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Better Living Through Chemistry

By Geoff Moore

You can't help everyone,
but everyone can help someone.

Hey, honey?

- You want to party?

- Doug, it's a weekday.

But if you asked him,
Doug Varney would tell you sayings like
these were fortune cookie horseshit.

Ethan?

Time to get up! Hey, Ethan?

Hey, pal.

Jesus, God.

Jesus, God.

I appreciate his ingenuity,
but, you know, maybe we shouldn't
keep cookies in the house any more.

It's important for him to
know that when he behaves,
the treats that we
promise him are real.
If we take the cookies out of the house,
then those promises become empty.

- Okay, but he's not a dog.

- Excuse me.

He's a 12-year-old boy.

You know... Did you know that he
covered his windows in black paint?

- Did you know that?

- Yes. He asked me before he did it.

Do you think that it's okay for
him to live in a black box?

I think we need to
remain supportive,
even if his, um, interests are
different than ours, Doug.
You know, taking so many vitamins
all at once cancels out the impact.

Dad disagrees.

He's not a doctor.

Neither are you, sweetie.

When I'm in between
jobs, I like to get away
from the hustle and
bustle of Tinseltown,

which is why I've kept
a place in Woodbury.
Once you get past the candle
makers and fudge shops,
it's truly a beautiful
place to live,
the kind of place where things
don't change all that much.
Which makes today so special.
Doug had done his time
at Bishop's Pharmacy,
working under his father-in-law
and learning the ins and outs
of running a small business.
And after years of delay,
Walter Bishop was finally retiring
and the pharmacy was changing hands.
Hey!

So long, Bishop's. Hello, Varney's.

Um...

What's... Okay.

- I think there's been a mistake or...

- No mistake.

I just thought when we agreed to buy the
business from you, that, you know, we...

- All right.

- ...could change it.

- Let's put this to rest right now.

- Okay.

People know Bishop's.

Woodbury has trusted that
name for a long, long time.

They know they can count on our
service to always be right,
accurate, trustworthy.

What? Change the name to
Varney's or something?

Varney's?

Doug had gotten very good at
hiding disappointment over the years,
but that doesn't mean
this didn't hurt.

The pharmacy might be officially
his, but nothing else was changing.

But despite what you might think,
Doug found great comfort
in being a pharmacist.
Studiously counting medication,
filling prescriptions,
he was good at what he did.
I saw it every time I came in.
But I could also see that Doug
Varney wanted something more,
and while he could probably
never put it into words,
maybe it had to do with being a man
who provided solutions for
everybody but himself.
Consult!
Consult! He's got...
I heard you the first two times.
Thank you, Janet.
As the one pharmacist
in a small town,
Doug knew a little bit
about a lot of people,
but he was always
professional, never judged,
and his customers always listened to
him, customers like Donald Zucker.
Donald had battled a weight
problem his whole life.
Doug gave him Lipitor as well
as some dietary advice,
but then Donald had never
been a very good listener.
Amoxicillin, Zoloft,
Metformin, Setrol.
Doug was there with
whatever they needed.
Kaye Tashman was a loving mother,
but because sometimes
love just isn't enough,
Doug was there with the Xanax.
And Tegretol for Susan D'francesco,
because she was bipolar.
For Brian Malloy, Chantix to help
beat his nicotine addiction.

However, since side effects included
severe constipation, well...
And for poor Kathleen
Bergman, Lysodren,
because sometimes
cancer comes back.
And for mailman Arnold
Morello, Valtrex,
to treat his freshly acquired
case of genital herpes,
an affliction he most certainly
did not catch from his wife.
It's going to be okay.
It's just... It's all very complicated. I
mean, I'd never been to Atlantic City before.
Just be diligent about
the medication.
You'll feel better before
you know it, okay?
- All right.
- Hang in there.
Nice shorts, man. Super shorts.
What the hell is that guy on, huh?
- That's confidential.
- No, I know what it is.
Anti-depressants, I bet, right?
Postal worker, the end of his
rope, seconds away from this.
Look at all blood!
Okay.
But then, look, he saves
one for himself.
Just do me a favour.
Just don't wander off.
I got a new batch of deliveries
coming in for you soon.
I'm so happy you brought this up,
'cause I would have totally
forgot and that's my fault.
- I know I said I could work till late tonight...
- Yeah.
but my man Rio, he scored
tickets to Widespread tonight.
Get outta here. I know, it's insane.

So I gotta jet out way early.

Okay.

Uh...

But you promise to get all the deliveries done before you go, right?

- Stop it. You have my word.

- Okay.

Hi, honey! Yeah, I'm gonna be late.

Yeah. Noah. It's fine.

Just grab dinner without me.

I'll get dinner somewhere. Yeah.

Something healthy.

I'll see you later, okay? Bye.

Roberts, Roberts, Roberts, Roberts.

Junkies.

I hate rich people.

Hello!

Yes?

Uh...

You must be...

You must be Mrs Roberts?

Would you step inside?

It's a little chilly out here.

Okay.

Uh...

Nice place.

Like I said, it's a little chilly.

I'll get you sorted out

and I'll be on my way.

You probably think I'm

some kind of junkie, huh?

Well, it's not my business

to know how people got sick,

just how to get them

feeling better.

That's catchy.

Yeah, so it looks like

there was some confusion with the

insurance company and the...

It's not an issue.

How much do I owe you?

\$215, plus the \$8 delivery fee.

- Mmm.

- But I'll waive that.

That is so nice of you.
Are you gonna get in
trouble with your boss?
I am my boss.
I mean, I'm the pharmacist.
You're Bishop.
Varney. I'm Douglas Varney.
No, everything says, "Bishop."
Well, is that gonna
be cash or cheque?
I'll get it.
Do you ever think about
calling it "Varney's"?
Hmm.
Nice doggie.
I had it done before the wedding.
What do you think?
- The portrait?
- Yeah.
- It's nice.
- Mmm.
Jack insisted on it.
They even made his
shoulders bigger.
- I'm sure he's a great guy.
- Oh, he certainly thinks so.
So I double checked the bill and
it seems to be correct, so'...
This is embarrassing, but it turns out
I only have about \$20 cash on me,
and the only person in this household
who has a chequebook is my husband,
and he is still in
the city, of course.
Oh. Okay, well...
No! I know what you're thinking.
I live in this fucking house,
I have a \$70,000 Benz in the driveway
and I don't have enough cash to order
a pizza, so how would I not...
I know, that's what you mean.
I was gonna say, "Not a problem."
You can just come by the store and
pay the rest when you have it.

But I will have to take the
Benz as collateral, of course.
You're just one of those
authentically nice guys, aren't you?
Well, yeah. I guess so.
You're just honest and sweet.
Most girls don't always
go for honest and sweet.
Girls don't, but women do.
Okay, I'm just gonna get going and
you go... You can come by the store.
And you know where the store is?
Yeah, 'cause it's...
Address on there, so good
night and thank you.
Hi.
Sorry I'm so late.
The deliveries were all out of order
and I didn't know all the addresses.
- Noah didn't even put them in the ledger.
- Ethan's school called today.
Oh, okay. What's the problem?
Principal hyphenated-name, she
wouldn't say over the phone.
She says that we need to come
in ASAP for a conference.
Ooh!
Yeah, he painted his windows black.
Why are you acting so surprised?
Please just go upstairs
and talk to him.
Hey!
Hey.
So how was school today?
So you think you might want to come
out with us for a ride this weekend?
- Yeah, I don't think so.
- Come on.
Open road, sunshine on your
face, the wind in your hair.
It'll be fun.
So you'll think about it?
Doug wanted to open the door and
talk to Ethan, but what could he say?

I mean, I know a thing
or two about working out.
And there's absolutely nothing fun
about weekend bike rides at all.
Come on, honey!
Let's take this hill!
Fucking misery.
Soon after Ethan was born,
Kara discovered road cycling was
perfect for shedding baby weight,
and Doug was on board.
He saw cycling as a chance for them
to do something as a young family,
and for a moment, it was fun.
For Kara, though, cycling turned
from hobby into profession,
inspiring her business at the
nearby Glen Rock Shopping Centre.
Come on! Grind it out! Cottage
cheese is for breakfast, not thighs!
And leading her to victory
at the Tour de Woodbury.
She's won five out of
the last six races.
It's become the cornerstone
of Kara's year.
And the bane of Doug's existence.
- And I said, "Armstrong?"
- That's right.
"More like headstrong."
Doug, you made it.
There you go, Dougie. You know
the drill. Last man pays.
We waited 45 minutes for you, Doug.
I just figured we'd
all eat together.
It's gonna be getting
dark now, okay?
- I want you to be careful.
- Okay.
Okay.
- Thanks, honey.
- Yep. See you at home.
Doug?

Oh, hey, Mrs...

Elizabeth.

Right.

Did you think about
going to medical school?

I did. I was, but then Kara
got pregnant, things changed.

We got married and this just
seemed like the logical choice,
especially with Kara's father
owning the pharmacy and all.

He's Bishop.

He's definitely Bishop.

- He's Bishop.

- Whoa.

And what about this?

The cycling thing.

You do that for the
cool clothes, or what?

Yeah, yeah. No, mostly I do it
because my wife expects me to.

Although I don't share her passion,
I do think that a good cardio
workout three times...

Doug, can I ask you something?

Go ahead.

Do you do everything your
wife tells you to do?

Excuse me.

Yeah? Oh, no, I'm still here. I've
been here for fucking two hours.

You are... You are offensive.

You are... Oh, I...

Don't, no. No, just don't
fucking come then!

Sorry about that.

I really shouldn't
be saying anything
because you look like you're
gonna be very good for business,
but the pills in
those orange bottles
aren't always the solution to
people's problems, you know?

When you find that solution,
you let me know what it is, all right?

I can't tell you how
much I appreciate this.

Yes, you can.

- I appreciate it.
- See, I knew you could.
- I'm tipsy.
- Mmm-hmm.
- This has been really fun.
- Yeah.
- Hanging out with you and just talking.
- Yeah.

Seriously, Doug, I think this is the first
real conversation I've had in months.

Well, I am one of those
authentically nice guys, right?

And I'm a nice girl.

- Kindred spirits.
- Yeah.
- Hmm.
- Mmm.

And so these two kindred spirits
made one last stop before heading home.

Come on, now. Come on.

Adultery?

Oh, please. Save the
preaching for church.

You'd change your tune, too, after being
balls-deep in a woman like Elizabeth.

My skull is exploding!

- Coming!
- Yes!
- I'm gonna come! I'm gonna come!
- Yes!
- I'm gonna come!
- Yes! Oh!

I'm gonna...

So,
what happens now?

I'm not really sure. This isn't
something I normally engage in.

Yeah, right.

I think maybe you go inside to your

wife and I go home to my husband.

Of course. Yeah.

See you around.

Okay. Good night.

Good night.

It has been a good night.

Ahh!

- Yeah! What is it?

- Hurry up, Doug!

Fuck off.

Mr and Mrs Varney,

we're all here to try to help work things through the best way possible.

Maybe you can tell us what this is...

What this is about, huh?

It was brought to my attention yesterday while he should have been in Life Science, Ethan was discovered by one of the faculty members in the boys' locker room, vandalising one of the lockers with...

Excrement.

And this isn't the first time.

- Substantial pieces of...

- Poop.

had been turning up around the school for the past two months.

There was no way of connecting Ethan to the other leavings, but...

Excuse me.

Are you trying to suggest that my son is some sort of Una-shitter?

Like I said, there's no way to be 100% sure.

He has never had any problems before.

No, he hasn't and...

That's right, so maybe you need to look elsewhere.

- Mmm-hmm?

- Okay.

Like that David Chen kid.

You know, the one who brought the fireworks on the class trip to Six Flags.

It seems likely the kid who's
toting explosives on a field trip
would also take a dump in a locker.

- Mrs Varney.

- I'm gonna be sick.

This is nothing more than a little
boy crying out for attention.

And who are you again?

- Dr Roth.

- Okay.

School psychiatrist.

And your degree came from which
of our fine online universities?

Honey, they're just...

No, these are serious accusations
being made by complete strangers
with very little evidence.

Unless, of course, there's been a
major breakthrough in crime forensics
and you've dusted the
shit for prints, Dr Roth.

No.

If it's okay with you, I'd like to
start seeing Ethan twice a week,

- get a better idea of who he is...

- I think that's a good idea.

and what's going on.

- Just to head off any...

- Honey.

trouble at the pass.

Um...

Do the thing for us.

- No, no, no, no, no.

- Go on, go on. It's great.

- It's none of our business.

- Yeah, yeah. No, it's great.

Dr Friedman,

Mitchell, as top cardiologist

here at County General,

I'm surprised that you can't diagnose
true heartache when you see it.

But I love you

and I'll do anything

it takes to keep you.

And then we kiss!

That was great. Wasn't it, Doug?

- Doug, wasn't that great?

- Huh?

Great! That was just great.

So what happens now?

Do they call you back?

Only if you get the part.

- Did they call?

- Did they call?

No. Not yet.

So everything okay down
at the store, Doug?

- Tip-top.

- Great!

That means we can talk about Ethan.

You know, he's at a pivotal age.

Things can get all fucked if
you don't keep him in check.

"Keep him in check"? What's that
even supposed to mean, Walter?

I think what Dad is trying to say
is that we should all keep an
eye out for Ethan right now.

Which is why I was gonna suggest that
he spend a few nights a week with us.

A change of scenery, along with
another stronger male influence.

What?

- Well, it would do the boy some good.

- Dad.

What exactly are you
suggesting, Walter?

- I'm not suggesting anything, Doug.

- Dad!

Why can't we just eat a meal
like a normal family? Right, Bree?

Mmm!

It's good like this.

- You want to try some?

- No, thank you.

Doug couldn't do it any more.

He was tired of being
pushed around,

tired of being ignored, tired
of being told what to do.
Things had to change.
God.
Whoa-whoa-whoa, Miss.
Hey, we're closed.
No, the thing says you're open.
Does it? Oh, look at... Check it.
Now we're closed.
So, I'm gonna have to usher you
out over here behind the door...
Wait, Janet!
What?
Wait, wait, wait.
Janet, Janet, hold on!
- Hi.
- Hello.
You told me to lock up.
I know what I said, but I think we
can help out one more customer.
You also said that I
could go, so bye.
Hey, nice to see you again.
Yeah, it's nice to see you, too.
If you are closing early, that's fine.
No, no, no, no.
What can I do for you?
Uh...
Is everything okay out there?
Actually, I'm struggling
with something, Doug.
Me, too. I know.
I'm struggling between the
drunken chimney sweep
and this curious unicorn.
It's a big decision.
- A big decision.
- Right.
That is a tough one, but if pressed,
I would go with the unicorn,
the cornerstone in the
mythical forest series.
Well, it's settled then.
I knew you could help me.

Swallow something the
size of a breadcrumb
and farewell to depression,
anxiety, insomnia.

Mmm!

It's incredible.

You'll be swept away into an artificial
bliss, made more assertive, docile, erect.

You never get high
on your own supply?

That's illegal.

Of course it is.

But it must be hard working in
the candy shop all day long
knowing that any of your problems could be
solved by one of your little apothecaries.

Well, fortunately, I've never had to
take any medication for anything.

Oh, for being crazy like me?

That's...

That's not what I was gonna
say, and you're not crazy.

Mmm. My husband would disagree
with you on that point.

Come on, I mean, you're beautiful,
you're smart and worldly.

I dropped out of college
after three semesters,
and I'm worldly if you
consider the world
to be an investment banking
convention in Saint Lucia.

All I've got going for me,
Doug, is a rich husband.

Other than that, it's just a
list of things I want to do
and places I want
to see a mile long.

Well, you can argue me
on smart and worldly,
but I think you're
beautiful and lovely,
and there's nothing you can
say that'll change my mind.

Are you saying that because you mean it or because you want to sleep with me again?

Oh!

- That was a mistake.

- Complimenting me or dropping...

We both got swept up in the moment.

It was very nice, but I have a family and you have a husband.

Both would be very upset to lose us.

Fine. Yeah, you're right. It was a mistake.

Let's just put it behind us.

- I think it's wise. As friends.

- Like adults.

- I'm good as friends.

- Oh, good.

Adult friends.

- I'm gonna put it in you.

- Yes!

- I'm gonna put it in.

- Yeah!

- I'm gonna put it in you.

- Okay. Good.

God, I hope you're flexible.

Get down. Get down.

Easy does it. Okay.

All right! That's what I'm talking about. Sweat it out with the oldies.

Hey, I need to talk to you.

Can it wait?

We're just getting started.

All right, let's get going, you lazy Hausfraus!

You know what? It can't wait.

Dr Roth called. Apparently, you cancelled Ethan's appointment with him today?

Damn straight. That guy's a quack.

Wow. What do you suggest we do?

Oh, sure, another problem

I'm supposed to solve?

- What is that supposed to mean?

- It means I've tried, all right?

And he's your son, too. All right?

So just be his father and do something.

It's called being a man, Doug.
Give it a try.
Who knows,
you might actually like it.
All right, you guys. You
ready to climb? Huh?
All right, turn it up, turn it up.
Out of the saddle.
Pick it up, Stan, or get
your ass outta here!
So Doug and Elizabeth made the decision
to be more than just adult friends.
Elizabeth taught him about style,
how to kick back and treat
yourself now and then.
Warrior I and Warrior II.
Oh, and one more thing.
She taught him how to fuck.
Doug revelled in his newfound
freedom and he trusted Elizabeth.
So when she told him that a few pills
would make things even better,
he went along for the ride.
And you know what? She was right.
The pills made him feel good.
Real good.
Which got him thinking.
Anyone can take a pill,
but only a pharmacist
knows how to make one.
Percocet is nice, but when spliced
with atomoxetine and hydrocodone,
the party could go on for hours.
Fentanyl blended with oxycodone made for
a much more interesting day at work.
And even more interesting
lunch breaks.
He compiled his own personal grab bag of
psychotropic creations for them to enjoy.
He was elated, carefree, alive.
Elizabeth was right.
The solution to his problems had, in fact,
been lining his shelves all this time.
Doug had found better

living through chemistry.
He was no longer restricted by the
direction in which he could move.
He was more than a Bishop.
He was a king.
What is it? What? What's wrong?
You need a little pick-me-up?
No. No, it's not... It's not that.
I think I have some oxy left. We can
do that. That was fun. Or, oh, oh!
We can take a sleeping pill and keep
each other up and just trip out.
It's my wife.
Does she know?
Not at all and I almost want her
to so she can see how happy I am.
Oh, baby, I'm happy, too.
And also, she can see all that
sex stuff that we're doing,
like the thing you did on top.
- What was that?
- You mean reverse cowgirl?
Yeah, that was amazing!
I've never seen that before.
Yeah, you don't watch a lot
of porn, do you, Doug?
Kara busted me one time, you know?
She put a parental lock on my laptop.
- What the... Jesus fucking Christ, Doug!
- I know.
No, I just... I don't understand why a guy
like you puts up with shit like that.
You know, you deserve more!
Sure, maybe, but what
am I gonna do about it?
- Leave! Both of us, just leave!
- Huh?
Wouldn't it be great? We could go to Europe,
or Australia or Kathmandu, wherever.
We could just get out of
here and see the world.
You know?
Just imagine being able to hit
the reset button, you know?

Get a do over and make a life with someone really, really great.

- That's great!

- Yes!

- You're great! Yeah! I can't!

- Oh...

What?

Kara would bleed me dry in a divorce and you must have signed a prenup, right?

No, I did.

It's just another reminder of what I am. I'm just a trophy wife.

If we don't age gracefully and die holding our husband's hand at the nursing home, we get replaced.

- What if he just went away and he just...

- He goes away, he comes back.

Yeah, but what if he died or something?

- What if he died?

- What if he died?

Just died.

- Went on a trip.

- Didn't come back!

- He could die!

- He could die!

That would be great!

Get the dogs to eat him.

Oh, no, no, no. If I wanted to kill him, I would just gain 100 pounds.

He'd have a heart attack.

You know, if you really wanted to kill him...

Yeah?

you'd fuck with his heart arrhythmia.

That would kill him stone cold.

- I was joking.

- Yeah.

- No. I know.

- That was a joke.

I know. I know, baby. I was joking, too.

It's just, you know, his heart is a problem.

You know, it has been for

years, and you know, those...
Those pills are the only thing keeping
the damn thing ticking, you know?
And they could keep him
going another 20 years.
Another 20 years of
cocktail parties
and fundraising dinners
and golf tournaments.
- I fucking hate golf so much.
- Me, too.
You know, it's just that sometimes
I like to imagine just me and you
and more money than we know
what to do with, you know?
Adds a little
excitement to my life.
Like when I think about
how I'm falling for you.
I love you, too.
I love you so much,
but I should tell you,
there's a large number of
mandatory vaccinations
- we should get before we go to Kathmandu...
- Baby, baby, baby...
well in advance.
Sometimes you need to know when to
just shut up and give it to a girl.
- Now being one of those times.
- Fantastic.
- Hey, Varney!
- Oh! Right!
Well, these are both fairly
aggressive stool softeners.
Either one should do the job.
Thanks a lot.
Thank you.
I'm sorry. Are you Douglas Varney?
Yeah.
And you're the owner
of this establishment?
Yes.
Then how come it's

called "Bishop's"?

You can pay for that
right over there.

Oh, no, no. I'm sorry. Here I am,
I'm asking all these questions.
I haven't introduced myself. My
name is Special Agent Andrew Carp.
I'm with the Drug
Enforcement Agency.

Um...

Anyway, our records indicate
that this pharmacy recently changed
owners and no paperwork was filed,
so it's just protocol.

DEA.

- Yeah.

- Wow.

Janet, the DEA is here.

- How exciting.

- Hi.

Shouldn't you be wearing a windbreaker,
cool sunglasses, smashing down doors...

Well, not necessarily. I'm not
chasing Denzel or anything.

I'm just a regular guy, you know?

And what most people don't
realise, Mr Varney,

is that the misallocation
of prescription medicine
kills 29% more people than the
so-called glamour drugs. 29%.

That's like a third.

- Glamour drugs?

- Yeah.

You know, coke.

Crack, smack, E,
you know, P-Dog.

P-Dog? What's that?

It's kind of like
sherm, but different.

- It's more...

- Oh. Gotta look into that.

- Noah, could we Arms and Hammer...

- In any event, the change of ownership...

Right, damn it, I'm sorry.

I just took over for my
father-in-law not too long ago.

Yeah.

So I'm still trying to
get a handle on things.

Right. Nevertheless, I'm still gonna
have to take a look at that inventory.

- My inventory?

- Yeah.

- Why? I'm fully stocked.

- I'm sure you are.

I just have to ensure that the
actual dispensation of meds
matches up with the
prescription records.

- And make sure I'm on the up and up.

- That's right, Mr Varney.

Unless, of course, you're some sort
of no good thieving pill-popper.

I'm playing with you. Loosen up.

No. I'm just kidding.

So, if I could...

Now might not be the best time. It's
just that we've been a little busy...

Mr Varney, a little trade secret.

I don't want to be here any more
than you want me to be here
and between us, you are hardly
what I would consider to be
a high-risk establishment.

You know what I'm saying?

I'm gonna hop to it, okay?

And I'm gonna be out of your
hair in 30 minutes tops.

Thirty minutes.

Hello?

Hey, it's me. It's Doug.

Hey, hi. What's going on?

What's going on is that I've got a fucking
DEA agent going through my inventory.

- That's what's going on.

- Mmm-hmm.

Do you know what will

happen if we get caught?
Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa. Calm down.
All right? Take a deep breath.
- Namaste. Okay?
- Okay.
Listen, if you act guilty, he's
gonna think something's wrong,
but if you just act cool,
then he's gonna think that...
That everything is normal.
Exactly. So just pop a Zannie
and take it easy, baby.
Besides, the DEA agent who
investigates pharmacies?
Come on, please.
The guy probably accidentally
shot his gun and got demoted.
Thanks. You're the best.
Okay, I'm busy.
I gotta go. I'm busy.
- Okay.
- Okay.
Are we all done here?
I just need to see the stuff
with the pseudoephedrine.
Right.
I got a box.
- Take it somewhere.
- Yeah.
Right over here.
Fuck, Ethan.
It's loud.
Don't you think?
You're supposed to
listen to Mastodon loud.
Of course. Mastodon.
I brought you a snack.
So how was school today?
Huh?
I mean, okay, I guess.
Any idea why they might
have suspended you, then?
What the...
What the fuck are these?

- Golf clubs.
- I know that. What are they doing here?
Grandpa bought them for me.
Said I needed a new hobby.
I told him I already have a hobby,
but he didn't seem to care.
Golf is fucking stupid and elitist.
And so is your fucking
grandfather. Fuck!
Fucking fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
You know what I mean?
Listen to me. Your mother might
not agree with me on this one,
but Grandpa doesn't
always know what's best.
Learning to play
golf or bike riding
or any of that stupid
activity horseshit
isn't gonna make you
perform better in school.
Dr Roth said something about
putting me on, like, a medication.
- Am I sick?
- No! No!
You're just 12.
And being 12 sucks for everyone
and everyone goes through
some weird shit at your age.
I mean, I used to fuck
the couch when I was 12.
- What?
- You heard me.
Instead of using my
hand to, you know,
I'd stuff a towel in the
couch and, well, fuck it.
That is crazy.
It ain't easy at
your age, you know?
But then one day you look up
and you're okay again without
doctors or drugs or anything else.
If you say so.

- Couch fucker.
- You're a couch fucker.
- So what's this hobby you got?
- Oh.

Far out.

There are 18 different weapon disciplines to master.

- I've only got 11 so far.
- That's awesome.

Really? You're not mad?

Well, I don't know. Should I be?

I don't know much about ninjas.

No, no, no, no. I just collect the stuff.

It's not like I'm out there killing squirrels or destroying public property.

Would you like to?

- What do you say? Give me one.
- Okay.
- Oh!
- Oh, shit! Shit!

I don't know if this is a good idea, Dad.

It's not. It's a great idea.

Give me a cookie.

Wait.

- It was fun.
- It was, wasn't it?

Hey, I know you don't want to talk, and quite frankly, neither do I, so just tell me what this shit stuff's all about at school.

Well, in ninja code, it's written that it's the highest insult to smear one's excrement on the home of his adversary.

Gotcha.

Kevin Redmond, Andy Berg, David Chen, they're all dicks.

All they do is make fun of me, so...

So you insult their honour with your poop?

Yeah.

Well, I think you've
achieved the desired effect.

So do your old man a favour
and give it a rest, okay?

All right.

Be quiet. Your mom's asleep.

- Hey, Dad?

- Yeah?

There's this thing next week. Bring
Your Dad to School Day or some shit.
And it'll probably be gay, but I think
it would be cool if you showed up.

You're on.

Cool.

Everyone, just
stand back. Thank you.

What in the fuck happened here?

Mr Bishop. I'm Officer Willits.

We spoke on the phone.

- You said, "Incident."

- Mmm-hmm.

There has been an incident?

This is a goddamn war zone.

Yeah.

Oh, fuck me running. Who
could have done all of this?

I'm not sure, Walt, but I think Officer
Willits had a promising lead on, what was it?

- Ninjas.

- Mmm.

What the fuck is a ninja?

It's an ancient Japanese warrior cloaked
in black, often with mystical powers.

- Sounds pretty serious, Walt.

- Wait a minute.

Why would an ancient

Japanese warrior

destroy a fucking pharmacy
sign in fucking Woodbury?

Sir, our investigation is ongoing.

As soon as we get some more
information, we'll let you know.

Well...

Doug, what are we

gonna do about this?

Well, I think it best we leave it in
the capable hands of the Woodbury PD.

They seem to have
things under control.

Now if you'll excuse me, I've
got some business to attend to.

Doug did have
business to attend to.

Fuck!

There was no time to dwell
on his latest victory,
because an even greater
challenge lay ahead,
ending Kara's reign at
the Tour de Woodbury.

- Consult!

- You do it!

And he knew just how
to make that happen.

Using a base of Hypertropin growth
hormone for quick recovery,
cutting in magnesium hydroxide
to stave off cramping,
highly concentrated doses
of Adderall for focus,
oxycodone to numb his legs
and 10 ccs of good
old-fashioned methamphetamine
for that extra kick in the end.

It was most definitively
a recipe for success.

Watch out.

Make a hole, people.

Come on. Make a hole.

Ho-ho! Look who it is.

You sure you want to get tangled up front
with the big dogs, Dougie?

Hey, Ed, maybe you should worry
more about that clotrimazol cream
clearing up that fungus
inside your asshole,
and less about where I
start the race, huh, boy?

What are you doing, Doug?
Making a red velvet cake.
What does it look like I'm doing?
You don't actually think you can
compete in this thing, do you?
I'm not here to compete.
I'm here to win.
Sure you are.
Let's do this.
The race was on and unfolded
the same way it always did,
Kara jumping out to a substantial lead
while the pack settled in behind her.
And Doug pulled up the rear.
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
Come on, Dad! Go!
But this year, Doug was just biding
his time, laying in the weeds,
and when the time was right,
Doug did what Doug did best.
And brought down the thunder.
Not today, Varney!
I told you not to get tangled
up with the big dogs!
On your left!
You got lucky, baby.
Whoo! Yeah!
Doug Varney was
not used to winning.
Yes!
But he was beginning
to enjoy how it felt.

- Hi.
- Hey.
- You all finished in there?
- Yeah.
- Yeah? Did you get it all done?
- Yep.
- Clean it up?
- Mmm-hmm.
You like? You see
something you like?
No? Whatever.
Here, Doug.

- I was impressed with you today.
- Yeah?
I didn't... I didn't
know you had it in you.
You'd be surprised
what I'm capable of.
Oh! God!
Mr Tough Guy, huh? Now
that he wins a race.
What are you doing?
Sometimes you gotta know when to
shut up and just give it to a girl.
It's called being a man.
Oh! Doug!
Oh, shit! Oh!
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Harder!
Oh, my! Oh! Oh, my God!
I'm gonna come. I'm gonna come.
I'm gonna come.
Ohh!
That was incredible.
I know. I'm gonna go
make pizza bagels.
Victory tasted sweet.
The hangover
from his recent drug binge did not.
That is some trophy. Mmm!
She is a beaut.
I won one like that once at
a high school track meet.
What was the event?
Oh, yeah. Steeplechase.
Difficult event.
Heck yeah. Yeah, it is.
Oh, yeah. But you know what?
There's something about people chasing
you that brings out your best,
you know what I'm saying?
Anyway, it's the darndest thing, Mr Varney.
I was checking the data from the inventory
against our prescription database again
today and it just didn't add up.
Hmm.

Not at all.

Shit, that's... That's odd.

Isn't it, though?

That's what I thought.

I didn't realise you were a
compounding pharmacy, Mr Varney.

Oh, this? We're not really... I had
this one customer, an older gentleman.

He's all fucked up. Parkinson's.

He has trouble swallowing
so I have to make up a paste
for transdermal application.

And what customer would this be?

You know I can't tell
you that, Agent Carp.

I'm sorry.

I didn't notice that
when I was here before.

Anyway, I'm sure this
is all just a glitch
but if I could just see your prescription
ledgers for the past, say, 12 months,
and then I'll get out of
here just as quick as I can.

Sure thing. The only problem is
I have them at my home office.

- Your home office?

- Yeah, so why don't you come in Monday

- and we can talk about it then?

- Mr Varney, you're aware
that the federal code 101 B12
of the Narcotics Distribution Act
states that all ledgers be
kept at the licensed facility?
And 99.9% of the time they are.

It's just that...

It's just that after your last visit, I was
so concerned with getting things right
that I took my ledgers home to
double check against my own records,
which I keep on my
personal computer at home.

Right.

So...

I mean, look, I spilled a bottle
of amoxicillin the other day.
I got most of them,
but I might have missed a few,
may have even stepped on one.
I didn't say anything because, well, like
you said, everyone does that now and then.
Everyone but Walter Bishop.
Okay. I'll tell you what.
If you want to hang out for a bit,
I can run home and get them right now.
That won't be necessary, Doug.
I'll be back this way in a couple days.
How about you just have
them here for me then?
You got it.
And, hey, thanks again, Agent Carp,
for letting me off the hook.
Well, this investigation's
still pending, Doug.
I haven't let anyone
off the hook yet.
Okay, I'm in.
What do you mean "in"?
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
Hold on. Hold on.
You're in for what?
- For the plan, you know?
- What plan?
Jack, you know, let's do it. Let's
start over. Let's do it, baby.
Doug, wait a minute.
That was a joke.
- Come on, we were joking.
- I know! I know we were,
but, I mean, I've been thinking,
you know, a lot. I've been thinking a lot.
What is this, chardonnay?
About everything and, I mean,
my wife fucking hates me.
This Carp guy's all over me.
Here.
- A sedative?
- Here you go.

Thanks.

And I guess what I'm saying is that, you know, you're right! You're always right.

I'm the pharmacist, and he's the guy with the bad heart.

You know what I mean?

Okay. Let's do it. Tomorrow.

Wow.

Okay, wow. That's soon. That soon?

Well, I don't want to waste any more time being unhappy.

- Do you?

- Okay.

I usually head out to our beach house Friday morning to beat the weekend rush, so it won't be a surprise that I'm gone.

As you know, Jack takes a lot of medication for his heart.

ACE inhibitors, beta blockers, ARBs.

Yes, that's a powerful mix. I usually recommend valsartan, but that's...

Not really important right now, is it?

What's important is the dosage.

Because of the various drugs, Jack gets a 300-milligram dose of eprosartan, but if he were to get, say, 400 milligrams, that slight bump in combination with his usual after dinner trough of scotch, well, then when they call me at the beach the next day, it's, "Oh, my God, Officer.

I'll be there as soon as I can!"

I'm his sole beneficiary, so I sign some papers, collect it all, and tell them to wire the funds wherever we end up.

- Oh, so that's it, huh? Just like that?

- Just like that.

You get to tell that cunt
on wheels where to stick it
and we can spend the rest of our
lives buying whatever looks good
and giving each other
mind-blowing orgasms.

Oh, my God, this is exciting!

- This is great!

- It's great!

Wait! Wait! There's just something
really, really important.

- You can't call me.

- What?

No contact whatsoever. Nothing
that could leave a trace, okay?
Well, how long? That's how long?
At least until it all blows over,
maybe a little longer.

Baby, here.

You relax, and let me give you a
little something to remember me by.

You don't have to do that. Okay.

Fax orders came in.

Doug filled Jack's order
like he always did,
but with one slight
and deadly change.

Noah. Noah.

I'm sorry! Here. Here! Is it an
"M" or a "W"? I don't know.

Hey, hey.

Hey.

Jesus Christ.

What the fuck are you on?

Are we being bros?

Are we being straight bros?

If we're being bros, last
night, I went out real hard.

I got on a Segway and I just went
to every place that served alcohol.

- Are you okay to drive at least?

- I drove here, didn't I?

It's imperative that all these

deliveries make it out today.

All of them.

People have been complaining
about you, Noah,
and we need to show our customers
that we can still be counted on,
like that big clock in the square,
to always be right, accurate.

- Mmm-hmm.

- Trustworthy.

That clock? That clock
is broken, Doug.

Just make the deliveries,
okay, Noah?

You can count on me.

No, I can't, which is why we're
having this conversation.

Okay! I'm going! Jesus Christ!

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Can you smoke in here?

- No!

- Sorry.

Can I get some more water? I like to
hydrate when I'm getting trashed.

- Hi!

- Hey!

It's mailman Morello!

Hey, Arnie! You ever get
back to Atlantic City?

Yes? No? I speak-a the English?

- Let's go.

- Where you going?

They didn't realise I'm the man
behind the curtain, the wizard.

I pull the strings.

Hey, Lloyd.

Is anybody sitting here?

Be my guest.

Hey, Lloyd, I called
in for a to-go order.

Let me have a Black Label,
neat, too. Thanks.

Okay. How about you?

Another vodka martini, my

good man, on the rocks.

- Good.

- Extra olives.

- I know.

- He knows.

That's the exact same

drink my wife orders.

It is?

Yeah, I mean, then again, martinis
are pretty popular, huh? I guess.

Do I know you?

Jack Roberts. I just moved
in a few months back.

I live over on Donneybrook.

- I'm Doug Varney. Yeah. Good to meet you.

- Yeah.

- That big place on the cul-de-sac, right?

- Yeah.

Well, it's too big if you ask me,
but that's what my wife wanted.

You live in town?

Just over 10 years now. I own the
pharmacy in the square, actually.

Really? Well, then you
definitely know my wife.

Why would you say that?

She eats enough pills, she can keep
Pfizer in business by herself.

- I'm sure you know her.

- Well, we get a lot of customers.

I can't even think of somebody...

- Thanks, Lloyd.

- Sure.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

Are you married? Why?

Are you trying to pick me up?

- Well, marriage is hard goddamn work.

- Yeah,

they don't tell you that when you're
registering at Crate and Barrel, huh?

No, they do not.

I've been married three times.

I still have no clue what I'm doing.

I've always been the type of guy that keeps a steady stream of gifts rolling in just to avoid conflict.

You know? I make a nice living. I'm lucky, so why not spread it around? Women are tough, but there's nothing like seeing their face. It just lights up when you bring home some flowers or something sparkling. I like that. It makes me feel good. You know?

Wifey's away, so I'm cooking tonight. I know what that's like. Lloyd, let me take care of his drinks, too, okay? You shouldn't do that. That's very nice of you. It's the least I could do for a new neighbour. Besides, I heard what those vandals did to your pharmacy. That's disgusting. Horrible. I'm sorry about that. All right.

- Have a good night. Bye, Lloyd!
- Bye-bye!
- Bye, Eve.
- Thank you.

My pleasure.
Hey, barkeep.
I think you've had enough, pal. I just want a pen and some paper. No more drinking. Just give me a pen and some paper. Thank you.

Dear Kara, I think we both know that it's time for things to change. I know I'm not the man your father thought you deserved. You know what? I don't... Your father's a fuckin' asshole. This will be hard on Ethan,

and that breaks my heart,
but in the long run,
it's better to be raised
by two happy parents apart
than miserable ones together,
but if he starts in with that shitting
stuff again at school, you let me know.
There's a whole world out there, Kara,
and it's time for me to experience it.
You should check it out yourself
and not just from the
seat of a bicycle.

We've both made mistakes.

That all ends tonight.

I wish I could have been a
stronger man for you. I really do.

But, damn, do I wish you
had been a better woman.

Take care of yourself.

Doug.

What the hell am I doing?

What am I doing?

Hey, where are you going?

Hey. I gotta head to work.

Early bird and all that.

Wait, Dad.

- Dad!

- Yeah?

You're coming into
school today, right?

Of course.

Right. I wouldn't miss it for
the world, buddy. I'll be...

- I'll be there.

- Bye.

Hello!

Hello? Hello?

Jack!

Jack!

Mr Roberts!

Jack!

Fuck. I fucking killed him.

Help! Help! Somebody!

Hello! Anybody there?

Take it easy.
Ahh! Nice doggie! Nice doggie!
Hey, it's me.
God damn it, pick up
the phone! Please!
Elizabeth! Where are you?
I think I killed him!
I think I fucking killed him!
God damn it! Fuck!
Fuck!
God damn it.
Come on! Come on!
God damn it!
God damn it.
Let's go!
Oh, shit!
Aw, fuck!
Okay, next up is Mr Varney.
Mr Varney? Mr Varney?
Good morning...
Everyone.
- Good morning, Mr Varney.
- Good morning, Mr Varney.
Class, Mr Varney
is gonna tell us all about
being a pharmacist.
You're bleeding.
Huh?
- You're bleeding.
- No, I'm not.
- Ew!
- Douglas Varney.
- Hey, hey, hey, hey.
- You are under arrest.
Wait a minute. What are
you talking about?
Ahh!
Take it easy.
Hey.
Whoa. Whoa.
Jeez! Not in front of my kid.
You have the right
to remain silent.
Anything you say

can and will be used against
you in a court of law.
Do you understand me or not?
Do you know who I am?
Do you know who I am?
Let's give a big round of applause
for Christopher's father.
Officer Willits!
Great stuff, man!
All right! All right! All right.
Now, being a police officer is
about more than kicking ass,
car chases and guns.
Yeah!
All right. It's about protecting
and serving your community.
It's about making sure that Woodbury
is a safe place for you all
to work and play. It...
Oh!
Oh, excuse me one second, please.
Joke's on me.
One more time please, with that.
I'm gonna have to ask
you to come with me.
All right. All right.
We're gonna take a walk.
I didn't know what to say.
I was with my son.
Mr Varney.
Can we lose the cuffs, please?
Give us a minute, all right?
Now listen, none of this should
come as a surprise to you
given the inconsistent state
of affairs around here, okay?
With a paper trail as long as this
one, this was bound to happen.
This is usually how
these things work out.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
Oh, no, no, no. Don't apologise.
I didn't mean to hurt anybody.
No, no apology necessary.

- I'm so sorry.
- It's okay, Doug.
I didn't mean to do anything.
It's all right. It's all over now.
It's okay.
What, what, what are
they doing here?
Well now, Doug, they're
here to take away the body.
What do you mean, body?
What do you mean?
Well, you know...
- How the fuck?
- He probably...
How the fuck did he get
here from his house?
Doug, listen. He panicked, okay?
Being as how there weren't
any doctor's offices nearby,
he did the next best
thing he could.
He came here, okay? So
this is where he expired.
Are you okay, Doug? Are you okay?
Hey, Mr Varney, you
cannot go back there.
Hey, hey, hey! Hey!
Mr Varney, no, no, no, no, no.
What the fuck?
What the fuck?
Now listen, he was no angel, okay?
Poor kid, he really got in
over his head with this one.
With what?
Well, with pilfering. You know?
Pill skimming.
You know? A couple here, two more
there, a couple three more there.
That sort of thing adds up in
a hurry, sometimes too quick.
You know, you don't know this,
but there's a real cottage industry out
here in the burbs for this kind of thing.
Noah was a resourceful criminal, but he

forgot the first rule of the drug game.
Don't get high on your own supply.
It's a shame.
Good-looking kid.
Great head of hair.
So that's... So that's it, then?
I have some paperwork for you
to sign, but then we're done.
Listen, Mr Varney.
Doug, I know that
this is rough, okay?
Quite a shock, but there's nothing that
you could have done to stop it, okay?
Hey, from the looks of things, you ought
to prescribe yourself a little something.
Hey, that is not
appropriate, Officer.
Local cops, right?
He's right, though,
Mr Varney. Go ahead.
It'll be our little secret.
You take care, now.
Agent Carp, Agent Carp.
- I'll be right back, Doug.
- I need to... I need to talk to you.
I need to...
Hello! Anybody here?
I need some aspirin!
Hey!
My drinking buddy!
You're not supposed to be here.
He's right.
- I'm gonna have to ask you to clear out.
- No, it's all right.
You...
Last night after we had the drinks at the
bar, I took the... I took the party home
by myself and I drank a half
a bottle of Black Label.
I passed out cold right
there on the chair.
My head's killing me.
Do you have...
Huh? Oh! Yeah.

Thanks. Okay.

I should probably...

Should pick up a prescription.

My prescriptions because the delivery guy never made it up to the house.

All... A lot of orders got screwed up.

I'll fill it out and have someone run it over to you later.

- What do I owe you?

- Call it even.

For the drinks.

All right. Good seeing you, Doug. Thanks.

Hey, is everything else okay?

What do you mean?

Well, you know, with your wife, what you were telling me at the bar.

Oh...

I don't know. She left me.

She left? And she's not coming back?

I don't know. She even turned off her cell phone.

I think this time she really means it.

All right, Doug. Thanks.

Doug?

You wanted to talk to me?

Yeah, I just wanted to say thanks for all your help.

- Sure thing.

- You're good.

Thanks. You're good, too.

We all do our part to keep the world turning.

You take care of yourself now, Doug.

Hell of a day, huh, Varney?

Fuck.

Okay.

Hello?

Hey, baby.

Elizabeth, where the...

- You didn't answer your calls.
- Yeah,
that was the plan,
remember? No calls.
Yeah, well, the plan has
changed. Jack isn't dead.
Jack isn't dead.
What?
There was a screw-up with
the deliveries and Noah...
It's complicated.
I can't get into it.
Elizabeth?
Bonnie and Clyde, we are not.
It's not too late, though, right?
I mean,
we could still go away.
We could just... We could go away.
I have a kid, Elizabeth.
I can't leave.
God.
I was worried sick.
Yeah, I'm fine.
I meant this.
Oh.
You were right. I guess
I've just been a little bit
caught up in, you know,
Ethan's drama and the studio.
But you're home now.
So that's what's important.
Kara, that letter wasn't
me asking you to change.
It was me telling you
that I'm leaving.
Whoo! Yeah!
That's what I'm talking about! Yes!
You made it. All right.
Congratulations.
Good morning, Doug.
I brought you some coffee
just the way you like it.
Oh, no, thanks, Walt. I'm off
caffeine. I appreciate it, though.

Oh.

You know, it's funny. I don't hate it nearly as much as I thought I would.

That's funny.

I don't really give a shit.

Like I said, things don't change much in Woodbury, but every now and then, we need to be reminded that change can be good.

The pharmacy had a whole new look, and I wanted to see it for myself.

Ma'am, are you finding everything all right?

Yes. Yes, I am.

And may I say this pharmacy has the most impressive collection of douches I have ever seen.

Well, thank you.

High blood pressure, acid reflux, chlamydia.

Never would have guessed.

No one ever does.

Excuse me.

Oh, hey.

I thought you were out of town.

I had to come back to sign some papers. You know, make it final.

And I had a few things I absolutely needed to pick up from the pharmacy.

Just to complete the collection for the kingdom.

So, are you in town long or...

No, I leave tonight for

Madrid, and then Paris

and then I don't really

know. I'm not sure.

I don't care, as long as I don't understand the menu, you know?

Well, hey, that sounds great.

It sounds like you'll

have a great...

You can't help everyone,

but everyone can help someone.

Take care of yourself, Doug.

And sometimes, that
someone is yourself.

You, too.

Doug Varney wasn't used to winning.

But he was beginning
to enjoy how it felt.

Consult!