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Road House 2: Last Call

By Miles Chapman

Maybe I didn't make myself clear.
I'm not selling. Tell your boss.
Did you get all that?
Last call!
Black Pelican. Yeah.
Boss!
You got a phone call.
Thank you. Hello.
Nate, I don't know if you know this,
but we got a big problem here.
What are we talking about?
Some of the boys working for you
might not be as loyal as you think.
Who are we talking about?
I'll tell you everything,
but not on the phone.
Meet me at the Drift-In Pier
in 30 minutes.
- What's up?
- Hey.
Ladies.
Are you dealing?
- DEA!
- Stay where you are.
- Hands where I can see them!
- Let me see your hands.
Let's go. All right, up, let's go.
- Haul them out of here.
- Come here.
I got this one.
You know, I kind of like this gig.
Kind of turns me on.
I think you should take off
these cuffs.
If I take off these cuffs...
...how do I know
you're not gonna run?
You should think about this
for a second career.
- You're pretty good at it.
- Why, thank you.
You know, I'd love to stay and play...
...but I got a job to do.
Shane, where are you going?

You really think all this
cloak-and-dagger stuff is necessary?
- I should've known.
- It's your last chance.
Sell, or I'll gladly kill you right now.
Go to hell.
You still can't win an honest fight.
Honest fight?
There ain't no such thing.
I promised you that I was
gonna take everything you had...
...when you kicked me out.
So you could deal your filthy drugs.
Crawling on the ground
and you're still on your high horse.
Standing there with a gun
like a tough guy...
...you're still a pathetic punk.
Later, Nate.
It sucked knowing you.
Somebody send for my Feds.
Tanner.
Shit.
I put you undercover
for four months...
...and all you give me
is Freddie fucking Rogers?
Where's the big one
you keep promising me?
Hold on. Yeah?
- Shane Tanner?
- Yes.
This is Deputy Garland Hendricks
of Tyree Parish Sheriff's Department.
- Are you Nate Tanner's next of kin?
- Yeah, he's my uncle.
Well, I sure am sorry
to have to tell you this...
...but we found him earlier
this evening in pretty bad shape.
- What happened?
- Well...
... looks like somebody
beat the hell out of him.

- What hospital?

- Shumpert.

Down here in Tyree, Louisiana.

- Where are you going, Tanner?

- I got a lead on that big one.

- What do you got?

- Can't say just yet?

If you don't tell me, you can't go.

Well, then consider me

on temporary leave.

- Shane, where are you going?

- Louisiana.

What's in Louisiana?

My uncle's in the hospital.

I gotta get down there.

- I'll come with you.

- No, I'll be fine.

- Want me to take you to the airport?

- I don't fly. Too dangerous.

Don't tell that prick where I'm going.

When you question Freddie...

...see if he knows anything

about my father's death.

- Think he had something to do with it?

- No, but always ask.

Hey, Luthor.

I'm sorry to hear about Nate.

It's a shame.

My attorney will be by in a couple
of days with some paperwork.

I'm sure Nate's ready to sell by now.

Sure thing, Bill.

- Nice boots, dude.

- How'd you like them up your ass?

Stupid whore!

Hey, Nate made it clear Bill and those
assholes aren't supposed to be in here.

Look what happened to him.

Well, Nate's still the boss.

- What do you want?

- Thought you could use a hand.

I'm fine.

- Here, let me help.

- Hey!

Just wanna help.
Could you hand me
one of those lug nuts?
Thanks.
Another one.
Hey, knight in shining armour...
...am I supposed to know you
from somewhere?
I don't think so.
I don't live around here.
Yeah, no kidding.
Look out!
Asshole!
- Who was that?
- You don't wanna know.
Well...
...I'm done.
Get to a gas station.
The tire's a little low,
it needs air, all right?
- Where are you headed?
- Shumpert Hospital.
If you take this road
as far as it goes...
...then take up the old cemetery...
- I know.
I thought you said
you weren't from around here.
I used to be.
- So the boss is happy?
- Oh, yes. I'm very happy.
- I meant Mr. Crost.
- Mr. Crost is an overseer.
This is my parish.
An overseer, huh? That's why
he gets 80 percent and you get 20.
Not for long.
Now, get out of my face,
you're pissing me off.
This is for Ducky and his brothers,
tonight at last call.
Don't bother me with the details.
You must be Nate's nephew.
I'm Deputy Hendricks.

I spoke to you on the phone.

Shane Tanner.

- So how is he doing?

- The doctor said he's stabilized.

- They're gonna move him out of IC.

- Well, that's good.

That's... That's real good.

- You guys find who did it yet?

- Well, we're looking into it.

I figure it's just a case
of wrong place, wrong time.

Wrong place, wrong time, huh?

Yeah, that's...

That's what I figure.

That happen a lot around here?

Wrong place, wrong time?

Look, son, you're upset,
I understand that.

But you shouldn't have come
all the way down here.

There's nothing you can do.

Is that right?

Someone's gotta run the Pelican
until my uncle's back on his feet.

And if you guys ain't gonna
find out who did it, I will.

All right, punch it now.

Hit it hard.

Come on. Hit it again.

Hands up. Get your hands up, Shane.

Punch him.

Step back, step back. Side kick.

There you go. Hit that bag.

Come on, hit that bag hard, boy.

Come on.

I believe in you, boy. Come on.

Hey.

Hey.

You must be hungry, huh? Yeah?

Okay, K.P., that's it for tonight.

Let's wind it up, okay?

Last call! Last call for alcohol!

Hey!

You look familiar.

Do I know you?
Yeah, I run this joint now.
No shit. You're Nate's nephew.
I heard all about you.
- You're Dalton's kid, right?
- Yes.
- You as tough as your daddy was?
- Opinions vary.
Don't you know who the fuck I am?
Fucking name is Mr. Marcus.
Stepping on my shoe,
are you crazy?
Name is Mr. Marcus, you understand?
Repeat it, "Mr. Fucking Marcus."
That's Marcus Reynolds.
He's bad news.
Just for that, wash my fucking car
and pay my tab, bitch.
Repeat after me. What's my name?
- Marcus.
- What? What?
Mr. Marcus.
You boys having fun?
Hold my glasses.
Who the hell are you?
Stick your pretty ass
somewhere else.
I'm afraid I can't do that.
Yeah, he can't do that.
Let me show him what he can do.
Let's get these guys out of here.
Keep this shit out of my club.
Holy shit. You're Dalton's kid.
Heard all about you.
Thought you'd be bigger.
So, what happened in there?
You talk to the cops yet?
Yeah, this deputy said
it was some random thing.
Random my ass.
Wild Bill's been making runs
at buying this place for a while now.
Every time I ask Nate about it,
he just clams up.

I don't think those two
like each other very much.

- Who's this Wild Bill?

- He's an ex-cooler.

He used to work for your uncle.

He is one big, bad dude.

- Why does he want the Pelican?

- Location, location, location.

See, the Pelican happens to occupy
some prime-ass real estate...

...when it comes to the exciting world
of drug running.

You're not too far from the border,
directly between Texas and Florida.

You can transport through
the swamp virtually undetected.

You. You got 10 seconds to walk
out of here before I throw you out.

- Luthor, do you know who this guy is?

- I don't give a shit who he is.

This is Nate's nephew.

This is Shane Tanner.

Excuse me a second, boys.

Oh, before everyone leaves tonight, I'd
like to have a little chat with the staff.

This is a nice surprise.

I didn't get a chance to thank you
for helping me out. So thanks.

- Can I buy you a drink?

- I don't drink.

I just wanted say thank you.

- You're leaving already?

- I'm sure I'll see you around.

Hey!

I didn't get your name.

Yo, chief, the fine pair of jeans
you were talking to left this at the bar.

She'll come back for it.

As you probably all know by now,

I'm Nate's nephew, Shane.

I'll be looking after the club for a while
and looking after it properly.

Luthor, guys were dealing shit inside.

Nate didn't allow it, I won't either.

We sell booze in here, not drugs.
Is that clear?
Over the years, Nate told me
who he trusted, who had his back.
Now I need to know
who's got mine.
You ever run a club before?
I know how my uncle ran a club,
and how my father ran a club.
Three rules were lived by
in the Pelican.

Rule number one:

Never underestimate anyone
or any situation.

Rule number two:

Take it outside.
Someone gives you trouble inside,
escort them out.
- Rule number three...
- Be nice...
...until it's time to not be nice.
You need to know...
...those guys you
kicked out of here earlier...
...work for Wild Bill.
I keep hearing about this Wild Bill.
You think he had anything to do with
my uncle winding up in the hospital?
Wild Bill's got his hands in just about
everything that goes on in this town.
Great. Can't wait to meet him.
A new owner? Who the fuck...?
Look, I don't know. Some guy.
Somebody bought the Black Pelican
out from under my nose?
- Boss, phone.
- Are you interrupting me?
- It's Miami.
- I'll take it inside.
Hello.
When you started working for me, Bill,
you wanted money...

... power and influence
in that quaint little parish of yours.
- You got that now. You know why?
- Because we don't have problems.
The Duffy Brothers have been clients
of ours for a long time.
It is a problem when they don't
get their merchandise.
It doesn't make me feel confident
you can handle the De Marco deal.
I can handle it.
Securing Antoine De Marco
and his connections...
...will finally legitimize us
as a premier operation in Louisiana.
You better be able to handle it.
- Is everything okay, baby?
- Yeah, it's good.
We need the Pelican.
So I want you all to get on the horn
with the lawyers...
...and make that place mine,
do you hear me?
Well, Mr. Tanner.
A pleasure.
How's that hammer hanging?
My name is Embry Davis.
I've been authorized
by Mr. William Decarie...
...to offer you 400,000 dollars cash
to take this bar off your hands.
It's not even worth half that.
Mr. Decarie is being very generous
with this offer.
Well, tell him I said thank you,
but it's not for sale.
Son, I don't think you understand
the subtleties of all this.
Problem, boss?
Something wrong with you, boy?
You know why
they call me the robot?
Because I'm so automatic
at kicking your ass.

- You retarded?

- Learning impaired.

I think what my friend

is trying to say is, take a walk.

Yeah, well...

Good day, girls.

- Thanks.

- Want you to know we got your back.

- How's everything going today?

- It's all right.

Hendricks.

- That's good.

- There you go.

- Thank you, sir.

- Keep the change.

- Any leads?

- No.

Did you ask Marcus Reynolds where

he was the night Nate got jumped?

We had to let Reynolds go.

Sheriff said there wasn't

enough evidence.

I found two ounces of crystal

on his person.

- Well, his lawyers said it was planted.

- Planted?

That's bullshit, and you know it.

We do what we can around here,

but there's only three of us and it's...

Well, it's complicated.

You wanna go after Wild Bill Decarie

and his boys...

...you're gonna need some

major firepower.

Marcus Reynolds

works for Wild Bill?

We all do.

Monyhan, it's Tanner.

I need a favor.

Call me back as soon as you can.

Cocktail?

Get that ass up.

- Here you go.

- Fucking always clears the mind.

Nice work there, boss. Nice work.
So Dalton's kid is in town
to save the day, huh?
Yep.
- But he won't sell?
- Won't budge.
We got two buyers coming in
from Watkins Parish this weekend...
...plus we got the De Marco
deal next week.
Now, I wanna be able to celebrate
in Wild Bill's Black Pelican.
- My new center of operations.
- I hear you, boss.
They thought Dalton was a legend.
Wait till they get ahold of me.
Shane Tanner, huh?
It's a long time.
It's a pity what happened to his father.
If he don't sell,
I'm gonna fucking squash him.
I'll take care...
Well, hello, my little rose petal.
Embry Davis is the name.
Nice backstroke, boss.
Goodbye, ladies.
Rack them up!
Yeah?
It's rude to answer
someone else's phone.
But I thought you'd call
sooner or later.
Just waiting by the phone, huh?
Is it okay if I call you right back?
I'm... I'm out running errands.
Or I... I could stop by later...
...and drop off your phone.
I'm kind of busy right now.
I'm running errands myself.
Are you sure?
It won't take long.
Half hour tops.
All right, I guess it's the least I can do
for your changing my tire.

Great.

Oh, hey, baby.

Good morning.

Oh, my God.

I'm so sorry.

Didn't anyone ever tell you it's rude
to break into someone else's house?

Well, the door was open.

- Are you okay?

- No.

I'm so sorry.

I didn't mean to do that.

Nice move.

You know,

I could've blew your head off.

I almost blew yours off.

I figured I'd come over here
and get my phone...

...and see if I could take you out
for coffee.

- You could've called.

- Didn't have my phone.

- Use a pay phone.

- Didn't have your number.

- How'd you know where I was staying?

- Chubby told me.

Here's your phone.

You know...

...I finally got you in my bedroom,
and I still don't know your name.

That sounds like a country song.

I finally got you in my bed room

And I still don't know your name

Beau. My name is Beau.

Hurry up.

I'll get you that cup of coffee.

- Where did you learn to kick like that?

- Girl Scouts.

Girls Scouts are pretty tough
around here, huh?

It does wonders
for the cookie sales.

If you don't buy any,
we kick your ass.

Are you a cop?
That was a Glock
you were pointing at me.
I'm a federal agent.
Drug enforcement.
But you gotta keep that
to yourself, okay?
Surprised you haven't been
down here sooner.
This place is a hotbed
for drug activity.
What's the sheriff doing about it?
Trust me, local law enforcement...
...doesn't always have
the people's interest at heart.
Friend of yours?
She's in the Brownies.
- Girl Scouts hate Brownies.
- Hi, Ms. Hampton.
- Hey, Betsy, how was your summer?
- It was good.
- I get to see you soon, huh?
- Yeah.
Can't wait for school to start.
Go tell your mom I say, "Hey."
- Okay. Bye.
- Bye.
- School teacher?
- Elementary.
She's one of my best students.
I gotta take this. Hey.
- Where the hell are you?
- I'm down in Louisiana.
Have you heard of a dealer
named Bill Decarie?
Afraid not. What's up?
Could you check him out for me?
Sure thing, buddy.
Soon as I get done here.
- Thanks, man.
- Hey, gotta run. Stay cool.
Jesus.
I'll call you later.
Are you sure you don't need help?

Nate used to talk about you
all the time.
What a tough little fucker you were.
And then your daddy got killed...
... and you split town.
So listen, your...
Your latest offer
was very persuasive.
I think Nate would be
more than happy with the cash...
...so why don't you stop by the bar
and we will...
We'll work something out.
Perfect.
I got some business associates
coming into town this weekend.
How about I bring them by the bar?
- We'll kill two birds with one stone.
- Saturday night it is.
Boys, we've been expecting you.
Where is the pretty boy?
Shane Tanner, in the flesh.
I thought you'd be bigger.
I'll make this easy.
I'll sell for 400 grand...
...plus whatever it takes
to refurnish Nate's place.
So send over the paperwork,
and I'll sign whatever you want.
And in the meantime,
we reserved our best table upstairs...
...for you and your friends.
It's a mighty kind offer.
But I think I'd like something
a little more private.
Hey, guys.
You, get out of here.
Get, get!
- Change of plan.
- Okay.
Morales, go watch that door
over there.
Everybody ready?
All right, show him the goods.

See what you got.
Hold on.
- Setup!
- Shit.
We have been made!
Move, move, move!
Everybody get down, he's got a gun!
DEA. Show me your hands!
I got it. Cover them.
Freeze! Get down! Get down!
Get... Get down!
- Move this boat or I'll kill you!
- Put it out! Put it out!
Move it! Move it!
Move this thing or I'll kill her! Move it!
And technically the sheriff is right.
It does fall under his jurisdiction.
He should have been told.
Yeah.
Listen, I gotta get back tonight.
You take care of yourself.
Not only do you have that slick fucker
pissed at you, but the way I hear it...
...Captain Stenton back in New York
considers you AWOL.
I forgot all about him.
Look, Shane...
...I know coming back down here
must be eating you up inside.
Just make sure you cover your ass.
Besides, with the message
we sent tonight...
...he'd be crazy to come
anywhere near here.
Okay.
More trouble in Tyree Parish.
What a fucking surprise.
I've got the De Marco meeting
Saturday night.
Never send in a minor leaguer...
...to pitch game seven
of the World Series.
- Stone, get the plane ready.
- You got it.

Well, I just lost two more bouncers.
Said they'd rather quit
than end up dead.
Bill wouldn't come back here, right?
The place was swarming
with federal agents and shit.
He'll stay away, right?
We're closing the Pelican down
for a while until things cool off.
Well, I'll let the boys go home,
get some sleep.
We'll come back tomorrow,
clean the place up.
Thanks.
I'll stop by and lend a hand.
You can feel it in the air, boss.
- There's some heavy shit going down.
- Yeah.
No kidding.
Watch out, man.
Wild Bill's got a lot of soldiers.
Oh, God,
I hate this fucking shithole.
How charming.
You live in a fucking swamp,
you know that, Bill?
Hey, the swamp is a...
Hey, do not play with that.
- You giving my men orders?
- No.
I just expect a little respect.
Respect?
The DEA and the FBI
are all over J.B. Watkins...
...and you want my respect?
You need to earn it.
Look at you. You're a wild dog
playing at middle management.
I want the Dalton kid
and any of his associates dead.
And I want it over in two days...
...so we can seal De Marco...
...and I can get home
for the Marlins game.

Nate Tanner?
Thanks.
Hey.
Hey, hey!
What are you doing here?
What the hell am I doing here?
You got jumped
by Bill Decarie and his boys.
Luthor set me up.
- I'll take care of him.
- Yeah.
I'll come with you.
I'm tired of being in here.
I gotta get out of here.
Maybe not just yet. I...
Listen, don't worry about Luthor.
He's nothing, meaningless.
But don't underestimate Wild Bill.
Uncle Nate, I'm sorry,
but I had to close down the Pelican.
Things got a little out of control.
Listen, don't be too hard
on yourself, okay?
That place is destined for trouble.
The location...
Yeah, location, location, location.
Shit.
It's good to see you.
It's good to see you.
Been a long time.
Been a long time.
Listen, you gotta
promise me something.
You gotta promise me
that you'll be careful down here.
It is not like the old days.
You can't settle things
with your fists and sweat anymore.
This millennium,
they shoot first, ask questions later.
You don't know who to trust,
nobody's straight...
...or true anymore.
Oh, man.

You know, your dad
got one thing wrong. Pain does hurt.
You stay away from that pretty boy
over at the Pelican tonight...
...unless you
wanna get yourself killed.

- Yeah?

- It's Beau.

Oh, hey.

So you think you could take a lady
on a proper date tonight?

Well, I'm here at the hospital
right now.

And I'm supposed to go over to
the Pelican tonight and help clean up.

- Well, you have to eat, right?

- Yeah.

What would your uncle say
if you said no to a pretty woman...
...after she begged you for a date?

- You're right. I'll pick you up at 8.

- Make it 7.

Well, I hope she has a nice ass.
I thought you were sleeping.
I'll sleep when I'm dead.
Go have some fun.
I'll be all right in a couple days.
We'll take care of all this.
Who do you trust?
I'll catch you later.
You look wonderful.

- Thank you.

- So shall we?

So how come
you don't have a boyfriend?
Who says I don't?
I haven't found a guy that's safe
enough or strong enough, I guess.
You see, most guys either have
too much testosterone...
...or they're just too passive.

Well, I guess
that takes me out of the mix.
Why is that,

too much testosterone?
You're too scared to make a move?
No, the safe part.
You said you needed a guy
who's safe enough. That's not me.
No. I meant safe enough
to give my heart to.
See, my father travelled around a lot,
so I spent most of my teens with Nate.
He was the one who pushed me
to go to college, get an education.
And when my father died,
Nate was the only family I had left.
- How'd it happen, your dad?
- He was murdered.
Oh, my God.
I came home from work one night and
I found him dead in the living room.
He'd been shot.
- You know who did it?
- I still don't know.
I let my father borrow my car
that night, he pulled in the driveway...
...he walked in, someone shot him.
I figured they must have
thought it was me.
I'm the one
who's supposed to be dead.
I gotta get you back.
I gotta get to the Pelican.
- Help the boys clean up.
- Don't go.
Let's go back to my place.
I really should go over.
What would your uncle say
if you said no...
...to a passionate young woman?
I gotta get going. I'm late.
Oh, no, no.
Don't you leave me all alone.
I can come back.
I'm coming with you.
Is he...
- Help.

- Chubby.

Chubby.

Luthor.

Luthor let them in.

- Hello?

- It's Tanner.

Tanner, where are you?

There's a problem.

Can you meet me at the Pelican?

Yeah.

Crost, this is Luthor.

Tanner wants me to meet him
at the Pelican.

All right, we'll be there
in 10 minutes.

Good.

This is for Nate.

I was supposed to be
at the club.

I'm the one who's supposed
to be dead, right?

Why don't you ask your little bitch?

They're going to the girl's house.

Once again, you want something
done right, you gotta do it yourself.

We'll take care of Tanner,
you go pay his uncle a visit.

Then we'll all meet back here
for the De Marco meeting.

You fuck this up, I'll fuck you up.

Let's get out of here.

Fuck, I hate this shit.

My town.

My bird.

Tell the boys to get ready.

We've got some unfinished business
over at the hospital.

- Hello?

- You better get out of that house.

Trouble's coming.

- You knew it was gonna happen.

- Shane.

You asked me out
to keep me from the Pelican.

- Listen...

- Why'd you do it?

Listen to me.

Bill just called.

- They're on their way here to kill you.

- Why would he call you?

The same reason he warned me
about the Pelican. He's my cousin.

Hey, hey. Can I help you?

Hey, hey, hey, put that away.

I didn't know anyone would get hurt.

They wanted you.

And as long as you're with me,
I thought...

- Girl Scouts?

- Army. It paid for my college.

You go that way, over here.

Goddamn it!

Don't worry, ma'am. They were
with the insurance company.

Stay down.

You're not supposed
to be out of bed.

You're not listening to the nurses.

Go check down there.

Hey, Marcus. Marcus.

You all right, buddy?

Hey, you hear me?

He's in the hallway.

Stab me once, shame on you.

Stab me twice...

...not gonna happen.

You're a hard man to get ahold of.

You have been giving Bill
and his boys fits.

Are you really that good?

Or is he that dumb?

And you must be the cousin.

Take this pretty little thing
out back.

- Show Bill how I care about his family.

- Get the fuck off me!

So that's it?

You're just gonna shoot me?

I always finish a job.
Be nice till it's time not to be nice.
Hey, thank you.
It's all right now.
That's for calling me a backstabber.
- You don't remember me, do you?
- Remember you?
You were a Louisiana state trooper,
a rookie.
You pulled me over in the interstate.
Took me in on marijuana
and cocaine possession.
Get that bitch up.
Get your fucking pants off.
You're next, Fidel.
The cops seized my house...
...took my Ferrari, my boat.
At the time, I thought
it was all your fault.
I took it personal
and wanted revenge.
Sorry about your father.
That was an unfortunate mistake.
I'm gonna get me some of that.
Bitch.
Bitch!
Oh, come on. I ain't finished yet,
Mr. Rookie Cop.
Bitch, you...
No!
Wait, wait. It wasn't me.
I didn't pull the trigger.
- Who did?
- Wild Bill.
He was working at the Pelican,
but he was also working for me.
- So I hired him to kill you.
- Where is he?
I don't know.
Wait! I got a deal going down
at Pelican tonight.
I'll cut you in, get you some cash.
Where is he?
All right, all right. Hospital.

Beau.

Gotta get to Nate.

- To the hospital.

- Okay.

Nurse!

We need some help in here!

Hey, hey.

Sorry, you can't go in right now.

Monyhan, how fast

can you get here?

Hold it right where you are.

How the hell

are we gonna get past him?

We're not.

The road's closed

for parish business.

How many more are gonna die...

...because you won't stand up

and do the right thing?

This is your town.

These are your people.

This deal is gonna take us to our next

level of expanding our operation.

Hey, man!

Hey, hey, last call!

Last call for alcohol!

- Bill.

- What do you think about my new bar?

- Well, it needs a little work.

- Well...

Wait, I thought Mr. Crost

was gonna join us.

Yeah, well, he...

That's probably him right now.

Go check it out. Go on, go on.

- Check it out.

- He's in there.

- He's in.

- He's inside.

Come on, bitch! I hate cops!

Get down!

I'm gonna kill you

just like I killed your father.

God!

Get the fuck off of me.

- Let see what's your insides look like.

- You fucking freak.

Never in my wildest dreams...

...did I think I'd get to kill the father,
the son, and the holy Nate.

I believe in you, boy. Come on.

This is for my uncle.

And this is for my father.

Antoine De Marco and Victor Crost.

I'd say this counts as the big one
Captain Stenton wanted.

Monyhan!

I'm gonna have your badge for this.

You done gone too damned far.

If I were you, I'll be getting
my lawyer on the phone.

What makes you think

I'm gonna need a lawyer?

So when are you heading
back north?

That's assuming

I'm heading back north.

Are you?

- That's a direct question.

- I'm a direct girl.

Yes, you are.

What would your uncle say if you
left a pretty young woman all alone?

He ain't going nowhere.

See, we got a lot
of catching up to do.

It's been a long, long time.

It's good to be home.

Go Chubby.

- Go Chubby.

- Go Chubby.

Where are those glasses?

- Here they are, boss.

- Thank you.

- How you doing, Larry?

- Good.

- Good?

- Yeah, I like it here.

Tough boss.