





PART 1



The Adult Redneck Daily

Tuesday, April 1, 1999

## WE'RE NOT ALONE! HICKSTON INVADED!

A Paranormal Interview With Leonard hick.  
Are We Being Invaded? You Be The Judge.

**Ventura:** So, tell us what exactly happened that day, Mister...uh...

**Leonard:** Leonard. Jes' Leonard.

**Ventura:** Yeah, okay, Leonard.

**Leonard:** It all started when them aliens took our pig Bessie. There was this light, y'see, an' then she was gone. She was the best hog in the county, too — jes' won \$250 at the fair. Me an' Bubba, we was on our way home at the time. We was pretty well liquored up at that point, celebratin' y'know, an' then they busted our pickup an' took her away.

**Ventura:** They...?

**Leonard:** The aliens. Shit, you cityboys are slow. You gonna follow this or what?

**Ventura:** Go ahead.

**Leonard:** Right. [drains another can of beer] Well then, we went lookin' for help an' it turns out that everything's gone all ta hell. Looked like them aliens got ta Billy Ray — y'ever met Billy Ray? Billy Ray Jeter. Big guy. Drinks like a horse. Smells like a swamp.

**Ventura:** The one who...er...all those bodies?

**Leonard:** Yep. Though a'course y'know those warn't all him. There was these alien copy-thingies — whaddya call 'em?

**Ventura:** Clones?

**Leonard:** That's the name. Clones. First clue we got was when a whole pack of 'em tried t'run us down on the roundabout; ya cain't be none too careful 'bout steppin' out into the middle'a the road 'round these parts, not even on a good day. Billy Ray warn't the only one they snagged, neither. Them aliens got aholda the skinny ol' coot from up the hill, n' Sheriff Hobbes — other folks too, but those were the worst. Dozens of 'em all over the place, armed an' mean an' lookin' around with beady lil' alien eyes. Took a good couple dead-on shots to take 'em down. [pantomimes aiming and firing, with great relish] I tell ya, after the first few it was almost fun. Never did care much fur Billy Ray or that ol' coot anyhow. A'course, that was a picnic compared t' them big-ass alien buggers up at the sanny-ter-ee-um, and don't even get me started on them lil' shit monkeys down at the sewage plant...

**Ventura:** Ahem! I don't think my editors would go for that, Mr. Leonard. You mind if I call them — er — how about "turd minions"?

**Leonard:** Hell, I don't care WHATchoo call 'em. Jes' so long as I don't haveta squash any more'a the little bastards. Urgh. An' here I thought nothin' smelled worse'n Bubba after muckin' the outhouse.

**Ventura:** So then...?

**Leonard:** Whaddya think? We went to town on those aliens. Me an' Bubba, we showed 'em that you cain't mess with Hickston an' get away with it. They ain't gonna be stealing no more prize pigs around here, I kin tell ya that! Poor Bessie... Hickston was crawling with them pignappin' assholes, an' that ain't countin' whut they done to the local critters! Gators, snakes, mad dogs, and mosquitos — shyyyyit! Those bugs were the size of your damn HEAD! And I don' even wanna TALK about whut we hit at Earl's Bait Shop. This warn't no pansy-ass computer game — there warn't no whaddyacallems, hostages or nuthin'. We pretty much hadta blow away anythin' that moved. [chugs another can and belches with satisfaction]

**Ventura:** I guess that explains the mess that the police found.

**Leonard:** Oh ayuh, sure. We had ta hunt them alien spawn all over creation, from Taylor Town to the mortuary to the nuthouse to the junkyard to the smelting plant to the sewers... The mines were pretty bad — Bubba's still glowing. I don't think we coulda pulled through without the booze an' the eats. Hog-Wild Deep-Fried Pork Rinds, CowPies™ ...mmm. Nothin' like 'em. Heck, even roadkill helped in a pinch. Eatin' an' drinkin' made it harder t'sneak around an' shoot straight, but hell, it sure made us feel a whole lot better after them aliens whaled the snot outta us. It's the simple things in life, y'know?

**Ventura:** [looking a bit green] Oh of course, yes... Now, I'm sure our readers are going to be curious about how exactly you went about vanquishing the intruders?

**Leonard:** [looks blank]

**Ventura:** Erm. Okay. Just how did you "blow away them aliens"?

**Leonard:** Now why didn't you jes' say that? Lessee. There was the crowbar from the back'a the pickup — not much compared to a gun, but when yer desperate four feet a'solid iron kin do some damn good damage up close. Lucky me, I was also packin' muh .454 Casull single-action pistol — now that's a fine piece of metal! Twice the kick of a .44 Magnum, that baby'll blow a rabid dog's head right out his ass. Still, those alien clones took a couple shots each. We had t'be right careful, checkin' their slimy bodies fur more ammo. Fur the shotguns, too.



**Ventura:** Shotguns?

**Leonard:** Dunno if them aliens cloned Billy Ray's ol' Betsy too, but danged if they weren't all packin' those beauties. It got mighty hot there until we managed t'get our hands on 'em ourselves. We was also able ta scrounge up a ranch rifle — I'd bet that was the sheriff's, even if it WAS pumped up to full auto. That's against the law, y'know.

**Ventura:** Not that it stops anyone

**Leonard:** NOW you're gettin' it, cityboy. Now where was I? Oh yeah. The dynamite came in right handy, though it took us a bit t'get the timing jes' right. Ya gotta light it then remember ta throw that sucker, too. Tricky. Not somepin' I'm used to. An' that rip-saw gun...woo! I figured out how ta use that momma as a chainsaw up-close AND t'fire blades every which way. You shoulda seen the look in them aliens' eyes when the blood started flyin'...

**Ventura:** [looking a little nervous] Er, it's starting to sound like you two went in there with a regular arsenal.

**Leonard:** We had to. Shit, did we ever! You'd piss your pants and faint dead away if you'd seen what we'd seen.

**Ventura:** I've seen pictures of some of the bodies. Before they disappeared.

**Leonard:** Shame 'bout that. Coulda used a trophy or two. Ain't no WAY the boys down in Polecat Hollow are gonna believe this. Pity them alien vixen-types warn't the neighborly sort, though...Ey! Did I tell you about the arm-gun-thing?

**Ventura:** The WHAT?

**Leonard:** Yeah, them great big alien hulk guards down at the nuthouse were a pain-and-a-half till we got the bright idea a'usin' their own guns. Problem is, those things were attached t' their arms, really kinda bolted in like, so I had ta sorta pick up the whole arm an'...here, lemme show you. [reaches under the table and pulls out...something...dripping bits of meat and buzzing with flies] You jes' jerk on these-here tendons, kinda sharp-like...

[The interview stops here as Ventura hastily retreats to the PI News truck to be violently ill.]



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# THINGS THAT HURT PEOPLE



**Crowbar** - There's just something so satisfying about the bone-jarrin' feeling of a cold piece of steel laid across a warm skull.



**.454 Casull pistol** - This ain't no pea-shooter, boy. She packs quite a punch and is real accurate from a distance.



**Shotgun** - The primary weapon for some up-close and personal killin'. Tap her gently to let off a single load, or lean on her to empty both barrels.



**Ranch Rifle** - Pssst...Don't tell Sheriff Hobbes now, but we done modified this baby to be fully automatic. Remember, fire in controlled bursts if ya don't wanna be shootin' at the sky...



**Dynamite** - These ain't eggsackly what you'd call Safe N' Sane. Light 'em, throw 'em, then get the hell outta the way.



**Crossbow** - When yer throwin' arm gets a little tired, try duct-tapin' a stick



'a dynamite to an arrow. She'll fly mighty far with a cross-bow, and the twang of the bow-string is sorta like a banjo.

**Rip Saw** - This here is your dual-purpose killin' machine—one mode gives ya that close-up chainsaw action, while the other is perfect fer some long-distance mutilation. Best watch out for that nasty rebound now.



**Alien Arm Gun** - Well now, them tendons is a little slimy, and the fireworks it lets out'll burn the hair on your arms clean off, but I'll be damned if this thing won't crispify just about anything.



**Powder Keg** - Them give new meanin' to the phrase "Handle with care." I wouldn't even recommend fartin' too close to these things. You can set 'em off with just about anything...Just make shore you shoot 'em from a safe distance.



Well now, I'm just too ashamed to talk about this here gun. I just know I'm gonna get throwed outta the lodge if anyone sees me wearin' it. But Damnit...it just feels so nice against m'

# YER HOSTILE ENEMY TYPES



**Mosquito** - You may have heard a yarn or two about the size of the insect life here in the deep South. Now, I suggest ya don't take these stories too lightly, 'cause I've seen some mosquitos in my time that could suck a full-grown steer bone dry. Hell, some farmers 'round these parts even claim that a 'skeeter can carry off a Javelina if it gets hungry enough. Ain't no bug repellent in the world gonna keep these bastards away, so ya best be keepin' a loaded shotgun handy if'n you're gonna go traipsin' through the backwoods.



**Chicken** - Chickens really don't make good huntin', 'cause they just ain't much of a challenge. Now I reckon' ya might be able to get 'em riled up enough to provide some decent target practice, but as far as I'm concerned, theys generally just a pain in the ass, and is constantly gettin' in the way. Nope, if ya ask me, a chicken is at its best when its floatin' way down at the bottom of a J. Cluck's Deep Fryin' vat.



**Cow** - It always amazes me how many slugs you can pump into a cow before she'll go down. Hell, I hit one with my truck once and it took the radiator and grill completely out. Damn thing just kept on walkin' cross the road too, as if it never paid me no nevermind. I'll tell ya, them animals make for some great cover when your ass is in a bind. They ain't so bright though; I tipped one over once and it took it nearly a whole day to figger out how to get back up.



**Pig** - Don't you be shootin' no pigs now, ya hear. Some of my most favorit things on this earth is made from them critters. Somehow, them animals always seem to lift me up when I'm feelin' down. 'Sides, they ain't quite as dumb as chickens and cows ya know. Piss off a Javelina and she might just gnaw yer foot off if'n ya ain't careful.



**Dog** - Dogs round here ain't like them lazy city dogs; they gots t'earn their keep. you be might careful not to go messin' 'round with no farm dogs, 'cause they're awful tempermental about strangers bein' in their territory. Ya best pay attention to what I'm sayin' now, 'cause if ya get one of them mongrelolds after yer

ass, you'll be prayin' for the fastest cowboy boots that's ever graced the face of this earth.



**Turd Minion** - Rumor has it that them Turd Minions is actually made from alien fecal matter. Ayup, you heard right, alien shit! Seems them buggers have found some kind'a way to recycle their own crap. They bring it to life and use them little buggers to do all their work for them. Damn, I'm startin' to think I'm on the wrong side here. I mean, can ya imagine it? You could take a dump and have the little turd go plow the back 40! Ah, just as well, those little freaks probally would never get a lick o' work done, the way they always be hoppin' around like that. Nope, more likely they wouldn't be worth...Well, worth a shit I imagine.



**Skinny Old Coot** - Most of the town folk are a bit scared of that skinny old coot. No one can say for sure how old he is, but he's been livin' round here since long before anyone else can remember. Folks say he's been touched by some bad mojo, and now he can't be killed. A few people have even claimed that they've actually seen the old man die. Somehow though, he always manages to come back. To make things worse, the old fart hates trespassers, and thinks he owns the whole county.

Hell, he's so damn old that maybe that's not so impossible to believe.



**Billy Ray Jeter** - Billy Ray has always been a bit of a loner, and doesn't care much for comp'ny (even though he does consider most folks to be his cousin, an' in his case, he's likely right). Like many folk round these parts, Billy Ray swims in the shallow end of the gene pool, if'n you catch my drift. Because of several generations of...errrrr...selective breedin', he is one mammoth of a man. That boy's skull is so thick I swear you could crack a bowlin' ball on it.

I heard a rumor about Billy Ray recently. Word has it he was out frog gigin' in the swamp late one night, and one of them alien space ships sucked his big ass up. They say they done cloned that boy, but was so disappointed with the results, they dumped the whole lot back into the swamp. Now I guess there's supposed to be hundreds of them Billy Ray clones traipsin' about, and no one knows which is the original. Hell, I don't see what's so hard to figger out...just look for the one with the corn mash on his breath.



**Alien Hulk Guards** - Well now, them alien critters don't appear to be the sharpest pencils in the box,

but I'll be damned if they ain't the biggest. Not only that, but they is armed to the teeth (and I think even those might be weapons too). Far as I can tell, they's some kind of half critter, half machine type thing. All I know for sure is that if you really wanna kill one, you better blow his ass to bits. Otherwise, they seem to have some kinda backup battery contraption that keeps rechargin' after a while.

**Alien Vixens** - It just pains my heart to have to fight such a luscious example of fermanine beauty. I guess when it comes right down to it though, I just can't stomach gettin' my ass whupped by some leather wearin' girlie. I must admit though, them twin machine guns look purty appealin'. 'Course, you wouldn't never catch me tryin' to use a contraception like that...not in public anyhow.

**Sheriff Hobbes** - Sheriff Hobbes is not a man to cross when on the wrong side of the law. For that matter, he ain't a man to cross when on the "right" side of the law neither. Lester T. Hobbes makes it well known that he puts up with no guff in his county. You'd probably find his brand of southern justice is a might extreme, so be sure you don't get on his bad side if you don't wanna end up in the swamps feedin' the 'gators.

## HEALTH FOOD N' STUFF

**CowPie™** - Mmmmmnn... nothin' like a little simulated bovine excrement to fill the tummy and make an allin' feller fell a little better.

**Pork Rinds** - They're crispy, they're crunchy, and they're made from 100 percent deep-fried, All-American, processed pig parts. Yummy! If them don't make ya feel better, nuthin' will.

**Whiskey** - I just can't hit a damn thing when I'm sober. I find that just a few nips off the ol' bottle settles the nerves and steadies the hands. Also takes the sting off some of them scrapes and bruises. Don't drink too much now...it's no fun pukin' on your boots durin' a gunfight.

**Beer** - A six-pack and a loaded shotgun... well now, it must be killin' time!

**Key** - Keys can be very useful when it just wouldn't be polite to shoot out the window.

**Hip waders** - Not only will these babies let you run like lightnin' when you're knee deep in pig filth, but they also do a fine job of keepin' the cold outta yer nether regions.







**Vacuum Hose and Welding Goggles** - These ain't eggsackly what you might call self-contained, but they still make for some damn fine breathin' aperatus.



**Moonshine** - Grandma's recipe will shore 'nuff light a fire in yer belly and send ya haulin' ass down the road like a gut shot javalina! This liquid tonic'll clear the head and settle a gassy belly.

## EATIN' AN' DRINKIN'

Both will make you feel better, but beware: the drunker ya get, the harder it'll be t'walk straight. An' the more gut ya get, the harder it'll be t'sneak up on them aliens. <BURRRP BLAAAAT> Oooops sorry—see whut we mean?

## DRUNKOMETER

1. Sober
2. Buzzed
3. Shit-Faced
4. Fucked Up

## GUTOMETER:

1. Bubba
2. Big Bubba
3. Mega Bubba
4. Stick-A-Red-Flag-Up-Yer-Ass Wide-Load Bubba

## A FEW HELPFUL HINTS:



When you see your friend Bubba, hit him in the head with yer crowbar to end the level and keep looking for poor old lost Bessie.



Careful, now, them dynamite fuses is quick! Click once to light 'er, and click again to throw 'er ... you can hold down yer fire button to get a little more distance in yer throwin' arm.



The best way to keep yer ass from gettin' shot up is to get yer alcohol and gut meters in the green zone.



Remember, animals were put on this world for a purpose, so ya better make damn sure ya got some use outta them before you killum.



Cracks in the walls might indicate a lack of structural 'tegrity. I never went to no demolition school, but I am a right skilled amateur.

# Product of the Week

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# HOW TO DO STUFF IN THE GAME

## MOUSE

<b>Button 1</b>	Fires the selected weapon
<b>Button 2</b>	Walk forward
<b>Button 3</b>	Strafe

## JOYSTICK

<b>Movement</b>	Direction
<b>Button 1</b>	Fires the selected weapon
<b>Button 2</b>	Walk forward
<b>Button 3</b>	Strafe

## GAMEPAD

<b>Movement</b>	Direction
<b>Button 1</b>	Fires the selected weapon
<b>Button 2</b>	Walk forward
<b>Button 3</b>	Use items or open doors
<b>Button 4</b>	Strafe

## KEYBOARD

<b>Arrows</b>	Movement
<b>Spacebar</b>	Use items or open doors
<b>Tab</b>	2D map modes
<b>Shift + Arrow</b>	Run
<b>Caps Lock</b>	Auto run
<b>Alt + Arrow</b>	Strafe in direction of arrow key
<b>Ctrl</b>	Fire Current weapon
<b>A</b>	Jump
<b>Z</b>	Crouch
<b>Backspace</b>	180° Turn
<b>[ or ]</b>	Select inventory item
<b>Enter</b>	Use current inventory item
<b>W</b>	Drink Whiskey (if owned)
<b>B</b>	Drink Beer (if owned)
<b>.</b>	Take a quick pee
<b>Y</b>	Yee haw

<b>C</b>	Eat CowPie™ (if owned)
<b>M</b>	Drink moonshine
<b>#'s 1-0</b>	Weapons selection
<b>; or ' </b>	Previous weapon or next weapon
<b>Scroll Lock</b>	Holster weapon
<b>Keypad 5</b>	Center view
<b>Home\End</b>	Aim up\Aim down
<b>PgUp\PgDn</b>	Look up\Look down
<b>Ins\Del</b>	Peek left\Peek right
<b>Pause</b>	Pause game (hold Shift to avoid message)
<b>ESC</b>	Escape back to Main Menu
<b>F1</b>	Help and game story
<b>F2</b>	Save game
<b>F3</b>	Load game
<b>F4</b>	Sound\Music settings
<b>F6</b>	Quick save
<b>F7</b>	Chase view
<b>F8</b>	Toggle messages On\Off
<b>F9</b>	Quick Load
<b>F10</b>	Quit to DOS
<b>F11</b>	Brightness
<b>F12</b>	Take a PCX screen shot
<b>- (minus)</b>	Shrink screen (faster play)
<b>+ (plus)</b>	Enlarge game screen

## Options for Network Games

<b>Alt + F1-F10</b>	Holler at yer kin (just try it and see)
<b>Shift + F1-F10</b>	Send pre-defined Macro Messages
<b>T</b>	Type a message to everyone
<b>W</b>	Show opponent's weapon
<b>K</b>	See Co-Op view

Notes and other Shit:



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## THESE ARE THEM FOLKS THAT MADE THIS HERE GAME



Left to Right: Mal Blackwell, Rafael Paiz, Alex Mayberry, Michael "Maxx" Kaufman, Greg Goodrich, Claire Praderie, Drew Markham, Barry Dempsey, Jason Hoover, Amit Doron. Photo by Carlos Serrao.

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**AUDIO RECORDED AT**  
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**CEMENT POND TRACKS  
RECORDED AT**  
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**3D BUILD ENGINE LICENSED  
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BRIAN FARGO

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Brian Fargo and Alan Pavlish at Interplay for actually buying it.

Mom, Pop and Kitty Markham for yer' kind hospitality and the crawfish at yer' Dudley & Gerald's in Shreveport, LA.

John Venoble and his wife Peggy for the use of yer' wave-runners at Lake Bistineau, Louisiana. Special thanks to John Venoble for towing us back to the marina after we broke um'.

Joe, Bo and Charlene Dowden for the cruise on the 'Pine Cove Express' even though we didn't spot any of yer' there 'gaters like you said we would.

Steve and Vivette Middlebrooks and their son Quaid of the 'Borra Borra Booze Cruise' in Bossier City, LA for supplying the Tequila and Dramamine.

Brandi Middlebrooks of Bossier City, Louisiana -- call us when you turn 18.

Mike and Susan Jarrett for the chaw.

Ralph & Kaccoo's for the shrimp gumbo and hush puppies.

Kelly's Truck Stop, Greenwood, LA.

The guy at 'The Horseshoe Casino' in Shreveport, Louisiana who rolled 10 straight points before crapping out. The Texas Department of Public Safety for not hauling Chuck's pucker'd ass off to jail for exceeding the legal limit Shreveport Sewage Treatment Facility for not pressing charges and for letting us keep the film.

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Mom and Pop at 'Pop's Pantry' in Koran, Louisiana for the beef ribs and for not shootin' at us when we jumped yer' fence to take a picture of yer cute chickens.

Walt Phandl of Phandl Metals, Inc. the only person we could find who is manly and virile enough to actually own and shoot a .454 Casull.

K Genecco Gunworks, Stockton, CA

The Million Dollar Club, Dallas, TX.

Meadow Williams

Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak House, Dallas, TX.

The kind and warm hearted people of Louisville, Arkansas.

Burge's BAR-B-Q, Cones and Shakes of Louisville, Arkansas.

Murrell's Diner in Shreveport, Louisiana for the killer grits.

Jason Graff ... 'The Graffster' ... at Kinko's for makin' copies at the copy center.

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The Standard Candy Company for making the best damn candy on the planet and for sending it to us by the truckload!

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### **EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS FOR PUTTING UP WITH THE LONG HOURS**

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Erin and Marlee Blackwell  
Einat Doron and Ygal Doron  
Patricia Fernandez  
Sarah May

### **MUSIC**

#### ***UFOs Big Rigs & BBQ***

Mojo Nixon

"UFOs Big Rigs & BBQ" - Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Amble. Published by - Muffin Stuffin Music (BMI), administered by Bug Music. CD "Gadzooks!!! The homemade Bootleg", 1997 Needletime Records. Catalog #Needletime 17751-2

#### ***Nurture My Pig***

The Reverend Horton Heat

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#### ***Trash Can***

Cement Pond

"Trash Can" performed by Cement Pond; written by Drew Markham; ©1997 Scatologic Music.

#### ***Wiggle Stick***

The Reverend Horton Heat

"Wiggle Stick" - performed by Reverend Horton Heat, courtesy of Sub Pop Records; (P) 1993 Sub Pop Records, written by James Heath, p/k/a "Reverend Horton Heat"; ©1990 Horton House Enterprises (BMI). All rights reserved.

#### ***Vixen***

Cement Pond

"Vixen" performed by Cement Pond; written by Drew Markham; ©1997 Scatologic Music.

#### ***You Can't Kill Me***

Mojo Nixon

"You Can't Kill Me" - Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Amble. Published by - Muffin Stuffin Music (BMI), administered by Bug Music. CD "Whereabouts Unknown", 1995 Blutarski Entertainment, Inc./Ripe & Ready. Catalog #Ripe-3825

Cement Pond is: Drew Markham (Guitar and Vocals), Jim Spurgin (Lead Guitar), Jason Smith (Drums), Kitty Markham (Vocals on Vixen).