you.
I'm normally not a mean person but I...
Hey! Come back, you son of a bitch!
That baby I was riding
was a purebred —
purebred mule horse!
- You rode it like it was.
- That baby was bred for packing.
- You looked great on that horse.
- Here he comes.
Where is he? Hi, honey.
He's lost his mount.
How are you doing, trouper?
Where's that ball-slappin' nag you were riding?
- He looks the worse for wear.
- OK, Dad?
- I'm OK.
- Did that horse buck you off?
What happened? You got hungry and had to eat the nag, huh?
- Let's go home.
- What?
- Go home.
- Home?
- We've got the whole day planned!
- A nap.
- Come on!
- Oh, yeah.
- Come on!
- I'm fine. It was OK.
I know musky's the big deal fish in these waters but come with me off the coast of Virginia, I'll let you hook into a thousand-pound blue marlin and you'll know what fishing's all about with a capital F!
Excuse him. After a few cocktails, he's an expert on everything.
- Was that a shot?
- No, that was the truth.
- That was a shot.
- That was a shot.
Speaking of shots, set us up!
- This guy's a riot.
- Isn't he?
- Everybody loves him, right?
- Oh, yeah.
You make a lot of tips on this job?
- I do all right.
- Who handles your investments?
My wife's got some egg money
put aside
but she won't give it up to me.
I'll take her number, I'll change that.
That's what I do – investments.
How you doing?
Well, it-it-it-it-it-it
ain't-ain't r-r-r-raining.
- It ain't r-r-r-raining, so t-t-that's good.
- Yeah. I guess so.
- You fellas met Reg?
- I don't think so.
How you doing? Roman Craig.
Pleased to meet you.
Er, Chet Ripley. How do you do?
That's quite a hairdo you got.
- A neo-skunk thing?
- Roman!
- The hair!
- You don't have to say it.
His hair turned white
cos lightning hit him.
He's been struck by lightning...
How many times, Reg?
S-S-S-Six...
Six times?
S-S-Six...
Sixty-six times.
In-n-n...
the head!
Sixty-six times?
God! That's gotta hurt.
You'll never meet a guy more tuned in
to the barometric pressure than Reg.
Yeah. You see him running like hell
for home, head for cover. Right, Reg?
Hey, you pay. I gotta go to the john.
Introduce Mr. Thick Dick
to Mr. Urinal Cake.
Jeez, Roman! Do you have to?
What I really want to say is...
thank you.
This is very important
to Roman and me.
- I miss you, Connie.
- Oh, honey!
It's so lonely being wealthy.
Hm. I wouldn't know about that.
No, I mean it, honey.
I mean it, it is lonely.
He works terrible hours. Travels.
We go a month
without going to bed together.
Really? A month? That long?
Mm-hm.
I get pleasure by leaning against
the washer during the spin cycle.
- Does that work?
- Have you ever seen whiter whites?
- When do you go back to Chicago?
- Erm, three days.
I've never had a boyfriend
for longer than two weeks.
- Get outta here.
- That's why I was such a bitch.
- No, you weren't a bitch.
- Yes, I was.
It's no big deal.
I don't understand
what I'm doing here.
Look, I've never even had a girlfriend.
I've dated girls
but never one I'd call my girlfriend.
- What would you call me?
- Officially?
Girlfriend?
And you're leaving in three days.
See what I mean?
Yeah.
- Well?
- Well what?
- What? What?
- It touched me!
It's been touching you for 12 years.
- Not you!
- What?
A thing.
What thing?
What's going on for God's sakes?
What is it?
That thing!
That's just a little sparrow.
Come on, Roman, it's got ears.
Jesus!
Jesus, it's a tiny flying mouse,
not a bear.
I am not going back in till it's out.
- We'll get it out. Chet.
- What?
Get a shovel, go in there
and get that radar-guided vermin.
- Why me?
- It's your cabin. We didn't order bats.
- You stay here too.
- You're the hosts.
- So what?
- Stop fighting and go kill it.
- We don't have to kill it.
- Kill it!
- It didn't do anything.
- It attacked me.
He's wimping out. I'll take care of it.
I am not wimping, I'm thinking.
There's a big difference.
If you want me to take care of it, I will.
I'm just wondering who's gonna do it.
I'll do it. I'd like to get some sleep.
Afraid of a little bat.
- So?
- It buzzed me.
We need a plan. It's bigger than
I thought. It's about a two-pounder.
- Two-pounder?
- Yeah, big wings.
- It's got the teeth. Frightening.
- Wow.
I think we have to do something.
What we need, Roman - big plan.
That's what we need.
We'll have this baby
squealing Mayday by midnight.
Let's split up.
- You see him?
- He's hiding.

Turn out the lights. He's nocturnal.
He'll think it's daytime like this.

Good point.
- Have you got him?
- Come on, you sonar-guided rodent.
- Connie, bats carry rabies, don't they?
- Yeah, among other things.
I'm gonna call him now.
OK, just be still.
- Are you kissing him or calling him?
- I'm calling him!
- That's the sound they make.
- OK, OK.
- Dad!
- Oh, no...
I got him!
Keep back.
- Get the light on him.
- Keep your eye on the bat.
Whoa!
Look at that thing move!
Christ Almighty!
Ooh, I hit my head.
- Where is he?
- I don't know.
He's in the rafters. Where are you?
I'm here!
- He's on my face!
- Hold still!
Honey...
We got it!
- We got it!
- Oh, the pain.
- We got it!
- Ooh, that had to hurt.
What a fighter.
Boy, he was something. I salute him.
But we got to get some sleep.
Hey.
- Glad to see you.
- What time do you get off work?
- Eight.
- Great. I'll meet you at nine.
- Where?
- I don't know! You live here.
- Erm, the bait shop?
- Sure.
I'll buy you some worms.
- You wanna ditch me?
- Wait a second. Why would I ditch you?
I don't know.
I'm just waiting for it to happen.
If I ditch you,
you have my permission never
to speak to me for as long as we live.
- Promise?
- Promise.
I got to go.
- See you later.
- Bye.
Yeah, that should do it.
Good idea.
I'll have the Royal Canadian Mounted
beef barley soup.
- Ooh, yeah.
- And then that bucket of salad.
- I'll split that with you.
- You will? That would help.
And then the medley of perch.
That's my favorite. OK.
Miss, what's the Old '96er?
That's our world-famous
Paul Bunyan's blue ox steak.
It is a 96-ounce prime-aged beef steak
and if any member of your party
orders the Old '96er and finishes,
everybody eats for free.
- Not bad, huh?
- Wanna go for it, girls?
- How about you, Chet?
- People like it.
- I'll try it. What the heck?
- Has anybody ever eaten one?
Oh... no. Not in my lifetime, no.
Bon appétit.
Oh, good God.
Let's check it out.
How is he?
That's good. Processing very nicely.
All right, continue.
- All right.
- I did it!
- That just about does it.
- He's not done yet.
He may take a while
with that last bite but it'll go.
- That ain't the last bite.
- Sure it is.
There's nothing left but gristle and fat.
- Oh, God, no.
- No problem.
If I can get a dessert down him,
can we get some
Paul Bunyan hats for the kids?
Bye.
Mom, can I go now?
They'll be telling their grandkids
about this.
What a night!
Where's he going?
That Jimbo's not a bad guy.
I just had a word with him out back.
'Where're the garbage cans?'
'He probably put them in the cabin.'
'Garbage in the cabin?'
'They're not the cleanest species
on the face of the earth, you know.
'It's not a problem.
We'll just have to break in.'
'Can we do that?'
'What do you think we have these
wonderfully articulate fingers for?
'To scratch our asses!'
Shit!
- Oh, my God.
- Jesus.
Look at the size of the maggots
on that meat.
Oh, honey!
Oh, my God.
Let's go everybody.
Move it out. It's 5am.
Fishing boat goes in 15 minutes.
These are the biggest worms ever.
They're leeches.
I am not touching leeches!
- They don't bite.
- No, they suck blood.
Would you watch the hook?!
Where's the flashlight?
Behind you.
You owe me big for this!
Very funny.
Give me a leech, will you?
Has everybody got their leech?
All right, on the count of three,
insert your hook.
One, two, three.
May I speak with Cammie?
Hold on just a minute. Cammie, phone.
Cammie's really busy,
may I take a message?
All right, just tell her that Buck called.
OK, fine, Buck. Goodbye.
- What are you up to?
- What's it look like?
- It looks like you're wanking your crank.
- I'm trying to build a fire.
You'll never get a fire going that way.
You don't crumple a newspaper up,
you twist it,
lengthwise, to simulate kindling.
Maybe, Roman, just maybe,
I'm trying to heat up the flue.
He's heating the flue. Meanwhile,
the humans are freezing to death.
- I'm really not cold. Not at all.
- Thank you for sharing that.
I'm so sorry, Roman. Forgive me.
Why don't you come over
and show me how to do it?
You talk a great game,
let's see some action.
After all, you know everything.
You always know exactly what to do.
Katie, you were right,
we should have gone to Europe
or Antarctica or the Dead Sea.
We would have had more fun.
Is that a fact? Nobody forced you
to come up here, buddy boy.
As a matter of fact,
I don't remember anybody inviting you.
Do you remember inviting him?
I sure as hell don't.
- And what does that statement mean?
- You figure it out for yourself.
You specify, you clarify for me.
Just as a common courtesy.
- You know what he means.
- They're saying we're not welcome.
Oh! What did I hear? We've got a bingo!
You did figure it out, Kate.
So, now it's all starting to ooze out.
It's very interesting, isn't it?
Yeah, very.
Especially since we threw aside our
plans, and we had a great trip planned,
to come up here
to show these dead-asses
how to start to learn to have a good time.
Thanks for ruining my vacation.
What was that? Ruining your vacation?
Is that what you said?
Oh, come on, I don't believe
I heard you say that.
- You'd better believe it.
- Don't push it.
You ain't even seen pushing yet.
The trouble with you, Ripley,
is you wouldn't know a good time
if it fell on you.
You got an awful lot of nerve,
a lot of nerve.
It's served me well.
I'm the one with the Mercedes.
By the way, is it paid for?
- Are you jealous, Chester?
- Don't call me Chester.
Call me that and you'll go home
with a dent in your forehead.
- Yeah, that'll be the day.
- Would you like one to match his?
- You wanna go right now?
- Dad, no one's denting anybody.
- Thanks, Bucky.
- Bite the big one, Uncle Roman.
- Don't talk to adults that way.
- Why not?
- Because it's rude.
- Oh, blow it out your ass.
- Let's go. Come on, girls.
- Good idea.
It's the first good idea you've had
since you've been here.
And don't steal any of our stuff.
- Ha! What stuff is there to steal?
- We got stuff!
- You're a louse.
- Well, go find yourself a spin cycle.
Yeah, go find yourself a spin cycle.
- What does that mean?
- Never mind.
- Dad?
- Yes, Ben.
Does this mean we won't get
a present from Uncle Roman?
Blow it out your ass.
Nobody's blowing anything
out their ass.
It's just a little problem, it doesn't mean
we don't love your uncle and aunt,
it just means
we are having some emotions.
What it means is that I'd like
to blow Uncle Roman out my ass.
I don't want any more about
anyone blowing anything out their ass.
You might as well
blow the whole family out your ass, Dad.
Do you understand what's going on?
You understand what we're saying?
Aunt Kate and Uncle Roman
are buttheads.
Exactly.
All right, troops, mount up.
We're ready to roll.
- You all packed?
- Actually, I was thinking things over.
And I'm gonna tell you something
I had previously decided not to.
I came up here for a reason.
I came here to talk to you
about an investment.
In fact, I came up to solicit
$25,000 from you.
I knew it, I knew it, I knew it.
Look, a unique investment opportunity
came my way
and I'm thinking of people
that I'm gonna bless with this chance
cos this is so good it should be illegal.
- And it probably is.
- It's not.
It's inside but it's not illegal.
The upside is phenomenal,
the downside is zip.
I'm thinking about who I could involve
in this and your name came up.
Why? Because you are family.
If a guy can't help his family,
what good is he?
I came up here to offer you a chance
to make some big money.
It's funny you didn't mention this before.
- You didn't want to talk about money.
- Baloney!
I was picking my moment.
You were picking your nose.
There's no mystery here, Chet.
- I know how you really feel about me.
- Do you?
Yep.
I knew if I gave you something,
you'd figure there'd be strings.
- Is that a fact?
- Yeah, that's a fact.
At our wedding...
you were in the john, with Kate
and Connie's dad, you were talking.
Do you happen to remember
the substance of that conversation?
- No, I don't.
- Well, I do.
It's one I'll never forget
because I heard you say, and I quote,
"That Roman Craig
is a crooked son of a bitch."
The next time you stab somebody in
the back, check under the stalls for feet.
You may think I'm made out of armor
but I'm just like any other human being
and when I get cut it hurts
and that cut me.
And I hurt.
Roman, I'm...
I'm sorry, I...
I had a lot to drink that night and, er...
I really don't remember saying that
but if you said I did...
then...
I must have.
I apologize to you both.
It was a terrible thing to say.
I don't hold grudges
and I don't have any hard feelings.
To show you I can forgive and forget,
I'd still like to offer you
a piece of that investment.
Sweetie.
I don't know what to say, Roman, I...
I feel like a real idiot.
- What is this thing?
- 25,000. What's your cash position?
It isn't 25,000,
that's an awful lot of money.
Can you get it?
No!
I, er... I think I can make an arrangement or two at the bank on Monday. Look, whatever you want to do. You can write a cheque now and I'll make up the difference. If that's OK? Is your chequebook in the purse?  
- Yeah.  
- Great. Then that's fine.  
- Bye.  
- Goodbye.

I think it's a real testament to the strength of the family that we can disagree so vehemently and get on each other's nerves so badly over the past week and still part on good terms. Absolutely. After all the disagreements you two had, you still thought to include him in that investment. It was a wonderful moment of trust on his part that he wrote you that cheque. That's a lot of money for him. From what I gather, it's half a year's salary. It may well be Ben and Buck's college money. You have a knack with money and I think it's great you're sharing it with him and that he accepted your offer, that he trusts you with his financial wellbeing. Oh, I hope this investment really works out for them.  
- I got to go back.  
- Did you forget something?  
- You're scaring me, are you all right?  
- I will be once I settle this. Roman, what are you doing?  
- Katie, sit down.  
- What? You'll need to sit down to hear what I have to say.  
- Gee, it's wet.
Hurry up.
Let's go.
Chet, I'm gonna level with you.
I'm a phony, a fraud, a fake.
From my imitation Bally slip-ons
to our replicated Rolexes.
We're broke. We're bankrupt.
We're busted.
We're busted?
We were living well, right?
Well beyond our means.
I haven't been trading in over two years.
This deal looked good,
I got overextended,
couldn't meet my calls.
I lost my seat on the exchange.
I go to work every morning.
Now I wear a blue runner's jacket
and fetch coffee.
I lost everything.
Did you think
that I wouldn't understand?
Baby, I knew you'd understand
but I also knew you wouldn't let me
put the bite on Connie and Chet.
Look, Roman. You know I'd never
turn my back on family.
I know, that's why I came up here.
That story about you and your brother
in the can at the wedding,
I made it up.
You what? You made it up?
All right, all right. I got it, I got it.
Holy...
Holy jeez.
Whoo.
What happened?
- Power's out.
- Where's the flashlight?
- Chet?
- What happened to the lights?
You kids got the flashlight?
Look at this. $110 for a lighter,
it doesn't even work.
Whoo! Hot!
I haven't seen weather like this for years.
Roman, where are the girls?
Have you seen them?
- Have you seen them?
- No.
Spread out, let's look for them.
They'll be hiding under a bed.
- Come on, it's this way.
- No, it's this way. I remember.
That big hole.
- We'll find them.
- They're gonna be all right.
Don't worry about a thing.
Boys, stay here.
Look after your mother and aunt.
- We'll help you.
- There's too much lightning.
- We're near the cave.
- Here's the fence.
Wait for me.
Cara! Mara!
- Try this way.
- OK.
Thank you.
There we go. There we go.
We find the candles,
then the light comes back on.
I win.
- I found it. I wanna go first.
- No, I wanna. Me!
Hello!
Hello!
- Cara! Mara!
- Girls!
- Cara!
- Mara!
Girls! Cara, Mara!
Cara! Mara!
Help!
Put your light up there.
There.
Girls, is that you?
It's Uncle Chet. Are you all right?
- Help!
- We'll be right down. Go on.
- Not me.
- What?
- I'm claustrophobic. What if I lose it?
- You won't lose it.
- What if I blow it?
- We gotta get some help.
We don't have time. You can do it.
They're your children. Be their father.
For the first time in your life, be their father.
Come on. Get in there
and help your kids.
Your dad'll be right down.
Daddy's coming.
Let's go. You can do it.
- All right.
- Here we go.
I'm gonna go get a light
and some rope, OK?
All right? Take it easy.
Don't think about tight places
like a submarine or a coffin.
- Come back.
- I'll be back.
No!
Oh. My little sweeties.
Oh, I love you.
Chet! They're all right!
Apollo unicell...
It's dynamite.
Wet, old dynamite.
It's fine. It's fine.
Chet. Chet!
Ripley.
OK, we want to get out of here.
It's cold, it's wet
and you don't want to stay here.
You hang on to Daddy
as tight as you can.
OK. Come on.
Ooh! Ah! Ooh! Big one. Big spider.
OK, climb on, Cara.
Mara, get on your sister's back.  
Grab hold of my jacket. Hang on tight. 
OK, my babies. 
Which way?  
Hang on, we're almost there. 
Jeez, damn. 
Come on.  
Go, Cara. Go!  
Let's go back to the cabin. 
Your mother's probably 
worried sick about you. 
Here we go. OK. 
Hang on. Hang on. 
Roman, girls, I'm back. 
I got everything. I'm here. 
I'll have you out in a second. 
Just a minute. Hold on. 
I'm sorry it took so long. I'll explain later. 
Just a sec. Get off me. I got a rope. 
You'll be fine. I'm gonna tie a rope 
at the end of this thing. 
I'm gonna throw it down 
and, one at a time, I'll pull you up, OK? 
Here comes the rope. Watch your heads. 
Here it comes. 
All right, have you got it? 
OK. You got it? Good. 
You let me know when 
you're ready to come up, OK? 
Then I'll pull you up. 
Fine, you're ready. 
Just a second. 
OK, girls, Uncle Chet's here. OK. 
Roman, you could help, you know.  
All right. One, two, three, go. 
Hey, what the hell are you doing? 
When I say ready, huh? 
When I say ready. 
All right. I'm ready. 
Come on. Help out a bit, will you? 
Here it comes. 
We'll be going home soon. 
Roman and I are going to 
have a talk, later on.
We're going to talk about helping people.
OK. Here we go.
Everybody help Uncle Chet.
Come on.
We did it. I did it.
A baldheaded bear!
Whoa!
Nice bear. Oh, God.
I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die!
No, I'm not.
Leave me alone. Go away.
I gotta move faster.
He's back, everybody.
Chet! Hi.
- Where the hell were you?
- Come in, I'm making you a sandwich.
Big, big, whoo big...
All right, we'll make a big one.
- Big bear.
- Big bear!
No! True. True. Out there.
We're glad you're home, honey.
- Big bear... chase...
- What is he saying?
- What?
- Big bear chase me.
Up the stairs! Get upstairs!
Oh, my God, it's a bear!
It's a bear, it's a bear!
Get off, you son of a bitch.
Roman! Roman! Wow! Wow!
Uncle, uncle, uncle.
Oh, my God. Protect us!
Hold on.
Mom.
Connie, stay down.
Hit him with the poker.
Look out!
Big bear... Big bear chase me.
This big.
- Thank God you're here.
- Shoot him.
- It's a goddamn lamp.
- But it's loaded.
I can't hold out much longer!
- Quit pushing me.
- Give it me.
Shoot him.
Oh! Right in the...
OK, let's roll.
Can't believe that I'm gonna
miss this place.
- Uncle Chet.
- Yes, sweetheart.
- I had a really good time.
- Well, I'm glad.
- Thanks, Uncle Chet.
- My pleasure, sweetheart.
We had a nice time having you.
We're gonna miss you.
Will I see you soon?
And don't drive too fast.
- Take your seats, in the trunk.
- Knock it off.
Cammie, if you're out there...
I just want you to know
I don't blame you for hating me.
City boys
always talk to themselves?
Look, I'm really sorry.
I want you to go back to Chicago
a crazed, lovesick maniac.
When you look at another girl,
you'll compare her to me.
Sounds good to me.
- You're a good man. You're the best.
- You're not so bad.
- You drive safely.
- Thanks.
- Race you home.
- You got it.
Race you home.
Take care.
Bye-bye.
Race you home.
Why would he say that?
He lives out in Oak Park.
It's just till he gets on his feet.
I think you should be proud of him not taking your loan.
- What are you saying?
- We have plenty of room.
He is not staying at our house.
If he beats us, he'll get
the good spot in the garage.
- To the memories.
- To the memories.
- Chester!
- Buckley!
Get in the car, we've got to beat
Roman home. Move it.
'Why's Jody sitting in the lake?'
'You didn't hear?
'She got shot in the ass!'
'Oh, no!
'Don't tell me...'
'Yup...
'She's bald on both ends now!'