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# Out on a Limb

By Daniel Goldin

**MISS CLAYTON:**

find a seat. Sit down, please. My name is Miss Clayton, and I'm your new teacher. And since today's our first day together, I think we should get to know one another. So I'm gonna ask each of you to tell us about your summer vacation. Who wants to start? What's your name? Priscilla Johnson. You want to tell us about your vacation, Priscilla? I got the measles. Oh, the measles. That's too bad. Was that at the beginning of vacation or the end? The beginning. Well, good. Then you had all of August to rest up. What did you do in August? I got the mumps. You didn't. I did. But it was okay. It was a neat vacation with lots of presents. And everyone was very nice to me. Oh, good. Except Daddy got nervous when he got the mumps. (LAUGHING) But aside from that, it was great. Is that all? Isn't that enough? Sure. Yes. Thanks, Priscilla. And what's your name? Elliot Field. Go ahead, Elliot. We're listening. I went to summer camp. Okay. What'd you do at summer camp? We threw cottage cheese at each other. (CHILDREN LAUGHING) And then what? Ketchup. (CHILDREN LAUGHING) And aside from having food fights, did you do anything interesting? No, but that was interesting. Yes, it was. Thank you, Elliot. And let's see. What's your name? Marci Campbell. Tell us about your vacation, Marci. Well, during my vacation, my brother lost his job, my mom almost lost her mind and my stepfather was murdered by his twin brother. What kind of story is that, Marci? It's not a story. It's the truth. It happened in Buzzsaw. That's a little town up north. My stepfather was the mayor. I don't remember any story about a mayor being murdered by his twin brother. Okay, Marci, go ahead. Tell your story, we're listening. It was a dark night. Actually, it was a dark and stormy night. A big truck came to my stepfather's lumberyard. A very big truck. And in the truck

was a killer. His name  
was Matt Skearns and he was very tall  
like my stepfather and very ugly  
like my stepfather. And he couldn't see  
without his glasses,  
like my stepfather. But that was normal, because he was  
his twin brother. Matt Skearns had come bak  
to town to get his reven. He'd been in jail for 15 yeas  
for a crime he didn't commit, so you can imagine  
how mad he was. (SCREAMING) Matt had an accomplice,  
Virgil, a man he'd met in prison. Virgil was mean too,  
but not as mean as Mat. Yo, four eyes.  
You're late, four eyes. Don't call me that. So, how are the boys  
in the joint? They don't miss me  
and they sure as hell  
don't miss you. (SCOFFS) Now here's  
the phone number. And the name is Van Der Haven.  
Mayor Van Der Haven. Good luck.  
I'll meet you  
tomorrow night. MARCI: I couldn't sleep  
because of the storm, so I was relaxing  
and watching a funny  
movie on TV when the phone rang. (PHONE RINGING) (BARKS) (PHONE CONTINUES  
RINGING) Hello? (CLEARS THROAT) Mayor Van Der Haven? Who's calling?  
Who is this? Hiya, Petey.  
(CHUCKLES) Ah, hold on. Matt, how nice  
to hear from you  
after all these years. I want \$150,000,  
tomorrow, at your lumberyard! \$150,000? Okay, okay. You'll get your goddamn  
money, you little shit! Just keep your end  
of the bargain. If I ever see  
or hear from you again, I'll personally  
kill you! Understand? I'll kill you! (THUD) MARCI: That night I discovered  
that my stepfather, who everybody thought was  
so honest and so respectab, wasn't the man  
he pretended to be. (THUNDER CLAPS) That night I discovered tht  
my stepfather was a crimin. Wow. Are you watching too many  
horror movies, Marci? No, why? Well, one thing's  
for sure. You have  
a very active imagination. This isn't imagination.  
It's the truth. Are there  
any comments? Yes? It may be too soon to judge,  
but I have to say  
I'm really not convinced. It's so overstated,

so melodramatic. I'm sorry, Julius,  
I disagree. So far,  
it works for me. It's the most outrageous  
summer vacation I've  
heard in years. Should I go on? ALL: Yeah! (CHUCKLES)  
Go ahead, Marci. I needed help.  
I needed it fast. Only one person  
to turn to. My big brother, Bill. Book on Echo  
Tech, please. A.R.V. put in an order  
for 200,000 at 26. Tell 'em it's gonna  
get done at 75  
with or without 'em. All right.  
Odds for a hundred. Damn, every time.  
Evens for 200. Do you read minds? It's a question of  
reorientation, Steve. I know what you're  
gonna do before you know  
what you're gonna do. Jerry Beck had a  
heart attack last night. My God,  
he's only 36. 34. No time  
for condolences. You're taking over  
Daisy Cellular deal. Background,  
two days ago, Daisy's C.O.  
Leonard Hathaway dropped dead. Controlling stocks slipped  
into hands of Julie Holland,  
niece, must sell. Jerry was to meet today. Decided to have  
heart attack instead. Such poor judgment  
will cost Jerry. You will take this meeting. How much me offer? 160 million  
ceiling. I want it bad.  
Really bad. Watch out. Travis of  
Travis, Jacoby and Travis  
is doing the legal. The elder Travis? Yes, Count Dracula  
himself. Big bonus if you win. Let's play poker. I got a figure in  
the back of my mind. Let's see how close  
you can get to it. A hundred million. If we auctioned it off,  
it'll get done at 175. (SCOFFS) Maybe  
five years ago. Not with a market  
this unstable. Excuse me, Mr. Travis.  
Telephone call for you. Excuse me. It's too bad we have  
to go through all this. It's just gonna  
get done at 140. How's that? Oh, Travis is gonna  
come back in here. He's gonna say that the two  
of you have to go somewhere. That's supposed to make me  
think he's got another offer. Watch this. I'm terribly sorry,  
but something important

has come up. Julie. I'd be willing to go 155, but... You know, there are 100 strategic buyers in Tokyo who will do this for 150. I've got a figure in the back of my mind, and you haven't even come close to it yet. Well, young man, you drive a hard bargain. 140 million, then, eh? I can live with that. Bravo, bravo.

Very impressive, Bill. I almost forgot it was my money. I'm going to my house in Oaxaca for the weekend.

Let's do the paperwork there. Terrific. I can fly there Saturday. That would be wonderful. There's no phone, so here's my caretaker's number and he'll make arrangements for a car to pick you up. All right.

Well, thank you. And bring your bathing suit. Or don't. No.

"No" what? No, you can't have the weekend off. Well, every time you want something from me, you interlock your fingers. Sorry, Jenny. I need you here all weekend. I'm going to Mexico to close Daisy Cellular. Your sister's on line one. She's been calling all day. Hmm. Hello.

Hi, Bill. Hey, Marci. Bill, you've got to come up here right away. Peter's being blackmailed and... Mom's fine. Listen, the guy who's blackmailing him is coming to Buzzsaw tomorrow. Peter talked to him on the phone and said he's gonna kill him. Please come, just for the day. You got to come, Bill. Please? Ah, no, I'm sorry, Marci. I'm very, very busy.

I really can't. But, Bill, you don't understand.

I mean, this is real. Anyway, you promised you'd come if I ever needed you. You've got to come.

Please? (PHONE RINGING) Hello? Hello, Mr. Buchenwald. True, but if we make a crossover in Japan, we'll get a topping bid in a day. (SIREN WAILING) Soon as the papers are signed. Uh... I have to call you back, Mr. Buchenwald. Shit. Shit. (SCREAMING) Okay, quiet, please. Quiet. Quiet, please. Thank you. Marci, who is

the girl on the motorcycle? Oh, her name's Sally,  
and she's very nice. Oh, she's nice?  
I thought she was being  
chased by the police. No, she wasn't being  
chased by the police. Actually, the cop  
who was shooting at her  
was a friend of hers. Marci, what kind of a  
friend shoots at you? A boyfriend. Yeah. Yes? I know he will disagree, but  
I don't like  
the way Sally's  
brought into the story. I don't quite disagree. I must say  
my earlier optimism  
is beginning to waver. Those guys  
are bothering me. Just tell your story,  
and if it's good,  
they won't bother you anymore. I'm not so sure. All right, pull it over.  
Let's go. All right, come on. WOMAN ON TAPE:  
In the following exercise,  
listen and learn. (MAN SPEAKING IN JAPANESE) WOMAN: How are the children?  
Something always  
goes wrong, doesn't it?  
Jesus! Keep your hands  
on the wheel.  
(PANTING) What do you want? Turn off the tape. Turn on to that road. No,  
thanks. I don't think you'd shoot me. Here's the deal. I'm gonna pull over  
at  
the nearest police station then I'm gonna  
let you out. (GUN COCKS) You like to gamble?  
There are two bullets left, so the odds  
are in your favor. (CLICKS)  
(GASPS) Sayonara.  
Okay. Okay, okay. Turn into that field. SALLY: Stop here.  
Leave the keys. Can't we find some kind  
of middle ground here? Get out. How far do you think  
you're gonna get? I'm just gonna walk  
to the nearest  
police station. Won't you be a little  
embarrassed walking naked  
into a police station? Oh, you wouldn't  
do that. I'll count to five. All right.  
All right. I'm takin' them off. This is ridiculous. One. You can't just  
leave  
me here in the middle  
of nowhere, naked. (SCREAMING) MARCI: Luckily,

this car arrived with  
two very nice guys in it. and everybody likes them  
because they're always reay  
to do favors for people. (SCHOOL CHILDREN SCREAMING) Hi. I was robbed and  
my car was stolen. MAN ONE: Hop in.

**MAN TWO:**

the police station. You remember how you get  
to the police station? I never drive when  
they take me there. Is there any place  
else you wanna go? Well, just drop me  
off in Buzzsaw. You from Eureka? No. Name's Jim.  
This here's my brother. His name's Jim too. How do you do?  
Bill Campbell. We were named after  
different people though. I was named after BOTH: Dad. And he was named  
after our grandpa.  
Grandpa. Grandpa Jim.  
Yeah. Do you guys know where  
I could get some clothes? Why? Because I don't  
have any on. (CHUCKLES) We don't hardly  
ever buy clothes. When mine get worn,  
I just borrow a pair of  
Jim's here and vice versa. I need a beer. BILL: Here you go. There's always  
field clothes.  
Yeah. Field clothes? Yeah, this is the season  
they come out. Yeah. And they're free. Jim here  
plays the guitar. Uh-huh. Kinda. Wanna hear?  
We got a tape. (STRUMMING GUITAR) JIM SR: (ON TAPE)  
Want a beer? JIM JR: Uh... Huh? Want a beer?  
Sure. (BEER CAN POPPING OPEN) That the last one?  
Yep. Better make a run.  
Okay. (GUITAR STRUMMING STOPS) We come back on again  
in about 15 minutes. Yeah. Jim! That's my road,  
right there.  
Oh. We ain't never been  
down that road before. We normally don't go where  
we haven't already been. That way we  
don't get lost. Except once in a while. Of course.  
Smart thinking. Yeah. I'm out of here. Okay. Bye.  
Good luck. Bye-bye.  
Thank you. Okay. MARCI:  
Bill had to walk about  
a mile to get to the hou. A mile barefoot on a road  
full of sharp little sto. With each step,

Bill was thinking of Sally, and you can bet they weren't very nice thoughts. Damn. (SIREN APPROACHING) (CAR APPROACHING) Hi, my car broke down back there. Can you give me a lift to the bus depot? No problem. We just got to tank up first. Yeah. Ugh. Jim, you all right? (GRUNTING) You all right? Yeah. Watch your step. MAN ON TV: Guess I kinda threw you a curve there, didn't ? No, four times four is 16, Beaver. Yeah, now remember that. Fix it in your mind. Okay, heree go again. I'm kind of in a hurry. You think you could tank up later? Oh, hi. Oh, yeah. It's that girl. Oh, yeah, she's in a hurry. We could take the shortcut through the old lumber road. Oh, yeah. That's fine, Beaver. Fine. Now then, four times four. 15. Now? Oh, now. Okay, sure.

**Oh, now. SALLY:**

this was a shortcut.  
Where are we? JIM SR:  
Don't worry. We just lost the road temporarily. It's okay. We've been lost in these woods before. When the stars come out, we'll have a better idea of where we are. SALLY: Okay, that's it. I'll take my chances alone. Okay.  
Okay. Ready, Jim? Yeah. Jim! Jim! Jim! (DOG BARKING) Bill! Guess what? That guy's coming today and Peter has to give him \$150,000. Hmm. First, I want a kiss. I told Mom she shouldn't marry him. He's evil. Here's what I want. I want the three of us, you, me and Peter, to sit down someplace and have a good, long talk. I don't wanna talk to a criminal. I know it's hard for you adjusting to a new stepfather. Especially when he's criminal. He's not a criminal, Marci. You just don't like him. He is a criminal.



He is a criminal.  
He is a criminal. Why're you so stubborn,  
you little knucklehead? Why are you dressed  
like Huckleberry Finn? Hey, Dudley.  
How's Dudley? Good boy. Good. (PHONE RINGING) Buzzsaw police. Yes, I'd like  
to report  
a stolen car, please. A stolen car? Could you hold,  
please? My God,  
what happened  
to you? He was kidnapped  
and his car was stolen and he was left naked  
on the side of the road. Stop telling  
stories, Marci. No, this time  
it's true, Mom. Yes, this is  
the stolen car. Well, what's so complicated  
about a stolen car? (BARKING) Come on, Dudley. Well, I'll tell  
you what to do.  
You have a C.B.? Great. Call the county police,  
ask them if  
they found a car. (CURSING IN DISTANCE)  
It's a silver  
1990 BMW 750IL. License plate,  
2-S-R-I-4-5-0. Yeah, I'll hold. He's been like this  
since yesterday. He's having an affair.  
This time I'm positive,  
I think. Remember my friend Mandy  
from the Junior League? Exact same thing happened  
with her husband. Late work days  
and mysterious hang ups. You don't know what it's  
like to answer the phone and hear that  
awful click again and again.  
Click, click, click. Honey, I got some  
business in town... Monkey business. Hello, Bill. How nice  
to see you again. Hi, Peter. Listen,  
I need to talk to you when you get  
a chance, please. It's about Marci. Sure, sure, I see.  
I'll try and make myself  
available sometime. Hello? You found it?  
Where? Excellent. Don't touch anything.  
I'll be right there. MARCI:  
Meanwhile, Bill found  
his car, but not his walle. And the Buzzsaw police  
were no help. In fact,  
they were kind of weird. My wallet's gone. Right. Now you say

she kidnapped you? Kidnapped you and then she took your car? You got to help me. I got to get that wallet back. See, the problem here is that Sheriff Hawks and Deputy Logan went away for the weekend to Eureka for the California State Sheriff's Day Parade. And, see, I was hired originally part-time just to do some filing and light typing. Larry here... It's my first day. It's his first day as deputy, you see. And we said we would fill in until they got back, but nobody said there would be a kidnapping. I haven't even been trained yet. BILL: You don't understand how important this is. There's a caretaker's phone number in the wallet. If I don't call him by Friday, I've blown a \$140 million deal. Can you describe the caretaker? What's with this town? Is there somethin' in the water? Not that I know of, sir. Nobody said anything about the water to us except you just now. MAN: Sir? You need a new oil pan. I jerry-rigged a patch, but, uh... Okay, what are you telling me? Just that we'll try, sir. Definitely try. But that we are not equipped to deal with anything dangerous you know, like a real crime or anything like that. (GUN COCKS) Hello, Matty. Well, Mayor Van Der Haven. That's a funny name. Dutch? Yes, as a matter of fact it is. So, I guess you'll be needing a little traveling money. Yeah, \$150,000. That's \$10,000 for every year I spent in prison for you, you son-of-a-bitch! MARCI: There was a witness to this family reunion. Sally, who was trying to find her way through the woods and who was about to be totally grossed out. Now there's no need for threats, Matt. Just hold it right there. Oh, come, come, come, Matt.

I'm not like you. I don't carry a gun. I'm the mayor of Buzzsaw,  
for Christ's sake. (GUNSHOTS) You always were  
a liar and a cheat! No wonder you became  
a politician! And a good one. PETER: Matt? Matt, now take it easy. Asshole!  
Matty, Matty, Matty. Don't be childish. Stay away from me! PETER:  
You remember when Mom said  
we'd kill each other someday? (CHUCKLES) She was right! Stay where you are!  
Ugh. Jenny, any luck  
reaching that caretaker? No, I'm going crazy. I've called 500 numbers.  
At this rate, I'm going  
to be at it all week. You call all  
the Jose Rodriguezes within  
100 miles south of Oaxaca and I'll call all  
the ones to the north. (SIGHS) Lights out, honey. It's already past  
your bedtime. Oh, five more  
minutes, Mom. Sorry, time's up. Oh, God, Marci,  
where did you find this? No. This is going  
down right now. But, Mom, I can't  
sleep without that. You're just gonna have  
to learn to, dear. Good night, honey. Good night, Mom. Hey, Matt.  
Matt? My name's Peter  
Van Der Haven.  
Who are you? (SCOFFS) Don't give  
me that crap, Matt. I figured you'd try  
and double-cross me. (CHUCKLES)  
You've got  
the wrong man. Get off my property or  
I'll call the police. Hey, four eyes.  
I told you  
not to... Well, that's very good.  
That's very smart, Virgil. So, where's  
the money? He didn't have it,  
so I had to kill him. VIRGIL: Son of a bitch!  
What are we supposed

**to do now? MATT:**

what I'm gonna do now. I'm gonna go into  
that house and I'm gonna  
become Peter Van Der Haven. And you are gonna lay low. And when the time  
comes,  
you're gonna get  
your 10 percent. Now get! Ten percent?  
It's 50/50, Matt. Who the hell told you  
your brother was the mayor

of Buzzsaw anyway, huh? Who told you? It was me! I'm the mayor of Buzzsaw, and this is the new deal! Oh, no! No, Matt!

What are you doing? Bill! Bill!

Guess what? Peter's dead and his twin brother killed him and took his place! Hold on. Marci, it's very late, and I'm busy. And he killed this other guy, too.

I saw it on my wall! I think you're having a bad dream. No.

Yes, and you should go to sleep. But...

We'll talk in the morning.

It's okay. Go ahead, go to sleep. Go to sleep. It's okay.

Good night. MARCI: As usual, Bill didn't believe me and I didn't know what to think. Maybe it was just a bad dream after all. (MATT GRUNTING)

(BODY THUDDING) But the next morning, I realized that it wasn't a bad dream at all. There was a murderer in the house, all right. Oh, shit! Esta es la casa de Jose Rodriguez. Es Jose? Mmm, uh, mmm.

No. Gracias. Come to the dining room, Bill.

Breakfast is ready. Marci! (PHONE RINGING) Hello? Hello? Hi, Peter. It's me, Melissa. This isn't Peter.

Just a second.

(DIAL TONE) Hello? It's her. It's that woman who's always hanging up on me. What did she say? Just, "Peter, it's me, Melissa." Melissa? Huh, I know her name now. Melissa.

Melissa the whore. You okay, Mom? MATT: Son-of-a-bitch!

(CRASHING) That's the second time he's fallen this morning. Must've forgotten there's a step in the bathroom. All this sex is rotting his brain. (GRUNTING) Peter, why are you going through my panties? I'm... I'm lookin' for a tie. They're where they always are. Right, where they always are. Here. (THUDS) I thought you hated Aunt Millie's tie. I changed my mind. (BARKING) Could you call Marci? Marci. Marci! (WHISTLING TO DOG)

Hey, Marci! (WHISTLING) Bill, you got to call the F.B.I. This is too big for the police. Marci, do me a favor. No F.B.I. till I've talked to Peter, all right? Here, why don't you set the table? Go ahead. All right, set the table. (WHISTLING) Peter, we have to talk about Marci. I don't think that she's adjusting here. Maybe we should have her put to sleep.

(WHISTLING) Hi. MARCI: The resemblance was incredible. It was Peter and it wasn't. Matt had a brutal, kind of crazy look in his eyes. I was really scared. But he fascinated me. That's my seat, Peter. Oh, sorry. MARCI: Matt was a real monste. A murderer with his barracuda smile. Mom, Dudley took the high blood pressure pill. (PHONE RINGING) It's probably for you. Will you pick up the phone, Peter? (PHONE RINGING) Hi, Peter. It's me, Melissa. Hi, Melissa. MELISSA: Is your wife the? Can we talk? Yeah, just a second. It's Melissa. Hello?

(DIAL TONE) That was deliberate. I'm gonna go to the police. I'm gonna try to find this girl. Okay, what do you want? Do you want a divorce? Uh, no. No, thank you. Excuse me. Bill, Bill! Yeah, Marci? Peter's twin brother went into the closet twice instead of the bathroom and sat at the wrong seat at the table and Dudley took the high blood pressure pill. You remember when you were on your sci-fi kick, Marci? And you thought the house in Oakland was a landing spot for those creatures from the planet Arkanon? It wasn't a landing spot. It was where they came to meet. Do you know the reason that I never saw the Arkanese space invaders? You really know the real reason

that I never saw them? Why? Because I am from  
the planet Arkanon. I am Arkanese,  
and my mission is... No!  
To tickle Marci! I am the official  
Arkanese Marci tickler. You see? You see? He killed him.  
Now he's gonna bury him. I'll make a deal with you.  
I'm gonna follow him. If he's off to bury  
his dead brother,  
I'll give you a nickel. If not, you have to do  
everything I tell you  
for the rest of your life. That worked when  
I was six years old. I'm not six years old anymore. Take it or leave it.  
(STARTS ENGINE) Morning...  
(GASPS) Hey, I just want  
my wallet back. I just want  
my wallet! What the hell's  
goin' on here?  
Slow down. Stay away from me! Just give me  
back my wallet. Give me back my bat! Look, I'm not a thief.  
When I found your wallet,  
I mailed it to you. You found my wallet  
in my pants that  
you stole from me! I sent the pants too. I'm wearing the pants. Give him  
back his bat! (GRUNTS) (GROANS) Are you okay? Oh, shit.  
(GROANING) Are you all right? (GRUNTING) Okay, fine. All right, you fat  
pig! End of the line! Not so smooth now, are you? Oh, oh, here... Have a  
cigar. You know what  
I'm gonna do?  
I'll tell ya. First, I'm gonna  
bury you so deep,  
nobody'll ever find you! Then I'm gonna 86 your family! And then you know  
what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna go to the bank  
and take what's mine! What do you say to that? You bastard! (GLASS  
CRUNCHING) Aw, shit! (HALLELUJAHPLAYING) Hallelujah, hallelujah (GRUNTS)  
Hallelujah, hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah, hallelujah Hallelujah,  
hallelujah Hallelujah You sure you got  
the right station? Yeah. Don't sound  
like Iron Maiden. Hallelujah, hallelujah It's a live concert.  
It sounds different live. Hallelujah, hallelujah Hallelujah, hallelujah I  
gotta piss, Jim. Hallelujah, hallelujah Hallelujah, hallelujah Get outta  
here. I'm talkin' to you. I gotta take a piss and  
you're not gonna watch me. Get outta here!  
(SQUEAKS) Aagh! You queer,  
bushy-tailed rat. (GRUNTS) Oh, shit!

**Oh, shit! MARCI:**

Meanwhile, Sally, who was running away from Bill, didn't know she would again have to face the diabolical Matt Skearns. Excuse me, can you give me a lift to... (GASPS) (GRUNTING) (PHONE RINGING) Hello?

**BUCHENWALD:**

the time frame look like? Um, good, Mr. Buchenwald. Really good. Call as soon as the papers are signed. Look, you gotta believe me! Someone's trying to kill me. Please, he's right outside. Start the car! I'll start the car if you give me the wallet back. (SIGHS) Oh, no. No, no, not this time! No, no, no. (GROANING) No, no, no. (EXCLAIMS) (MOANS) Okay. Okay. Where is it? I don't have it! I don't believe you. Search me. You'd make a lousy cop. You missed a pocket. There's nothing in there. How do you know unless you check? Ah! (GRUNTING) I'll take you to it if you let me go! You bastard! Had enough? (GASPING) JIM SR: (SHOUTING) Jim! Jim! Jim! (ECHOING) Jim! Jim? (ECHOING) Jim? Is that me or you? JIM JR: Jim! Jim? Jim! Jim? JIM JR: Jim! Jim? Jim! You're buried. I know! Get me outta here. I gotta piss! Okay. Just pull me out. (URINATING) Who's this? I don't know. Name's Jim. (SMIRKS) He's shit-faced. I know you're drunk, but you... You gotta help us, you gotta walk it off. Oh, he don't want that, Jim. All right, let's go. Just put one foot in front of the other. What foot am I supposed to put in front of the other? I'm talkin' to him. Jim, what's this? Oh! Sorry. He dropped his wallet. Look at this. His name is Jose. Jose Rodriguez. No shit. There you go, Jose. You hang on to that. Jim? Yeah? Maybe Jose needs a drink. Hey, let's go to Jed's. Jed's costs money. Well, look at him, Jim! I mean, Jose needs a drink bad. Now you want to kill him or something? No. All right, then. Come on. Come on. (BOTH GRUNTING) One foot in front of the other. (MUTTERING) JIM JR: He can't drive. You don't get

carsick now, do you? Turn him over.

Okay. Let me get  
his legs up here.

Pull him in. Jose, don't touch  
the steering wheel. Ready?

Yeah. Here we go to Jed's. (LAUGHING) (SWITCHING ON JUKEBOX) Hey, baby que  
paso? Hey. All right. Thought I was your only vato Hey, baby que paso?  
Three whiskeys. Hair of the dog. JIM JR: Hey.

**JIM SR:**

Hi. Hey.

Hi. How are ya? JIM JR: I like them. Let's go dance, Jim. Please don't  
leave me

de ese modo Yeah. Hello,

Sheriff's Department? Yeah, this is Jed's Bar. Jim, he can't dance  
or anything. Let go, Jose. JIM JR: Come on, sit up.

**JIM SR:**

in there. There you go. You okay?

He's okay. (SEDUCTIVELY) HI. My name is Cindy. Come on, Jim. (MUSIC  
PLAYING) Hi!

Hey, get down. Hey, baby que paso? Oh, you don't  
say much, do you? (CHUCKLING) Stop lookin' at me like that. You're makin'  
me feel funny. Come on,  
baby turn around Shit, Jim.

He's doin' all right. (LAUGHING) To you, buddy. Hey, Jose!

Jose! And my corazon is real Hey, baby que paso? I don't see anything  
wrong. Let's go. JED: No! There. There! JED: In the booth!

It's the mayor. Darren.

Oh, man. Mayor Van Der Haven. I must say I'm

a little surprised, sir. Mr. Van Der Haven? Mr. Van Der Haven? Hey, baby  
que paso? Please don't leave me

de ese modo He's dead. Oh, no. Oh, no! No, no. Oh, God! Oh, well, uh, we  
were just talking. Thought I was your only vato Everybody freeze! Hey, baby  
que paso? (SOBBING) We're here. What's the...

What's the matter? My whole life's the

matter, that's what! Kind of an inescapable

problem, being who I am. (SOBBING) Don't do that.

Don't cry. I'm not crying! I can't even wipe my eyes. Okay. Take it easy.

Ow. (TRASH CLATTERING) (TRASH CLATTERING) Okay, where is it? I don't know.

I threw it someplace. What's with this

crummy wallet anyway? My contact's phone number

is in the wallet, and if I don't reach her

by tomorrow in Mexico, I've blown a



\$140 million deal. Shit. All right. If you found a wallet in your house... And it didn't belong to you, what would you do? I'd think it was a hat and I'd wear it on my head. These guys are brothers and they're both named Jim. The Jims? You know them? Oh. Oh, God. Okay, this is gonna be a tough one. So, we have to reorient ourselves. Now put yourself in the other guy's shoes. So, I'm a Jim, my name is Jim. I'm very, very stupid. I wake up in the morning and what do I do? You bump into things. You trip over your own feet. After that. Get a beer. Get a beer. Okay, I've had my beer. Now what? You have another one. After that. Another one. After I've had all the beer that I can drink. You have one more. You're pretty good at this. I'm thinking like a Jim. Hmm. Ugh! (FLIES BUZZING) Guess that's where they keep the dirty ones. (ANIMAL SQUEAKING) (KNOCKING) It's alive. Lemme outta here. No! (BOTH SCREAMING) (SQUEAKING) I'm gonna untie your hands. But you have to promise not to beat the shit outta me. Okay. (RIFLE SHOT) (GASPS) It's him. (RIFLE SHOT) What's going on? We're running and he's shooting! (RIFLE SHOT) (RIFLE SHOT) (BOTH GRUNTING) (CELL PHONE RINGING) (PHONE CONTINUES RINGING) Oh! Ah! (SOFTLY) Hello? Oh, Mr. Buchenwald, I can't talk right now. Yes, I'll call you if the... When the papers are signed. (RIFLE SHOTS) (BIRDS CALLING) (BOTH PANTING) Who is that guy? I don't know. It's a nightmare. Why does everybody who sees you want to shoot at you? One kissed me. (GROWLING) Oh, yeah, I know. I'm starved too. That wasn't my stomach. (GROWLING) Don't panic! The worst thing you can do is run. What should we do, then? Curl up and pretend we're a piece of food? Just do as I say and don't run. Run! Get him! Get him! (INDISTINCT RADIO CHATTER) What'd you do to Jose? What kind of a world are we living in? (SIGHS) Just don't think about it, Larry. One of us is gonna have to break the news to the... Late mayor's widow. You stay here. I'll do it. I'll come with you. Guess we're stuck here all night again, Jim. Shit! (CHUCKLING) Mom? Marci! If he's touched them,

I'll break his spine with my bare hands,  
I swear to God. Here, stay here and  
look out the window. If you see  
anybody coming, yell. And I'll call the police. (PHONE RINGING) Who's that?  
Probably a wrong number. (PHONE RINGING) Then, maybe it's for us. (RINGING)  
Maybe. Go to the Van Der Haven  
house at the end of  
Seaview Drive. Got that? Uh... well... yeah.  
(DISCONNECTED TONE) Who was it? Wrong number. Oh. (CREAKING)  
(DOOR CLOSING) Bill? (FLOORBOARD CREAKING) (SCREAMING) (MATT SNARLING) So,  
we meet at last. Okay, hang up on me now. Hang up on me now! Shame on you!  
(GUN SHOT) Just stay right there! Get over there  
and don't move! All right.  
Take it easy. Are you gonna kill us and  
cut us into little pieces? Everybody, shut up! Okay, kids, quiet down.  
Your father's angry. Gimme the passbook.  
The bank passbook! Here it is, Peter.  
It was here all the time. All you had  
to do was ask. The name's Matt.  
Matt Skearns. You got what you want.  
Your twin's dead. MATT:  
Yeah, I got what  
I want, almost. I did 15 years for a  
murder he committed.  
This money's mine! (DOORBELL RINGING) Get in there.  
Go on. Go on! You, answer the door. Don't say anything  
or you're dead. (DOORBELL RINGING) I'm very sorry to have to  
bring you this very bad news. (MOUTHING WORDS) I regret to inform you  
that your husband... (WHISPERING)  
He's back from the dead! What seems to be  
the matter? We just brought you  
your effects. So much for the police. Aren't you gonna take  
one of us hostage? They always take a hostage  
in case something goes wrong. No hostages. You take one of us hostage  
and lock the rest of us  
in the basement. You go to the bank,  
get the dough, come back  
and ice the rest of us, cut us into little pieces  
and stuff us in garbage...  
Shut up. Shut up, Marci. How much money you gonna  
get from the bank? 100,000?  
200,000? Why don't you let me  
make one phone call? You could have  
a million dollars. (COCKS HAMMER) (DIAL TONE)

(TOUCH-TONE DIALING) (RINGING)

Bill Campbell's office. Jenny, I need you to do something for me. Sell all our shares of Atwater Tech. Then wire \$1 million to the First National Bank of Buzzsaw. But...

No buts. Just do it. Yes, sir. We don't have any shares in Atwater Tech. Transfer will take about 15 minutes. Take me with you to the bank and let everyone else go. You're not in any position to make deals. Then shoot me. You're thinking I won't care about my own life once I know that my family's safe. Take a second hostage. You're thinking I can't watch two hostages at the same time. Put the other hostage in the trunk. Shut up, Marci. Thanks, kid. Okay, to the basement. Hi, Mr. Mayor.

This is Vincent. Piss off! Hello, Mayor. Hello, Mr. Mayor. Hi, Mr. Mayor. Mr. Mayor.

I thought you were speaking at the Founder's Day Festival. I'll tell you what. Why don't you give the speech for me? There should be a million dollars wired here under the name "Bill Campbell." (KEYS CLICKING) (BEEPING) I'm sorry, Mr. Mayor, we've had no transaction like that. I don't think we've ever had a transaction like that. (GRUNTING) (SCREAMING) Nobody move! All right, just gimme what you got! It's me. (GRUNTING)

**BILL:**

gonna be all right. (GRUNTING) SALLY: Let me out of here! I gotta get help. I'll be right back. Hurry! Push. No, it's further. You gotta twist. Come on. Push, push. Jim? Jim? Yep? I got 'em. Come on, Jim. You got it? I'm gettin' it. Jim! You? You! I... Never mind. (SOBBING) (CHUCKLING) I'm back.

**SALLY:**

ain't your car. My father's car. Shit! Is this your son? Yeah. Damn! (TIRES SCREECHING) Hey! Get outta there. That's my truck! Damn! Hey, that's my truck! (TIRES SCREECHING) (GASPING LOUDLY) (SIREN WAILING) (BOTH SCREAMING) (BOTH SCREAMING) (SIREN DRONING SLOWLY) LARRY: It's gonna charge. They always charge when they see red! It's a cow, Larry. It's a cow. (TIRES SCREECHING) Oh!

Okay.

(GRUNTING) Step over.

I can't! Here, try again.

Give me your hand. (SCREAMING) Jump! I can't! My foot's caught! My hands are slipping! (SCREAMING) I am falling! I got you. Wha... Oh, shit!

(SCREAMING) (GRUNTING) Oh, God. (MUTTERING) They gotta be down here somewhere. Jeez. You all right?

Yeah. Oh, God, it's over. (SIGHING) (CELL PHONE RINGING) Don't get it. (PHONE CONTINUES RINGING) Bill! You're always one jump ahead, aren't you? Mr. Buchenwald. I'll never figure out how you knew Daisy was a dog. Turns out they're totally overextended. Brilliant stall tactics, by the way. You saved us 140 million. Breakfast meeting, tomorrow.

**8:**

Tactel Industries this time.

It may get bloody. (SIGHS) Bill? I can't make the meeting, Mr. Buchenwald. (SHOUTING)

You can't make

the meeting? Did somebody make you

a better offer someplace else? I'm working on it. I'll top it! I'll top it! I'll top it! (MUTTERING) Aha! (GASPING) MARCI:

So Matt joined his

twin brother in hell, and Bill and Sally are getting married

in a few days. And my mom's a widow,

but she's very happy. And that's what I did

during my summer vacation. BOY: Wow, what a vacation! (SCHOOL BELL RINGING) See you tomorrow, children. BOY 1: What a story! BOY 2:

She's a good storyteller,

no matter what you say. BOY 1: You think it was true? BOY 2: Ah, it was true. What about the Jims? SALLY: So, what will

you do now? BILL: I don't know.

Maybe there's

an opening in Buzzsaw. Mayor of Buzzsaw? Well, it's a question

of reorientation. You know? (TIRES SCREECHING) Hop in. Come on. Where you headed? Buzzsaw. We can take you

right into town. We just gotta

tank up first. Y'all wanna come

tank up with us? Why not? SALLY: Good idea. All right. You guys by any chance

registered to vote? Hey, baby que paso? JIM JR: Hey, you

gotta go left here, Jim. Left. Left. JIM SR: Okay.

**JIM JR:**

de ese modo Come on, baby turn around Let me see your  
pretty blue eyes Don't you know  
that I love you Please don't leave me  
de ese modo Hey, baby que paso? Thought I was your only vato Hey, baby que  
paso? Won't you give me un bes? Que paso, baby? I thout  
I was your only vato What's happening here? Hey, baby que paso? Thought I  
was your only vato Hey, baby que paso? Please don't leave me  
de ese modo Come on, baby turn around Let me show you how I fel Don't you  
know  
that I love you And my corazon is real Hey, baby que paso? Thought I was  
your only vato Hey, baby que paso? Won't you give me un beso It's Freddy  
Fender! Hey, baby que paso? Thought I was your only vato Hey, baby que  
paso? (SLOW INSTRUMENTAL)