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# Kingpin

By Barry Fanaro

All set, Charlie.

Hey, Pa!

Whoa.

You got time for a game before supper?

Go get your ball.

I'll meet you out back.

Okay, Roy. Come on.

I want to see some smoke on this one.

- Whoa! Okay!

- Yeah!

Son, you put that in a bottle,  
you got something sweeter than Yoo-Hoo.  
Beauty!

You got a great gift, son.

It's as if angels

came down from heaven...

and put a blessing

on your three bowling digits.

You can apply everything

that I've taught you about bowling...

to your daily life...

and if you do that,

you're gonna be decent...

you're gonna be moral...

you're gonna be a good man.

All set, guys.

Can you believe this?

Me on a professional bowling tour?

It's your calling, son.

One day, when people say the name

"Munson," they're gonna think "winner."

Just like DiMaggio is to baseball...

or "Unitas" is to football.

That's what "Munson" will be to bowling.

- That's right.

- Yeah, Roy.

I hope so, Dad.

I want to make you proud.

Maybe you can get

this old piece of crap working...

of if you get in a pinch, maybe

you'll get a couple of bucks for it.

Thanks, Dad.

- You go get 'em, son.

- I will.  
It all comes down to this roll.  
Roy Munson, a man-child...  
with a dream to topple  
bowling giant Ernie McCracken.  
If he strikes...  
he's the 1979 Odor-Eaters champion.  
He's got one foot in the frying pan  
and one in the pressure cooker.  
Believe me, as a bowler,  
I know that right about now...  
your bladder feels like  
an overstuffed vacuum cleaner bag...  
and your butt is kind of like  
an about-to-explode bratwurst.  
Do you mind?  
I wasn't talking when you were bowling.  
Was I talking out loud?  
Was I?  
Sorry.  
Good luck.  
Big problem, my friend.  
Engine blown.  
Someone put sugar in your tank.  
- Sugar? That's impossible.  
- Here! Sugar!  
Maybe the bad kids around here.  
How much is it gonna cost to fix?  
\$2,000.  
\$2,000! That's gonna wipe me out!  
I'm sorry. Did I wake you, Fatima?  
Ethyl supreme. Top it off.  
Right away.  
Watch the door. Hey, pinhead,  
juice the tires for me, will you? Today?  
Oh, Roy!  
I didn't expect to see you so soon.  
Hi, Mr. McCracken.  
Hey, call me "Ernie" or "Big Ern."  
Young bowler like yourself...  
the tour can be very difficult,  
very expensive.  
Tanqueray and Tab.  
Keep 'em coming, sweets. I got

a long drive. Do me a favor, will you?  
Would you mind washing off that perfume  
before you come back to our table?  
Little bad luck,  
like you had here today...  
all your dreams can go up in smoke.  
That's why even we veteran bowlers  
work our way, tournament to tournament.  
We need the supplemental income.  
- Supplemental income?  
- Supplemental.  
It means "extra."  
- You interested?  
- Interested?  
Would you be interested  
in some extra income?  
Extra income?  
Want to make more money?  
Why don't you go eat that outside  
and then come on back in?  
Not you.  
Do people actually bowl here?  
They live here. They die here.  
They get their mail here.  
I don't know about this.  
Something doesn't seem right.  
It takes guts to say no, kid.  
You got a lot of courage. I don't think  
I could call my mommy and daddy...  
and tell them I didn't have  
what it takes to make it on the tour.  
All right, let's get going.  
Better call them  
before they go to sleep. Hurry up.  
- All right.  
- Nice flip-flop. Way to go.  
Two more for my young friend here.  
- I got it in the nose.  
- Here. Take it out of that.  
Say, buddy, you gonna buy the beers  
or the whole place?  
This is just my bonus.  
I had a good month.  
"A good month."

This punk shattered  
my monthly record.  
I had the entire company record  
21 times.  
He shattered it.  
Look at this bonus.  
What do you sell?  
Dictionaries.  
Yeah. Door to door.  
What do you say we play  
a couple of games?  
- Maybe 20 bucks a game?  
- No!  
- You're not gonna bowl drunk again.  
- I insist.  
What do you want to risk?  
You have everything going for you.  
You're on a gravy train  
with biscuit wheels.  
You've just shattered my record.  
What do you want to lose it for?  
This is a Gran Torino looking at you.  
Don't do it. Let's just have  
six, seven drinks and go.  
Hey, buddy boy...  
you looking for  
a little friendly action?  
I just might know somebody  
to accommodate you.  
Speak of the devil, and he appears.  
I'm gonna play the jukebox.  
Yes!  
- All right!  
- God!  
He was robbed.  
- Game, set, match, fellows.  
- Yeah.  
I believe you owe us another \$100.  
We're not getting much mercy  
here tonight.  
You guys have to forgive me.  
You see, bowling for money...  
that's my only vice.  
- Here's your drink.

- Thanks, sugar.  
Okay, two vices.  
That's still very good.  
All right, let's go.  
Thank you for the education, gentlemen.  
We've just received a PhD in stupidity.  
Doctor, shall we?  
Give us a chance to win our money back.  
Are you crazy? Padre, how much  
are you into us for already?  
\$350.  
That's a landau roof and power steering  
down the drain.  
Could be in your pocket right now.  
Let's go.  
Double or nothing  
I can pick up that spare.  
- I think I can do it.  
- That's the 6-7-10.  
You'll pick up that spare the same day  
my hair starts falling out.  
- Let's get out of here.  
- I can do this.  
For \$700? No way.  
No, not for \$700.  
What have you got here?  
For \$1,500. Guys?  
You want some of the action?  
Come on, you chickenshits.  
I'm good for the money. Put up my share.  
Now, Mr. Big Shot, Mr. " I wear my pants  
high and pick up every spare...  
drunk or sober."  
- Come on, guys.  
- We'll take that bet.  
Fine, my so-called friend.  
Take your silly little ball...  
and make your silly little spare...  
or miss it!  
Come on, boy. Bowl!  
The name's not "boy."  
It's Roy.  
Roy Munson.  
How'd he do that?

What did I tell you?  
This feels weird.  
Are you sure this is legal?  
I don't know.  
It's fun though, isn't it?  
What's the sugar for, Mr. McCracken?  
Didn't I tell you to call me "Ernie"  
or "Big Ern"?  
It's for my morning coffee.  
Get out of the car, wise guy!  
- What do we do?  
- Sometimes a bowler...  
just has to face the music.  
- Come on.  
- There you are. Let's go.  
And that bowler is you.  
- You're in deep shit, kid.  
- I don't know what I'm doing here.  
Let me see that hand.  
I thought I recognized...  
that name.  
Father, please do something.  
I'm a priest like you're a dictionary  
salesman, you piece of shit.  
Get him inside.  
- Come on.  
- Don't do this.  
What are you doing?  
I'll pay you back, I swear to God!  
Get him up there.  
Do it!  
Do it!  
Hey, Herb. How's life?  
Taking forever.  
Morning, Mike.  
Can you get sick drinking piss?  
I think you can.  
Even if it's your own?  
Captain Hook!  
Wait up.  
I want that rent by tomorrow,  
or you're out of here!  
I got you down for a 50-gallon drum  
of lane oil and a case of bowler's tape.

Every week, I tell you the same thing:

We don't need nothing.

What about...

a gross of fluorescent condoms for  
the novelty machine in the men's room?

Those are fun even when you're alone.

- Yeah.

- You get it?

- This is the hula-hoop of the '90s.

- No!

We don't even have a novelty machine  
in the men's room anymore.

And you call this a bowling alley?

You stroke a hell of a ball...

but I'll bet when you're off,

you leave a lot of buckets.

Excuse me?

Buckets. 3, 5, 6 and 9. It's from  
coming in too light in the pocket...

and sending the head pin

around the 3.

You could tell all that

from seeing me throw one strike?

I didn't see it. I heard it.

Try moving a couple of boards

to the left.

Would you look at that!

Sweeter than Yoo-Hoo.

How come you know so much about bowling?

Maybe this will help explain it to you.

Oh, wow. That's really something.

What's that made out of?

14-karat gold.

Really? Looks like rubber.

No. The ring, not the hand.

Wow. State champion.

You state champion?

Was. Iowa, '79.

Name's Roy Munson.

Ishmael Boorg.

You've got as powerful a stroke

as I've ever seen.

You could lose a little

off the backswing, but you're not bad.



- What's your average?  
- I don't know. 265, 270.  
I've got to go.  
- Bye.  
- Whoa! Hey, easy does it.  
What's your hurry?  
We're just getting acquainted.  
You're wasting your time.  
He's from way out in Brimfield.  
- So?  
- Brimfield's an Amish community.  
- He's Amish?  
- No fooling you.  
Wait up. I want to talk to you.  
About what?  
You got something special.  
With your talent and my knowledge,  
you could be a champion.  
I mean that, and I know talent  
because I manage bowlers.  
Bowling manager?  
Why would a bowler need a manager?  
Don't you need a coach...  
a friend, a brother?  
Someone who will stick by your side  
through thick and thin?  
Someone who will be a loyal friend  
and never, ever...  
ever turn on you...  
no matter what?  
I'm sorry, sir,  
but I'm not interested.  
I hope you rot in hell, you loser!  
You suck!  
You don't deserve a car!  
Where's the milk for the coffee?  
We're all out.  
Well, what do you call that  
in the cooler?  
Well, if you want to buy some,  
help yourself.  
but the freebies are all out.  
Buy some? What, I gotta pay for mustard  
if I get a hotdog?

If the freebies are out, yeah.  
Can you break a 20?  
Oh, and give me a box of Marlboros.  
Do I gotta pay for matches?  
Five, ten, here's twenty.  
If you ever need to just talk,  
call me.  
Hey, whoa.  
Let me help you here.  
- Come on up.  
- Thanks.  
- Absolutely precious.  
- Yeah.  
That will come out.  
Treasure these special times.  
Look at you. Coochie, coochie.  
Did you burn your little fingers?  
- Adorable.  
- Thanks.  
Charge me for milk, will ya?  
Ya lowlife.  
- Give me the pocketbook, lady.  
- No!  
- Give me it!  
- Okay.  
Give it back.  
What are you, sissy? You need a purse?  
I'll slice your throat!  
You burned me, you bastard!  
Go ahead, you chickenshit!  
Run home to Mommy!  
Pussy.  
Here you go. You okay?  
I'm fine.  
That was a brave thing you did.  
You are a hero.  
A genuine hero.  
I'm no hero.  
I don't even know what happened.  
Nine out of ten times, I'd be running  
the other direction.  
Oh, you know, about the rent...  
Don't you worry about that.  
You pay me the money whenever you get it

because I know you are good for it.  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome. You... thank you.  
What 50? We said 25.  
I deserve a little extra after getting  
third-degree burns on my pupils.  
I didn't know you were going to use  
a knife. I'm just buying some time.  
- I don't want to give her a coronary.  
- I had to make it look real.  
Besides, that coffee wasn't even hot.  
Now that's hot.  
Where's your newspaper?  
I got to take a dump.  
- I don't have the paper.  
- I need something to read.  
Here. Use this shampoo.  
"New and improved." I read this already.  
You got any of that new Mentadent?  
I know how you like to drink,  
so I brought you some...  
Why, you no-good son of a bitch!  
You crazy bastard!  
How the hell did you get in here?  
Get out!  
That will be 100 now, you prick!  
And don't come back!  
- Munson!  
- Some people never learn.  
You are history.  
I am calling the cops!  
Wait. Whoa. Hey, calm down.  
You have every right to be angry, okay?  
Just take a deep breath.  
There must be some way  
I can work this off... make it up to you.  
Well.  
Oh, stop it.  
It wasn't that bad.  
Oh, my little Roy toy.  
What is it about good sex  
that makes me have to crap?  
Guess it's all that pumpin'.  
Pump and dump.

You really jarred  
something loose, tiger.  
Oh, boy.  
Got two bits of advice for you.

**Number one:**

business and get yourself a real job.

**Number two:**

another month's rent.  
So if I were you, I would start doing  
some tongue exercises before Friday.  
Oh, top of the morning to you.  
I'm Hezakiah Munson.  
I'm passing through  
on my way to Ohio.  
Any shingling or butter churning  
need doing?  
Lucas. You know better than that.  
We're waiting on your brother...  
to come in from the fields.  
How many children do you have,  
Brother Hezakiah?  
None that I know of.  
What I mean to say is I was...  
We... I'm unable to have children.  
Nasty cheese-grating accident  
as a young man.  
Why are you late this time, Ishmael?  
Sorry, Pa.  
I was out in the cornfield...  
and the stalks were broken...  
and I thought I could fix them.  
Hi, Grandma.  
Please meet our friend...  
from Ohio, Brother Hezakiah.  
Hello, Ishmael.  
Why did you come here?  
We didn't get a chance  
to finish talking.  
You're only going  
to make trouble for me.  
Have a seat.  
Look. My grandfather took me bowling

when I was a kid.  
It was our secret.  
If anyone here found out  
that I went to that bowling alley...  
I don't know what would happen.  
There's a tournament  
in Reno, Nevada, in a few weeks.  
The best bowlers in the country  
are going to be there.  
With my help, I think you can beat them.  
You hear me?  
The first prize is \$1 million.  
We split everything  
right down the middle.  
No, sir. I think it's best  
that you go.  
By tomorrow, they'll find out  
that you're a fraud.  
We Amish demand more of ourselves.  
You people work 8-hour days.  
We work 12.  
We do whatever you people do  
plus a half. That's how we survive.  
Believe me, keeping up  
is not going to be a problem.  
Pa! His bed's made, but he  
isn't in there. He must have left.  
Guess Brother Hezakah was afraid  
of getting his fingers dirty.  
Morning! I hope you don't mind.  
I got up a little early...  
so I took the liberty  
of milking your cow.  
It took a little while to get her  
warmed up. She sure is a stubborn one.  
We don't have a cow.  
We have a bull.  
I'll brush my teeth.  
Take Lucas down with the other children.  
Keep an eye on them for us, please.  
Brother Hezekiah, come with us.  
The children?  
I wanted to help with the barn.  
You can help after lunch.

Go ahead.  
Grab your tools. Follow me.  
I don't know how a barn-raising  
is done in Ohio...  
but here in Pennsylvania,  
no one runs for the dinner bell...  
in the middle of lifting  
a 2,000-pound wall!  
Okay. All right. I mean...  
Brother Thomas, you know what it says  
in the Bible about not forgiving people.  
Why don't you tell us all what it says?  
Well, it's against it.  
Thomas can raise a barn...  
but can he pick up a 7-10 split?  
God blessed my brother  
to be a good carpenter.  
It's okay.  
He blessed you, too,  
and I'll give you a clue what it is.  
It's round and has three holes,  
and you stick your fingers into it.  
You leave Rebecca out of this!  
I'm talking about bowling...  
your future.  
Just drop it. Right now,  
the only future I have...  
is reshoeing Buttercup.  
Holy cow!  
Yeah, this is Buttercup, the biggest,  
strongest horse in the county.  
I'd like a word with you.  
Okay, Pa.  
Take the horse's shoes off.  
Ishmael will be right back.  
Don't be angry with your brother.  
He's been under a lot of pressure  
dealing with those bankers.  
Is everything okay?  
No, son.  
The community's in trouble. They're  
threatening to foreclose on the land.  
Is there anything I can do?  
Not unless you can figure out a way to

come up with a half a million dollars.  
There's a storm on the horizon.  
I guess the angels are bowling.  
Maybe they'll bring us a messenger.  
Took some doing,  
but I finally got them off.  
Where do you keep the new shoes?  
What, I got a boog hanging?  
Tell my parents that God spoke to me  
to go on a mission with Brother Munson.  
If the good Lord sees fit...  
I'll be back  
with enough money to save the land.  
Promise me that you'll be careful  
when you're out among the English.  
Do not allow yourself to be corrupted.  
Don't worry, Miss Rebecca.  
Your goodness gives me strength.  
Nothing can make me stray.  
Buckle up, my friend. You're  
about to embark on a great adventure.  
- Smoke?  
- No.  
No, thanks.  
You really should try to quit.  
They say it's bad for your heart,  
your lungs.  
- Quickens the aging process.  
- Is that right?  
Who's done more research  
on the subject...  
than the good people  
at the American tobacco industry?  
They say it's harmless. Why would they  
lie? If you're dead, you can't smoke.  
You get warmed up.  
I'll grab us a cup of coffee.  
I don't drink coffee.  
- Why not?  
- It's a stimulant.  
What do you think cigarettes are?  
They are?  
Make it extra-large,  
two sugars, lots of cream.

Lots of cream.  
You all right?  
Ish, what happened in there?  
I don't know.  
I thought I played pretty good.  
He's just a little better than me,  
that's all.  
Pretty good? 186.  
You lost to a club player!  
That's not supposed to happen!  
You're carrying a 270 average!  
What do you expect?  
I mean, you guys with your 10 frames.  
What do you mean, "10 frames"?  
My grandpa always taught me  
to bowl 15 frames.  
Like I told you, we Amish do everything  
half again as hard as you do.  
Ten frames? That's for Quakers.  
- I ain't going home.  
- Look.  
You wouldn't stand a chance  
against those guys.  
You said I was the best prospect  
you'd ever seen.  
You said you could make me a champion.  
I've been liquored up for 17 years.  
My judgment's not what it once was.  
Pull the car over.  
I want to get out of here.  
- I'll drive you home.  
- I don't want to go home!  
I want to go to Reno!  
Now pull the car over.  
Let me out of here.  
This is silly.  
You've only been gone a couple of days.  
They'll forgive you.  
Yeah, you're right.  
They'll probably forgive me.  
They expect me to come home with my tail  
between my legs, but I won't do it.  
I'd sooner get Munsoned  
out here in the middle of nowhere...



than lose face in front of my friends.

What did you say?

I don't want to lose face...

No, before that.

I said I'd sooner get Munsoned  
out here...

in the middle of nowhere.

"Munsoned"?

What the hell is that?

You know. Munsoned.

To be up a creek without a paddle.

To have the world in the palm  
of your hand and then blow it.

It's a figure of speech.

Congratulations, my friend.

You passed the test.

A true champion doesn't quit,  
and neither did you.

You were testing me?

A little Roy 101.

You were just testing me.

Oh, Mr. Munson. Whoa!

Hop in.

I got to watch you.

So I did good, huh?

You did great,

but school's just beginning.

A bowler's two worst enemies  
are his eyes and his ears.

You shut these, you close those  
and you just feel it.

Coach, listen to this.

"English bulldog, one testicle.  
\$500."

For that kind of money,  
you'd think you'd get two testicles.

- Don't you think?

- How the hell should I know?

I'm tired of all your questions.

I'm not here to teach you everything  
about everything in the world.

I'm here to teach you about bowling,  
and that's it.

Okay. Keep your shirt on.

I can figure some things out  
for myself.

Wait a minute. I'm going to bet?  
If we're going to make enough dough  
to get to Reno, we're going to bet.  
You can't have it both ways.  
If you want to earn half a million  
dollars and save your town...  
you'll have to bend the rules  
a little.

No way.

There's no way I can bet.

It's against my religion.

I was raised to not be a gambler.

- There's no way I'm going to bet.

- Hey, hey, Ish.

- No! No way!

- Hey!

Listen, you stupid banana head.

You don't have to bet. I'll bet for you.

Oh, that's cool.

What's the worst that could happen?

So, you two are dictionary salesmen.

You would be punctilious  
in assuming that.

Your buddy tells me you're the best  
salesman in the whole company.

You must be a smooth talker.

Yep.

You don't have to read them  
to sell them, you know.

So, Steve, what do you say  
we bowl a couple of games?

Steve?

Yo, Steve-arino.

Oh, right.

Okay, you want to bowl  
for some big money, hey?

But I'll lose my entire bonus check  
because I'm so bombed.

You get that way from ginger ale?

No, he was sniffing glue  
in the parking lot.

I haven't heard this one

in a while.

How does the rest of this hustle work?

- Nice going, De Niro.

- It's "Steve."

You want to blow the whole thing?

If you guys want a straight-up money game, go to this address tonight.

At midnight.

And bring some money.

Wow! Look at that!

Are you all right, sir?

I'm fine.

Just make sure you win.

We can't lose. It's the centurion's faith that wins him divine favor.

Gotcha! Okay, park the shitbox and come with me.

Come on.

He seems like a real cutup, huh?

You know, Stanley...

I don't necessarily feel like we need to play for money.

- Why don't we just play for fun?

- Cut the bullshit.

I know you're a hustler.

Can your kid play or not?

He can play.

Fine. Then it's \$1,000 a game.

Claudia, why don't you show us the way to the bowling alley?

Isn't she the most incredible woman you've ever seen?

She's hot.

And those babies are real.

Twice.

What's so funny?

I didn't want to be the one to tell him, but with those narrow hips...

that girl couldn't have more than 6 or 7 children.

An open frame in the 10th.

I was robbed, goddamn it!

He's got a 228.

You need three strikes.

Okay? Stay focused.  
Snap it. Pull that string.  
All right.  
Now it's getting interesting, huh?  
Bottom of the ninth,  
two-minute warning, last frame?  
There's no question farmer boy's a fine  
bowler, but competing under pressure?  
One more.  
Boy, it's hot in here.  
I need something to cool down.  
I'm sorry. Where are my manners?  
Does anyone else want one?  
Yeah, I'll take a couple of jugs...  
mugs.  
Bottle. One bottle.  
Don't trouble yourself, ma'am.  
I'll get that.  
What kind do you want?  
Whatever.  
Here you go, sir.  
- Come on, buddy. Bowl.  
- Yeah. I'm kind of nippy.  
Yes!  
What can I say? Good game.  
My hat's off to you.  
The great Stanley got beaten  
by the farm boy on his own track.  
Could I have a word with you  
in the other room, dear?  
Don't you ever pull that shit with me.  
What's wrong with you?  
Anyway, I owe you guys  
a little bit of money.  
Let's play another game.  
Oh, no, not tonight.  
We got a lot of stuff to do tomorrow...  
and it's a school night.  
- What the hell is that?  
- What?  
This. \$100 bill  
wrapped in Monopoly money?  
You look like you want to hit me.  
We don't raise our hands in anger

against others.

Well, we do!

Unbelievable!

You disgrace my home...

dishonor the game by betting

with money you don't even have?

You piece of garbage!

I want you to take them out back...

and make his left hand

look just like his right hand!

- Oh, Mr. Munson!

- What the hell? Get them!

- I got them!

- Get the lights!

- I got the punk.

- Where's the door?

You bald bastard,

I'll gouge your eyes out, you son of a...

Ah, shit!

- Give me the keys.

- Why?

Hey, nobody drives my car.

- Come on.

- Wait!

Ah, shit! Look at this.

Slow down.

You're going to get us all killed.

Shit!

I don't know why I did this.

I don't know where I'm going...

or what I'll do when I get there.

Why couldn't this have worked out?

He hit me, the bastard,

and hitting, I don't take!

Look, just calm down, all right?

Take it easy. Calm.

Like the kid back there. Look how...

Pull it over.

Ishmael always was a strange boy...

but he means well

and we love him.

- Please bring him back home.

- I will, Father.

I promise you

I will not return without him.  
I walked past the mall  
Just like I say  
And I felt this hurt  
that would not go home  
I can't expect you all  
to see this my way  
But you might not remember  
The trees that I'd known  
And I want them to bring back  
My old corner store  
Damn this hand!  
Where do you get something like that?  
Prosthetics-R-Us, aisle six.  
Right next to the glass eyeballs.  
Must be tough  
when you're spanking your monkey.  
You have a monkey?  
Hey, handsome. How about a dance?  
Yeah, well, thank you, young lovely...  
but I'm a little worn out.  
I wasn't asking you.  
She said "hand-some,"  
not "hand-less."  
- So how about it?  
- I don't know how to dance.  
Well, it's about time you learned.  
Well, when there's things to do  
And not because you gotta  
When you run for love  
Not because you oughta  
Listen.  
We appreciate your help with  
your boyfriend and everything, but...  
You look.  
I did it for the kid.  
Cheap hustler like you, I don't care  
if they put a bullet in your head.  
Oh, you care about the kid, huh?  
I got a news flash for you,  
Mother Teresa.  
Just because you spend most of your time  
in a missionary position...  
doesn't make you a missionary.

This will work out fine.

What?

It's better that we don't like each other, since we'll be business partners.

Checks and balances.

- Business partners?

- Yeah.

That's precious.

I saw your phony roll.

You don't have enough money to get to Reno.

Why don't you just...

eat your chili fries,

drink your shake...

and go blow lunch or whatever you do to keep your ass in business.

Look, Mr. Munster.

You're not exactly the smartest guy

I ever ran across.

Yeah? And who are you?

Alfred Einstein?

So this is rock and roll.

- I like it.

- Oh, God.

- It's my boyfriend, Skidmark.

- I'd like to meet him.

I don't think you do.

Your act is about as fresh as a Foghat concert.

It really bites.

I know a little about this racket.

I learned it the hard way.

Yeah, well, I've got stake money...

500 bucks.

I'll tell you something else.

Ishmael likes me.

I promise you, you're not his type.

Oh, I'm his type.

I'm every guy's type.

You trying to pick up my woman?

You crazy or something?

Come here!

She was just teaching me to dance.

I didn't know how to dance.

You want to dance?  
You saying you want me to dance?  
No, not if you don't want to.  
You're trying to move in on my squirrel.  
I ought to stoot-slap your ass  
right now.  
We're going to drill you  
another asshole!  
You want to kiss somebody, Goldilocks?  
Kiss these!  
Take that, you freaky piece of shit.  
You don't mow another guy's lawn!  
All right!  
That was really heroic.  
I did Ish a favor.  
If I hadn't knocked him out,  
those animals would've torn him apart.  
- That's the thanks I get?  
- You didn't have to have beers with 'em.  
I didn't want them to think  
that we were in cahoots.  
You cleared that up  
when you rubbed Tabasco in his eyes.  
Could you move that seat up  
so I can stretch my feet out?  
Thanks.  
Here. I had them wrap up your food...  
'cause this is probably  
your last meal...  
seeing as you don't have  
anymore money.  
You're the greatest.  
I just had a thought.  
Seeing as how Claudia  
has been so kind...  
to us, I thought maybe...  
she could join us  
till she gets back on her feet.  
If I could see you, I'd kiss you.  
Isn't he the best?  
You're the best, Mr. Munson.  
Whatcha doin'?  
Flossin'.  
Where'd I get Munson from?



The name's Munson. What I'm doing  
is flossing. This is called floss.  
It cleans your teeth. You should try it.  
You'll be amazed what you find.  
I don't know much about life  
outside of Brimfield.  
I was never in a car before.  
I never stayed  
in a fancy hotel before...  
never saw a man pick his nose  
with a hook before.  
When I stop and think about it all...  
it can get pretty scary.  
- It's an emergency. We got to leave.  
- But what are we...  
- No if, ands or buts. Get moving.  
- I'll go get Miss Claudia.  
No. Don't get Claudia.  
I'll explain it all later.  
- Just be quiet.  
- Okay.  
I think I tore my sack.  
Are you okay?  
What did I just say?  
- "I think I tore my sack"?  
- No. "Be quiet!"  
The army evacuated everybody.  
Yeah. A big military train derailed...  
and this whole area is in danger of  
being contaminated by a huge cloud of...  
- Shit.  
- A huge cloud of shit?  
Wow.  
I think I smell it!  
Come on. Let's go.  
Could we go have a little chat?  
- Surely.  
- Great.  
Hey, everybody, there's  
a shit cloud coming! Run for your lives!  
A \$60-a-night motel room,  
and you're sleeping in the car?  
- That makes sense.  
- Don't I feel like a fool?

I know what you're thinking.

Let me explain.

Mommy!

You must have a really wide foot.

You got both of them.

I can't believe you were going  
to ditch out and go to Reno without me!

I thought we were partners.

Spare me the indignant routine,  
all right?

You've been rubbing your tits  
in that kid's face since we met...  
so you could steal him.

- What?

- Don't give me that "What?" crap.

Half the dresses you got,  
you need two hairdos to wear. Admit it!  
You been planning on taking him from me  
and leaving me. I just beat you to it.

How dare you accuse me of anything!  
Ish worships you, and you've fed him  
bullshit to line your own pockets.

Come on. Right now.

- You and me, bud.

- What...

Hey, look. Listen, lady.

I've done a lot of creepy things  
in my life.

I'm won't lower myself  
to having a fistfight with a girl.

Stop that!

Where is he?

Great.

"I thought you were my friends.

Good-bye. Ishmael."

I hope Ishmael has enough street smarts  
to get to Reno by himself.

Poor guy.

He's like a baby out there.

I hope he doesn't get Munsoned  
out in the middle of nowhere.

Oh, shit.

You know, I didn't realize it,  
but we're near where I grew up.

What time are the tours  
to your boyhood home?  
You know, it's been...  
17 years since I showed  
my face around here.  
How do I look?  
You look good. Real sharp.  
All right.  
You okay?  
I... It's just not what I expected.  
What's taken you so long to come back?  
Guess I was ashamed.  
Everybody expected so much from me.  
Everyone believed in me.  
At least my dad did.  
He gave me this when I left.  
I never could get  
the damn thing running.  
It's funny. It's like time stopped  
for me when I left this town.  
He taught me a lot out here.  
I got word he died about 10 years ago.  
I didn't even have the nerve  
to come back for the funeral.  
Well, your old man would be proud.  
Here you are, passing all that  
bowling knowledge on to Ishmael.  
No, he wouldn't be proud.  
Let's go find that kid.  
I sure hope you make enough money  
out in Reno...  
to save that town of yours.  
Oh, thanks, Miss Tabitha.  
- Time to settle up.  
- Is that eight hours already?  
This shift just flew by.  
This lap dancing's so much fun, I feel  
like I should be the one paying you.  
- Gee, mister, I didn't know!  
- Didn't know?  
No, please, sir!  
Please!  
I-I can work it off. I'm pretty good  
with a needle and thread.

I can knit. I can sew the girls' costumes when they get frayed.  
No, sir, please! I'll do anything!  
Anything! Please!  
Anything?  
Come here.  
What do you think about new beginnings?  
What is that?  
The feminine hygiene spray?  
You and me, starting over.  
Yeah.  
I like that.  
- Longish hair. Yeah. Down that way.  
- Weird guy?  
Uncle Willee's Snake Farm.  
Yeah, he was here.  
I offered him a job, a good job.  
You think that guy took it?  
He didn't take it.  
The wimp is afraid of snakes.  
Son of a bitch, you're going in my soup.  
Thank you.  
Have you seen a big Amish guy come through here...  
40-ish, stocky, sort of friendly?  
Kind of stupid?  
Well, naive.  
Feast your eyes.  
Get in! Come on! Get a move on!  
- Nobody quits in the middle of a show!  
- Sons of bitches!  
I don't understand how you can still be mad at us. We just saved your butt.  
I heard what you were saying about me, about each other.  
I thought we were partners, but I guess I was wrong.  
It's tough out there, all right?  
The world can kick your ass.  
I only have a vague recollection of when it wasn't kicking mine.  
I guess that's why Claudia and I were fighting.  
We both had a rotten run of it

for awhile.  
You get hurt over and over again,  
you stop trusting people...  
so you don't get hurt again.  
Look, if you really want to end this,  
we'll drop you off wherever you want.  
If you want to go on...  
from here on out, we're all  
gonna work together as a team.  
And no more bullshitting.  
I promise.  
You remember what it says in the Bible  
about not forgiving, right?  
I know exactly what it says.  
It's against it, right?  
"Jeffersons On Ice"! Look at that.  
I love Sherman Helmsley!  
What's this?  
- What is that?  
- It's a tattoo. Relax.  
How could you let me do this?  
I don't know. I don't remember a thing.  
The whole night's a blur to me.  
I've committed a sin.  
I've desecrated my body.  
Can't go home now.  
No, can't go home.  
It'll come right off.  
It'll burn off in a jiffy.  
Hey, this isn't so bad.  
What's the matter?  
Nothing.  
You are going to give me \$100,000  
on the line...  
and a \$50,000 yell, okay?  
Hey, top-heavy, give me a Tiparillo and  
a sake and seltzer, s'il vous plait.  
Okay. Here we go.  
Come on! Do it to me!  
Yeah, right. Overshot. All right.  
No, it's okay,  
because I am going to bet...  
\$800,000 on the line.  
Okay?

Here we go.

Hey, doll-face, how about bringing me a little Lady Luck?

- Sure thing.

- Well, no, not you.

Winner!

That's something.

All right.

Okay, here we go. Two number 64s... and a 41.

Their 64 is supposed to be the best in the city.

Yeah? That 41 doesn't look bad.

Go to the potato bar when you're ready.

Who is the biggest threat to you in the tournament?

Me. If I get drunk, fall down and hurt myself, I might lose. Sure, babe.

- What's your name?

- Darlene.

- I'm in 1103.

- Excuse me.

What's the story behind this paternity suit against you?

It's not a case.

The woman's a stone-faced liar.

Let's not talk about that. I pulled out of her really early on that one.

Sorry. Thanks for coming.

Hey!

The Munson.

Big Ern. Long time.

I'll say. Probably a year for every topping on the table.

I heard a horrible rumor.

Oh, creepy!

I'm sorry.

You know, for the first couple years...

I felt responsible.

How you been otherwise?

The last 17 years,

a day hasn't gone by...

that I haven't thought about what I'd

say to you if I ever ran into you again.

I bet. Hello.  
Oh, my God. Claudia?  
You two know each other?  
It's a small world  
when you got unbelievable tits.  
Baby, we had some good times  
in Chicago.  
I remember. I know  
you haven't forgotten.  
- Him and you? The two of you together?  
- Why don't you quit slumming?  
Come back to me.  
Let's try to make it work.  
Let's try, really try. How about it?  
I'd rather mop the floors  
at a peep show.  
Oh, girl, you still got  
your great stuff.  
Why don't you get the hell out of here?  
You ruined my life!  
Are you still holding on to the anger?  
I said I was sorry. I meant it.  
I remember that night too, and I don't  
remember anybody twisting your arm.  
Oh, God! I just said "twisting your arm"  
to Munson. I can't wait to tell people...  
Don't do it. He's just trying  
to lower you to his level.  
Let me give you some advice.  
Stay away from this guy.  
Give him a wide berth.  
He's what is called a born loser...  
a real Munson.  
You!  
You just shut up, mister!  
I don't know who you think you are...  
but if you don't wiggle those  
childbearing hips out that door...  
you're going to find your nose  
sniffing my big Amish ass!  
I'm in 1103.  
Thanks.  
You okay?  
I'm going to go after him, talk to him.

Boo.  
You shouldn't have quit me.  
Yeah? You shouldn't have hit me.  
You think that hurt?  
You wait and see what I do  
to your two friends.  
Look, we both made mistakes.  
I've got 42 grand right there.  
We can take off now.  
Those guys are bugging me anyway.  
I want to see those guys  
one more time.  
They're not worth it.  
They're a couple of losers.  
We can just take off right now.  
I missed you.  
You okay?  
You're not taking a crap  
in the sink, are you?  
It's over.  
It's broken.  
I think it's just sprained.  
Okay. It's broke.  
Excuse me. Where is the lady  
who's staying here?  
- She checked out already.  
- She left with a couple of guys.  
Couple of guys? No.  
You mean you saw her with us, right?  
No. These guys were good looking.  
You got the bag, right?  
- Tell me you got the bag.  
- Oh, yeah. Okay, relax.  
Yeah, the bag's fine.  
I gave it to Miss Claudia to hold.  
Who are you calling a psycho?  
I didn't say anything to you.  
Are you okay?  
Hi. How are you?  
Remember me?  
Yeah. From the crap table.  
That's right. From the crap table.  
And you're the big guy  
with the lucky dice, aren't you?



Oh, geez.

Boy, the two of you kind of look  
a little down on your luck.

- If you only knew.

- Geez, that's tough.

Look at George and Wheezie go.

What did that fat-ass model do  
with my lottery ticket?

Well, look, I've got  
a little proposition for you.

I'm all ears.

I will pay you \$1 million  
to sleep with your friend here.

\$1 million. One night. Cash.

I just throw that out.

You two mull it over.

Get back to me. I'll be back here.

What's there to mull over?

Are you going to set  
that creep straight, or should I?

I'll handle this.

I said, are you all right?

I wish I'd have never trusted her.

What was I thinking?

42 grand down the drain.

- She'll be back.

- You're never going to see her again.

I happen to think you're wrong.

Anyway, it doesn't matter. The money  
we came to win is right here in Reno...

at a legitimate sporting contest

where the best player wins...

because he's the best player,

and we have the best player.

I'm listening.

We'll do what we set out to do.

We'll win that tournament.

Yes! I knew...

you were a champion

the minute I saw you bowl.

I'm not going to bowl. You are.

You are such a loser.

You're a bona fide schmuck. Look at me!

You can win that tournament.

You're a champion,  
and that never goes away.  
If you made it through the first few  
rounds, you'd find your touch again.  
I'm Ernie McCracken.  
When I found out Billy was growing up  
without a daddy, I had to do something.  
When Big Ern saw us in the paper,  
he got involved with the Unified Fund.  
I had to. I couldn't help myself.  
But little Billy's not the only one.  
There's also little Jason here.  
Once again, this year I'll be  
sponsoring a fatherless family...  
in every city I bowl in.  
Sometimes when I wake up in the morning,  
Mr. McCracken's already there.  
Jonathan, run a fly pattern  
all the way to the goal line.  
Tennessee!  
Kentucky!  
Find the meat!  
Uh, deeper, Jonathan.  
It's a tough world. These kids nearly  
got Munsoned, but they're back now.  
Through the Unified Fund,  
I found out...  
that if you give a little,  
you can get back...  
a whole lot more.  
Hey, give me that. What are you doing?  
It's a young crowd.  
I don't recognize a single soul.  
Welcome to my church.  
It's kind of intimidating to be in  
the presence of so many great athletes.  
Hi. What's your name?  
Munson, Roy E.  
Seriously.  
- Amateur or professional?  
- Professional.  
We have a problem here.  
Your dues are in arrears.  
You haven't paid them since 1979.

How much is that going to cost me?  
Dues times 16 years...  
plus penalties plus interest...  
equals \$38.  
Let's go. That's it.  
Would you be willing to hold on to this  
till after the tournament?  
Come on. What are we going to do  
with a rubber hand?  
The ring.  
Okay.  
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.  
The National Bowling Stadium, with  
the Silver Legacy Hotel and Casino...  
would like to welcome everyone  
to the \$1 Million...  
Winner Take All...  
Brunswick-Reno Open!  
Please enjoy your stay here at  
our fabulous facility, and remember...  
the Silver Legacy is the talk of the  
strip with our 22-topping potato bar.  
Let's start the tournament!  
That's the way!  
All right!  
You wouldn't happen to have  
a Phillips-head screwdriver, would you?  
Never mind.  
All right!  
You know, Ish, I'm starting to feel  
like a winner again.  
Okay, you scumbags.  
Now turn around and face the wall.  
We have a Cinderella story  
shaping up here.  
Roy Munson, the 1979  
Iowa State Amateur Champion...  
has suddenly come out of nowhere  
with his bowling ball.  
He is a major contender  
in this competition.  
So, Roy, let me ask you. What have you  
been doing all these years?  
Well, the-the...

After the hand, l...  
No, there was the '80s.  
You know, for a while, l...  
Drinking.  
Yeah. A lot of drinking.  
Are you still drinking?  
No, no, I don't.  
That's behind me now.  
Why, are you buying?  
...as the favorite  
for "Coach of the Year."  
And now we're going live  
to the National Bowling Stadium...  
in the Biggest Little City in the World,  
Reno, Nevada...  
where ESPN is set to bring you  
final round coverage...  
of the \$1 Million Winner Take All  
Silver Legacy Reno Open.  
What an incredible championship match  
we have in store for you today.  
Ernie McCracken, a crafty veteran...  
and, you know, a heck of a nice guy,  
goes against Roy Munson...  
a promising young talent  
in the 1970s.  
- Whatcha doin' in there?  
- Barfing.  
Barfing?  
Where do I keep getting "Munson" from?  
Please rise for the National Anthem.  
Have you been drinking again?  
I don't puke when I drink.  
I puke when I don't.  
I'm scared.  
Let's get ready to bowl!  
Here come our two finalists.  
Roy Munson has the most intimidating  
hook in all of bowling. Literally.  
The fans in Reno have started  
calling him the Rubber Man...  
because he bowls  
with a rubber prosthetic hand.  
Take a look at the focus on Roy's face.

He is ready for this match.  
A nasty spill.  
That's kind of embarrassing,  
in front of an audience like this.  
Look at Ernie McCracken. A guy like  
Big Ern, with his panache and style...  
has clearly done for bowling  
what Muhammad Ali did for boxing.  
Wow. Take a look at that.  
Have you, in 34 years of covering  
bowling, Chris, seen a ball like that?  
Is that a rose?  
It appears to be. Clearly custom-made.  
Ernie's got a heart of gold,  
but what an intimidator.  
Go, Big Ern!  
He looks for his spot.  
On the approach.  
How about one more title, sweetness?  
Look at that form. That left arm  
way out is an unusual style.  
- Wow. Right off the bat.  
- Beautiful.  
He delivers on the goods.  
Look at him pump up this crowd.  
Roy looks a little nervous. It is  
his first final in nearly 20 years.  
Rubber Man takes the ball  
from his good left hand.  
Notice how carefully he places it  
in the prosthetic hand.  
- You have no idea, the pressure...  
- Time out!  
- Look at this!  
- Give me that handsome cheek!  
I only got two!  
- Give us a break.  
- Look at Big Ern.  
Look at Big Ern. Calls her back.  
How gallant is that?  
This man's gonna win many political  
offices when his career is over.  
A great role model for America's kids.  
Atta boy, Luther!

Yes, a solid pocket hit.  
Munson answers right back  
in Big Ern's face.  
Hey, sport, Coca-Cola.  
You betcha.  
I got to make a phone call.  
Could you put on ESPN, please?  
Sure thing.  
Come on, Roy.  
- Yes!  
- Nice action.  
This million-dollar championship match  
has reached the 10th frame.  
Leading by nine pins, Roy Munson,  
shooting first on the right lane.  
A strike here provides  
some breathing room.  
The dreaded 7-10 split.  
You know, Roy Munson has two chances  
to win this tournament now...  
slim and none... and slim  
may have just left town.  
How true. In bowling,  
there are 1,022 spare leads...  
and this, the 7-10,  
is by far the most difficult.  
Virtually impossible to convert.  
There's no way to slide the 10 pin  
into the 7 and vice versa.  
Oh, please! I can't look!  
What are you doing here?  
It's time to go home.  
I can't go home now.  
This is the 10th frame.  
If he makes this, he's going to make  
a million dollars and save the farm.  
I have half a beer left. There's no way  
I'm going home. Over my dead body.  
It's time to go home now.  
Oh, my God. He has done it.  
Now if Roy can pick up  
one final strike...  
it'll force Big Ern to roll  
three consecutive strikes to win.

With that spare,  
he's not slammed the door on Big Ern...  
but he's put on  
quite a lot of pressure.  
Where'd he go?  
- Yes.  
- Rubber Man has gotten it done...  
and now the pressure  
is squarely on Big Ern McCracken.  
Trailing by 29 pins,  
he needs three consecutive strikes...  
to win it all.  
I need you now more than ever.  
One strike down, two to go.  
You can cut this pressure with a knife.  
That's two. There's two.  
His second.  
Roy Munson is now forced  
to sit and watch.  
It has come down to this:  
one ball, one strike...  
\$1 million.  
And the loser gets nothing.  
I'm magnificent! I'm the greatest!  
I'm Big Ern! I'm the greatest!  
A one-pin victory  
for Ernie McCracken.  
Put it in the record books:  
226 to 225.  
Some lucky fan has a souvenir.  
Big Ern, a million dollars.  
What are you going to do with it?  
I don't know.  
All I know is,  
I finally got enough money...  
that I can buy my way out of anything.  
I can do anything I want  
when I get my money later.  
And I won!  
Finally, Big Ern is above the law!  
It's a great feeling.  
You were so cool. Any pressure?  
Where are those girls? Get those girls  
over here. Yeah, there was pressure.

I didn't want to get beat  
by a guy with a hook.  
Does this mean that he gets  
a handicap?  
I don't know. I'm rich.  
What do I care?  
Tough luck.  
- You bastard.  
- Where the hell is she?  
- How should I know? She was with you.  
- She stole my money!  
Welcome to the club.  
I checked my phone records  
at the hotel.  
She called that bastard, McCracken,  
14 times in the last three days.  
What the hell is your relationship  
to him?  
Now stop it!  
I'll tell you what my relationship is  
to him. He's the guy who gave me that.  
Nice. Is that solid gold?  
- The hand.  
- Big Ern was responsible for that?  
Yeah.  
I don't know. I used to think it was.  
Now it's like you and Claudia.  
You probably blame McCracken  
for screwing that up.  
But I'll bet it's your own damn fault.  
Let's go find McCracken.  
Hey. Hey!  
What are you looking at?  
You suck!  
Go away. You'll get  
your rent money tomorrow.  
I got the money.  
You left us flat.  
You dumped us when we needed you  
the most. You tricked us.  
If I'd have stuck with you,  
Stanley would've hurt you and Ishmael.  
What happened to McCracken?  
I never went with him.



I just made those phone calls  
to throw Stanley off my scent...  
and maybe give Big Ern a little payback.  
84 grand.  
We can split it three ways.  
We only had half that.  
Yeah. Well, uh...  
we doubled it.  
He bet against you.  
But I'm ready to start betting on you.  
Yeah, well, too late.  
What?  
Half a mil?  
Trojan condoms. You know, Rubber Man.  
All I have to do is a commercial...  
show up at a couple trade shows  
and pharmacies...  
and give a little talk  
at Vassar College orientation.  
That's great.  
Yeah. It is great.  
And this is only getting divided  
one way.  
I can't face them.  
I wanted to be the hero for once.  
I wanted to be the one to save the day.  
Brother, everyone knows you meant well.  
What are you two doing here?  
I'll tell you  
what they're doing here.  
They came to tell us the truth  
about your trip.  
They tell you everything?  
Yes, Roy told us everything.  
He told us about the booze  
and the lusting...  
the late nights, the lying...  
and the gambling.  
And he told us how you got him  
to quit all that...  
how you got Roy to straighten  
his life out and how you got...  
Claudia to quit being  
so much of the whore that she is.

Roy told us how every time he wanted  
to quit, you wouldn't let him...  
how you quoted the Scriptures  
to give him strength.  
Yeah, son, he's told us everything.  
And we're mighty proud of you.  
What about the bank  
and the foreclosure?  
That's all been taken care of  
by Brother Roy and Sister Claudia.  
They put \$500,000 in the bank.  
Our troubles are over!  
You guys!  
I'm going to have to watch you two.  
I knew you'd come back.  
Thanks.  
Thanks for everything.  
You know  
that old centurion's faith thing...  
about you saving the Amish people?  
Well...  
that was baloney.  
It wasn't them you were saving.  
It was me.  
You lost me. What?  
Come on.  
Everyone's waiting at the party.  
They want to hear about the missionary  
work you did with Brother Munson.  
Okay, Miss Rebecca. Bye.  
Bye, Ish.  
Hey, Roy.  
I have something for you.  
Wow.  
You got it working.  
Yeah. I wound it.  
Oh, it has a winder?  
Well, look at that. A little ladybug.  
You should make a wish.  
All right.  
You know what I wished for?  
What?  
Bye, Brother Munson. Bye, whore.  
Cut!