

Strange Brew

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[SCENE ONE - A MGM movie stage]

[MGM lion belches]

Bob: Hey, growl will you?

Doug: Make some noise, you knob!

Bob: Yeah, we gotta start the movie, eh? He's not growling.

Doug: Gee, I think he's bummed out.

Bob: Stick a pin in his bum, eh?

Doug: No way.

Bob: [to lion] What are you on, Valium?

Doug: Maybe, maybe I ought crank his tail, eh, that ought to start him up.
[Cranks lion's tail] Ok, start up. Come on, eh!

Bob: Maybe we ought to call Marlin Perkins, eh? Get Wild Kingdom here, eh?
Oh jeez, he's getting mad.

[Bob and Doug notice that the camera is on]

Doug: Oh jeez, we gotta get going!

[Both run to stage set and sit down]

Bob: Do the theme, eh?

Doug: [does Great White North theme]

Bob: Good day. Oh, do, do our new movie theme, eh?

Doug: [does Great White North trumpet blast]

Bob: Beauty, eh? Good day, I'm Bob McKenzie this is my brother Doug.

Doug: How's it going, eh?

Bob: Welcome to our movie, eh? Ok, our topic is movies. Oh, uh, first off, the difference between movies and TV, eh? Ok, go to TV!

[Scene shifts to television set with Bob and Doug]

Bob: This is the difference between TV and movies, eh?

Doug: So?

Bob: Ok, go back to movies!

[MGM lion roars]

Bob: Jeez, now that hoser's growling!

Doug: Yeah.

Bob: Take off, will you? We're doing our movie!

Doug: Yeah, don't wreck our show, you hoser!

Bob: Ok, uh, another topic. Zoom out, eh?

Doug: Yeah.

Bob: Let's show them how big the screen is, eh? Zoom out!

Doug: Look how HUGE it is, eh?

Bob: Ok, like normally we just have Great White North, eh? But look, we got, what's that over there?

Doug: Ok, like England, and Ireland, and France, eh?

Bob: He's a genius, eh? He knows the atlas. Ok, and over here we have...

Doug: Uh, Russia and Hawaii.

Bob: Ok, so all hosers in Russia and Hawaii and England, welcome to our movie, eh?

Doug: How's it going...COMRADES?

Bob: Ok, we made, uh, zoom back in, eh? [Camera zooms back in] Ok, we made a movie, eh? So we're going to show that now.

Doug: Yeah. Oh, wait a minute. First you've got to interview me the Director.

Bob: I've got to put up the screen, too, eh.

Doug: Don't forget. Ok, zoom in on me, the director. Come on!

[Camera zooms in on Doug]

Bob: I directed, too, eh?

Doug: Yeah, well, I've got to give them my theory on, on movies, eh? Ok, here's my theory on movies, eh? You want to know how to wreck a movie, eh? Take a jar of moths into the theater, eh? And like...

Bob: [Fumbles with movie screen, it collapses] Sorry.

Doug: And then, like, uh, release them at a point in the movie when you know what's going to happen, eh? And all the moths will fly up to the projection booth window and cloud it up and you can demand your money back! Beauty idea, eh?

Bob: Ok. Zoom out, eh? [Camera zooms out] Ok, this movie was shot in 3-B, three beers, and it looks good, eh?

Doug:
Hoserama. Call it Hoserama, eh?

Bob: Ok, so we made a movie. So sit back and get some corn, and uh, let's have, uh, it's movie time.

Doug: Ok, turn it on.

Bob: Ok. [Turns on projector]

[SCENE TWO - Their movie]

Doug: [holds up a cardboard beer box, which reads, 2051 A.D. Ten years after World War 4.]

Bob: Give 'em enough time just to see okay...

Doug: Okay then, ten years after World War 4, eh?

Bob: 2051...No! More!

Doug: No! What?!

Bob: 2051, the future.

Doug: They saw it already...they saw it! Take off!

Bob: Next century!

[Both fight over sign, the camera cuts to Bob standing on the shoreline on rocks]

Bob: I was the only one left on the planet after the holocaust, eh?

Doug: [Off camera to Bob] Hey hoser, go!

Bob: The earth had been, like, devastated by nuclear war. Like, Russia blew up the US and the US blew up Russia. [Picks up statue from ground] Statue of Liberty.

Doug: [off camera] Psst! Act! Act!

Bob: Lucky for me I'd been off-planet on vacation at the time of the war. There wasn't much to do. All the bowling alleys had been wrecked, so I spent most of my time looking for beer. One day I was out looking for a nice place to build a city for my children when I spotted a mutant in the forbidden zone. I landed my vehicle to pursue and destroy this genetic freak before he could warn other mutants in the underground caves. I was kind of like a one-man force, eh, like Charlton Heston in Omega Men, did you see it? It was a beauty.

[Doug leaps out and confronts Bob] Fleshy-headed mutant are you friendly?

Doug: No way, eh? Radiation has made me an enemy of civilization!

Bob: Alpha base, this is Bob McKenzie. I've spotted a fleshy-headed Mutant in sector 16-B. [shoots Doug in the head with ping-pong ball gun]

Doug: Ow! Take off, you hoser!

[Film breaks]

Bob: Jeez, what happened, eh? Film broke! Oh jeez, we've got to fix it, eh? Sorry!

Doug: Sorry! Film...

Bob: [looks into projector light] I can't see, eh! Turn the lights on!

Doug: [points to Bob] It was his fault, he wrecked it!

Bob: It was not, eh! Jeez, we had a lot of popcorn, too. Ok, you cover; I'll fix the film, eh?

Doug: Oh, I'm getting whiplash from my burps, eh?

Bob: [Turns off projector, and knocks the reel off] Okay...

Doug: Aw, nice going, you knob!

Angry Man at Movie: [off camera] Hey! What kind of movie is this?

Doug: Uh, okay, here's how to get, uh, zoom in on me, eh? Zoom in on this!

[Camera zooms to a beer bottle with a mouse in it] Ok, here's how to get free beer, eh? Get a baby mouse and, like, put it in a bottle, and when it's so small it will fit in, like, this hole, eh?

[Camera cuts to Movie Theatre]

Angry Man at Movie: Hey! They did this on their album! Rip off!

Man at movie: Will you shut up!

Angry Man at Movie: Ah, you shut up!

Doug: [trying to insert mouse] Like maybe with some spit...

Bob: Ok, we not going to be able to fix the film, eh, so here's what happened in the film, eh? After I chased the van, eh...

Doug: Don't tell them the film, eh, you're supposed to show it, not tell it.

Bob: But we can't show it because it's wrecked, eh?

Doug: Yeah, just show it like this, eh? [holds up film] Zoom in on this, eh?

[Camera zooms in]

Bob: Jeez, that's a good idea, eh?

Angry Man at Movie: That's it, we're leaving, kids. Come on!

Woman at movie: Hey sit down!

Bob [Sitting in front row of theatre along with Doug]: How come everyone's going, eh?

Doug: I don't know. [turns to the theatre crowd] It gets better.

Man at movie: What a waste of money! Where's the manager? Get me the manager!

Older Lady at movie: I hope you're proud of yourselves!

Doug: Take off, eh?

Bob: Jeez, how come everyone's so ticked, eh?

Doug: I don't know, eh? We may as well really wreck this movie now.

Bob: You mean moths?

Doug: Jeez, yeah. Here we go, eh? [releases the moths inside the theatre]

[theatre crowd rushes to get away from the moths]

[SCENE THREE - outside Theatre]

Angry man at Movie: [to teller]

Well then how about a couple of passes to a REAL movie? Can you believe this?

[Bob and Doug come out of hiding in the front row]

Bob: Let's get out of here, okay?

Doug: Yeah. Not that way, we'll get killed.

[running out of the theatre using the side door, they end up in the alley where they meet a man with crying children]

Man in the Alley: They've been saving their allowance for weeks to see this movie. What am I supposed to tell them? Just what the heck am I supposed to tell them?!

Bob: We're real sorry. Here's some money back, eh? It's only fifteen bucks, here take it, it's yours.

Doug: Take off, that's dad's beer money!

Moviegoer: [Up the alleyway] Hey look! They're giving refunds in the alley! Get 'em!

[Bob and Doug run off]

[Crowd runs after Bob and Doug they blend into the crowd in front of the theatre]

Doug: Uh oh! Watch out, cops!

Bob: What?

Doug: Cops!

[Policeman, running to the theatre, accidentally knees Bob in the groin]

Bob: Ow! Good thing I'm still wearing that jock, eh?

Doug: Wait up, eh?

Bob: You hurry, you hoser!

[Two innocent guys that are dressed similarly to Bob and Doug are walking passed the theatre]

Patron: That's them! Get them!

[Bob and Doug climb into their van]

Doug: Who's driving?

Bob: You drive, there's a lot of cops around.

Doug: Ok, thanks.

[Bob grabs ticket off windshield]

Bob: It's a twenty! Beauty.

[Doug starts the van and takes off]

Bob: Hey, what are you going this way for?

Policeman directing traffic: Ok, hold it right there. Roadblock! Go that way!

Bob: Hey officer, I told him to go the other way!

Doug: Sorry.

Bob: My brother's drunk!

Doug: I am not, eh?

Bob: You are to.

Cop: Come on, let's go!

[Bob and Doug drive off, beginning the opening credits]

[SCENE FOUR - Neighborhood of the McKenzie house]

[Bob and Doug pull into the driveway]

[Bob and Doug's parents on couch watching Tom and Jerry cartoon]

Doug: [pushes Bob against the hallway wall] First come first served, eh?

[Bob and Doug grab donuts from the donut box on placed on the table and chug down beers]

Bob: Give me one.

Doug: No way.

Bob: Come on, give me one.

Doug: Take off, and that's it for you.

Bob: [Bob pours beer into Hosehead's dog bowl] Here, boy.

Mr. McKenzie: Save one of those beers for me, eh?!

[Bob and Doug chug down the last two remaining beers. They try to take Hosehead's beer]

Bob: He's guarding the beer, what do we do?

Doug: Bribe him.

Bob: Well, get him a donut--jelly, he likes jelly. Jelly donut coming!

Doug: Ok, Hosehead! Mmmm, delicious jelly donut.

[They toss the donut to the dog and quickly grab his bowl of beer]

Bob: Good, get a glass, beauty?

Mr. McKenzie: What the heck's going on in there?

Bob and Doug: We're just getting your beer.

[Pours dog food-beer into glass]

Doug: Ugh, you take it to him.

Bob: No way, you take it to him.

Doug: No, you.

Bob: No! You take it. I'm gonna let go. I'm gonna let go. I'm lettin' go of the beer, you're taking it.

Doug: No

Bob: I'm letting go.

Doug: I'm letting go.

Bob: Okay then let it go.

Doug: Okay fine.

[Both let go of the glass and it drops to the floor and breaks]

Doug: Dad! Bob broke your beer!

Bob: No I didn't, Doug broke it!

Doug: It was you.

Mrs. McKenzie: Clean up the mess, boys.

Mr. McKenzie: I want you hosers to get me a fresh case of beer first thing in the morning.

Bob: We're going to need some money!

Mr. McKenzie: Use the money I gave you today, you idiots!

Doug [to Bob]: Way to go, you gave away the money.

[SCENE FIVE - Bob and Doug driving in their van down a street to the Beer store]

Bob: What's going to happen if this plan doesn't work, eh?

Doug: The old man will boot us out of the house and we'll have no place to Sleep.

Bob: Yeah, I can live in this van, eh? I don't need...

Doug: Take off! You need money to live or you'll starve!

Bob: Well this plan sucks; I ain't goin' in.

Doug: You are, too, or I'll tell the old man you gave away his beer money.

Bob: Ok, ok...you bossin' me around...

Beer Store Clerk: Morning George!

Patron: Oh, how you doin' Beatty? Give me twelve fresh Yukon Gold.

Beer Store Clerk: Twelve-Yukon Gold. \$11.90 please.

Patron: That horse ran like a bum yesterday. See ya tomorrow.

Beer Store Clerk: Okay, take it easy. [To Bob and Doug] Well?

Doug: Elsinores.

Bob: Twelve!

Doug: Twenty-four, yeah, twenty-four Elsinore beers.

Beer Store Clerk: Twenty-four Elsinore! That will be \$14.70.

Doug: I believe there will be no charge on this two-four of beer, thank you.

Beer Store Clerk: Excuse me?

Doug: Ok, uh, we found this mouse in a bottle of Elsinore beer that we bought at your beer store, eh? And we heard that when that happens you get your beer free.

Bob: It's in the Canadian Criminal Code, eh. Like there's legal precedence set in cases in law.

Doug: So, like give us our free beer.

Beer Store Clerk: You want free beer? Go to the brewery. Now get out of here before I put the two of you in a bottle.

Doug: You sure you don't want to think this over?

Beer Store Clerk: [seizing them both by their collars] I'm sure.

Doug: Ok, we're going.

Bob: Yeah.

Doug: See ya.

[People standing in line behind Bob and Doug begin to laugh at them]

[SCENE SIX - Outside the brewery at fork in road]

Bob: Geez, there's a lot of arrows, eh? Elsinore castle, Elsinore brewery, Royal Canadian Institute for the Mentally Insane. Hey, that's the loony bin, eh?

Doug: Yeah, sure looks spooky up there. I don't the looks of this at all.

Bob: Where should we go? The loony bin or the brewery?

Doug: I'm taking YOU to the loony bin and I'm going to the brewery.

Bob: Take off, eh? Take me to the brewery. No way. Take me to the brewery.

Doug: Ok, but then I'm taking you to the loony bin.

[Cut to a car stuck in electric gate with sparks flying]

Doug: Holy jeez, eh? Look at that!

Pam: Help!

Bob: Jeez, jeez, what should be do, eh?

Pam: Get me out of here!

Doug: Hey, hold it! Hold it! Your tires are insulators--don't get out of the car or you'll ground and get electrocuted.

Bob: He hooked up our stereo, eh?

Pam: Well, I can't get out, the doors are stuck!

Doug: You know what we've got to do, eh? Ram her from behind! Come on!

Bob: Who's driving?

Doug: You are...in case she sues for whiplash I don't know you...I'm just a Hitch-hiker, eh?

Bob [to Pam]: You won't sue for whiplash, will you?

Pam: Hurry!

[They climb into the van, back it up and ram the car, knocking it free from the electric gate]

Pam: Hey! Thanks a lot!

Bob: Ok, eh! Did you see her looking at me?

Doug: Yeah, because she thought you were some kind of freak, now come on!

Bob: Take off she likes me, eh?

Doug: No way.

[Cut to rogues in their surveillance/control room -- Bob and Doug on Surveillance camera]

Claude Elsinore: What happened?

Ted: There was a power surge at the main gate. We lost picture, but we have it back now.

Claude: Is she here?

Ted: Yes. But she's not alone, she's got two guys with her.

Claude: Lawyers! I knew this would happen! Don't let them in.

Ted: [monitors crackle with static] They're already in. Dang distortion. That's twice.

Claude: Where is he?

Ted: Oh, he's back in the 'thing.' [Points to the back wall]

[Claude knocks on hidden door -- it opens and Brewmeister Smith emerges-- from a bathroom]

Brewmeister Smith: Yes?

Claude: She's here.

Smith: What are YOU doing here?

Claude: Well, I, uh, Ted said she had lawyers with her...I thought we should discuss it.

Ted: I did NOT say they were lawyers, YOU said they were lawyers.

[Smith looks at monitor, which shows Bob and Doug in the parking lot kicking a car's tire]

Smith: They don't look like lawyers to me! [Speaking to Claude] Do you have the check?

Claude: Yes, it's right here [pats shirt pocket].

[Smith grabs Claude's tie and brings him closer]

Smith: Did her mother sign it?

Claude: Yes, she did.

Smith: And you know what to do.

Claude: Yes, yes I know.

[Cut to Bob and Doug outside of the brewery looking up at the size of the brewery]

Bob: It's real big, eh?

Doug: Yeah, don't get scared. Just think of all the free beers we're going to get. Come on.

[SCENE SEVEN - Bob and Doug walk inside the brewery; noise of secretary typing on typewriter]

Receptionist: Good morning, how may I help you?

Doug: [Pointing to portrait on wall] Yeah, we have an appointment with that guy there, eh?

Receptionist: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Elsinore passed away recently.

Bob: Let's go.

Doug [To Bob]: No wait. [To receptionist] Uh, yes. We made the appointment with the deceased quite some time ago, eh? We were away on business.

Receptionist: [flips through Rolodex] How long ago was it?

Doug: When did he die?

Receptionist: I beg your pardon?

Bob: Uh, wait. Ok, you know his replacement, the new boss. We made the appointment with him, eh? What was his name again?

Receptionist: I'm afraid that's private company business.

Doug: I see. Well, perhaps one of THESE [Pulls out donut] would refresh your memory, eh?

[Receptionist pauses, then grabs donut]

Receptionist: Well, the day after HE died, his brother Claude married HIS wife and took over the entire brewery. But there's a daughter... [she waits for their reaction]

Doug [to Bob]: Go, eh?

Bob: It's my last one...

Doug: Go! Go!
[Bob give his last donut to the receptionist]

Bob: It's a jelly.

[Receptionist takes donut]

Receptionist: She just turned 21, and legally inherits the whole brewery.

Bob: So SHE'S the new boss?

[Cut to Claude Elsinore's office]

Claude: However, today I've asked Pamela to stop by so we could present her with this honorarium and temporary share transfer agreement.

Henry Green: In other words, you're buying her out!

Claude: Nobody's is buying anyone out, Henry. This is a temporary arrangement to relieve her of the burden of ownership so that she can continue with her studies.

Henry [to Pam]: Do you WANT to be relieved of the burden of ownership?

Pam: Well, I don't know. Five million dollars is an awful lot of money. My mother might have accepted your proposals, but I don't! Forget it, uncle. [rips the \$5 million check up] I'm taking over the brewery!

Jack Hawkland (Lawyer): There's a legal question to consider here, [to Pam] excuse me... Essentially this is a vote of trust.

[Cut to Bob and Doug wandering in the brewery hallways]

Bob: Hey, come on, we're lost.

Doug: Shhh! We are not!

Bob: It's a big brewery!

Doug: Keep quiet.

[Doug puts Bob into a headlock when LaRose comes out of the brewery rooms]

Bob: Ow!

Doug: Listen keep quiet.

LaRose: Who are you?

Doug: Yes, um, we have an appointment with the president--the new president, not the one who died--of the brewery. Mr. Claude Elsinore. Perhaps you've heard of him?

LaRose: Come on, I'll show you.

Bob: Jeez, you know how that is? That's Jean LaRose, the Montreal Canadien Rookie-of-the-Year two years ago, doesn't play hockey no more.

Doug: Take off, he's a cop and he knows you're lying about the mouse in the bottle and he's going to arrest you and I'm going to be a witness.

Bob: I've got that guy's hockey card at home I'll show it to ya!

[Cut to surveillance/control room, monitor shows Bob and Doug fighting]

Ted: Looks like LaRose's picked up those two hicks.

[Cut to Claude's office]

Claude: But you don't know how to run a brewery! Who will handle the day-to-day operations?

Pam: Henry Green ran it for my father; he can run it for me!

Henry: I'll help all I can. Excuse me. I just don't want to step on Smith's toes.

Pam: Who?

[There's a knock at the door]

Claude: What? We're having a meeting!

LaRose [entering]: These gentlemen here say they have a meeting with you, eh?

Claude: When? What meeting?

Bob [to Pam]: Hey whiplash, how's it going?

Pam: Just fine, thanks.

[LaRose locks eyes with Pam]

Claude: What is the reason for this?

Doug: Are you Claude Elsinore?

Claude: Yes.

Doug: Yeah, okay, well, we found this mouse in a bottle of YOUR beer, eh? Like we was at a party, and a friend of ours, a cop, had some and he puked. And he said 'come here and get free beer,' or he'll press charges.

Claude [looks at bottle]: Henry, could this have happened?

Henry: Well, not so long ago, when there were MEN on the bottling lines, this sort of thing DIDN'T happen.

Pam: So let's get some MEN on the bottling line!

[SCENE EIGHT - The bottling line]

Henry: Welcome to 1984, the age of automation and unemployment. The rise of the machine and the fall of man. The end of the human era. [to Bob and Doug] You don't know what I'm talking about, do you?

Doug: What? We can't hear you. We've got these things in our ears, eh?

Henry: Watch your step and remember, Big Brother is watching you. Here, put these on [hand them goggles]. Safety requirements. [to Bob] Your job is to watch the bottles on this line, watch them for mice!

Doug: What's my job?

Henry: Count them.

[Bob and Doug watch and count beer bottles. Bob grabs two beers.]

Bob: You got an opener?

Doug: Yeah, I stole this! [opens the bottles with a double-wide bottle opener]

Bob: Two at a time, eh? Beauty!

Doug: Yeah two at a time!

Bob: Cheers! To our new jobs!

Doug: Yeah beauty!

[Cut to surveillance/control room]

Smith: Let me see what you've got.

Ted: Ok.

Smith: Good. Now bring the lunatics from the Institute. I want to see how the drug in the beer is affecting them.

Ted: They're responding to the sounds...watch this. [plays organ while the lunatics run through tunnel to the brewery and suit up for hockey] Ok, basically it's the same system, with a new addition. Specific tones are still linked to motivation, but now we've added color distinction. So, object A will attack object B, or black will attack white, or vice versa. I'm going to try the whole thing out tomorrow.

Smith: Same concentration of formula?

Ted: Mmmhmm.

Smith: Good, that means we're right on schedule. Just one more test, and then we are ready for the world! Light them up.

[Ted punches up lights on world map]

Smith: Thank you.

[SCENE NINE - Elsinore castle--Claude, his wife, and Pam at dinner, well dressed and eating KFC]

Claude: You know, Pamela, I don't want you to think that your mother and I don't understand how you feel about losing your father.

Gertrude (Pam's Mother Claude's wife): If it had been ME, you'd have been over it by now.

Claude: It's easy to wallow in self-pity--the hard thing is to go on living.

Gertrude: We always have our memories. The Colonel's dead here we are still enjoying his chicken!

Pam: Don't you think it's a little unusual to get married so soon after the funeral?

[Claude because edgy in his chair]

Claude: More bean medley, dear? [brings beans to mother]

[Cut to McKenzie home]

Mrs. McKenzie: Well, where'd you boys get all this beer?

Mr. McKenzie: You stole it, didn't you!? I'm calling the police!

Bob: No way, we got jobs. This was free beer, dad. There's more outside.

Mr. McKenzie: How much more?

Doug: Oh, about ten or twelve cases. We got jobs at Elsinore brewery. We work there now, eh?

Mr. McKenzie: Do you hear that, honey? They got JOBS! They got FREE BEER! Aahahahahah!

[Bob and Doug run outside to the van to bring in more beer]

Bob: We're really in good with our folks now, eh?

Doug: Yeah, well let's not blow it by sleeping in and being late for our first day at work, eh?

Bob: Well, why don't we stay up all night?

Doug: Beauty idea.

Mr. McKenzie: Honey, call the neighbors! Never mind, I'll do it myself! [on phone] Hey George, the boys got jobs! George!

[Neighbors wake up and yell back to Mr. McKenzie to shut up]

[SCENE TEN -- Pam walks into the brewery, sees Bob and Doug sleeping on couch in lobby]

Receptionist: [talking to someone on the phone] Good morning, Elsinore

Brewery. I'm sorry he doesn't work here anymore. Thank you. [to Pam standing in lobby looking at Bob and Doug asleep on the couch] They were here when I got here.

Pam: Guys!

Bob: Shut up, ma. [wakes up] Oh, jeez! Oh, good day, eh? We got here too early...we was just waiting.

Pam: Well where's Henry Green? Weren't you supposed to meet him here?

Bob: Jeez, I just got up, eh? I don't know.

Pam: Ok, well come on. You can't leave this mess here, so I'll show you to the cafeteria and then we can go and find Henry Green, ok?

Bob [to Doug]: Get up!

[Bob and Doug bonk heads and begin fighting on the couch]

Bob: Oh!

Doug: Take Off! You hoser!

Bob: Oh jeez!

[Cut to cafeteria]

Pam: Well, there's no staff, so I guess there's no reason to have a cafeteria.

Bob: Jeez, I told you we brought too many donuts. This is spooky in here.

Doug: It's like a ghost town. [Tickles Bob and shouts Boo!, making Bob jump and drop the donuts]

Bob: Take off, eh?

[Doug howls like a wolf]

Doug: Look out, eh?

Pam: The lights don't work!

Bob [checking vending machines]: Hey, check this out! There's sandwiches and smokes in these machines, eh?

Doug: Here's an old Galactic Border Patrol game!

Bob: Hey, there's Joe Louie, and, jeez, is that tuna or what?

Doug: Plugs don't working.

Bob: Hey give me some quarters will you; I'm going to have chocolate milk.

Doug: Forget it hoser, the power's turned off.

Pam: Came on guys, let's go.

Doug: Hey, there's a door here! [tries to open door] Hey it's locked. Hey Pam, you got a credit card?

Bob: Pam, you got a credit card?

Pam: Well, yeah, I do.

Bob: She's got a credit card!

Doug: Ok give it to me I need it!

Bob: He needs your credit card.

[Pam gives her credit card to Bob]

Bob: Ok coming credit card! Jeez, travel, eh? [gives card to Doug] Here you go.

Doug: Beauty.

Bob: Like he once got our dead battery going by mixing bird feces and spit, cause there's like acid in it, eh? So, you travel quite a bit?

[Doug opens door and turns power back on, and then the vending machines spit out all their contents and the video games turn on]

Bob: Beauty! Jeez, Bingo! Lunch break, oh jeez. Jackpot!

Pam [to Doug]: How'd you do that?

Doug: Well, I know some stuff about electricity, eh?

Bob: [grabs milk container off of the floor] Here's a chocolate! [throws a milk to Doug] Cheers! [starts to down the chocolate milk]

Doug: [looks at carton] Jeez, hoser, this is four months old!

[Cut to surveillance/control room, where an alarm is going off]

Smith: What is it?

Ted: The power is on in the old cafeteria.

Smith: Our nosey little friends?

Ted: It must be them.

Smith: I think it's time the little lady and I had a chat.

[Cut back to cafeteria where Bob is laid out on a counter top with Pam comforting him]

Bob: Sorry I ralphed, Pam.

Pam: You shouldn't of had that chocolate milk.

Bob: I know. Sorry about your sweater. You can take it out of my pay if you want.

Pam: That's ok.

Bob: Jeez, you're real nice. If I didn't have puke breath I'd kiss you.

Doug: Hey Pam! Your name's on this machine!

Pam: What?

Doug: You got to level six, I only got to level five. Beauty playing.

Pam: I've never played that game before.

Doug: Well, your name's right here. Not a bad score either.

Pam: 21-10-59.

Doug: That's right.

Pam: Well that's my birth date! October 21st, 1959.

[Video game beeps]

Doug: Hey! My name's gone! Who's John Elsinore?

Pam: My father.

Bob: Fresh as a daisy! Hey can I play?

Doug: Sure. Ow! [takes hand off of the video game] This thing's hot! Jeez, we'd better check this thing! Look, the plug's glowing! [kicks plug out of the socket turning off the video game]

[LaRose enters]

LaRose: Miss Elsinore?

Bob: Hey Rosie!

LaRose: Mr. Smith is waiting for you.

Pam: Where is he?

LaRose: In the brewery room. I can show you the way.

Pam: No thanks it's ok. I can find my way myself. [to Bob and Doug] Hey see you guys later.

Bob: Hey thanks for the jobs, eh?

Doug: Yeah, we'll work real hard, eh?

Bob: Hey Rosie! Will you sign this hockey card? I brought it from home.

LaRose: Where'd you get that?

Bob: Well, I collect them, but I already had the gum, eh? Sign it to "Bob McKenzie, my good pal". Put "Rosie LaRose", I know you like it when people call you Rosie, eh?

Doug: Hey, how'd Pam's dad die?

LaRose: He was electrocuted.

Bob [to Doug]: Take off, will you? He's signing my card. [to Rosey] Hey that was a great 'hat trick' you got against Czechoslovakia, eh? Sorry about your nervous breakdown. Guess it kind of screwed up your career, eh?

Doug: You had a nervous breakdown, eh? Me too, when he was born.

Bob: Take off, you hoser.

Doug: You take off, you knob.

[Bob and Doug spit at each other until Doug wins]

Bob: Okay!

[Cut to brewery room]

Smith: Good morning, Miss Elsinore! I am Brewmeister Smith. My condolences to you on the loss of your father.

Pam: I appreciate your sympathy, but I came here to talk about my plans for the brewery. Well, it's really YOUR brewery now, isn't it.

Smith: Oh, well, I'm very flattered that you think I'm that important, but of course it's not true. I'm just an employee.

Pam: Oh, really? Well, who employed you to install surveillance cameras?

Smith: Well, you see, the brewery business has become very competitive these days, so security is extremely important.

Pam: What made this brewery great is that my father ran it as a family business. I'm afraid you have two weeks notice, Mr. Smith.

Smith: You must be out of your mind, young lady! It takes experience to run a brewery, and you have none!

Pam: I don't plan on doing it alone.

[Cut to Henry Green sampling beer; Pam walks down a flight of stairs]

Pam: Henry! I want to talk to you.

[Cut to computer room]

Claude [to Smith]: All right, let's not get excited. I'm the president of the company, I'll just hire you back. She has no right...

Smith: She HAS the right. She has 51%. That's all the right she needs.

Claude: You're right. Well, what are we going to do?

Smith: I have a plan. [walks to desk and pulls out two tranquilizer guns]

Claude: Oh, no. No, no. Now remember, no rough stuff. That was our deal. I mean we had a deal. I don't have the stomach for it.

Smith: You stinking hypocrite! You murdered your own brother! You had the stomach for that!

Claude: The second time, the second time, you murdered him first. He was already dead when I killed him. I can't go through with that again. There'll be police; there'll be questions. I'll crack, I know I will!

Smith: [slaps Claude in the face repeatedly] Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! WE are not going to kill anyone.

Ted: Excuse me, Brewmeister. We are ready for the exercises.

Smith: Good.

Claude: You're going to conduct those experiments? With her walking through the brewery? Suppose she sees something... MMM!!!

[Smith picks Claude up by his ear]

Smith: Where are the fools with the mouse?

Ted: They're with Henry Green.

Smith: Put them in the game. Take it to level 5.

Ted: Level 5, sir?

Smith: LEVEL 5!!!

Claude: Do it! Do it!

[Smith drops Claude and gives him a gun]

Smith: Take this--we got work to do.

[SCENE ELEVEN -- The hockey rink inside a cold storage facility]

LaRose [to Bob and Doug before start of game]: I have to go through with this, but don't worry. You won't get hurt--your equipment should protect you.

Bob: Being on the same team as you is all the padding I need, Rosie.

LaRose [to Doug]: Are you ok?

Bob: You okay hoser?

Doug: [breathing heavily] I am your father, Luke. Give in to the dark side of the Force, you knob!

Bob: He saw Jedi seventeen times. Beauty.

[Organ music begins to play through the loudspeakers]

LaRose: Better go to your goals.

[Bob and Doug go to their respective goals]

Bob [to LaRose]: Have a good game, eh?

[Loudspeakers blare and the puck drops down. The white team takes out the black team and races toward Doug who is on the black team as a goalie.]

Doug: Where's the puck? Oh!

[Music blares and white team stops just in front of Doug]

Doug: The power of the Force stopped you, you hosers!

[Black team gets up and skates toward Bob, the white team's goalie]

Bob: Ok, cover your shorts. Don't get deep. Stick on the ice.

[Black team skates over Bob, crashing him into the net then rejoins white team at center ice]

Bob: That was no goal, you know! They was in the crease!

[White team skates toward Doug]

Doug: Come back and fight, you hosers! Come on, eh?

[White team skates over Doug, who lays on ice, moaning]

Doug: Oh, my left nut.

[Cut to cafeteria, where Pam restarts the video game]

Henry: Careful!

Pam: It's ok...it did that before. Now, I think he just pressed one of these buttons.

Henry: What are you doing?

Pam: Just hang on.

[Screen blips and names re-appear]

Pam: There, you see that? You see that number? April 4th, that's the day he died.

Henry: Yeah.

[Screen blips and shows video footage]

Pam: Wait, look!

Henry: That's the tape they showed at the inquest! Look!

[Screen shows footage of Claude Elsinore and Brewmeister Smith pushing John Elsinore against electrical fence. Also shows Smith strangling John in the surveillance/control room.]

Pam: They killed him!

Henry: It looks that way.

[Cut to locker room]

Doug: Yeah well yours are sucky white skates skate like a figure skater.

Bob: Well, these are like referee skates--at least figure skaters know how to skate, eh?

Doug: Hey! Somebody horked our clothes!

Bob: Jeez! Who'd want to hork our clothes, eh?

Doug: Maybe a couple of these guys got sick and tired of wearing their pajamas, eh?

Bob: No, they're all out on the ice.

Doug: We better report this to our boss, eh?

Bob: No, hey! Let's go see if there's a lost and found.

Doug: No, let's report this to our boss.

Bob: No, lost and found's a better idea.

[Cut to Ted in the surveillance/control room; looks up to monitor to see Bob and Doug walk in a hallway and then seeing two more Bob and Doug figures in the background; Ted puts his work down and goes out to investigate]

[Bob and Doug wander around looking for the lost and found. Doug sneezes into brewery vat.]

[Cut to Pam and Henry entering surveillance/control room]

Henry: Oh wow!

Pam: You ever been in here before?

Henry: Yeah, but I've not seen any of this stuff before. You certainly don't need any of this kind of hardware to make beer.

[Cut to Bob and Doug in corridor]

Bob: You ain't gonna find no lost and found, eh?

Doug: I told you that was a mistake.

[Doug hits Bob's hockey armor and hurts his hand]

Doug: Ow!

[Cut back to Pam looking up at a monitor in the surveillance/control room]

Pam: Who's that? [looking at monitor]

Henry: Smith's assistant. Huh, look at this! Every camera in the place is tied into this console! [they see themselves on the monitor]

Pam: Hey it's us!

Henry: Yeah. They don't even trust themselves!

[They see what appears to be Bob and Doug behind them]

Pam: It's the guys!

[Smith and Claude shoot them with their guns]

Claude: Are you sure we didn't kill them?

Smith: Just shut up! I have this all worked out.

[Ted enters lab and startles Claude, who shoots him]

Claude: Ted!

Smith: You stupid idiot! Now he'll be asleep for two hours!

[Cut to Bob and Doug drinking and horsing around at the beer vats]

Bob: Woooooo!! Beer shower!

Doug: Don't. Don't, don't waste it! Here. Okay, you asked for it!

[Doug squirts Bob with beer]

Bob: Take off, you hoser.

[Cut to Smith and Claude dragging Pam and Henry down stairs]

Smith: I told you, we take them to the loading dock and put them in beer kegs. Hurry!

[Cut to Bob and Doug blundering into computer room]

Doug: Ohh, jeez look at this place! [whistles]

Bob: Jeez, what is this place?

Doug: It's a nuclear bomb shelter! Come on.

Bob: Jeez, let's get bombed!

Doug: There's probably beer here somewhere.

Bob: Oh, jeez!

Doug: Shhh! There's a guy over there [points to Ted asleep in his chair]

Bob: Jeez.

[Bob looks up at the hockey they played in on the monitor]

Bob: Hey, there's the game we were all in! Hey, what's with this guy, eh? Hey, you! [taps Ted on shoulder and Ted falls over]

Doug: You killed him! He's dead! I'm a witness! Police, police, my brother's a murderer!

Bob: I didn't do nothing! Take off!

Doug: He's not dead, look, his stomach's moving.

Bob: Maybe he's just sleeping, eh?

Doug: Maybe he's going to puke--he had too many beers.

Bob: Where are the beers?

Doug: I'll find them.

[Bob inspects console]

Bob: Jeez, here's the organ they was using, eh? [he starts to play]

[Doug plays with some equipment and a disk shoots out]

Doug: Hey! Hey, look, bootlegs! No wonder everything's so secret around here, they're cuttin' pirates!

[Bob waves Doug off and Doug stuffs disk into his underwear]

Bob: Hey, this piano gotta a computer, eh? I don't know how it works though, eh?

Doug: Yeah, figures you wouldn't know how to work it if it's got a computer.

Bob: Oh yeah, Mr. Wizard. You know, eh?

Doug: Let me try, I'm a genius. Okay, watch this.

Bob: These hosers are skating around in a circle.

[Doug plays Great White North theme; lunatics begin to fight]

Bob: Hey, Beauty, eh? Huh, that song's making them fight, eh?

Doug: Yeah, do it again.

[Doug plays Great White North theme again and lunatics continue to fight]

[Bob and Doug act the part of hockey announcers]

Bob: Delvecchio has hurt Gretzky and they're in the dressing room trying to

find out what's been done...

Doug: Polfer and Holman have been fighting terribly, of course Frank Mohue's one of the strongest guys in the league he made out ok, but what a fight!

Bob: And now somebody has thrown an Octopus out on the ice and Litzenburger and Salmi are going... [Bob and Doug slump to the floor, having been shot with the tranquilizer guns by Smith and Claude who have snuck up ehind them]

[SCENE TWELVE - The loading dock]

[Claude loads kegs into Bob and Doug's van using a forklift]

Claude [to Ted who has just fixed the brakes on the McKenzie brother's van while Bob and Doug sleep inside their van]: How are the brakes?

Ted: They got two stops, then no brakes.

Claude: Good work! Listen; about that shooting business...I'm sorry about that, I didn't mean it.

[Claude honks the horn and wakes up Bob and Doug]

Claude: You boys have a nice nap? Well, uh...

Doug: How's it going?

Claude: You're doing a great job for me here, but I have a special assignment for you. Uh, my daughter, you know, Pamela, she's having her birthday, and I want to deliver a couple of kegs...very special kegs, for the party.

Bob: Jeez, these got beer in them, these big kegs?

Claude: Beer? Oh, yes, beer...for the party. Now, here, look, here's the map...you must follow this route precisely, because otherwise you'll get lost and she'll be disappointed...

[The loony patients shuffle on scene]

LaRose: Hey! Where you guys going, eh?

Claude: What? Shhh! Get out of here!

Bob: Hey, Rosie! We're going to Pam's birthday, you coming?

Claude: It's, uh, a business trip. They're going on a business trip.

Doug: Ok, so we just go down to Lakeside Park here, eh?

Claude: That's right. It's right at the bottom of the hill. You can't miss it, it's right at the bottom of the BIG hill. Now you'd better get started, or you'll be late!

Doug: Okay, eh?

LaRose: I'll go with you, eh?

Claude: No, open the door. Open the door...open the door.

Bob: We're going to get loaded on this beer, eh?

Claude: Come and push. Hurry!

[Claude and LaRose open the bay door and the van drives out. The loonies close in around Claude. LaRose leaves. Smith enters.]

Claude [to Smith]: Uh, oh, look, everything's under control. Don't worry I took care of it.

Smith: So I heard.

Claude [to loonies]: Yes, uh, please! Do you mind? You're little crowded here...let me out please!

Smith: Send those lunatics back to the institute! We have to follow the van!

Claude [to loonies]: Back to the institute!

Smith: Do as I say!

Claude: We have to follow the van! Back! Back! Go back! Go back! [to Smith] Follow the van? Oh, just to make sure! That's a great idea, great idea!

Smith: Get in!

Claude: I'll drive.

[Cut to car following van]

Bob: Hey, did you feed Hosehead this morning?

Doug: No, I forgot. Well, he was sleeping, eh?

Bob: Well make up your mind, eh?

Doug: Yeah, uh, he was sleeping.

Bob: Well, maybe we should go back and feed him, eh?

Doug: What, in case the party goes all night?

Bob: We got two kegs!

[Doug slams on the brakes, causing Bob to be tossed face first into the windshield while Claude, driving the car behind Bob and Doug, almost collides into the rear of the van]

Bob: Ohh! What are you doing!?

Doug: Uh, Just testing the brakes, eh? They felt a little soft.

Smith: [Doug drives van off of the route laid out by Claude while at the brewery] Where are they going?

Claude: I don't understand it! I gave them a map. It was all very clear!

Smith: Follow them.

[Bob and Doug pull up in front of their house]

Doug: Ok, don't be a hog. We just have time for one quick one.

Bob: Hey, last one in the house is, a, big idiot. Okay, eh?

Doug: Take off, eh?

[Doug yanks Bob's jacket hood and enters the kitchen before Bob; Bob pushes Doug into the side of the refrigerator knocking a beer bottle onto the floor]

Doug: I win, eh? Oh, nice going!

Bob: [surveying messy house] Oh, jeez, take a look at this. Dad really got into the beers, eh?

Doug: Where are they? Mom?! Dad?!

Bob: Let's see if they're in their room.

Doug: Don't push.

Bob: Come on Mom? Dad?

[Bob and Doug stumble into their parent's room to find Mr. And Mrs. McKenzie, occupied]

Mr. McKenzie: Take off, eh?

Mrs. McKenzie: Get out!

Bob: Sorry...

[Bob and Doug close the door and walk back out to the kitchen]

Bob: Jeez, jeez, I didn't know they were in there?

Doug: Can you believe it?

[Hosehead growls as he meets them in the kitchen]

Doug: Get his bowl quick, or he'll kill us!

Bob: Yeah, he's got a funny look in his eye, eh?

[Camera shows Hosehead's view -- Bob and Doug appearing as T-Bone steaks]

[Cut to neighborhood shot of car parked next to sidewalk outside McKenzie's house]

Smith: What the stink are they doing in there?

Claude: Would you like me to tilt your chair back?

Smith: Shut up.

[Cut back to house]

Bob: Twenty cans ought to be enough, eh? [To Hosehead] Okay, we're going to a party. Don't eat the furniture.

Doug: [fiddling with pants] I got to get some new under wears! [He produces the disk from the lab]

Bob: Jeez! Bootlegs!

Doug: Oh, you remember where we got this?

Bob: Yeah, it was when we were running off them pirates, eh?

Doug: Yeah, was that a dream or what?

Bob: It was no dream; it was in your under wears!

Doug: Ok, let's see. This is one of those new square records, eh? That goes

like on...on a record player that's, like, on it's side, eh?

Bob: What are you gonna do?

[Doug places the disk on his turntable; it screeches]

Bob: No way, that's an EP from some British new wave band!

Doug: Take off! You don't know.

[Screeching of disk continues]

Bob: Yeah, they bootleg those, eh?

[Doug plays the disk...it begins to squeal]

Doug: What do you think?

Bob: Sounds like a British new wave band!

Doug: Yeah, beauty sound.

Bob: Beauty.

Doug: Not my style of music...hey Hosehead! Here's another one for your Collection, eh? [Tosses disk to dog, who catches it in his mouth]

Bob: Beauty! Hank Aaron. Wonder if he can hit?

[Cut to front of McKenzie house]

Smith: There they are!

[Bob and Doug stumble into van]

Bob: Hey, who's driving, eh?

Doug: I am, 'cause you're too loaded to drive!

Bob: Take off! I am not! I'm just getting warmed up for the party, eh?

Doug: Can't drink and drive at the same time, hoser!

[Bob and Doug drive off; camera pulls in on a pool of brake fluid from their van. Claude follows. Cut to LaRose wearing his hockey mask, driving his motorcycle to Pam's party.]

[Cut to Smith's car]

Claude: It's nice to get away from the brewery, once and a while, you know? Take a little drive, you know?

[Cut to Bob and Doug inside their van]

Bob: Did you ever notice that, uh, like, in movies when they're driving they don't look at the road for a long time?

Doug [to Bob]: Gee, no, I never noticed that.

Bob: That's 'cause, yeah, they're being towed, eh?

Doug: Really?

Bob: By like a rig.

[Doug nearly front ends a truck...police car sees this and begins to chase with siren blaring]

[Cut to Smith's car]

Smith: We have them now.

Claude: Just like I told you.

[Cut to van, traveling out of control down the 'big' hill Claude mentioned to them]

Bob: What's going on? Will you stop this thing? Come on!

[Doug punches the break pedal with his foot repeatedly]

Doug: The brakes aren't working!

Bob: Try the parking brake, eh?!

Doug: Take off! The parking brake NEVER worked!

Bob: But these cops are gonna arrest us!

Doug: [takes his hands off the steering wheel] No point in steering it now...

Bob: Take off! You steer this thing!

[Van enters pier area, cut to LaRose waiting for at the pier with flowers in hand; watches the police chase and the back doors of the van fly open spilling the keg that contain Henry Green and then is hit by a pursuing police car; van then jumps crates near the edge of the docks and jumps into the bay spilling out the keg holding Pamela Elsinore; Pam emerges from the water struggling to stay afloat; LaRose sees this and jumps in to save her; LaRose is successful but he floats to the boat of the bay landing on top of the McKenzie van; Police remove the cover of the keg Henry Green is in.]

[Police car pulls up]

Policeman: End of the wharf! End of the wharf!

Henry: HELP!

Policeman: Aw, you'd better call an ambulance.

[Dockworkers help Pam from the bay. The inspector arrives.]

Dockworkers: Easy! Easy! Get that rope off her! Give her...

Policeman: They're down at the end of the wharf, sir.

Inspector: All right, you'd better follow us there.

Policeman: Ok, you guys follow him.

Dockworkers: I'll call an ambulance. Put her down right over here. Let me get a blanket!

[Smith's car arrives; the inspector checks on Pamela.]

Inspector: All right back off, let's have a look here. [to Pam] You all right?

[Smith shoots Pam with tranquilizer gun. Pam faints.]

Inspector: Ok, she's fainted--call an ambulance.

Policeman 2: It's on its way, sir!

[Smith's car takes off. The policemen look out into the water.]

Inspector: They've been down there ten minutes?

Policeman 3: Yes, sir.

Inspector: No one can last that long. Not Houdini, not nobody.

[Camera pans back to see the entire harbor]

***** INTERMISSION *****

[Back at the pier...Henry is being loaded into an ambulance. Police divers approaching van...they find Bob, Doug, and LaRose drinking beer in the front seat. Diver shows badge; Doug shows them his driver's license. Cut to newspaper headlines...first a women's underwear sale, then hand flips newspaper over to reveal real headline -- BEER HEIRESS SNATCHED! A picture of Bob and Doug accompanies the article. Cut to police station, where Bob and Doug are getting fingerprinted...]

Doug: Hey hoser!

Bob: What? [Doug smears ink all over Bob's face.] Oh jeez!

Policeman 4: Okay, that's it! That's enough!

[Cut to mug shots...both have ink all over their faces.]

Doug: Those big cons are going to love you, eh?

Bob: What do you mean?

Doug: You're a cute little guy; they're going to loving you from dawn to dusk.

Policeman 4: Turn!

Bob: Where you going to be?

Doug: I'll be in the cafeteria selling smokes!

[cut to lineup]

Policeman 4: All right, single file, down here, step it up!

Bob: Jeez, they're gonna kill us.

Policeman 4: Hands out of your pockets! Back against the wall!

Bob: Oh, jeez.

Policeman 4: Feet together! Come on! Straighten up, here! Look straight ahead! Straighten up I said!

Doug: Ok, eh?

Policeman 4: That's it, okay.

Inspector [to Pam]: Try to pick out the men who kidnapped you.

Doug [pointing to Pam]: That's her!

Bob [to Pam]: Hey, how're you doing?

Policeman 4: Come on get back there!

Bob: No, that's her! She was...

Policeman 4: Get back! Quiet!

Doug: He can't get any further back, or he'll go through...

Policeman 4: Shut up!

[Doug makes a hilarious face]

[Bob and Doug get thrown into a cell with a bunch of BIG thugs. Cut to Inspector questioning Claude. Pam is watching Tom and Jerry.]

Inspector: What did the doctor say?

Claude: Catatonic schizophrenia.

Inspector: What?

Claude: Uh, Schizophrenia, marked by an excessive and sometimes violent motor activity, or by generalized inhibition.

Inspector: Sounds like you just picked that out of the dictionary.

Claude: No, no. That's...that's exactly what the doctor told us. I have a photographic memory, you know.

Inspector: Really?

Claude: Oh yes, I never forget a thing.

Inspector: Well, that might be useful in my investigation of this case.

Claude: Well, feel free to call on me at any time.

[They walk through hallway.]

Inspector: My compliments on the many fine things you have in your home.

Claude: Well, thank you.

Inspector [pointing to statue]: Mmmmmm--Bonaparte?

Claude: Uh, Napoleon actually.

Inspector: Oh. What does a thing like that cost?

Claude: Oh, four or five thousand dollars. I don't remember.

Inspector [pointing to another statue]: **Who chiseled this?**

Claude: Uh, it was some, uh, sculptor, I think, uh. I'm terrible on names...

Inspector: I thought you said you had a photographic memory?

Claude: Well, normally I would...but, uh...

[Claude's wife enters coming down the stairs.]

Gertrude: Darling!

Claude: Ah! My wife.

Gertrude: You didn't tell me we had company!

Claude: I think you know the inspector, dear...

Gertrude: Hello.

Claude: My wife.

Gertrude: How is she?

Claude: She's about the same, I'm afraid.

Gertrude: I don't know what's wrong with her. She hasn't said a word since the accident. I hope it's not something I've done.

Claude: No, no, or course not. Well, the inspector has to leave.

Gertrude: Oh, wouldn't you like a drink or something?

Claude: No, he wouldn't. He'd love to, but he has to run.

Gertrude: Oh.

Inspector: Right. I hope she'll be able to testify tomorrow morning.

Claude: Who? Oh! Yes. Yes we hope so.

Inspector: Good night.

Gertrude: Bye.

[SCENE THIRTEEN -- Jail cell]

Doug [to cons]: Chimp here does the killing [points to Bob]. I don't like to kill. I'm the brains, eh? Like, we've got over five billion dollars in our hideout, only some of the money is marked, eh, so we're not spending it. We're just waiting.

Bald con: Youse guys like a smoke?

Doug: No, eh? We want our lungs to be pink when they fry us. We told them we didn't want a lawyer. Chimp here'd probably just kill him anyway...lawyers are for sucks!

Policeman 5: McKenzie brothers! Your lawyer's here!

[Bob and Doug run out of the cell. Cons run after them.]

Policeman 5: You can talk in here.

Doug: Ok, eh?

Jack Hawkland: Hi, I'm Jack Hawkland, your lawyer.

Doug: How's it going, eh?

Bob: How's it going Mr. Hawkland? I remember you from the office, eh?

Jack: You're very observant. I'll make this as simple as possible. The two of you have been charged with kidnapping under section 2471 of the criminal code. The offense of kidnapping is comprised of two elements, both of which must be satisfied before a conviction may lie. The first element, Actus Reus, which was satisfied on October the tenth, 1983, when you, Robert and Douglas McKenzie, did kidnap one Pamela Elsinore...

Bob: Wait a second, like we didn't do it!

Doug: That's right, we's innocent!

Jack: If you're innocent, you've got nothing to fear... [They all begin laughing.]

Bob: Beauty, eh?

Doug: We'll get off, eh?

[Cut to surveillance/control room at Elsinore Brewery]

Ted: Exhibit A. It's an open a shut case. [Videotape shows people in Bob and Doug's clothes shooting Pam and Henry, then loading their bodies into kegs.] Should I time code it?

Smith: Yes. Now what about that missing disk? [Ted hits a button and video shows Doug putting disk in his under wears.] How did he get the code?

Ted: Random chance.

Smith: That's impossible! Play it back. Give me magnification on the code pad. [Camera zooms in on pad, shows Doug's fingers hitting buttons.] That's not our code! Get me the John Elsinore disk! [Ted tries to get the disk, but all the others spit out.]

Ted: Ahhhh!

Smith: Look! Look at this! [monitor shows Smith murdering John Elsinore. Fireball bounces around room.]

Ted: What the heck was that!?

Smith: There's no scientific explanation for it...so it's pointless to worry. [Smith and Ted pick up their disks and count them.] Let me see, there's 11, 12, 13...they knew exactly what they were doing! They took the one disk that would incriminate me.

Ted: What are we going to do now?

Smith: We will move toward Oktoberfest as planned, and I will not underestimate our little friends again. [Smith leans on the world map.]

Ted: Do you want me to light it up?

Smith: No.

[SCENE FOURTEEN -outside the courthouse]

Jack: It's the press...I'll handle them. [He beats the reporters up with karate, tossing one off the ledge.]

Reporter: Arrrgghhh!

Jack: THAT'S how you handle the press! [Female reporter attacks Jack, but he Takes her out.][to Bob and Doug] We're late! Let's go!

Bob [to Doug]: Remind me to pay his bill on time, eh?

Doug: Yeah, Chuck Norris for the defense, eh? Beauties.

[They head for the courtroom. Cut to session.]

Jack: Your worship, I wish to plead my clients guilty to statutes 125 and 233 of the criminal code, and not guilty to all other charges due to mental incompetence.

Prosecutor: Objection! You cannot split pleas like that!

Bob [to Doug]: Two bowls of split-plea soup to go, eh!? [Doug laughs,

snorts, and his nose starts to bleed.] Oh, you got a bleeding nose?

Doug: Yeah...

Bob: Your honor? Hey Mr. Judge...my brother gots... [Doug tries to stop his bloody nose using Bob's shirtsleeve.] Hey take off! My brother's gotta bleddin' nose, we needs some Kleenex or something.

Judge [to Clark]: Clark, please...

Bob: Clark's going to get you some Kleenex.

[After time lapse, the video Ted fabricated is shown.]

Prosecutor [to Claude]: And this, sir, is the same tape that your engineer retrieved from the television cameras that monitors the activity in your brewery?

Claude: Yes, and I'd like to point out that this tape have not been tampered with or edited in any way. It even has a time code on it, and those are very difficult to fake.

Judge: For the benefit of the court, would you please explain 'time code'?

Claude: Just because I don't know what it is doesn't mean I'm lying.

[Cut to Doug with giant ball of Kleenex on his nose]

Bob: Jeez, it usually stops bleeding by now, eh?

Clark [to bailiff]: Ahh, this isn't working...give me something...quick, a couple bullets.

Bob: Are you okay? Maybe we should call the Red Cross or something. [Clark hands Doug bullets] Good idea! Beauty Clark! [Doug shoves bullets up nose.]

Doug: Beauty!

Judge: May I remind you two idiots that this is a court of law?

Bob: He's the one with the bleeding nose, I didn't do nothing...

Judge: Proceed, counselor.

Jack [to Smith]: Would you state your name and occupation, please?

Smith: Dr. B.M. Smith, resident head of psychiatry at the Royal Canadian Institute for the Mentally Insane.

Jack: Now, Dr. Smith, we know you are familiar with this case. The victim, Pamela Elsinore, is currently under your care at the R.C.I.M.I.

Smith: That is correct.

Jack: Dr. Smith, would you say that you are sufficiently familiar with the defendants to give us a, preliminary diagnosis?

Smith: I am. I would say, without a doubt that they suffer from paranoid Schizophrenia.

Jack: Would you kindly explain to the court what that means?

Smith: Well, that is, schizophrenia, marked by excessive and sometimes violent motor activity, or by generalized inhibition. [Claude avoids the Inspector's glance.]

[Cut to Bob and Doug on the witness stand]

Bob and Doug: I do!

Bob [to Doug]: I guess we're married now, Clark. Where's the honeymoon?
[He takes the microphone..]

Judge: Order! Order!

Bob: Get me a toasted back-bacon and hold the toast.

Doug: Don't make me laugh, eh?

Judge: I must instruct you not to speak unless you are spoken to!

Bob: Jeez, he's starting to sound like the old man...pretty soon he'll be sending me out for beers.

[Doug laughs so hard that the bullets used to spot his bleedin' nose fire around the courtroom making everybody duck and scream.]

Judge: All right! Order! Until the victim is mentally fit for trial, I want these...two...LUNATICS...confined under the psychiatric care of Dr. Smith at the Royal Canadian Institute for the Mentally Insane. This hearing is adjourned! [bangs gavel.]

[SCENE FIFTEEN -- The loony bin, Bob and Doug in padded cell in strait-jackets.]

Bob: Hey...if you...

Doug: Take off! This is my side. Don't go over that line!

Bob: What line? I don't see any line!

Doug: There is a line!

Bob: If you put your mouth over...

Doug: Take off or I'm going to do the steamroller on you!

Bob: Take off! No way! [Doug rolls over Bob.]

Bob: Arrggghh!

Doug: Steamroller!

Bob: I'm steamrolling YOU! [He rolls after Doug, but Doug rolls on him again.]

Doug: Take off.

Bob: Arrghh!

Doug: Steamroller! [Doug chuckles then snorts]

[Ted enters the room.]

Ted: Hi fellows. My name is Ted and I'm happy to be working with you.

[Cut to two orderlies wheeling Pam to another room; patients can be heard calling and crying]

Patients: Somebody stop them, please! Please no!

Orderly 1: Should I reconnect this? [pointing to IV drip]

Orderly 2: Forget it. Doctor Smith is doing the lobotomy in the morning.

[Cut to hospital -- LaRose's room. Claude is dressed as a Doctor, fills a syringe with poison and prepares to inject LaRose. Man in bed next to LaRose begins to suffer an M.I. and calls for nurse. A nurse enters the room.]

Patients: No! No! No! Somebody stop them!

Nurse: Oh, doctor! Thank heaven you're here! [she prepares man having M.I. for injection, seeing Claude has a syringe in hand. Claude injects the man, with the poison the man dies immediately.] We lost him! What did you give him?

Claude: Uh, this is just the thing...a hypodermic needle. Excuse me. [he leaves room.]

Nurse: Help! Stop that man! Stop him!

[LaRose is woken up by the nurse screaming for help he gets up and leaves hospital un-noticed wakes LaRose up. Cut to entrance gate.]

Parking Attendant: \$6.50 please. [Claude hands him a stethoscope and

headlight.]

Claude: Here, this ought to be worth \$6.50.

Parking Attendant: No I don't want this! I want \$6.50! Hey! I've got your license plate number! You rich bum! [He sees LaRose stealing car.] Hey you! Hey you! \$6.50! Hey you! Let me see your ticket! \$6.50! [LaRose grabs attendant and holds up both fists.]

LaRose: All I've got are two fives!

[Cut to hospital room]

Inspector: Who was in this bed?

Nurse: Jean LaRose.

Inspector: John LaRose the hockey player?

Nurse: I don't know...yes...I guess so.

Nurse 2: Is this the available bed? [wheels in Henry Green.]

Nurse: No, he's, I don't know where he is. This is the one... he's dead.

Nurse 2: Well, get him out of that bed...

Nurse: That's NOT my job, I'm sorry!

Nurse 2: What do you mean that's not your job? You want him to mummify? [Nurses argue while Henry Green leaves hospital.]

[Cut to loony bin, Ted questioning Bob and Doug.]

Ted: What have you done with the disk?

Doug: What are looking at me for? I don't got it. [Ted taps the lie detector.]

Bob: Maybe it's out of gas? [Doug farts loudly.] Oh, you farted!

Doug: No, it wasn't me. It was the chair, eh?

Bob: He's lying! Check the machine, eh?!

Doug: I'm not lying!

Ted [checks the lie detector machine]: He's lying all right!

Bob [fanning air]: I don't need no machine to tell me that, eh?!

Doug: I didn't do it I swear it!

Bob: Aw, jeez...don't slice the cheese in here, will ya?

Doug: Take off!

[Ted now smells Doug's creation and makes a face then takes Bob and Doug to electro-shock therapy.]

Doug: Don't be a bully, eh? [points to loonies in their cell at the end of the hall] Hey there's the guys that horked our clothes! [waves to them.]

Bob: Hey! How come you're not playing hockey, eh?

Doug: [as Ted shoves him into room] Okay, I know my rights!

Bob: [looking into other room] Hey, who's in this room? [sees Pam] It's Pam! Pam is in there! [Ted grabs him] Ow!

Ted: Now don't touch anything, I'll be right back. [he locks them in.]

[Cut to outside of the R.C.I.M.I. -- LaRose arrives and tries to gain entrance.]

[Cut to Bob and Doug's house -- Police knock on the front door. Nobody answers, so they begin to leave when the missing disk drops from the roof at the policemen's feet.]

Inspector: What was that?

[Hosehead runs up and over to the other side of the roof.]

Policeman 5: Let's get out of here. [The inspector retrieves the disk.]

[Cut back to electro-shock therapy room. Bob is giving Doug shocks.]

Bob: How was that, eh?

Doug: Beauty! Take it up to thirty this time!

Bob: No way, eh? It's my turn! I want... [phone rings--Bob answers it]

Doug: Ok eh, I'll just disconnect these.

Bob: Hello? No, he's not here. He, uh, went to get a pizza. Who's this?
[guy hangs up] Jeez. He hung up, eh? [Bob jumps up onto the therapy bed.]

Doug: Put this in your mouth so you don't bite your tongue, ok?

Bob: Beauty!

Doug: Hey let's try the head this time. If you'd stick to your twelve-point maintenance program, eh, we wouldn't have to jump-start you like this, but oh no, you had to do it your way! You think you know everything, eh? Okay, there we go. I think we're going to take it up to 90 this time! [Ted arrives.]

Ted: Hey! Get away from there! Don't touch those things! No, no, no, no, no! You're always touching things!

Doug: Take off, eh?

Bob: He's party pooping, eh? Hey! Some guy called while you were out, eh?

Doug: Yeah.

Ted: The phone? For me?

Doug: Yeah.

Bob: Yeah. [to Doug] Okay do it now, eh?

Doug: No! no, he'll get me!

Bob: Aw, come on, eh? Jeez! What about my turn, eh?!

Doug: Let's do this instead!

Bob: Hey! [LaRose enters room.]

Bob: How's it going, eh?

LaRose: Shhh!

Bob: It's going pretty good, eh?

LaRose: Shhhhhh! [LaRose knocks Ted out.]

Doug: Oh, he doesn't like him very much!

LaRose: Pam! Where's Pam? I've got to find Pam!

Bob: Jeez, I saw her down the hall but she was dozing off, eh?

LaRose: Come on!

Doug: Come on!

Bob: Aw, jeez! But we've got to come back for my turn, eh?

[Cut to hospital parking lot]

Parking Attendant[to cop]: One guy drove away with the car from here, and he gave me this, maybe he's a doctor! And one guy stole the car from over there...my coat, too!

Policeman 6: Ok, let's take a look, sir.

Parking Attendant: He was not wearing any clothes, he was wearing pajamas...he stole my coat, and hit me! [Henry Green steals the police car.] Hey!

[Cut back to Pam's room]

Pam [to LaRose]: But I saw you drown.

LaRose: They saved my life!

Pam [to LaRose]: You saved my life. [Orderly 2 enters.]

Orderly 2: What are you doing in here?

Doug: Oh, uh, we're from the Department of Justice and we're, adjusting the beds. This is Mr. Roy, our consultant. [LaRose elbows orderly 2.]

Bob: Jeez! Two minutes for elbowing!

LaRose: Let's get out of here!

[They run from room. The lights short out and the loonies are set free from their cell when the cell door opens. The loonies run off.]

Bob: What's goin' on?

Doug: I don't know.

Bob: Hey, where are all these hosers going, eh?

LaRose: There's a tunnel to the brewery!

Pam: Well let's go!

Bob: Jeez, I ain't playing hockey again!

Doug: Tunnel to the brewery! Take off, how convenient!

[Cut to Henry Green busting through the brewery's electrical gate with the stolen police car.]

[Cut to Smith in surveillance/control room. Claude comes in.]

Claude: What is it you want? What's going on here? Didn't we pay our

electric bill?

Smith: The circuits are fusing! The computers, the surveillance system...everything seems to be overloading! And I think Ted is dead!

Claude: Ted?

Smith: Yes.

[Monitors all around the control room turn red then John Elsinore's face appears]

Claude: Oh my gosh! Look! It's him it's my brother! Oh no! John, he want's revenge! I know it! He's going to kill us! I didn't do it! [pointing to Smith] It wasn't me! It wasn't me! I didn't do it! [pointing towards Smith] Turn this thing off! I should never have listened to you!

[Smith grabs Claude's head from behind.]

Smith: SHUT UP! I could crush your head like a nut, but I won't, because I need you. Now, go to the loading dock. Make sure the trucks leave for Oktoberfest as planned. Do as I say! [he squeezes Claude's head; he skull crackles

Claude leaves the room in pain.]

Claude: Ahhh!

[Cut to tunnel to brewery]

LaRose: They put some stuff in the beer, and they make us drink it every day!

Pam: My father must have found out about that. That's why they killed him!

LaRose: Come on!

Bob: Just how long is this tunnel, eh?

Doug: I'm having a heart attack!

[They enter the brewery and stop at a hallway intersection]

Pam: Wait! I want to go the cafeteria!

LaRose [points to Bob]: You go with her! You [Doug] come with me! Be careful!

Pam: Don't worry, I will!

[Bob and Doug stare at each other before they part their separate ways, heartbreaking music plays.]

Bob: See you, eh?

Doug: Yeah. Good day, eh?

[They run off in separate directions.]

Doug [to LaRose]: Jeez, I'm sure glad we got rid of them. They were really starting to bug me, eh?

LaRose: Come on, let's go!

Doug: Yeah!

[Cut to Bob and Pam walking slowly down a hallway-Bob crying on Pam's shoulder]

Pam: You mean you've never been apart?

Bob: No! Never! We've always stuck together...

[Smith appears at the top of the stairs]

Smith: Stay where you are or I'll kill you! [Bob faints; collapsing to the floor.] Where's the other one?

Pam: He's dead, Smith! You killed him!

Smith: Oh, good. That's one less to worry about then. Now come this way.

Now hurry up! [Pam picks up Bob.]

[Cut to the brewery loading dock]

Claude [to worker]: Hurry up! Come on, let's go! [worker flips him off] I saw that!

[Cut to R.C.I.M.I entrance--police searching stolen car. The inspector arrives.]

Inspector: This the one stolen from the hospital?

Policeman 4: That's it.

Inspector: Japanese, eh?

Policeman 4: Yes, sir.

Inspector: The whole world is made in Japan.

Policeman 4: Could be, sir.

[Cut to brewery vat room; Smith looks down to Pam and Bob inside the vat]

Smith: How ironic. You came here with a mouse in a bottle, now you are the mouse! As for you, my dear...

Pam: Don't worry about me, Smith! I wrote everything I know in a letter and mailed it to the newspapers!

Bob: When did you do that?

Smith: Very good, my dear, cunning right to the end. But, unfortunately we find the mail system unreliable here. So we use private couriers. Nice try! It's really too bad you won't be around to see the whole world become addicted to Elsinore beer. In a few hours I will introduce my special formula to the public at Oktoberfest. When they drink enough, they will do whatever I tell them.

Bob: You know people can tell what's in beer, eh? Like my brother can tell

the difference between beers by what his burps taste like.

Smith: Your brother is dead. [slams vat shut.]

Pam: He's not really dead. I just told him that when you fainted. [vat starts to flood with beer.]

Bob: Can I buy you a beer? [Bob sticks out his hand and tastes the beer]

[SCENE SIXTEEN -- the hockey rink]

[Loonies dressed in hockey equipment run from locker room, LaRose and Doug among them.]

Doug: That's a lot to remember.

LaRose: Do you remember what to do?

Doug: I think so.

LaRose: Okay, see you later.

Doug: Okay, ow, see you.

[Cut to vat, Bob and Pam knee deep in beer.]

Bob: My brother and I used to say that drowning in beer was like heaven, eh? Now he's not here, and I got two soakers... This isn't heaven this sucks!

Pam: Don't talk. Try and use as little oxygen as possible, then maybe when the level rises we can get up to that porthole!

[Cut to loonies running through the brewery in their hockey uniforms]

[Pam and Bob are now up to chest level in beer.]

Pam: [looking around as if something is wrong] I think it's getting warmer in here.

Bob: [looking and sounding like the guilty one] I didn't notice anything.

[Cut to loading dock, trucks pull out headed for Oktoberfest, black hockey team enters on forklift with Doug.]

Claude: No fellas. No exercises today. [black team jumps off of lift and stands at attention.] No fellas, forget about it! [Doug gives Great White North theme and the team advances on Claude, knocking him onto conveyor belt.] Wait! You can't do this to me! I'm in charge here!

[Cut to surveillance/control room, Smith waits at bottom of stairs with tranquilizer guns. White team enters with LaRose. Smith prevails over the loonies of the white team easily. LaRose takes Smith on with his hockey stick and knocks him into world map, which explodes with red light and electrocutes Smith.]

Smith: Arrrrg!

[LaRose looks up at the computer monitor and sees John Elsinore's face which flashes to a shot of vat 19, which has a capacity of 6,000 gallons. LaRose takes off running to find the vat.]

[Cut to loading dock where Claude emerges from the conveyor belt, plastered with beer labels and bottle caps. The black team dances around him until the cops arrive and cart him away.]

[Cut to Doug and LaRose near a holding tank.]

LaRose: Hey Doug! Come on! They're in the vat room! Let's go. [LaRose finds vat 19 with Doug] Ok, stand back. This is really going to blow! [he opens the hatch at bottom of vat.]

Doug: It didn't blow! [LaRose knocks on the vat; opens the hatch all the way] Anybody home?

Pam: [emerging from the tank] I can't believe it; he drank it all! Help me out. You've got to help him. You've got to get him out of there.

Doug: [looking inside the vat at Bob] Oh no!

Bob: [bloated from all that beer is in the shape of a beach ball] Jeez, I've got to take a leak so bad I can taste it!

[Cut to brewery hallway, where the inspector and police run into Pam.]

Inspector: What are you doing walking around? I thought you were sick?!

Pam: There's a guy back there trapped in a vat; somebody tried to kill him!

Inspector: You stay here. [to cops] Come on! [Pam ignores him and runs to cafeteria. Inspector arrives at the vat. To Doug] All right, out of the way! Come on!

Doug: Cops!

Inspector: Clear out, clear out!

Policeman 3: Holy shit!

Inspector: [looking in vat] How did he get in here!?

Doug: I didn't do it!

Inspector: Well, how are we going to get him out?

Policeman 5: We could try to cut him out with a blowtorch.

Policeman 3: You couldn't cut through that with a torch.

Inspector: I don't know. We need an explosives expert!

Doug: No! Don't blow him up! He's my brother! Please don't hurt him!

Bob [inside of vat]: Get out of the way! Get out of the way!

Doug: He's going to take a leak! Get out of the way! [They all run for cover. Bob releases an gargantuan belch, which blows the vat's front-end open.]

Bob: Hey, get me out of here will you! I got a whiz to throw!

Doug: Boy, that was some belch! We thought you were going to take a leak!

Bob: What do you mean? Just get me out of here, eh? Come on, eh, you hoser. I'd have saved you some, but I had to save everyone's life, eh?

Doug: Yeah, well, jeez, I don't know how to do this...Ok, let me see here.
[takes a hold of Bob]

Bob: Oh! Not there!

Doug: Ok, how about here?

Bob: Ow, that feels good!

[Cut to cafeteria. Pam and Henry watch as the ghost of John Elsinore, appears and warns them to stop the beer delivery to Oktoberfest.]

Pam: [to Henry] I think I'd better go. [they hug]

[Cut to outside shot of brewery and institute, where a bolt of energy travels down power lines to the R.C.I.M.I. and blows the roof off.]

[Cut to vat room where Bob in all his 'beach ball looking glory' is out of the vat with the Inspector, Policeman, LaRose and Doug around him]

Inspector: What the hell was that?

Doug: It wasn't me!

Policeman 6: The roof just blew off the institute. It's on fire.

Doug: On fire? Jeez. [to Bob] Hey, can you hold on for a minute?

Bob: Yeah, okay but hurry will ya? I gotta go!

Doug: Yeah, help me get him outa here. Here, give me a hand. I've got an idea.

[Cut to outside of institute, where the normal sized Bob has put out the fire in about two minutes]

Doug: You done yet?

Bob: Yeah.

Doug: Beauty.

Fireman: You did a fine job son. What took you two minutes would have taken us two hours. If you ever want a job at the fire department you come and see me you got it, huh?

Bob: What about my brother? Can he get a job?

Inspector: You boys want to come with us?

Doug: Where are you going?

Inspector: Oktoberfest.

Bob: Jeez, I've had enough beer for a while...

LaRose: Two truckloads of that bad beer went there this morning!

Pam: We have to stop the people from drinking it!

Inspector: That's a thirsty crowd. It won't be easy.

Doug: Ok, I got an idea, but we have to go home first. Okay, come on.

Inspector: Okay, you guys go with them [to policemen 5 & 6].

Doug: Yeah.

Bob: How come we're going home?

Doug: Don't worry about it. Just put these clothes on, and I'll tell ya.

Bob: Okay, eh?

[Cut to Oktoberfest where the trucks are arriving from the brewery.]

Announcer: Ah. Elsinore beer will go right over there.

Workman 1: Ok. You've got it.

Announcer: Right over there please.

Workman 2: you got it.

[Cut to McKenzie home where Bob is about to use a policeman's megaphone.]

Bob: Ok, all cops, get out of your cars. [cops get out of their cars] Ok, I want to take a head count. Uh, like maybe we'll have some breakfast, eh? Some back bacon sandwiches while we're waiting. Ok, another thing, um, you'll have went through the stop sign back there, and that's a moving violation, and my brother and I, uh, like we have a lot of parking tickets, eh...

Doug: [emerges from the side of the house with Hosehead] Hey hoser!

Bob: What? My brother's coming in now, so all cops, come on up here, now. [to the Inspector] Here.

Doug: [to Hosehead] Sit! [to Inspector] Okay, you got a map?

Bob: Map?

Inspector: Yeah, right here.

Doug: [the Inspector gives the map to Bob, who kneels down to show it to Hosehead] Okay, this is like an aerial view. Ok, take the 401 to Kitchner, then take highway 6 north, okay? It goes right up here. That's the off ramp. No, no, look, right there. There's the off ramp.

Bob: Don't forget to take a right at highway 6, eh?

Doug: Ok? So when you get there you can have all the free beer and

sausages
you can eat.

[Hosehead, painted like a skunk, takes off down the street, then flies into the air and heads for Oktoberfest. A red cape materializes on his back.]

[Cut to Oktoberfest, main tent]

Announcer: Can I get everyone's attention please? We are very happy to announce that today all the beer is free...[the crowd cheers with joy] It is courtesy of our good friends at Elsinore Brewery. [the crowd erupts again and the band begins to play polka.]

[Hosehead bursts through the tent roof and lands within the crowd.]

Oktoberfestian: SKUNK! [Everyone clears out of the tent. Minutes later the police arrive, with Bob and Doug.]

Policeman 7 [to Inspector]: I wouldn't go in there. There's a BIG skunk in there.

Inspector: We know about that. It's a Toronto skunk, and it's my jurisdiction.

Policeman 7: Right.

[they enter the tent, where Hosehead is standing on one of the tables helping himself to the sausages and beer] Well boys, it worked. It worked. I can't thank you enough. I really can't. That's, uh, some dog of yours, too. He's really hungry, isn't he?

Doug: He's always hungry, eh?

Bob: We couldn't feed him, eh, because we were in jail.

Doug: Yeah, you put us there. Thanks a lot, eh?

Bob: Yeah, we were innocent, too, eh? She told you we was innocent.

Inspector: Just a second boys, just a second, just a second! Alright now,

now maybe we can drop the criminal charges, but, believe me, that mental incompetence bit will be tough to beat.

Pam: I'll take care of them. From now on they're working full time at the brewery for me and Rosie! Come on!

LaRose: Let's go, dear!

Bob: Beauty!

Doug [to Bob]: Let's go, dear!

Bob: See you, inspector!

Doug: Bye!

[Cut to outside the tent]

Doug [pushed by Bob who tripped over a rock]: Pam, oh sorry eh? We were wondering, eh, like, just exactly what is wrong with the beer, eh? Is it poison? Could it kill you?

LaRose: No, no. It's not a poison. It's, uh, more like a drug. It can wear off in time, like it did with me, eh?

Doug: Oh, well, we were thinking that since we're employees of the brewery now, eh? Like, perhaps it would be a good idea for us to take all the contaminated beer back to the brewery, where it can be properly disposed of, eh?

Pam: You know how to handle one of those big rigs?

Bob: Jeez, it's a ten-speed... [Doug bumps him.]

Doug: Yeah, sure, of course. Like, we drive them all the time, eh?

Pam: Well take off, eh?

[Bob and Doug run for the truck]

Doug: Beauty! Come on!

Bob: You're lying.

Doug: It's ok don't worry. Just trust me. Just come around here, eh?

Bob: You're lying.

Doug: Just come here, I want to talk to you.

Bob: You're just tricking me. If you're suckering me in...

Doug: Come here... [Grabs Bob by a headlock]

Bob: I knew you were suckering me in! You're lying!

Doug: You take right off!

Bob: You don't know how to drive this thing!

Doug: I do so! It's just a ten-speed, that's 5 speed times two!

Bob: We're going to crash! We're going to be in the water again!

Doug: Take off! We are not going to crash, eh? There's no way I'll crash this, this is a beer truck, eh?

[Bob realizes it is a beer truck and it's all for them so they hop in and take off (no pun intended) with the beer]

***** CREDITS *****

Doug McKenzie
Bob McKenzie
Brewmeister Smith
Claude Elsinore
Pam Elsinore
Jean LaRose
The Inspector
Henry Green

DAVE THOMAS
RICK MORANIS
MAX VON SYDOW
PAUL DOOLEY
LYNNE GRIFFIN
ANGUS MacINNES
TOM HARVEY
DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

Ted	BRIAN McCONNACHIE
Jack Hawkland	LEN DONCHEFF
Gertrude	JILL FRAPIER
The Judge	DAVID BEARD
The Prosecutor	THICK WILSON
Ballif	ROBERT WINDSOR
Angry man at movie	SID LYNAS
Man in movie	RON JAMES
Lady in movie	DORA DANTON
Man in the alley	DAVID CLEMENT
Pensioneer	PADDY SAMPSON
Beer store clerk	ROGER DUNN
Recepcionist	DIANE DOUGLASS
John Elsinore	ERIC HOUSE
Fire chief	J. WINSTON CARROLL
Bald con	JAMES CONROY
Prison guard	GLENN BECK
Parking attendent	DESH BANDHU
MC at Oktoberfest	IUJA IUJEVSKI

Nurses
MARY CHARLOTTE WILCOX
MAGGIE BUTTERFIELD

Policemen
DAVID RIGBY
DENIS FOREST
JOHN KELLY
DICK GRANT
GEORGE STINTON

Hospital orderlies
THOM BELL
CHRISTOPHER BENSON
JOHN STONEHAM

Hosehead the Dog	BUDDY the DOG
Voice of Mr. McKenzie	MEL BLANC

*****Bob and Doug Post movie commentary*****

Doug: Oh, jeez.

Bob: Okay, good day, welcome to the end of the movie, eh?

Doug: yeah, how'd you like it?

Bob: yeah, I'm Bob McKenzie, this is my brother, Doug.

Doug: [burps] Oh, excuse me, how's it goin'?

Bob: Yeah.

Doug: I was drinking during the beer 'cause I was having such...uh, during the movie I mean.

Bob: He's loaded, eh? He's gone.

Doug: Okay, I've had a couple, so?

Bob: Okay, time for the movie review, eh?

Doug: Least I don't have a voice like Jiminy Cricket.

Bob: Okay, movie review. Okay, I thought it was beauty. What'd you think Doug?

Doug: Well, I thought there were a couple of, uh, minor, uh, story flaws, but all in all a good five dollars worth for me and my whole family.

Bob: Okay, I'd like to thank the Acad...the Academy for this beer, eh? It's beauty. I'll put in on my mantle, and, uh, you know, try and keep it cold. Okay.

Doug: Try and keep dust off it too.

Bob: How about all those people who left early, eh? When the movie was ending, eh? They got their cars out now, and you got to see this, eh? Beauty. It's like leaving a ballgame early, eh?

Doug: They thought they were going to get out. Instead them missed out on all this great stuff.

Bob: yeah, beauty! Okay all these names that's goin' by, eh? These guys worked on the movie, eh? Like uh, this guy here. He's a beauty. Mind you, he ate a lot at mealtime, eh? He was always late.

Doug: Here goes another one.

Bob: It's great to do a movie, eh? You get to learn what all the stuff means, eh? Like "grip", eh? I never knew what "grips" were, eh? You know what they are, eh? They're guys that wear tools on their belts.

Doug: And they live, like, up in the rafters, eh? They come early in the morning and go up there and you don't see them all day and then they go out. They're sorta like...a different breed, eh?

Bob: Or gafters. You know what a gafter is, eh?

Doug: Living proof of evolution.

Bob: It's a guy that like, you know...he gafts. Gaft for us.

Doug: [coughs] That's what a gafter does.

Bob: Okay, what? Two minutes is, is up?

Doug: Two minutes and holding.

Bob: Okay.

Doug: He's gonna blast off in a minute. You ever seen him do that?

Bob: You ever seen at the end of movies, uh, when they, like, freeze frame? 'Kay, you ever seen in movies, uh, cowboys ride off into the sunset? When they hear [Doug toot toots with a beer bottle] the whistle blow?

Doug: That's your cue.

Bob: They ride off.

Doug: Go!

Bob: They ride off, ride off! Happy trails see you.

Doug: [begins to whistle O' Canada]

Bob: Bye now!