Are you ready for this one? Dotties' daughter Anne's getting divorced.

Hate to say "I told you so," but I told you so.

You know, we should fix her up with Bernice's son.

What's his name? The doctor.

Oh, Vince.

And he's not a doctor.

He's a pharmacist.

Although that might appeal to Anne.

Paw-paw-paw.

[all laughing.]

Greg, you are such a crack-up.

Forget Anne who should we fix him up with, huh? Oh, now, Stella, you know I'm still getting over the tragic loss of my wife.

She was such a strong, female woman with nice, heavy breasts.

Who's that? Oh, that's my neighbor.

Hey, Larry.

Oh, hey Greb.

- Greg.

- Ah, that was it.

I'm not sure why I have so much trouble remembering probably 'cause our relationship is so casual.

Morning, ladies.

Hi.

Uh, do a lap without me.

I need to talk to Larry about an issue with our shared fence.

Larry, I need to talk to you about an issue with our shared fence.

Yes, I also need to discuss this shared fence issue with you.

Okay, they're out of earshot.

Why are you up so early? No reason just excited to face a new day.

Oh, because ever since we've been down here, you've been a little depressed.

Have I? [crying.]

No, no, no, don't eat the burrito.

[moaning.]

[sobbing.]

Oh, I'm disgusting.

Okay, fine, I may have had a teensy bit of trouble adjusting when we first got here for, like, six teensy, little months, but I took your advice, and I got a job.

- Doing what? - I sell ATVs now, eh? Well, the truth is, these little babies sell themselves.

They're super fun, and they're a lot safer than you might think if you're standing next to one.

If you're driving it, it's actually much more dangerous than you could possibly imagine.

Well, a job is good.

I know being stuck down here in Florida isn't ideal, but we need to make the best of it.

In fact, I'm applying for a promotion at my new job.

Ah, very "noice.

" And if all goes well, tonight you might be neighbors with Greg Stickney, Assistant Manager.

Very double "noice.

" Well, I'm off to work.

[clears throat.]

Might want to stand back.

You're kind of in the blast zone here.

Don't want to forget the strap.

[engine idling.]

Safety first.

That's what I always ooh, okay! [engine revs.]

Whoa! You deserve this promotion.

Now go in there and get it.

Give 'em hell, Greg.

[lively music.]

Good morning, Carly, Tanny.

Looks like you're keeping the machines running smoothly.

Whatever.

Carly will be the first to go.

Excuse me, sir, there's something I'd like to talk to you about.

Uh, one second.

I'm busy.

[buzzer.]

Oh, at the buzzer! Suck it, Chase, you dirty, little hippy.

Uh, yes, well, um, as you know, I've been here for four months, and I think I'm a model employee.

Oh, no doubt.

No doubt.

You had the idea to install sinks in the bathrooms.

I love that.

Yes, what I'm getting at is, I'd like to be assistant manager.

[scoffs.]

You serious? Oh, I just never expected you to be interested in management.

I mean, you don't seem like the type of person who's really interested in leadership roles.

Really? Anyone who knows me would say the opposite.

I'm very hard-working.

Yeah, when you're not totally blazed.

I assure you that's not me.

Okay, tell that to the Count Blunt-ula T-shirt that you were rocking last week.

It was the only thing in lost and found.

A child and his father threw up on me.

Okay, I'll think about it.

Management! Full of surprises, Greg.

[cell phone ringing.]

[percussive music.]

Hello? Go to location one now.

Marshal Haas.

Greg.

[engine revving.]

[clears throat.]

Larry.

I can't hear you.

Can you hear me? I cannot hear you.

What did you say? We can't hear you.

I can't hear you; I think my engine's too loud.

It's your engine.

Turn off your engine.

I don't know how to turn off the engine.

We should talk in your car.

Let's all talk in my car.

Let's talk in the marshal's car.

I think we should talk in her Okay.

Let's go over the normal checklist stuff.

Have you had any contact with anyone from your previous life? [together.]

No.

Has anyone questioned your current identity either in person or online? - [together.]

No.

- Pop quiz.

Greg, where did you go to college? Ohio State, where I majored in communications.

Perfect.

Larry, what's your favorite movie? - Uh, "Die Hard.

" - Wrong.

Jake's favorite movie is "Die Hard.

" I asked you for Larry's favorite movie.

Two people can have the same favorite movie.

They can, but they don't.

Larry's favorite movie is "Failure to Launch.

" Say it.

Say, "My favorite movie is 'Failure to Launch.

'" My favorite movie is "Failure to Launch.

" [gulps.]

I wish I could believe you.

Moving on, three weeks ago an informant told the FBI where to find Jimmy "The Butcher" Figgis.

Acting on that lead, 50 federal agents and I raided a warehouse in Paramus.

It was awesome.

So you got him it's over.

We can go home? No, sorry.

Figgis wasn't there.

The raid was awesome.

Caught up with a lot of dudes I don't normally get to see.

Do you know what happened to Figgis? No, but what we do know is that Figgis was never there.

Our Intel was wrong from minute one.

Is there any way we could help with the investigation? No, absolutely not.

Your involvement would endanger your lives and this case.

[sighs.]

I'm sorry, but it looks like Larry and Greg will be in Florida indefinitely.

Pop quiz, Larry: who's the female lead in "Failure to Launch"? - Kate Hudson? - Sarah Jessica Parker, man! God, it's like you want to die.

[exhales.]

So we're in Florida indefinitely.

You okay? I squirt-anly am.

Poor choice of words, but the sentiment remains.

What? You were right.

It's the job.

It keeps me focused.

Well, good, I'm glad to hear it.

Yep.

Now if you'll excuse me, I got to drive this Bee-otch back to work.

- What? - Oh, sorry.

This is the Ikura Bee-otch 5,000.

Brand-new model.

Just came in.

I was gonna go for the 10,000, but that Bee-otch is way too fancy.

[chuckles.]

[engine revving.]

See you soon.

[engine roaring.]

[lively music.]

Hey, babe.

[sighs.]

Okay, Jimmy Figgis.

Where the hell are you? Oh, Larry.

So I marched in there and I told him I wanted that assistant manager position.

I wish my son had your backbone.

Then he could finally divorce Emily.

What does he see in her anyway? Probably her breasts, which are heavier than average.

I don't mean to be crude, ladies, but that's just how the straight mind works.

- Oh, hey, Larry.

- Ah, hello, Groot.

- Greg.

- Right.

Is there an issue with our shared fence that we must discuss? Nope, our shared fence is fine.

Just off to work.

[engine turns over.]

Is there something going on at the ATV lot? Yes, uh, having a sale on big, old springs.

- Shocks.

- Right.

I knew that; I was just dumbing it down for you.

At any rate, I am off.

Honk, honk.

I don't know where the horn is.

[engine rumbling.]

Gahh! What the ATVs? The only thing you're selling is a huge pile of bunk.

How did you get here so fast? You were walking.

I was power-walking.

Roll heel, ball, toe roll heel, ball, toe.

I was already suspicious about your new positive attitude towards Florida, a state you once described as "America's stinky butt.

" But then, after we met the marshal, you said something very strange.

It was "squirt-anly," wasn't it? No, something much stranger.

[slowed audio.]

You were right.

I knew then that you were up to something, so I followed you here.

I guessed the combination on the first try: 69-69.

June 9, 1969, the day my parents got married.

- No, it isn't.

- My mom's birthday.

- No.

- The moon landing.

- Nope.

- Fine, you're right.

It's a completely random number.

Look, the feds are useless.

They're never gonna catch Figgis, so I'm working the case.

I want to get home and see Amy.

Don't you want to see Kevin? Of course I do.

But we were told not to get involved.

Why can't you just follow orders? Because I hate this stupid place, and I've got to get out.

This town's claim to fame is that its mayors keep dying, and no one knows why.

That's insane.

You're selfish, and you're putting my life at risk.

So no, you're not getting those files back.

I suggest you accept the reality of the situation and make the best of it.

Snap out of it, and get a job.

Okay.

Interesting idea.

I wonder who's hiring.

Hey, everyone, just want to introduce you to our new assistant manager, Larry Sherbet.

[applause.]

Son of a bitch.

Larry, you want to say a few words? Absolutely.

Thanks.

Hey, everybody.

Uh, couple things about my management style.

Number one: don't nobody ask me about what's in my cup, we ain't gonna have no problems.

[laughing.]

Uh, two, I believe in the power of nicknames.

Smile Face, SeÃ±orita Swag, Kahuna! Oh, yeah.

And you, my friend, we will call Mr.

Fart.

Seems rather unprofessional.

He called you "Mr.

" Fart, Mr.

Fart.

Thanks, Kahuna.

Guys, can I get real with you for one sec? [slurping.]

I used to work for a real stickler the type of guy that just got off on telling me what to do.

One time, he invaded my private space and stole my stuff.

Why would he do that? Perhaps he had a good reason.

Wrong, Mr.

Fart.

He was a jerk and he sucked.

But he was the one who motivated me to get off my ass and get this job, so in a way, we really have him to thank for all this happening.

- [applause.]

- Give it up.

How great is this guy, Greg? Wait, that's Greg? - Yeah.

- The stoner? Yeah, look at him.

He's such a Rasta.

Aw, total Rasta.

[laughing.]

How did you even get this job? You have zero experience.

I guess you lied on your resume.

[chuckles.]

Greg, you stoney macaroni [whispering.]

Of course I lied on my resume.

Our entire lives are a lie.

I straight up said I was that guy who landed the plane on the Hudson.

Taking my job just to spite me that's low, even for you.

Oh, but it's not spite.

It's blackmail.

I'm gonna be your boss, and I'm gonna make your life miserable, unless you give me back my Figgis file.

Oh, never gonna happen.

Okay.

Suit yourself.

Hope you like kids' birthdays.

Hey, everyone, someone just volunteered to be DJ B-Day.

Here at the Fun Zone, we live by one rule: when it's your birthday, you're always cool.

Parents and kids are all the same.

Watch as I do a dance to your name.

[steady drumbeat.]

D-d-d-d-d-d-Derek.

D-d-d-d-d-d-Derek.

Again.

Figure out what's living in there yet? Well, uh, judging by the empty beer cars, the fur, the pornography, and the claw marks, I'd say a homeless man and a raccoon.

The exact nature of their relationship is still revealing itself.

I'm gonna assume sexual.

You ready to give me those files yet? No.

Well, then, I guess it's time for your next task.

You're gonna need to change.

Into what? Oh, Mr.

Fart.

You look perfect.

So a silly costume is that all you got? Hardly.

Every time a go-kart drives by, I want you to scream and this is very important "Me so corny!" You can ruin my job, Larry, but that's not all I've got here in Florida.

I've got a life.

I've got friends.

You sure about that? Honestly, Estelle, it almost sounds like you should stop eating beef altogether.

I know.

That's what I keep saying.

Oh, go to hell, Larry! That's my walking group! Off to get my file? No, you will never get the f [screams.]

Greg! [tires screech.]

Are you okay? Yes, but we got bigger problems.

This is gonna break the Internet.

No, no, ma'am, please, you can not put that on the Inter oh! [grunts.]

[laughing.]

I was hoping that would happen.

Yes! Yes! I don't think your wrist is supposed to move like that.

No, it's been like this since I broke it playing football in high school.

Fine, I petted a horse too hard.

If that woman posts her camera phone video that she took with a camera phone camera to the Internet, Figgis could figure out where we are.

This is your fault.

Or maybe it's your fault for stealing my files.

You know what? It doesn't matter.

We have to get that video.

Can we please just press "pause" on this fight and work together? Yes, on one condition: you stay the hell away from my walking group.

The walking group meant nothing to me.

That's even worse.

Okay, fine, I'll stop.

What did this lady look like? White, female, 5'3", T-shirt that read, "Orgasm Donor.

" We need more.

[snaps fingers.]

We need access to the security tapes.

[lively music.]

Okay, we got teenagers stealing a stuffed gorilla, old lady siphoning gas out of a go-kart, junkie ripping copper wires out of the wall God, this place is messed up.

Ah! There you are.

What did you find? Not much.

Camera was behind her.

But look at her calf.

It's a tattoo of Jesus punching bin Laden in the nuts.

Hmm.

Maybe a local tattoo artist will recognize it.

It can't be that common.

That's the most common tattoo we give.

So these photos tell us nothing? Actually, you know what? That's a high school graduation ring.

Dan Marino High, class of 2003.

Marino High, home of the Dolphins, I suspect.

Nope, Pet Detectives.

Town was really into Marino's cameo in "Ace Ventura.

" Ah, it stands to reason.

Classic film, one of my childhood favorites.

And it only gets overtly transphobic at the very end, so a win.

Anyway, thank you very much.

You've been very helpful.

But you guys getting ink, or what? No, I already have a tattoo.

What? Where? Why? How? When? I will never talk about it again.

[groaning.]

Okay, now all we have to do is go to Dan Marino High and get all the personal info on the class of 2003 and then show each other our tattoos.

We're not cops anymore.

How are we gonna get access to those files? Easy: I walk in there dressed as an exterminator saying I'm from 1-2-3 Pest Removal.

Secretary's like, "Never heard of you.

" Then I'm like, "Listen, lassie, it's best you let me speak with your cipal.

" I hear it.

I'm gonna drop the accent.

She takes me to see the principal you walk in behind me and download the file.

The only question is, where are we gonna find an exterminator's outfit? We're gonna need khaki pants and a khaki shirt.

To my casual wear closet.

Hey, there, I'm the exterminator here for the Yes, you're here for the snakes.

Oh, right.

The snakes, yes.

That is why I'm here.

- This way.

- Okay.

I found our suspect.

Her name is Jordan Karfton, and she lives on Shula Lane.

How did the snake removal go? Eeeee! It was good.

It was good.

[raps door.]

Ms.

Karfton, you don't know us, but Uh, yeah, I do.

I got you on video looking like a couple of dumbasses.

[chuckles.]

I like to think I handled it with some amount of grace.

Nope, you looked dumber than my kid Jaden, and his eyes are perma-crossed.

You want to see? Hey, Jaden! No, that's not necessary.

Have you posted that video to the Internet? Not yet.

Ran out of data on my phone because of all the porn I watched.

We don't know each other.

You could've just said you were out of data.

I'm uploading the video tomorrow at my cousin's wedding.

Dog track has free Wi-Fi.

Would you ever consider not uploading it and deleting it instead? If our boss sees that video, we could be fired.

I don't care about you.

A great viral video like that could fetch me ten grand.

And do you know what type of tanning bed I could get for that kind of money? A mid-range one.

Not necessary.

Your tan is great as-is.

You look like an evenly-stained deck.

All right, dude.

Keep it in your pants.

Like, I get why you're into this, and I could see something going on with us later, but right now, I need the cash.

Wait, what if we gave you the $10,000? Make it 15, you got a deal.

[sighs.]

Fine.

Meet us tonight at the Fun Zone 8:00.

I will.

Wear something cute.

We don't have that kind of money.

Don't worry.

I still have a few tricks up my sleeve.

The only thing I need you to do is I'm not gonna show you my tattoo.

Come on, just give me a hint.

Is it an antique boat? Is it a musket? Is it me on a dragon? Sir, is it me on a dragon? Boom.

$15,000 cash.

Wow.

How'd you get it? Oh, you didn't.

You just stuck a few 20s around a bunch of corn dog coupons.

Smart, right? What if she decides to count it? Oh, I'm not too worried about that.

She doesn't strike me as a big counter.

Oh, well, that's quite an assumption.

So so this is your big plan.

Oh, we need to call this off.

No, this is our best shot.

And right now, it's our only shot.

Where's my money, bitch? Charming.

I see you brought friends.

Oh, yeah, for backup.

Well, here is your money.

It's all there if you want to count it.

Hey, I graduated high school.

I don't have to prove to you I can count.

Of course not.

Of course not.

Here's the phone.

You can delete the video.

- Thank you pictures - Hey, Billy, check it out.

I'ma stick $1,000 out of my zipper.

Hey, what the hell? This isn't real money.

Hey, give me my phone.

You're gonna have to catch me first.

Argh! [laughing.]

You really thought that would work? This video is going viral.

And you this can still happen anytime.

You know where I live.

You okay? [grunts.]

Yeah.

- A little sore, but - Good.

Then I can excoriate you freely.

You half-assed living in Florida, and you half-assed getting the phone back.

You've probably blown our cover, which means the marshals will have to move us.

And when they do, I'm gonna demand they send us to different cities, because I don't want you anywhere near me.

I swapped the phones.

What? I got the video.

Sorry.

I won't bother you anymore.

Bye, Greg.

Lastly, hole 13 on the mini golf course is missing, so tell all the players to just repeat hole 12.

All right, dismissed.

Damn, Greg, you are killing it as assistant manager.

I mean, having the idea to have people come in at 9:00 a.

m.

that has really helped business.

Yes, that is when the sign says we're open.

Yeah.

Look, there's one other thing.

Now that you're management, I need you to promise me that you're gonna lay off the drugs.

Just a little I don't want to kill your whole stoney vibe or anything.

- I'll try.

- Thank you.

You keep this up, and I genuinely believe that you could be night manager in, like, two to three years.

Yes.

Two or three years.

Here.

In Florida.

Well, it's an all-terrain vehicle, so yeah, you can do doughnuts in your living room.

Hi, I hear you're the man to talk to about the XTR-XP 49789WJ8-09 Xtreme four-wheel drive Z-Cat.

Sir, I'm gonna stop you right there.

I think you might be more comfortable speaking with one of our other associates.

No, no, I need to talk to this particular associate and apologize for saying he half-assed his ATV sales technique.

Well, that's very nice, but I've moved on, and I'm with customers, so thanks.

These machines are death traps.

If you purchase one, you will be maimed.

[laughs.]

You won't be maimed.

Most of the injuries are internal.

You know what? I'm gonna speak with this gentleman for one moment.

I'm so sorry.

Give me a second.

Sir, can I speak with you over here? [whispering.]

What is this all about? I've been staying away from you; I got a job.

I'm trying to make the best of it, just like you said.

Well, don't bother.

Making the best of it sucks.

I want to go home.

This town is a crap circus.

What has gotten into you? You clearly got the promotion like you wanted.

Congratulations, by the way.

The blue looks great on you.

The day we spent acting like cops and getting that video back was the only time I've felt alive since we've been down here.

So what are you saying? Can I take this for a test drive? Yeah, sure.

[clears throat.]

The ignition is here.

I've ridden ATVs before antiquing in the Berkshires.

[engine revving.]

[tires squealing.]

Oh, my files.

My beautiful files.

I've looked over what you've got.

Given your resources, very impressive, but I know.

It'll take me months to find Figgis, but we'll find him faster if we work together.

What if we don't find Figgis? What if Figgis finds us? But I thought you deleted the file.

I was going to, but this camera phone camera is not the same kind of camera phone camera as I have, so I couldn't figure out how.

But I'm glad I didn't.

I say we post this video and use it to lure Figgis down here, making ourselves into bait.

And once Figgis is here, we take him down, climb out of America's steaming orifice, and go home.

I like the way you're thinking, Greg.

It's Holt.

Captain Raymond Holt.

[sighs.]

Now come and get us, Figgis.