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Get The Gringo

By Mel Gibson

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- I need a doctor!
- I'll get you a vet, you son of a bitch!

You should have shot him first.

We have two clowns headed south
on Route 51 and 4 miles from the border.

And stop bleedin' on the money!

All units be advised: suspects
are armed and are dangerous.

What the fuck...

Well, hello, boys and girls.

There's nothing worse than a sad clown.

Unless it's a clown bleeding internally,
and coughing it all over your money.

Well, I suppose a summer vacation with a big haul
south of the border was out of the question now.

But like my old mother always told me

Fuck off, Loser!

Damn!

- Holy shit!

- The circus came to town!

- Vasquez...tell you what, we'll take care of this.

- You better! You know the paperwork involved.

- We'll say they landed on your side, okay?

- No problemo.

Commander.

- We might have to book them ourselves.

- Bullshit!

These are our prisoners, Vasquez.

Not the way I see it, Bill,

they're on Mexican soil.

You're a piece of shit, Vasquez!

There's no way you're takin' these clowns!

You're not in a position to bargain.

I paid for our little arrangement every

second Tuesday of the month, to...

Fuck you, Vasquez, you thinkin' about
blowin' the whistle on me or something, huh?

Yeah! If I need to.

- Is that a threat, Cabrn?

- Look. you're corrupt, we're corrupt.

There is one difference...

we are honest about it.

You'd best bury them in that god damned I don't
give a fuck slap on the wrist beaner system in your...

You win, Bill, you won't be hearing from them again.

Hey! What did they do?

Rob a bank?

You figure it out, Genius!

Come.

- What's your name?

- I'm Bozo, he's Frosty with a...

- What's your name?

- Howard? Dennis?

Ah! Fuck!

Ruben?

Don't worry, we'll give him a nice burial,
relieve you of your money troubles
and find you a nice place.

You'll be happy there.

Ah! Prison!

I lucked out,

it coulda been a hole in the desert.

And since I didn't have any cash,

I guess they were forced to charge me.

God only knew where my cash was,

but at least I knew who had it.

That's been playing for six fucking hours.

Tortured by the Mariachi.

Ah, what's this?

Oh! Inmates with guns...

now that's kinda new.

I got a lot to learn about this place.

Dancing with the Stars...

I see.

Get your mind right, soften you up in a whole
new cell with loud music, deprive you of sleep.

Oh, well, I guess I was gonna have
to take my lumps sooner or later.

- Shoes?

- Huh? Yeah?

The shoes, dick-head!

You look like you have really small feet
and these are size 11.

Ah! Fuckin' ouch!

Jack, you work too hard.

The consulate is closed.

I just came to pick up the files.

I think you may be forgetting to report an
American citizen, that's a serious offense, Armando.

Honest mistake, Jack.

Come see me tomorrow,
we'll sort it out.

Oh, boy!

5000 songs or so later
we were let out of the holding cell.
and transferred to the
general prison populace.

Now, I've been in the joint before,
but this was kinda different.

Is this a prison or
the world's shittiest mall?

If I was gonna survive in this place,
it was time to do what I was good at.

Anyway...

I was outta cigarettes.

Holy Rolex!

Shit!

Thank you.

Well, it was bed time at El Pueblito. It looked
like all the good pieces of dirt were taken.

Ya know, ya gotta love
murderers for recycling.

This is going to pinch on you.

Somebody was running this place...

and it wasn't the Warden.

Now he looks like Somebody...

people showin' him respect.

Yeah, he's Somebody...

he's yellin' at people.

Though the little guy in

the Bad-Taste clothes is

working for 'im, because he's

making his life miserable.
And the... Wait a minute!. 12 o'clock!
Guy in a bathrobe, in the Penthouse.
Well, he must be El Hefner!
No, no! Those two guys
are both working for him.
He doesn't even have to get dressed
and he's making BOTH their lives miserable.
We need a bathrobe like that!
I had to improve my social standing around here.
It was simple, really.
Two bits bought you a day off work
so you could focus on doing a real job.
Need some heroin?
Make tracks to the Smack Shack,
where business was always booming.
You got a cigarette?
Yeah.
Can I have one?
How old are you, Kid?
- 18!
- Get lost!
- I'm 10, can I have one now?
- No!
You probably want me to keep my mouth shut.
When Manolo's taco stand caught on fire,
and Rodrigo, the doctor,
says there's some misplaced cash,
- when I talk, the shit's really gonna hit the fan.
- Cigarette?
Light?
- So, you're a Watcher?
- You learn a lot from watching.
- What are you in here for?
- Very funny!
- I'm only 10, Man, my father was a dealer.
- He was?
Yeah, I live here with my mom.
You speak pretty good English,
Kid, where did ya learn.
Sesame Street?
What's with all the school kids
goin' back and forth all the time?
If you're not a inmate,

you're free to go in and out.

- What! They live here?

- Yeah!

If you have money, you can pay
to have your family come live with you.

- While you're serving time.

- That's a new one!

- How come you don't go to school?

- I'm special.

Yeah! How ya special?

Most Gringos are in worse shape
after a few days in El Pueblito.

- Some vacation, huh?

- I bet you'd like one of these.

- Oh! Would I!

- Oh, yeah!

Well, your...your file doesn't have a name,
do you have a name?

Yes, Richard Johnson.

Dick Johnson, huh?

It's unfortunate.

Anybody I can contact for you, Dick?

Wife, sweetheart,

- No!

- boyfriend?

- No.

- I didn't think so.

Says here you were caught buying valium in
a drugstore downtown without a prescription.

That doesn't quite fit...

What're you doing in here?

You're right, it doesn't fit, that is bullshit.

They're making this up!

Two cops gotta hold of me...

they rolled me and then I ended up in here.

- You gotta get me outta here.

- Just misunderstood, huh?

Yes! That's right.

You don't have any fingerprints.

A guy who burns off his fingerprints
is a career man, even I know that much.

- Are you gonna get me out of here or not?

- Seems to me somebody's trying to bury you in here.

No shit. Sherlock!

What do YOU want?

I mean, maybe I can help YOU?

Like I said, I can't help you without any information...You're not giving me any information!

You spring me outta here, I'll give you plenty!

You know, it's...it's a lot easier to end up dead in here, than to survive ...

A Gringo without money in a South-of-the-Border jail.

Nah! It's not so bad...you know.

At least it's a shithole.

All right! You're not gonna tell me.

That's all right! That's fine! I can respect that!

But I will find the truth out for myself, ya know.

I know even a blind pig

has to find an acorn now and then.

You called me fat.

Be careful, My Friend, you'll hurt my feelings.

Let me tell you somethin'.

There's a little, skinny guy inside o' me.

And you know what that guy is sayin'?

He's sayin' somethin' stinks about you.

And I'm gonna find out what it is.

- Nice meeting you.

- You, too, thanks for coming by.

- Yeah, don't sweat too much.

- Aw, I never do.

The Ugly American...I thought it was me until he turned up.

I didn't like him

sniffin' around my business.

- Hey! You speak English?

- Yeah!

I'm looking for a place to live and you look like the guy that knows.

Real estate is a high commodity.

What you're looking for?

Nothing special.

Here we are!

Nothing special! There is a common bathroom for ten on the south side

TV and cable are additional if you want it.

Fan, blanket and towel are complimentary.

Welcome.

Perfect!

Well, this must be Cell Block A.

Gives a whole new meanin' to doin' "Hard Time".

A special wing for special inmates.

I guess you had to know someone to get in.

What the FUCK are you looking at?

Fuck!

Okay, so escaping is frowned upon.

It's harder than it looks, Handsome...

breaking out.

I don't know, it looks pretty easy to me.

You can buy anything in El Pueblito...

except your way out.

- Even Javi has to come back when he goes out.

- Who's Javi?

He runs the Joint. He lives up there,
where the rich people live.

Ah, the guy with the cheesy
bathrobe and the cell phone.

- Yeah! Cigarette?

- No! What do ya mean when he goes out?

Check this out...dinner,
soccer matches, whatever.

But even HE has to come back.

Wow! He's really got a good
thing going for him in here.

Oh, yeah!

He's gonna die, the worthless asshole!

- Hum?

- I'm gonna kill him.

- Okay! Why? What did he ever do to you?

- It's personal.

- Oh, remind me to never rub YOU the wrong way.

- Cigarette?

- No, Kid, your mother has a vicious right!

- She asleep!

- She worked late last night.

- Yeah, I know. What does she do?

She works for Javi.

Last night was Casino Night.

- Hey! Who are those two guys?

- Ren and Stimp?

The big guy, Caracas,

- that's Javi's brother.

- What about the little real estate cat?

Carnal? He's a cousin. He's a
useless prick. Even they hate him.

- Cigarette?

- No.

When I came in here they took blood from me,
I'm figuring it's not a health thing.

No shit!

Can I have a cigarette, for fuck's sake?

You know, the other day,
you told me you were special.

- How are you special? How are you special?

- Fuck you!

You're so special, get your own fuckin' cigarettes.

Quit moochin' off me,

I've got a 40 year habit, get lost!

Ah! Sunday. Visiting Day at El Pueblito.

Bring the whole family
to crapiest place on earth.

Enjoy out ever popular,
world famous, cavity search.

At twenty bucks a pop,
they were makin' a killing.

Hey, Kid, that's more than
a toothpick you got there?

- What's your plan?

- Stab him in the heart.

Oh! It's the aorta, the human cava. Those are pretty
deep blood vessels, chances are you'd miss.

- How about the stomach?

- Real Grab-Bag, full of guts: liver, spleen.

A quick treatment'd probably save his life.

- The neck?

- Yeah, good thinkin', the carotid.

Naw, too high for you, Kid, you'd need a ladder.

Typically, if you want to kill someone instantaneously
you go for the central nervous system or the brain.

Lights out.

Can I have a smoke?

I really need one.

No.

Not until you tell me
why you're so special around here.

- Fuck, you can't touch me!

- Why? If I do this, these guys are gonna kill me?

- You're holding out on me, Kid, spit it out!

- Fuck you, you fuck!

Just knock it off! Is that guy Javi is
your father? Is that's why they protect her, huh?

You're a mosquito! Sit the fuck down!

A man who won't level with you,
that's a man you can't trust.

You don't ever talk to me again.

Get lost, Kid!

He killed my father.

I was seven when I came to live here.

My parents were doing 15...drug trafficking.

Javi needed a new liver,
and my dad was a perfect match.

Same rare blood type.

He has my father's liver.

I want to cut it out of him
and bury it with my dad.

Okay

But what's the deal with you?

- He's going to need another liver.

- Fuck!

Marked as you ARE...special.

That's why they took my blood.

- Bingo, Gringo.

They test everyone,
but I'm the only match.

I got put on the Inside at 14.

I tried to fuck-up somebody I really hated...my dad.

I wish someone woulda killed him,

I woulda given him a cigar!

He'd been beatin' up on my mom...

the 3rd time that week I snapped finally
and went to work on him with a baseball bat.

The only mistake I made?

I didn't kill him.

That's why I ended up in the Shitter the first time.

So, ya gotta be careful, Kid.

If you're gonna do this thing,

do it right, otherwise
they'll fry your balls off.

And although you're not using
'em at the moment, trust me,

someday soon you're gonna
want those puppies workin'!
You don't want to kill Javi.
You NEED to kill Javi...
before he kills YOU.
Here, look at this.
I was a sniper. Snipers work in two-man teams.
- I need a spotter, you know, for the gig.
- Why, you gonna shoot him?
It's not about that,
it's about watching and waiting.
We'll see, we'll get 'im.
Yeah, fuckers live too long.
Come here.
What did ya find out?
Hey, fellas!
Who the fuck are you?
I'm with the U.S. Consulate in Tijuana...really.
- Are you a cop?
- Naw...
- Couldn't pass the physical.
- So, what do you want?
No, what do you want?
The man who drove this car
or the guys who're spending the money?
Both.
One-stop shopping, welcome to Costco.
- Yeah, here's my membership card.
- Aw, come on. take it easy, Cowboy.
All I want is the joy of seeing justice done,
it'll be for the right price, I'm not greedy.
Hell, I'll get you a picture.
I'll take it to him...personally. Huh?
How do you like them apples?
That's Magno, he's running in 4th. There's no way
he can beat Blue Demon Junior...he's a champion.
For him, it's...Tzaltar's like the best.
They're like the shit. Man.
Before my dad got locked away
we were supposed to see this match.
Hey, give me that, you...
you gotta knock this shit off, Kid.
C'mon, get yourself another habit...sugar!
Here, get yourself an ice cream.

- All right! Thanks!

- Bring me back the change.

- Hey!

- Hey!

Play the money?

Well, ya know, he worries too much,
and he needs to be a kid for a while.

Why, you gonna hit me again?

He does worry too much.

Today he looks happy.

He talks about you,

told me about your dad,

and how you talked him out off something stupid.

- That's not easy.

- No, he's smart, he listens.

- He doesn't talk to many people.

- No.

Want a beer?

Okay.

Oh! I have a visitor.

I'm sorry. I'll take you up on
that beer later. Thank you.

Well, howdy, Buckaroos!

You all! You look sharp!

Thank you for your financial
contribution to our families.

Don't mention it.

We took care of Frosty, by the way.

- He did want a cremation, didn't he?

- Oh, I didn't know him that well.

We have a serious problem.

Is this something I can help you with?

Well, the thing is, two of the cops who were
with us when we first met, turn up dead.

Cops die all the time, it's part of the trade.

What is troubling is the fact, they were tortured.

Badly! So, we wanted to ask you
where you got the money.

We are just concerned that
someone might be looking for you.

- And of they are, we need to know who it is.

- I see.

Two million bucks is a lot of money.

Two million dollars is a

lot of money, you're right.
Why, it says here they were
found in a brand new Mercedes.
Which model was it?
Listen! Things can get better
or worse for you in here.
Well, let me guess, you got friends in here, too.
Well, I'm sure Javi's powers
stretches outside these walls.
I mean, he knows about the
money you stole from me, huh?
- I mean, you gave him his cut, right?
- Listen, you fucking Gringo.
You may think you have this BS figured out,
but you don't know shit!
- Just tell us where you got the money.
- I'll tell you what...
Whoever tortured those cops,
surely knows you're in here.
If you tell us, we could help.
Because otherwise, it's just a matter
of time before they come get you.
I know. You're right! And...and here's the thing,
and I'm sure the two of you will agree with me...
they'll be coming to get you two first,
so here's my advice,
Stop spending my fuckin' money, put it someplace
safe and then go and hide yourselves, okay?
Because when they find you, they will kill you,
and then I'll never get my damn money.
- Suit yourself! And watch your back in here!
- Yeah! Take it easy out there.
You're have no idea who we are.
You're Vasquez, badge No. 9-0-3-4-8-9,
and you're Romero, badge No. 1...Ah! Fuck it!
- Ya ever been fishing?
- Never been outta the Joint.
No? Well, you got a treat
in store with a scheme like this.
There he is.
You know what to do,
divide and conquer.
Sorry.
Bang, bang.

- Heart shot.

- Yeah, well, you spot, I'll shoot, come here.

We did better than I thought.

Here, here's your cut.

- Here, I got these for you, too.

- What is it?

- Nicotine gum.

- What's it do?

Stops the craving. Don't flash it around, don't spend it in big chunks, that's how you get bonged, okay?

Hey! How about that beer now?

- Now? Twist my arm?

- Which one?

This one. Thank you.

I was a user, that's how we met.

Then I help him out cutting the shit, packing it.

We got busted with 3 kilos.

- Cup of ginger?

- Thank you.

At least I got cleaned-up in here.

You got a cigarette?

- Yeah, you remind me of someone.

- Yes.

If you tell him,

I'll kick your ass.

- Again?

- Worse!

Where is he?

Is he around?

- I think he went for a beer.

- What?

Oh, you bum!

- So, are...you married?

- Easy, Mamacita, you're moving a little fast.

It's a very sensitive subject for me, I ...

I was.

She ran-off with a former business associate of mine, one Reginald T. Barnes.

We were doing a job,

I got away, he got caught.

He ratted me out for immunity,

and I did seven years in the Slammer.

She ended-up shackin'-up with him.

Nice, huh?

You know, I still have recurring dreams about it.
Yeah...there's a knock on the door,
Reginald's opens it
he's wearin' underpants and eating
a bowl of corn flakes, weird, huh?
Yeah, not a pretty sight, there's milk
spillin' down his chin and shit.
and my wife's makin' coffee over behind him.
And these two goons at the door
whip-out these massive canons and
guh-guh, guh-guh, guh they start
fillin' begin his chest full of holes,
He hits the floor, dead as a mackerel, she drops
the coffee and starts screamin' her ass off.
And then?

Then I wake up.

- The resentment will kill us all.

- But them first!

Well, here's to resentment.

- I know you know about the liver.

- I know.

- How rare can blood be?

- Very.

It's called "Bambi Blood",
one in half a million.

- And Javi found a match.

- Your husband.

And my son.

I never know when they'll come for him.

Yeah, well, we're not gonna let that happen.

Are we?

Caracas ...

I saved your brother's life.

I saved your life, too,

I protected the Kid and the liver.

Terminated two troublesome employees.

Don't tell me you weren't thinking
about killing him already.

I saved you the embarrassment of
having family blood on your hands.

And if he was willing to kill your brother,
he was comin' to kill you next,

in about a minute and a half, to be precise..

So, I saved your fuckin' life twice.

Fuck!

Fuck!

Fuck!

Okay, okay, give me a minute,
I gotta change my shorts.

Gotta wait!

Which one?

Yep!

Hey there!

- Oh, hey, Butter Balls.

- Yeah, "Butter Balls".

Just checkin'-in, wanted to see how ya were doin'.

Fine.

Oh, yeah...

Well, you know, I see you're still
hangin' in there, so...

So...I know there's money, I can
still help you out, all I want is a
piece of the pie.

Talkative as ever,
but that's okay.

Say, it was nice knowin' ya.

Sorry, if we got off on the wrong foot.

Good luck, then, you're gonna need it.

Butter Balls was puttin' the squeeze on me,
sooner than I thought.

It was time to play a card I'd been holding back.

Tryin' to get my cash a little closer.

Good day.

What do you want?

I have some information for you
that you might find valuable.

Two cops, Vazquez and Romero,
badge number 9-0-3-4-8-9...

- We know our cops.

- Oh! You know them?

Well! In that case, you'll
find this really interesting.

They took a sizeable amount of money from
me when they brought me here and I figure
I'll never see the money again and
I just wonder if they gave you your cut.

- What?

- What's in it for you?

Nothin' now, probably since I told you,
but I...look, I think a finder's fee would be fair.

- How much?

- Oh, I don't need much, 10% maybe...okay, 8.

- How much money?

- Oh...

You know, I only stole it,
I didn't have time to count it...
but, I...ballpark? 10 million,
maybe a little more.

You know what will happen
if you are pushing my leg?

Yeah, I know, I know.

I wouldn't push your leg.

See you later.

The Boss rejects it...one million seven.

- Where the fuck's the rest?

- I...I swear to God, that's all there was.

- That's bullshit.

- No bullshit! It's true.

Hello, can you see me?

Uh...yeah, Boss, I can.

Okay, good, is it all there?

No, there's only one point seven
and a coupla new cars out front.

- Where's the rest?

- It's all there...except for what we spent.

- The cars, some hookers...

- We bought them shoes and tacos, that's all.

- Friends, where is the rest of my money?

- That's all there was.

Talk to the gringo that stole it.

- Cut the toe off.

- But...we already did that, Boss, two of 'em.

- Cut another off.

- No, please. I swear.

That's all there was.

Mr. Vasquez, listen very carefully.

You see, I'm missing four million dollars,
you're missing three toes, so far.

I'll give you a moment to do the arithmetic,
then it's up to you if you wanna talk.

- What did he say?

- He said what does "ritmaticks" mean.

Ah, fuck it! Just kill him.

No! Hey! Hey! No! No! No! Hey!

- I swear! No! Please!

- There were only two!

- Last chance, Vasquez.

- No! Don't! Don't! No!

- I swear,

- Are you sure?

I Swear!

Who the fuck are you?

Hey! That's my money!

Javi.

Javi, you motherfucker,

I'm gonna fuckin' kill ya!

Ah, Jesus!

I'm gonna kill ya, Javi,
with my own fuckin' hands.

- You Buffet?

- You got it.

If you're hungry, try the
fish tacos, it's their specialty.

There's something comin' down to me and I don't
want you two to get caught in the middle of it, so...

- So, if you don't see me for a week...

- Okay.

There is something you're not telling us.

This gun belonged to Doroteo Arango.

Do you know who he was?

No, but I'm guessing he's dead,
because you have his gun.

He was better known as Pancho Villa.

This is the same gun he fired in
The Opera Restaurant in Mexico City.

- Have you ever been there?

- No.

The hole's still there in the ceiling.

They auctioned this gun off
a few years ago in the States,
they thought that was the original.

During the revolution
there was a shortage of bullets,
and Pancho was well aware of that,
so he made sure that every bullet counted.

- Who the fuck are you?

- If you really need a name,
it's Barnes, Reginald T.
And I'm sorry about the mess, I didn't mean...
You've been spending time
with the Kid and his mother...
Keep away from them,
and this is the last warning you'll get..

- What name?
- Barnes...Reginald T. Barnes.

Javi...

- Welcome to the United States.

- Hey.

- What's your citizenship?

- U.S.A.

- Where were you born, Sir?

- Chicago, Illinois.

Good morning, Warren Kaufmann's office.

Oh! Ah! One second,
I'll see if he's in.

Mr. Kaufmann,

Clint Eastwood is on the line.

- Hello?

- Hold for Mr. Eastwood, please.

Thank you.

Hey, how are ya doin'? Thanks
for takin' my call, Sir.

Well, it's quite a surprise, Mr. Eastwood.

I'm a fan of your work.

This is bullshit!

You know what, Man?

- This is not what you guaranteed me.

- Excuse me a minute, Sir.

This is not what you said...

- Okay, now, that's better.

- Ok, move along!

That's good! You all right, Man.

Hallelujah to ya!

Good! All right! Set up for take 2!

Sorry, Sir, I'm a workin' stiff, you gotta
make your time where you can.

What can I do for you,

Mr. Eastwood?

Well, ya know, I'm gonna be in San Diego for a
coupla days playin' a golf tournament, and

all the proceeds are goin'
to the Stroke Association.
I play golf myself, you know?
Well, my associates and
I are looking to make
a meeting with you, if we could.
Sit down and let you know how you can
be a part of the Stroke Association, and
doin' good in the community
and it's a damn decent tax write-off.
Well, it sounds interesting. Do you think you
could make it to my office tomorrow morning?
Yeah, I'll have my assistant, Mr. Barnes,
be in touch with your assistant...
Make all the arrangements.
Great! You'll make my day.
That's a good one.
I'll take better care of this one.
We have to do this as soon as possible.
He needs the donor.
Thanks.
Microwave's over there.
Don't let me eat this shit.
What's the fuck's goin' on?
All right, all right,
pop the fuckin' hood, Man.
Hi, I have Warren Kaufmann
from Rapcom for Mr. Jackson.
One moment please.
I have Warren Kaufmann on the line.
The ship guy?
That's what they said.
Put him through.
- Hello.
- Hello, Mr. Jackson, thanks for take...
Excuse me for a minute.
- Thanks for taking my call.
- My pleasure, Sir, how can I help you?
Well, I understand you represent a
Mr. Frank Fowler.
- Yeah, in some matters.
- Are you familiar with my business, Mr. Jackson?
Well, from what I hear, you're
the largest shipbuilder in America.

Among other things. Look, can I assume that our conversation is confidential?

- Yes, of course.

- Good

I'm interested specifically in Mr. Fowler's Marshmallow-Export Business.

- I don't know what you mean.

- You don't?

Well, then, but, sorry, I must be gettin' the wrong information.

Perhaps.

- Well, how specifically can I help you, Sir?

- Could I arrange a meeting with Mr. Fowler?

Oh, I'd have to check his availability, but ...

- I'm sure we can work something out.

- Unfortunately I can only meet tomorrow morning, if that's possible? If you can make that work, at my office, Downtown, the Rapcom Building, say 10 a.m.?

- We'll be there.

- Great.

Hurry-up!.

Don't move!

- Who's the brunette?

- What the hell are you doing here?

Tomorrow, morning, very important meeting, pick you up 9 a.m., Warren Kaufmann.

- The Warren Kaufmann?

- Yep!

What the hell does he want from us?

We don't build ships, do we?

He wants to do business with us, Frank.

Okay, 9 o'clock.

No!

- Hi.

- Hi.

- I'm here to see Mr. Kaufmann.

- Mr. Barnes?

- You can only be Stephanie.

- Yes.

- It's so good to meet you at last.

- Likewise.

- Mr. Kaufmann is ready for you.

- Excellent.

Go ahead and just follow me.

- We were expecting Mr. Eastwood plus four.

- Oh, well, the Tall One is en route.

You'll hear him drop in...

cowboys and helicopters...

he'll probably buzz the building.

- Are you expecting rain, Mr. Barnes?

- Well, you never can tell, Stephanie.

-Thank you.

- Okay, step in

Mr. Barnes is here,

his associates are on the way.

Mr. Barnes. Thank you, Stephanie.

Please show the gentlemen in when they arrive.

- Mr. Kaufmann.

- So nice to meet you.

Likewise, why...and thank you for
taking this on such short notice.

My pleasure.

Look at this view! And this
is "Think outside the box".

- You know it.

- I live by it.

- Hi, we have an appointment with the Mr. Kaufmann.

- Yes, they're expecting you.

- Step in.

- Thank you.

Gentlemen, what took you so long?

Mr. Kaufmann's just in the restroom,
he should be out in a minute.

- That chopper turn up yet?

- No, not yet.

No? Okay.

- Well, make yourself at home.

- A Warhol?

No, that's a Nine Dot Puzzle.

And the trick is ya gotta
join all nine dots together
using only four lines, never
take your pen off the page.

- You gentlemen like something to drink?

- A coffee would be great.

- Sir?

- No, I'm fine, thanks.

Hey! I think I got it.

Oh, my god!

Mr. Kaufmann?

Mr. Kau...my god.

Mr. Kaufmann.

There's a bomb or something,

and Mr. Kauf...

Mr. Kaufmann! Oh! Are you okay?

Oh! Oh, my god!

The Kid is stable...

barely missed his liver.

How fast can we go?

- First thing in the morning.

- No.

No, you tell me when you're done,

we're going tonight.

Put it in your mouth! Put it in!

Eat the chili, Baby! C'mon!

Suck it!

Take it all, take it all.

Now, now, now, now!

Hi.

- How do you find me?

- I followed the bread crumbs.

Even in a town like Tijuana you're kinda unique.

- I need to spring somebody outta prison here.

- Oh, Yeah, what's his name, Onepoint Sevenmil?

Stupid sonofabitch, why didn't you let me

help you, we coulda been splittin' this?

And now what? Not a fat chance

getting it from Javi before he's

shipped off to Federal with a new liver.

What was that?

It's over! The government's shuttin' the place down,

they're raidin' the Joint tonight.

That fuckin' moron, Javi's havin' an

organ transplant, in the middle of a raid.

Well, you're not gonna leave me like this, are ya?

Sure as fuck am. These credentials'll

come in mighty handy.

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

They said my car was in the Impound...

where's that?

Yeah, it's a federal impound,
next to the Racetrack.
I wouldnt exactly call it a car anymore.
Take your time, make 'em squeal.
Put it back.
Where's the boy's mother?
- In the Avenger.
- Bring her here, or I'll kill your brother.
Okay!
Follow me.
Thank you, Madrina.
It's mine.
Lift it up!
Stop!
Thank you.
Let 'em go!
Reginald T. Barnes?
Honey, you want coffee?
Hello
Please.
Health
Well, boys and girls...
To the untrained eye it looks
as if crime pays, doesn't it?
But, bear in mind, for a guys with my
particular set of Karmic-Could-Bees
There was bound to be
a bump or two down the road.
Come on!
Ah, what the hell.
I'm gonna enjoy what's left of this summer.