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# The Do-Over

By Kevin Barnett

Yeah!  
Raise the roof for your class song,  
"I'm Too Sexy"  
by Right Said Fred.  
Now, it's time to give it up  
for your 1991 prom king and queen,  
Ted-O and Nikki!  
Ted-O. Ted-O.  
Ted-O. Ted-O. Ted-O.  
Vincent!  
Reunions are strange.  
They bring up a lot of  
feelings about your past.  
Were you a jock?  
A pothead?  
A drama club kid?  
A loser?  
Did you get the girl...  
or did she ever even notice you?  
Who did you want to be,  
and who did you actually become?  
Damn, Charlie.  
Are you still hung up on that skank?  
Hey.  
You forgot the guy who showed you  
your first pair of tits?  
You're givin' me dead eyes?  
It's me!  
It's Maxi-Pad!  
Max Kessler!  
- Come on.  
- Oh, my God.  
I haven't seen you in forever. Wow.  
So, how is your mother?  
Oh, well, you wouldn't want to  
check her out in the shower these days.  
Not lookin' too good.  
You know, I still think she might have  
known that we were watching.  
Are you kiddin' me? That's why she  
winked at you in the middle.  
You were her little Macaulay Culkin.  
Man, these two assholes  
deserve each other.

They actually got divorced.  
They're still really good friends though.  
I see that.  
They had twins together,  
but she got remarried.  
Wow.  
Imagine if her husband was here right now  
watching that alcoholic hosebag  
fucking dry hump her ex.  
He is here, actually.  
Oh, hey, congratulations.  
That's good news, man.  
I wish you would've told me before  
I called your wife an alcoholic hosebag.  
But, that's... that's excellent.  
Whoa. Excuse me, one second.  
Hey, come on. Ted-O.  
No, no. No... too much.  
Oh, God.  
Ha! I'm sorry. Whoo!  
It's the goddamn Funky Bunch, baby!  
I lose my shit! Every time.  
Relax, Charlie,  
we were just dancin'.  
You don't have to make a scene.  
He's making a scene? You're the one  
getting a pap smear out here.  
I wasn't getting a pap smear,  
shit-for-brains.  
- Hey, hey.  
- No, no.  
Here's what happened,  
all right? Here's what happened.  
I think we had a little...  
few too many beers  
and we're just gonna call it a night.  
Okay, fine.  
Let's go, Mr. Buzzkill. Ah!  
You know I can't leave right now,  
I'm the class treasurer.  
I have to settle up  
with the DJ and the hotel.  
- Okay? You...  
- You know what?

Jimmy Badboy's got a limo.  
Now, she could just hop right in  
with me if you wanted.  
- If it's all right.  
- Oh, that sounds great.  
- Yeah?  
- Let me ask my dad.  
Hey, listen, it's better than  
drinking and driving.  
Yes, okay, fine.  
I'll see you at home.  
- It's a limousine.  
- All right.  
I'll take good care of her. Whoo!  
I'm sorry.  
If I'm remembering correctly,  
Charlie McMillan always  
loved himself a Bud Light.  
How about that time my father took us  
on the drive-along in his cop car.  
Oh, I remember that.  
And that guy we had to arrest,  
who kept flashing everybody  
at the 7-Eleven.  
You stuck me in the backseat  
with that guy!  
Yeah, who would have thought a guy could  
whack off with a set of handcuffs on?  
Why did we ever stop hangin' out?  
We lived right across the street  
from each other.  
I don't know.  
We had different classes.  
Yeah, you were with all the smart kids.  
I was in shop class  
making bird cages and foot stools.  
Yeah.  
And after your dad died...  
Yeah, I wasn't too social after that, huh?  
I wouldn't wish that on anybody.  
Growing up without a dad.  
But you're in Jacksonville now.  
Tell me about yourself.  
I don't know anything.

Remember how we said we were gonna  
kick ass and take names?

Oh, yeah, we did.

You were going to invent time travel,  
weren't you?

And you were gonna be  
an FBI agent.

That's right.

Mr. Falcone, our guidance counselor,  
said I was gonna  
end up working in the morgue.

- He did not like you.

- Yeah.

But I guess old Mr. Falcone  
can suck my dick.

Shut up! Shut...

Are you kidding me?

You did it?

Oh, my God, man!

Are you packin' heat?

Jesus!

My God.

Have you ever had to...  
shoot anybody?

I don't kill and tell, Charlie.

These are human beings  
we're talking about.

Yeah.

Eight people.

Are you kidding me, dude?

This is cra...

Oh... Oh, yeah, that. I...

I have not done that. That's...

I did it with you.

That was the last time.

Yep.

It's good to see me again, ain't it?

Wait, right...

Smoke it right here?

You're runnin' with the law tonight,  
Charlie.

You're an untouchable.

That's right.

Oh... here.

Oh, no, I can't.  
Fucking Bureau does random tests.  
You want to get me fired?  
Oh...  
So, what else, Charlie?  
Believe it or not...  
I still actually work at the same place  
I worked in high school.  
Save & Pay Supermarket?  
No. No, I've never worked at Save & Pay.  
I manage the bank that's  
inside of Save & Pay.  
Palm Coast Savings Bank has  
nothing to do with the supermarket.  
Except the fact that it's in it.  
Right, it's in it,  
but that doesn't mean it's a part of it.  
It's its own entity.  
So if the supermarket was closed,  
could I get into the bank?  
Wouldn't happen.  
We keep banking hours,  
so we close before them.  
You keep telling yourself that, Charlie.  
Where you living?  
I live in the same house.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah, Oakmont.  
Man, if you still had that Gremlin  
piece of shit you used to drive,  
we'd be right back in high school.  
The old Gremlin.  
I remember that.  
Yeah, I still have it.  
- You're shittin' me.  
- Yeah.  
- So, basically, everything...  
- It's the same.  
Yeah, it's the same.  
But things are good, man.  
Things are great.  
It's going great, seriously.  
Come on, let's get real.  
Let Maxi-Pad soak up your pain.

My life fuckin' sucks.  
Yeah.  
I drive the same car.  
I have the same job.  
I talk to the same people.  
I'm chasing the same girl...  
except now I pay  
all her credit card bills.  
She still doesn't care about me.  
I mean, I talked to these people tonight,  
they're going parasailing,  
motorcycle racing, cliff diving.  
Oh, fuck all the people tonight.  
They're all fat and old-lookin'.  
Go to Antigua.  
Jump off a cliff.  
I'm too much of a pussy.  
I would never do that.  
Plus, I can't.  
I can't go to Antigua.  
I can't go anywhere,  
I don't have a passport.  
Oh!  
You're not a pussy, Charlie.  
You never were a pussy.  
I'm just in a rut... a bad one.  
I have so many responsibilities.  
Like putting Ted-O's twins  
through college?  
Exactly, that is on the list.  
I mean, what the hell happened to my life?  
Can't give up hope, bud.  
Wish I could start from scratch.  
Just get it right this time.  
Hey, maybe this is the weed,  
I think there's some girl spying on us.  
- 5'5"?  
- Yeah.  
- Dark wig?  
- Yeah.  
- Button nose?  
- Yeah.  
- Don't acknowledge her.  
- Oh.

It's my fucking psycho ex-girlfriend.  
Is she stalkin' you?  
She can't quit me.  
- I gotta talk to her.  
- No, wait. Wait.  
- I miss you.  
- Well... good.  
- Change your mind.  
- Nope.  
- Please.  
- You gotta just fucking be tough.  
Just toughen the fuck...  
Oh, I hate you.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
She's gonna leave you alone now.  
No, I gave her my hotel key.  
She drove all the way out here.  
Might as well feed the giraffe a carrot  
before I send her back to the zoo,  
you know what I mean.  
Damn it, man.  
You are kicking ass and taking names.  
You're doing it.  
You should be doing that with me, Charlie.  
- Like we always talked about.  
- Yeah.  
Hey... I hope I see you again.  
Yeah, me, too.  
Yeah. No, I'm here.  
That's right.  
I got dinner.  
It's covered. I got Chinese.  
Everything you want.  
I got the six egg rolls,  
four orange chickens,  
two Kung Pao chickens.  
Just the way you like it.  
Oh... okay.  
Uh... I'm here, I'm here, I'm here.  
Uh, you sure?  
Two more... Two more Kung Pao chickens,  
are you sure?  
- Excuse me.  
- Okay, I gotta go. Bye.



Are you the manager?

Why, yes I am.

How can I help you?

Can you tell me where I can find  
the kitty litter aisle?

Actually, I'm the bank manager.

Oh...

Palm Coast Savings is a bank  
and we have nothing to do with Save & Pay.

Kitty litter?

It's aisle two.

Hey.

How was karate, boys?

See for yourself!

Hey, Mom, check it out.

Charlie pissed his pants.

Are you sure  
you're not yankin' my crank?

This is real?

All expenses paid?

Naples, Italy?

Naples, Florida?

Oh!

Oh, my God, we so need this.

- Thank you.

- What is it?

You are not gonna believe  
what just happened.

I just won a two-day spa weekend  
at the Ritz-Carlton Resort  
in Naples, Florida!

What?

What? How?

I won the grand prize drawin'  
at the reunion.

I don't even remember there being  
a drawing at the reunion.

I don't remember the reunion.

But I'll fucking take it.

Yeah. Woo-hoo!

Party train.

When is it?

- This weekend.

- Oh, that's perfect.

Tracy is gonna get turnt up.

Tracy?

I thought this was our weekend together?

Well, Charlie, it's a spa.

It's totally

a girls' type of thing.

- Oh.

- It's... it's... Oh!

- Oh, okay.

- But, hey... Charlie,  
this will give you time  
to paint the garage.

Oh, yeah, right...

Oh, my God, they accept dogs!

Tracy's bringing Biscuit!

All right, that sounds fun.

Where the fuck are the fortune cookies?

Karate chop me, you little prick.

I wasn't ready for it.

You ready for this?

Asshole.

Ahoy.

And then it happened.

Permission to come aboard, skipper?

Permission granted, little buddy.

You ready to get your drink on?

Oh, my God.

That is not a Bud Light Party Ball.

If you put your ear to it just right,  
you can still hear somebody puking  
at a Def Leppard concert.

Huh? Huh?

Uh, but I shouldn't  
have a drink right away,  
because I popped a few Dramamine just to,  
you know, help me get my sea legs.

- Oh...

- But, um...

I did get us some Sea-Band bracelets.

One of the cashiers at Save & Pay  
said that this is a miracle worker  
for her mother-in-law.

- I get one, too?

- Yeah.

Oh, thanks, man.  
So, uh, what do you think of my boat?  
This is... insane.  
I've never seen anything like it.  
My God, I gotta join the FBI.  
How long have you had her?  
She's a virgin.  
I want you to pop her cherry.  
- Me?  
- Yeah. Grab this.  
- What do I do?  
- Come on.  
- To, uh, kickin' ass and taking names!  
- There he is.  
- You fuck!  
- Are you shitting me?  
You brought it back to my...  
I'm fucking with you. Yeah!  
Yeah. Yeah, man.  
Hi!  
Hi, guys!  
Hey, girls, come on.  
Huh?  
Fuck, yeah.  
Thank you!  
- Oh... Oh! "Show us your dick."  
- No.  
Show them.  
Don't even think about it.  
Let's see it.  
Come on! Come on!  
Okay. Okay.  
- Oh!  
- Boo!  
- What the hell is that?  
- Come on!  
I couldn't believe it.  
I was having the best time  
of my adult life.  
It was like Max and I had  
never been apart.  
The years melted away and we were goofy  
teenagers again, having nothing but fun.  
Max!

Forgetting my troubles for a while  
was just what the doctor ordered.

- Wow!

- Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Fuckin' A, baby!

You got dinner for us!

Fuck you! Fuck you!

Deep down, I knew that soon

I'd have to get back to the real world.

But Max had a way

of making me forget all my...

Hey.

What's...

Hey, Mr. Sleepyhead.

What's going on?

Why am...

Why am I tied up?

I didn't want you to freak out  
when you came to.

You think tying me to a bed's  
not gonna freak me out?

- Where the hell am I?

- You're in a motel.

You were snoring your balls off  
for, like, 24 hours straight.

Wait, what? What?

Yeah, I guess I went  
a little heavy on the roofies.

You roofied me?

Max, please let me go.

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Not a problem, buddy.

Let me get you out of there.

I got you in a half hitch.

You know who taught me that knot?

Your father,

when we went fishing that day.

Your equilibrium's gonna be way off  
'cause of the drugs.

So just kind of take it easy

- when I get you free, okay?

- Uh-huh.

There you go.

I'm gonna fucking kill you!

- Charlie, I told you.  
- Oh, God.  
Come here.  
Just do it, serial killer.  
Kill me, get it over with!  
I'm not gonna kill you.  
What the fuck are you talking about?  
Sit down.  
You know why I'm not gonna kill you?  
Because you're already dead.  
- What?  
- I did it, Charlie.  
I pulled off the greatest magic act  
of all time.  
I made us disappear.  
Wait, you did what?  
I faked our deaths.  
Charlie, look at this.  
I maxed out all my credit cards'  
cash advances.  
\$62,000!  
Dead people don't have to pay their bills.  
So Amex can blow me.  
And you wanted a passport.  
Huh?  
Where the fuck is it?  
Oh!  
You are officially now  
Dr. Ronald P. Fishman, world traveler.  
- You were sleeping.  
- I don't wanna be Dr. Ronald P. Fishman.  
Well, you can't be Butch Ryder,  
'cause I already put my picture  
on this one, so, you snooze, you lose.  
Max, why are you doing this?  
So you could start from scratch.  
Get a brand new life.  
I made your wish come true.  
That night... I was stoned!  
I didn't know what I was saying!  
Where's Dr. Fishman?  
At the bottom of the ocean...  
with Butch Ryder.  
Jesus Christ,

how many people did you kill?  
I didn't kill anybody.  
I just borrowed two dead bodies.  
Charlie, calm down.  
You have a right to be mad,  
'cause I did lie to you.  
I'm not in the FBI.  
I made that up 'cause I was embarrassed  
of where my life turned out.  
I am a coroner.  
At the city morgue.  
Mr. Falcone was right!  
I stack bodies for a living.  
Just like he uncannily predicted.  
I can't believe this.  
Hey, we both needed a fresh start.  
And when these two  
age-appropriate bodies rolled in...  
no one claimed them for a week,  
I... fake-cremated them.  
And I put 'em on ice.  
This is exactly why I had to stop  
hanging out with you, Max.  
It's coming back to me.  
You're crazy.  
This is too much. It's too much.  
I can't do it. I can't.  
Hey, you have to do this,  
or we're looking at five to ten...  
for faking our own deaths.  
Plus, I didn't opt for the fuckin'  
insurance on the boat rental.  
So that...  
that'll fuck me, man.  
Max, I... I'm gonna go home, okay?  
I gotta go home.  
Charlie, you wanna go home?  
To that miserable wife and those kids?  
And the Save & Pay job?  
I don't work at Save & fucking Pay!  
Charlie...  
you tried.  
- Go on.  
- Um...

You made a good casserole.  
I feel real sad that you were a Democrat.  
And, um...  
I don't know what else to say.  
I think you said it all, baby.  
I think you said it all.  
Charlie McMillan and I went  
to school together our entire lives.  
The first time I actually noticed him...  
was when he turned up at the firehouse  
to ask for my ex-wife's hand in marriage.  
Now, I didn't know whether to hit him...  
or hug him!  
Predictable.  
Reliable.  
Dependable!  
I'm not just talking about my Ford F-150.  
Talkin' about Charlie McMillan,  
who I know for a fact,  
would want us to wrap this up  
so we can get home and watch  
the Dolphins game.  
Am I right?  
Five and two this season.  
Can I get a "Go Fish"?  
Let's go win this one for Charlie!  
Come on, honey.  
- Aw.  
- This is for you.  
Thank you.  
Thanks, I appreciate it.  
Jesus.  
Touchdown, Dolphins!  
Yeah!  
And that  
was the moment I realized  
I was glad Charlie McMillan was dead.  
My dry-cleaner showed up?  
Did not see that coming.  
I love that guy.  
Why don't you go down there  
and freak him out?  
Didn't expect to see you so quick.  
You think I'd miss my killer's funeral?

There it is.  
He's back.  
- Can I take a look?  
- Go ahead.  
Who's this guy in the suit?  
Is that George Michael?  
I have no idea.  
And what's this?  
Is that your crazy ex-girlfriend?  
Is she here, too?  
What is she doing?  
Come on.  
Cut that shit.  
Hey, buddy.  
You know you didn't really die.  
Why are you getting so worked up?  
Oh.  
Got a little too real for me for a minute.  
All right, well, this is it.  
So, what now, Butch Ryder?  
You got me.  
Well, we're free men.  
We can do  
whatever the fuck we want now.  
Actually, I stumbled upon something  
that might be worth investigating.  
- Okay.  
- See this key?  
- Yeah.  
- Pick it up.  
Smell it.  
Mmm.  
Smells like shit.  
'Cause I found it up Butch Ryder's ass.  
Why would you be digging up  
some dead guy's ass?  
You'd be surprised how many people  
hide stuff up their ass.  
Important stuff.  
Pick it up, one more time.  
Here.  
Just, uh... What do you think?  
What could that open up?  
This is a level 5-A security key.



How fucking smart are you?  
Based on the tooth pattern,  
I'd say it's foreign.  
Number suggests a Latin country.  
And the fact that it was  
up some dead guy's butt...  
I would say it's a safety deposit box key.  
Charlie! How the fuck did you do that?  
Could we find it?  
May I?  
As a manager of a bank,  
I have access to a federal database.  
Should be able to provide a match.  
Let's go, baby.  
What?  
Oh, man.  
Oh, man, this is it.  
That looks nice.  
Banco Nacional de Puerto Rico.  
Okay. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Oh, no. They might have a  
biometric identification process.  
That means we need fingerprints.  
Wish you would have told me that  
before I blew up the bodies.  
I would have saved the hands.  
Well, hopefully, they have what's known as  
a "document-based identification process."  
Just let me charm  
the fucking skirt off this seorita.  
It's nice to be back.  
Assuming I've been here before...  
which I would know, obviously.  
Have we met?  
No, I don't believe we have.  
Right, 'cause you got  
a very forgettable face.  
You want people to remember you,  
maybe get a personality, right?  
You're not one of the Mario brothers,  
are you?  
Hey, since his ID is in order,  
we'd like to be taken  
to the safety deposit room immediately

and be given privacy,  
which is our right  
under the Banking Act of 1938.

Of course.

Oh, it fits.

- Shit.

- Oh... it's a big one.

- God!

- A little heavy for ya?

Um, I got it.

Whoa!

I always wanted one of these.

A tablet! Dibs!

Look at this!

All this money!

Dibs! Dibs! On the money!

Max, there's gotta be like a  
million bucks in here! You're rich!

That's great!

Oh, and this.

What's this?

There's a note.

"Butch, here are the keys  
to your secret hideaway,  
where I know you'll find  
the peace and quiet you're looking for.

I hope you enjoy many happy,  
healthy years here.

You deserve it, you sexy bastard.

Love... Dakota."

Ooh, Dakota sounds hot.

Yeah. There's the key!

And it doesn't smell like shit.

I hope it has a good view!

- Ah!

- Jesus.

What?

Who lived here, Bill Gates?

Huge TV, definitely not my Zenith.

Full bar!

Oh, dude.

Puerto Rico!

There's, like, five houses in this house.

Another pool!

Place is gorgeous!

We're gonna have the best time here, bud.

Yeah!

- Don't tell me you hid more bodies?

- No.

I got dibs on the master suite.

- I got dibs on the Ferrari!

- Oh...

You dick.

Yeah. That's it?

No... Hey!

- Hey!

- Hey!

Hi, I wanted, real quick...

Just one second, if I could.

I'm Dr. Ronald P. Fishman.

Hola, everybody.

I'm an Aquarius and I have a red Ferrari  
and I'm pretty sure I'm Jewish.

I moved here, just down the road,  
into a massive beachfront mansion.

I just wanna tell you  
that I'm gonna be getting drunk here  
every night for the rest of my life.  
The good news is, I'm buying your drinks  
for the rest of your lives!

I just...

- Will you do... Yeah.

- I'll do it, I'll do it.

And play "Who Let The Dogs Out."

Who let the...

Are you out of your fucking mind, man?

What are you bringing  
so much attention to us for?

No, I said I was Dr. Ronald Fishman.

And I'm the legendary Butch Ryder.

But don't you think maybe somebody here  
might know those guys for real?

We don't even look like 'em.

What do they look like?

Oh, shit.

Oh, my God!

Oh, he's got tattoos.

You have to get

those exact same tattoos as Butch.  
I do, do I?  
If Dr. Fishman has tattoos,  
I'd go get 'em.  
He didn't have a tattoo,  
but there's somethin' else that he had.  
Oh, yeah! I'll get an earring,  
I don't care.  
You don't put this in your ear.  
Where does it go?  
Kickin' ass  
and takin' names, baby!  
Yeah!  
Hmm...  
Hmm... hmm...  
No!  
Want a Popsicle?  
Do we have any cherry ones left?  
Yeah, one more.  
- Yes.  
- Proud of you, man.  
You earned my respect last night.  
You're a tough guy.  
You know, I wish  
I did invent time travel.  
- Uh-huh.  
- 'Cause I would go back to last night  
and not put a hole in my tongue!  
Jeez...  
How many weird apps are here?  
Jenga.  
Why are you still  
messing with that?  
Yeah, you're a computer genius.  
You think there's any place  
they could have hid something on here?  
You know, like, behind a firewall  
or some shit?  
It's not a computer.  
It's a tablet.  
There is no firewall. What's on there  
that's hidden you need to find?  
Some amateur porn?  
Maybe Butch fuckin' Dakota?

If I'm gonna be Butch,  
I gotta know all his moves.  
Does he slap ass?  
Is he a nipple flicker? Or...  
does he whip out the dildo  
and go to town with that?  
Oh, that sounds like a party.  
Hi, I hope I'm not intruding.  
I'm Dawn DeFazio.  
I'm your next door neighbor.  
Oh, hey, Dawn.  
I'm Butch Ryder.  
This is my best friend, uh,  
Dr. Ronald P. Fishman.  
The P stands for "pussy pounder."  
It's great to finally meet you.  
I was starting to think  
you were never gonna move in.  
Yeah, the movers were here  
about a month ago,  
but they were so hush-hush  
about who was movin' in here.  
Like it was the president  
or George Clooney or somethin'.  
Ah, that's interesting.  
I don't know what the big secret was.  
It's just us.  
What do you think?  
You want a Corona?  
I'd tell you to pull up a lounge chair,  
but we don't got no more.  
Maybe Dr. Ron'll  
make you a little room.  
Ooh. Oh, I would love to.  
But actually, I'm running late  
for my mani-pedi.  
I gotta get all pretty for tonight.  
Oh, you two should come with.  
It's Rum Runner night at Club Oro.  
- Lookin' sharp, by the way, big boy.  
- Really?  
You don't think this is too Magnum?  
You could never go too Magnum.  
Maybe lose the hat, though.

Ooh, hola, neighbors.

- Butch, Ronald, this is my co-pilot, Joan.

- Ah.

Dawn dragged me along to make sure she doesn't do anything to embarrass herself.

Who's watching you, then?

- Oh, you're funny.

- Mmm-hmm.

Buenas noches. Welcome to Rum Runner night here at Club Oro.

I'm Jorge, I'm gonna be your shooter boy for the evening.

Jorge, nice to meet you.

Who's this crazy fuck over here?

Oh, he's, uh, shooter boy-in-training.

He's just watching, observing, no need to worry.

How can I help you?

How about four Panty Droppers?

Oh, yeah!

Naughty, naughty, naughty!

- Whoo!

- Hey!

Jorge, I don't think it worked.

Maybe they're not wearing panties.

Guilty!

Wow!

- You boys can still bust a move, huh?

- Oh, yeah!

Not bad for a couple of old farts.

Please, I got you both beat.

How old are you?

I'll put it to you this way, we're over the speed limit.

- No way! Y'all aren't 55.

- Mmm-mmm.

You're right, Joan.

This guy just had his 57th birthday.

Well, I've never been afraid of doing over 55.

Easy, Dawn. You're gonna overheat.

We need to make a pit stop in the little girls' room.

Don't flood your engines

in there, huh?  
We got a long ride ahead of us.  
Hey, wait, why are you telling 'em  
that we're in our mid-'50s?  
Whenever a chick asks me my age,  
I always add ten years.  
Why do you do that?  
You tell them your real age,  
they just shrug. No big deal.  
Now, you're the fountain of fucking youth.  
No wonder that chick stalks you.  
Where did you learn to talk like this?  
You ever been in a threesome?  
I'm not guaranteeing anything, but,  
uh, let's try to get that done for you.  
Are you shitting me?  
You gotta stop staring at me.  
Oh, sorry.  
You're still staring at me, man.  
That's poor three-way etiquette.  
All right, Jorge.  
Come on, rookie mistake.  
Why don't you let the doctor  
get a turn in the cockpit, huh?  
Rotate for a minute.  
Okay, I'm cool.  
I'm gonna go take a dookie.  
I'll be back in two. Got it?  
I'll just... I'm gonna...  
I'm gonna chill here.  
Taking notes?  
Good man.  
Hey, Dr. Ron, you know what?  
Let me hop in the saddle.  
My fuckin' arthritis  
in my knees is killin' me.  
- Oh, okay. That's fine.  
- Yeah, okay.  
This is not what  
I had in mind when you said threesome!  
It's not my fault Joan passed out.  
But why shooter boy?  
I don't know, you're the one  
who loves staring at him.

Hey, Dawn.

- Can I ask you a question?

- Sure.

The, uh, mover guys...

did they happen to give you  
any information about us?

No.

But I play tennis

with your real estate lady  
and she told me something.

But she said not to repeat it to anyone.

Oh, well, we're all getting close  
here tonight, come on.

Well, she said that the buyers, you guys,  
seemed to be in an awful hurry.

Like, maybe you were  
on the run or somethin'.

"On the run"?

You bad boys.

- Oh! Oh, that's wonderful.

- Uh-huh.

- Oh, thank you.

- Ah...

You're welcome.

Snake delivery!

This the right address?

Oh, shit.

Who ordered that?

All right, Charlie.

Enjoy the view.

Yo, what's up with the AC?

I'm fuckin' sweating my balls off in here.

I'm sorry.

Oh! There's the sex machine.

Morning.

You must be hungry.

One or two sausages?

- One.

- Just the one. Okay.

Would it be better if there were two...  
sweaty eggs underneath it?

Come on.

I gotta say, bud. You like it.

Right here, I'll just...



Can I get some food?  
Last one...  
Gotta be happy, though.  
The tongue ring, Dawn dug it.  
So did Jorge.  
Can we not talk about last night again?  
Ever?  
All right.  
Everything was in balance, though, man.  
Dawn says that her husband  
cheats on her all the time.  
- Wait, she's married?  
- Yeah, she's married.  
Who do you think we're playing  
golf with on Sunday?  
Are you fucking with me?  
No, we're playing golf with the guy.  
I just...  
That face you just made  
reminded me of last night with the dick,  
when it came out, you were like...  
By the way,  
I think that snake was a cobra,  
because it had a hood and a flat head.  
It was so gross.  
You let that happen.  
I gotta sit down.  
I'm dizzy.  
You don't feel good.  
What do you got, a hangover?  
Yes, the king is fucking hungover.  
Wow.  
Look at this.  
You see that?  
Butch has a picture with Dr. Fishman.  
They knew each other.  
Yeah, they got brought in together,  
I assumed they were friends.  
Well, who's the girl?  
Is that Dakota?  
No, Dakota's my dead guy's chick.  
That's yours, buddy.  
Your girlfriend or, uh...  
look at the ring.

Your wife.  
I'm married!  
She's a babe.  
Yeah, look at you  
fallin' in love all over again.  
Forgot about Jorge, did you?  
Whoo!  
Fuck.  
Hey!  
We got an underwater doorbell!  
Butch Ryder knew how to live!  
Fuck yeah, man.  
All right, you swim.  
It's probably Dawn, ready for round two.  
Is that what the bell means, round two?  
What the fuck is this?  
Cheese...  
lettuce...  
Ah... No! Mustard.  
Not too much.  
Ooh!  
Hey! I'm gonna fuckin' kill you, Fishman!  
What? Well, who are you?  
You know who the fuck I am!  
And you know what you did!  
No, I don't.  
You tag-teamed my wife!  
Yeah, she told me all about your...  
your little snake delivery!  
My snake delivery?  
That wasn't me!  
That was Jorge, the shooter boy!  
- Get the fuck out of the pool. Get out!  
- No, I can't.  
- Get out of the fucking pool!  
- It's not a good idea.  
You're not gonna come out?  
I'll come in there and break  
your fucking skull.  
No! No, listen.  
Let's talk about this.  
Let's have a beer together.  
What the...  
What the...

Ow!  
And that's where the shit  
really hit the fan.  
I was about to die for real  
and I was not ready for that.  
Luckily, my friend Max was keeping  
another secret from me...  
Daddy's got you.  
He was Action fucking Jackson.  
Aren't you a little fucking tall  
for gymnastics?  
- Oh!  
- Let's go. Run, Ron! Ron, run!  
- Come on. Go. You're Ron.  
- Yeah.  
Yeah, our friend at the bank was correct.  
Ryder and Fishman have  
returned from the dead.  
These two gentlemen have  
taken over their identities.  
Out of all the dead bodies in the world...  
you pick the most wanted man in America?  
Stop swiping!  
How could you not have  
researched these guys?  
I researched them.  
Dr. Ron's a very successful doctor  
with an impeccable record,  
who, unfortunately,  
got two bullets to the head.  
You said he died of natural causes!  
You naturally die  
if you get two bullets to the head!  
Maybe I'm not good with words.  
Who the hell are you, man?  
And don't lie to me again!  
Okay, stop freaking out.  
You're right, I'm not a coroner.  
I'm a fucking...  
guidance counselor.  
Shut the fuck up.  
How could a guidance counselor  
take on trained assassins?  
I went to police academy.

I wanted to be a motorcycle cop.  
I took it very serious.  
I was number one in the class  
in marksmanship.  
Then why aren't you a cop?  
- 'Cause I couldn't pop a fucking wheelie.  
- You couldn't pop a wheelie?  
And I didn't fare too well  
on the psychological exam.  
That I believe. Wow.  
Now, where did you get these dead bodies?  
I found them dead.  
They were... gone.  
I didn't kill 'em.  
And you never thought, for once,  
that maybe their family,  
maybe their friends, a cop,  
a ten-foot-tall assassin  
might come lookin' for 'em?  
No... but I guess that's why  
I should've come clean before.  
You always think shit through  
better than I do.  
What's our next move?  
What do we do now?  
What do we do? That's easy.  
We turn ourselves in.  
Okay.  
I want to do that, too.  
We're looking at 25 to 30 years,  
but I can handle that.  
No! No, you said it was five to ten.  
That was before we stole all that money.  
And we shot Dawn's husband.  
You shot Dawn's husband!  
I only shot him  
because you tag-teamed his wife,  
you fucking degenerate.  
What do you think a Puerto Rican jury  
is gonna say about that?  
Oh, my God, we're screwed.  
- God, I'm an idiot.  
- No, no, no, no, no.  
- We can get out of this.

- I'm so stupid.

All we gotta do is find out why these guys  
wanna kill us and then we'll stop 'em.

They're involved with somethin'  
fuckin' shady, right?

The mob or drugs or some shit,  
I don't know.

- Yeah.

- You know who would know?

Who would know?

Dr. Ronald Fishman's wife...

who happens to be pretty hot, by the way.

So we decided to go back

to the States to talk to Mrs. Fishman.

As suicidal as it seemed to follow Max,  
it was my only option.

And with no place to live

and no way to get around,

we found a way to combine the two.

We found the house easy enough

but we couldn't just go up

and knock on the door.

Our meeting with Mrs. Fishman

had to seem accidental.

Oh, yeah.

Oh, you like that, do you?

I know you like that.

'Cause you're my dirty,

crazy, sweet girl.

- Max?

- Oh!

What's up?

What are you doing?

What was I doing?

I, uh... was having some fun,

I guess, you know.

We all didn't get to play

Three Amigos the other night.

So, I was just looking for some relief.

You... Who were you talking to?

I was talking to a 1-800 number, uh,

"Dial-a-boner."

A girl talks dirty to you

while you fuck a doll.

It's five bucks a minute.  
Good to be back in the States.  
You say that like it's so normal.  
Oh, there she is.  
There she is.  
Oh, shit.  
Yeah.  
Well, doc,  
your wife has a very nice body.  
What's the plan?  
- Follow her. Just follow her.  
- What? Yeah?  
You can do this.  
You can do this.  
Go, go, go.  
Don't let her get too far away.  
What the fuck?  
Oh, my God!  
Oh, my God! Are you okay?  
Are you all right?  
Jesus, what the hell were you thinking?  
That's why I bought you a phone book!  
So you could see  
over the fucking steering wheel!  
Sit on it next time!  
It's okay, sweetheart.  
I'm an EMT.  
Let me just make sure you're all right,  
check your head.  
What's your name, dear?  
Heather Fishman.  
And how many asshole drivers  
can you see right now?  
- One.  
- Right on the money. Good.  
So, can we get you back to your house?  
- Yeah, that'd be great. Thanks.  
- Yeah.  
Oh!  
Easy, easy, easy, easy.  
I just wanna say,  
even though I'm friends with him,  
if you choose to sue him,  
I will testify on your behalf.

Not a problem.

Aw, that's sweet of you,  
but I don't think that'll be necessary.

- I'm pretty sure it's just a bruise.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- How about the ice?

- Let's get the ice.

- I know. I got it.

- Oh, you found the kitchen. Okay.

- Yeah, that's right.

All right, here you go.

I'm gonna...

- I'll put it right there.

- Okay.

I think if you elevate it  
above your heart,  
that's what's supposed to be good for it.

It's actually my other knee.

Okay, all right. So, lift that up.

And I'll put the ice like this.

What are you doing right now?

- Oh, my God! I'm so sorry!

- Ow!

I'm sorry, I didn't...

- It's fine.

- Here. Here. Okay.

Don't be mad at him, he gets nervous  
every time he likes somebody.

Whoops, did I say that?

Oh, you want us to get that for you?

- Oh, no, that's okay, I can handle it.

- But your knee...

You guys can leave, I'm fine.

- Honestly, guys, you can leave.

- Sure.

What do we do?

Mrs. Fishman, I'm so sorry.

I'm gonna have to get you out of here.

- Okay?

- Mmm-hmm.

Whoa, whoa. Mrs. Fishman!

Wait! Wait! Wait! Please!

We're here to help you,

not hurt you, I promise.  
We got off on the wrong foot.  
My name is Charlie.  
What the fuck?  
Please, let me go!  
Let me out!  
- Let me out!  
- Heather!  
- Let me out!  
- Calm down!  
Calm down, we're the good guys,  
I promise you.  
- You have to trust us. Please.  
- "Trust you"?  
You kidnap me, and you hit me  
with a Winnebago...  
We did that for a reason!  
- "A reason"?  
- Listen to me, I have proof.  
- We are not lying.  
- You better show me proof!  
Mrs. Fishman, this is your husband.  
- Oh, my God!  
- What are you doing?  
She wanted proof!  
A dead, naked picture of him  
makes us look like the bad guys.  
- Hey, I don't know.  
- Don't you think?  
Can you please pull over?  
I can't breathe.  
- It's so hot in here.  
- I'll pull over! I'll pull over!  
- She's upset.  
- Yeah.  
She's upset.  
Do you think we could run to the doctor  
for two seconds, I just feel like this...  
We don't got time, buddy.  
Just get over that.  
So Ronnie's really gone?  
Uh... yeah, I'm afraid so.  
I have been looking for him.  
I kept praying that he was safe, but...



deep down,  
I knew something bad had happened.  
We are so sorry for your loss.  
If it's any consolation,  
your husband went quickly and peacefully.  
Just...  
two shots to the skull,  
- right through there, then...  
- out the end.  
Oh, my God!  
What he says is...  
He's saying that we're very sorry,  
but we also have one more problem.  
You see, there are some people out there  
that think I'm your husband,  
- and they're trying to kill me.  
- Right.  
Why do they think you're Ronnie?  
Well, he stole your husband's ID  
and started impersonating him.  
He's also wearing his clothes  
like a fucking weirdo.  
We figure the same people  
that are trying to kill us...  
are the ones who shot your husband.  
"Us"? And who are you pretending to be?  
The legendary Butch Ryder.  
Butch Ryder?  
- You know him?  
- Yeah.  
Yeah.  
We found pictures of you and your husband  
on Butch's tablet.  
Was he a patient of his or something?  
No, Ronnie didn't practice anymore.  
He ran a pharmaceutical research firm.  
Butch was his friend.  
They used to ride motorcycles together.  
He... he said he was a fun guy.  
Fun enough to land himself on the FBI's  
Most Wanted list.  
- What?  
- Yeah.  
- Oh, my God.

- Both of their bodies were found together.

We think maybe Butch got your husband tangled into some trouble.

Well, I guess that would make sense why our house was broken into last week.

Did they take anything?

Oh, that was the weird part, they just tore apart Ronnie's study.

I bet they were looking for something.

Astonishing work there, Nancy Drew.

Anyways, did he ever come to your house?

Did he possibly hide something there?

No.

Ronnie would always meet him

at some biker bar,

this place, um, off of Route 80.

Bing-bang, let's roll.

- Okay. Hey, come on. Come with us.

- I'm going there?

I can't believe

Ronnie used to come to this place.

Yes, shocking.

So, you gonna make a move on that, or am I gonna do it?

Jeez, her husband just died.

She's mourning, for Christ's sake.

Yeah, then she needs a nice dick to cry on.

Hey... Encino Man, how are you?

I was wondering if you happen to know a badass...

by the name of Butch Ryder?

Yeah, I know Butch, and I'll tell you the same thing I told the cops,

I ain't seen him in months.

Now, order some drinks or get out.

Three Jamesons.

Hope you're proud of yourself, killing that tiny elephant and putting his tusk in your nose.

Real tough.

Here's to new friends.

- To Ronnie.

- Yeah. Yeah, him, too.

Good God.  
Jameson, man.  
Every time,  
it reminds me of my 55th birthday party.  
Remember that night?  
Wasn't that the best?  
- Come on. You're 55?  
- Can you believe that?  
I'm actually gonna be 57 next week.  
Where does time go?  
Wow, you look amazing.  
Well, I eat a lot of fruit.  
Peaches are my favorite.  
I can eat a peach for about two,  
three hours.  
Mmm...  
You think he's old... I'm 66.  
Yeah, I can see that.  
- Seventy?  
- Hey.  
It's not The Price Is Right.  
We'll be right back.  
Gonna talk to him for a sec.  
What the hell are you doing?  
Chicks don't wanna fuck senior citizens.  
Senior citizens don't wanna  
fuck senior citizens.  
Look at her, she's so far  
out of my league, I can't think.  
But she's grieving,  
which makes her vulnerable,  
which means you have a shot.  
Now, first time you feel like  
there's a moment, seize it.  
Look her in the eyes,  
grab the back of her neck,  
say nothing...  
and then fuck her in the mouth  
with your tongue.  
- You're a psycho.  
- Fuck you.  
So Benjamin Button here is gonna  
buy you another drink.  
I'm gonna go look for a canary

and make him sing.  
Hey, Bamm-Bamm,  
can we get two more, man?  
All right.  
Let's look at your hand, Grandpa.  
I used to be a nurse.  
That's how I met Ronnie.  
What's the prognosis?  
You think you can... save it?  
Let's see.  
- To numbing the pain?  
- Sure.  
That is for hitting me with the Winnebago.  
Hey, gentlemen?  
Anybody using this chair?  
- It's yours.  
- Thanks.  
What kind of hogs you riding nowadays?  
I've still got my...  
Whoa!  
Where the hell is Butch?  
What did you do with him?  
He's at the bottom of the ocean.  
Let me show you a picture.  
- You killed him!  
- No, no, no! He didn't kill him!  
We're trying to find the guys who did.  
Then why is this sick bastard  
wearing Butch's tats and jewelry?  
Because he's a sick bastard,  
but he's telling you the truth.  
He didn't kill Butch and he didn't  
kill my husband, Ronnie, either.  
You're Mrs. Fishman?  
Yes.  
Fuck!  
Butch was diagnosed  
with stage-four cancer.  
He was given six months to live.  
So that's how they met.  
Ronnie was working  
on some promising cancer treatments.  
More than promising.  
Butch told me Ronnie developed

a magic bullet.

It was a treatment  
that used an MRI machine  
to target the bad cells  
and not kill the good ones.

I had no idea they had gotten that far.  
Well, they were conducting some secret,  
non-FDA approved clinical trials.

Butch and some other guys  
were the guinea pigs.

- And it was working?

- Bet your ass it was working.

Guys were getting better,  
no fucking side effects.

When Ronnie had to shut down the program,  
they both were devastated.

Which leads me to ask,  
why the fuck would they close down  
a program that was working?

Money. Ronnie's partner, Shecky,  
Arthur Sheck, he was the money guy.

He called up one day,  
suddenly the funds had dried up,  
and they had to cancel  
all these research programs.

- That must have been one of 'em.

- Yes, ma'am, it was.

Until Butch and your husband  
took matters into their own hands.

- What does that mean?

- It means Butch started knocking off banks  
to have enough money  
to continue the treatments.

Holy shit.

When he got that pretty little face of his  
on the FBI's Most Wanted List...

they sent me down to Puerto Rico  
to set up their secret hideaway.

But I guess they... never made it there.

Wait a minute.

You're Dakota?

Yeah.

"Dakota sounds hot."

Oh, fuck you.

Sounds like you and Butch  
were pretty close.  
He knew me like no other man  
had ever known me before.  
Tough, but tender.  
What's this now?  
We were fuck buddies for years.  
Until Dr. Ronnie came along  
and stole his heart away.  
No disrespect.  
Oh, shit, you didn't know?  
Oh, sugar... I am so, so sorry.  
- This explains a lot.  
- The thing is,  
Dr. Ronnie and Butch were killed  
not because they were  
in love with each other,  
or knockin' off banks...  
because they were trying to cure cancer.  
Which is fucking disgraceful.  
This gets me so goddamn upset.  
That brings back some nice memories.  
You know, I gotta give you credit.  
You rock that jewelry real well.  
You know, that's how we met.  
I'm a jewelry designer.  
- Oh.  
- And Butch, that boy loved his bling.  
Oh, yeah?  
Did you make Dr. Ronald's  
tongue ring, too?  
I like it, it's fun.  
Yeah, that's one of mine.  
But... that ain't a tongue ring.  
That's a cock stud.  
What? What?  
I can't believe you let me put  
a cock stud in my mouth!  
I can't believe my husband had  
a cock stud in his cock.  
Yeah, that's worse.  
Come on, that's worse.  
Don't be a baby.  
- And Max...

- Yeah.  
If you need some place to lay low...  
you can always shack up with me, baby boy.  
Yeah, that's very sweet of you, Dakota.  
I just don't know how safe  
that would be for me or you.  
I know you wanna kiss me...  
but I'm not your Butch.  
I'll never be Butch.  
What I can do is give you a mental image  
to go enjoy yourself later with.  
You're a bad boy.  
Oh, choke on it, baby, choke me.  
Is this your friend?  
Ooh... Oh, yeah.  
Did he just cum in his pants?  
The Gymnast.  
No!  
- What are you doing? Go that way!  
- Donuts!  
Where am I?  
You cannot find me?  
I ain't afraid of you,  
I ain't afraid of fucking nothing!  
You don't kill me. I kill you.  
And the Russian judges give that  
a what-the-fuck-just-happened-there?  
I can't believe that guy found us!  
What do we do?  
We gotta hide out somewhere.  
My mother's summer cottage.  
- Your mother's cottage?  
- Yeah.  
You don't wanna drag her into all this.  
It's all right.  
She's senile as hell now.  
She sat on the toilet  
the other day for six hours  
thinking she was on a bus to Disney World.  
They could torture the shit out of her.  
She wouldn't cough up a word.  
Not many houses on this island.  
Oh, yeah, we're secluded.  
No one's gonna find us here.

Hey, check this out.

- That old YZinger? You have that still?

- Yeah!

You were a mad man on that.

I could never pop a wheelie,  
but guess who got me that thing?

- Who?

- Your dad.

- My dad?

- Your dad, after my father died.

He did stuff like that all the time  
for me, I'll never forget that.

Just looked out for me  
when I was growing up.

Sounds like a good man.

- The best.

- If he's such a good man,  
why didn't he give me one?

Well, look at you.

You were good at reading.

Just stick with that. Come on.

"Look at you."

That's the only answer you have.

My mother is gonna be psyched to see you.

How senile is your mom?

Will she remember me?

Of course,  
she talks about you all the time.

- Oh!

- Mom!

Mom! What are you doing?

The fridge! The fridge!

Come on, the pizza guy, the president,  
the mailman, the gardener, the me!

I called you on the phone, remember?

That's why you set dinner up for us.

Oh!

Max!

Ah, there you go.

Oh, a jump.

I love you.

Look who's here.

Sonny Bono and Donna Summer!

What hurt more?



The frying pan or the Sonny Bono thing?  
It's all pretty bad today.  
I still can't believe it.  
My Maxi's best friend,  
little Charlie McMillan.  
You know, after all these years,  
he never stopped talking about you.  
- How you're so successful.  
- Mmm-hmm.  
Became the big branch manager  
of Save & Pay Supermarkets.  
You got a good memory, Mom.  
I hear you married the prom queen.  
What was that whore's name again?  
Uh, Nikki.  
And we're not married anymore,  
Mrs. Kessler.  
She wasn't very nice to me.  
Good, I hope you didn't catch  
any sores from her filthy...  
you know...  
vagina.  
Oh...  
No, there was none of...  
That wasn't the reason.  
Hey, who's that cute kid on the fridge?  
Little Maxi. Isn't he gorgeous?  
He's coming to see me next week.  
What the hell are you talking about?  
Visit you next week? That's me, Ma.  
You're Little Maxi?  
No, I'm Big Maxi!  
You remember the Save & Pay job,  
but you don't remember I grew up?  
Uh... I remember you loved  
that little Jimmie Walker T-shirt.  
See, I love how he remembers  
this stuff and... and you...  
I just wish you showed up at my funeral.  
Maybe, uh, that's what's bothering me.  
You're a ghost?  
Oh, I'm so confused.  
It's not you, I'm sorry.  
Don't be upset. I love you.

I know, you're just old... and crazy.  
Hey, one thing you shouldn't  
be confused about...  
I don't work at Save & Pay.  
I work... I work in the bank inside of...  
I'm a bank manager.  
Hey, guys, I just got  
off the phone with Shecky.  
He has no idea Ronald's dead.  
I didn't have the heart to tell him.  
Or he's pretending he has no idea.  
Everybody be cool.  
It's probably just the fuse box.  
Happens all the time.  
I don't know,  
somebody could be out there, Max.  
Ma, where's my bag?  
- I don't remember.  
- Yeah, that's a shock.  
Found it.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah.  
You know, I'm the kind of guy  
who always carries  
a rubber in my wallet...  
...and an umbrella in my trunk.  
'Cause you never know  
when you're gonna fuck in the rain.  
Max!  
Ma, you know you fucked in the rain.  
Relax.  
That's true.  
And the snow.  
- Yeah!  
- Max, wait.  
You don't know if it's safe out there.  
Yeah? For who?  
Yep, it's the fuse box!  
Holy fuck!  
Stupid, selfish, son of a bitch!  
- Whoa!  
- I am so tired of these games!  
I know you are!  
Whoa, whoa. Whoa!

I can't do it.  
You need to come back to me.  
I need you.  
You need me.  
Oh! Who's this sexy bitch?  
I'm his mother.  
Not you, Ma.  
Becca, it's not what you think.  
Oh, no, of course not.  
Because your mother knows  
the world of pain that I'm in right now.  
Would you just please  
put the gun down so we can talk?  
I can't believe...  
I just cannot believe that this is how  
you would want to end everything.  
- I just wanna talk to you.  
- Listen, you're sick, Max.  
- You're sick.  
- I know, I'm sorry.  
I just don't understand.  
Why wouldn't you want to spend  
every last minute with me?  
I'm your family.  
I'm your family.  
- I know.  
- You don't know!  
- All right!  
- You have no fucking idea!  
We'll give you guys  
some privacy.  
- Get a hold of yourself.  
- I'll take this, too.  
You gotta just walk away.  
Just say goodbye.  
Just say goodbye.  
That's it.  
All right.  
Say goodbye to this.  
You gotta go! Go!  
I'm going!  
Then go!  
- Shut the door.  
- Get over here. Get over here.

They are fucking crazy.  
Ma! Ma, get the fuck out of here!  
It's so fucking hot  
how you tracked me down, woman.  
I would follow you  
to the pits of hell, you fucker!  
Yeah, well, I'm smelling  
your pits as I fuck you silly.  
Oh, that got me!  
Oh, I'm coming!  
Oh, smell my feet.  
Whoo!  
I wish I was senile now.  
Can I ask you a question?  
Yeah, sure.  
What was so terrible about your life  
that you wanted a whole new one?  
Oh...  
Well, for starters,  
it kind of wasn't my choice.  
I got forced into it.  
But... it is nice to have  
another opportunity  
to try to become the person  
that I should have been.  
And who's that?  
I haven't figured that part out yet.  
Well... we should probably  
get some shut-eye.  
Uh... why don't you take the bed  
and I'll... I'll take the couch.  
Actually, I would feel much safer  
if you slept in here with me.  
Um...  
Do you mean share this bed?  
No. I mean, you take the floor,  
I take the bed.  
- Oh, yeah, sure.  
- Of course.  
Oh, Charlie, I'm kidding.  
Come on, we're adults.  
I think we can share the bed  
for one night.  
- Really?

- Okay.

Well, you don't have to worry about me,  
because I stayed in the same bed  
with my ex-wife for... four years  
and I don't think we touched toes once.

You know,

you forget who you're talking to.

My husband had a stud in his thingy  
and I never even knew.

The truth is,

I could have a telephone pole through  
my dick and she would never have known.

You're funny, Charlie.

You're a funny, nice guy.

Hey, where'd Becca go?

Oh, I broke up with her again.

She's psychotic.

How'd it go with you and this chick?

You take my advice?

Yeah, it went okay.

What? You kidding me?

Dr. Ron's corpse is not even cold yet  
and you're fucking his widow?

Are you an asshole?

No... No, you said it was okay.

Are you...

It is okay, I'm fucking with you, brother.

Look how happy you made her.

Welcome to Old Willow.

- Heather, Heather, Heather.

- Aw! It's so good to see you.

Come on in, gentlemen.

Come on.

I just made some sweet tea.

Ronald's dead.

I can't believe it.

Believe it now, Shecky?

Oh! Oh!

- Max, enough with the pictures.

- He said he didn't believe it.

- I believed it. I'm just in disbelief.

- Oh, okay.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

It's been an emotional week.

I lost my mama on Monday.  
And then I found out  
all the medical supplies I donated  
to the Burmese drought victims...  
were stolen by the rebels.  
The soup kitchen I volunteer at...  
burned down.  
Whole city smelled like...  
ashes and Campbell's Chunky.  
Sweet kicks, though.

- Huh?

- Where'd you get 'em?

I know a guy at Nike.  
Shit, I wish I had a pair that nice,  
but...  
I don't know a guy at Nike.  
Heather, how do you know  
these fellas, again?  
They're new friends.  
They're just trying to help me  
figure it all out.  
Yeah, Shecky, I mean, do you have  
any files we can look at?  
Anything that would help us?  
My house got broken into and they stole  
my laptop and my cell phone.  
So you had a formula that actually works  
on cancer and you lost it.  
I never had any formula.  
That was Ronald's department.  
I just handled the money.  
You handled it so well  
that they couldn't finish the testing.  
Those drugs were working, Shecky.  
Is this a fucking joke to you?  
It wasn't my fault, I swear!  
The bank called in all our loans  
out of nowhere,  
didn't give us a reason.  
I went everywhere for financing.  
I swear.  
I even tried to mortgage Old Willow.  
Nobody would sit down with Shecky.  
Nobody!

I hope you don't think  
I had something to do with this.  
I felt horrible when I let Ronald down.  
He was my best friend.  
We should go back there right now,  
torture the fuck out of him  
till he tells the truth.  
We get it, you don't like the guy,  
but here's the good news.  
We know what the guys  
with the guns want now.  
Yeah, the formula.  
That's why they must have  
broken into my house.  
Do you think it could be there?  
I don't know, it could be anywhere.  
Clearly, Ronnie was  
a master at hiding things.  
- I should know.  
- Uh-oh.  
Jesus!  
This mummy-looking-motherfucker's  
like a human tracking device.  
- What do we do?  
- You know what?  
Why don't you buckle up there,  
Mrs. Fishman?  
Oh, God, no.  
Hey, dude, I'm lost.  
Can you tell me where  
the side of the road is?  
Oh, my God.  
Hey, a little dizzy?  
Get up.  
Come on, get up!  
Who are you?  
Who the fuck are you?  
Why are you following me?  
Uh... Um... American...  
American what?  
Pharmaceuticals?  
American Girl doll? What?  
American... Express...  
Fraud Department.

What?

- You're Max Kessler, right?

- Yeah!

You owe us \$62,000.

Watch it. Watch it.

Slow.

Fuck, that's my old address, too.

You're good.

This guy's fucking good.

All right.

- Come on. I'm sorry, asshole.

- Ow!

Okay, bub.

There's 150 grand in here.

That's over double what I owe Amex.

So just take the rest,  
pay for your medical bills.

Fuckin' buy a suit,  
maybe a 3D flat screen.

Fuck, take it all, move to Maui.

You know Hawaiian chicks  
love to fuck guys with red beards.  
I made that up, nobody does.

Look, we're in  
a Rubik's Cube of shit right now,  
and it's up to me to make  
all the right moves.

Walking you inside that crowded hospital  
ain't one of 'em.

So is our business concluded... Robert?

You're a hell of a bloodhound,  
you know that?

Put some Bactine on that shit,  
it'll get better.

Oh!

With nowhere else to go,  
we went back to the scene of the crime.

Maybe Dr. Ron's laboratory  
still had some secrets.

These files are all messed up  
and out of order.

Listen, I think I can decode the password  
for these encrypted files.

- You can hack?



- We call it forensic data recovery.  
But yeah, at the bank,  
when someone defaults,  
we have the legal right to access  
their systems and ledgers  
to find any hidden assets.  
But they were working under the radar.  
Well, if they have employees,  
which it looks like they did,  
I can access it through  
the payroll service.  
That's impressive.  
Well, in my old life, I did have  
a lot of free time on my hands.  
Boom! Check it out.  
Photos of your husband.  
Photos of Butch.  
There's my tongue ring... Oh!  
Don't look at that. I'm sorry.  
I shouldn't have said that.  
No, no, no.  
Kojak to Columbo.  
No suspicious activity out here.  
- Find anything?  
- Negative, Kojak, we're still looking.  
Hurry the fuck up, Charlie.  
We gotta find that formula.  
Listen, we're gonna find it,  
we're gonna give it to these Nazis,  
and then this nightmare will be over.  
What are you talking about?  
You wanna give the cure to cancer  
to these fucking criminals?  
There is no cure for cancer!  
We'll give them the treatment  
and we'll get back to our fake lives.  
I kind of like  
the way mine is going now.  
Are you out of your fucking mind, Charlie?  
You're just gonna lay down?  
Isn't that what got you a job at fucking  
Save & Pay, being a pussy?  
And you're some expert oncologist?  
No, you're a guidance counselor.

You're good at telling dumb kids  
they might get into junior college.  
Is this about the money?  
Are you trying to get rich off this?  
You know what, Charlie, you're a dick.  
Max, I'm sorry.  
Listen, I'm just trying to think  
of a way out of this, all right?  
Max?  
Max? Max?  
Shit.  
You know, he's right about  
not giving them the formula.  
But none of that matters  
if we don't find it.  
- Yeah.  
- I'm gonna go look for Max.  
You stay here and search for it.  
And by the way...  
I like the way my life is going, too.  
Yeah.  
All right, let's do it.  
What do we got here?  
Life's short, Charlie.  
- You know you're not really dead, right?  
- No...  
I just got caught up in the moment.  
Holy shit, I gotta sit down.  
You don't feel good.  
What do you got, a hangover?  
I just cannot believe that this is how  
- you would want to end everything.  
- Stop.  
You're sick, Max!  
I'm your family.  
- I'm sorry.  
- I'm your family.  
That's Little Maxi.  
Isn't he gorgeous?  
I wouldn't wish that on anybody.  
Growing up without a dad.  
It's not a cure for cancer.  
It's a cure for Max's cancer.  
Cute kids.

They're supposed to be with my ex tonight.  
Said she was sick.  
Probably got backstage passes to Slipknot.  
That's the tough thing about divorce.  
Gotta watch your dumb kids alone...  
no sleep, while your ex is waking up  
with 22-year-old bartenders,  
and who is footin' the bill for breakfast  
and their herpes medicine?  
I am.  
Question, the, uh, thing with the, uh,  
metal clamps, that, um...  
I'm looking for, uh...  
Joe Pesci used it in Casino to,  
you know, crush the guy's head?  
- You mean a vise?  
- Yeah, sweetheart, that...  
That's... A vise.  
We just carry auto parts.  
Try the hardware store.  
...the young cuckoo  
will go so far as to fake injury,  
prompting the adult jay  
to carry the cuckoo along  
the migratory route to eastern Africa.  
Only to fly back to...  
Hello, Shecky.  
You see... I'm not buyin' the whole  
cry routine, Shecky.  
Tell me where the formula is.  
I need an ambulance.  
Where the fuck is the formula?  
Truly, I don't know.  
Oh! Sweet Jesus!  
Okay, I'm gonna have  
to amp it up a little, aren't I?  
I am going to put your head  
inside a fucking...  
What the fuck is the name of that thing,  
with the clamp thing...  
- A vise?  
- A vise!  
Yes, a vise, bitch!  
Why do I keep forgetting that?

Come here.  
What's...  
What's happening?  
You are gonna tell me why you're lying,  
or I am gonna squeeze your head so hard,  
that that fucking mustache  
is gonna pop off your head.  
What is that?  
You've been shot!  
You've been shot!  
You were right.  
I was lying...  
because I thought you were one of them.  
I was one of them?  
I thought you were one of them!  
No. I'm a good guy.  
Why would you pull the funding  
if you're such a good guy?  
They was gonna kill us  
if we didn't stop the trials.  
Stay with me, Shecky!  
Stay with me.  
Come on.  
You're all right.  
You're all right.  
Oh, God.  
Who's "they," Shecky?  
Trojgaard are the world's largest  
chemotherapy company.  
- Trojgaard.  
- Ronald didn't wanna sell 'em the drug,  
because he knew they would bury it.  
Why would they bury it?  
A drug like that would be  
worth billions of dollars.  
A drug that replaces chemo...  
would ultimately cost them...  
trillions.  
- Wait.  
- What?  
Make sure all my money  
goes to cancer research.  
Yeah.  
You can... have my Nikes.

I know you had your eyes on them.  
You really are a good guy.  
Tell Mama I'm comin'.  
Shecky. Shecky!  
I forgot to ask you, who killed you?  
Shecky!  
Who did this to you?  
I think I have a clue.  
Please open up, it's Charlie McMillan.  
I need to talk to you.  
Please, it's about Max.  
I think he's in trouble.  
Wow.  
Look at all these fun toys  
we have to play with.  
I'm a bit of a handyman.  
If you untie me, uh...  
I could show you how to use that shit.  
I think I can figure it out myself.  
Zip, zap, zee.  
Are you fucking wearing the Nikes?  
Those are my sneakers.  
He gave 'em to me.  
It was his dying wish.  
Finders keepers,  
lose your sneakers.  
How are you fitting in those?  
Those are 11s.  
You're fucking nine feet tall.  
You're like the Yao Ming of Nazis.  
It's not making sense.  
There's always a way to make things fit.  
What were you planning  
to do to poor Shecky with this?  
Oh, that's just for my mom's Jeep.  
She needed a new gear shifter.  
So that's what that's all about.  
I think I see  
where you were going with this.  
You are a sick fuck.  
Just like me.  
Something tells me you're sicker.  
It was a miracle.  
Then they shut it down.

Dr. Fishman basically vanished,  
he stopped returning  
any of Max's phone calls.  
So finally, one night...  
Max drove over to the clinic.  
He saw that the lights were on,  
so he kicked open the door.  
And that's when he saw Ron and Butch  
laying dead on the floor.  
But why doesn't he call the cops?  
How was that gonna  
help Max get any better?  
If Dr. Fishman was dead,  
then Max was dead.  
So that's when he came up with this idea  
to bring him back to life.  
But he couldn't do it alone,  
he needed somebody else.  
He saw where you were in life.  
Uh... these are the...  
This is the bank.  
He also saw that you...  
probably needed it more than he did.  
Whoo!  
Now, I got a question.  
What about this dark wig and glasses?  
I don't get that.  
Yeah, that's a... a sex thing.  
It's a little...  
It's kind of personal.  
Okay.  
Yeah, and I think that's why...  
When he was on the phone with you,  
and he had the blow-up doll.  
What are you talking about?  
What did I say?  
I didn't say anything.  
What are you talking about?  
Nothing.  
I don't know.  
- I don't know. Oh.  
- I'm kidding.  
No, I bought him the doll.  
Oh, fuck.

Jeez, you both are nuts.  
Where is he, Charlie?  
I don't know.  
I would tell you.  
Dr. Fishman's widow is out there  
right now looking for him.  
Wait, that chick in the cottage  
was Dr. Fishman's widow?  
- Yeah.  
- I had no idea he was even married.  
Neither did Dr. Ron, apparently,  
considering he had a full-on  
love affair with Butch.  
Wow. This all makes sense.  
- I never told Max this, but...  
- this one time,  
I saw Dr. Ron and Butch  
coming out of an exam room,  
and I... I swear it looked like I had just  
caught them doing something nasty.  
Oh...  
And he said that they were playing Jenga.  
Which I guess was, now, in retrospect,  
their secret code for having sex.  
"Jenga" is the secret code.  
- That's what I just said.  
- That's the code. That's the code.  
Damn it, Max!  
Pick up the fucking phone!  
Sorry to disappoint, man, but...  
my old lady works my nips  
pretty hard at home,  
so not much feeling left in 'em.  
You should turn this shit up.  
Perhaps you'll have more feeling  
down in this area.  
Fuck me in the ass!  
Yeah, thanks for reminding me.  
Sorry, your call could not be  
completed as dialed.  
Oh, that sounded just like  
the recording, buddy.  
Whoo!  
Come on, Max.

God!  
Refrigerator.  
Oh, yeah.  
This is it.  
This is it.  
Charlie, where are you?  
I can't find Max anywhere.  
I found the formula!  
- What? Are you sure?  
- Yes!  
I'm looking at it right now!  
Ronald disguised it  
as an app on his tablet!  
Wow, you're amazing.  
You are a geek,  
but you are the man.  
I'm gonna find Max, okay?  
I'm gonna try one more place.  
And I won all the gymnastics competitions  
in sixth grade.  
Then my damned growth spurt.  
Seventeen inches in 18 months.  
That, of course, put an end  
to my competitive career.  
Lucky me, I found an occupation  
that was even more enjoyable.  
Wow. What an amazing story  
of personal triumph.  
Looking forward to watching the...  
30 for 30 on that.  
I just wanna say, before you do  
what you're about to do...  
your boyfriend or husband or whatever  
is just a lucky man to find someone  
so talented at ass play.  
Good on him.  
I'm not gay.  
Would you like some glass sprinkles?  
Oh, come on. You...  
If you put that thing in my ass,  
you're gay.  
I mean, it's cool.  
You're in a safe room.  
The only one getting fucked here is you.



Yeah, yeah, but are  
you gonna enjoy doing it?  
Every last inch of it.  
Oh, yeah.  
Well, that's a gay thing.  
That's... It's not gay.  
It's torture.  
- No.  
- That is different.  
Taking my fingernails off,  
or fucking making me stay awake  
for 12 weeks is torture,  
but greasing up a dildo  
and pretending it's your own dick  
and wanting to stick it in me,  
that's homosexuality.  
Textbook.  
Are you afraid to tell your parents,  
is that it?  
You know what?  
I'm looking forward to this,  
and I'm not letting you  
take it away from me  
with your fucking mind games!  
God damn it!  
All right, all right, all right.  
Look out, teeth, look out, gums,  
look out, keister,  
- here it comes!  
- Oh, my God!  
Heather!  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Run, he's crazy!  
What the hell are you doing?  
Nothing.  
Just two straight guys having fun.  
Well, stop fucking around.  
Call your boss.  
Tell him to get ready to wire me my money.  
You lying bitch.  
It was you.  
Of course it was me.  
Aw, Max.  
Did you really think

that a woman in mourning  
would let two strange buffoons  
in her house,  
then run around in a slutty Barbie outfit  
and let one of them bang her,  
even though he's only 5'2"  
and smells like a pile of shoes?  
All I had to do was push my tits out  
and you followed them  
like horny teenagers.  
Do you have any idea  
how many lives this affects?  
Why would you do this?  
Ronnie was offered a fortune  
to bury the drug, but he refused.  
I didn't.  
I should've seen this coming.  
Charlie's always had  
the shittiest taste in women.  
Huh, speak of the devil.  
Charlie,  
I think Max killed Shecky!  
Yeah! He's out of control!  
You were right, I think he's  
just doing this for the money.  
You have to leave his mom's house  
right now, it's not safe.  
Meet me at Factor's Walk in 15 minutes  
and bring the tablet.  
We have to make sure  
we get it into the right hands  
before Max finds it.  
Oh, and, Charlie...  
be careful.  
I don't wanna lose you, too.  
Yeah.  
Aw...  
He's so sweet.  
Actually, you are, too.  
I would have rather fucked you.  
Put a bullet in his head.  
- Mmm.  
- Relax. I'm not going to shoot you.  
That would be too quick.

There's still so much fun for us to have.

Hours of fun.

Ooh...

Look out!

Nice try, asshole.

That's how he would have wanted to go.

Charlie!

- Charlie!

- Hey.

Hey, baby. Baby.

- Oh, my God, are you okay?

- I was so worried about you.

I know, I'm freaking out.

I can't believe Max

would do that to Shecky.

It's like we don't know anyone.

My husband, your best friend...

- Money makes people crazy, Charlie.

- I know. I know.

Did you bring the tablet?

Of course, of course.

It's right here.

Yeah?

Oh!

Motherfucker!

What the hell, Charlie?

You picked the wrong guy to play, lady.

I do know Max and he would  
never kill an innocent man!

Well, I'm about to.

I'm so tired...

...of women lying to me...

...and fucking me over!

You know why everyone  
treats you like that, Charlie?

- Because you're such a pussy!

- Ow!

God damn it!

Ow...

Ow!

I believe this is mine.

It's been fun, Charlie.

No, no, no.

Before you kill me...

I want to tell you something.  
After we had sex...  
you farted in your sleep.  
Like, six times.  
Yeah, well, no one but you  
will ever know that,  
because there's no way you're faking  
your way out of this death, Charlie.  
No.  
No!  
Max! Ow! God!  
- Oh, I'm sorry, buddy.  
- Charlie.  
I love you. Oh, man, I didn't  
mean that shit I said about you.  
Fuck that shit.  
I don't give a fuck, man.  
I just popped the perfect wheelie.  
I could be a cop.  
Did you see that?  
- All I had to do was fucking...  
- I saw the whole thing.  
- You looked good.  
- Come on.  
It's dj vu.  
I get to kill Butch and Ronnie  
all over again.  
You two wanna tickle each other's  
balls first, like they used to?  
Or should I kill you straight away?  
Stay where you are!  
Drop your weapon  
and get your hands in the air!  
- No!  
- What happened?  
What?  
- Oh, no!  
- What the fuck?  
What, what?  
You fucking threw the shit  
in the fucking water!  
There was  
a gun pointed at my head!  
Bob?

From American Express Bob?  
Actually it's Bob from the FBI.  
Oh... shit.  
Here, take the dinosaur.  
Yeah, go play.  
What is it?  
We fished the tablet out of the water.  
I had my best tech guys take a look at it.  
And, uh...  
it's a goner.  
All right.  
I'm really sorry.  
Oh, baby, we'll find another way.  
We're gonna find another way.  
Yeah.  
We'll keep fighting.  
We'll keep fighting.  
Mrs. Kessler...  
your husband's under arrest.  
When your friend finishes getting  
his broken ribs patched up,  
I gotta take both of you directly to jail.  
Fuck he is, man!  
Do you know how long  
I've waited for this one?  
- Sorry, baby.  
- All right, we're good.  
- We're good.  
- Real emotional.  
What's this?  
What's this? Wait! Wait! Whoa!  
Whoa! He's got broken ribs...  
why is he knocked out right now?  
We're taking him into surgery.  
We found something rather alarming  
in his rectum.  
- What? What?  
- What just happened?  
It appears to be a USB drive.  
You backed it up?  
He backed it up!  
- You careful motherfucker! Yes!  
- Oh!  
Yes!

Charlie!

You did it, boy! Yes!

Yeah!

You know,

a good friend of mine once told me,

"You always have to have

a rubber in your wallet

and an umbrella in your trunk,

'cause you never know when

you're gonna fuck in the rain."

He also suggested carrying

around zombie makeup

for those times when

you want to strike terror

into the hearts of people

who screwed you over.

Please don't eat me.

Don't eat me! Eat her!

Go get your own fucking fortune cookies!

And most importantly,

when you're really in trouble,

when you've committed many,

many crimes

across several states

and a US territory...

there's only one chip that can

get you off scot-free.

One card that you can play

to get you out of anything.

An effective treatment for cancer.

Good job!

- That was so...

- Yeah.

Yeah.

What are you doing, Mother?

Why would you do that, Ma?

I just wanted to bring back

some sweet memories to Charlie.

That's really nice, Ma.

He's crying. You happy?

Do they still look as good as they looked

when you peeked on me in the shower?

They're even better!

He's being polite.

It's awful!  
They might have a  
few more miles on them...  
- but they still taste brand new.  
- Oh!  
All right, enjoy yourself, Ma,  
you're in Puerto Rico.  
Hey, come on.  
Let's do this.  
No, no, no, no, I'm tired.  
I'm sorry.  
- Do it, you should.  
- You're in remission.  
You can't play that cancer card anymore.  
Let's go.  
Hey! Just do it so we can go out and eat.  
I'm fuckin' starving!  
- Carmine, be nice.  
- I am nice.  
- I have low blood sugar, you know that.  
- Carmine's hungry!  
You can't fucking keep him waitin'.  
Let's go!  
Let's go!  
All right, love you guys.  
- Be safe!  
- Yep.  
Sure about this, tough guy?  
Fuck yes.  
You only live twice, right?