

MCDOON: It's just... When we're robbing wagons and killing families, do you ever feel... envious? Like maybe you'd like to have a family of your own, one you didn't rob and kill? I mean, sure I'm known far and wide as... the Bandit King, but I ain't got no one to love.

CLETUS: We make love on occasion.

MCDOON: Yeah, but we're just messing around, right? No strings attached.

CLETUS: Yeah... You're right, McDoon. Just... messing around. (*cries a single tear*)

MCDOON: What I need is wife of my own!

CLETUS: Well, making a marriage is hard work. And what we got going on here is a good thing.

MCDOON: Yeah, but I gotta be free to my own mistakes, Cletus. Find that out for myself.

CLETUS: You're right. If I loved you, I'd let you go.

MCDOON: So I'm giving up my bandit ways! I ain't gonna steal nothing from this family. All I'm gonna take is that sweet, sweet daughter of theirs.

CLETUS: Hey, daughters are things.

MCDOON: Cletus, the way you talk about women is reprehensible. Now hand me my cloth soaked in ether so as I can knock that girl out and drag her ass to Mexico, where I'll make her my child-bride! A bride fit for... the Bandit King!

FATHER: What do you want? You come to kick me while I'm down?

GRANDPA: No... my legs hurt. Listen, (*insert Father's name*), I know we've never gotten along. I've been cruel. I've called you names. But the reason I'm so hard on you is... welp... you remind me of myself. A big, dumb, useless idiot that the family would be better off without.

FATHER: What's your point, Dad?

GRANDPA: The point is... you don't want to be like me. I was never any kind of husband or father. In fact, did I ever tell you how I lost my wife?

FATHER: Tuberculosis, Dad. I was there. At the funeral.

GRANDPA: No, that's what we wanted you to think. We buried an empty casket that day. The truth is... *sigh*... this is hard for me to say... The truth is, I didn't banish any lobsters to the sea...

FATHER: I know that, Dad.

GRANDPA: ... *They* banished *me* to the land.

FATHER: What are you talking about?

GRANDPA: I'm talking about Cornwallis. The *leader* of the lobsters. We were friends once. Brothers even. Eleanor was in love with the both of us. To end our famous feud, I let her go with him. He took my wife, *and* my million dollars. But he was more of a man

than I ever was, and he was a lobster.

FATHER: Dad, you don't have any idea what's going on ever, do you?

GRANDPA: Look! What I'm trying to say is that you can't just let your wife go. You gotta fight for her if you want her. Or you're gonna lose your family... to a bunch of lobsters!

FATHER: Lobsters will play no significant part in my life.

GRANDPA: All I'm saying is that it *could* happen.

FATHER: No, it couldn't.

GRANDPA: It doesn't have to *be* lobsters. It could be any crustacean: crabs, goats. It's a similar situation...

FATHER: No, Dad...

GRANDPA: Why you gotta pick apart everything I say? I don't even know why I'm trying to help. I hate you.