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**Brian Williams Reports:  
The Reunion - The  
President and His Men, 20  
Years After the Gulf War**

By Unknown

It's due tomorrow.

- What's due tomorrow?

- My paper.

What My Dad Does for a Living.

It's due tomorrow.

Oh, yeah.

I own a company

that owns a lot of other companies.

- What kind of companies?

- Retail mostly.

Clothes, shoes, pharmaceuticals,  
some high-tech stuff.

Okay, but what do you actually do?

I make money.

And it's difficult to explain  
to someone your age.

Despite everything...

...I love you, Daddy.

Up and at them.

Hey, Jimmy.

You're on your way, Dougie.

Good luck.

Steve.

All right.

My man.

- Thanks.

- Right, man.

- Good luck.

- Get up, get up. It's Dougie's day.

He's getting out. Let's go. Get up.

Hey, Dougie's going. Come on, get up.

Let's go, guys. One, two, three.

Let's go.

I don't know why, guys,  
but I'm gonna miss you.

For about five minutes.

Dougie!

Later, Dad.

Well, you won't be seeing much more  
of me anytime soon.

- Are you sure?

- That's my girl, man.

That karma will come back to you.

- Baby.

- Baby.

- Baby.

- Thank you.

Hi.

I missed you.

Baby, before we wear the paint  
off the hood of the car...

...let's take this somewhere  
with a mattress.

Oh, baby, this came for you today.

Registered mail. Looked important.

Baby, what's the matter?

- Hey...

- My father's dead.

I thought you were an orphan.

Even orphans have fathers somewhere.

No, Ma,

I don't care what your landlady said.

What did the...? Ma, what did the...?

Ma, what did the doctor say?

Any chance I could talk you

out of a smoke?

No chance in hell. Walk away.

Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Mommy.

I'm sorry.

You're telling me

that you're going back to a guy...

...who's idea of romance

is two-for-one night at the dog track?

I'm right here, okay?

And I treat you like a goddess.

What do you mean,

"maybe that's my problem"?

Hey, I can be a bad boy too

if that's what gets you off.

Hold on, I'm getting another call!

No, no, sweetheart, no, no, no.

I'm just... I'm being a bad boy, okay?

It was like the role play...

Just hold on, I'm sorry. Hold on.

Make it quick, okay?

What do you mean Rodriguez is gone?

Do you mean "gone" gone?

Because if that's the "gone"

you're talking about...

...I would appreciate it if you drove down here and shot me in the face! Because it would be very comforting for me to be dead right now!

- Mikey.

- Hey, Leo, special delivery.

Thanks. Look...

...Rodriguez is the biggest bail that I have ever laid out...

...in my entire life-sucking, miserable career and...

Hold on a second.

You know what? It's only money.

Come on, buddy, what...?

Son of a...

Jimmy, it's a hit! Get on the floor!

- All right, come on. Let's go.

- All right, all right. All right.

- Get inside.

- Let's go.

Nicely done, boys. Let's giddyup.

My God, man.

But you did hit that son of a bitch sweet.

But did you have to jack him up on national TV?

- I was frustrated.

- Frustrated?

You look like the poster boy for bipolar disorder.

This guy rapes a 10-year-old and gets off.

I got a 10-year-old.

How I wish you'd have killed him. It would take the sting out of losing my best cop.

I need your gun, et cetera.

I will try to clean this up and get you back on the job ASAP.

- Sorry, cap.

- Sam, your sister called.

She wanted you to call right back.

They expect him to do a lot of reading?

Leo, the undertaker thought it made him look more natural.

I can't read it when it's hot.

By the pool on Vegas,

I don't know how they do it.

We're talking Baghdad hot

where you're going, old man.

- It's a dry heat.

- Will you please show some respect.

I need quiet when I read.

He should have plenty of that.

- That was funny, kid.

- It wasn't supposed to be funny.

- What was your name again?

- Douglas.

Listen to me, all of you.

The man that lays here before us

was a very different man in his final days.

He changed a great deal for the good.

Yeah, you can tell by the sellout crowd.

Then you're gonna have

to take my word for it, Sam.

You'll all get your money

but we stand here quietly!

- Okay, okay.

- Pay respect to our father as a family.

Understood?

- Yup.

- Yeah.

I'm sorry. Okay?

I'm sorry.

Don't even think about it.

Please.

How much money for you to help me?

Do you understand?

Anything you want.

Anything in the world you want

if you help me.

Can you buy me a place in heaven?

Well, we... Wait, wait.

Your father's will reads pretty standard.

After a lot of legal mumbo jumbo,

it all boils down to about \$3 million.

A piece.

- What?

- Three million each.

Oh, my God, I'm free at last!

Thank you, Lord almighty.

I'm free at last!

Substantial estate. I thought he meant,  
like, a two-bedroom condo in Boca.

A family and money at the same time.

What did the old man do?

- Did he rob a bank or something?

- It turns out his fifth wife was well-off.

Was she sucking on a tailpipe

when he proposed to her?

Leo, please.

She loved him very much till she died.

The old man's prints were all over that.

Oh, good Lord, stop.

Daddy left us his money, that's the bottom  
line. But there are some contingencies.

What contingencies? What are you  
talking about? Is it in pesos?

Why don't I go get a cup of Joe  
and you kids...

...sort this out.

- Okay.

First of all...

...Daddy left me the executor  
of the estate.

That seems to make a lot of sense.

Somebody we all trust.

Yes, because if you give the money  
to Leo, he'll piss it away.

Look, I know you think  
that you're this big, mature man...

...but I run a business, okay?

- Stop it.

- Stop.

- I'm a business man.

There's more.

- Okay.

- You will get the money...

...if you work together in a family business  
for two years.

That's easy.

Well.

- Douglas, right?

- Yeah.  
- Nice knowing you, kid. Have a good life.  
- Sam. Oh, Sam.  
- Nina.  
- Sam.  
I love you very much, Nina,  
but this is not funny!  
Hey, let's open a deli.  
It was his dying wish  
to bring us back together as a family.  
His dying wish.  
Doesn't that mean anything to you,  
Sam?  
What are we gonna do together  
without killing each other?  
- You know your problem?  
- I got ideas.  
You're not a glass-half-empty kind of guy.  
You're a shove-the-glass-up-your-ass guy.  
You figured that this wasn't working  
before you even walked in that door.  
I love family. We haven't  
seen each other in 10 years.  
- We hate each other like it was yesterday!  
- Sam, stop it.  
That reminds me. Just because junior  
here is supposedly the old man's seed...  
...doesn't mean he's earned a fair share.  
- He never met the bastard.  
- He's Daddy's son, your half brother...  
...and I have the documents to prove it.  
Okay?  
You all need this money desperately.  
You have alimony,  
you have college tuitions up the road...  
...you are suspended without pay.  
And you, you're a bail bondsman, really?  
What?  
I provide a service to the community.  
Yeah, in hock up to your eyeballs.  
And you, a thief.  
I'm a good thief.  
Like Brad Pitt in Ocean's Eleven.  
Maybe you've seen it.

I'll be sure to rent the DVD. Thank you.  
Now I'm not saying  
you don't have good reason.  
But this is a blessing, a second chance  
to become a family again.  
That was his dying wish  
and you will honor it even if it kills you.  
We interrupt this broadcast  
for a special report.  
Billionaire businessman, Kyle Wills,  
was kidnapped today...  
... while en route to his office.  
Eyewitness reports  
from shocked onlookers...  
... described a chaotic scene in which  
as many as five armed and masked men...  
So, what was it like  
growing up together, guys?  
Come on, I grew up in child facilities  
and foster homes but had a good time.  
- You wanna know what it's like?  
- Yeah.  
All right, I'll give you a little taste.  
You ever played the game  
"Got you last"?  
- No.  
- Oh, it's great, man.  
All right, what you do is...  
...you hit each other back and forth,  
boom, boom, boom...  
...till one guy gets the other guy  
really good.  
And then you run away  
and you say, "Got you last."  
All right? Then the other guy  
chases after you and try to get you back.  
It starts all over again. Good times.  
A lot of fun.  
Except for when you play it with Sam.  
Because you know what Sam would do?  
I would finally get him once,  
real good.  
And I'd run off.  
But he wouldn't chase after me.



And then I would live in fear...  
...for hours, sometimes even days...  
...wondering when Big Bad Sam  
was gonna attack me.  
And you know what your brother  
from another mother would do?  
He would set his alarm...  
...for 3 a. M...  
...and walk into my room...  
...when I was still sleeping  
and slap the shit out of me.  
And I'd be laying there  
looking up at this monster...  
...and he'd lean down  
and he'd say, "Got you last."  
That's the funniest game we played.  
The rest, I keep between myself  
and my therapist.

- Grow up.
- Kiss my ass, Sam.
- Got you last.
- You all right?
- inside the warehouse,

and then proceeded on their way.  
A homeless woman...  
I'm gonna kill you!  
... identified Edgar Rodriguez  
as one of the Wills kidnapppers.  
According to the FBI,  
Rodriguez is an escaped fugitive...  
... facing charges for grand theft...  
That's my bail skip.  
The Wills family is offering  
a 5 million-dollar reward...  
... for any information directly resulting  
in the billionaire's safe return.  
Take this.  
Ten mils of Valium.  
You'll think you're at Club Med.  
I don't need this.  
I'm doing you a favor. Now, take it  
or I'll shove it down your throat.  
Okay.  
So all of our communications

with the FBI...  
...are done through computer.  
Very high-tech,  
you wouldn't understand.  
You're only good  
at destroying computer companies.  
Don't know jack shit  
about how to use them.  
May I talk with my family, somehow?  
Will you please shut up?  
You think I'm some kind of ogre?  
See the camera? What do you think  
I bought that for, numbnuts?  
They see you, you see them,  
everybody cries, beg for mercy...  
...et cetera, et cetera.  
Now, the feds are gonna wanna  
make sure that you're alive.  
So I've rigged a live feed  
of the Dow Jones stock ticker...  
...to run across the screen.  
That way,  
you can read real time stock quotes...  
...and see just how far  
your company's gone in the toilet...  
...because their leader  
is about to die a horrible death...  
...unless they pay up.  
It's cool, huh?  
Okay.  
Leo needs a favor.  
Yeah.  
I was thinking,  
until we figure out what it is...  
...that we could do  
as a "family business," you know...  
...I've got a little situation  
I could use a little help with.  
How can I help, bro?  
"Bro?" What are you, 12 years old?  
Next, you're gonna be asking me  
to high-five.  
Leo, do you want help or not?  
Beggars can't be choosers.

Right. Sorry.  
Turns out, since I won't be getting  
at the old man's cut for two years...  
...I'm in a little bit of a financial bind.  
See, I posted this bond  
on this guy, Edgar Rodriguez...  
...for \$250,000 and he skipped on me.  
If he doesn't show up  
for his trial next week...  
...I'm on the hook for the \$250,000.  
- This is a nightmare.  
- I know. Tell me about it.  
But the good news is...  
...it seems Rodriguez is involved  
with that kidnapping...  
...that's all over the news,  
so we got that going for us.  
EcoSummit down 44.  
Smith & Yale down four.  
Solomon Gold up 16.  
Volume's light, 630 million shares.  
Susan, Janson, I'm okay.  
Janson. Janson, I want...  
He knows we can trace it.  
We'll never get any more than that.  
The old man's probably laughing  
his ass off.  
You know this was his plan all along.  
No, it wasn't, okay?  
He knew it would take that long.  
Especially with you.  
Sammy the bullheaded,  
you're just like him.  
You're the only one on this planet...  
...I would let compare me to him.  
I want you to know that.  
What would you do?  
Slap me around like one of your perps,  
huh?  
Now, wouldn't that bring down  
the wrath of God?  
You should have been a nun.  
Yeah.  
Cheated on my husband,

ruined my marriage...  
...and ex-communicated from the church.  
I got two failed marriages.  
A kid who barely knows me.  
I'm damned to hell for sure.  
Chips off the old block, huh?  
That's bogus, though.  
You know, it's time you grew up  
and just stopped blaming him.  
Now, it's up to us.  
I love my brothers...  
...unconditionally, even you.  
Even the one I just met.  
Really? What's his name?  
Douglas.  
- He seems very sweet.  
- For a juvenile delinquent.  
Well, you're no prince either  
and I still love you.  
That's kind of how family works.  
- You're actually gonna help me out?  
- FBI's gonna throw every agent at this.  
Wills is a huge contributor  
to the Republican party.  
They're gonna find Rodriguez.  
No, but they're not gonna be looking  
for Rodriguez, not just yet.  
They know this guy is not smart enough  
to pull off something this big.  
He's nothing but a lieutenant  
with the cartels in Mexico.  
So interfere with FBI investigation  
and be killed by the cartels?  
Yeah,  
but there's a 5 million dollar reward.  
But we're not looking for Wills  
so there is no 5 million.  
So we split your bond.  
That's what, 10 percent on 250 grand?  
Twenty-five grand split three ways  
is 8,333 and change.  
No, listen, Einstein.  
The deal was we work together, okay?  
We split the old man's money.

That bond is mine.  
No, no. This counts as part  
of our two-year sentence.  
The deal was,  
anything the company makes...  
...gets split three ways. That's the deal.  
Tell me what you know.  
Slow down, turbo.  
I see the way things are going here.  
You're snapping out orders  
and expecting the two of us to just eat shit.  
No. Nina said that we work together  
as a team.  
Oh, well, thank you, John Wooden.  
I'm a cop. That's what I do.  
Along the way, I'll figure out what  
contribution you make to the team.  
- Until then, I'm stumped.  
- Please. Please.  
Listen.  
Rodriguez was running his mouth off  
about this girl that he was dating.  
This famous stripper in Mexico.  
Know how many strip clubs  
are in Mexico City?  
She's famous, right?  
That narrows it down.  
Angelina. Angelina. That was her name.  
It was a singular name, like Madonna.  
Sam, just hear me out, okay?  
Hear me out.  
If Rodriguez is involved...  
...he's involved  
because of his connections...  
...to the cartel in Mexico.  
So it's my guess that  
that's where they're hiding Wills.  
We're gonna need money to get started.  
So how much do you need?  
Fifteen thousand.  
That will get us started.  
I'll call you when we need more.  
- Fifteen grand?  
- Yeah.

Well, you know,  
I plan running a tight ship, Sam.  
I do not wanna dip into Daddy's funds  
until you've all proven yourself a bit.  
So 10,000 will have to do, no more.  
You're being a little tight with 12 million,  
don't you think?  
It's not our money yet.  
The company needs to prove itself,  
it has to be successful.  
I think 10,000 is fair.  
Okay. You hold the purse strings.  
We'll see how it goes.  
Okay.  
Well, you will be careful, won't you?  
I mean, you'll look after them?  
They're grown-ups, Nina.  
- I'll do my job, I'm not a babysitter.  
- No, I know, but they are your family.  
I'd keep pushing the money angle  
if I were you, kid.  
I'll see you in a week.  
Yeah.  
So, Sam, what's first?  
We take a little nap  
and then we hit the strip clubs.  
It's pretty much my normal routine  
in every new town.  
No. We call every club in town...  
...and see if they've a famous  
one-name stripper, Angelina.  
Should take about a lifetime. Moron.  
It might not take as long  
as you guys think.  
Edgar is a very dangerous man.  
He would easily kill me  
if he thought I was a help to you.  
I haven't seen him  
since he left for America...  
...over a month ago.  
Listen, Angelina. You don't have  
to be afraid of him anymore, okay?  
Because we can protect you.  
No, we can't.

Don't offer anything you can't deliver.

It wouldn't matter. I can't help you.

I'm sorry.

Yeah, get him, Little Joe!

No, no, no. Come on.

Listen, Angelina,

I wrote down my cell number.

If you ever need anything at all,  
don't hesitate to call.

Oh, my God.

That was like a bad Bonanza episode?

What is a Bonanza episode?

Oh, man, it's this great television show  
about this guy.

He had three sons,

all from different mothers.

Very, very relatable to our situation.

Sammy and I, we would sit and watch  
the reruns when we were younger.

And pretty much the only time when we  
weren't beating each other up, right?

- A stupid show.

- No, it was a great show.

It was classic, iconic television.

I can't believe you've never seen Bonanza.

- They didn't have Nick at Nite?

- No.

You would be a perfect

Little Joe, man.

- The youngest.

- Yeah.

- Who would you be? Hoss?

- No, no. You're Hoss.

Big pecs, Popeye forearms. Perfect.

Hoss was defined by his stupidity  
rather than size.

And a middle child, you be Hoss.

- Eat me.

- Thanks for helping me out in there, Sam.

Like a big brother should.

Brothers? I'm a cop.

I was stopping a homicide.

Wow, you're a dick.

It's cool. It's cool. I don't care.

Look, the bottom line is,  
we have nothing on Rodriguez.  
Not necessarily. She gave me  
her apartment number, told me to stop by.  
She said she was having a party.  
Don't press too hard for information.  
She's scared.  
Take it nice and easy.  
Look, you're sending a boy  
to do a man's job.  
She asked for the kid. Not you.  
I know, but it's a party.  
So I could go up there and I could mingle...  
Whatever. Anything in that apartment...  
...anything that gets us closer  
to Rodriguez.  
Okay.  
All right, I'll do my best.  
Wish me good luck.  
Yeah, right. Just go.  
She's gonna chew him up  
and spit him out.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
- I thought there was a party?  
- There is.  
- Am I early?  
- No.  
You are the party.  
Thank you.  
Thank you, Jesus...  
...for answering my prayers.  
Oh, you make too much of it.  
I've got a certain gift, for sure,  
but, yeah, you know.  
Edgar.  
I will kill your young friend...  
...and make love one last time  
before I kill you.  
Edgar, you said tomorrow!  
Because I'm early, this is okay?  
Edgar, please.  
Kill me, but not him.  
He's an innocent and blessed by God.



Well, there goes Leo's 200 grand.

Yeah, he's gonna be disappointed.

What happened?

- What's going on?

- What did you guys get?

Rodriguez's mother lives in a small town called Vista Del Fuego.

Him and her are pretty close.

He told Angelina he was going to America for a big score.

Wait. Who told you this?

Was somebody at the party?

It's Angelina. She was pretty nice.

Wait, I don't get it.

She was all buttoned up at the strip club.

- What made her change her mind?

- She was...

- Vulnerable.

- What's that supposed to mean?

- Leo.

- What?

Rodriguez is dead.

What do you mean?

The kid was in the sack with his girlfriend.

Rodriguez showed up, I had to shoot him.

You were sleeping with the famous strip...

What did you just say?

Did you say you shot Rodriguez?

What about my \$200,000?

We're gonna go after Wills for the 5-million-dollar reward.

All we need is information leading to his safe return.

Rodriguez had to know where they're hiding Wills.

Unfortunately, you shot him.

Pretty fortunate from where I was standing.

Laying. You were laying, Romeo.

Here's his wallet.

See if you can find anything.

We get a lead,

we call the American Embassy...  
...we cash in on the \$5,000,000,  
and we get on with our separate lives.  
I have no idea where we are.  
Headed northeast, this is the only road.  
We're gonna make it there eventually.  
So, what do you think of the kid?  
No way he came  
from the old man's loins.  
Why do you say that?  
He's not a big enough asshole.  
Are you actually admitting  
you're an asshole?  
- We're both assholes.  
- No.  
Don't drag me  
into your personal nightmare.  
I happen to be a very decent guy.  
Just because a drunk admits he's a drunk  
doesn't make him any more sober.  
Just trying to bond with you, Leo.  
I heard misery loves company.  
It works the same with misery or without.  
It just depends on the company, asshole.  
Leave all your valuables in the truck.  
One vacancy  
in this entire pissant town?  
Come on, what is this?  
A convention destination?  
I've slept on bathroom floors  
that were bigger than that hotel room.  
I had a cell in juvie  
that was, like, 6-by-6.  
You have to double up  
in a place like that.  
It was a slow week, thank God.  
I had the whole place to myself.  
- I'm pretty lucky like that.  
- Yeah, a regular horseshoe up your ass.  
There's no way I'm sleeping in a bed  
with either one of you guys.  
- Fine. Sleep in the truck.  
- Come on.  
I'll take the floor,

you guys take the beds.  
Listen to him, man. He's a puppy dog.  
He's cute, cuddly, chicks dig him,  
and he'll sleep on the floor.  
Guys, we gotta be careful.  
We stick out like sore thumbs in this town.  
Man, it's beautiful here.  
I wish I spoke Spanish.  
I wanna immerse myself  
in the local culture.  
How's that for local culture? Dive in.  
Puppy dog.  
Se ora Rodriguez?  
Habla English?  
You speak any English?  
- No.  
- Se ora Rodriguez.  
We got a bilingual brother.  
Thats gonna come in handy here.  
Now he can get us killed  
in two languages.  
Excuse me.  
No, no, no.  
See if that helps.  
Ask about the woman in the picture.  
She may be in danger.  
- Mama.  
- Hey, kid.  
Rodriguez is dead.  
They tracked him down here.  
You gonna sit there  
and tell me you had this figured?  
Leave them little pieces of cheese  
to find us with?  
Make it more interesting?  
An FBI agent was quoted in the article.  
The bureau is claiming no responsibility.  
And you believe them?  
I worked for them 10 years.  
They'll consider it a huge failure  
if they don't bring Wills back alive.  
Whoever killed Rodriguez  
doesn't give a damn about Wills.  
Let me worry about it, will you?

Okay. But while you're worrying,  
get off my computer.  
It took me a month  
to put in money transfers...  
...and you're gonna crash it playing cards.  
- All right.  
If feds didn't kill Rodriguez, then who?  
In the world Rodriguez lives in,  
I'm sure the list is endless.  
It doesn't matter, it's not connected.  
Yeah. Except now Rodriguez is dead,  
we're in the middle of Mexico.  
We don't have the Mexican  
who brought us to the dance!  
We don't need him anymore.  
It's all preset.  
But you know what? Why don't we send  
Bertram and Bermutti into town.  
See if anyone  
has been looking around.  
Hey.  
You speak Spanish, you do the talking.  
What, Sam?  
You saying you need me all of a sudden?  
No. For some reason, you sound smarter  
when I don't know what you're saying.  
Hey, could you teach me?  
- What?  
- Spanish.  
Yeah, I'll loan you the tapes.  
I got it. Thanks.  
- Hello.  
- Can I help you?  
Really? You speak English?  
Theresa,  
we're friends with Edgar Rodriguez.  
- He said you may be able to help us.  
- He's dead.  
Did you know  
that about your friend Edgar?  
Are you police?  
Gee, everybody is just paranoid  
about the cops around here, aren't they?  
- I guess it crosses all borders, right?

- We're not the police.  
You hear anything  
about the kidnapping of the American?  
I can read.  
If you're not police, you should leave.  
Or my grandfather is going to blow  
a hole through this door and ruin it.  
Yup, in that case, I lied.  
Just heard  
Mexicans are friendly people.  
I'm half Indian. We're not so friendly.  
- I haven't seen Edgar in two years.  
- Your picture was in his wallet.  
I assure you, you won't find  
a picture of him in my wallet.  
- You can check.  
- No, there's no need.  
- She's telling the truth.  
- Got a crystal ball up your ass?  
- How's that fit with the horseshoe?  
- I just know.  
- But I can only do it with women...  
- You're not a cop.  
No, I'm not a cop.  
I'm his brother and his brother too.  
- She doesn't need to know.  
- How do you know Rodriguez?  
- We grew up together.  
- We don't know anything...  
...about your country,  
but we could use some help.  
There's a reward for information  
leading to the return of the American.  
- We'll pay an equal share.  
- An equal share? Are you crazy?  
- Ten percent, max.  
- I want no part of it.  
When I found out Edgar died,  
I felt nothing.  
- Lf she is lying, she's damn good.  
- She's not lying.  
It's time for you to leave.  
See, that's great. Back to square one.  
Charmed.

Sorry. We're just kind of  
out of our place here.

- You're very kind. Thank you.

- Thank you very much. Okay.

Thought they take your badge  
when they fire you.

I wasn't fired, I was suspended.

I keep an old badge just in case.

- Hey, kid.

- Yeah?

Rule number one in team play:

Never tell anybody anything until we talk.

Okay. Would you have  
asked her for help?

- No.

- Oh, but it's completely okay...

...for you to offer a complete stranger  
an equal share.

What the hell is that?

You know, theres no I in team, Sam.

Yeah, but there's an I in family,

and I'm still the oldest, so shut up.

You wanna know what's going on  
in a neighborhood...

...go to a local bar.

This is the type of local bar that you go to  
if you wanna get shot for no reason.

You speak the language, Leo.

They'll respect that.

You bet. How do I beg for my life in

Spanish? Just so... What are you doing?

This is how you beg for your life  
in Spanish.

- Good God, Leo. You hunting a bear?

- You got a license for that?

I'm a bail bondsman,

not a kindergarten teacher.

Packing that little baby cop peashooters  
of yours?

- It will do.

- All right.

You got anything you can use?

- I don't care for guns, man.

- You'll make a fine-looking corpse.

Tell you what, just stay here  
and keep the engine running.

Yeah.

Be careful.

Yeah, it's a grande damn.

What was that about?

You know, see what me  
speaking the language does?

It turns the whole table around,  
puts me in control.

And I can see how much you hate it.

It's not a competition.

You'll get your head blown off...

...in a place like this.

- All right, fair enough.

All right, basically, you want me to pretend  
like you wanna buy drugs?

- When in Rome.

- Okay.

See if you can get something  
from the bartender.

Hey.

Yeah.

Right.

Well...

Right? You would.

Okay.

- Crap.

- Gentlemen.

Your friend here was double-parked.

- Put your weapons on the bar.

- You heard him.

We think the American, Kyle Wills,  
may be hidden here.

- You assume I've something to do with it?

- No. You have no motive.

Good.

At least you are not a stupid policeman.

- What then?

- Lf Rodriguez was to bring him here...

...he'd ask for your permission  
out of respect.

Maybe good sense.

Rodriguez had no respect,

very little sense.

He worked for me. He wanted to be me.

Can you blame him?

Will the kidnappers be here  
without you knowing it?

If they are here, it's because  
Rodriguez knew where to hide them.

- Where I would have no concern.

- Does that place exist?

- Where people aren't afraid of you?

- To know me is to be afraid.

If within a thousand miles in any direction,  
they know me.

- Is there a place of no concern to you?

- Simple.

A places where the soil is not fertile.

I am a farmer, remember?

- What about Indian land?

- Doubtful.

They have their holy places.

But there, the Indians  
would have killed them by now.

Maybe the canyons.

If Wills is here, the U.S. Government  
is gonna bring more heat on you...

...than you can afford.

I wanna find him first. I need your help.

Even if I had something to do with it,  
your government cannot prove it.

You'll be dropped off back at your hotel.

If you're not gone in 24 hours,  
you will die here.

Hey, hey.

- Who were they?

- I don't know, you pig!

You're gonna tell me,  
you're gonna tell me right now.

Father, no!

I'm not getting out of this truck  
without my hat.

I'm not getting out without it.

Hey! Hey! Is that necessary?

I want my hat!

- What do we do now?



- Get out of here.  
Are you kidding me?  
What about my money, huh?  
I go back to work in three weeks.  
This is ridiculous.  
No. No.  
Are you really gonna walk away  
on this whole thing?  
Three million dollars for each of us...  
...but I don't get my piece without you.  
- It ain't worth getting killed over.  
- It is for me.  
- Give it up, Leo.  
- I've got nothing left!  
- Hey.  
Hey. Sam.  
Sam, at least think about it  
on your way home, man.  
Getting a chance to meet my family  
meant...  
We ain't family!  
If there's no money involved in this,  
we never meet.  
What does that tell you?  
I don't care about the money.  
I'm just glad to meet you guys.  
I just wish I could've met my dad too,  
man.  
Let me bring you up to speed  
on your family.  
Your dad?  
An abusive drunk and a sex addict.  
Four kids, four mothers.  
All right.  
Did you at least get a chance  
to meet your mom?  
Yeah. Stripper.  
Raised me for three years,  
put me on a doorstep. See you, bye.  
All right.  
What about Leo's mom?  
Cleaning lady for dad's bookie.  
Died during childbirth.  
Don't worry, him and Nina's mom

had a pretty good run.  
Three, four years.  
They were drunk the whole time.  
Hey.  
- He must have had good qualities.  
- Sure.  
He'd only beat up Leo because he  
wouldn't hit a girl and was afraid of me.  
Wait.  
I rigged the door.  
Kids were always sneaking  
into your rooms in juvie.  
Could be somebody still there,  
wired the room.  
You gave him a key and told the room  
because it's not broken into.  
Please. Please, a man was here  
looking for you, but he's gone.  
- Verdugo's men?  
- No. No. American. I did not know him.  
Open it.  
You see?  
Nothing.  
Wait. Get down!  
This your idea of an express checkout,  
asshole?  
It's the same guys  
who kidnapped Wills.  
They know Rodriguez is dead  
and somehow made the connection.  
How did they know it was us?  
Because we're the only morons  
with bull's-eyes on our foreheads.  
Do you still need help?  
What are you doing here?  
These men that worked with Edgar,  
Americans...  
...they came looking for you.  
They killed my grandfather.  
- Man, oh, man.  
- I know every trail, road and canyon...  
...for a hundred miles.  
We're gonna need guns.  
Leo, get in the back.

Stop here. We're close.

It used to be a weapons depot  
for the military.

Now Verdugo uses it.

- He's gonna kill us anyway.

- How are we gonna get in there?

They gotta have some sort of, like,  
security system, or fancy locks...

No. Don't worry about it.

You take care of the guards, I'll get you in.

Se or.

Don't know why we don't just shoot  
the lock.

It's gonna be a lot faster  
if I just shoot it off.

Yeah. If the gunshot  
doesn't bring the whole town down...

...your big mouth is going to. Shut up.

Hey, guys,

you mind giving me some room?

- Yeah. Oh, sorry. Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Where did you learn that?

- I met a guy when I was a kid.

We called him Uncle Jimmy.

He's the best B & E man in the country.

He taught me

how to get in and out of anything.

Hey, guys, come in.

Oh, my God.

This must be what Charlton Heston's  
first wet dream looked like.

This will definitely do.

Someone is gonna have to show me  
how to use one of these.

You know what, kid?

I have absolutely no idea.

But I bet big bad Sammy the cop  
will show you.

No, sir, only the bad guys get these.

Grab a high-powered automatic rifle,  
some grenades.

Leo, don't blow yourself up.

How do you feel, boss?

Sorry.

Well.

Well, listen to you.

I do believe that apology is sincere.

I mean, there's nothing

like a peek at mortality...

...to sharpen hindsight, huh?

My life has been about money.

I have trouble seeing past it.

Don't tell me.

And now you're wondering

if money is what life is all about, huh?

That's cliché, man.

But I'm with you.

Because that is the question.

Is the money enough?

I mean, is anything less

than blowing your head off enough?

Because that's the thing

about blowing somebody's head off.

Oh, boy, it is definitely enough.

If you're gonna kill me,

could I say goodbye to my family first?

What? Tell them you love them,

that sort of nonsense?

Yes. Please.

Wow, that is touching.

Yes.

Relax, will you?

I couldn't even figure out how to load it.

I'm not really a gun kind of guy.

Only one road takes us close

to the canyons...

...and they'll see us coming for miles.

We'll need horses.

Wait... No, no. Horses?

No, I don't do horses, guys. Okay?

You any good on a horse, kid?

Yeah. I spent a few years

on a work ranch for delinquents.

Heigh-ho, Silver.

The Mennonites have the best horses.

Supplies, clothing also.

Mennonites?

My ass hurts already.  
Over here.  
Sir?  
I'm gonna need a real gentle one.  
Like...  
I'd like to smell the glue.  
- Okay.  
- The roan is beautiful.  
An excellent choice. You know horses.  
You got one  
where my feet can still touch the ground?  
She won't take a saddle.  
- Yeah. She's been abused.  
- Abused?  
No.  
Some require a firm hand.  
Yeah, she's been burnt by the hobbles.  
Her ribs are bruised.  
Whipped pretty hard on the backside,  
and maybe kicked even.  
- Is that your idea of a firm hand?  
- This horse almost killed a man once.  
I don't doubt that.  
Maybe you can do better.  
Yeah.  
Well, you don't deserve this horse  
or any other. We'll take it.  
Come here. You stay there.  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Listen, I got it.  
I'll let you take care of that, Sam.  
Go right ahead.  
That's my brother, you know.  
- You don't seem like brothers.  
- Yeah. Tell me about it.  
He's pretty good with that horse, though,  
ain't he?  
I've seen that kind of training before.  
Very gentle.  
Thattagirl.  
Are you a policeman too?  
No.  
No, no, no.  
Not me. Just Sam.

Is he a good one?  
I'm sure he is.  
He's good at everything he does.  
Except people.  
Sorry about your grandfather.  
What do you think of Little Joe now,  
huh?  
The kidnappers gotta be talking  
to the FBI.  
There's no phone lines,  
no cell phones to trace.  
Unless scrambled through a computer.  
Wireless phone modems and cell phone.  
- E-mails.  
- Hold up. Hold up.  
They're gonna need a generator.  
Generators powered by gas.  
Only one gas depot  
between here and the canyons.  
- Can you find it?  
- I'm Indian, remember?  
Like your cowboy movies.  
I get down, put my ear to the ground,  
smell the horse dung, sniff the wind.  
That's all we're good for, right?  
What's wrong with Hiawatha?  
Wake up on the wrong side of the bedroll?  
Considering what she's been through,  
maybe we could cut her some slack, huh?  
Come on. Come on.  
Yeah, I guess Little Joe is right.  
That was kind of stupid.  
You know what's stupid?  
The whole Bonanza thing.  
That's stupid.  
You must have cared about him once.  
A long time ago.  
Edgar was like my father.  
He protected me from the things  
he knew I would not tolerate.  
You mean he lied to you?  
That's what I mean.  
When I found out the true nature  
of what he did, I left.

Again, like my father.  
What is it that your father did?  
Verdugo worked for him.  
Hey!  
How do you get these things to go  
if they don't want to?  
The gas depot is over the next rise.  
About a mile.  
All right, we'll rest near here  
and we wait for dark.  
That is one gorgeous woman, ain't it?  
Definitely.  
Hey, tell me, little brother,  
how do you do it, huh?  
With the ladies, I mean.  
I'm not asking  
because I need pointers or anything...  
...but good Lord knows  
that I do just fine on my own but...  
I'm just asking artist to artist, like...  
What's your technique?  
Well, Leo, I really don't like to talk  
about stuff like that.  
It kind of kills the magic.  
Wow,  
I wasn't meaning locker room B.S.  
I was trying to bond, brother to brother.  
Apparently, never mind.  
All right, well...  
- You wanna know what the thing is?  
- Yeah.  
The way I get my joy, my satisfaction...  
...is how intense and complete  
the woman's joy is.  
If the woman seems very giving...  
...it's because I'm acutely attuned  
into her every need.  
But in reality...  
...it's selfishly motivated.  
I guess that could work.  
Leo, stay here with Theresa.  
Me and the kid are gonna look around.  
Wait. Why do I have to stay here?  
- She'll protect you.

- Oh, come on.  
- I'm the one that speaks Spanish.  
- Not gonna talk to them, just look around.  
Hey, go, Leo, I could stay with Theresa.  
- I think we all know where that's going.  
- Don't be an idiot, Leo.  
Listen to the kid.  
Starting to sound like family.  
We could all go.  
No. I'm gonna go alone.  
Less of a change I can get spotted.  
No offense, Sam,  
but you're pretty easy to spot.  
I don't want you getting shot.  
And that neon cowboy hat on your fat head  
isn't helping either.  
- What, you're worried about me, Leo?  
- No.  
I just don't the shot  
giving away our position.  
Well, if you'll excuse me.  
I think this might be a good time for me  
to freshen up.  
Be careful  
because human feces is an aphrodisiac...  
...for the great brown Mexican grizzly.  
Thanks for the tip.  
He doesn't have the arrogance  
of most men I've known.  
Well...  
...he can be pretty selfish.  
You know, he's just a kid, remember?  
Your brother, Sam?  
He seems hardened.  
Yeah.  
Yeah. It's because he is.  
Hard-nosed, hardheaded...  
...hard to get along with.  
But you, you are none of those things?  
Hardened, selfish? Nothing like that?  
No. No, it's because I'm a giver.  
Give, give, give, always give,  
never take.  
You seem very insecure.



What?

Where did you pick that up, huh?

Some psych class at the local Jaycee  
or is that all Dr. Phil?

Who is Dr. Phil?

You need a satellite  
to get Dr. Phil out here.

No, no, no. Hey, it's okay.

Look, it's okay, all right? Just relax.

- Your friends, where they at?

- Yeah?

What friends?

The ones riding the other horses.

I'm a cowboy.

Those are my horses.

I ride one son of a bitch to death  
and then I got a backup.

Tell me or Bernardo

is going to have to cut your girlfriend.

No, no, no. I'm taking her to Verdugo.

If you hurt her, he'll kill all of us.

Verdugo is the one that sent us.

Last chance.

I mean, if I kill her,  
she can't have my kids.

No, no, no, okay.

Okay.

I gave it my best shot.

Wait, I'll be honest now, okay?

One of my friends

is right behind your partner.

Theresa, you okay?

Leo. Leo, you all right?

I lost a tooth.

I definitely broke a rib.

And my ass really hurts  
from that damn horse.

But you were cool, man.

You were definitely cool.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- You think so.

- Yeah.

- You were cool too, brother.

- Who the hell are these guys?  
You should've seen Leo.  
He wouldn't give us up.

- No.

- Verdugo sent them.

I bet there's more after them. Listen,  
I saw a map, a town called Platzcurro?  
I got the coordinates.  
Patzcurro is half a day's ride  
on horseback. Maybe an hour by truck.  
Then we go now.  
Listen, you keep my horse with you.  
If that truck is leaving, I'm on it.  
What if we run into where they keep  
Wills? They'll kill him.  
The money, only way they get it  
is if they keep him alive. They'll kill us first.

- What if they think we're the FBI?

- The FBI won't come in on horseback.

That's a good point. All right,  
so we stick to the plan. We find Wills.  
We call the American Embassy,  
go home, and wait for our check.  
Is that all this is about for you?  
The money?  
I didn't mean it like... As long as  
we're here, the money is not a bad thing.  
We should get ready.  
I didn't mean it like that, Theresa.  
Come on. You meant well.  
I had a dream last night...  
...the guys who killed Rodriguez,  
whoever they are...  
...were just a myth  
Yeah.  
I dreamed you orchestrated the thing,  
so we wouldn't have to split the money.  
I'm not that clever.  
Don't underestimate yourself.  
Not much.  
You understand you habla too much,  
I kill you?  
Good.  
Rise and shine, pumpkin head.

That's what my mother used to say.  
If all goes as planned, you should be back  
with your pseudo loved ones...  
...by happy hour tomorrow night.  
At which point,  
I will be halfway to handsome.  
Before you do  
whatever it is you've planned...  
...will I be able to talk to my son?  
You're sure we're gonna kill you, huh?  
- Crossed my mind.  
- Well, you're wrong...  
...again. You took 50 million from me,  
I take 500 million from you.  
Which I would've had  
if I invested the 50 mil in the first place.  
Swear to God. It's an eye for an eye.  
Biblical, man.  
- Move in right now!  
- Don't let it go!  
- No.  
- No, no, no.  
To relax.  
Hello.  
I'd like to speak to the agent in charge  
of the Lyle Wills kidnapping investigation.  
Yes, I think I can be of help.  
Thank you.  
- You said a few minutes, goddamn it.  
- It's only been a few minutes.  
What's the matter?  
Is the Iceman having a meltdown?  
Got it. I got it, baby.  
I'm all set up for the transfer.  
Now, we just gotta put our buddy here  
online...  
...and the party gets started.  
Get out of the way.  
Move out of the way. Here we go.  
I think Sam just pulled up  
with the gas truck.  
Just look for the guy  
with the dorky cowboy hat...  
...and with the King Kong shoulders.

- See him.  
- Yup.  
Strato Entertainment,  
down four and an eighth.  
CoreCell, down a half.  
SoloNET, down two and change.  
Can you back the hell off please?  
I can't even hear myself think here.  
Janson.  
Yeah, Dad?  
I wanted to tell you what I do for a living.  
For your report.  
I turned it in, Dad.  
I made some stuff up.  
I'm sorry.  
But I'd still like to know.  
Got it.  
Here we go.  
All we gotta do is split it up  
and we're out of here.  
You're insane, Sam.  
My God, what just happened?  
What was that?  
Get out of the way! Get out there!  
We split up.  
Make them think that there's more of us.  
Where...?  
My husband, what happened to him?  
Jeez, it's not us.  
We're headed there now.  
The Black Hawks  
the Mexican military promised us...  
...are both down  
with mechanical problems so...  
Commercial helicopters are at least  
two hours out from Mexico City.  
Copy that.  
It all starts with an idea, right?  
These people come up with ideas.  
Good people, good ideas.  
That's how you start a business.  
Anybody see anything?  
I can see the future. You're not in it.  
Drop it.

Where's Wills?

Dead.

You're late.

If he was dead,  
you would've moved on by now.

The one with Sam  
killed my grandfather.

You must be the guy  
that killed Rodriguez.

You picked the wrong horse, bubba.

Kill them both.

Got it. Done.

- That's what my company does.

- Done.

You make it sound like charity work,  
you puke.

- Janson...

- Hey, look, kid.

Then your old man fires all the people...

... then brings in teams of lawyers  
and private investigators...

... to ruin everybody's lives.

Trust me,

I know from firsthand experience.

- That's what your old man does.

- We have to go now!

- Janson, l...

- Do you do that, Dad?

Yes. Yes.

That's what I do.

Go, go, go!

Theresa and Leo check the grounds.

I go after the Bronco.

- Through the mountains.

- Bronco doesn't matter.

It matters to Theresa.

That guy killed her grandfather.

Just don't get hurt.

Hey...

What?

Verdugo.

Crap.

Se or Wills?

This. This is unacceptable.

Are you with the FBI?  
No, no. I'm here to escort you to them.  
You are safe now.  
You are in safe hands.  
All right, before they beat you,  
I know you had it in you, okay?  
Now, you show me. Come on! Let's go!  
Hey.  
- Lost a lot of blood there, Little Joe.  
- You okay, kid?  
Hey, Sam.  
You find Wills?  
Verdugo came and turned him over  
to the FBI like a good Samaritan.  
Okay, so, what does that mean for us?  
It means we're broke.  
I got to admit, though.  
Seeing that asshole tits up,  
that was worth a million bucks, right?  
Unfortunately, it doesn't bring  
my grandfather back, does it?  
I can't... I just can't catch a break  
with this broad, can I?  
Try keeping your mouth shut.  
Hey, hey. Wait! Wait!  
Wait a minute.  
I didn't come all this way  
to die of exhaustion, okay?  
Give me five minutes, okay?  
Well, I guess  
this is as good a place as any.  
Hey, get out of my stuff.  
- Sit down!  
- What? Hey!  
What are you doing? What...?  
Oh, come on, guys.  
Put those down. Come on.  
Is this the backup?  
The backup flash drive, this is?  
That's it. That's all we need.  
Come on. Let's get going.  
I don't have to... I don't have to sit.  
Hey, what are you, insane?  
What's the matter...?

- Sit down, you pathetic...  
- Wait, wait.  
- Okay.  
- You were right.  
- Oh, wait.  
- I underestimated myself.  
Oh, come on.  
Why didn't I see this?  
Stop talking.  
Please tell my mother...  
That's them.  
I saw them meet-up at the canyon.  
It was just too dark to bring them down.  
Only an Indian  
could guide them through.  
They must have some plan of getting  
picked up or transported from there.  
Unless we can get him before sunrise.  
We have maybe four hours before dawn.  
After that, they're gone.  
No, what? What?  
What are you guys talking about?  
No, no, no. The guy that killed  
your grandfather is already dead, okay?  
We're... I'm not gonna get my money back.  
We have no shot at the reward money.  
Wills is back with his family.  
Our job is done here.  
Do you see anybody else out here  
that's gonna go after him, Leo?  
What's that got to do with anything,  
Sam?  
- I'm a cop. I don't get to walk away.  
- You're not a cop. You got suspended.  
I'm not asking you to go.  
Stay with the kid.  
- Fine.  
- I told you I'm fine. I can go.  
Oh, that's just great.  
Now, you're gonna get the kid killed too.  
You know, just when I was starting  
to like your dumb ass.  
No, I'm not letting you take him  
with you.

His leg, it's about to fall off.

What are you gonna do? Carry him?

- Jeez, Leo, shut up!

- No, I won't shut up!

It's crazy, Sam!

- You know what, Sam?

- What?

It baffles me that you're not capable  
of walking away from being a cop...

...yet you're completely fine  
with walking out on me...

...and your little sister.

- So that's what this is all about, Leo?

- You left us alone with him.

You have absolutely no idea  
how bad it got when you were gone.

Now, now, Nina, you know her.

She probably forgave you by now...

...but me?

You were the one

that was taking care of us, not him!

I expected nothing from him, but you?

You know the funny thing?

Eventually, he sobered up.

You never came back, Sam.

It's crazy how much you resent the guy  
because...

...you're just like him, Sam!

Hey!

Come on.

I got you last!

What are you gonna do, huh? Do it!

Do it!

Come on!

I was 17 years old.

If I'd have stayed, I'd have killed him.

Sorry.

Marcus Canton.

We're going to have to move faster.

- How's the leg, kid?

- It's good enough.

It will be difficult for the horses  
the rest of the way in the canyons.

- You think they're looking for him?



- I don't know. It's not military.

Maybe that's his way out.

Head down in case he doubles back.

They won't be able to land

at the bottom of the canyons.

- They're gonna pull him out.

- Right.

- You okay?

- I'm fine. Go.

Morning.

What brings you

to this neck of the woods?

You're under arrest.

Never walk out on family, Sam.

You're absolutely right.

Nice going. What is it? Horse?

No, it's Hoss.

- And I'm not Hoss.

- I can't be Hoss, I'm the oldest.

By process of elimination, you're Hoss.

Fine, if only by process of elimination,  
then I can live with that.

- Are you sure there's nothing we can do?

- Yeah, I mean, the FBI...

...they said that we're good

for at least \$250,000 of the reward money.

And in my opinion,

I think you more than earned your share.

That's 25 percent.

I mean, I'm assuming

that's okay with you guys.

- Absolutely.

- Seems fair.

- Yeah.

- No, please, I'm fine.

Come on.

All right, come here.

- Careful.

- Thank you.

I'm sorry,

I know it's been a couple of days.

All right, take care.

- Thank you.

- Get her, cowboy.

Take care.  
I'll miss you.  
I'd like to come back to visit  
if that's okay.  
Leo is gonna lend me his Spanish tapes,  
he says.  
I think I'd like that very much.  
Take care.  
Bye.  
Oh, it was amazing. And this guy,  
he's probably going back there.  
- Shut up.  
- There was a special girl I might go see.  
I can't believe we made it through alive.  
- Without him, I don't think we would have.  
- Yeah.  
I wasn't there but you were...  
You, walking in...  
...and you noticed the cliff.  
- Yeah.  
Let's go, let's go.  
You're going down there.  
Yeah.  
I wish you could've seen him.  
You gotta give me those tapes.  
There is no money.  
There never was.  
It was the only way  
to bring you all together.  
Daddy really was a changed man.  
It was his final wish  
to bring you all together.  
That much was true.  
There was no other way. I'm sorry.  
You lied?  
You never told a lie in your entire life.  
I mean, me, I lie all the time, and Sam...  
...he's a huge liar.  
Then Douglas, the kid's a thief.  
But you?  
I believed you, Nina.  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.  
I will go to confession.  
Oh, yeah. "Okay, I'll go to confession."

It's all fine now." Are you kidding me?  
- What are you gonna do about us?  
- Leo, I'm sorry you're angry.  
But the real question is...  
...does the end justify the means?  
I mean, look at you all.  
What about  
a private investigation agency?  
I don't follow.  
I'm a cop. Leo, bail bondsman.  
We know criminals.  
- The kid is a criminal.  
- No. Absolutely not.  
No, I'm not bringing you together  
so you can get killed.  
Wait a second.  
Are you actually suggesting...  
...that we still go into business together  
anyway?  
If you're gonna do something,  
you might as well be good at it.  
Yeah, I like it.  
- No.  
- I'm in.  
- That is not what Daddy wanted.  
- The old man wanted us together.  
Hope that sorry son of a bitch  
is rolling over in his grave right now.  
We got him last.  
- Marker.  
- Molly, Molly, Molly.  
Grow up.  
Kiss my , Sam.  
- Kid.  
- My bad.  
It's all right.  
For some reason,  
he was really scary-looking that time.  
That way,  
you can read real-time stock quotes...  
...and see how far  
your company's gone in the toilet...  
...because their leader  
is about to die a horrible death.

Sorry, don't have my glasses on.  
, close your eyes.  
F-bomb. What the fudge and mustard?  
You don't seem like brothers.  
You ever seen Wild at Heart?  
The two Black Hawks promised us  
are both down with mechanical problems.  
You got egg on your face.  
- And cut it.  
- I always...  
It seems that my Rodriguez guy  
is involved with that Kyle Wills...  
- It seems that that...  
- Now you have egg on your face.  
We're gonna need some money  
to get started.  
How do you look in heels?  
You, me, a faraway getaway place...  
...some deli meats and a gallon of brandy.  
That's fine with me.  
Sam.  
Oh, my God,  
he can't hold a straight face over here.  
Did wholesome Amy Smart  
just say what I think she said?  
Yeah, I did. I said, .  
And cut it.  
Okay, trust me, trust me. I was a...  
Trust me. Son of a .  
- Why am I having...?  
- Don't trust him.  
Don't trust him. Don't trust him.  
John, I gotta save my voice a little bit.  
Do it. That's okay. No, no.  
I just like having you there  
because you're fun to be with.  
- It's for the gag reel.  
- Yeah.  
Just for the gag reel.  
Come on.  
- Spit it out, woman!  
- Cut. Great, cut.  
I know every trail, road and canyon  
for a hundred miles.

We're gonna need guns.