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# City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold

By Lowell Ganz

Hi, Curly.  
Remember me?  
Mitch Robbins?  
I was on your last cattle drive.  
Remember? We birthed that calf together.  
How you been?  
I'm sorry.  
That's a stupid thing to say, because...  
Why get into that? Why depress you?  
Anyway...  
I think about you a lot.  
You changed my whole life.  
You were right, cowboy.  
'"One thing."' "  
'"Just one thing."' "  
City folk.  
I buried him alive!  
Hello?  
Yes!  
Hi, Mom.  
It's September 8, 1952.  
We're driving back from Aunt Marsha's,  
my water breaks...  
your father jumps the divider  
of the Saw Mill River Parkway...  
and races me to Doctors' Hospital...

**and at 5:**

out you came.  
Happy birthday, darling!  
I can't believe you're 40.  
I'm overcome. Talk to your father.  
- Hi, Dad.  
- Hi, boy. Happy birthday.  
Thanks. How are you?  
I got a cyst on my testicle.  
Here's your mother.  
Don't worry, he's fine.  
So, how does it feel to be 40?  
- Actually, Mom, I feel great.  
- Why, what's wrong?  
Ma, he's fine. He's never been better.  
You're there, too? Hi, Barbara.  
Well, listen, you two, have a...

Leo, Leo! The dog needs to go out.

Leo! He's impossible.

- I'm gonna have him neutered.

- She means the dog.

Stop that!

I've got to go, he's peeing on the carpet!

She means Dad.

'Bye, Mom.

'Bye, angel birthday boy.

'Bye.

- Happy birthday, honey.

- Thanks.

Oh, boy!

- What a nightmare.

- They're your parents.

No, not them.

I had a nightmare that was...

I don't want to talk about it...

because today is my birthday.

The big 4-0.

And I feel good, I really feel great.

I feel good, yes.

Nurse, today is my birthday.

I'd like to look at the ocean, please.

Thank you.

I'm 40. And you know what?

It's not so terrible.

There's no surprise party, right?

Please, no surprise party?

Abe's wife threw a surprise party,

he walked in, they yelled, "Surprise! "...

and he said, "Bigger surprise:

I'm having a heart attack! "

Abe Goodman weighed 400 pounds.

Who are you telling, I was a pallbearer.

I had to help carry that camper

he was buried in.

No surprise party.

Just dinner and the movies,

you, me, and the kids...

then both the kids

are going to sleep over at my sister's.

And you and I will have

the whole house to ourselves.

All night long.  
That's my present to you.  
Can I open my present now?  
Tonight.  
But, look, the little man  
wants to go to the parade.  
Save your strength.  
You'll need it.  
I love it up here.  
I'm so glad we moved out of the city.  
- 'Morning!  
- Good morning!  
Work is good.  
I'm just not pushing time anymore.  
I'm the boss now and I like it.  
- 'Morning!  
- 'Morning!  
Want to turn back? Come on, let's go.  
How will you get into a bathing suit?  
Look at you, you weigh 800 pounds.  
And don't tell me ThighMaster.  
You're so out of shape.  
I'm 40 and you're 1.  
Look at you.  
You're like this  
big tub of veal or something.  
Stay in your lane. Why bump me, Norman?  
I saved your life.  
If it wasn't for me, you'd be 100 wallets.  
Okay, we're back.  
I'm Dr. Jeffrey Sanborn.  
Emotional pain is as real as physical pain.  
Just 'cause you can't see a wound  
on an X-ray doesn't mean it isn't there.  
Remember, I feel your pain.  
If you want to talk to me about anything,  
call 555-HELP.  
We're on the phone now  
with Kenny from New Jersey.  
- Kenny? Thanks for waiting.  
- That's all right.  
Kenny, you said  
you get extremely depressed at night.  
That's when the clothes in my closet

come alive.

Excuse me?

Well, not really, it's...

Nighttime's when I'm alone  
and my mind...

I understand.

I pretend there are friends  
who come over...

Are these men's or women's clothes?

No, I don't have women's clothes.

They're men's clothes.

None at all?

Hi. Don't forget.

The sales meeting's in 10 minutes.

I want to talk to you about Phil.

Nobody said anything

when you gave your friend your old job...

though he had no experience

in radio or sales...

- I know.

...because you're the boss.

But you said

you'd let him go two months ago.

I know.

- He's costing the station money.

- It takes a while.

He's in his office now. He's trying his best.

He's been through a tough time.

He's being cleaned out in his divorce.

He's just down.

Then why are you taking him

to the Las Vegas convention?

They'll charge you for excess baggage.

You can't keep putting this off.

Lois, today is my birthday.

Do you know what your present to me is?

Not to talk about this anymore?

Thank you, it's just what I wanted.

We're back with Kenny from New Jersey.

The women you meet, do they say things

to make you feel they don't like you?

It's not anything that they say, it's just...

an overall feeling I get that they're...

What do you get?

Are you there, Kenny?  
Are you all right?  
Are the clothes in your closet  
coming to life?  
- What's happening?  
- Wrong number.  
Speak to me.  
Kenny has to go.  
He's cooking breakfast for his underwear.  
- Who is this?  
- I'm a pair of his socks.  
You're calling the station psychiatrist  
instead of working?  
Well, it's free.  
Do you know what psychiatry costs?  
Anyway, this guy is helping me.  
Helping you?  
Last year this guy was doing  
our traffic reports from a helicopter.  
If this doesn't work,  
he's going to be the movie critic.  
What's going on?  
You were doing so much better.  
I'm thinking of going back with Arlene.  
Are you serious?  
I'm not sure she'd take me back,  
but maybe...  
Think about what you're saying.  
Going back to Arlene  
is like breaking back into Alcatraz.  
You were miserable with Arlene.  
Yeah, but I wasn't lonely.  
Come home with me tonight.  
It's my birthday, we're going out.  
- I forgot your birthday!  
- Don't worry about it.  
Just come with me.  
But you can't sleep over...  
because Barbara and I...  
- You can't.  
- That's okay.  
Then this weekend we're going to Vegas.  
That'll be fun.  
Oh, boy, we got a big meeting,

so come on.

Thank God I've got this job  
to go to every day or I'd really go crazy.

- Good morning, everybody.

- Good morning.

What's with the champagne?

What are we celebrating?

We're celebrating two things.

First, today happens to be  
my 40th birthday.

Secondly, and maybe more importantly,  
in a minute George Leyton will call...

to inform us officially that we are  
the new New York affiliate...

for the Jerry Jackson Show!

- That show's a gold mine!

- Sure is.

Naturally, I had to clear

#### **the 6:**

We're talking scheduling changes,  
marketing, promotion and sales.

This is great for our station!

- Call for Mitch, line 1.

- Put it through.

This must be the call.

Put it on the speaker,

I want to share this with everybody.

'Morning. You have good news for me?

Tonight, I will pull down your pants...

sink my hands into your cute little ass...

and give you a tongue bath.

I'm going to start at your feet

and slowly work my way up...

Hello?

New Rochelle.

Phil, we're here.

We're here.

- Look, come here!

- I'm up.

What?

Nothing.

Excuse me. Coming through.

Curly!

I'm sorry...

Who was that?

I thought it was somebody else.

Come on, it's your birthday. Let's go.

- What if he was a narcoleptic?

- Who?

Curly.

Curly? The trail boss?

They go into these trances  
where it looks like they're dead, but...

- they're not.

- He was dead. We checked.

He was...

Why are you even thinking about this?

I thought I just saw Curly on the train.  
That's who I was chasing after.

Yeah, right.

We buried him alive.

He was underground for a year...  
got up, dusted himself off...  
and got on the commuter train  
to New Rochelle.

That makes sense.

You're right.

I must just be tired, that's all.

Honey, I'm home.

Guess who's coming to dinner?

So you knew he was coming?

- Yeah, I invited him.

- How could you do that?

- What are you saying?

- I'll leave.

You know I can't stand him.

- Oh, my God.

- Honey, this is Phil, our friend.

I'm not talking about Phil.

You thought I meant Phil?

No, Phil.

I love you.

Then what are we talking about?

- Then you don't know.

- No, I don't.

Can I buy a vowel?

- Your brother's here.



- Oh, no.  
Glen? Crazy Glen?  
What do you mean, he's here?  
What do I mean? He's here!  
He's in our den,  
watching a Spanish soap opera.  
How is he? How did he seem?  
He came in and asked me  
to make him a sandwich, no crust...  
then started making long distance calls.  
Oh, God.  
First, he did three scenes  
from Godfather II.  
He still does that? I love that.  
I'm warning you.  
If you mention The Godfather to him...  
I'll rip your arms out  
and beat you to death with them.  
This started as a good birthday.  
- What's he been up to?  
- Nothing. He's the vice president of Lazy.  
He goes from one family member  
to another...  
stays there until they throw him out.  
He borrows money.  
Borrows indicates an intent to repay.  
He gets jobs that aren't jobs.  
We only hear from him through  
change of address cards. He's lost.  
He's a lost soul, he's a dented can...  
He's behind me, isn't he?  
Buenos dias.  
Hello, Glen.  
- How was your sandwich?  
- Delightful.  
I'm sorry about what I said.  
Water off a duck's back. Come here.  
Look at you, you're still  
the world's smallest big brother.  
- Hey, Glen.  
- Phil.  
Long time no see. How are you?  
I'm getting divorced, I'm living alone...  
struggling for a reason to live.

Too much information for me.  
I cannot get over this place.  
I mean, look at it.  
You got birds and trees, and you got  
those fish and you got a cow...  
By the way...  
- there is something wrong with your cow.  
- What?  
I thought I'd help out with the chores,  
you know, so I figured...  
milk the cow.  
I reach under there  
and I'm pulling and tugging.  
Nothing, not a drop.  
The cow's name is Norman.  
You were pulling on his dick.  
I'm gonna go wash up.  
Let me ask you a question:  
Who had Frankie Pentangeli killed?  
The Rosato Brothers.  
Who gave the order?  
I love this.  
There was this kid...  
I grew up with.  
He was younger than me, looked up to me.  
We did our first work together.  
Worked our way up the streets. Things  
were good. We made the most of it.  
I got to change.  
During prohibition,  
we ran molasses into Canada.  
Made a fortune.  
Ran molasses to Canada.  
You should run brains to your head.  
I can't believe you two  
are from the same gene pool.  
- He's from the shallow end.  
- When's he leaving?  
I'll talk to him tonight.  
Hi, Dad. Happy birthday.  
- Thanks, Holly. Did you see your uncle?  
- He borrowed \$10 from me.  
- Have you seen your brother?  
- He's hiding from Uncle Glen.

Find him and tell him  
we're leaving in a few minutes.  
Who's that?  
It's Curtis. I invited him to come with us.  
- Curtis? The lab experiment?  
- Dad!  
I know you like him, but it's my birthday  
and I wanted this to be a family thing.  
- Mom!  
- Answer the door.  
I don't trust this Curtis.  
He's got eight million earrings,  
his nose is pierced...  
He's no boy, he's a fishing lure.  
This is the business we've chosen...  
What do we do about him?  
We were supposed to be alone tonight.  
I was planning to make noise.  
I'll send him home with Phil. It's perfect!  
Tonight is our night.  
Tonight, I'm the Energizer Bunny.  
Someone put a bullet through his eye.  
Are you relaxed now?  
It's time.  
- I'm going to change.  
- Change?  
Into what?  
Your husband's out of town?  
- What?  
- Nothing.  
It's just something that helps me.  
I'm Antonio, dance with me.  
Oh, baby.  
I look like a schmuck.  
What's this?  
What did you have in your hat, Curly?  
What the hell is this?  
"\$1,000,000 in gold.  
"I took it, you find it."  
- What the...  
- Mitch!  
- I'm ready.  
- Just a second.  
Happy birthday.

Wow.  
If I scream too loud...  
tough.  
I'm done.  
What happened?  
- I just...  
- There was, I think, too much anticipation.  
You know, and you look so great.  
And the kissing was great,  
really wonderful, topnotch kissing, and...  
it's better this way.  
For whom?  
You. I mean, for us, I mean...  
because now...  
that one's out of the way, and  
in 10 minutes the new shift comes on...  
and I'll be in total control.  
So, go hide in any room in the house  
and I'll go look for you.  
- What?  
- Go. It'll be great.  
Any room in the house.  
I guess I got you too excited.  
Go hide.  
I'm hiding.  
I don't believe this!  
- Mitch?  
- Okay.  
I feel your pain.  
Tell me again. Last year  
you buried someone you were fond of?  
Someone I was very fond of.  
With whom I had a very good relationship.  
But now this dead individual  
seems to be following me.  
- Excuse me?  
- I am plotzing, I am seeing him...  
You listening to this nut?  
He's crazy.  
- Are you seeing him now?  
- Gotta go.  
- 'Morning.  
- Are you busy?  
Actually, could I talk to you for a second?

What?

You know what, forget about it.

I love to hear about  
other people's problems.

Makes me feel normal.

I know that this will sound crazy, but...

I saw him again.

- Who?

- Curly.

Oh, God, Mitch.

Last night in the rain, outside my window.

I ran out, but he was gone.

I'm telling you, we buried him alive.

He is pissed, and he wants his hat back.

- I'm taking you home.

- No, let me explain.

Nobody returns from the dead  
for their hat.

- Lf this was in it?

- This was in Curly's hat?

It was sewn in the hat band.

Read this.

'"West Pac, eat my dust.

I took it, you find it.

'"\$1,000,000. L. Washburn.'"

Who's L. Washburn?

- No idea.

- What is this?

I think it's a treasure map.

- No kidding?

- I'm not imagining this, right?

There's a piece missing.

But it shows the trail  
and the X where it's buried.

\$1,000,000! I got those Time-Life books  
on the Old West...

and I read there's money buried all over  
that's never been found.

I bet this map tells you where it's buried.

Tells you where what's buried?

Phil's grandmother.

What's up? We're really busy.

I'm going to do

a little more research on this...

Grandma.

Wow, this is a big office.

It's not that big.

'"Mitch Robbins, Station Manager.'"

- What is it? I'm a little bit busy.

- Nothing.

That's great you got Phil a job.

That's really nice.

- What's it been, about five months now?

- Yeah.

I called you about six months ago,  
and asked if there were any openings...

and you said there wasn't anything.

Then a month goes by...

something opens up, and Phil gets it.

My tough luck, I guess. Or bad timing.

I always try to take care of you.

Take care of me?

Mikey, you're my kid brother,  
and you take care of me?

You're my kid brother.

My name is not Mikey.

Send Fredo to do this,

send Fredo to do that.

- I'm smart.

- Stop.

I'm smart, I want respect!

Would you stop with this Godfather stuff!

You want to talk about this? Seriously?

'Cause you have a job for a friend  
and not for a brother.

And don't tell me he's special, all right?

I like Phil, but let's face it...

he's a lamb chop short of a mixed grill.

So when you say...

I'll tell you something, and I'll be honest.

I didn't want you to work here

because I can't count on you.

I have tried to help you in the past  
and you embarrassed me, frankly.

- When?

- When? The ad agency thing?

Bob Richardson gave you that job  
as a personal favor to me.

And you let him down.  
Bob Richardson said terrible things  
about you behind your back.  
I had a fight with him.  
I said I don't care who he is,  
he can't talk about my brother like that.  
And I refused to work there anymore.  
He told me you never showed up.  
Oh, that Bob Richardson.  
That guy. He...  
I'll just deal with the fact  
that my brother thinks I'm an idiot.  
Don't turn this into an opera.  
I don't think you're an idiot.  
No? Never once in your life  
did you ever say you were proud of me.  
For what?  
Thanks.  
Damn it!  
Glen, wait a second. Come here.  
- Glen, come here.  
- Let go of me, you big bully.  
Come here! Listen to me. I'm sorry...  
but you set me up for that.  
You've a right to feel how you feel.  
Would you please listen to me?  
Friday, I'm going to Las Vegas.  
There's a big convention.  
Why don't you come with me and Phil?  
I'll introduce you,  
you'll meet people, make contacts.  
Maybe something'll come of it...  
if you're really looking for a serious job.  
- Okay?  
- Hey, Mitch. Come on. I found some...  
Grandma.  
Can you loan me \$10?  
And then it just hit me.

**West Pac:**

I'll bet you that \$1,000,000  
is from a train robbery.  
\$1,000,000!  
A little louder, some of the crack dealers

didn't hear you. Thank you.  
Get you a little decaf.  
I got it!  
Look at this.  
'"June 12, 1908.'"   
That's what it says on the map!  
What could Curly have to do with this?  
In 1908 he wasn't born yet.  
Look at this.  
The starting spot on the map, Spencer...  
it's only 65 miles from Las Vegas.  
This is fate!  
Up yours.  
'"\$1,000,000 in gold bars lost.'"   
That was then.  
Gold is 10 times more valuable now.  
Twenty!  
\$20,000,000!  
Sorry. What am I doing?  
I'm getting crazy! This is ridiculous.  
It's not crazy.  
It's all fitting into place. Look.  
I got the trial of the train robbers.  
'"Leader of the gang, Lincoln Washburn... "'  
- L. Washburn!  
- I don't believe this.  
'"...challenged the authorities.  
'I took it, you find it', he said.  
'"So far, none of the gold  
has been recovered.'"   
None of the gold has been recovered.  
- Let's do it.  
- Do what?  
- Go after the gold!  
- Are you serious?  
From Las Vegas, let's go to Spencer,  
follow the map and see where it leads us!  
- You're getting a little excited.  
- You're damn right.  
This could be the opportunity of a lifetime.  
Holy...  
You are out of control.  
Stop and think a minute.  
Why would Curly keep something



like this in his hat?  
He couldn't take a filing cabinet  
on the cattle drive.  
I mean, why put the map into his hat?  
Why didn't he go get the treasure?  
Maybe he never got around to it.  
He never got around to it?  
For \$20,000,000 you'd budget your time.  
Mitch!  
When I saw this map, I got excited, too.  
But we can't just go nuts. I mean, I'm 40!  
What does that mean?  
I don't know!  
Come on!  
If you showed me  
what any of this has to do with Curly...  
then I would believe you.  
Then I would say, "It's real."  
But you can't. So it isn't.  
Meet Lincoln Washburn.  
Hi, honey, I'm in Las Vegas.  
Yeah, at the convention.  
We're just sitting out here  
relaxing by the pool.  
Weather's hot, about 120...  
but dry, so you don't even notice it.  
Honey, listen, here's the thing.  
They had some sort of an electrical thing  
at the hotel.  
I don't know. It was a thing.  
The switchboard blew up.  
What the hell am I doing?  
No calls coming in, no calls going out.  
So you have to call me on the cellular,  
'cause I'll have it with me every second.  
All right. So don't call the hotel...  
call me.  
I've got to go, honey.  
We're going to see Siegfried and Roy.  
I love you, too. 'Bye.  
You lied to her.  
What was I going to do, tell her the truth?  
That I'm jeopardizing my career to rent  
burros and go hunting for buried treasure?

I'm sure she'd be real supportive.  
You know,  
this whole situation drips with irony.  
- Does it?  
- Oh, drips.  
What if it was my idea instead of yours?  
If I was bagging my job to hunt treasure?  
You'd be saying,  
"Same old crazy, irresponsible Glen."  
But you do it and it's all right.  
How do you explain that?  
Listen...  
we know it's a day and a half to the gold  
and a day and a half back.  
We'll be back Monday, tops.  
Wait. Why are you  
making me feel guilty about this?  
Shouldn't you be grateful  
we included you?  
If it's real, your share could be \$7 million...  
Everything's set.  
Good. Where's my other friend?  
He's inside, settling up with my partner.  
That's a lot of stuff for  
a couple days camping. Shovels, ropes...  
Well, actually...  
we're seismologists from Caltech.  
- Oh, yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Do you know anything  
about geology or earthquakes?  
No.  
Well, the continental plates  
are in a state of extreme...  
seismic tension...  
throughout this entire  
igneous, polygamous, Jurassic...  
Hasidic region.  
And when the plates  
get in that state of tension...  
what we have to do is dig down...  
and relax them.  
Golly.  
Well put.

So there's this guy's picture  
in an old newspaper...  
and he looks just like the guy  
with the map in his hat.  
It must have been  
his father or his grandfather...  
but that's what convinced us  
the gold is really there.  
Phil.  
I don't really believe much  
in this treasure-hunting business...  
but I sure do wish you boys  
a whole lot of luck.  
- We didn't want to look stupid.  
- That's all right.  
A lot of you city boys come up here  
thinking you'll dig up some gold.  
Hell, it keeps us in business.  
- Let's get started. Thank you very much.  
- Oh, sure thing.  
- All right!  
- Now, you boys be careful.  
Turn your boots upside down at night,  
watch your step, watch where you squat.  
Squat?  
A city boy came here about a year ago.  
He was squatting to do his business...  
a rattlesnake got him right in the keister.  
See you in a couple of days, I hope.  
Did you tell him your entire life?  
- Of course not, I just...  
- Phil!  
I'd think twice before going back  
to your wife.  
It'd be like sticking your balls  
in a bear trap.  
That would be a bad thing, right?  
I'm joking, it's a joke.  
We should go,  
'cause, look, we're in a handicapped spot.  
Gays in the military. Your thoughts?  
We'll be back  
after these commercial breaks.  
'Bye. Let's go, boys.

Good luck.

Hope you find lots and lots of gold.

Well?

It says, "The band plays the way."

What band? What's "plays the way"?

I don't know. This is very hard to read.

Which way is north?

Up.

What do you mean, "up"?

North on the map is always up.

So, I guess that means...

we should go up.

What are you saying?

Every time you go up you're going north,  
and every time you go down, south?

Now you're starting to frighten me.

Hold up here.

Maybe you should have bought a compass  
instead of four pounds of tortilla chips.

Let's see.

I can't make out anything here.

Look at this.

It's all written so small.

- I know. What is this?

- I don't know.

- Give me the map.

- Let Magellan have a look.

Yes, some of us come prepared.

Can you hold this, please? Thank you.

Move, you're in my light.

All right.

Now, the sun sets in the east, right?

No, the sun sets in the west.

That's if you're in the East.

But we are way out West now...

- so we are past where the sun sets.

- You can't be past where the sun sets.

And if you think you can,

then I am directly south of an idiot.

- Which is down.

- Right.

Speaking of idiots,

it doesn't say, "The band plays the way."

It says, "The hand points the way."

That's a lot better, what does that mean?

- The hand points the way.

- Yes.

The hand points the way.

Look, it's the hand!

The hand points the way. The map is real!

Look at it! Here it is!

It's real!

The hand points the way.

All right!

We're going to get the gold!

What are you doing?

I'm doing Walter Huston's dance  
from Treasure of the Sierra Madre.

Oh, yeah. He found the gold  
and he did the dance. I loved it.

Rich, boys. We'll be rich.

It's real!

The map is real!

The map is on fire!

- It's on fire!

- Shit!

Get it. Oh, no!

I got it!

Watch it!

Chiropractor.

Twelve.

Unbelievable.

Also 12.

- How do you do that?

- Fourteen.

No, I'm really asking you,  
how do you do that?

I don't know, I automatically see  
how many letters there are in every word.

My brother, the Rain Man.

Wayne Newton.

Eleven.

Yeah, definitely 11.

**Let me ask you:**

If I'd actually died today,  
would you still be playing this game?

Mitch, it's over.

You're okay. Everybody's okay.  
I know, I'm sorry, I'm just...  
I'm just a little petrified of heights,  
which is why I'm not tall.  
Listen, Phil.  
I'm making you a copy of the map  
in case something like this happens again.  
So Phil gets a copy, but not me.  
We don't need three copies.  
But why, automatically,  
does Phil get the copy?  
Well, because...  
I see.  
- What does that mean?  
- It means I see.  
- Where are you going?  
- I'm going to bed.  
Listen, Phil.  
Is it okay with you if Glen gets the copy?  
- Fine.  
- Thank you.  
I've already given him \$7 million,  
why not a map?  
Okay, here we go. I told you,  
I had already invited him to Las Vegas.  
What could I say to him?  
"Stand by that roulette table,  
we'll be back in three days" ?  
It was awkward.  
I know he's your brother  
and I know he's a nice guy...  
but I've got this terrible feeling  
he'll do something to screw this up.  
He already set fire to the map.  
I know. I'll watch him.  
I'll be responsible for him.  
I don't want anything to mess this up.  
It's too important.  
Don't worry. So far, so good.  
We're having a great time.  
I almost got killed today.  
I made you a map.  
You did?  
Yeah, I put it in your saddlebag.

Thanks.

It means a lot to me  
that you brought me along on this thing.

- Look, come on.

- No, I mean it, you know.

It reminds me of...

Remember when Mom would force you to  
take me to the movies with your friends?

She never forced me.

She'd just say if I didn't,  
she'd hang herself with the good towels.

But you were really nice about it.

I remember you gave me  
my own personal box of Milk Duds...  
and you'd take me to the bathroom...  
during the best part of the movie.

And you let me sit next to you.

Can I ask you something?

Sure.

What do you do?

What do I do?

Sometimes we don't hear from you  
for months.

I do a lot of things.

Sales, mostly.

For a while I was an animal detective.

What is that? A poodle calls and says,  
'"My wife's fooling around with a bulldog'?"

No.

Once, by accident, I found a dog  
and called the owner.

He gave me \$100.

So I made a business out of it.

I'd find lost dogs and call the owners.

People paid big ransom.

- Ransom! My God...

- '"Ransom'" is a bad choice of words.

That's the word they used in court,  
but I'm still fighting it.

Good for you.

There's Phil's horse.

Where's Phil?

- You all right?

- I'll just be a second.

Yeah, right.  
He must be having trouble.  
Relax, don't strain!  
Oh, my God.  
Too many tortilla chips.  
I was bit by a rattler!  
Mitch, help!  
A snake!  
A rattler!  
He bit me on the ass.  
God, I'm going to die!  
Hold on.  
Somebody, suck out the poison. Please!  
- He's your friend.  
- Yeah, but you slept with his sister.  
I'm losing feeling.  
Can't we wait till the poison travels up?  
I understand. Glen, suck on his ass.  
What?  
I can't speak.  
My tongue's numb.  
I've done you a million favors,  
and one time I ask you to do something...  
And the one time is sucking poison  
out of your friend's ass? Forget it!  
I'm blind.  
Where are you?  
I'm here, Phil.  
Don't worry, Phil, I'm going to do it.  
But I am not going to forget this, Glen.  
Mitch, please...  
don't tell my kids I died taking a shit.  
Okay.  
Hurry.  
Would you suck, already?  
That is not a snakebite.  
You sat on a cactus.  
You sat on a cactus.  
I felt the sting, I saw that snake,  
and I remembered what those guys said...  
I though I was really going to die.  
- It's over, you're okay.  
- You were going to do it.  
You were going to suck on my ass.



It's over.  
- You're my friend, Mitch.  
- Sure I am.  
You really care about me!  
It's okay, Phil.  
He gets a little emotional.  
We used to be that close.  
Oh, God.  
Let's get that gold!  
I want that gold!  
'"This is the business we've chosen."  
Batting third, and playing center field...  
Number 7, Mickey Mantle.  
I can't see.  
How does the TV know what to record?  
Because you've told the VCR,  
and once you tell the VCR...  
- It tells it?  
- Yeah, you don't tell the TV anything.  
The VCR does all the work.  
It's a great convention, honey. I love...  
Hello?  
Phil, is this beef jerky or turkey jerky?  
Does it really matter?  
How do they make it, anyway?  
Jerky? It's an interesting process.  
Take a really good piece of meat...  
then a New York City cab driver  
sits on it for four months.  
How will those two laughing idiots  
we rented this stuff from feel...  
when we bring back all that gold?  
The looks on those faces,  
those tobacco-chewing, gun-rack-having...  
chicken-screwing, sister-marrying,  
abandoned-toilet-seat-in-the-yard-having...  
vitamin-deficiencied, ugly faces.  
They're behind me, aren't they?  
Howdy, boys.  
What a coincidence.  
We were just talking about you.  
- What are you doing here?  
- We followed you.  
Isn't that nice, huh? Talk about service.

Everything is great.  
The equipment, the food...  
That jerky, forget about it.  
Better than Mom's, but she used onions...  
We want the map!  
Map?  
The one old Stretch there told us about.  
Oh, the map.  
Like you said, we're like all those dumb  
city boys who come looking for treasure.  
Nope.  
This cowboy kept this map in his hat,  
and that means it was something special.  
- And if his daddy did that holdup...  
- We want that map!  
- Don't make us look for it.  
- Fellas, come on now.  
I know what you're feeling,  
I've been there.  
I'm still there.  
You feel like you have no control  
over your life...  
that nothing makes sense...  
It's in the saddle bag.  
Come on, you can't leave us like this.  
We won't make any trouble.  
We've got families, we've got kids.  
Let us go and we'll forget the whole thing.  
- Absolutely.  
- Not me.  
If I ever see either of you, I'll kill you!  
Will you shut up?  
Pig-boy!  
That's my wife. I really should take this.  
So if you'd just pull it out  
and press "Send"?  
Looks like you won't be talking  
to her after all.  
All right, look...  
you got two choices.  
We can leave you here, and animals  
will smell your flesh burning in the sun...  
and will come down here  
and chew you up pretty bad.

Or?  
We can shoot you in the head right now.  
I think we shoot them right now.  
Got any last words?  
Curly, I knew it! You're alive!  
I swear, we thought you were dead.  
We didn't know.  
Please, Curly.  
I'm sorry we buried you,  
but you looked so dead.  
Sorry, Curly.  
I'm not Curly.  
I'm Duke.  
Duke?  
Curly was my brother.  
Your brother?  
Brother?  
The other night...  
it was you on the train to New Rochelle,  
wasn't it?  
Yeah.  
And I was outside your window that night.  
You have a lovely home.  
Thank you, we did a lot of work.  
Where you were used to be a tool shed.  
The other side was a total disaster.  
The wood rot...  
Where is my brother's map?  
The map. They got the map.  
You gave them...  
- You gave them my brother's map?  
- No, it's okay.  
- They don't have the real map.  
- What?  
What do you mean?  
It's the map you gave me.  
I didn't make you a real copy, I changed it.  
- Why?  
- In case something like this happened.  
You didn't trust me.  
I drew you a copy that led to the highway!  
I wanted you to be safe.  
No! You thought I'd sneak off  
and steal the gold.

No, I didn't. L...  
Would you two pixies knock it off?  
Where's the damn map?  
What the hell are you staring at?  
Curly's twin, I can't get over it.  
Well, get over it...  
or I'll turn you into twins.  
Oh, I see.  
That piece was missing when we found it.  
And I accidentally burned that hole.  
Can't tell you how often my daddy  
put me and my brother on his knees...  
and told us about this treasure.  
He said we'd all go out together  
when the time was ripe...  
- when they weren't watching him.  
- Why did you wait so long?  
If Curly had the map, why didn't you...  
We didn't know there was a map  
till a year ago.  
Our mom died.  
She was 95.  
Stabbed at a bar fight.  
She gave Curly the map on her deathbed.  
He wrote to me, told me to come home,  
that we'd be rich.  
Till then,  
he was going to keep it under his hat.  
Where were you?  
You writing a book?  
No.  
By the time I got back...  
Curly had died on a cattle drive.  
Dumb son-of-a-bitch.  
His pal, Cookie...  
told me that you had his hat,  
so I came looking for you.  
Found you, didn't I?  
Why didn't you just knock and tell me?  
Why did you scare the life out of me?  
Because I didn't know  
what kind of guy you were.  
And I wasn't sure  
you knew about the map.

If you didn't...  
I sure wasn't going to tell you.  
Then you came out here,  
I figured I'd let you do all the work...  
and then just take it from you.  
You guys ought to head back to town.  
Back, what do you mean, back?  
Your mommies will be worried about you.  
Thanks for the map.  
Hey, wait a second, you can't...  
I can't what?  
Nothing.  
That's it, I guess.  
What the hell do you want?  
You may look like Curly,  
but you're nothing like him.  
Curly was a good man, a decent man.  
He had dignity.  
He wouldn't like to see you  
treating his friends like this.  
- You were his friend?  
- Yeah.  
As a matter of fact,  
he changed my whole life.  
I was really confused,  
and he told me that one thing...  
He told you about that one thing?  
Yeah. And if he was here  
and saw what you were doing...  
he would kick the living shit out of you.  
So, Curly told you about the one thing.  
He must have liked you.  
He did.  
You and your friends want to ride along...  
As partners?  
Hell, half of what's up there  
is more than I'll ever need.  
Half?  
You mean, you get a half  
and the three of us have to split a half?  
Which is fine. I'll go along with that.  
Just remember something.  
Don't mess with us, pal.  
We're from New York.

You ever talk to me like that again...  
and I'll turn your balls...  
into earrings. Understand?  
Go for it.  
We're close. Less than a day.  
Can you hear it?  
That's the gold, it's singing to us:  
'"Come and get me."' "  
Curly was wrong, there are two things.  
Whatever the hell this is...  
and gold.  
Let's go get it.  
Phil, you won't meet women sitting  
at home reading those Time-Life books.  
You gotta get out, go places.  
If a woman wants someone like me,  
she goes to the pound...  
and gets herself a three-legged dog.  
If this isn't too personal a question...  
when's the last time  
you were with a woman?  
Saturday.  
Saturday will be a year.  
If I'd known  
I would have gotten you a cake.  
Who was she?  
- This girl I met on the cattle drive.  
- Bonnie.  
Right, Bonnie. She was cute.  
She was really sweet, too, but...  
I was two weeks out of my marriage.  
I was just a huge sack of tears.  
Wonder if I still know how to do it?  
Come on, it's like riding a bicycle,  
only you're naked.  
Speaking of which, did you ever  
walk in on our parents doing it?  
No.  
- Why, did you?  
- Yes.  
- Really?  
- Worst thing I've ever seen.  
It's a horrible thing for a little kid to see.  
This was three weeks ago, in Florida.

- Did you walk into the bedroom?

- It was in the kitchen.

Apparently it was spontaneous,  
because Pop still had his hat on...

the one with fake grass and a golf ball.

It was horrible.

Wax fruit flying every place, dog barking...

my kids' pictures flapping up and down  
on the refrigerator.

- Okay, stop it.

- Pop was working hard.

' "Enough of that, did you take the car in? ' "

I think that's beautiful.

Not from my angle.

Two people in love after all those years,  
that's great.

Great? An hour later we ate on that table.

You okay?

- First time on a horse in 50 years.

- What? But you're a cowboy.

I was born around here,

but left when I was 15.

Where did you go?

World War II.

Lied about my age and joined the Navy.

First look at the big blue. After the war...

Merchant Marine, charter boats,  
anything to stay on the ocean.

Been around the world 21 times.

Curly loved the land.

I loved the sea.

So you're like surf and turf.

- You thought that was funny?

- No.

I'm just thinking what I'd like to do to you.

Look at that.

Look at how great he looks.

Majestic, you know?

I had a dream about a horse like this.

I want to ride alongside him.

Why?

To see what it's like

riding alongside a wild animal.

It's like going on vacation with Arlene.

Come on.  
Where did he go?  
Shit!  
Where did he go?  
Quiet.  
- What is that?  
- It's an earthquake.  
Go! Go!  
He's got friends, get out of here!  
Stampede!  
Holy shit!  
Go! Go!  
Let's head for the trees. Come on, go!  
Let's go, come on.  
Oh, no! Duke!  
- I lost the goddamn...  
- Forget the map, come on!  
- Son-of-a-bitch!  
- Let's get out of here!  
I'm going after Glen.  
Help!  
Mitch!  
Help!  
I'm coming!  
- Pull them up!  
- Which ones?  
Get to the front and pull them up!  
I can't!  
Mitch!  
One...  
two...  
Mitch!  
What are you doing?  
I'm saving you, you schmuck.  
Glen, the wagon's coming apart!  
- What?  
- You'll have to jump.  
We're coming to the edge,  
you've got to jump now!  
- I can't!  
- Jump!  
- I can't!  
- You pain in the ass...  
listen to me, for once.



Get your fat ass out here, and jump now!

Come on, jump...

now!

- Mitch, do something!

- Hold on!

- Are you okay?

- Yeah.

Are you okay?

Yeah.

You can let go now.

Soon.

You saved my life!

You are amazing!

And the way you did it...

This is a whole lot different  
than just sucking on Phil's ass.

Excuse me?

Did I hear right?

- Yeah, Phil thought that a snake bit him...

- I don't care.

Now, whatever went on before...

stops now.

Is this real bad?

It looks like...

you spent the night

with a Singapore hooker.

Great, that's it.

I'm dead.

- They're just scratches.

- No, you don't get it.

Barbara can't reach me.

By now, she's called the hotel in Vegas...

and realized that I've been lying to her.

Then I return with scratches on my back?

That's it, it is over. I'm divorced.

By this time next week,

I'll be having a candlelit dinner with Phil.

Well, pick a night, 'cause the map is gone.

Everything's been trampled:

The food, tents, sleeping bags...

What's left?

Three miner's helmets

and a tube of Chap Stick.

What's the difference?

The only thing that mattered  
was that map.

- This is all my fault.

- Your fault?

I dropped it.

You wouldn't have,

if I hadn't frolicked with some stallion.

I'm sorry, Duke.

I'm really sorry.

If we don't get lost, will we make it  
back to town before we starve to death?

It's only a day and a half.

I can use every second...

to think of another lie to tell Barbara.

If you guys go home...

I'm not splitting the treasure with you.

- What? You're not coming back with us?

- No. The gold is that way.

Yes, but the grand-slam pancake breakfast  
at the Mirage is that way.

Duke, we've got no map.

What will you do? Wander around  
hoping to stumble onto the gold?

Something like that.

Please don't take this the wrong way,  
but you're insane.

Insane is coming this far  
and then just going back.

If you guys want to go home, go ahead.

But, that gold...

That's the only dream I've got left.

"Over the buffalo's back...

"and under the frozen people."

What?

"Over the buffalo's back  
and under the frozen people! "

That's the rest of the map.

How do you know?

You never even saw the real map.

I saw it yesterday for a minute  
when we were looking for the hand.

This isn't memorizing a movie,  
or telling how many letters are in "falafel".

Seven. Now, I'm telling you...

that gold will be in our hands  
by tomorrow night.  
I can draw you the exact map.  
I can get us there.  
All you have to do is trust me.  
Mitch, please...  
for once in your life...  
just trust me.  
Trust you?  
Are you sure it said, '"buffalo's back'"?  
We haven't seen anything  
that looks like a buffalo's back. Nothing.  
You know something?  
You have not stopped whining  
since we started.  
It's like going on vacation  
with an ambulance.  
Shut up! You shouldn't even be on this!  
Yeah? If it wasn't for me,  
we wouldn't even be here.  
Freezing to death!  
Hurry, it's going out!  
That's the last one.  
Good night.  
Good night? How about good-bye?  
We're going to die up here.  
The sun's up in...  
five hours.  
Tomorrow morning  
we're all going to be rich.  
Hey, look, guys...  
we're really in trouble here.  
In case we never find our way out...  
and I die first...  
eat me.  
Eat you?  
I mean, if you're starving to death.  
Eat you? I don't even like  
talking to you on the phone.  
I'm willing to sacrifice myself  
for the good of the group.  
'"Eat me'"?  
What a lovely image: '"Eat me.'"  
Glen, I'm still hungry.

Is there any more Phil?  
Pass the Phil.  
He's even good cold!  
Great party, thanks to Phil.  
All right, so don't eat me.  
Jesus Christ!  
What a bunch of little pisspots.  
Maybe if we huddled together,  
we could share our body warmth.  
I read in my Time-Life book  
people can survive that way.  
I mean, we're three 98.6s.  
How much is that, Glen?  
295.8. That's too hot.  
So, what are you saying?  
Well, I'm saying...  
we should hug.  
All night?  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
Come on, Glen.  
Easy.  
Hold still. I'm trying to sleep.  
You know what?  
It is a little warmer.  
Hey, guys?  
What about Duke?  
What about him?  
Shouldn't we invite...  
- invite him to...  
- To what? To join us?  
- What are you, crazy?  
- Look at him.  
He could die.  
This isn't right.  
Who's going to ask him?  
- You've been getting along with him best.  
- Don't make me do this.  
Go.  
Save my place.  
Duke?  
- Yeah.  
- The guys and I were wondering...  
if you'd like to come back

to our place and...  
you know, maybe we could all...  
All what?  
Hug.  
Holy God.  
- I'm up here with a goddamn musical.  
- No.  
What I meant was...  
body warmth.  
And if we press against each other...  
Come on, you could die up here.  
Maybe.  
Curly...  
ever mention me?  
Well, Curly wasn't really  
what you'd call gabby.  
He wasn't that chatterbox  
that you remember from your youth.  
- When was the last time you saw him?  
- Oh, God, long ago.  
But when you have a twin...  
you see him every time  
you look in the mirror.  
Sometimes you don't know  
what you have, until...  
Till you don't have it anymore.  
I liked having a brother.  
Did Curly...  
die happy?  
Does anybody?  
Well, I think he did.  
One of the last things he said to me was,  
'"There's nothing like bringing in a herd.'"  
It must be how you feel  
when you're at sea.  
I lost my boat in a squall  
about two years ago.  
Half-squall.  
I just wasn't a good enough sailor,  
so I came ashore.  
What have you been doing since?  
A friend of mine's son...  
opened a seafood restaurant in San Diego,  
The Happy Pirate.

- I work there.  
- You're the manager?  
I am the happy pirate.  
Bird on my shoulder, pirate hat...  
one hand's a hook.  
' "How would you like  
your burger cooked, matey? ' "  
Sometimes I can't stand it, I want  
to spit in their goddamn clam chowder.  
I've been a sailor for 50 years.  
I don't know how to do anything else.  
I'd just be lost.  
Mitch, I...  
I've got to find that gold.  
I need that gold.  
Guys, come on. Are you all right?  
You all right? Come on, wake up.  
Guys, we made it! We're alive.  
Come on, we did it.  
Come on, get up.  
All right, now listen.  
This is it. This is finished.  
We're going back.  
Listen, no arguments, Glen.  
We'll never survive another night like this.  
- You got no argument here. Let's just go.  
- Right.  
We'd better tell Duke.  
Where is he?  
You guys pack up, I'll go find him.  
Come on.  
Duke?  
Oh, no.  
Not him, too.  
What is with this family?  
Everybody dies sitting up?  
You wouldn't hug us, you big dope!  
You thought I was dead, didn't you?  
What do you want?  
Listen, Duke...  
I know what this treasure means to you,  
but we're going back.  
You mean, back that way?  
- Over the buffalo's back?

- What buffalo's back? There isn't any!  
There's a buffalo's back down there.  
Here, look through this.  
Look down there.  
We crossed it in the dark  
and didn't even know it.  
Glen was right.  
He was also right about the frozen people.  
- How do you know?  
- Look down there.  
I don't believe it.  
That's gold, buddy.  
Are you still going to go back?  
Give me this. Go get everyone.  
Look at them! Guys!  
We're going to be rich!  
'"Come and get me. Come and get me."' "  
This could be it.  
There's an entrance to a cave. Come on.  
Come on, let's go.  
I can't believe it.  
- Where's the stuff?  
- Get it. Put it down.  
Where do we go now?  
I'll bet that's what was  
on the corner of the map that's missing.  
What's the matter, Duke?  
Do you see something?  
Quiet.  
My daddy was in this cave.  
- How can you tell?  
- I just can.  
Sure, like we could always tell  
when our dad had been in the bathroom.  
There are a lot of passageways.  
- Let's split up and each take one.  
- Alone?  
I'll take this one.  
Hey, Mitch...  
what if the cave is booby-trapped?  
You go down the wrong passageway  
and you get your head chopped off?  
Or a huge boulder comes rolling at you,  
and it crushes your head?

Would you shut up? Stop it!  
Why did you have to say  
something like that?  
Look at this. There's three tunnels.  
What do we do now?  
Okay, Glen, take the one in the middle.  
I'll take this one...  
and you take that. Okay?  
Will you guys shut up?  
Don't do that now.  
Come on!  
Thank you.  
- Find anything?  
- No, you?  
Yeah, I found you.  
- Can you hear something?  
- Yeah.  
It sounds like a train.  
A train?  
Hey, look, there's some tracks.  
- Is something coming?  
- I don't know.  
Here's how you tell.  
What are you doing?  
I'm listening for vibrations.  
Yeah, something's coming.  
And it's definitely coming  
from that direction.  
That was Mitch.  
Are you okay?  
- I'm all right.  
- Where are you?  
- Follow the tracks.  
- I got it.  
Hello.  
I found it.  
I found it.  
Guys!  
I found the gold.  
"Man, what a gold rush. I found the gold.  
"It's mine, I tell you. It's all my gold.  
"We don't have to show him  
no stinking badges. I found the gold! "  
Down here!



- Where is it?  
- He found it?  
Guys, I found the gold!  
Let me see it!  
Can I just say one thing?  
We're rich!  
We did it!  
What the hell is going on?  
Duke, we found it! We found the gold.  
You did?  
- Over here, Duke.  
- Holy shit!  
You found the gold? Holy...  
Stand back, boys.  
It is time for the Walter Huston dance.  
- Hey, Duke, no more happy pirate.  
- That's right, no more.  
You believe this guy?  
Last night he wouldn't even hug me!  
See how the money makes a difference?  
Let's go get the burros  
and start loading this stuff up.  
Stop right there.  
Did you really think  
we'd let you take the gold out of here?  
- Thanks for doing all the work.  
- I don't believe this.  
- How the hell did you follow us, Pig-boy?  
- Never mind that.  
It's our gold now,  
and I'm afraid we can't leave witnesses.  
Get the gun! Quick!  
Mitch!  
Glen!  
It's better this way, isn't it?  
It's better it's me instead of you.  
This way Barbara and the kids...  
I'm sorry I wasn't a good brother.  
No, I'm sorry.  
Don't worry, we'll get some help.  
Hold on, we'll get some help, you'll see.  
Somebody get some help!  
Get some help!  
It's okay. You always helped me.

You took me to the movies.  
It's funny...  
it doesn't even hurt.  
Glen?  
You killed him! You son of a bitch!  
You killed my best friend's brother!  
These aren't real bullets. These are blanks.  
What?  
These are blanks.  
Here.  
- It's paint!  
- What the hell is going on?  
- That's funny!  
- Yeah, real funny.  
Hey, who's down there?  
What in the name of John Wayne's ass  
is going on in here?  
Clay Stone? From the cattle drive?  
I remember you two. What are you doing?  
Great buckets of bullshit!  
It's Curly, come back to life.  
I'm not Curly, I'm his brother, Duke.  
Who the hell are you?  
I'm Clay Stone.  
Hell, I've been looking for you for months.  
- What did you do to my boys?  
- Your boys?  
- What happened? We heard shots.  
- Is everybody all right?  
Ira and Barry Shalowitz?  
Mitch? Phil?  
What are you doing here?  
Oh, God, it's Curly!  
He's come back from the dead.  
He looks great.  
It's Duke, Curly's brother.  
Will somebody please...  
tell me what the hell is going on here?  
- Didn't Curly tell you?  
- No!  
Hell, it was his idea.  
We take folks  
on a real Western treasure hunt.  
Follow right in the steps

of the old Washburn gang.  
Yeah, we get these maps,  
and we follow these clues...  
It's been exciting.  
It's been great.  
Better than those cattle drives. Yes, sir-ee.  
More fun. You don't have  
to watch where you step.  
Yeah, but we actually found it.  
Yes, and it belongs to us.  
What, that?  
Everybody finds that.  
Hell, that's just lead painted with gold.  
Just to make it a little bit more fun.  
Take a look for yourself.  
Then, to give it extra goose...  
the boys come in, pretend to rob them...  
and shoot them with paint pellets.  
Scares the Evian out of them.  
Then there's no real treasure?  
Curly came up here a lot of times,  
but he never found anything.  
But he wrote to me,  
said we were going to be rich.  
I don't know about being rich,  
but you make a damn good living.  
He wanted to cut you in for a piece.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
you can have his share.  
That's what he meant?  
I believe so.  
You boys came up here  
thinking that this was real?  
Yeah.  
Unbelievable.  
Un-by-God-believable!  
- Ready?  
- I'm wound.  
I got it.  
We're Barry and Ira Shalowitz.  
We helped bury your brother.  
Maybe someday I can do the same for you.  
Well, it was nice meeting you.  
You start a conversation with,

'"We buried your brother'"?  
- I was flustered.  
- It's impolite.  
Come on, let's get a cold beverage and...  
- Going somewhere?  
- No.  
I'll take Clay's sons down  
and show them where we left our horses.  
We'll help you.  
I can do it.  
You guys got to go to Las Vegas.  
I don't got to go nowhere.  
What are you going to do, Duke?  
Work for Clay Stone?  
Come up here every week  
and find a fake treasure? No, thanks.  
So what will you do?  
That gold...  
That gold is up here somewhere.  
- Duke...  
- No, it's up here somewhere.  
Thanks for...  
being Curly's last friend.  
It was my pleasure.  
Okay, come on.  
Come on, baby.  
Did Curly ever tell you  
what that one thing was?  
He said that's what  
you have to figure out for yourself.  
God.  
He was a real pain in the ass, wasn't he?  
- About five minutes.  
- Good.  
Well, how stupid do we feel?  
I don't feel that stupid.  
- Then you're stupid.  
- No, I'm confused.  
- Why don't I feel worse?  
- I don't know.  
Think about it for a second.  
How bad do you really feel?  
I don't know.  
You know, not as bad as I should.

I feel pretty good, actually.  
Why is that?  
Well, we had a great adventure...  
we weren't killed,  
which is always a feature I like.  
- And we found a box full of lead.  
- That's not how I look at it.  
I mean, you guys saved my life.  
I mean, you stepped in front of a bullet.  
You jumped on a guy  
who was ready to shoot me.  
- They were blanks.  
- But you didn't know that.  
We didn't have any guided tour  
or box lunches.  
All we had was each other.  
And we made it.  
Me...  
my best friend...  
and my brother.  
We found the Washburn treasure!  
We did it.  
We found that gold!  
Philly-boy...  
you did great.  
Thanks.  
I'm really proud of you.  
God, look at this town!  
Filled with desperate people.  
Why do you think they come here?  
Well, the buffets are lovely.  
There's \$3.95 all-you-can-eat.  
They want to hit the jackpot, get rich.  
Listen, I feel bad for you, I really do.  
But could we talk about this later?  
Maybe have a drink together?  
My wife is coming in from the airport  
right now.  
I told her everything...  
and I planned this fabulous evening  
of being yelled at.  
I understand.  
I came back...  
to tell you that I know what this is.

It's honesty...  
integrity.  
Great, that's great.  
So, listen, thanks for scaring me...  
and maybe...  
Honesty.  
Gotcha.  
You know, Mitch...  
right down to the end...  
I was planning  
to cheat you and your friends.  
I was going to find the gold...  
then I was going to say I didn't find it...  
and after you guys had gone,  
I was going...  
I was going to have it all, all to myself.  
Only...  
I couldn't do it.  
Of course not, because it isn't up there.  
- Yes, it is.  
- No, it isn't.  
Curly was up there a million times.  
My mother...  
didn't want either of us  
to find that treasure without the other.  
She wanted her boys  
to do something together.  
So she gave Curly the map...  
Wait a minute.  
She sent me the missing corner.  
There.  
Look at that.  
"Hot on my trail.  
"Re-buried here, 1909.  
"L. Washburn."  
Did you draw this yourself?  
Is that what you did?  
You prankster. You scamp.  
You little ruffian.  
Forget it. I'm not going back up there.  
There's nothing there.  
I'm through hunting for treasure.  
What am I, one of the Little Rascals?  
What do you think of that, Spanky?

This is...

It's got friends.

'"Come and get me. Come and get me."' "