John Plays Grand Theft Auto with His Morals: Episode 22

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*Michael: Hey, ******!* John: Hey! *Michael: You ran off before we could settle our debts! Kyle: Michael, bud! You got the wrong idea, man.* John: I don't think so. No, I'm pretty sure you were sleeping with my wife. *Michael: Not a ******* profession!* John: Okay, there's a lot of cursing. There seems to be... I know Michael is angry. Are we just going to hang out here? Maybe we should just, maybe we shouldn't go to this yellow dot. *Michael: There's a winch in the back of the truck. Tie the cable to one of those supports up there.* John: What? *Franklin: You gonna pull his deck down? Michael: Hey, that ***** pulled my marriage down.* John: Oh see, now that's a, that's more of a pun than it is, like, proper... Oh my! He's a handsome lad, isn't he? *Michael: I'm thinking you were working on more than just her backhand! Kyle: Mandy's backhand has come a long way, bro.* John: Oh God. *Kyle: But sometimes it's got to get worse to get better.* John: Oh, I dislike this. *Michael: Yeah, well, maybe I should come up there and practice my backhand!* John: I don't like old Liev Schreiber, and you know who this guy looks like? He kinda looks like... I would describe him as tennis-instructing Will Arnett. So we got Franklin, tennis-instructing Will Arnett, and old Liev Schreiber. I like that... Oh look! It's so cool. His girlfriend is wearing a matching cheetah outfit. That's classy.

*Michael: How ******* magnanimous!*

John: Can you please stop cursing Michael?

*Michael: May I please offer you my applause you ******* mother******!*

John: Oh Michael!

*Michael: Hey, we'll see how you like it when someone **** with your ****!*

John: Uh, Michael? It's like he has an eight-word vocabulary, Meredith. He only (Bleep) basic pronouns and six curse words. Get into the truck. No, I'm not Michael! I'm Franklin! How do I play as Franklin? I wish to be as Franklin. Thank you. You get into the truck, Michael. It's your choice now. Oh dang it, I have to be Michael for a second. But only so that I can keep being Franklin. You do have a terrible car, so I'm not completely surprised that this isn't working. Oh God!

*Franklin: Aw, ****. You see this **** dog!*

John: Oh boy. Am I really going to tear down this guy's car?

Franklin: Push the pedal, homie.

John: I am pushing the pedal, Franklin! Oh, oh God. Am I... Why are we doing this, Meredith? This is a completely inappropriate way to deal with infidelity. Like while I... Why don't I have a conversation with my wife? Why am I making it only... Oh no! Oh no! Why am I making it only... What am I doing!? I have regrets!

Michael: Yeah!

John: No!

*Franklin: **** man, ****.*

John: Yeah, Franklin has the right idea.

*Franklin: Yeah, **** him.*

John: No, Franklin, no.

*Franklin: Pull that dude's house off the ******* hill.*

John: Wha...

*Michael: Man, we were trying to teach him a ****** lesson.*

John: Everybody...

*Franklin: I'm not asking this to be a **** on his lesson, man.*

John: Everybody is a person.

Michael: Maybe he'll keep it on the court, not on my wife.

John: No. Oh God, the puns.

*Franklin: Yeah, he not taking no housewives back to that ****.*

John: You're really hurt, Michael. If you're really heartbroken about this, how come you keep being able to make puns about it? I just, I feel sick to my stomach. I... It's fun but, you know, these things, they happen.

Kyle: Mr. De Santa! What the hell? That's not my house.
*Michael: *******.*
Kyle: Bro, I couldn't afford a place like that.

John: Oh no.

Kyle: I'm a tennis coach, I hit balls for a living.

John: Oh no.

Kyle: I was just hiding there.

John: Oh no.

Natalia: Give me phone! You! You're a dead man! Green light! Green light!

John: Meredith.

Natalia: Martin Madrazo give you green light!

John: Meredith. Meredith.

Michael: Oh, I'm scared lady.

John: Meredith, that sounds like a Russian.

*Michael: Just ******* terrified.*

John: Or an Eastern European. And in my experience with these games, Russians and Eastern Europeans are almost always treated as the villainous, the villainous-ty of the villains.

Franklin: Martin? Martin Madrazo?

John: Martin Madrazo? Is he a good guy?

Franklin: Dude's a kingpin, homie.

John: He's a kingpin?! Dang it, I knew we were gonna accidentally destroy the house of a kingpin! Michael! If you had just dealt with your marriage problems, we'd be in the marriage instead of making it about the tennis coach, none of this would have happened! I would just like to point out, Meredith, that once again, this is the only thing that Franklin did wrong, was picking the wrong friends. That's the other thing this game (Bleep). Pick your friends carefully. Ah. What? Why am I getting shot!? Hoh geez! Oh, why am I getting shot, Meredith!? Oh! Goh!, Disaster. Oh! Double disaster. 'Scuse

me, guys, 'scuse me, 'scuse me, 'scuse me. Hi, it's me, Franklin. It...

Franklin: Hey, let's go! Let's leave 'em behind!

John: I... Woah, I didn't get that idea by my... Oh great. I'm glad that I'm in the worst car ever for turning!

*Franklin: Oh ****! If these are Martin Madrazo's boys, man, there's a lot more where they came from!*

John: Oh, this is unfortunate! Uh, Franklin, we're gonna have to get in a better car. It's our only chance of survival!

Franklin: You've been kind of reckless, homie.

John: Oh boy. Switch betwee... available between Michael and Franklin. Yes, I want to be Franklin! Make me Franklin! Yeah, run. I want to be Franklin! Let me be Franklin! Let me be Franklin! Yeah, this is a good time to get on your phone, Michael. Great plan!

Franklin: You in control of this, huh.

John: I don't want to be in control.

Franklin: You gonna hit 'em up, bro?

John: Hi, hi, it's me, Franklin. Can I get your gun? Oh, oh God. This is worrisome. Okay.

Franklin: You gonna shoot 'em too?

John: No, I am not going to shoot them! I am, I am not a, I am not a killer! I just... Franklin! I need you to follow me away from the violence. Franklin! 'Scuse me. Hi, it's me. Ah, ah, urgh! That would have been a nice car to steal. This is... Ah, hi. Hi, hi, hi, hi. I, I'm gonna need the car. I apologize for this, but it is truly an emergency. I've got a Franklin to save. Franklin, get in the car! Gah, Franklin. I still don't know how to switch to Franklin. There we go. Things are much better, Meredith. This car handles far better.

Michael: Can you see 'em? Are they still back there?

John: Mmm, and yet still not great. Okay. Alright. Just a good old...

Franklin: I think we slipped 'em, man.

John: Oh, we slipped them.

Michael: OK, we go back to my house and think about this.

John: Why would we go back to your house,
Michael? (Bleep) shooting you outside of our house.

Michael: I mean, your aim was all over the place but you were a help.
Franklin: Oh, thanks, I guess.

John: Oh, Franklin. You've just made bad choices in terms of who you hang out with. Alright. Okay, well, I am Michael now, whether I want to be or not, because I'm no longer allowed to be Franklin. And, um, yeah.

Michael: Whoo. Thanks for the help out there today, kid. I had no idea it was gonna get that hot.

John: So once again, Michael has made a terrible decision. Now he has made another terrible decision, which is that he's decided that he enjoyed getting shot so much that he wants (Bleep) to his life of crime. Uh oh. Those guys look very... Oh God.

Martin: You know who I am?

John: That is a...

Martin: Do you know who I am!?

John: Oh boy.

Martin: Do you!?

John: I don't. I don't know who you are. I li...

Martin: I know who you are, I know where you live. Who are you?

John: Your friend?

Franklin: I'm Franklin.

John: Yeah, I'm just Franklin. "Hey, it's Franklin! Franklin and friends!" Look at my ID. I'm just Franklin.

Martin: Franklin. Maybe help Mr. De Santa here, who am I?
Franklin: I think Martin Madrazo.
Martin: Good boy.

John: Oh, this is Martin Madrazo.

Martin: Now maybe give him a little of the background.

John: Yeah, he has a very nice gold necklace.

Franklin: Man, Mr. Madrazo, Mr. Madrazo is a legitimate business man.

John: Meredith, can we discuss...

Franklin: Accused of running a Mexican American gang.

John: Mr. Madrazo's...

Franklin: But the charges were dropped.

John: Left-hand man, in the polo shirt? He's very handsome. There he is, right there. He's rather square-jawed. Please don't hit m... Aw, I wish you hadn't. Why does it always have to end in violence?

Martin: Significant, modernist wonder home down the hillside in Vinewood Hills?
Michael: I thought the owner was banging my wife.
Martin: Well that was a strange house for a tennis coach.
Michael: I wasn't thinking straight.

John: Yeah, clearly, Michael, you're not a, you're not a thinker. You're a doer. And not a good doer either. Ah, can we just shoot him? I don't like to, I don't like to advocate for violence, but I don't see much to recommend Michael remaining part of this species. I mean, have you seen any, any evidence that Michael's going to contribute, Meredith? I think it's ready to just let it go. Old Liev Schreiber, you had a good run. What's gonna happen? What? Oh. Oh. Well.

Michael: That's nice.

John: Yeah. Eh, we've all been spit on before, Michael. What's going on? Franklin, why are you on Michael's team? Go join that nice legitimate business man with the nice gold necklace and the handsome left-hand man.

Michael: Looks like I'm gonna have to postpone my retirement.

John: Oh boy. See, he's not going to be retired after all. He's been brought back into the life. Oh, God.

Michael: Look, I only know one way to make money.

John: I mean, this is...

Michael: I'm gonna have to give an old friend a call.

John: Is the way that you know how to make money, does it involve robbing banks? Because I'm not much of a bank robber, as you might remember from the prologue, when I kept accidentally blowing myself up, and then refused to shoot the guard. I'm not really... Yeah. Oh, thank God. Goodbye Michael! I want to be Franklin again. "Can I be Franklin, please? Please God, let me be Franklin. I hate Michael." Ah. Meredith, this game is so... I did it! I passed the mission! Suck it, nerds! I got silver! Wow, so good at this game. And I didn't even get a scratch on me. But I didn't get Drive-by Killer, because I didn't kill anyone. So I would say that I got gold.