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# Pineapple Express

By Seth Rogen

- When did it start?  
- At 0500. We're seven minutes in.  
Private Miller...  
...you've been smoking Item 9  
for seven minutes and 13 seconds.  
We're going to ask you  
several questions.  
How do you feel?  
Well, sir...  
...I feel like a...  
Like a slice of butter...  
...melting on top  
of a big old pile of flapjacks.  
Yeah.  
Okay, Private Miller,  
when you think of your superiors...  
...what emotions do you feel?  
Okay, Private Miller?  
Is this normal?  
Okay, Private...  
Okay, Private Miller?  
Private Miller.  
Answer the question.  
This went out, sir.  
Can you torch me?  
We'll send someone in.  
Holy bejesus!  
Private Miller, answer the question.  
What was the question again, sir?  
When you think of your superiors,  
what emotions do you feel?  
You know what problem I have...  
...with your fucking little  
dog-and-pony act you call the military?

**Here it is. One:**

Where are the boobies?

**Two:**

underground right now, sir?  
Why can't we be out in the open?  
Why aren't we in a square right now?  
Why aren't we talking to people,  
letting them know Item 9 exists?

Get it out. Shout off the rooftops:

"This is great!

This is the bee's knees, ltem 9!"

Private, we need you to be serious.

I'm serious. Your dick, my mouth.

That's inappropriate.

Fuck you!

I've seen enough. Shut it down.

Bury the hatch. Sell the land.

And dispose of him.

This never happened.

Dude, what happened to your eye?

Hello.

Can you guys understand me?

- Hey. Hey, where we going?

- This is General Brat.

We've reached

a final conclusion on ltem 9.

Illegal!

Hey, this is Sam. Good morning.

Welcome to KRAD.

You know, I think that last caller  
had some undeniable points.

Right now, we're gonna get  
to the next caller, Dale Denton.

Hey, Sam. Big huge fan.

First-time caller.

- Here's my piece.

- All right.

If marijuana is not legal  
within the next five years...

...I have no faith  
left in humanity, period.

Everyone likes smoking weed.

They have for thousands of years.

They're not gonna stop anytime soon.

It makes everything better. Makes  
food better. Makes music better.

It makes sex feel better,  
for God's sakes.

It makes shitty movies better,  
you know?

Hi, there. Are you Sandra Danby?

Yeah.

Well, I'm Garth  
from Global Savivors, and...

- What is this?

- I'm joking.

You failed to show up  
for divorce proceedings...  
...four times under court order,  
and you've been served.

- Oh, great. Thanks a lot, asshole.

- Sorry.

I'm just saying love has no age.  
You can't instantly tell me that a man,  
because he's a certain age...  
...can't marry a woman  
or love a woman.

I'm dating a high-school girl.  
You're not maximizing your potential.  
Think this girl takes you seriously?  
No, but if I'm 25  
and the girl is 18 years old...  
...you know, in society,  
that might look bad.

- Hey, as long as it's consensual.

- I think it's consensual.

Yo, you been served.  
You've been served.  
You've been served.  
You've been served.

Walter Wadska the third.  
You here to fix the fax machine?  
No, I'm here to tell you  
you owe MasterCard 4068 bucks.  
You've been served by the best.  
Keep it real.

Why don't you get a real job,  
you fucking cocksucker?

- Hey, "Electric Avenue."

- I know, right?

- Take that shit to the next level, eh?

- Okay, I will.

- Dr. Edgar Terrence?

- Yes.

You have repeatedly refused  
to trim the monkey tree...

...that spills  
onto your neighbor's property.  
And now because of that,  
you've been served.  
You're a jerk.  
All this current system is doing...  
...is putting money  
in the hands of criminals...  
...and it's making ordinary people like  
you and me deal with those criminals.  
You ever dealt with a drug dealer?  
It's terrible, it's weird, it's awkward.  
They think they're your friend,  
but they're not.  
Dale, I get your point. Thanks  
for your input. Next caller, please.  
I can't come.  
What?  
Why the fuck not, Dale?  
I just... Look, I can't come.  
I have a lot of stuff to do tomorrow.  
It's a bad day for me.  
Jesus Christ, Dale.  
When were you gonna tell me?  
My mom has been shopping all day.  
- Why?  
- She's already planning on couscous.  
I said I might be able to go,  
so why is she doing that already?  
- Now I look like an asshole.  
- You are one.  
Come on, don't say that.  
I just can't go. I have a job.  
- Fine.  
- "Fine"?  
Don't come. I don't care.  
Then why have you been inviting me?  
I thought you wanted me to go.  
If you don't wanna meet them,  
I don't want you to.  
I want to. I can't. I have a job.  
I'm sorry. What do you want from me?  
I just know they'll like you, that's all.  
You're great, and you're funny...

...and you're sexy.

I just want them to see that.

- You want them to see that I'm sexy?

- Hey, people?

- Hi, Mr. Edwards.

- Can I help you?

No, I'm good. Thank you, though.

Yeah? I see you don't have

a visitor's badge. That's why I ask.

- I'm with her, actually.

- Actually, this is my boyfriend.

I heard that. I wish I didn't hear that,  
but I just heard that.

What's that supposed to mean?

I'm just wondering why you don't  
date a nice guy your own age.

- She's very mature for her age.

- Yeah.

- Angie, hey. How's it going?

- Hey.

Hey, Clark, how you doing, man?

What's up?

I'm good, bro. I'm good.

Dude, I wanted to tell you.

You were hilarious today  
in drama class.

Your Jeff Goldblum impression  
made me pee my pants.

I wish.

Oh, hey, I almost forgot.

Last week when we worked out,  
you forgot your shorts in my car.

Oh, yeah.

- Here you go.

- Thanks.

Yeah, no problem, no problem.

- Can you hold those?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- How's it going, Sporty Spice?

This is my boyfriend, Dale.

- Hey, nice to meet you.

- You too.

I've heard so much about you.

You're real cool.

- I mean, you're great. Yeah.

- Yeah, awesome.

Anyways, yeah, dude, next year.

Next year college, man. College.

Gonna be kick-ass.

I will watch her back for you.

I know there's tons of guys that are gonna be trying to get on that shit.

- Oh, good.

- Because I got that... Yeah.

You got her ass? Perfect.

- I'll watch her ass for...

- He's trying to be nice.

- I'll catch you at Home Ec.

- Okay.

You guys got Home Ec

together too. That's cool.

- We got a few classes together.

- Nice to meet you.

Time to suck today's dick. That's what I'm talking about. See you guys later.

- All right, Clark.

- Clark's a great guy.

He's totally gonna take care of Angela, man.

He's great. He's a wonderful lab partner. He'll keep an eye on her.

Why don't you go fuck yourself, you weird prick?

I'm a teacher.

You can't talk to me like that.

I'm not a student,

so I can say whatever I want...

...you chimp-fucking little bastard.

- Actually...

You've got T-minus 30 seconds

to get off school property...

...or I call the liaison officer.

- We're leaving. I'm sorry.

- Middle finger won't stop the clock.

What a jerk.

What's that guy's problem? Jesus.

I don't... Normally he's...

That's really weird.

I'd love to have dinner with you  
and your parents tomorrow night.  
I'm gonna go. I'll definitely go.  
I'll shuffle things around...

- Really?

- Yeah, I'll be there for sure.

Yeah, I wanna show them  
you're in good hands. Yeah.

I got nothing  
to be embarrassed about.  
That means so much to me  
and my parents.

No problem.

It's gonna be awesome.

- Hello?

- Hey, Saul. Mind if I come by?

- Come on down.

- Sweet. Be there.

- Hi, Mary.

- Hi.

I thought the hurricane season  
was over.

I thought hurricane season  
was over.

I'm sorry.

Things just got out of hand.

Yeah, that's the way it was  
with my first husband.

Hello? Hey, man.

What the fuck, man?

I didn't buzz you in.

How the monkey did you get in here?

Some guy with a fauxhawk let me in.

He was leaving when I...

- Fucking Kyle.

- It might have been Kyle.

- Asshole.

- I'm sorry, man.

What the fuck's  
the buzzer for anyway?

I don't know. I'm sorry about that.

I don't know your protocol yet.

Stuff your sorries in a sack.



It's not your fault.

- Okay.

- It's these jerk-offs. Have a seat.

Okay, cool.

Thanks, man. Awesome.

Yo, check this out.

Satellite radio.

Got two TVs and radio.

That's pretty rad.

That's home entertainment.

You're very entertained.

Oh, wow. You got a cute picture too.

Oh, yeah. Me and my bubbe.

Hey, let me ask you something.

Yeah?

Do you think you could pull the plug  
on someone if you needed to?

Like, euthanasia?

Like, on her?

If I needed to.

I'm kind of in a hurry, man.

I don't know if we should  
start going down that road.

I could talk all day about euthanasia.

Don't get me started.

- Maybe we should...

- We'll save it.

- Save it for next time.

- I'll take that rain check.

Business for the businessman.

- Yeah, you got my number.

- Okay.

- Brass tacks.

- Yes.

Just got a shipment

of the dopest dope I've ever smoked.

Hands down,

dopest dope I've ever smoked.

Not better than the Blue Oyster.

It can't be. I can't handle that.

This is like if that Blue Oyster shit  
met that Afghan Kush I had...

...and they had a baby.

And meanwhile, that crazy

Northern Lights stuff I had...

...and the Super Red Especial

Snowflake met and had a baby.

And by some miracle,

those two babies met and fucked...

...this would be the shit

that they birthed.

- Yes.

- This is the product of baby fucking.

- Smell it.

- Okay.

Smell it. Enjoy.

It's like God's vagina.

What, you wanna bathe in it?

- I wanna live in here.

- You wanna be it?

My God, I just wanna shove it  
up my nose, have that smell all day.

- That's amazing.

- Shove it anywhere you like.

Beautiful. What's it called?

- Pineapple Express.

- Pineapple Express.

It's this thing, like, El Nio.

This airflow that comes

from Hawaii and Canada.

It gets the dirt, mixes it in  
with the weed in a special way.

It's very scientific.

I won't go into it right now.

But I am the only guy

in the whole city that has it.

Only 10 bones more for a quarter.

Okay, I'll take a quarter.

- All right, you're on.

- Thank you very much.

Let me get my scale.

Get it going. Grab the scale.

Let's get me out of here.

I thought hurricane season  
was over.

Oh, crow.

Where are you, you little fucker?

What the fuck is this thing?

- Cross joint.
- Yeah.
- You ever smoke one of those?
- You can smoke this?
- Yeah, man.
- No.

This is the future.

This is, like, the apex  
of the vortex of joint engineering.  
It's rumored that M. M. O'Shaughnessy  
designed the first one.

The guy who designed  
the Golden Gate Bridge.  
My second favorite civil engineer...  
...behind Hannskarl Bandel,  
Madison Square Garden.

What you do is you light all three ends  
at the same time.

- Really?
  - And then the smoke converges...  
...creating a trifecta  
of joint-smoking power.
- This is it, man. This is what your  
grandchildren are gonna be smoking.  
Future. The future.  
That's amazing.

Well, got the weed?

- Yeah.
  - In the bag. Beautiful. Okay.
- Be careful with that thing, man.  
Here's the cash, grab the stash.  
Alrighty, man, thanks.  
Have a good one.  
Don't hurt yourself. Adios.  
Well, hey, wait a minute, man.  
Let's smoke this fucking thing.  
I really... I can't, man. I gotta...  
I can't even light this thing  
on my own.  
I need your help, man.
- I'm in.
  - Come on!
  - Why not? Let's do it.
  - Come on down!

Why not? What do I do?

Okay, here's what you do.

- You equip yourself.

- I'm equipping.

- Equip me, sir.

- Okay.

You are going to light these two ends  
while I light this end.

- Okay.

- Are you ready?

- Ready.

- Blast off.

- I'm gonna do it.

- Good. Go for it.

It's better to cough.

It's like...

Makes you 10 times more higher...

...than the cross weed  
and the Pineapple Express.

You're like,  
totally fucking Gong Show'ed, man.  
Oh, fuck.

Hang on one second, man.

Oh, you fucker.

Who is it?

It's Chris Gebert, man. Let me up.

Shit.

What's a Gebert?

Come on up.

He ain't getting any  
of that Pineapple Express.

Chris is getting Snicklefritz.

Hey.

So listen, man.

I gotta ask you. So...

Listen, man. You've been buying  
from me for, like, two months, right?

- Two months.

- I gotta ask, man.

What's up with the suit?

I'm a process server.

So I have to wear a suit.

Wow, you're a servant?

Like a butler?

- A chauffeur?  
- No. No. What? No, I'm not...  
- Shine shoes?  
- I'm a process server.  
- I like...  
- In process.  
I work for a company  
that's, like, hired...  
...by lawyers to hand out  
legal documents.  
Like subpoenas to people  
who don't want them.  
I gotta wear disguises sometimes just to  
make them admit they're themselves...  
...so I can serve them the papers.  
Disguise.  
Kind of, I guess.  
- It's a hell of a job.  
- That's cool, man.  
Like a day-to-day basis, it's fine.  
Like today, I, like, sat in my car...  
...I smoked, like, 10 doobies...  
...and then I went to go visit  
my girlfriend at lunch.  
Nice.  
What? You sucked on her titties?  
No, I just kissed her.  
I just did that to make it seem cool.  
That's cool.  
Does she like to smoke weed?  
A little sometimes.  
She has a couple...  
She's in high school,  
so as much as any high-school kid.  
She's cool as hell, actually.  
- You'd get along with her.  
- Really?  
Yeah, you know, it only sucks...  
...when I go visit her in high school  
and the guys she goes to school with...  
...are strong and handsome  
and really funny.  
Like, do good impressions  
of Jeff Goldblum and shit like that.

And, like, I just feel like a fat, dumb, fucking stinky ass-turd when I'm there.

- What?

- It really... It sucks for my ego.

- Fuck Jeff Goldblum, man.

- That's what I say.

You know, don't get down on yourself.

You got a great girl.

You got a great job

where you don't do anything.

You get to smoke weed all day.

I wish I had that.

Are you kidd..? You do.

You have the easiest job on Earth.

- You do smoke weed all day.

- That's true.

You didn't think of that.

- I do have a good job.

- Yeah, you do nothing.

- Thanks, man.

- No prob.

Thank you.

Oh, shit. All right. Business.

- Got my persona.

- Yeah, yeah.

Hey. Put that cross joint out.

He sees that, he'll never get the fuck out of here.

- What's up, Chris?

- Yo, hey, Saul.

- Hey.

- How you doing, buddy?

All right, homes. Good.

- Who's this?

- Hey. Oh, that's my friend Mark.

You got the dough? There you go.

- Appreciate it.

- Nice. Good to meet you, Mark.

- Do you have any Percocet, please?

- Percocet?

What are you talking about?

I don't sell that shit.

- Chris.

- Chris.

You told him I was

gonna sell Percocet?

- I didn't say anything about Percocet.

- What the fuck?

- I just wanted a couple Percocets.

- Well, I...

You came to the wrong place.

Wrong place.

- Sorry.

- Yeah, nice. Peace out, homes.

- Thank...

- God.

- What the fuck?

- Yeah.

- Fucking lingerer.

- Yeah, totally.

- Lingerer.

- Hardcore.

Fuck.

- Bums me out.

- Bums me out too.

If there's one quality

I hate in a person, it's lingering.

- That's right. You and me both.

- Yeah, yeah.

So I'm curious. What have

those people done that you go...

...and process and service?

I don't know. It's always

something different, I guess.

This guy...

Ted Jones, who knows. You know?

- Ted Jones?

- Yeah, why?

My guy, Red, who I buy from,

he gets his stuff from a Ted Jones.

- Really?

- Maybe it's the same guy.

That'd be weird.

It's a pretty normal name,

I guess, but...

Anyway, I should really

get going, man. I gotta go.

Duty calls, but it's good to see you.

Thanks.

You're gonna smoke and run?

Come on, man.

We can go look at some crazy things  
on the Internet together.

That sounds appealing,  
but you know what? I'll tell... Here...

I'm gonna run out of weed in  
a couple days. I'll come by, hang out.

- We'll watch 22 7 and shit.

- Definitely.

Cool, man. Well, thanks.

Good to see you.

- Peace, brother.

- Okay.

One love.

When you got behind  
on the mortgage...

When you got behind  
on the mortgage...

... someone finally  
made you a loan?

Yes, he did.

Yes, he did.

What was the interest rate you got?

- It was 1 2 or 1 3 percent.

- That's disgusting.

- Hello?

- Hello.

Hey, Angie, what's happening?

I just talked to my mom, and they are  
so excited you're coming for dinner.

Like, so excited. And so am I,  
but we're all really excited.

Thank you so much.

No problem. I'm psyched too.

It's gonna be awesome.

Couscous. The food so nice,  
they named it twice.

Dale, anyway, I can't wait  
for next year when this bullshit's over.

Oh, shit. I see the guy I gotta serve.

I'll call you back.

Fucking cops. Shit.



Jesus.  
What an adorable little cop.  
Weird.  
Jesus. Fuck.  
What the fuck was that?  
Oh, shit.  
Dude. Dude. Dude. Dude.  
Oh, no!  
- Drive, drive.  
- Who the fuck is that?  
I don't know,  
but I ain't waiting to see.  
Pineapple Express.  
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!  
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!  
I saw brains and blood!  
Come on! Come on!  
Where do I go?  
Hello?  
Saul, it's Dale.  
Let me in. Let me in.  
I just saw some crazy shit.  
Please. Let me in.  
- It's Dale Denton. Let me in, man.  
- Dale?  
Yes, Dale. That's what I said.  
It's Dale. Let me in.  
Oh, all right, man. Come on up.  
I buzzed it. Open the door  
when I buzz it.  
Buzz it in three seconds exactly.  
One, two...  
- Did it work?  
- On three!  
I did it on three.  
On "one, two, three, go"?  
Just on three.  
- He fucking killed him.  
- Hey, I got neighbors.  
He fucking killed him.  
- Who killed who?  
- A cop. A lady and a guy.  
A cop, a lady and a guy?  
That's a massacre. You saw it?

No, it was just a guy.

- What happened to the lady?

- No. No.

A woman. A policewoman and a guy,  
another guy, shot another guy...  
...an Asian guy, in the window,  
at fucking Ted's house.

Whoa, was the other guy Ted?

I don't know.

He was a big, gray-haired man...

...and he had a robe

and he shot him.

And his brain flew every...

I'm gonna be... I'm gonna throw up.

What?

- That was chicken fries.

- Sick.

You threw up on my printer.

- I did.

- Did you break it?

- I hope not.

- Listen, man.

I think the guy was Ted.

And the Asians  
are number-two in town...

...so you saw Ted

capping the competition.

They saw me

seeing them shoot the guy.

What? They saw you?

And you fucking came here?

- Did they follow you here?

- I don't know.

- Did they follow you here?

- I don't know. Look. Look. Okay.

I saw them kill him.

I freaked out. I panicked, okay?

I tossed my roach.

- I crashed into two cars.

- Yeah.

So they must have heard...

They know someone was out there.

- They know someone saw.

- They know "someone."

They don't know it was you. Right?  
I don't... I mean, yeah. I don't know.  
- Yes.  
- I hope not.  
Relax.  
Just sit back. Get ready to enjoy some  
of the rarest weed known to mankind.  
Is it really that rare?  
It's, like, the rarest.  
It's almost a shame to smoke it.  
It's like killing a unicorn...  
...with, like, a bomb.  
Are you the only guy in town  
who has this?  
- You're actually the only guy?  
- Yeah.  
My guy Red said he was giving me  
an exclusive sneak preview.  
I'm the only guy you sold it to?  
The other guys got Snicklefritz?  
Yeah. So we're, like, the only guys.  
And Red got this from Ted?  
Ted's the man.  
Let's get the fuck out of here!  
Go! Go! Let's go! Let's go!  
I threw a roach of this  
outside of Ted's house.  
So what? I throw roaches  
all over town.  
No. He could find the roach  
and say, "It's Pineapple Express."  
Saul is the only guy  
who has Pineapple Express.  
He must have seen the murder!  
Let's kill him!"  
- Let's get out of here!  
- Fuck!  
Wait! Stop!  
Get weed! Get the weed!  
Anything we might need.  
Snacks, food, Fruit Roll-Ups.  
- Let's get the fuck out of here!  
- Okay, okay.  
Red said he'd be here.

Them some drugs.  
Smells like vomit in this house.  
Want a hit, man? It's still lit.  
I'm having dinner with my wife.  
She can tell.  
Smell it on my sweater.  
For real?  
Yeah, for real.  
You wanna wear my vest?  
It smell good.  
Not my style.  
You ain't got no style, motherfucker.  
You have reached  
the voice mailbox of...  
- Ted.  
- Ted, it's Budlofsky.  
- We're here. Saul's gone.  
- And Mathe...  
- And Matheson.  
- I think he knew we were coming.  
They not here, Ted.  
Hi, Ted.  
Okay, what do you know  
about Ted?  
I think he's crazy about murdering.  
Well, that's not good.  
Where are we gonna go?  
Let's just go... Go to a motel or a hotel  
and just hide out.  
The police were in on it. Could have  
flagged credit cards. They'll find us.  
Shit. I wish we could  
just go nowhere.  
Okay.  
Even if he found that roach,  
how could he know where you are?  
Heat-seeking missiles.  
Bloodhounds.  
Foxes.  
Barracudas.  
I'm kind of flabbergasted when  
you say things like that. It's weird.  
Thank you.  
Not a compliment.

Here's the question.  
Let's say he actually  
found the roach.  
How could he connect  
the Pineapple Express weed to you?  
He can't, man.  
Only fucking Red knows.  
Only Red knows, man.  
Who is Red?  
Red's, like, the middleman  
between, like, Ted and me.  
And we're, like,  
mad fucking tight, man.  
One time, he got this girl...  
...to give me a hand job, like,  
within five minutes of meeting her.  
It was like, "I don't  
even know your name, whoa."  
That is pretty rad, but, like,  
let's say Ted calls him and is like:  
"Did you sell the Pineapple Express  
to anyone?"  
He'll be, "Yeah, I sold it to Saul."  
Why wouldn't he?  
No. Oh, no. Fuck that, man.  
Fucking hand job, Dale.  
Imagine if I gave you a hand job.  
- Why would I wanna do that?  
- No, I mean if I got you a hand job.  
The same rules don't apply to Red.  
He's a drug dealer.  
I'm a drug dealer.  
Are you saying you don't trust me?  
No, that's not at all what I'm...  
You know what?  
You know? Just ignore what I said.  
Call him. Give him a call.  
See what the dealio is.  
- Hello.  
- Hey, Red, you okay?  
Yeah, Saul. Yeah, I'm fine, man.  
I just stubbed my toe.  
Be careful, man. Be careful.  
Wear shoes in the house.

Safety. Safety first, then teamwork.  
Now, listen.  
You know that Pineapple Express stuff  
you gave me?  
Don't tell anybody  
that you sold it to me.  
I'd never talk to anyone...  
...about the stuff that I do with you  
involving drugs.  
All right, cool.  
Listen, I'm gonna come by.  
I gotta lay some shit on you.  
There is a fly in the ointment.  
Shit has hit the fan.  
The lion will speak.  
- I'm in the middle of a convo.  
- No, seriously.  
- We're gonna be there in half an hour.  
- Perfect.  
- No, please. No, no, no.  
- Let's go over there and chill out.  
No, can we go tomorrow?  
Look, we're already here...  
There's somebody else  
on the phone with him.  
- Who?  
- I don't know.  
He's whispering to another man.  
We'll go in the morning.  
It's better that way.  
- Okay.  
- Yes. Yes. Thank you. Yes.  
- Hey.  
- So you're coming by tomorrow?  
How'd you know that?  
Heard you whispering to that other guy  
that you were talking to. Who is that?  
Right, Dale. Good job.  
Listen, I can't go in the morning...  
...because my bubbe... Gotta change  
her clocks. Daylight-savings.  
Is that the bubbe  
that's on 41 st and River Street?  
The one where we played

shuffleboard that one time?

You got it. So, listen,  
we'll be chilling by noon.

- Noon it is, bromosexual.

- Nice.

We should hit up the casino again.

It's been a while.

Okay, yeah.

We'll definitely hit the casino up.

Definitely. All right, peace, brother.

I should call Angie soon.

Make up some bullshit.

I'm cold.

You're cold?

Oh, I'm not cold at all. Here.

I run hot.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- You got more body mass.

- Thick blood. Yeah, no, take it.

- Thank you.

- I don't appreciate that, but it's okay.

I'm gonna call Angie.

Space.

Dale, wait. Wait.

The phones. The phones.

- You said they were cops, right?

- They are, yeah.

I was thinking, maybe they can...

...triangulate these things, man,

or, like, trace them.

- Right?

- That's how they got Saddam.

- Right.

- Fuck. You're right, man.

Maybe they can even trace them...

...like, when we're not even

on them, you know?

Maybe if we bury them, the reception  
will cut off and they won't be able to.

We can tie it to an animal,

be a diversion.

We'll never catch an animal.

The squirrel'd be up in a tree,

they'd think we were.

No, no, no.

- We'll build a hot-air balloon and...

- No.

- We'll smash them.

- Yeah, yeah.

I'm gonna smash it. On a rock.

- Right here. Good thinking.

- Good idea. Yes, destroy it.

- Get it.

- Die. Yes.

- What the fuck was that?

- I was trying to hit that tree. I missed.

- What tree?

- That one.

Why didn't you smash it

on a rock like a normal person?

I don't know. How often does  
somebody smash things? I'm rusty.

Did you at least see  
where it landed?

I don't know. Call it.

Call it? With what?

My phone has been smashed.

I bet they can't even triangulate  
those things.

Well, you convinced me they can.

You were very convincing back there.

Hey. Fine. I'll go find it. Fuck.

- Do you see it?

- See what?

The phone, you idiot.

Why are we here?

This place is so fucking scary.

At least I had an idea.

You didn't, so shut up.

That's not true. I had two ideas.

Nowhere and Quiznos.

- What?

- What was that?

- What?

- What is that?

- What?

- I hear something.



What?

I don't know. Do you hear that?

Dude, I literally hear nothing.

Oh, fuck!

Where are you going? What are you running from? Return to me now!

Help me!

Tell him to get away from me!

I'm scared of this darkness!

I surrender!

- Go away! Go away!

- I'm unarmed!

- This isn't funny anymore!

- Dale!

- Fall back!

- Save me!

Oh, shit.

Car.

Open it! Open it!

Open the door! Open it!

- Unlock it.

- I can't unlock it.

What are you doing?

Watch the upholstery.

- Go! I saw something!

- No! What did you see? Shut up!

Shut the fuck... Shut up, man!

I heard something,

then I saw something.

You didn't hear anything, man.

Well, I saw something.

And you're telling me that guy in the little short shorts...

- ... broke your nose?

- Right.

The BeDazzler guy

broke your nose, tough man?

Wake up. Get up. Wake up.

How did I get on you?

I wonder.

Watch finally broke.

Crazy. What time is it?

That can't be right.

It couldn't be 3 in the morning,

could it?

**It's 3:**

Holy shit, man!

We were supposed to be at Red's  
at noon, man. What if he's gone?

No, it's daylight-savings, so...

- So it's only 2:00.

- Oh, no, it went forward an hour.

It's 4 o'-fucking-clock?

Fuck me. No, man. That's bad.

Shit. We slept for, like, 1 8 hours.

My bubbe...

Man, my bubbe's gonna be so pissed.

Shit.

We gotta call Red.

Okay. How?

We'll go to a pay phone.

No, I can't.

His number is in my phone.

Great. Well, do you remember  
where he lives?

Yeah, I know where he lives.

What are you insinuating?

Like, I'm forgetful?

"Insinuating." Good word.

Do you know what that means?

- I do, believe it or not.

- It means, like, "to seem like."

Let's roll. I'm done with the woods.

Let's go.

Come on, let's get  
the fuck out of here.

Okay. Let's go. No. It's not working.

The battery's dead.

Wait.

What do you mean, it's dead?

What do I mean? I mean

the battery's dead. The battery's dead.

What do you mean,

the battery's dead?

How can I explain this

to you differently?

The battery is dead.

It ceased to live.

It's deceased now. The car  
needs a battery to start, Saul.

How did this happen?

Well, we clearly fell asleep  
with the battery on, and...

Oh, man. To talk radio?

- Yes, talk radio.

- It's so boring, man.

- Okay, okay.

- The car just committed suicide.

Shut up, man. I have an idea now.

We're gonna go.

We'll walk back to the road.

We'll hitchhike.

Someone will pick us up,  
take us to Red's.

Red will tell us everything's fine,  
everything will go back to normal.

How does that sound? Good?

- That's a good idea.

- Keep our heads on.

If we just keep thinking like this,  
we're fucking gravy.

- All right. I'm in.

- Let's do it.

- Can I have my jacket back, please?

- Yeah.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Thanks for taking care of it.

Look, it's like my thumb is my cock.

That's not gonna get us a ride, man.

Here's good.

Thanks for the smooth sailing,

Sharid.

You're welcome.

- You're sure we can trust this guy?

- Yo, Red.

Who is it?

- It's Bruce.

- Bruce? Who the fuck is this?

- Saul. What's up?

- Who do you think it is?

Who's this?

I'm Dale, Mr. Red. Nice to meet you.

Dale who?

It's best if you don't know  
my full name.

Dale Denton. He's with me.

Dale Denton. Nice to meet you, bro.

- Hold on. Let me get this lock, okay?

- You better.

- Get in here.

- Coming in.

- Y'all wanna buy some drugs?

- Frisk me.

- What's up? What's up?

- Get it.

Look at that, huh?

- What's up, players?

- What's up?

I've been up in here trying to get  
a motherfucking scholarship. Chilling.

What's up with the clothes?

We were camping.

- Camping?

- Yeah.

Is your lip okay, man?

- You been crying?

- Oh, my lip.

It's a cold sore.

Never had one before,  
so I started to cry.

I think it's a lot worse  
than it looks, though.

Cold sore?

Does that mean fucking herpes?

Yeah. Yes, it does.

Fucking sick, man. You know  
how many joints we've shared?

I know. I'm a disgusting person.

Herpes is for life, bro.

I'm gonna try to definitely put  
some sort of medical ointment on it.

Been taking Vicodin.

Doesn't really take swelling down.

It's from that time. I told you, man.

You ate that lollipop out of that  
stripper's snatch. You wanted to do it.  
Out of her vagina. Remember  
what you did? What did you do?  
You ate a box of Nerds  
out of her butthole.  
You fucking said you wouldn't tell.  
You sowed your own poison, man.  
Dudes, seriously, we're here  
for a reason. Just ask him.  
Chill. I'm boiling some eggs over here.  
We got a lot of time to hang out.  
- I'm making a fucking cake.  
- No shit.  
Can I have a piece of that?  
- Don't ask for a piece.  
- I can't have a piece?  
No, you can't. This is private.  
Do you know what today is?  
- Tuesday.  
- This is my cat's birthday today.  
I don't see a cat in here. I'm sorry.  
You let it out by accident?  
No, because he died  
three months ago, okay?  
So now who's the funny guy?  
Sorry.  
Today is his birthday...  
...and it is a tradition  
that on his birthday...  
...I get up extra early and make him  
his favorite kind of dessert.  
Don't worry, bro.  
Your cat's going to heaven.  
Yeah, maybe.  
Maybe he went to heaven.  
He was a little fucker.  
Could've gone to hell.  
What are we talk..? Guys...  
Ask him. Just ask him, okay?  
Ask what? Just come straight.  
What's up?  
- Yeah, right.  
- Lay it on him.

We need to know...

We need to know  
about your source.

- Ted.

- Ted Jones.

See, Dale, here,  
is a protest servant.

I'm not. That's not what I am.

He's not that,

but he was outside Ted's house...

Don't... Look, we don't want  
to bring you in to what we're in, okay?

You don't want any trouble.

We don't wanna give you trouble.

It's probably best

you don't know the whole story.

- Don't think I can handle danger?

- What are you talking about?

- You can.

- I totally can.

And for you

to come into my house...

...and not tell secrets

because you think you're saving me...

...well, in reality, it just makes  
you look like a dumb-ass.

Look at this. See this?

You see that?

There's no hair under here, okay?

What's the significance of that?

It makes me aerodynamic

when I fight. I can take danger.

Okay, has anyone called asking  
about Saul or the Pineapple Express?

That's all we need to know.

Is it "uh-huh" or "uh-uh"?

- It's "uh-uh."

- There it is, man.

Cleared. Over.

Everything's fine. I told you, bro.

We had a wacky night  
in the woods...

...but we both can put that  
behind us like adults.

Now it's time  
to get super-duper high.  
Got that bong I got in Tel Aviv?  
"Bong Mitzvah." Hit it up.  
Yes.  
Yes.  
There you go.  
Why don't you follow his lead  
and chill out?  
I'm chill.  
I'm chill as a cucumber, man.  
- You don't seem chill.  
- More chill than you.  
You're more chill than me?  
Look at what I'm wearing. Kimono.  
What are you wearing?  
- Suit.  
- Yeah. Exactly.  
I don't know what's up with you,  
but I don't know if I like you.  
Well, I don't know  
if I like you either, man.  
Well, that's your loss,  
because I'm a great friend.  
I'm gonna use the telefono  
to call my wife, okay?  
- Give her a call.  
- I will.  
- Go ahead.  
- Don't pay attention to what I'm saying.  
Oh, I won't.  
Bullshit.  
No, no, no.  
- Liar.  
- What are you doing, man?  
He's a liar. He's lying to us, man.  
He's lying to us.  
No, he's not.  
He knows my name.  
He's acting weird.  
We can't let him  
phone anyone, man.  
Freaking out. You're paranoid.  
Give him the phone.

I do not trust you, sir.  
- You're paranoid.  
- He's acting weird.  
Red, I'm sorry, bro.  
- Jesus!  
- Holy cock.  
Fuck you!  
What are you doing, man?  
He's sorry.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Herpes!  
I don't wanna have to do this.  
Red, you're crazy, man.  
You brought the devil  
into my house.  
- We're friends.  
- I know we are.  
- That's why it sucks.  
- Are you on meth again?  
Dale, he's hurting me!  
Toilet.  
Flush.  
What we do in this life  
echoes in eternity.  
True!  
He's going for the phone  
to call Ted!  
Stay out of here!  
Red, don't do it!  
- Red!  
- You assholes.  
You ruined my portable phone.  
- Teamwork.  
- Yes.  
You're gonna break the door.  
Gonna pay for it?  
Fuck.  
Phone.  
- Let go! Let go! Let go!  
- What the hell..?  
I let go, now just get this  
goddamn door off of me!  
Tell us everything, now!  
Said they were gonna kill me.



What did you tell Ted?  
He's crushing my balls.  
Crushing my balls.  
Smash them.  
Fuck!  
Time out. Time out.  
Time out. Time out.  
- Truce.  
- Time in. Fuck you.  
- Stop!  
- Cheater!  
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
- Red!  
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
- Get...  
Fuck.  
God...  
Fuck!  
- Take it, motherfucker!  
- Time out!  
Fuck!  
No! No, no, no!  
Where you going, huh?  
Where do you think you're going,  
Mr. Wiggles?  
- Come on. Get back here.  
- Saul, help me! Help me!  
He's punching my bum!  
I'm done with this.  
Let's talk. Let's try words.  
Use words! No! No! No!  
You okay, man?  
- I'll get you another bong.  
- It's my cat's birthday.  
Happy birthday.  
- All right?  
- Thank you.  
I think there's a package  
in the mailbox.  
This ends now!  
Oh, shit.  
Was that too much?  
Can't get the edge.  
Wait. Got it. Got it.

Hey, Dale.

Think we're gonna have to kill him?  
I don't think I'm capable of murder.  
I don't think I am either.

Maybe we could just convince him  
to kill himself.

Or, just not say anything.

We need to find out  
everything he knows, okay?

Wake up.

Hey, what's up, dudes?

What's up? Tell us everything now.

Talk, Red.

I'm gonna flex and bust out of here.

Trapped.

Not happening, Red.

Okay. All right. Okay, I'll talk.

Ted Jones, he knows you witnessed  
the murder. He found your roach.

He sent two guys over here,

Budlofsky and Matheson.

Two real big son of a bitches.

They're basically

out to kill you guys.

They're gonna kill me too,

unless I turn y'all over.

So you guys are basically fucked.

How many cops does he have  
on his payroll? Tell us.

- Well, there's the woman cop, Carol.

- That's the lady cop.

I don't know. He could have a bunch.

This dude is super well-connected.

And he has a really awesome  
hideout too. It's pretty badass.

- Oh, shit.

- What else?

He's at a war right now  
with the Asians.

They're in a drug war right now.

Asians? What Asians?

Indians are technically Asian.

- It's true.

- What Asians?

I don't know. What? Chinese?  
Or Korean or...  
Vietcong?  
Yeah, little... Just little Asian people.  
Like, the Asians with the guns  
and the drugs, and not his friends.  
- Ding-dong.  
- Hey, Red!  
- Oh, shit.  
- Oh, they're here.  
They're here to kill me.  
Okay, I know I sold y'all out. I've been  
a son of a bitch and a shitty friend.  
Saul, I'm talking to you.  
Dale, you're a new friend.  
I can make it up.  
I forgot, "bro's before ho's."  
Just go out the back porch.  
I won't say anything.  
- I'll cover for you.  
- Thanks.  
No sweat.  
It was Dale Denton.  
Dale Denton and Saul.  
They're on the back porch.  
You can catch them if you hurry. Go.  
Hey. In here.  
I've gotta get to a phone. Come on.  
- We should hide.  
- Why?  
If Red tells Ted's guys  
about my name...  
...then they'll go to my apartment.  
There, I have Angie's name. They'll  
put that together, find her. Let's go.  
No. I think we should stay.  
- Why?  
- I'm in the dumpster already.  
Well, then, get out.  
Come on, you're already dirty.  
- They're gone.  
- Well, find out what he knows.  
Red, it's your last chance, man.  
You gonna give us something

we can use?  
Matheson, you gotta be kidding me.  
I mean, what more do you want?  
I told you that the guy's name  
is Dale Denton.  
He's obviously working with Saul.  
They came in here,  
busted my house to shit.  
They kicked the hell out of me...  
...duct-taped me  
to my grandfather's wheelchair.  
What more do you want?  
Want me to read your horoscope?  
- You hear that, Ted?  
- Ask if either of them were Asian.  
- What skin color were they?  
- They were white people.  
Denton might've been a Jew.  
I don't know.  
I don't judge people  
based on things like that.  
Obviously. We're friends.  
Ted, you hear him?

**Dale Denton:**

All right. Kill Red.  
Listen, I would appreciate it  
if both y'all would take your shoes off.  
This is brand-new carpet.  
You're tracking mud in here.  
Matheson, you got  
British Knights on.  
I ain't seen anybody wear them  
since 1 98 7.  
What the hell are you doing?  
Ted told me to kill him.  
Well, how about  
a little fucking discretion here?  
See? See? See, right there.  
You see that?  
- You catch it?  
- See what?  
You used to not give  
a fuck about discretion.

I seen you pull somebody's  
jawbone off. I seen it.  
You was ruthless.  
You was ruthless, man.  
What the fuck, man?  
You shot me in my stomach.  
I'm gonna die now probably.  
I had you all over here for dinner.  
Fish tacos.  
This how you do me?  
So, what did Budlofsky  
and Matheson say?  
I don't know.  
There's this guy, Saul...  
...something, selling weed who works  
with some guy, Dale Denton.  
That's all he got out of him.  
Do you think he has anything to do  
with the guy that we shot?  
Well, did he say anything else?  
Saul mentioned something about  
"going to the casino."  
- Weird.  
- "Going to the casino"?  
The Asians own the casino, Ted.  
- I need another beer.  
- He's gotta be working for them.  
Maybe after we popped that guy,  
they hired this outside guy, Dale...  
What's his name? Denton?  
- to finish the job.  
Maybe.  
Maybe. Well, I'll be back in an hour.  
I'll have everything there is to know  
about this Dale Denton guy.  
Who he's screwing,  
who's his mother, everything.  
I have to take a shit.  
Wait. Where are we going?  
I gotta... I gotta get to Angie's.  
I have to make sure she's okay.  
What about my bubbe?  
Don't think they'll go after her.  
I mean, she has

a different last name.

Belogus.

I don't know. We should get out of the middle of the road. Come on.

You guys can wait

as long as you want...

...but one minute from right now,

I'm gonna eat some food.

And you can call it rude.

You can call it whatever you want.

You can be polite with your clean plates, but I'm gonna be eating food.

Dad, he'll be here.

I'm going in the other room and eat it, check my e-mail. I'm done.

Honey, we're at the table.

No one's going to leave the table.

- Okay. This is it.

- All right. Let's do this.

No, no, no. I'm going alone.

- No.

- Yeah. Yeah.

- I wanna meet Angie.

- You'll meet her later, man. Look.

Look, I need you to stay out here.

Keep guard, okay?

- It's important. Watch my back.

- Okay.

- Thanks.

- All right. Just be yourself.

I'll keep guard.

Hey.

Shit.

Oh, no.

Hey, Dale.

- Hello, Dale.

- Hey.

Dinner.

This is the dinner you invited me to.

That was tonight. That's why I'm here.

Sit. Please.

Of course. Hi.

- Hi.

- Shannon.

- Intros.  
- Great to meet you.  
- Robert, if I'm not mistaken.  
- Sit down, so we can eat.  
- Hi, Dale.  
- Hey. Okay.  
- What happened to you?  
- Nothing.  
I'm supposed to be here right now.  
So I'm here.  
- You're all dirty and bleeding.  
- No, I'm not. I'm here for dinner.  
- You have scratches on your forehead.  
- Dude, you smell like shit.  
- Dale, what happened to you?  
- I was in the woods.  
- In the woods?  
- Yeah. Isn't that weird? I was...  
- I was in the woods.  
- What were you doing?  
I bird-watch. I don't.  
No, I don't.  
Look, I'm gonna come clean.  
I witnessed a murder, okay?  
I saw someone  
murder someone else...  
...and I think  
they've been following me.  
There's a good chance  
they went to my apartment...  
...where Angie has a lot of things.  
Her yearbooks, report cards,  
her cell number is written...  
...and it's on my fridge.  
So they could then find this house.  
They could come here.  
We should call the police  
right away.  
We can't. The police  
were the murderers.  
We can't call the police.  
They were the murderers.  
Angie, I swear to God,  
you do something or I'm gonna...

- So fucked up.  
- No. Don't let him "gonna."  
No, don't wanna. Look,  
we gotta get the F out of here.  
Let's go. We need to begin  
to prematurely evacuate.  
- Are you high?  
- What? No. I'm not high. Why..?  
You are high as a fucking kite.  
I'm not high. Let's go.  
We're not going.  
I'm coming back in a minute.  
You know what I'm coming back with?  
With a gun.  
You better be out.  
I'm not fucking with you.  
Your gun? His gun?  
Why do you..? Don't get a gun.  
Why would he bear arms?  
No, we need to go.  
Everyone, I'm leading the parade.  
- This is so exciting.  
- Okay, okay.  
Is this where you're parked?  
Let's sally forth.  
Who is after you, after Angie?  
They're drug dealers. I have reason  
to believe that they're drug dealers.  
What are you talking about?  
You're out of your mind.  
- I know it sounds crazy.  
- Hide.  
Dale! Dale! Dale! It's happening.  
I was eating a Fruit Roll...  
- Why'd you do that?  
- God!  
- Get it!  
- Jesus! Okay! Just stop!  
- Angie, what did you do?  
- He's one of the drug dealers!  
- He's my pot dealer.  
- He's your pot dealer?  
- I got it.  
- Get it.



- Gross. Are you okay?
- Dale, who is this?
- He's my... Oh, shit. Get down.
- Dad!

What was that?

That was a gunshot.

Stop! Stop it! Stop it!

- He's with me.
- I'm the good drug dealer.
- Put the gun down!
- Put down the gun.

You assholes

do exactly what I say...

...or I will take you outside  
and fuck you in the street.

- No, don't.
- Don't fuck us anywhere.

Anybody out there?

Fucking hide-and-seek.

Say, now.

Hey, the food's still warm.

Love it.

Come on, Saul. Come on.

Come on. Come on.

Yes. We made it.

We're all safe, guys. We made it.

- What are you doing?
- Get out.

Get out of my car.

I can't believe you think it's an option.

Okay. Okay. That makes sense.

It makes sense.

Come on, let's go.

It makes sense. He's right.

- Stay away from my family. Period.
- So where do we go? What do we do?

Go to the Days Inn

downtown, okay?

Use a fake name.

Garagely. I'll contact you.

I don't know who these people are,  
what they're capable of...

...but I will keep you guys safe,  
I promise that.

Fuck off, loser.  
Angie, you're a fucking idiot.  
I say that with love.

**So get this:**

We triangulated the cells.  
They smashed one, threw the other  
in the woods to try to distract us.  
It took an hour for Jared to find it.  
And then he said  
that he found Denton's car...  
...filled with all these  
strange disguises.  
A powdered wig,  
a sombrero, leotards.  
I mean, what the fuck  
does that mean?  
Why don't I just call the Asians  
and talk to Cheung?  
Why beat around the bush,  
you know?  
Hello?  
Cheung, it's Ted.  
Record this conversation.  
Ted, what a surprise.  
What can I do for you?  
Well, Cheung, my friend,  
let me tell you.  
You know, we both know  
that you sent one of your very skilled...  
... hit men over here last night,  
and I and my colleague...  
...made a little decoration  
on our window. Should have seen it.  
We painted the wall with his brain.  
Painted it.  
And now this Dale Denton guy?  
You serious?  
Just stop it, okay? Stop it or you're  
asking for war. Do you want a war?  
Bring it on.  
You listen to me, you motherfucker!  
It is on! We're coming at you  
with everything we got!

It's on, so you better get your head  
out of your ass...  
...and be ready for everything!  
You are fucking dead!  
You are so dumb.  
Do you have any idea  
how weak you just made us look?  
Goddamn it!  
Totally sweet.  
Ted Jones is slipping.  
We shall strike now with full force.  
Your brother's death  
will not be in vain.  
I gotta say, I've had, like,  
a lot of weed dealers in my day.  
You're the coolest I've ever had.  
They were all dicks.  
- Really? Thanks, man.  
- No problem.  
I really appreciate it.  
That means a lot to me.  
It's, like, you're the first guy that I ever  
sold to that I became friends with.  
They say, like, "Don't dip the pen  
in company ink."  
I'm totally glad  
I dipped in your ink, bro.  
Yeah.  
We should get out of town.  
That's probably our next move.  
Just get on a bus and leave, right?  
Get bus tickets.  
Go to the next town.  
Contact some police.  
You know what I was saying?  
Like, I'm totally...  
You're glad you dipped your pen  
in my ink.  
But we should get bus tickets  
and leave, right?  
What?  
Get on the bus? Leave?  
Buy bus tickets?  
I only have, like, 50 bucks.

I don't think that'll even buy one ticket.

What about your sack?

Oh, man, it's fucking killing me.

I feel like I popped one.

No. That's unfortunate,

but that's not what I'm talking about.

I mean, like, the sack of weed.

Couldn't we just,

like, sell some weed...

...get some cash

and buy bus tickets?

- Of course, man. That's what I do.

- That's what you do. Fucking A.

Okay, so you're gonna buy tickets  
for Saturday's game, right?

Okay, so you're gonna buy tickets  
for Saturday's game, right?

These guys are amazing.

What the fuck do you want?

You guys wanna buy some chronic?

What's this stuff called again?

Pineapple Express.

They said it eight times.

- Yeah, but don't call it that.

- Yeah, that's not what it's called.

- Call it Banana Boat.

- Make sure you leave it at weed too.

This can be a gateway drug.

Don't wanna move on to other things.

- Cocaine. Don't do that.

- We don't fuck around.

- Don't worry. Don't tell us what to do.

- Inhale it, Chachi. Inhale it.

Who the fuck's Chachi?

- How much money you guys got?

- Come on.

You each get as much

as you can grab with one hand.

Go easy. That's a big handful, guys.

Come on.

- Keep it on the down-low.

- Don't tell anybody where you got it.

You got it from Saul... I mean, you got  
it from Santiago and Dunbar.

- Go. Come on.  
- Go, go. Vamoose!  
You fucking did it, man.  
You are a good salesman.  
You got it in you, man.  
I'm about to go get some  
celebratory Slushees.  
Get some burritos or something.  
Something to drink too.  
Something good.  
See you, man. Nice.  
Don't move. Don't you move.  
This shit hurts.  
Don't move. What's in your hand?  
It's weed. It's a joint. It's a roach.  
- Right here.  
- I was just smoking...  
I thought it was decriminalized,  
to be honest with you.  
I have horrible anorexia,  
and it helps my appetite. I'm so sorry.  
Look, selling narcotics to my students  
is not decriminalized.  
- Okay. I understand.  
- I'm the liaison officer for this school.  
And guess what? I just saw three  
students walking from back here...  
...with their eyes as red  
as the devil's dick. You're busted.  
- On the hood. On the hood.  
- Okay, okay.  
I'm on the hood. Come on.  
- Stand still. Stand still.  
- I'm still. I'm sorry.  
You better hope it's clean.  
Better hope ain't shit on this record.  
I'm gonna put my foot  
up in your ass.  
Oh, big sexy with glasses.  
This is Officer Barbara. Requesting  
an update on fugitive Dale Denton.  
I repeat, requesting update on Dale  
Denton. I have the fugitive in custody.  
You going down.

What? What do you mean..?  
Why am I going down?  
What did that thing tell you?  
What are you doing?  
What did I tell you?  
What did I tell you?  
I wasn't doing things.  
Why do you hate me so much?  
Hit-and-run, Mr. Denton.  
Hit-and-run.  
Two parked cars, two nights ago.  
One of them was actually  
a police cruiser.  
You gotta be the dumbest  
motherfucker in captivity.  
It's the lady cop.  
They got Dale. Oh, shit.  
So you're telling me  
you saw Ted Jones...  
...and a police officer  
shoot somebody?  
- Exactly.  
- And you saw it?  
- Yes, do you believe me?  
- Give me a minute.  
- It was a woman or a man?  
- It was a policewoman. A woman.  
- I think I know who that bitch was.  
- Yes. I will identify that bitch.  
Thank you so much for believing me,  
ma'am. Thank you.  
I'll tell you, I'll get to the bottom of it.  
I'll take this badge off,  
get to the bottom of it.  
I don't work for the law.  
The law works for me.  
I been smelling something  
in this department.  
Keep your eyes on the road.  
- Gonna get to the bottom of this shit.  
- Stop!  
Son of a bitch!  
Oh, no. What the hell was that?  
What is that?

No, no, no.

- No. What are you doing?

- I'm saving you, amigo!

Freeze, goddamn it!

Don't even think about it!

This is an old-fashioned  
escape mission, buddy.

Stop this car!

- What the fuck are you doing?

- Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

Oh, shit!

Oh, shit! It's the lady cop!

That's the murderer! Go!

- That's the lady cop.

- Who's that?

I don't know. They're shooting!

Oh, my God, they're shooting!

Fuck.

Dude!

I can't see! The Slushee!

- Turn on the wipers!

- It's not working!

Well, kick out the window!

- How do you drive with one foot?

- I don't know!

Fuck! I think I pulled my groin!

Get your foot out of there.

She's gaining on us.

She's behind us.

Her car's better.

- Get your leg out of there. Seriously.

- I can't.

Put it into maximum overdrive!

Oh, no, no, no!

Oh, shit!

Get it out!

I can't see!

Danger! Danger!

Trees! Tree, tree! Squirrel!

Hey, I can see

through my leg hole.

Nice! Look out! Tree, tree, tree!

You did it, man.

All right! Look out!

Oh, shit!  
Turn around! Turn around!  
I'm scared, Saul. I'm scared.  
- Don't worry. I'm handling this.  
- Do something.  
All right, hold on. I got an idea.  
Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Go! Go! Go! Go!  
Sorry!  
What the fuck was that?  
Fuck. I'm sorry.  
I thought she'd just go past.  
- Why?  
- I don't know.  
Oh, my.  
Yes! Yes! We made it!  
All right, man.  
- Let's get the fuck out of here.  
- No. What are you doing?  
You forgot me, you idiot!  
Come back!  
Come back! Saul!  
- Sorry, man.  
- Thank you.  
- Let's go.  
- Wait. Get the handcuff keys, you idiot.  
As soon as we kill  
those sacks of shit tonight, Ted...  
...I'm moving on.  
Okay.  
All right.  
And I promise you  
you're gonna be taken care of.  
As sure as shit you will.  
For now, this is what  
we're gonna do.  
We're gonna go to the farm tonight,  
we're gonna move tonight's shipment.  
Then tomorrow morning,  
we're gonna hunt these guys down.  
Dale, Saul, the Asians.  
Every last one of them.  
We're gonna fucking kill them all.  
So smile.  
Shut up.



Say something in Spanish.

Go ahead. I dare you. Go ahead.

All right. Are you using protection?

- Days Inn.

- Yes.

May I have the Garagely room,  
please?

- Hello?

- Hello, is Angie there?

- Dale.

- Angie?

- My God, are you okay?

- I'm good. I'm fine. I'm great.

- Are you okay?

- Yes, I'm fine.

Okay, good. I came up with a plan.

It might sound weird at first,  
but just listen.

Dale. You know what? Drug dealers...

Let me tell you something.

Drug dealers are trying to kill me.

And you. And my family.

I can't believe I'm in this situation  
right now because of you...

...and your addiction to marijuana.

I cannot believe I'm here.

I can't be addicted to marijuana.

A, I use a bong. It filters out  
the addictive shit. Seriously.

B, what does that have to do with  
anything? I witnessed murder.

And now I'm dealing with it.

This, that's happening between us,  
this is normal.

This happens to every couple  
dating for three months.

- We have to work through it.

- No.

This doesn't happen to anyone.

I should not be in this situation,  
so fuck you.

You know what? It's over.

Good. Fine. Whatever. It's over.

Congratulations. Had to happen

sometime, right? Why not now?  
What the fuck does that mean?  
It means that you are gonna go  
to college next year.  
You'll get into  
Godspeed You! Black Emperor...  
... and the fucking Shins.  
And you'll blow a bunch of dudes  
and become a lesbian...  
... and I'll be here in fucking  
Clark County doing shit-all.  
You're gonna dump me.  
So, fuck it, have a good time.  
A lesbian? Fuck you, Dale!  
You never did like me anyway,  
did you?  
You didn't wanna meet my parents.  
I always cared about you.  
That's not what this is. Okay?  
I always care about you.  
Why don't you ever act like it, huh?  
Why do you never act  
like you care about anything?  
Because I'm high! Fuck! And it...  
What do you want..? Okay. Jesus.  
Call me when I can go home.  
You lost it playing Bid Whist?  
You pimp.  
No, I'll give you more,  
but you cannot gamble with it.  
I know, I'm sorry about the clocks.  
I couldn't remember if it was today  
or tomorrow. All right, I gotta go.  
I love you.  
You wise-ass.  
Hey, you all right, man?  
That sounded pretty hectic.  
I'm okay.  
Let's just get the fuck out of here.  
First things first.  
- Don't do that, okay?  
- Yeah. Why not?  
Why not? Car chase, gunshots.  
That clearly just happened...

...because we were smoking  
marijuana.  
No, man. It happened  
because those kids...  
...couldn't keep their shit  
on the down-low.  
In case you haven't noticed...  
Which you haven't.  
From what I can tell,  
you don't notice anything ever.  
- we are not very functional when  
we're high. Which is all the time.  
Well, I don't know, man.  
I think I'm functioning right now.  
I was, like, stoned when I saved you  
with those Slushees.  
What do you gotta say to that?  
Well, that would be true  
if you had saved me.  
But you didn't save me.  
She was gonna help,  
you made things worse.  
We're wanted  
for all sorts of crazy shit.  
Don't fucking get on my case,  
all right?  
Only reason I started selling pot...  
...is so I could put my bubbe  
in a nice retirement home.  
- She must be proud of you.  
- She is proud of me.  
I'm gonna become something.  
As soon as she dies,  
I'm gonna become a civil engineer.  
I'm gonna design septic tanks  
for playgrounds.  
Little kids can take shits.  
You idiot. What the hell do you do?  
What am I gonna do?  
Besides stay in my home...  
...for fear that you've designed  
some object I'm around?  
I'm gonna be on the radio,  
talking about life.

- Giving lessons about life.  
- Put me in my place.  
I'm gonna be designing buildings  
and what's he doing?  
Boring people to death on the radio.  
You are an asshole.  
That's all you are. You're an asshole.  
- I'm not an asshole.  
- You are an asshole.  
I feel pretty sure  
that I'm not an asshole.  
I'm, like, a totally nice guy.  
I'm just as nice as you are.  
So don't bring that out.  
In the woods, I gave you my jacket.  
You were cold and I clothed you.  
How about in the park  
when I said that you were my friend?  
You didn't say anything back.  
Well, that's easy.  
It's because we're not friends.  
You are my drug dealer.  
There's one reason  
we know each other.  
I like the drugs you sell. That's it.  
If you didn't sell those drugs,  
I would have no idea who you were...  
...and I would be fantastic right now.  
Instead of looking like this.  
That sounded mean.  
Just hearing it sounded mean.  
- I didn't mean to say...  
- It's out.  
Monkey's out of the bottle, man.  
What? That's not even  
an expression.  
Pandora doesn't go back in the box.  
He only comes out.  
I'm sorry, man. Look...  
- What are you doing?  
- Here. Have a nice last meal.  
Come on, man. Don't do that.  
Why don't you supersize it, bitch?  
I'm sorry, man. Look, come back.

I didn't mean that.  
I love you. Do you love me?  
That looks great.  
Hello?  
Dale?  
It is Dale.  
Angie, I'm calling because I love you  
more than anything in the world...  
...and I wanna let you know  
I'll do anything to make it work.  
I'll do anything.  
I've had a near-death experience,  
and when that happens...  
...you can prioritize your life,  
and you are it, okay?  
So please  
just take me back, please.  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
- Yeah?  
- I just don't wanna lose you, Dale.  
We were driving away from the house  
and I just kept thinking...  
I don't know. I just...  
I wanna marry you.  
I made a mistake.  
- What do you mean?  
- I've...  
- What?  
- I'm just processing that last bit.  
- You wanna... Oh, fuck.  
- What?  
I don't know.  
I realize now  
that if you would take me back...  
...then you are very naive  
and immature.  
You don't see what a fuck-up I am.  
I'm in no shape to be dated by anyone.  
- You're the one that's immature.  
- I'm not immature. You're immature.  
I am somewhat immature,  
but you're more immature. I'm older.  
Just because you're older.

I lost my virginity  
when I was 14 years old.

- Really?

- How many girls have you slept with?

- Like, two and a half.

- Two and a half?

What is a half? Your hand?

No, it was the tip or I dipped a ball in.  
I can't remember why.  
I remember thinking,  
"This doesn't count as a full point."  
If I said three, I'd feel like a liar.  
I was drunk.  
Screw you.  
Get me out of this room.  
I will, and that's the last  
you'll ever hear from me, okay?  
Oh, thank goodness. Okay.  
Belogus. Faye Belogus.  
Lookit there. Lookit there.  
Do you use the pool over here?  
Yes, I use the pool. Come on,  
what do you want from me?  
Your grandson. We need you to get  
on the phone with your grandson...  
What are you talking about,  
my grandson?  
You told me you wanna sit down,  
play dominos with me.  
And now you're hocking me  
about my grandson.

- Is that Yiddish?

- Yes. Yes, it is.

May I call you Faye?

You can call me Faye,  
but I'm gonna call you a stinker.  
Hey, Mrs. Mendelson.  
What do you want from me?  
Bubbe. Hey, guys.

- Well, look who it is.

- Hello, baby.

Damn.  
Oh, shit.  
Sorry, Betty.

They kidnapped my grandson.  
Yeah, these two guys came in...  
...they sat down with me  
to play dominos.  
I never saw them in my life before.  
And they kept asking questions  
about my grandson.  
- What did they look like?  
- One of them was very tall and sloppy.  
And the other guy,  
he was very good-looking...  
...but he was short as shit.  
But the worst part was...  
...that my grandson came in,  
why, and in pajamas.  
- You gotta find my grandson.  
- Do the best...  
- Do you promise?  
- I promise.  
Absolutely.  
You've got something there.  
I believe that's a mole, ma'am.  
You sack of shit. Do you know  
what a pain in the ass you've been?  
No, man. I don't wanna get out.  
Who gave you that lollipop?  
Let's go.  
Where am I, man? What?  
You guys started it, man.  
I don't even wanna be here.  
Shit. Did I do that?  
Hey, hey. All right, okay.  
Fuck you, man!  
- Stand back. Ted wants him alive.  
- Why you holding me back?  
Ted wants him alive, okay?  
I should be kicking  
his fucking teeth in.  
- If anybody's gonna beat him, it's Ted.  
- I look like Hamburglar.  
And the Elephant Man.  
Like someone fucked you up  
with a coffee pot.  
Professional. Professional.

- Professional on this, bitch.

- Whatever, man.

- Where were you?

- I was there.

- Supposed to be my partner.

- I was there.

No, you wasn't.

How did this happen?

I take the hit?

That's how it's gonna be?

Fuck all this, you know?

Get him out of here.

Take him downstairs.

Get this asshole out of my sight.

I don't wanna go near this guy.

What's down there?

Fucking rancor?

I might act tough...

...but I got a lot of feelings.

And you hurt damn near

every one of them.

This ain't over.

- You know you gonna die, right?

- Yeah.

I'm gonna kill the fuck out of you.

I hope you enjoy these last

...because when Ted gets here,

he's gonna be like:

"Kill that motherfucker."

I'm gonna kill your motherfucking ass.

Watch your head.

Hey, watch him.

Oh, my God.

El Dorado.

The legends are true.

Look at all this weed, man.

What's that? Purple Granddaddy?

- Come on.

- Purple Nurple?

OG Kush?

OG Kush.

It's the most beautiful thing

I've ever seen.

- What kind of irrigation..?



- Shut up.  
- Can I touch it?  
- Come here.  
Hello?  
Red?  
- Red?  
- What the fuck?  
Get out of here, man.  
I didn't do shit, Denton.  
Look, I come in peace, okay?  
I'm not here to fight you again.  
Good.  
Because I'm tired, man.  
Not feeling so hot.  
You don't look great.  
They shot me, Denton.  
They got me right here.  
- Yeah?  
- Right here.  
And then they got me again  
right here.  
Look, man, I'll call 91 1 right now.  
They'll save your life, okay?  
- You don't need to die.  
- No, bro.  
You don't get it.  
It doesn't really matter where I'm at.  
If I'm at the hospital, if I'm here...  
...Ted's gonna find me, man.  
He will.  
And when he does,  
he's gonna fucking kill me.  
He's just, like, an asshole.  
I couldn't agree more, Red.  
That's why I've come here, okay?  
You know Ted? He took Saul.  
And I'm gonna get him back.  
You know, like, he saved my life.  
We've been on the run together.  
He's a great friend. A good guy.  
He is. I'll tell you that, man.  
Saul is a good dude.  
I was mean to him, man.  
I wronged him and I can't...

I can't let it end like that.  
I'm just into Buddhism  
and I'm at peace with the fact...  
...that me as this person,  
probably gonna not be around.  
Think about a hermit crab, okay?  
And it's a shell, and it's like  
they go from one shell to the next.  
And that's what I am. It's like  
I'm just a hermit crab changing shells.  
Except, if you're a dick  
your whole life...  
...your next shell  
will be made of shit, okay?  
If you're an asshole, you're gonna  
come back as a cockroach.  
Or a worm,  
or a fucking anal bead, okay?  
If you're a man,  
and you act heroic...  
...you'll come back as an eagle.  
You'll come back as a dragon.  
You'll come back as Jude Law.  
Okay? Which would you rather be?  
Maybe the anal bead. Might...  
Depending on who it belongs to.  
It belongs to me.  
- Then the dragon.  
- Exactly.  
You need to help me, okay?  
Just use it, you know? Use the pain.  
You'll have a second wind.  
Let's get up  
and go get Saul back. Use it.  
- Aren't you angry at Ted?  
- Yeah, I'm really mad at him.  
What do you wanna do? Don't you  
wanna get up, do something about it?  
Maybe that would be cool  
to do to him.  
I don't think "maybe" is the answer.  
I think, "Yes, I'm gonna  
help you, Dale"...  
...that's the answer I'm looking for.

Come here.

Ted Jones messed  
with the wrong melon farmers.

Thug life.

Oh, shit.

Get those. I don't wanna  
run them over in the vacuum...  
...and shoot my face off, okay?

- I'm sorry.

I used to use this little gun  
when I was a prostitute.

Don't.

Don't.

Just something quick like that.

- Don't.

- Yeah.

- Don't. You stop it right now.

- Stop it.

Oh, God.

That's a big hideout.

I can't do this. I'm sorry.

I can't do this.

I'm infected. My shit's all fucked up.

I need medical attention.

What? I thought we just got all  
pumped up. What was that about?

Ted is a fucking murderer.

I can't fuck with him.

I got a wife.

She's gonna be out of jail soon.

I wanna fuck her. I am not gonna  
wake up murdered tomorrow.

Oh, man, no.

This is lame of you, man.

Come on. This could be  
your moment of redemption.

This could be your moment.

I don't want a moment.

I don't want... Fine, go.

Fuck you.

Please come back for me.

Please come back.

Legends never die, dude.

I'll tell your story.

Carol, she's cool now.  
Carol used to be a little crazy, man.  
She used to throw tickle parties.  
- Sounds like home-cooking to me.  
- That was fun.  
Game over, motherfuckers!  
Everybody freeze!  
Tell me where my friend is  
or this guy gets it!  
All right, everybody be cool, man.  
Be cool.  
Put your guns down.  
Nobody shoots.  
Put them down. On the ground.  
All right, everybody just chill.  
Oh, my God!  
- You shot him.  
- Put the gun down.  
- Drop the fucking gun.  
- Don't shoot me!  
- Holy shit.  
- I said, nobody shoot. You shot Pete.  
That's right. I shot him. I shot him.  
I shot him. I don't have time  
for a fucking negotiation.  
Now, I wanna finish this off  
so I can go home...  
...and have dinner  
with my wife for once.  
If anybody asks, Denton killed Pete.  
End of story.  
I'm telling Ted.  
- If you do...  
- He's got a piece.  
- Motherfucker.  
- Okay, I'm sorry.  
He's got another one, in the side.  
Damn it. I got one more on my leg.  
There's one more.  
I know you'll find it. Take it.  
I'm sorry, guys.  
Sorry I deceived you.  
No. Come on.  
- Oh, great.

- Saul.

- Dale.

- Yes.

What did you do, rat me out?

Is that what you did, you bastard?

- No, man.

- Yes.

I'm here to save you.

No. You just got caught too.

And I'm gonna die in here  
with some asshole.

Okay, you know what?

I deserved that.

I'll take that because

I have been an asshole, man.

This whole thing is my fault.

I ruined your life.

Okay? And I know there's no way...

...to make that up to you  
except by saving your life.

So that's what I came here to do.

I'm here to save my best friend.

Because that's what you are.

You're my best friend.

You're a mean jerk.

I was mean.

I was mean because, I think...

I didn't want

you to be my best friend.

I didn't wanna think

that that's what my life was.

Now I realize I'm lucky

to have you as my best friend.

You're the best guy I know.

BFFF.

Best fucking friends forever, man.

Seriously.

- All right. Give me a hug.

- Yeah. Okay.

Thanks, man.

I'm so sorry about everything.

Oh, I'm such a dick.

- Okay. I'm gonna get us out.

- No, you're not, but it's okay.

These guys are gonna fucking kill us.  
We gotta get out of here.  
- I know. They are.  
- Fuck, man.  
We can hear you outside and  
it's very fucking annoying, all right?  
- Okay. Sorry about that, sir.  
- Shut the fuck up.  
Do you know  
what "shut the fuck up" mean?  
I do.  
Shit. Stupid motherfuckers.  
Yes. Okay. I got an idea. I got an idea.  
My belt buckle. My belt buckle.  
Right here. Okay? Rub your wrists  
against my belt buckle. That'll do it.  
- Is it working?  
- I can't feel it.  
I can't feel you.  
- Wait, I feel it.  
- I feel it. Yes, okay.  
- Okay.  
- Okay. Okay.  
- I'm gonna save you, man.  
- Yeah. Yeah.  
- Let me save you.  
- Save me, Dale.  
It's not working.  
We gotta change angles.  
We gotta  
get more leverage-y. Okay.  
Okay, that's good. That's good.  
Get your hands up on it.  
There we go.  
- All right. All right.  
- Yeah. Okay.  
- Yes. Yes.  
- Okay.  
I'm gonna save you, man.  
I'm gonna save you.  
- You're my best friend, man.  
- Yeah, see?  
- It's not working.  
- Let me use my... I'll use my mouth.

Finish it off with my mouth, pal.  
Let's go.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Harder.  
- Where are these fuckers?  
- We got them downstairs.  
- Where did you find them?  
- Found Saul at his grandmother's.  
He fucked up Matheson's face.  
Hit him with a pot of hot coffee.  
It's gross.  
Dale Denton comes flying in here  
like a madman...  
...armed to the teeth, and,  
as you can see, he shot Peter.  
Plugged him, just whacked him.  
Now they're both disarmed  
and they're downstairs.  
He shot Pete?  
Fucking Pete? He was ex-CIA.  
Who the fuck is this Dale Denton?  
Who is he? Where did he come from?  
I do not know.  
Time to cook shit up tonight.  
Take his stash and burn  
this motherfucker down.  
Stop. Wait here.  
No retreat, no surrender.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
- Wait, someone's coming.  
- Okay, okay, okay.  
If I cough once, I'll take the lead.  
If I cough twice, you go, okay?  
Well... I cough sometimes for real.  
Just don't. Don't...  
Yo, look. I'm gonna say this  
one time.  
Whatever you're doing,  
I get it, okay?  
Stop.  
See, I don't think  
you understood me.  
I can hear everything you're saying.  
One cough mean you go.

Two cough mean you take the lead.  
The belt buckle.  
Best friends forever.  
Y'all fuck on your own time, man.  
Sorry, man. It was a stupid plan.  
What the fuck is that?  
Dale!  
I've been waiting for this.  
You burned my face!  
I'm gonna tear this ass up.  
You shot me.  
I'm sorry, man.  
I've never been shot.  
Damn, that hurt.  
I got glass in my ass.  
- Dale. Dale!  
- This is messed up.  
Has anyone seen my bigger knife?  
Asians!  
War is upon you!  
Prepare to suck the cock of karma!  
Get down, motherfucker!  
Come on!  
Fuck!  
Go! Go!  
Get down, baby!  
Dale, no!  
No, wake up, man.  
No, you're not dying, man.  
Not without me.  
- Dale.  
- What?  
You're alive.  
- You're... You're alive.  
- What happened?  
- He got your ear, man.  
- He got my what?  
- He got your ear.  
- Fuck!  
Fuck!  
- Help!  
- My ear.  
- Yeah.  
- Help!



- You killed my ear.  
- You shot me.  
- I didn't do that.  
- He shot me.  
You shot him?  
- Get your hands off of me.  
- Shut up.  
We've had enough out of you.  
I'm not your friend.  
Maybe I can just...  
No. No, infected.  
Is that it? Maybe if we just hold it.  
It's clear.  
Dude. Look.  
Nice.  
Bullets.  
So seriously,  
how gross does my ear look?  
Is it really disgusting  
or is it, like, kind of cool in a way?  
Right now it's pretty disgusting.  
I feel like I can smell it.  
Don't worry, bro.  
Think about Evander Holyfield.  
You can't even tell.  
That's a good point.  
Wait.  
Did you shoot that guy?  
No. I'm out of bullets.  
Me too.  
Maybe it was ricochet.  
Gravity.  
Oh, nice.  
You go down.  
I'll cover.  
Watch my back.  
I'll go down and take care of this.  
Sexy motherfucker.  
No, no, there might be  
more bad guys up there.  
No, we'll sneak out through  
the vent. Come on.  
I'll boost you up, okay?  
And then you pull me up.

Oh, nice.  
Here we go. Okay.  
Get up. Yeah. Nice.  
Nice.  
Nice. Okay.  
Pull me up.  
I'm ready. Go.  
- Give it to me.  
- Come on.  
- Be taller.  
- Be stronger.  
- Pull harder.  
- Dale, come on.  
Pull. Pull me. Come on, man.  
- I'm jumping as high as I can.  
- Denton!  
Dale!  
I'll get help. I'll get help.  
Go ahead and run, you little dipshit.  
I'll find you.  
Give me that fire extinguisher.  
Okay.  
You and me, baby.  
Drop it now! Put the bag down!  
Now!  
Fuck you!  
Fuck the police!  
Motherfucking kill you!  
- Why you doing this to me?  
- Why you doing this to me?  
Oh, shit!  
Come here!  
I hate you!  
No! Ted, stop it!  
Come on, bitch.  
Come on, I'll twist your balls so tight.  
You're in the jungle now, baby.  
Jesus!  
Fuck.  
Gonna die.  
- You killed...  
- I didn't wanna do that.  
But you weren't gonna stop.  
Shoot him!

Just take it easy, buddy.  
Shoot him, you dumb fuck!  
I'm hungry.  
I'm going home.  
All right.  
Help.  
I knew you were going soft.  
Dinner's gonna be cold tonight,  
asshole.  
Fucked up, man.  
- Well, lookie here. Mr. Folgers.  
- Oh, man.  
What's up, sir?  
- Look, I didn't wanna hit you, man...  
- Shut the fuck up.  
You think you was gonna  
get me, motherfucker, huh?  
You need to sit  
your little sexy ass down...  
...and watch yourself get killed now.  
All right.  
You know what?  
This is how it's gonna be?  
All right. This is how it ends.  
You just got killed by a  
Daewoo Lanos, motherfucker.  
How you like me now, huh?  
Gross.  
Red?  
Saul.  
Hey, Saul. I came back for you, bro.  
- Yeah.  
- I remembered, man.  
Bro's before ho's.  
- You lied to me.  
- I did. I lied bigtime to you.  
Dale said that you didn't even  
have herpes and I said that you did.  
Honestly, like, from now on, from  
everything that we've gone through...  
...and, like, from seeing this asshole's  
nuts smashed with my Daewoo...  
...I wanna be a better friend to you,  
like I really am.

I fucking love you, dog.  
Fucking love you.  
I wanna be inside you, homes.  
No more lies, Red.  
- This is my moment.  
- This is your moment.  
Red!  
You know what? I'm feeling it.  
Red, I'm coming, baby.  
Your stupidity amazes me.  
Hey, Ted!  
You killed my brother...  
...Caucasian son of cocksucker!  
Suck my balls! Two times!  
Bitch!  
Bring it on.  
Shit. Dale.  
Dale!  
Holy shit!  
Sorry, Ted.  
You've been served.  
Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit.  
Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit.  
Saul! Saul!  
Wake up, man! This place  
is gonna collapse! Come on!  
Come to me!  
You're not dying today, friend.  
Not on my watch.  
Saul. Wake up, man, please.  
Saul.  
Wake up.  
Oh, sweet Saul.  
Saul.  
Yes. Yeah.  
Saul, you made it.  
- What?  
- Yeah.  
Where am I?  
You made it, man.  
- You saved me.  
- You came back for me.  
- Yeah.  
- Oh, thank you.

What happened?

What happened?

Holy shit.

What's that?

Hi.

- Red?

- Red?

- Red.

- Hey.

Red. Where'd you come from, man?

Where'd he come from?

He came back to save us.

- He saved us?

- Yeah.

All right, man.

- We all saved each other.

- Yeah.

Oh, man. We made it, guys.

We made it. Oh, we made it.

Hello, you're listening to PPRPBP.

I am Dale Denton.

The topic of the day: new beginnings.

Getting over losses.

Friends. Life.

We have our first caller.

Yes, ring-ring-ring. How's it going?

Hi. Am I on the air?

You are. You're about

to get D'd by the Dale.

A D in the face.

- Dale Denton?

- Yeah?

You're my hero.

You're my hero.

You are good, man. Seriously.

- Thanks.

- Gotta admit, you're pretty good.

- It sounds pretty good.

- It sounds real.

- It's not bad, huh?

- If I close my eyes, it sounds like...

- You are on the radio.

- That's the radio. That's a DJ.

- If you were on it, I would listen to it.

- Thanks, man.

It's like when my bubbe

was always playing opera...

...I hated it, but my bubbe loves it.

Then it grows on you.

It grows on you. Yeah.

It's like Red. I didn't like Red

when I first met him.

- You didn't like me?

- You liked him so much...

...I like you now.

I know this sounds weird, but can

we be best friends? Just us, for real?

- We should all be best friends.

- We should.

Seriously. You guys are, like,

both of my best friends.

You didn't know it. Now you know it,

we'll all be best friends.

Know those hearts that break up,

"best friends"?

We should get a three-way one.

- I don't know if they make those.

- We should make the first one.

I want the middle piece,

so it'll be crooked on both sides.

I know we've gone over this, but, like,

- I fucked up...

- I was a dick to you, man. I'm sorry.

I know I was an asshole.

I hope I redeemed myself.

- I know me and you had our deal.

- We've had some times.

I feel like something's happening here.

Is that a boner?

Is that a condo? That us moving

into an apartment together?

Is that us getting a time-share?

- You threw an ashtray at his face.

- You hit me, man.

At the time, I was like:

But it was kind of funny.

You hit me with a DustBuster, man.

I didn't wanna hurt you.

It was like, "You better not leave here."

- That was such a good fight, man.

- That was.

You fuckhead.

- The car chase was awesome.

- You got into a car chase?

- Are you kidding me? Oh, my God.

- Yeah, it was...

I, like, had my foot  
through the window.

My groin... I mean,  
I felt like a wishbone.

I'm trying to decide  
how stoned I am...

...and just how on the verge  
of death am I now.

Am I seeing shit because I'm stoned  
or because I have no blood left?

- You've been shot, like, seven times.

- You gotta eat.

- You're losing stuff.

- Here.

- Here.

- Yeah, okay.

- Here comes the airplane.

- Look, like a baby.

It's a miracle.

I think we should all take a moment...

...and think about what a miracle  
it is that we got out.

And that we became friends  
in the process...

...and learned some shit about life  
and stuff.

Should we touch each other's hands  
while we do it? Okay.

I love you guys.

I love you dudes so much.

I'll remember that  
for the rest of my life.

- Red?

- Red?

Yo, Red, man. You alive?

What's up, pal?

- Hey.

- Hey.

I'm like the nerd at the sleepover  
who fell asleep at 9.

That's okay. We won't put  
our dicks in your mouth.

- Oh, God.

- Hey, there's bubbe.

Come on. Let's get out of here.

Yeah, maybe

we should go to the doctor.

Do you think she'll drive me  
to the hospital?

Me too. I should

get the ear looked at.

My ear should probably  
get professional attention.

- It is bad.

- That's a bullet burp.

Either I'm getting ready to die  
or I'm gonna take a massive shit.

If somebody could get me  
to the hospital.

Blood from my ear just...

You guys smell like shit.

You are in serious danger.