Meet The Fockers

By Jim Herzfeld
We're Gonna Get Married
by Randy Newman playing

Into life today
came something beautiful#
Someone who loved me
much as I love her#
There have been trials
and tribulations#
And not just a few#
But we made it through#
And now the times are here#
We're gonna get married#
Have everything#
But the sun#
And the rain#
We're a
definite combination#
We're gonna get married#
We're gonna get married#
We're gonna get married#
We're gonna get married#
Wait and see#

[grunting]
You must do something!
Baby is coming!
Yeah. I know baby is coming!
Miss, you've to stay calm
and take deep breaths, okay?
Myra, I need a doctor here
right now.
I am working on it.
You're not a doctor?
No, I am a nurse.
You are man
and you are nurse?
What kind of man is nurse?
Look, folks,
I'm a professional, okay?
I know exactly what I'm doing,
so just trust me,
everything's going to be fine,
all right?
Okay.
Yeah.
Yeah. You're fully dilated.
Hey, I need that doctor
right now.
There are no free doctors.
Nurse, you're gonna have
to deliver that baby yourself.
I can see the head!
Holy shit!
[screaming]
Check it out.
We did it.
We had a boy.
A boy. You are my hero.
Mmm-hmm.
I name baby for you.
Oh! You don't have to do that.
Yeah. I must.
It is Latvian tradition.
We'll name the baby...
[grunting]
(Bernie on machine)
Hello,
you've reached the Fockers.
We're not around,
so leave us a message.
Goodbye.
Roz, how the hell
do you shut this thing off?
(Roz on machine)
I have no idea.
Just press a button.
(Bernie)
I'm pretty sure it's off.
Honey,
you want a chimichanga?
(Roz)
I thought they gave you gas.
A little bit,
but it's worth it.
Worth it for you,
but I'm the one
that gets the fumes.
Honey, I'm in the mood
for a chimichanga.
So make a...

[beeping]
Hi, guys, it's me.
Dad, I told you
six months ago
you have to change
that message.
Anyway, I'm just calling
to double check
'cause I didn't hear
back from you.
You know that
Pam and I are flying out
to Oyster Bay today.
And, then, we're flying
to Miami tomorrow
with the Byrneses.
And our flight gets in 7:30,
so we should be
at the house around 9:00.
So just give me a call
back on my cell, okay?
'Cause I want to go over
a few things
about Pam's dad and just, uh,
just some other stuff
for the weekend.
All right. I love you, bye.
Hey!
Hey, sweetie.
How was your shift?
Oh! Guess what?
What?
I delivered my first baby.
[gasps]
No way.
Mmm. Yeah.
Oh, honey,
I'm so proud of you.
It was incredible.
I mean, just...
Just to be pulling
this life force
out of this woman's...
You know, I mean, it was just so... It was...
The whole baby thing is...
It's so cool.
That's great, honey.
That's great.
So, uh, are you ready to go?
I want to get to the airport early.
I know.
Just give me a second.
You know how things always goes wrong.
The flight leaves in four hours.
I wish we could set a wedding date without our parents actually having to meet.
Honey, this weekend is gonna be fine.
And your parents are great.
Oh, they're great in small doses.
Well, 48 hours in Coconut Grove is a small dose.
Besides, you've already won over my dad, and that is the hard part.
Mmm. That is true.
I mean, I am still in the Byrnes family circle of trust, right?
You're firmly in the circle.
[chuckling]
Finally.
Oh, taxi!
# All the time #
# As we go walking by #
Going to the airport?
Yeah.
Take mine.
Great.
# It's all right #
Nice guy.
Yeah.
# Hold you tight #
# We're gonna get married #
# Take her hand in mine #
# We'll be looking fine #
# In the sweet sunshine #
You two, you're up.
# Please don't leave #
# All those
who love us to be there #
# One great big happy family #
# We're gonna get married #
# We're gonna get married #
# We're gonna get married #
# Wait and see #
Oh, dear.
What?
Well, they overbooked coach.
[sighing]
So what does that mean?
Do we miss our flight or...
Well, we are gonna have to
upgrade you to first class.
Really?
[chuckling]
Thank you.
[grunting]
Oh! Sir, why don't you
let me take that for you?
Okay, yeah.
So, uh, you wanna check it
or put it on another flight
'cause that's cool,
whatever you want to do.
I'm just gonna store it
in the Captain's closet.
That was nice.
Yeah.
Champagne?
Thank you.
Champagne, sir?
Thank you.
Enjoy.
# We'll be looking fine #
# In the sweet sunshine #
Would you like to purchase rental insurance, Mr. Focker?
Um...
No. Thanks.
No?
[whispering]
It's a scam.
That's how they make all their money.
That's true.
You don't need it.
Get out of here.
# We're gonna get married #
# We're gonna get married #
# Wait and see ##
The House of Byrnes.
Lot of good memories here.
Mom? Dad?
I am watching you.
[whispering]
Well, almost,
but you have to do it with two fingers.
One on each eye like this:
I am watching you.
[whispering]
We'll get back to that later.
Guess who's here?
It's Prof. Einstein.
Hi, Little Jack.
You're a genius.
I see a Nobel Prize in your future.
Yes, I do.
Study break, boys.
Company's here.
Pamcake!
Flapjack!
[chuckling]
(both)
Shortstack,
shortstack coming up!
Put some syrup
in the cup.
Pa, pa, pa, pa,
pa, pa, pa.
That's how it goes, right?
That's okay, Greg.
Nice to see you.
Yes.
Nice to see you, Grandpa.
[Little Jack gurgling]
My God.
How did my nephew get so big?
Look at you.
You look just
like your mommy.
(Greg)
He does, doesn't he?
Hey. Hey. This is Greg.
Remember
we talked about him?
(Greg)
Hey.
[chuckling]
Sorry, Greg.
The card only
comes in one gender.
Oh! Yeah.
Now, that's... that's all right.
[Little Jack gurgles]
(Jack)
He's taking you in.
He has a very keen sense
for people, Greg.
Mmm.
He's a chip
off the old block, huh?
We might have another CIA man
on our hands here.
I'd be discreet
about my profession, Greg,
if I were you.
You know what I mean?
As far as
your parents are concerned,
I'm still a horticulturist.
Hey, why is Little Jack here?
Are Deb and Bob house-sitting,
while we're in Florida?
No, they're in Ko Saimii,
Thailand.
Checking on the clinic
they opened
during their honeymoon.
[chuckling]
What is all this stuff,
anyway?
After Denny was
sent away to military school,
your father turned this
into a learning laboratory
for you-know-who over there.
And do you talk yet,
Mr. Munchkinhead?
[babbling]
Greg, Greg, Greg.
Don't infantilize him.
Talk to him like an adult.
(Dina)
Muskrat.
Huh?
Muskrat, Jack.
All right.
[chuckling]
Just try to understand
he's a little person.
His communication skills
aren't verbal yet,
but he understands.
Observe.
L.J., are you hungry?
Oh, wow.
[mumbling]
(Greg)
Look at that.
"I would like to
eat more please."
"I'd like a nap,
and then later
I'll enjoy a nice poop."
[spluttering]
Oh, yeah. I've heard about
this, this baby signing stuff.
This is like cutting edge.
Like... Yeah.
Well, at this age, Greg,
his mind is like a sponge.
Look, when he reaches
your age, for example,
his mind will be
far less capable
of absorbing
useful information.
So cute.
Hey, can I hold him?
Oh, l... I don't think
that's such a good idea, Greg.
Muskrat.
Uh...
All right, all right.
This is Greg.
Greg will not drop you,
okay?
Okay.
Be careful.
Hello. Oh! Hello.
Hey.
I think he likes me.
No?
Ow!
Oh, shit!
[Little Jack wailing]
Focker. He's absorbing
you like a sponge.
I don't want the first word
out of his mouth
to be a profanity.
It's okay. It's okay.
Cover your nose.
You're terrifying him.
Focker!
[wailing]
It's cool that your dad is so into being a grandparent.
Yeah, I guess so.
It kinda freaks my mom out.
She says he spends every last second with that kid.
[horn honking]
Oh, my God.
Daddy?
(Greg)
Wow.
Daddy, what is this thing?
It's a custom-designed, climate-controlled motor coach.
Jack calls it the Highlight of our Twilight.
Wow. This is incredible.
Isn't it?
Yeah.
[knocking on truck]
Ooh! Like a tank.
Well, in these uncertain times, Greg, I opted for a Kevlar-reinforced hull with two-inch thick plexiglas windows, just like the ones they design on the Russian Widowmaker submarines.
I want you to conduct a field test for us, Greg.
I want you to demonstrate the impregnable outer skin of the coach.
Throw it at the window.
Oh.
Jack, I'm not gonna...
I'm not gonna throw a brick at your window.
It's a simple demonstration.
No, I'd... I'd
really rather not.
Throw the brick.
Okay.
Great.
Just...
All your might.
All right.
Don't worry,
your rental insurance
should take care of it.
(Pam)
You all right? What happened?
Come on,
we'll call a tow truck
from the road.
Road?
Yeah.
We're driving this to Miami.
I thought we were...
I thought we were,
we're flying tomorrow.
No, No. Airline travel
being what it is these days,
so unreliable,
I'll feel
much more comfortable
knowing I have my own
Posturepedic bed,
my own thermostat,
my own lavatory facility.
Uh-huh. So... so we're all
going to be in this together?
We hit the road
in exactly seven minutes,
This way we'll get in early,
spend an extra half day
with your parents,
getting to know them.
Isn't that great?
That is great.
(Roz)
Worth it for you but I'm the
one that gets the fumes.

(Bernie)

Honey, I'm in the mood
for a chimichanga.

(Roz)

So make a...

[answering machine beeping]

Hey, guys, uh, it's me.

Listen,

I'm getting a little worried.

I haven't heard back from you.

Hope you got the message.

There's been

a little change of plans.

We're gonna be, uh,

coming down in Jack's RV now,

so we'll be arriving

tomorrow afternoon,

not tomorrow night.

Okay? Tomorrow afternoon.

And, also, uh,

they're bringing

their little grandson,

so, uh, he's like a baby.

So... I don't know.

Oh, welcome aboard,

me hearties.

Hey, this is incredible.

Yes, it's as big

as our apartment.

Pretty neat, huh?

[toilet flushing]

[meowing]

Hey!

Mr. Jinx finally learned

how to flush the toilet, huh?

Yeah. Jack installed

a special flusher,

and he learnt how to do that

in about two days.

Right, Jack?

Hey there, Jinxy.

How you doing?

[meowing]
Ready to hit the road,
Co-Captain?
Wow! I'm the Co-Captain?
Let's set sail, sailor.
## [Going Up the Country by Canned Heat playing]
# I'm going up the country
babe don't you wanna go #
(Jack)
Good afternoon,
ladies and gentlemen.
This is
Captain Jack Byrnes speaking.
Yeah, Daddy!
(Jack)
A quick announcement.
As a courtesy
to your fellow passengers,
please remember
that the onboard lavatory
should be used
for number one only.
Should the need
for number two arise,
we'll stop at
the nearest rest stop,
gas station,
or heavily wooded area.
Thank you. Welcome aboard.
I like that thing.
Hey, do you mind if I, uh,
make a little announcement?
Well...
Only the captain gets
to make an announcement.
You want to honk the horn?
Um... Sure.
Only the captain gets
to honk the horn.
# I'm gonna leave this city #
# Got to get away #
# All this fussing
And fighting #
Oh, look!
(Greg)
Hey, Jinxy, see that?
# Now, baby,
pack your leaving trunk #
# You know
we've got to leave today #
(Pam)
You hungry?
Do you want some milk?
# But we might
even leave the USA #
Hey! Jack?
(Greg)
Oh, she wants you
to honk the horn.
Not interested.
Rules of the road.
She honks, you honk.
(Greg)
Come on, Jack. Come on.
Give her a honk.
[honking]
There you go.
[whooping]
[girls yelling]
(Greg)
It's like a team or something.
"Honk if your are horny."
[girls yelling]
[gasping]
Oh!
Thanks for that, Greg.
# 'Cause you've got a home #
# As long as I've got mine ##
(Roz)
... for you but I'm the one
that gets the fumes.
(Bernie)
Honey, I'm in the mood
for a chimichanga.
(Roz)
So make a...
[answering machine beeping]
[Little Jack cooing]
Hey, there.
No hard feelings, all right?
[Little Jack gurgling]
Friends? What's that?
What're you saying?
Now, wait a minute.
What does this mean?
I know what this means.
Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze.
Oh, poop!
You got to poop, right?
Okay, good.
Thank you for warning me.
Everybody poops.
Sometimes it hurts.
It's okay.
Just let it come out.
[wailing]
What did you do, Focker?
Nothing. He...
I think he has to poop.
That's not the sign for poop.
That's the sign for milk.
This is the sign for poop.
Oh! What's the sign
for sour milk?
'Cause, uh
this tastes a little funky.
That's because
it's from Debbie's
left breast, Greg.
[gagging]
[laughing]
Ew.
Fortunately,
she pumped for a week
to give us
enough for the trip.
Okay,
snack pack for Little Jack.
(Greg)
What are you doing there?
Well, during
the breastfeeding stage, Greg,
infants can get
very confused and upset
when they're separated
from their mothers.
So I invented something
to ease LJ's anxiety
during chow time.
I call it the Mannary Gland.
I had it made
from an exact cast
of Debbie's left bosom.
[gurgling]
Oh, yeah. Okay.
It's been so effective,
I'm thinking of
getting it patented.
Would you like to touch it?
Uh, I wouldn't.
Oh, come on,
feel how soft it is.
I can... I can see
how soft it is from here.
No, feel it, Greg.
It's very...
It looks very...
Just feel the breast, Greg.
Just a...
Oh, watch the nipple.
Just around here.
Nipple is his.
Oh, yeah. Yeah.
It's got a great, lifelike,
and a...
Or what I would imagine
Debbie's breast might... might
actually feel like.
Not that I would know.
[chattering]
(Pam)
Greg.
What?
Honey, you promised
you wouldn't take the boob out
in front of company.
It's nothing
to be ashamed of.
Breast-feeding is
perfectly natural.
Dad, that's not natural,
that's just weird.
As soon as
Little Jack's topped off,
we're gonna hit the road.
Oh!
Oh, Jack,
you can't drive
any more tonight.
Dr. Monroe said
no aggravating your sciatica.
Honey, we're on a very
precise schedule.
We bunk here tonight,
we hit horrendous traffic
in the morning.
[Little Jack whining]
Greg?
Yeah.
Maybe you could drive
the night shift.
I could do that.
I am the Co-Captain.
So, I think that falls
under my
responsibilities, right?
Yeah.
Keep her at 55, stay alert.
Yeah, yeah. I've been
wanting to get behind
the wheel of this big boy.
[horn honking]
[cars honking]
You got it. Pass.
[horns honking]
Sorry, got to go 55.
Captain Jack's orders.
Hmm.
[door beeping]
Hey!
Would you like some company, Greg?
Uh, yeah, sure.
If you can't sleep.
Go on. Have a seat.
[door beeping]
How about a cappuccino?
Oh, you don't have to do that.
It's no problem for me.
Dina!
Wake up and make Greg a cappuccino!
Shake a leg, woman!
Jesus, Jack,
you know, I'm not that tired.
Really.
Relax, Greg. This cockpit's completely soundproofed.
You should've seen the look on your face.
[chuckling]
Oh! Okay, okay.
You got me. That was...
That was a good one.
Yes, it was. Yes.
Mmm-hmm.
It's funny.
But you should never talk to a woman like that,
you know that, Greg.
It's disrespectful.
Right, of course. Yeah.
Greg, a man reaches a certain age
when he realizes what's truly important.
Hmm-mmm.
You know what that is?
Love?
Friendship?
Enjoying the moment.
Living. Just love.
His legacy.
Now, my grandson, Little Jack, is part of that legacy.
In six months, you and Pam are gonna be married.
Sometime after that, you'll want to start a family of your own.
Yeah. Right.
Actually, on the subject, I had some thoughts about the wedding date.
We'll discuss that later, after this weekend, Greg.
Now, let's get back on point.
Let me put it very simply.
If your family circle does indeed join my family circle, they'll form a chain.
I can't have a chink in my chain.
Hmm.
Yeah. Okay.
I get the metaphor.
Now, I've never met your parents, so I'm not going to jump to any hasty conclusions.
But, like studying a frozen caveman, if I can see where you came from, I'll have a much better idea of where you're going.
Okay.
A-are you thinking maybe my parents might be like... like a chink in the chain or... A doctor and a lawyer, what's there to worry about?
Mmm-hmm.
[birds cawing]
(Dina)
Ooh, it seems very nice.
[karate cries]
Is that your father?
[karate cries]
That is my father.
[karate cries]
(Bernie)
Hey! There you are.
What the heck is
that contraption?
I thought you guys
were flying in tonight.
I left a message yesterday
We were driving...
Oh, I didn't get a message.
(Greg)
I left you like five messages.
Will you get over here
and plant one on me.
Talking about messages.
I've been waiting so long
to see you. My best buddy.
Good to see you.
Come here. Come here.
Oh, I missed you.
Is this not
the most handsome young man
you've ever seen
in your life?
I used to call him
a young Jewish Marlon Brando.
Huh?
[all laughing]
Can you believe
I conceived him
with one testicle?
(Bernie)
No, really. It's true.
I only have one because
the other never dropped.
It's called
an undescending testicle.
It's not uncommon,
but look at him.
Imagine what he would have
looked like if I had two.
[Greg chuckling]
That's a good icebreaker.
Whoa!
Ho!
There's the sexiest
second grade teacher
I've ever seen in my life.
[sputtering]
That was a good one.
It gets her every time.
Goose bumps. She loves it.
I'm Dina Byrnes.
It's so nice to meet you.
The pleasure is all mine,
mon chéri.
[exclaiming]
You got to be the flower man.
That's right.
Jack Byrnes, Pam's father.
And I'm Bernard Focker,
Gaylord's father,
and we're all grownups here
and we shake hands like men.
All right.
[all laughing]
Oh, we're just playing here.
Give me some love.
We're family now.
What're you so shy about?
Come here.
Oh, wow. Look at those pecs.
Wow! You're harder
than sheetrock.
Now tell me the truth.
You work out
with weights, right?
Well, I do
various calisthenics.
Some medicine-ball training,
I play bimonthly football.
Oh, footie-footie football?
I was just, uh, practicing my Capoeira. What?
Oh, Capoeira. Yeah.
The Brazilian martial art of dance fighting. Yes.
He knows what that is. Yeah.
You know,
I've been doing it for weeks.
I'm really into it.
It keeps me level.
Because sometimes
I get wound up so tight,
I could just snap.
You know what I mean?
[Little Jack wailing]
What is that?
What is that?
Is there a baby on board?
That's a baby. Yes, yes.
Yeah. Hmm-mmm.
It was all in the message.
[Moses barking]
Hey, Moses, go ahead, say hello to your future in-laws.
No, no, he's harmless.
And yeah, fixed.
Moses.
That's all right.
(Bernie)
Just shake him off.
Oh, no. Don't shake.
He likes the shaking.
Moses, get off!
No, don't worry.
The pink part didn't get on you.
(Greg)
Moses, go, get in your basket.
Go!
(Bernie)
He's all talk.
Who's this little guy?
This is our grandson,
Little Jack.
Oh, little baby.
[babbling]
How are you,
Little Jack?
Hey, Dad, don't... don't...
don't infantilize him.
Just talk to him
like a person.
What are you talking about?
He's a baby.
I want to talk to him
like he's a baby.
Bazooka! Bazooka!
[wailing]
(Bernie)
He likes me.
When Roz's dad died, I said:
"Hey, we're freezing our
tushies off here in Detroit."
You know, "Let's head south
and get some year-round fun
in the sun."
This house is
over a 100 years old, so...
Dad. Dad,
you continue the tour.
I'm gonna tell Mom
we're here, okay?
Oh! The upstairs bathroom
is on el fritzo.
So we're all gonna have to
share this one for now.
Since there's a water scarcity
on the island,
we kind of abide by the
"if it's yellow let it mellow,
if it's brown
flush it down" policy.
Oops. Forgot my own rule.
[toilet flushing]
The RV has paid
for itself already.
###[music playing]
All right, kids.
Forward and backward.
(Roz)
Rotate those hips.
Let's get your kundalini rising.
And now it's time for the ladies to get into the reverse cowgirl position.
Guys, you have to lie across the Liberator pad like so.
Everyone look at how Ira's doing it.
The man is loose, he's limber and he's ready for action.
So, climb aboard, girls, and let me hear your bodies talk.
Ooh!
Whoa! Yes!
This position is terrific for anyone with osteoporosis, gout or goiter.
Stay with me, kids.
We're almost done.
Ah! Honey!
Oh! All right, guys.
We have to wrap it up.
Everyone.
Remember to take your Liberator pads.
And don't forget to stretch before you try this at home.
We don't want anyone shattering a pelvis.
Hello, my precious.
Oh, I love you so much.
I haven't seen my bubeleh in months.
Honey, you feel thin.
No, no.
You're not eating.
What's the matter?
No. I'm fine. Mom, how do we explain all these people to the Byrneses?
Honey, they're leaving.
The Byrneses won't know they were here.
Okay. We agreed to be discreet about you being a sex therapist this weekend until you got to know Jack and Dina better. Right?
Don't worry. I'll be discreet.
I put all my toys away.
And my office is all ready for them to sleep in.
Your office? No, no. we're putting them upstairs.
Your father thought they'd be more comfortable down here.
The upstairs plumbing...
You don't wanna know.
Talk to me about something important, honey.
How are things with you and Pam?
They're great.
Because, you know, after two years, you have to work to keep things going.
Does she still climax regularly? Mom.
You can't talk that way this weekend, okay?
Honey, I'm just saying I didn't raise you to be a so-so lover.
I know.
Okay, what is he doing?
What?
Don't... don't worry about them.
Mom, Mom,
you got to get these people
out of here now.
Okay.
Wipe that
little gloss off you.
Okay.
You hunt deer, Bernard?
What? No, I hate that thing.
Roz's father gave it to us.
He was into all that
macho-wacho crap.
Oh! So is Greg.
He and I went
duck-hunting together.
Didn't we, Greg? Hmm?
Duck-hunting?
Me and you?
Duck-hunting?
Yeah. Mmm-hmm.
What? What?
Gay, you went duck-hunting
with... with Jack?
Um, yeah. We went, we did.
We went
on a little hunting trip.
You shot a duck?
I shot at a duck and...
Mmm-hmm.
You killed an
innocent creature of the sky?
I don't... Did I...
I did... I don't...
I think
I might've clipped it or...
Never really checked.
Oh, Lord.
And now,
for the piece de resistance.
[gasping]
Oh, my goodness.
Little somethin'
I've been workin' on.
Oh, I see. Oh.
Mom will be out in a sec.
What's that?
It's you.
It's the Wall of Gaylord.
The Wall of Gaylord?
Isn't it nice to finally display your accomplishments, Son?
Honey, look at all your awards.
That's great.
He's my champion.
Oh, I didn't know they made ninth place ribbons.
Oh, Jack, they got them all the way up to 10th place.
Hey! Anybody want to get a drink by the lagoon?
This one looks impressive.
"Mazel tov, Gaylord M. Focker. World's Greatest Nurse."
[chuckling]
Very nice.
We've always tried to instill a sense of self in Gaylord without being too goal-oriented.
It's not about winning or losing, it's about passion.
We just want him to love what he's doin'.
You know what I mean, Jack?
Not really, Bernard.
I think a competitive drive is the essential key that makes America the only remaining superpower in the world today.
Well, whatever works.
Mmm-hmm.
(Roz)
All right.
Don't forget the positions.
Bye, Dr. Roz.
You're a lifesaver.
Oh, Thank you, BJ.
Goodbye.
Ira, remember,
easy on the thrusting.
You're not 78 anymore.
(Ira)
Bing, bang, bong.
What... What kind of work
does your mother
do with those patients?
Those look like yoga mats.
Is there yoga involved?
It's yogaesque.
It's sort of, um,
a, um, a... a... a
couples therapy.
Kind of mind-body...
It's kind of
her own sort of...
Rozela! Sweetheart,
living room!
Hello! Hello! Hello!
How are you, baby girl?
Good, Roz.
God! Look at you,
you're glowing!
Oh, thank you.
Hi, I'm Roz Focker
you must be Jack,
and you must be Dina.
Hi.
I... I just can't believe
it's taken us
this long to meet, huh.
And who's
this little hairball?
They brought their grandson
Baby Jack along.
He's so adorable.
I could eat him up.
Bern, did you show them
where they're sleeping?
Right, right, right.
Because we don't
have any air-conditioning,
I made up a nice spot for you
in Roz's office 'cause it
gets the best breeze,
and it's very near
the communal commode.
Oh, well, you know,
actually, we're gonna
stay in our motor home.
In the trailer?
Come on, Jack.
You're family.
We sleep under the same roof.
Actually, Mom's office
is kind of cluttered.
So, that... that
works all right.
It's just really easier
with Little Jack.
No, no. Really.
We insist.
They wanna sleep
in the trailer,
let them sleep
in the trailer.
Mom, it's not actually...
It's not a trailer.
It's kind of like...
It's like a... like a
hotel on wheels.
This is practically a hotel.
I was gonna do
the turndown service...
I know, I know,
but it's their choice.
Wherever you feel
most comfortable is fine.
(Bernie)
It's not right.
Bern, let it go.
Let it go? Fine.
Yeah, let it go.
Look at you, sulking.
Now, look at this.
I married a teenager. Right?
At least you have the libido
of a teenager.
I gave her
a little matinee today...
Oh! Don't you dare!
Stop it!
[chuckling]
How about a double feature?
[laughing]
(Bernie)
Come on. Come on.
Lagoon? Why don't we go
show them the lagoon?
The lagoon.
Come see the lagoon.
The lagoon, Jack. Come on.
We'll get drunk,
we'll take a piss
in the lagoon.
(Bernie)
Roz, why don't you
take them outside?
Show them around.
I'll make a drink.
Oh, God.
(Greg)
Hey, Dad...
It's going good
so far, right?
Dad, you gotta take down
that weird shrine thing.
But I'm very proud
of you, Gaylord.
What's wrong with showing it?
It's ridiculous.
Most people aren't proud
of sixth place ribbons.
Most people?
Since when do you care about most people? I don't, but Jack is really into winning and competition and sports. It's a whole other thing with him. Hey. Hey. You're a winner up here and in here. And that's all that matters. Okay. Thank you. I don't know what that means, but thank you.

(Jack)

So, to solve that problem, I created a life-like latex left breast molded from his mother's actual left breast, so this way LJ would avoid any nipple confusion. You're avoiding confusion by strapping a boob on a man? Well, yes, believe it or not, it is less confusing because of the texture Mom. ...of the breast itself. Uh, I guess it's very, uh, creative. It's very creative. ##[Bernie humming] A little birdie told me that one of our guests here is a Tom Collins man. [all laughing] Oh, for pity's sake. Isn't that nice, Jack? That is nice. Thank you.

(Bernie)

All right. Wait. Don't drink. I want to make a toast. Now, I had a vasectomy in 1974...
'73, honey. 
You're right. '73. 
So, unfortunately, 
I never had the chance to procreate a daughter, but had I been able to, I really would've wanted a girl as sensitive and as intelligent and as beautiful as this young lady sitting right here before us. Thank you, Bernie. And if I might add... Greg. Yeah. I thought you had a sister? Nope. No sister. You said you had a sister. You said you milked your sister's cat. (Bernie) Okay, I'm not done yet. What I'm trying to say is, it's taken far too long to do this, you know, but we're finally all together. (Roz) That's nice, honey. Oh, thank you. All right, that's enough. L'chaim, everyone. (all) L'chaim! L'ha-ha. Like you have popcorn stuck in the throat. It's a... Okay. To family. [all laughing] To family. Oh! I forgot. I want to say one more
thing about my vasectomy.
(Roz)
Sit down.
Honey,
get yourself over here.
I went overboard?
(Roz)
A little bit.
You're so cute,
they'll forgive you anything.
(Bernie)
God! You're so beautiful.
[whispering]
You are the sexiest woman
alive I know.
Mmm. You're just trying to
get me back into bed.
(Bernie)
Or the hammock.
[clearing throat]
This is
a delicious Tom Collins.
What I did,
I used real lemon juice.
It's from our trees here.
That's the secret.
He was squeezing
all afternoon.
Yeah. And, Jack,
I managed to make some
lemon juice, too.
[both laughing]
[gasping]
(Bernie)
Gay, you all right?
Honey, you okay?
Are you sure?
[frogs croaking]
Well, I think
that Roz and Bernie seem like
very nice people.
Oh! Very nice people.
A little off-color,
but very nice.
Oh! But isn't it wonderful, Jack?
After all this buildup,
the kids
are finally getting married.
I feel so happy.
Wait a second.
I think he just spoke.
Little Jack,
were you about to speak?
[farts]
Nope,
just a little flatulence.
What were you saying, honey?
Nothing, dear.
Guys, where are you going?
We're checking out
Jack's macho-wacho trailer.
Yeah.
I want to see that boob.
Can I talk to you
for a sec?
Yeah.
Hey, listen,
don't let Moses go in there.
They have a cat.
Moses is perfectly trained...
Dad, he humps
everything that moves.
Honey,
he's like his father.
I never cheated on you.
They're not listening to me.
So, what's up?
They seem to be
getting along really well,
don't you think?
Yeah, they do. I know.
I kind of feel bad
that I worried so much.
Yeah. That was okay.
What's going on?
I'm pregnant.
You're pregnant?
Mmm-hmm.
I'm two weeks late.
I'm nauseous,
my boobs hurt,
and I can smell everything.
You're gonna have a baby.
Yeah. A baby.
Oh, we're gonna
have a little baby, a baby.
I'm pregnant.
I just... I...
[laughing]
Yeah.
Oh, shit!
You realize your father
is going to kill me?
No, no, no, no, no.
He's not gonna find out
because we're
not going to tell him.
No, no, no, no, no.
Come on.
He's a human lie detector.
He lives to sniff out
stuff like this.
We'll get
through this weekend,
we'll get through tomorrow.
And... and... and we'll
tell them on Sunday
before we go.
Okay? We'll tell them all.
I just hate the idea
of keeping secrets
from your dad.
It's just one little secret.
Oh! Hi, neighbors.
Hello.
The Fockers, honey.
A la fancy-shmancy.
Welcome to the chateau.
No wonder they
don't want to sleep
in our shit box.
Look at this place.

[Moses barking]

1... I don't think the dog is such a good idea.
Don't worry. Moses is more of a lover than a fighter.

Jesus!
Moses!
He's always dreamt of me having a white wedding.
You don't know how upset he's gonna be.

No, I do know.

(Bernie)
Moses! Moses!

(Jack)
Jinxy!

(Greg)
Dad, I told you to keep him out of the RV.
He said he wanted to see the RV.

Dad!

Moses! Moses!

(Jack)
Get that goddamn dog out of here!

Mo!

(Bernie)
Oh, God!

Dad!

[Moses whimpering]

(Greg)
Oh! Jinx.

Jinx, don't do it.

Jinxy, no.

Don't do it!

(all three)

No!

[whimpering]

Jesus! Moses! Hold on.

Moses, hold on.

I'm gonna save you!

The cat can flush?
Oh, my God!
[Little Jack wailing]
Get out of the way!
(Jack)
Hey! What the hell are you doing? That's my toilet!
I got to get my dog!
Forget your dog.
What about my toilet?
Moses!
[grunts]
[yelling]
[sobbing]
(Pam)
No! Stop the baby!
Stop the baby!
[screaming]
[wailing continues]
(Bernie)
He's alive!
He's fine.
So much for the protection of our rolling safe house.
Oh, honey, he was trying to save his pet.
I mean, what if it was Jinx who got flushed into a toilet?
Mr. Jinx has had extensive aquatic training.
He would have known exactly what to do in the event of a submersion.
[purring]
[growling]
[clearing throat]
guys.
Sorry about the trailer, Jack.
[whispering]
Muskrat.
It's okay, Bernard.
[growling]
There's no way
we're not telling him
this weekend.
I know.
That's what I was saying.
So, what do you wanna do?
I'm not sure.
I never thought
this'd be an issue.
I thought we'd be married
before we got pregnant.
Hey.
What?
Why don't we move
the wedding up to next month?
What?
Then we'll tell your dad
you got pregnant
on the honeymoon.
Oh, my God, yeah,
that could work.
Yeah. It's perfect,
right?
Yeah.
Okay. Good.
Just follow my lead.
Okay.
Okay.
##[humming]
Without further ado,
my famous Focker Fondue.
[all applauding]
Come on, dig in. Come on.
Get it while it's hot.
That is so impressive, Bernie.
Did you do that yourself?
Oh, sure.
Oh! I love to cook.
I can't even fry an egg.
(Bernie)
True.
I burn cornflakes.
I'm amazed
he finds the time to cook
with such a high-powered
legal career.
High-powered?
I wouldn't exactly call...
Uh-oh!
You kicked me.
Why did you kick me?
I kick... kicked you
because you're being modest
and you should tell people
that you are a good lawyer,
which he is,
a-a-and he has fought
some really big,
important legal battles.
Truth is, Jack,
when Gay was born,
I stopped practicing
and became
a stay-at-home dad.
Oh, believe me,
he won a trial or two
in his day.
Oh!
Extremely good trial lawyer.
A regular Clarence Darrow.
So Roz was
the primary breadwinner
and you didn't have a job?
(Pam)
Dad.
Honey, come on, you could say
he had the hardest job.
Oh, he's... he's just kidding.
Of course, I'm... Yes.
Why don't we jump into
the topic of the hour, hmm,
the big
Focker-Byrnes wedding.
Yes. Good.
I know we've been talking
about a... a fall wedding...
[Bernie speaking in Spanish]
[woman speaking in Spanish]
Is that Isabel?
Oh, yeah. Our former housekeeper, Isabel. You know, she has her own catering business now, isn't that great? And... and I asked her to come and help Bernie in the kitchen this weekend. You didn't tell me she was here. Gay had a monster crush on her when he was a teenager. (Pam) Really? I didn't have any monster crush. You didn't tell me about that. Yeah. Because it's not true. Oh, not true? Then I didn't catch you doing baziga to her passport photo when you were, what, 13? (Roz) Honey, stop. (Bernie) I walk in the door... (Isabel) Where is he? Oh, there's my baby! Hey! [laughs] [both exclaiming] Good to see you. Mmm. Good to see you. I... I haven't seen you in years. I know. Mmm. Yes, you... Wow! Yeah. Look at you. You look... I know.
Yeah. You look...
I had a boob job.
Wow.
[cooing]
Yeah. Yeah.
Hey! This is, uh,
Dina and Jack Byrnes.
Mucho gusto.
Hi, Isabel.
Mucho gusto.
And this is Pam Byrnes,
my fiancee.
Encantada.
Nice to meet you, too.
Not yet married,
and already a little one?
And he is
a handsome little Focker.
[laughs]
See?
Oh, no. He's not a Focker.
Yeah, no.
He's not mine.
And still you stayed
to raise her child?
Good for you.
No, he's Pam's nephew.
He has no connection
to Greg whatsoever.
[babbling]
[speaking in Spanish]
[babbling]
I love you, too.
Mama! Mama!
Mama!
[all laughing]
Little Jack, no.
Those aren't for you.
[mooing]
[babbling]
Oh.
Mom.
I think I'll take
him inside.
(Jack)
Good idea.
You're a very
lucky woman, Pam.
He's very special,
this one.
[laughing]
I think so, too.
Oh, I could tell you
some stories about him.
Really?
Oh, she's just
being silly.
Nice to meet you all.
Nice to meet you.
So sweet. Oh! So sweet.
[clears throat]
Hey, do you guys
want some more, uh, wine?
Mas vino por la mama, si.
Hey.
Hey, you did good, Greg.
She's very pretty,
this one, huh?
Yeah, she's, uh,
she's really great.
Really great.
Can you believe
it's been 15 years?
[speaking in Spanish]
So many wonderful memories
from those days.
Yes. Yes, lot of wonderful,
kind of private memories.
So, you never told
your fiancee about us, huh?
Um, no, I don't think I did.
I don't, I think,
I don't think it ever
came up on my end.
Not that I didn't
want her to know.
It just, never really...
Yeah, and not that, l... I mean,
not that it wasn't great.
It was really, you know,
for me it was like...
And you were so
helpful and... and...
Don't you worry, baby.
Your secret's safe with me.
Okay.
There's no secrets.
But, good, yeah,
maybe if we keep it quiet
this weekend and then...
Because, yeah, I don't want
Pam to feel uncomfortable.
And then later, when it's
the proper, you know, setting,
I can...
Okay, yeah, okay, good.
And, uh...
Good.
Oh, and fondue, fondue
is going... is goin' over.
Gay, you're just in time
to hear me tell the gang
how you lost
your virginity to Isabel.
[door closing]
(Bernie)
He was 19. A late bloomer.
You s-slept with Isabel?
We were relieved.
Why... why would you,
why... why would you
bring that up?
What's the problem?
It was, what, 15 years ago.
Honey, your father thought
that it'd be fun
to share stories
about our first time.
Really? That sounds like fun.
That's...
That's fine.
Come on, tell us how
you popped your cherry.
Come on.
I really don't feel
comfortable
discussing that
with you, Bernard.
You know what? I suggest that
we get back to talking
about the wedding.
Thank you, Bernie.

[Little Jack wailing]

What?
Mom, didn't you just take
Little Jack back to the room?
I'm monitoring him
from a high-powered
multidirectional microphone
planted in his crib.
Oh, baby monitors.
Hidden cameras.
Whatever happened
to a little thing
called privacy?
Bernie,

surveillance technology
has helped protect
a lot of the freedoms
that we as Americans
take advantage of today.
He's right.
It has been good.
S-son, that is bullcrap
in a chef's salad.
Jack, tell me one smart thing
the CLIA has done
and I'll give you
the deed to her house.
The CLIA?
The Central Lack
of Intelligence Agency.

[Bernie and Roz laughing]

[Little Jack wailing]
I think that baby might need
a couple of pulls
on that knocker
of yours, Jack.
[both laughing]
No, it's okay.
We're Ferberizing him.
You're what?
The Ferber method.
You let him cry it out.
This way he doesn't
depend on coddling.
On the other hand,
the Continuum Concept
shows that a baby benefits
more from constant
physical contact.
Oh.
We use the Ferber Method.
We used the Focker Method.
We hugged and kissed
that little prince
like there was no tomorrow.
We Fockerized him.
That's right.
Greggy practically slept
in our bed till he was 10.
Oh, my God!
Oh, I don't think
it was quite that long.
Yes, it was.
No, it wasn't 10.
Nine-and-a-half, at least.
Mom, I don't think so.
I didn't sleep
in their bed all that time.
(Roz)
Bernie, get the photo album.
I'm one step ahead of you.
No, no, no,
we're eating dinner, come on.
These are the curls
from his first trip
to the barbershop.
Nobody wants to see this.
Oh, and you kept
all of his baby teeth.
Look at his
darling little teeth,
Isn't that sweet?
Uh-oh, somebody looks
very grumpy there.
Oh, that's Gay with the mohel.
The mohel?
No.
(Roz)
He's the man who snips
the baby's little winkydink.
See, that's Greg getting
circumcised, right here.
We had the ceremony
at my parents' house
but there was a cold snap
and... Tell him.
The heater conked out.
Mom.
No matter how hard he tried,
the mohel couldn't coax
Greg's tiny little turtle
from its shell.
You know what?
Let's not talk about
the tiny turtle, okay?
Let's... Th-this is dinner.
Honey, half the people
at this table have penises.
Mom, control yourself.
Roz, he's right.
You're embarrassing him.
Okay, I'm sorry.
Make a long story short, Jack,
he wound up with a semicirc.
[giggling]
What's a semicirc?
I can't wait to hear this.
What? It's a cross between
an ant eater and...
A German Army helmet.
[all laughing]
But, honey... Oh!
You wanted to talk
about the wedding, right?
Don't tell me you kept
his umbilical cord.
Of course not,
that's Greg's foreskin.
All right, you know what?
That's it. That's... that's
enough humiliation.
Honey, stop.
We're having fun.
No, I'm not having fun.
Why deny us our memories?
Because we're done!
[all screaming]
[sizzling]
Anyone in the mood
for Chinese?
You told me
your first time
was with the Danish
transfer student
in high school.
Yeah, well, you weren't
exactly forthcoming
about your engagement
with Kevin.
Yeah, well,
he wasn't my babysitter.
Okay, I should have
told you, all right.
Can we just let
it go, please?
We both got
enough stuff to deal with
this weekend.
Oh, hi, Jack.
Hello, Greg.
[sighs]
Funny dinner, huh?
How do you mean?
I know that you are
studying my family
like the frozen caveman.
So, I just, I don't want you to be worried, okay? I mean, they're a little quirky, but they—they're well-intentioned and... and I think they're just nervous and... Greg, I am sure tomorrow will be a better day.

(Bernie)
I'm sorry, ma'am. I thought you ordered room service. Are you sure you don't want any whipped cream with your sundae?

[Roz screaming]

(Roz)
Bern, stop it!
Who's Bern?
I'm Chad, the bellhop.
Oh, no, come on, we did that last week. Can't you be Sam the carpet-cleaning man?
It's illogical. Why would a carpet cleaner have whipped cream? Well, improvise, honey. Good evening, miss. I'm here to clean your carpet.

[Bernie and Roz laughing]
Do you mind if I put some foam down on your rug? I don't mind at all. Good night, Greg. Okay, sleep well, Jack.

(Roz)
How long... how long have you worked in this hotel?
It's time to put some snow
on your mountains.
Come on, I'm gonna get
some whipped cream
on those Tetons.
[Bernie and Roz laughing]
Guys!
(Roz)
Come back in the morning,
tootsie roll.
(Bernie)
Gay, you see
the cowboy hat on the door?
Cowboy hat is off the door!
No cowboy hat this weekend!
I'm coming in!
Just stop doing
what you're doing!
Oh!
Come on, man, you know
what that cowboy hat
on the door means.
Will you please
help me out here?
What?
We're just being ourselves.
Mom, mom, please...
I think he's saying
not to be ourselves.
Yes, be yourselves
but be yourself in a way
that's a little less than
being your full selves, okay.
(Roz)
I don't understand this.
I mean, why you're so
afraid of this Jack?
You've been kissing his ass
ever since you got here.
Mom, I'm not afraid
of him, okay.
It's not true.
It is true.
(Bernie)
I can't believe you went
duck-hunting with him.
Our people
don't shoot ducks.
Just make Jack feel a little
more comfortable here, okay?
So you don't want us
to be ourselves?
No, I just don't want you
to break his RV, Dad,
and... and... and reveal
that I had sex with Isabel
and play weird sex games
that everybody can hear
in the house.
Mom... Mom, please.
If you ask me,
it wouldn't be so bad
if your future in-laws
heard this.
Do me a favor.
Just don't therapize
the Byrneses
this weekend at all, okay?
All I'm saying is,
a few minutes
of concentrated work
with him and Dina,
she could get him
to blow like Krakatoa.
Right, okay, yeah,
you know what?
One day, just give me
one day, okay,
without any complications.
We get through it,
everybody goes off,
we go on with our lives.
Can we do that?
All right.
You got it, dude.
Thank you, okay.
Hon, put the hat
back on the door, okay?
No mom.
No cowboy hat this weekend.
(Bernie)
Okay, but tonight
doesn't count.
[Bernie hooting]
All aboard.
[Bernie laughing]
Morning, partner.
Morning.
Sleep okay?
I slept all right,
thank you.
It's nice, all of us
being here together,
don't you think?
Bernard, do you mind
if I have some privacy?
Almost done.
Bernie,
this frittata is wonderful.
What's in it?
Well, a lot of the taste comes
from this old skillet.
I've never washed it.
Hey, guys,
can I have everybody's
attention, please?
Gay, be back in a second.
Okay, Dad. All right.
Uh, so...
Mom, I know we've been...
we've been talking about
having the, uh,
 wedding in October,
but Pam and I
have been doing
a little thinkin'
and playing around
with some ideas
and, uh, we're thinking
of moving it up to June.
Nice.
This June?
Yeah.
Yeah.
That's... that's in a month.
I always wanted
a spring wedding, you know.
Well, that's great,
so we can announce it
at the party tonight.
Good idea.
Wait, what party?
Jack!
Let's play football!
Oh, your father
and I are throwing
a little
engagement soiree
for you two lovebirds.
Look at that.
(Pam)
That's so sweet.
Thank you, guys.
I thought we were just having
a nice quiet dinner.
It was supposed
to be a surprise.
The phone keeps ringing,
the list keeps growing.
Yeah, now,
it's up to 50 Fockers.
When were you going to tell us
about this?
What could be better?
Dad, what are you doing?
We never play football.
I'm trying to cement
relationships here.
Jack said
he was into footy ball.
Let's show El Stiffo
how we play the game.
Footy ball?
Come on, come on,
let's play!
I'm feeling a little tired.
I think I'll sit it out
with Little Jack, okay? 
Honey, you want me to 
keep you company? 
No, Dina, come on, 
you and I will take on 
Jack and Roz. 
Come on, Jack, it'll be fun, 
we'll swap wives. 
Don't worry, you'll get her 
back after the game. 
[all laughing] 
Fine, we'll play 
three on two. 
But someone needs to be 
official quarterback. 
Gay goes both ways. 
I'll bet he does. 
[cooing] 
One, two. Hut. 
[all chattering] 
Come on. 
I'll run a down-and-in, 
draw in the defense, 
then you'll hit Roz 
here in the end zone for a TD. 
What do you mean? 
He hits me where with a what? 
I'll throw you the ball, 
you try to catch it, okay. 
You want me to catch? 
Yeah. 
On two. Ready? 
Yes. 
Hut one, hut two, hike! 
[screams] 
Come on, this way! 
That way, that way, 
that way. 
[Roz screams] 
[laughs] 
You remember 
that time in the park? 
You remember that time 
in the park?
Guys, come on, come on,
cut it out.
I'm so proud of you.
I caught the ball.
(Greg)
Mom, come on.
I caught the ball!
Come on, huddle up.
No, I'm bored. Here!
Dina, come on, let's go.
You want a spritzer?
What? Oh, a spritzer.
That sounds yummy.
All right, come on.
Dad, you got
to focus, all right?
He's beating you
down the field every time.
You want me to
be macho-wacho?
No. What? Have I ever said
the words macho-wacho
to you in my life?
I got it.
What?
I won't disappoint you.
Okay, let's try again,
I'm gonna run a stop and go.
Fake the short pass,
then hit me here
in the end zone
with a Hail Mary.
Okay, got that.
Yeah, we keep
running that play.
You want to mix
it up a little?
No, I don't. I've exposed
Bernie's weakness
and I want to take advantage
of it.
Exposed his weakness.
Okay, okay. On four?
Four.
Just you and me, Jack.
Mano a mano.
You think you can take me,
Flowerman?
I'm pretty sure I can,
Mr. Mom.
You're going down,
Bernsie-boy.
I'm going to
rearrange your bouquet.
Sell the pump fake, Greg,
'cause that
Focker's gonna bite.
[inaudible]
[inaudible]
Hut one, hut two,
hut three, hut four. Hike!
[grunting]
Oh, my God!
Are you all right?
[screaming]
Shit!
[chanting]
Hey, Jack, you okay?
I'm fine, Greg, thank you.
I see that kind of injury
all the time at the hospital.
I wish you'd let me
give you a quick exam.
No, I'm, I'm fine.
I told you I'll have my doctor
look at it when I get home.
Okay.
You know, it's amazing
how your father anticipated
the pump fake like that.
It's almost like
he knew it was coming.
Hmm.
Well, he definitely takes
competition seriously.
How a man handles himself
on the football field
says a lot
about his character.
Know what I mean?
Okay.
Hey.
Hey.
We got him, didn't we,
dude, huh?
Was he impressed?
No, Dad, he wasn't.
That was a really hard shot.
You could've hurt him.
I just wanted it
to be a fun game
but you wanted to win,
so, you know,
you got me all steamed up.
No, I asked you to play
a little defense,
I didn't ask you to turn it
into a blood sport.
I play too easy.
I play too hard.
What are you really
asking me to do, Gaylord?
I'm not asking
anything of you, Dad.
Just... just go down there
and apologize to him, okay?
He thinks it
was a cheap shot.
Sure. Okay.
Whatever you say.
Okay.
I can't win with this kid.
Honey...
(Bernie)
I can't.
It's okay.
Hi, baby.
Hey.
So, how far along is Pam?
Hmm?
What?
Come on, honey, I knew it
the minute I saw her.
Her boobs are bigger.
She's hormonal.
No wine at dinner,
no football.
She just found out yesterday.
[screams]
Honey.
My bubeleh's
going to have a baby!
My bubeleh's
going to be a father!
Oh, my God.
Tell me, talk to me,
so this is so exciting.
[shushing]
No.
You didn't tell Dad, did you?
No, not yet.
He's gonna plotz.
No, no, Mom,
you can't tell him.
Why not?
Because he
can't keep a secret.
You know that.
You think Jack knows?
Are you kidding?
That guy's in such denial,
he still thinks his daughter
is still a virgin.
Yeah, I know,
he's very old-fashioned.
That's why Pam
can't tell him
till after the wedding.
That is ridiculous.
Mom, it isn't, believe me.
You don't know him like I do.
Fine.
My lips are sealed.
I am so excited
and thrilled for you.
[laughing]
So happy for you two! Did you plan this? Uh, no, it just sort of happened. How did it happen? How? It just happened. You know... you know how it happens. I mean, I'm not going into the details. Honey, I love details. Sorry.

[mumbling] All right. Okay. Well, you know, honey, many unplanned pregnancies happen because the man is such a sexual dynamo and the woman craves his sperm on an unconscious but very powerful level. Hmm-mmm. Mom, I am truly not comfortable having this conversation with you. No? No. I've been saying it since I was 11. All right. Love you. Love you, too. Uh, Jack! What say you and me go into town? I got a guy who can fix your RV. I'm in far too much physical agony, Bernie. Gee, I'm sorry, but it'll be good
for you, you know, to,
you know,
to get out and about.
Yeah. Perfect. I can take
the girls shopping
in Coconut Grove.
Little Jack is on
a very specific
napping schedule.
I better stay here.
No, go. Greg can watch him.
Yeah, sure.
He has wonderful
parental instincts.
Dad,
Greg deals with little kids
in the ER all the time.
It's true. They don't call me
Barry Poppins for nothing.
[all laughing]
(Roz)
That's so cute.
Why would someone call you
Barry Poppins?
They wouldn't.
Now, remember, Greg,
we're Ferberizing him.
So unless it's an emergency,
under no circumstances
should you pick him up
or coddle him in any way
when he cries.
Hmm-mmm. Okay.
He's learning to self-soothe,
that means no television,
no unapproved toys,
and most of all,
no monkey business
of any kind.
Is that clear?
Mmm-hmm.
No monkey business.
Okay.
Jack.
Shall we get a move on, pal-o-mino?
(Jack)
I'm ready.
I love this, Roz.
This is a great find.
Oh, good,
and it's loose,
so you can wear it even if you gain a few pounds.
Isn't that lovely?
Honey, are you all right?
You look a little flushed.
Oh, it's just the heat.
It takes some getting used to.
I'm fine.
I'm going to try this on.
Thank you, Roz.
Now, madame,
let's find something sexy for the momma to wear.
Look at this little number.
Whooa!
I think this will get Jack's blood flowing.
Jack would have a coronary.
I thought so.
Oh, Dina, talk to me.
What's really going on with that man?
He seems very uptight.
Jack's always been a little wound up.
His job was very stressful.
Being a florist is stressful?
There's more to it than people think.
Mmm-hmm.
If you don't mind me asking, how is your sex life?
[laughs]
I can't tell you that.
What's the big deal?
I'm a professional.
Dina, I'm a sex therapist, specializing in senior sexuality. I knew those weren't yoga mats. 
[both laughing]
We're not 25 any-anymore. But you're not dead, either. Lots of couples our age lack intimacy in their marriages. I didn't say we weren't intimate. There are special occasions. You know, anniversaries and...
I think that I can help you and Jack reconnect. How?
Well, it all starts with a little bit of, uh, how shall I say, intimate contact. Yeah. Mmm-hmm.
My, that tingles.
Every pleasure in the body can be stimulated through the ears. [moaning] I'd give it a shot with Jack tonight. What's goin' on over here? Nothing, just having some girl talk. Roz. [Little Jack wailing] [sighs] [Little Jack
continues wailing]
Okay. Here's the deal, LJ.
I'm going to give you
a few minutes of attention.
But you have to promise
that you don't tell
Grandpa Jack anything, okay?
(Greg)
All right. Good.
[cooing]
Okay, I don't quite know
what that means,
but I'm going to trust you.
All right. Here we go.
Okay. Okay.
It's okay.
A little huggie-wuggie
never hurt anybody.
[yelping]
I know we aren't
supposed to watch TV
but we won't tell
Grandpa Jack, will we?
Oh, look, look, it's Elmo.
Do you like fishes?
You don't like fishes?
No. All right.
Okay.
Okay.
[sighing]
[doll squeaking]
[squeaking continues]
[panting]
Hey, I got an idea.
Let's see what pre-approved
genius toys Grandpa Jack has
in his big basket of fun. Mmm?
Oh, look, look,
it's a... it's a... an abacus.
Abacuses aren't that much fun,
are they?
I don't know
why people think they're fun.
Look at this! Look!
It's... it's bolts on a plank.
Hmm? Fun bolts.
No, not very fun.
Hey.
###[music playing]
A little birdie!
Look, he sings.
# And if that
mockingbird don't sing #
# Then Greg is going to
buy you a diamond ring #
# And if that
diamond ring gets sold #
# Greg's gonna feel
like a big asshole ##
Asshole.
No, no, no, you don't want
to say that word.
We don't want to say that.
That's a bad word.
Asshole.
No, no, no.
###[music playing]
I thought this
was a repair shop.
Oh, this is better.
That's Isabel's son, Jorge.
he can fix anything.
Hey, Bernie.
[speaking in Spanish]
Yo! Georgie boy!
So, I think you got a tear
in the bilateral valve.
Genius.
[Isabel speaking in Spanish]
Jorge, what did I tell you?
No more tinkering
until you finish
your science homework.
Oh.
Uh, I was going to finish it
but, uh, Mr. Gerson
is out with, uh, rickets.
He said definitely don't do it
until his rickets are... are cured.
And, you know,
1... l... I really...
Who knows if he's ever telling the truth?
(Isabel)

Bernie,
I made chimichangas.
You guys want?
Have you ever known me
to turn down a chimi?
Jack, you in the mood, amigo?
No, thanks.
[birds chirping]
Why are you
looking at me funny?
1... l... I said...
Oh, no, no. You just look
like somebody I know.
No, no, no, no.
Tadpole. Tadpole.
Can you say tadpole?
Mad bull.
Asshole.
No, Jack's mole.
'Cause Jack has
a big mole on his face.
Is your father the mechanic?
Oh, l... I don't know,
I never met him.
Never met your dad, huh?
Oh, that's unfortunate.
But very interesting.
Mind if I take
a picture of you?
You know,
just for fun.
Okay.
[clicking]
# Mr. Moose likes to say
good words #
# He doesn't like
you to say bad words ##
Asshole.
[phone ringing]
Okay.
Just hang on a second there.
[sobbing]
[Little Jack wailing]
Yeah.
Hello.
Hi, It's me.
How's it going
with the little one?
Horribly. He's crying
and screaming, and cursing.
(Roz)
That poor kid is desperate
for human contact.
Honey, you need to hold him,
and kiss him,
do whatever it takes.
I've been hugging him
in secret,
feeding him chocolates, too.
[TVplaying]
All animals have babies...
[chuckling]
Say hello to my
little friend!
You know,
he's probably teething.
So put a dab of rum
in his milk.
And it'll ease the pain,
hel'll go to sleep.
You want me to
give him a drink?
I'm talking,
less than a thimbleful.
(Roz)
You don't want Jack
coming home
to a screaming baby.
[giggling]
Listen to your mother.
Goodbye. I love you.
All right, Mom.
Hey, Little Jack,
I got a surprise for you.
Little Jack?
Mr. Moose is looking for you.
Oh, shit!
Where the hell did he go?
LJ!
Little Jack!
[Jinx meowing]
(Greg)
LJ! LJ!
Does that Jorge resemble anyone you know?
No one I know.
Hmm.
There's something you don't see every day.
[panting]
Focker!
Focker!
Okay. I know this looks bad, but I can explain it.
What the hell happened?
I said no monkey business.
No.
There was no monkey business.
No monkey business?
You're wearing my breast,
Little Jack is drinking,
Moses is sodomizing Jinx,
and you're telling me there's no monkey business?
What is going on here?
You all right, LJ?
Hello! We're home!
Hey, guys.
(Jack)
Give me the bottle.
What's happened to Little Jack?
His hands are stuck to the bottle of rum.
Thank you, Dad.
You bet they're stuck.
Greg, how did this happen?
And why are you
wearing antlers?
It's very complicated.
It's just a little glue.
He's fine.
He's not fine.
If he could use his hands,
he'd tell you himself.
All right. That's all right.
Come on.
Little Jack, honey,
are you okay?
Greg...
(Jack)
Dina. Pam.
(Pam)
Yes, Dad, uh... I'm coming.
Little Jack.
Honey, I said a thimble,
not a bottle.
Oh, Greg.
Hey.
[whispering]
How's the little guy doing?
[whispering]
Everything is
just as good as new.
Yeah.
Dad, come on.
(Roz)
Is he all right?
He's asleep.
I don't care if they
did call you Larry Poppins.
You are completely unfit
to handle a child.
It was Barry Poppins.
What kind of sick cocktail
were you gonna make
my grandson?
Jack, the baby's teething.
I told Greg to give him
some rum to ease the pain.
It was your idea?
Yes.
What is wrong
with you people?
I used to rub bourbon
on Denny's gums.
Yeah! Look what
happened to him.
Greg, you couldn't follow
a simple set of instructions?
Jack, he was screaming.
So I went in and gave him
a little attention. Okay?
He's learning to self-soothe.
These setbacks are disastrous
for his development.
The child is adorable,
but you're not raising
Little Buddha over here.
Mom.
What are you saying?
I'm saying that
I've seen that kid eat
at least 15 boogers
since he's been here
and I've got news for you,
Jack,
prodigies don't eat
their own boogers.
And I have news for you.
Prodigies don't come in
every time either.
Okay, Dad. That's my fiance.
I'm sorry.
I've never seen people
celebrate mediocrity
the way you do.
Because we love our son?
We hug our son?
Let's get down to it.
The truth is,
you're so concerned about
that Little Jack, but I think
that it's the
Little Jack in you
who's crying out for a hug.
The Little Jack in me?
Jack, you have issues.
I'm trying to understand
why you run around
with a rubber boob
strapped to your chest.
Were you ever breastfed?
Mom, stop.
Key question.
My guess is no.
Spare me
the drugstore psychology.
[all chattering]
Everybody! All right.
Everybody just...
Everybody just stop, okay?
Jack, I am not going
to make any excuses. Yes,
Little Jack wouldn't
stop crying
so I gave him some hugs
and I let him watch TV.
I went to answer the phone,
I was gone a second,
I came back in,
he let himself out
of the playpen,
he put on Scarface,
and he glued his hands
to the rum bottle. Okay?
That's it.
Oh. That's it
Greg just said, "That's it."
So I feel much better now.
Daddy, would you mind...
Please, Daddy. He made
an honest mistake. Let it go.
He's fine, Greg.
He's asleep.
[Little Jack mumbling]
He spoke.
(Little Jack)
Asshole.
What?
Did he say what
I am thinking?
I think he did.
Little Jack,
what did you just say?
Asshole.
His first word?
It just slipped
out of my mouth. l...
He has a mind like a sponge.
That's enough.
I'm calling
a family conference.
Oh, it's a great idea, Jack.
Let's finally get
your problems
out on the table.
No, no, I mean with
my own family. Excuse us.
I'd like to talk to
Pam and Dina in private.
Of course, of course,
take your time.
(Roz)
Come on, honey.
I'm not so sure
this wedding is
such a good idea.
To say the least,
I don't like what I'm seeing
from these Fockers.
What?
Has Greg ever mentioned
the name Jorge to you?
Jor...
I don't know
what you're talking about.
No, why?
Because I think
your fiance may have
a few skeletons in his closet
that he is not
telling you about.
And skeletons don't like
living in closets.
Oh, my God,
Here we go again.
Dad, listen,
you know,
Greg has no skeletons. Okay?
Oh, really?
He does not.
Do you know that?
Yes, I know that.
Will you just...
I'm not a child.
I see. She knows that.
This wedding will happen.
And the sooner
you accept that,
the better it's going
to be for all of us.
I can't talk to you.
No.
Wait a second, sweetheart.
And I'm not so sure Roz
is a yoga instructor, either.
Jack, you promised
that you'd behave yourself.
And what you said
to those people
was really hurtful.
I think you should go up there
and apologize.
I'm not going to apologize
to them.
Jack.
A little birdie told me
that somebody's going to
be a daddy.
Mom!
Sorry, honey,
but look at that face.
How could I keep it a secret?
He's so excited
about being a grandpa.
(Bernie)
What should he call me?
[both laughing]
How about Poppy?
You don't have
to have champagne, okay?
Why?
Jack's really angry.
I know he's mad,
but he's also
a little meshuggenha.
Come on, honey. How often do
we get to be grandparents?
We're having a toast.
Okay, fine,
but, Dad, this is a secret.
We can't tell Jack
till after we are married.
Why? We are honest people.
No! I can't stand
this secrecy anymore. Why?
[shushing]
Be quiet.
Why should we diminish our joy
just because they live
in denial?
[shushing]
 Seriously.
I promised Pam, okay?
She thinks
it'll break his heart
if he finds out.
I'm not gonna take a drink.
(Roz)
Your father's right.
This is the 21st century!
Married or not,
there's no shame
in fatherhood!
This is
the fruit of your loins.
(Bernie)
That is so beautiful.
Say that to him again.

(Roz)
This is
the fruit of your loins!
This is
the fruit of your loins!
(Bernie)
Okay. Let's toast
and let's make a sandwich,
and Mom wants
to be the cheese.
[gasps]
Jack Byrnes,
what are you doing?
[groaning]
What did you do?
You okay there, Jacko?
What's the matter
What happened?
[moaning]
I was, uh, coming to apologize
and my back went into spasm.
It's very tender from that
horrific football accident.
Yeah, I feel it.
My God, you're knotted
like a pretzel.
You must be
in a lot of pain, huh?
I don't mind pain.
I learn from pain.
Pain-shmain.
My fingers are magic.
Come on,
let me work out the kinks.
Oh. That's a
lovely offer, Jack.
Uh, no, thanks. I'll be fine.
My wife does
wonderful bodywork, Jack.
I don't think he needs it.
##[music playing]
Okay, handsome, shirt off.
I'd rather have it on,
thank you.
Oh, no dice.
No, no, no.
It has to come off.
Ah, lovely.
You know,
most back pain
is psychological.
We carry our
emotional baggage
right here in our muscles.
I've been watching you, Jack.
Studying your body language.
And you're a very sensual man.
But I'm not sure
you realize that.
What are you doing?
(Roz)
It's a technique
I learned in Hawaii.
It's a Lomi-Lomi massage
named after the gentle waves
of the Polynesian Sea.
The waves go in,
and the waves go out.
The waves go in.
[Jack grunts]
Whoops.
Hit some driftwood.
(Roz)
Jack Byrnes,
you are a caged lion.
But lions can't be captives
their entire lives.
They have to be free
to roam the bush,
free and wild.
Your wife is a hot,
sexy tigress
and she's waiting for you
to pounce on her.
Let me hear you roar,
baby, roar.
[Jack groaning]
Your body is talking to me.
It's hungry for action.
I can feel it.
Unleash the beast inside you.
Mom, stop it.
You're hurting him.
I am not hurting him.
I am helping him.
Just don't... don't...
I don't think you
should move just yet.
Jack, come back
for an afternoon session.
It'll do you good.
What're you doing?
We were so close.
I could feel it.
I was getting through to him.
The guy doesn't
like to be touched.
Because he has
the emotional hide
of a rhinoceros.
Don't break him down.
Just let him be.
I was trying to do you
a favor.
You were riding him
like Seabiscuit, Mom.
[groaning]
[grunts]
[whirring]
[beeps]
(Jack)
Dial Foxtrot One.
[phone autodialing]
[computer beeping]
(Foxtrot One)
Alpha, Foxtrot One.
(Jack)
Foxtrot One.
I need a full comparative
DNA analysis
on
one Gaylord M Focker
and one Jorge Villalobos.
Translation,
George, House of the wolves.
It might take
a couple of weeks, Santa.
No good, Foxtrot One,
I need a 12-hour turnaround.
I'll secure the
physical evidence
and the handoff will be
at Harry Focker's
Good Time Supper Club,
You got it, Santa.
Foxtrot One out.
[phone rings]
Yello?
Bernie, this is Jack Byrnes.
Hey, Jack.
Hey, where are you
calling from?
I'm in my RV.
Would you have Greg
meet me here in three minutes?
You're in your trailer?
Thank you, goodbye.
But...
Hey, Gaylord!
(Bernie)
Jack wants you
to meet him
in his trailer
in precisely three minutes.
And I have to
tell you,
El Stiffo was really
starting to freak me out.
Greg, wait, okay?
Listen, no matter
how hard he probes you,
you have to promise me
that you will not break
because I'm not
ready to tell him
I'm pregnant.
Hey, honey.
Honey.
What? What?
Let him probe,
'cause he's probing
a brick wall.
(Roz)
Now show me how
you would like
a romantic evening to go.
Oh, Jack, wine and candles?
Gosh, it's not
even our anniversary.
Come here, hot stuff.
[moaning]
Yes, yes. Oh, Jack.
[door closing]
(Greg)
Jack?
(Jack)
Down here, under the bed.
[bed whirring]
Down here, Greg.
Wow.
Have a seat.
Watch the panel.
This is incredible.
So this is like your, uh,
mobile command center
for all your spy activities?
Mainly a secure space for me
to spend some alone time
and reflect on my thoughts.
Mmm.
Very cool.
Greg.
Yeah?
You'll recall,
we had a discussion earlier
in the week
regarding my feelings
about family, legacies,
children and so forth.
Oh, yeah, of course I recall.
Yeah.
I'm going to
just ask you once.
Is there anything
you want to tell me
regarding things
that might have happened?
Unplanned things?
Things involving
the fruit of your loins?
No.
Well, if he's not going
to admit it on his own...
[phone autodialing]
(Jorge)
Hello?
Hello, Jorge?
It's Jack Byrnes,
remember me?
Oh, yeah.
Sure.
You came to
the house with Bernie.
You had that
fancy camera pen.
Yeah, that's right.
Listen, do you have
any plans tonight?
Uh, no.
Good, 'cause I'd like to
invite you to a party.
# You could feel
like dancin' #
# Dance #
# And you could feel
like fallin' #
# Fall #
# 'Cause it would
be all right ##
Hey.
Sweetie.
Having a good time?
Uh, no, not really.
No?
Hey, listen, sweetie, did you
tell your mother I'm pregnant?
Because she keeps touching
my stomach
and
smiling like that.
Yeah. No, I didn't tell her.
She just, she guessed.
She what?
Yeah, and then
she told my dad.
Oh, my God.
Stop it, Bernie.
Bernie, stop.
It's not funny.
(Pam)
I told my mom.
What?
Yeah.
What?
Why'd you...
Your dad
will definitely find out.
She knows my dad.
She'd never say a word.
No, no.
But he's very suspicious.
Greg. Hi.
Hey.
Hi. Honey, would you take this
to your mother?
It's a wine spritzer.
That's all she drinks now.
You boys have fun.
[sighs]
Nice.
Nice party.
Isn't it?
Yeah, it is.
It's nice.
It's got a nice festive vibe.
You met some of the, uh,
some of the cousins?
I met some. Yes.
I met some, um ...
Dominic.
Yeah, Dom Focker.
That's my dad's, uh, first cousin.
Did you meet his kids,
Randy and Horny?
I've met Randy and Horny.
Yes.
Come on.
I want to introduce you to somebody.
Come on.
Oh, there he is.
Glad you could make it, Jorge.
Oh, hey,
thanks for the invite, Mr. B.
Greg,
this is Jorge Villalobos.
Hey.
Hey, how you doing?
Isabel's son.
Oh, I didn't realize Isabel had a son.
When did she get married?
She's not married.
Oh, he's never met his father.
Oh.
I'm sorry.
That's, I mean, that's... that's too bad.
Oh, no, no, it's... it's cool.
My mom said my dad wasn't like, mature enough to deal with a kid,
anyway, so, yeah.
So how do you guys know each other?
Oh, this young man is quite the mechanic.
And he's only 15 years old.
Isn't that impressive?
Really? You're 15?
Yeah.
That is impressive.
He's a handsome kid, huh?
Yeah.
Almost like a young,
half-Hispanic
Marlon Brando.
Well,
I'll leave
you two guys to talk.
You probably have
a lot in common.
Well, hmm.
So you're 15.
Come on, let's conga.
Did you order
the Tom Collins, sir?
Is it made with
fresh lemon juice?
They're Bermuda lemons, sir.
And I squeezed them myself.
Stay safe, Santa.
##[music playing]
[all cheering]
I mean,
it's romantic out here,
don't you think?
The moon, the sea,
isn't it nice?
Hmm.
Yeah, it's nice.
You look very handsome
tonight, Jack.
Oh.
Thank you, honey.
What are you
doing to my ears?
Nothing.
(man)
Hey!
I have to go to the bathroom,
I'll be right back.
Okay.

###[conga drums beating]

Hello, Greg.

Hi, Jack.

Did you have

a nice conversation

with your son?

Jack, I've never even met

that kid before.

Focker,

you've been covering this up

from the very beginning.

No, I haven't, Jack.

It's just another one

of your crazy theories.

Greg.

You're still in

the circle of trust,

so I'm gonna give you

one more chance.

Are you ready to admit

that you've been hiding this

from Pam?

No, I haven't.

You're not hiding anything?

No, all right?

[sighs]

Oh, Greg.

What are you holding?

What's in your hand?

Nothing.

Jack, I can see it

in the mirror. What is it?

You got something

in your hand.

Don't worry about it, Greg.

Is that a needle?

Yes, it is.

You seem tense.

I was going to

offer you a sedative.

You're joking, right?

No, I'm not.

Jack.
Is that tartar sauce
on your shoulder?
Tartar sauce?
[yells]
Why?
You've been injected
with a highly concentrated
dose of sodium pentothal.

**Street name:**
You won't recall this
in a few minutes
and tonight,
for the first time
in your life,
my young friend,
you are going to be honest.
Keep the pressure on it.
Get down, Little Jack.
Get funky.
Oh.
Hey there, preggers.
Quiet.
How're you doin'?
Fine, where've you been?
I went to the bathroom to pee
and now I'm talking to you,
my fiancee, who I've delayed
marrying for two years
because I didn't want
our parents to meet.
[cooing]
What?
What?
What?
You don't like me?
It's okay.
I don't like your
little red outfit.
Makes you look
like a little demon-baby.
Maybe I'll get you
a little pitchfork
for Christmas, huh,
so we can put you
on a can of Underwood ham.
I'm sorry that I can't make
little "poop" sounds
and I can't make
little things
that tell people
when I wanna do things.
And guess what?
I can make
a sign to you, too.
How's that for a sign?
[all clapping]
Uh-oh. Look, Bernie's gone up
on the stage. Come.
Now, to say a few words,
one of the great
registered nurses of all time,
Gaylord Myron Focker.
[all cheering]
Come on,
let's give it up to Gay.
Give it up to him.
[man hooting]
Bernie Focker!
I love the shirt, Dad.
Thank you. All right.
It's great to be here
with all of you
as I am about to set sail
in my ship of life,
with my first mate,
the beautiful young
blonde lass over there.
Hey, baby.
I love you, honey.
I still masturbate to Pam.
[all gasping]
Greg.
What? It's true.
Honey, what?
Come on, you're hot.
Look at her.
Look at those boobs. Man!
I just wanna...
I just wanna lather them up
with soap and just...
I love it.
Man, I just wanna... just wanna
nestle in there
and just take
a little vacation in there.
Honey.
Honey, what? I'm sorry.
Okay, excuse me
for you being perfect.
Hey, you know
who else is great?
That woman over there.
My future mother-in-law,
Dina Byrnes.
# Dina, Dina, fofina #
# Banana fana fofina #
# I love Di-Di-Dina #
# Byrnes ##
You know, they say
if you really wanna know
what a woman
will look like
when she gets older,
you should look
at her mother.
Well, I'm a lookin'
and I'm a likin'.
[Greg whooping]
Look at her! Sweetness!
[all mumbling]
Hmm-mmm.
Good genes,
the Byrnes gene pool.
Hey, hey, you.
Yeah, you.
Hold on.
Pam,
I gotta tell you something
about... about this little
dude right here.
In my first really passionate
sexual awakening,
I did,
in fact, lose my virginity
to our beautiful housekeeper,
Isabel.
Greg, honey,
that was in the past.
So why don't
you come sit down?
No, no, honey,
'cause I have to get this
off my chest, really.
Sit.
We conceived a child.
[all gasping]
And his name is
Jorge Villalobos.
Come up here, Jorge.
Come up here.
Let's lift
the veil of mystery.
The fruit of my loins
is right here.
Everybody take a look.
See his face.
He's mine.
Search your feelings, Jorge.
You know it to be true.
[speaking in Spanish]
[sighing]
It's okay.
I know.
I know.
Lot of information.
You let it settle.
Who'd have thunk it, huh?
Come on,
give that kid a hand.
[all applauding]
Oh, and, uh, Jack?
Pam's pregnant.
[gasping]
[all chattering]
Focker out.
Hey.
(Pam)
Hey.

What happened last night?
Well, you got drunk
and told my dad I'm pregnant.
You revealed you have
a 15-year-old son
named Jorge.
And, oh, apparently
you have the hots for my mom.
Oh, my God.
1... I...
You mean,
is that really true?
I think she's attractive.
No, that you have a son
you never told me about.
I... Honey, if it is,
I never heard about it
before last night.
Isabel never
said anything to me. 1... I...
[sighs]
I mean.
I don't even
remember drinking.
You're telling me the truth,
aren't you?
Of course, I am.
Pam,
I love you.
I would never lie to you
about anything like that.
I love you, too.
And if Jorge
really is your son,
then we will make it work.
Okay.
I...
Hey, how did your dad react
to the pregnancy news?
Well,
just as you'd expect.
He slept in the RV.
He hasn't spoken
to anyone since last night.
[RV horn honking]
(Jack)
Pam,
we have to leave this island.
Get in the RV right now.
Bernard, get out
from under the vehicle
or I will run you over.
I'm not moving, Jack.
There's a non-violent way
to handle this.
What's going on?
Well, your father
wants to leave,
and Bernie is staging
a sit-in.
Dad, come on, get up.
This is ridiculous.
You weren't around
in the '60s, man.
This is how
we got things done.
(Jack)
Pam, Dina, we have to get
off this island. It's evil.
Jack Byrnes, out of the RV.
You are acting
like such a jerk.
Yes, there you go.
Jacko!
Yes.
Man, we're gonna
have a grandchild.
Come on,
we should be celebrating.
How could you not see it?
Greg is completely unfit
to handle a child.
He's neglected his own son
for 15 years.
Hey, Jack, I didn't even know he existed.
That's right.
Who knows what to believe with you?
You're dishonest about everything.
You're so much better, Jack?
Why don't you tell everybody what you did last night to Greg at the party.
Muskrat, Dina.
Oh, stuff your muskrat, Jack.
He shot Greg with truth serum before his speech.
What?
Yeah,
I found this in his pocket.
Here we go again, Dad.
He did the same thing to Pam's junior prom date.
Wait a minute.
Yes, yes. Wait a minute.
You stuck a needle in my neck.
You drugged my son?
I had no choice.
He refuses to tell the truth.
Because he's terrified, and he thinks he has to impress you.
He's had us trying to impress you, but in my opinion, Jack, I think it's you who should be trying to impress us.
Jack.
You've insulted me, my wife, my son, our entire way of life.
I've sat back and taken it.
But now,
you've crossed the line, sir.
And I'm gonna have
to kick your ass.
Dad, dad, wait a second.
I'm gonna teach this florist
some justice, Focker-style.
Just calm down.
Just give me
a minute to stretch.
(Roz)
Bernie,
you're gonna hurt yourself.
We can talk this through.
It's too late for words,
Rosalind.
Dad, Dad, no, no,
please,
no dance fighting. Stop!
This is Capoeira, man.
This is hardcore shit.
Bernard, if you continue,
you will force
me to engage you.
And once I begin
the sequence of combat,
it can only end
with your demise.
Bring it, dog. Come on.
Bring it. Come on.
He's taunting me.
Dad.
(Pam)
Greg!
Greg!
What, Bernie,
you're gonna snap now?
(Pam)
Greg!
What?
Now look what you did.
It's your fault.
He's bleeding.
He's bleeding, Daddy.
That's it. Pam, Dina,
I'm calling
a family conference.
Come on.
No, Dad, this is the family.
All right? In a few weeks,
I'm not gonna be Pam Byrnes.
I'm gonna be Pamela Focker.
Or Byrnes-Focker.
We haven't
totally decided yet.
No, no, no, I'm gonna be
Pamela Martha Focker.
I know how that sounds,
but... but that's
the name I'm taking.
Pamcake, you're upset.
I'm not so sure
you're thinking
clearly right now.
I'm trying, Dad.
It's you who
is not thinking clearly.
These two kids
love each other. Look.
We've been kvelling about
this pregnancy all weekend.
You knew she was pregnant?
We all did, Jack.
Daddy, I was gonna tell you
after the wedding, I swear.
This is the reason I created
the circle of trust
so we could
discuss these things.
The circle isn't gonna work
if you don't trust
anyone that's in it, Dad.
(Pam)
Dad.
Jack, don't.
No, Dad.
Daddy.
(Dina)
Honey.
Daddy, please.
Daddy, where are you going?
Jack. Come on.
[engine starting]
[all chattering]
Daddy, come back, please.
[sighs]
This is nicht gut.
[car phone ringing]
(Roz)
Is it ringing?
There's no answer.
Well, let's give him
some space.
Maybe he's learning
to self-soothe.
Roz.
What?
This is crazy. I'm going.
I'm coming with you, Son.
No, Dad, I can do it myself.
We gotta make up time.
I know these roads
like the back
of my hand.
Come on, let's put
this family back together.
(Greg)
Dad, I know a shortcut.
It will lead us
to the freeway.
(Bernie)
I think you make
a right up here or a left.
It's either one or the other.
You don't know
where we are, do you?
You know,
something's wrong here.
This makes no sense at all.
Dad, it's a map of Detroit.
Oh, well, that explains it.
Dad.
(Bernie)
Punch it, Gay.
We gotta catch that dude.
[siren wailing]
Oh, shit.
Come on.
Come on. Keep going.
Dad, come on, it's a cop.
Listen carefully.
Let me do the talking.
I know how to handle
the local cops.
No, don't... don't
do any talking.
Don't shush me,
I'm a lawyer.
I'm not shushing you.
You know how many tickets
I've talked myself out of?
Oh, wow.
Will you look at this guy.
Don't they have
height requirements?
(Greg)
We're screwed.
No, we're not.
Don't. don't, Dad, he said
to remain in the vehicle.
Sir, I said to remain
in your vehicle.
I just wanna talk to you
for one second.
Let's just talk
like friendly Floridians.
If you fail to comply,
I will arrest you.
You see, my son's future
father-in-law
thinks my Gay back there
has a bastard son.
I said shut it.
Shut it.
I know my civil rights now.
You know your rights? Huh?
Oh!
I have sensitive wrists.
Excuse me.
Sir, return to your vehicle.
I don't know
what he said, but...
That's it.
On your belly.
On my belly?
You got a hearing problem?
No, I'm just trying to say...
Now we have two failures
to comply.
Now, I need the two of you
to remain on the vehicle.
Okay, now here's my plan.
Plan?
Dad, no.
That was just a joke.
I'm sorry.
I was... I was just trying
to help you, Gay.
I know, Dad.
You're always trying to help.
[car phone ringing]
Talk to me, Marty.
What's the intel
on Operation Living Skeleton?
(Foxtrot One)
Focker is not
the kid's father, Jack.
Are you kidding me?
I was sure I had that pegged.
I'm sending you
a visual uplink now.
The dad was a minor-league
Florida ball player.
His name is Rusty Bridges.
We all make mistakes, Santa.
Foxtrot One out.
other people
and I get it all wrong.
My own wife,
I don't even know
what she's thinking.
My daughter keeps
secrets from me.
Sometimes I think
you're the only person
I can really talk to, LJ.
Asshole.
I know.
[tires screeching]
(policeman)
F-O-C-K-E-R.
(Bernie)
Hey, it's Jack.
Hey, Jack.
[both screaming]
(Bernie)
Wait!
(Greg)
Jack!
Jack.
Halt.
Jack.
Jack.
Weaver stance!
[groans]
[stun gun clicking]
Oh, my God. You shot my son.
Halt.
Your son has merely
been stunned
by a less than lethal weapon.
[groaning]
Remain calm.
are now passing
into your skeletal
muscle tissue.
Your central nervous system
has been incapacitated
but you will regain
motor functions momentarily.
[groans]
(Jack)
Officer,
do you mind telling me
why you're arresting
these men?
Oh, mercy, it just gets
better and better.
That is none of your business,
looky-loo.
Return to your camper.
At ease, son.
Put away the Taser.
Jack Byrnes, CIA.
C-I what?
Says here you're retired.
What'll you show me next,
old-timer, your AARP card?
Now, you listen to me,
and you listen good.
What's he doing?
Don't worry,
he'll get us out of this.
You have no right to...
Stand down, sir.
No, I will not stand down.
You will stand down.
I will not stand down.
You will stand down
or you will be
working security
in a retirement home
in Point Beach.
[stun gun clicking]
Remain calm.
It's been almost an hour.
You think
they caught up with him?
Hmm. Sure, sweetheart.
If I know Bernie,
they're probably sitting in
a caf in Little Havana
eating chimichangas
and working out their issues.
[police siren wailing]
[police radio chattering]
(policeman)
Check it out.
He's got a rubber booby.

[men laughing]

(Greg)

What's going on?

What's going on?

I was talking
to Judge Goldfarb.

It's done, we're out.

I thought you
were making a call.

We don't need it. I ran into
the judge in the hall.

I took care of everything.

Yeah, right.

What're you saying, Jack?

I'm saying, if you had kept
your mouth shut
in the first place
we wouldn't be in this mess.

I'm a lawyer, Jack.

I'm trying to get us
out of here.

What'd you do,
give the judge
your fondue recipe?

At least I'm comfortable
enough in my own skin
to cook for my family.

When's the last time
you gave your wife
breakfast in bed?

When is the last time
you gave her anything in bed?

Now you're out
of line, Focker.

(Bernie)

You're out of line, man.

No, you hurt
my feelings there,
and there's no reason
to hurt my feelings.

Would you guys stop?

He insulted me.

Well, this isn't about you,
all right?
It's not about either of you.
It's about me and Pam.
We're getting married.
That's it.
We're starting
our own circle of trust.
And guess what?
You're not in it.
Oh, you can't start
a circle of trust.
It's my circle.
You don't have a patent
on the circle, Jack.
By the way, you're not even
in your own circle right now.
That is untrue.
I say who's in or out
of the circle.
Well, I'm confused.
Whose circle am I in?
(Jack and Greg)
Nobody's.
Look,
we're starting a family, okay?
We-we're gonna have a baby.
I have a 15-year-old son.
You guys gotta put aside
your issues
and... and
do what's best for us. Okay?
Greg, Jorge is not your son.
What?
I had a comparative
DNA analysis done last night.
And I made a mistake.
You made a mistake?
Yes, I did.
(Bernie)
Wait a minute.
Truth serum, DNA matches.
Who the hell are you,
Jack Byrnes?
I'm not really a florist,
Bernard.
I was in the CIA
for 32 years.
And I retired
right before I met Greg.
Oh, sure.
Well, that makes sense.
# Bingo, bango, bongo ##
Bernie, what the heck are you
still doing here?
Ira.
Open up, let these guys out.
Judge, what exactly
did he say to you?
He didn't have
to say anything.
Dr. Roz saved my marriage.
I'd do anything
for that woman.
You tell sugar-pants
I'll see her in class
next week.
Will do, Ira. Thanks.
Well, what can I say?
I'm married to
a powerful woman.
All right, gentlemen.
Let's go.
Excuse me.
What?
Can you close the cell door?
(Jack)
Focker!
You want to
remain in the cell?
We're not done talking yet.
What?
So, what do you think,
huh? Hmm?
Can we work this out or not?
Okay.
Jack?
Uh...
[mumbling]
Good enough.
All right, then, uh,
I think Pam
and I should... should
get married
this weekend.
This weekend?
Oh, I'm not so sure
that's a good idea.
You wanna be in the circle
or not, Jack?
Okay,
we'll do it this weekend.
Oh, Jack.
Hey, I think I can get
Judge Ira to marry you guys.
Oh, I don't think so.
But if it's all right
with you, Greg,
I already have
a minister in mind.
###[If I Were A Carpenter
by Tim Hardin playing]
# If I were a carpenter #
# And you were a lady ##
Oh my God, Daddy.
You didn't!
(Jack)
Meeting Greg made
such an impression on Kevin,
he spent eight months
in Israel on a kibbutz,
then he took
an Internet course
and got ordained
as an inter-faith minister.
[sighs]
Jack told me you were okay
with me conducting
the ceremony.
I hope that's true.
Yeah, yeah, no,
I think it's great.
I mean, it is a little weird.
You listen to me when I say this.
Pam and I didn't have one-tenth of the spiritual connection that you two obviously share. I mean, I look at you both together and you're beautiful. I get it. Okay?
Okay, thank you, Kevin.
Thank you, Greg.
##[playing]
You're gonna be a great mom, Pamcake.
Thank you, Daddy.
And who gives this woman to this man?
I do.
Jack Tiberius Byrnes.
Daddy.
Sorry, Greg.
She's all yours now.
That was sweet, honey.
Are you all right?
Shalom, everyone.
(all)
Shalom.
[speaking in Hebrew]
Which is Hebrew for "what's going on?"
[all laughing]
(Kevin)
Let us begin with the blessing of the wine.
##[chanting]
(all)
Amen.
Kevin.
What?
Yeah, go ahead.
##[Crazy 'Bout My Baby by Randy Newman playing]
# Crazy about my baby #
# Crazy about my baby #
I'm crazy about my baby #
[all cheering]
[speaking in Spanish]
Mmm. Mmm.
Well, hi.
Rosalind.
Yeah.
I just have to say
I underestimated you.
Oh.
When it comes to relationships
I'm starting to see
that you might actually know
what you're talking about.
[laughing]
I appreciate that, Jack.
Really, thank you.
I also was curious about
the advice you gave Judge Ira.
Mmm.
Is that
classified information?
I thought you'd never ask.
I'm gonna give you
a crash course, okay?
Come here.
Really?
Uh-huh.
And I do that for
how many minutes?
Hey! There's my brother
from another mother.
Congratulations, Jacko.
Put that away, Bernard.
We're family now.
We're family.
Now, if you'll excuse me,
I have some
unfinished business
to take care of.
# I'm crazy about my baby #
# I'm crazy about my baby #
Go get her, tiger.
[growling]
We Fockerized him.
Sure did.
I'd like to Fockerize you.
# Crazy about you baby #
# Crazy about you baby #
# I know
you're crazy about me #
[all cheering]
# Who's gonna take
my love away? Nobody #
# Who's gonna take my love? #
# Who's gonna take
my love away? #
# Who's gonna take my love? #
Sweetheart, do we have
to hurry like this?
Honey,
we're in a covert operation.
The bandleader
told me we have 23 minutes
before
they cut the cake.
Jack, what are you doing?
Little trick
Bernie taught me.
# Crazy about my baby #
# Crazy about my baby
Crazy about my baby #
# Crazy about my baby,
my baby's crazy 'bout me #
# Crazy about my baby,
my baby's crazy 'bout me #
[chuckling]
Now let's find out, LJ,
why the Ferber method
isn't working.
[tape rewinding]
[wailing]
(Roz)
Oh, hi, baby.
Hi, Little Jack.
Okay.
Oh, look what I brought you.
Oh, what did I bring?
A chocolate.
For the baby.
Yummy, is that good?
I know you're
not supposed to have this.
Grandpa Jack
doesn't like chocolate.
But he's a little,
you know, whacko.
Don't tell him, okay?
You know what?
I got some cake
in the refrigerator.
Later I'll bring
you that, okay?
Chocolate cake.
Good boy.
But don't tell anyone, okay?
One more.

[giggling]
[tape rewinding]
You yell and scream
all you want.
Make noise, that's what
this country's all about.
I think we've got a
little protester on our hands.
Oh, it figures,
I should've known
this was gonna go on.
Always question authority.
You have to question
everything El Stiffo
Grandpa Jack says.
You know why?
Because' he's full of...
Because he's full of...
[chanting]
Grandpa Jack is full of...
[giggling]
[sighs]
Grandpa Jack is full of...
[tape rewinding]
There he is.
Little Man Jack.
How're you doing?
Can I interest you
in a little vodka?
Just kidding.
I'm, like, uh, officially
your uncle now.
So I was thinking
maybe I should give you
some uncley advice.
You know, little hints
for surviving in this family
'cause you gotta learn
to keep secrets
from your psycho Grandpa Jack.
He was really upset
when you crawled out
of the playpen.
Which is why we
never tell him
that instead of watching you,
I was actually
out by the lagoon
smoking a little reefer.
[shushing]
Or that whole thing
about Pam being pregnant.
There's no little Focker
on the way.
Whole thing was just made up
so Jack would
let us get married. But...
You gotta do
what you gotta do, right?
That's cute, that little
alligator tchotchke thing.
What's that in its mouth?
It's got like a... a camera!
[gasps]
Busted.
Hi, Jack.
I knew you were there
all along. I was just, uh,
doin' a little show for you.
You know I don't smoke pot
or anything,
and Pam is pregnant.
You should've seen the look
on your face, though.
Oh, so good.
Asshole.

[laughing]
Hey, look at me,
Jack, what am I?
[grunting]
I am a frozen caveman.
Study me, Jack.
Learn how strange
the Focker genetic code is.
We are weird mutants
who hug and kiss.
We show emotion.
Jack must learn from us
and chip away
with his hammer of truth.
Ha, Focker.
Wooga booga.