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# Kicking and Screaming

By Noah Baumbach

I think violence  
is always justified some of the time.  
- So if I disagree, that means you're gonna hit me.  
- Hey, Grover.  
Hey, Gail.  
Who would you rather be stranded  
on a desert island with? MacNeil or Lehrer?  
Ebert.  
Oh, I'll tell you the worst thing  
about losing a foot. Hey, man!  
Evening.  
Jane, I knew you'd win the fiction prize.  
You're a -You're a brilliant writer.  
Would you like to dance?  
Oh, I would, Lester,  
but I find you irritatingly attractive.  
Ah, here's my drunk boyfriend.  
I was gonna wear my goatee tonight.  
And wouldn't that have been embarrassing?  
Mmm, yeah. Goatee season is in full bloom.  
It's all those film majors.  
I was tempted to put vodka in your cran-orange.  
I don't know how you can not drink at these parties.  
I saw you trip when you got your diploma.  
Careful.  
You got pig in a blanket on your chin.  
Oh, congratulations  
on the fiction prize.  
Yeah. You could have, uh, won if you'd submitted.  
Or at least it would have been close.  
Even though all 618 of us were wearing  
caps and gowns out there today...  
I couldn't help but think it was a coincidence  
that we were both wearing black.  
Thank you.  
That's almost a sweet thing for you to say.  
To life after college.  
Hey. Do you -  
Do you forget things ever when you drink?  
You mean black out? No.  
Well, no. I - I don't really black out,  
but I don't - I don't always remember everything.  
Do you think that's reason for concern?  
- Probably.

- What do you mean, "probably"?

You've got a drinking problem.

Get help.

- Is that a pajama top?

- No.

Yes.

You know, you're sneaky like that.

Like that thing in that movie.

- No, I'm not like him.

- Hey, Jane. Czechoslovakia. Wild.

Watch out.

You got into the university?

Yeah. I'm going to Prague.

They called me this afternoon.

Someone dropped out of the program.

So I guess there's an opening now.

So it's off to Prague to go to school.

I know that Prague's a cliché now, but -

Um, so how will that work

if you're living with me in Brooklyn?

Well, it'll be the same,

except I'll be in Prague.

Not just Brooklyn. A-list Brooklyn.

Park Slope, Division II Manhattan.

Prague is Division I Bratislava.

You might want to slow down.

There's no alcohol in that.

Okay. Czechoslovakia is just

the worst place to go.

The way I see it, eventually

you'll make your life in the States.

Why run away now? You're just

postponing that "get started" year.

I'm not postponing anything.

I'm postponing months of emotional paralysis.

Exactly.

It's a bad idea to go directly.

The paralysis is just gonna, uh,

wait for you when you get -

- Wh-What are you writing?

- Some notes.

Will you stop writing what I'm saying.

Can we have one spontaneous conversation...

where my dialogue

doesn't end up in your next story?

- What if I want this material?

- We'll see who gets it first.

Okay. Let me borrow your pen.

I'm gonna write...

"Selfish girl...

abandons helpless boy

for overrated country. "

OVERRATED?

- You've never even been to Prague.

- Oh, I've been to Prague.

- Well, I haven't been to Prague been to Prague.

- Yeah.

But I know that thing.

I know that...

"stop shaving your armpits,

read The Unbearable Lightness of Being...

fall in love with a sculptor,

now I realize how bad American coffee is" thing.

- Beer. They have good beer.

- "How bad American beer is" thing.

- "How bad American beer is" thing.

- Yeah. I heard you the first time.

I am so glad to find

an actual adult at one of these parties.

It's really just a bunch of

freaked-out kids, huh?

Yeah.

- I'm Josselyn.

- Josselyn.

- What an interesting name. I'm Chet.

- Chet.

- Hello.

- So what do you do?

I'm a, uh, philosophy/German major.

- Philosophy/German?

- Mm-hmm.

I don't get it.

- You're -You're not still a student, are you?

- Oh, yeah. Well, technically.

At least until I complete my thesis.

Which is becoming more and more

overwhelming each year.

This third tome

has become quite a battle.

Which is odd because the second book  
came quite effortlessly.

How many years have you been here?

Oh, God. It'll be...

10 come January.

But I skipped a semester my sophomore year.

Yeah.

- Nice party.

- Yes, it is.

About as good

as the one three years ago...

and much better

than last year and the year before.

Although, in my opinion, this doesn't  
hold a candle to the one six years ago.

There was a horse at that one.

I didn't go to the one five years ago.

I don't know why. I think I just...

didn't feel like a party, but -

But -

Hmm.

My parents fly in from Chicago,

rent out these swank digs, booze old Otis up...

but apparently

it's still not up to his standards.

- I just - I felt a little antsy. I couldn't eat.

- You have two emotions: antsy and testy.

And now I'm antsy.

What? Come on. I'm a little guy.

- What are you talking about? You're enormous.

- No. But you know what I mean. I'm little.

- You're like a monster. You're huge.

- Yeah, but inside I'm little.

I don't know. Small maybe. I'm small.

As a little guy, I can't do all the things  
that all the bigger guys do.

Boys.

- You're out of your mind is what you are.

- Where's Grover?

The first thing I'm gonna do

is read all the great short novels.

- You wanna get married?

- Yes. Yes, I do.

You okay?

'Cause you fell. I wondered -

Can you name me eight movies  
where monkeys play a key role?

- Ding! Uh, Going Ape. Mighty Joe Young.
- Monkeys.
- For all of our sakes, I hope nobody gets this.
- Monkey Shines. Monkey Trouble.
- In a few hours I'm gonna lose all identity.
- King Kong. The other King Kong.
- Eight hours ago I was Max Belmont, English major, college senior.
- La Femme "Monkita. "
- Now I am Max Belmont who does nothing.
- Man, Boy and Monkeys.

What are you talking about?

- Monkeys, Monkeys, Ted and Alice.
- What do I do? I do nothing.
- All my accomplishments are in the past.
- Monkeys -

Okay. Monkeys is a stupid subject.

- Yeah. Monkeys is a stupid - a stupid subject.
- Yeah.

How about name me  
six empiricist philosophers.

- Okay. Hume.
- Ding! Ding! Uh -
- Hume.
- For Christ's sake, can it, Skippy.
- All the other ones.
- How about worst-case scenarios after graduation?
- Ding. Heart attack.
- Ding.

Live in Milwaukee.

- Live in Milwaukee.
- Forget everything you learned.

I didn't learn enough in the first place to forget,  
and, honey, you did not ding in...

and this is definitely not for juniors.

I'm sorry.

I was completely out of line there.

Ding. Forget everything you learned.

- Really, Skippy.
- John Grisham's The Monkey.

Um, Monkeys, Monkeys, Ted and Alice.

Carnal Monkeys.

Prague. You'll come back a bug.

You could maybe sympathize

with my choice of Prague over Brooklyn.

I - I quit.

- What do you mean you quit? You quit?

- I quit.

I see. First you only smoke after meals,  
then just once or twice a day...

and now all of a sudden you're quitting.

You could come with me, you know.

What's for me in Prague?

Places Kafka lived.

Me.

So all of a sudden

you just stopped smoking?

Meanwhile I'm up to

two fucking packs a day.

Twenty years I make it

through all that peer pressure.

- Suddenly, my senior year, you get me addicted.

- Because you smoke now, I should too?

No. But what you did was snea -

Yes, you should smoke too!

I told you I was quitting.

You didn't pay any attention.

You're a foul-weather friend, Grover. You're

not interested in me unless I'm suffering like you.

You're like a child sometimes.

Yeah, but if I was a child,

you'd find that endearing.

Hey, Jane! Prague! Whoo!

Yeah, I'll "whoo" you.

I don't know what else to say.

Do you have anything you'd like to add?

Josselyn. Hi!

Fine.

- Chet. Chet. My man.

- Louis! My friend!

Louis! Oh, Louis!

Tell me. Did you graduate  
accidentally or on purpose?

- I'm gonna miss you, man.

- Oh, I'm gonna miss you, my friend.

- I love you.
- Louis, I love you too.
- Okay, Louis. I've gotta go now. Bye-bye.
- Okay.

So how does that work?

Do I - Do I have to start  
paying back my loan, like, tomorrow?

I'm gonna go look for pot.

Don't you sometimes wish  
there was another position in sex?

Just something else to do.

Hey, Grover.

Worst-case scenario after graduation.

Ding.

Jane dumps me to move to Prague.

I spend the rest of my life with you idiots.

That was more of a yield at that stop sign.

I broke. Thanks.

No. It was more of a yield.

Flight 368 to Chicago now boarding at Gate 7.

Look at him.

- What's in Milwaukee?

- Your graduate school.

Your, uh -What does he study?

- Uh, mechanical engineering, I think.

- Mechanical engineering. Right. Go.

- I hate readjusting my watch.

- Don't check your bags. They'll just lose them.

God! I hate fooling with the watch!

Oh, I can't change my habits.

I'll be sleeping all day, awake all night.

- It's Milwaukee.

- It's only an hour's difference, Otis. You won't even notice.

Yeah, I'll be hungry at 5:00.

I'll be ready for the local news at 4:00.

This is useless. We just have to walk away  
like mothers in nursery school.

Bye, Otis.

Well, that settles Otis.

What I used to be able to pass off  
as just another bad summer...

could now potentially  
turn into a bad life.

Ah. The fan.



The trusty fan.

Everyone brings this to school,  
uses it for about three or four days...  
and then shoves it in the closet  
for the remainder of the semester.

I use that fan all the time.

All the time.

Oh. Okay. Cool.

- Kudos, Miami!

- Hi, Friedrich.

Well, you are looking lovely  
this semester.

More appropriate for a runway  
than these environs.

- Fuck!

- What are you doing here?

Well, what is wrong with this picture?

Some explaining?

I thought you graduated.

Yeah, I did.

I'm just helping Miami move in.

- Uh-huh.

- Actually, I might be living around here.

- Mm-hmm. Oh, yes. Uh-huh.

- I haven't decided yet. I've got all these decisions.

Hey, Jacob. How are you?

Jesus.

God, I have that horrible song  
stuck in my head.

Hum something

so I can get rid of it.

I don't know that.

Hum something else.

Who the hell bought black-eyed peas?

Hi, Grover. It's Dad. Call me.

I'm in Boston at the Greenbergs.

Did you see the Knicks/Bulls  
exhibition on Saturday?

Call me there to discuss.

- I just spent my last 20 on groceries.

- You're poor.

Yeah. Since graduation,

I'm poor, you're rich.

- We are no longer equal.

- But my parents are rich.  
- You know what I wish?  
- Mmm.  
- I wish we were just going off to war.  
- Hmm.

Or retiring.

I wish I was just retiring...  
after a lifetime of hard labor.

Mmm! Mmm!

- Get down.  
- Why?

Get down! It's a cookie man.

The guy who goes door-to-door selling cookies.

I saw him earlier in the neighborhood.

He is so hard to say no to.

Just stay down.

I can't handle him.

He'll go away soon.

Well, how long do we have to stay down here?

Go away, cookie man.

Cookie man?

- What the hell are you doing here?

- I - I felt antsy.

I thought there was more reason for me to stay.

- It's remarkable.

- But Milwaukee and graduate school.

No. I-I'm gonna defer my admission.

I think I'll move back in with my mom for a while.

- Hello.

- Oh, look who I found.

Hi, kids.

Got you a little back-to-school gift.

Oh, great! Dictionary!

Hey. I'm gonna look up "blow job. "

- This is great, Chet. Thanks a lot.

- You're welcome.

So, did you have fun at the airport?

Yeah. Yeah.

Oh, here. I got you some magazines.

- Thanks.

- Thanks.

What would you rather do,

fuck a cow or lose your mother?

Hmm. Fuck a cow.

Cow-fucker.

What would you rather do,  
fuck, uh, Peppermint Patty or Lucy?

- Uh, Lucy.

- Lucy-fucker.

What would you rather do,  
uh, fuck a cow or a turkey?

Hmm. Wild or farm-raised?

Uh, no idea.

Just answer the question.

- Turkey.

- You know -

- Turkey-fucker.

- I regret not taking my junior year abroad.

- Skippy, don't let Friedrich bother you. Okay?

- He doesn't bother me.

- Yes, he is. He's bothering you.

- I said I wish I had taken my junior year off.

But you shouldn't even let it get to you.

He's this Eurotrash guy. I mean -

- He doesn't bother me.

- You. Uh, cow or lose your mother?

- What?

- Would you rather fuck a cow or lose your mother?

- Answer the question.

- Who's asking the question?

- Answer the question.

- Neither, thanks.

- Hmm. Doesn't like to fuck.

- I don't know! A cow.

- Cow-fucker.

- Well, that's his thing.

There.

Yeah. You're right.

No, you're right.

If they hadn't called a technical on Riley,  
they would've won.

Hey, uh, who won Bud Bowl II?

That is a bad habit.

You really ought to finish that in the bathroom.

What about that call with half a minute left?

Ewing was pushed.

- Yeah. You're right, Dad.

- Oh, that's good.

- Yeah. It was definitely a push.

- Hello, fellas.

- What's up?

- Yeah.

- Hey, Chet.

- Skippy.

- I know.

- What's up?

Hold on, Dad.

- What are you doing with that?

- I packed it by accident.

- Did you see all the people moving in?

- Oh, how are the freshmen biddies?

Deadly. Best since two years ago.

Hmm. Yeah, well...

I've been doing a little research.

Now, we all know how old Mozart was when he did all that.

Like, one.

And Keats. Big poet, Keats.

Keats was dead by 24.

And Tracy Austin -

When she started playing, she was tiny.

Mmm.

I'd like to 15-love with her,  
if you know what I mean. Ace her deuce.

I'd like to fuck her on the tennis court,  
if you get my meaning.

Yeah.

Are you wearing mascara?

No.

Yes.

Let's hit the Penguin.

It's, like, what? 1:20?

It's almost cocktail hour.

Chet, tell - tell Grover we went to the Penguin.

Okay.

- Yeah.

- Wait. I just wanna see if they get the stain out.

It's a detergent commercial, Otis.

They're gonna get it out.

Yeah. But that's bicycle grease.

Unlike the other brand, that stain is gone-

Okay. Let's go.

Why do you think everyone  
on the Knicks is dysfunctional, Dad?  
Riley is not depressed.  
Dad, that's silly.  
Riley's happily married.  
No, I think it's a successful marriage.  
Look, I gotta go.  
Okay.  
Okay. We'll discuss this.  
All right.  
Okay. Bye.  
"Was it the woman in lace-top thigh-highs?  
"The chemise and wrap?  
"The matte satin boxer pajamas?  
"Or the Taylor strapless bra?  
"He closed the catalog.  
"Gower felt like he could  
shout into Father's pillow.  
And he never got her call. "  
- Lester.  
- I find this is Grover's most mature work to date.  
The scene with the carrot peeler  
really resonated.  
The piece really had  
a One Hundred Years of Solitude bent to it.  
- Right.  
- I'll give you one hundred years of solitude.  
The prose is like the bastard child  
of Raymond Carver.  
Like Ray Carver meets Fitzgerald.  
- Gail.  
- When you think about it...  
the main character  
has a little Holden Caulfield...  
crossed with Humbert Humbert...  
and then in that sort of  
pseudo Russian novel ilk.  
I think it's Grover's best work to date.  
Yes.  
You're pretty.  
I'd like to say first up that, uh...  
the prose is remarkable.  
It's beautifully written.  
Uh, however, I've noticed that, uh,

the characters in Grover's stories...  
spend all their time  
discussing the least important... things.  
Uh- You know,  
like what to have for dinner or...  
who's the best-looking model  
in the Victoria's Secret catalog.  
I don't know.  
To me, the story just seemed slight.  
It had the feeling of being  
written in - in one night.  
I - I think I said plenty.  
Uh, perhaps something rubbed Ms. -  
Hayworth.  
Well, it seems I must have done something right  
if Ms. Hayworth has reacted so strongly.  
And this was a particularly hot issue  
of Victoria's Secret.  
They had to make some  
very tough decisions.  
You -You joke, but I really see nothing wrong  
with dealing with the important subject matter.  
All that thought and energy  
put into Saturday morning cartoons.  
I - I think its depressing.  
Max. Max. Max. I put my hand in my mouth after  
I touched all that money. Can that be bad for you?  
Of course.  
That's how germs are spread.  
- Chet. Two pitchers, please.  
- Sir.  
So my feeling is we're like a club.  
A bunch of guys hanging out all the time.  
- We should have a name.  
- What do you have in mind?  
I don't know. Something that won't  
sound so stupid, look good on a satin jacket.  
- Have you heard from Jane, Grover?  
- Uh, no. We didn't end so good.  
- How are you, Chet?  
- I got a postcard from her.  
That's one of Kafka's houses.  
Something tough.  
- Cougars?

- As you can probably imagine...

I've lost quite a few  
girlfriends to graduation.

What do you think about Cougars?

- Get the glasses.

- Thank you, sir.

No. Wait.

No. You're making me make myself dizzy.

Skippy wants to name our group.

- What group?

- What's the name?

- I was thinking of something like Cougars or Hawks or something.

- I see.

- We could get matching lobster bibs with our names.

- Or a special brand for cattle.

- Forget it. Let's go to the Hole.

- No. No way. No Hole for me.

That's where we're comfortable.

That's -That's where the fun is.

Freshman biddies are there.

I don't need to go to a campus bar  
to be reminded of my lack of success...  
with a bunch of thrill-seeking  
snotty college kids.

That's us!

We're like celebrities to them.

No. We were celebrities.

Now going back would be  
like doing Hollywood Squares.

I'm too nostalgic. I'll admit it.

We graduated four months ago.

What can you possibly be nostalgic for?

- I'll be right back.

- I'm nostalgic for conversations I had yesterday.

I've begun reminiscing events before  
they even occur. I'm reminiscing this right now.

I can't go to the bar because I've already looked back  
on it in my memory, and I didn't have a good time.

Yeah. I - I think I'm gonna  
switch back to briefs.

Kate.

It's great to see you.

Grover, if you're still here,  
you could tutor me.

- Uh, yeah. I'd like that.

- That's high-speed.

Got any stories for me to read?

Uh, not yet.

I think you're up to date on my oeuvre.

How's your love life, Grover?

It's okay. It's a C-plus.

It's okay.

- I've reenrolled in school.

- You can't do that.

Oh, can't I?

Hey, Chet. Come over here.

- Oh, God. Don't bring him over here.

- Chet!

Why not?

He's taken every class in the school.

- He's like some kind of mad genius.

- It's like having a parent around.

- You can't reenroll.

- Ah, but I can, Max.

See, I have money saved up

from my valet parking job over the summer...

and fortunately, that Cutlass's fender

I crushed isn't gonna sue.

I'm auditing the classes I think I missed out on

in our measly four years.

Look. We didn't learn enough in school,

and now it's up to us to educate ourselves.

- I think Chet'll back me up here.

- Got your back.

- Thank you.

- What are you takin'?

I'm taking, uh-

What are you doing? Give me that.

You're always taking things.

You're not interested in anything

unless someone else has it.

- Who's the child?

- This is Kate, my tutee.

What do you know about tutoring?

And Otis, with his mechanical engi -

Why does everybody have these little things

they do that I don't know anything about?

'Cause you don't listen.



I know Kate.

Thank you.

Max, you're a philosophy major.

You'll be interested in this. I'm taking  
Ethics, Scandinavian Lit, Personality.

- You took Personality.

- No. I took Behavior. There's a difference.

- A very big one.

- You know, you guys all talk the same.

Okay. I'm going home.

I got boxes to pack.

If Mrs. Eargle is teaching  
Scandinavian Lit, I wouldn't take it.

She's okay one-on-one,  
but a horrible lecturer.

Enjoy school.

It was nice to meet you, Kate.

- Chet, always a pleasure.

- Sir.

- Me and Max met before.

- He's just being cool.

Trust me.

Max won't ever enjoy life, the way he acts.

Hey. I might have a job.

I have to go back for my second interview.

Really? Great! Where?

Video Planet.

You need a second interview  
at Video Planet?

- Apparently.

- Huh.

What time is it?

Aw, shit. I'm supposed to meet Miami  
at the Hole five minutes ago.

I'll see you guys there?

Cougars. Cougars.

Cougars!

Well, that's true.

That's true, Rick.

But if you'll excuse me,  
and I'm paraphrasing myself here...

but I have said before  
that if Plato is a fine red wine...  
then Aristotle is a dry martini.

Just so you understand me.  
Imagine it's going much more quickly though now.  
Oh. Thank you.  
Thanks a lot.  
Thanks very much.  
Oh, my God.  
Jesus.  
Look at this.  
There's, like, food in here.  
- In the beer. There's food in the beer!  
- Return it.  
No. I mean, I don't want to upset her.  
No, no, no, no, no, no!  
- Return it.  
- I - I don't want to bother her.  
She seems really irritable -  
a little distant.  
I don't know. I think it's been a hard day for her.  
This might just set her over the edge.  
I want her to like me.  
I - I like this better anyway.  
It's like a piece of chicken wing  
or a... cheese fry.  
- I mean, look at this.  
- Don't complain to me if you're not gonna return it.  
I probably should have sent it back, I guess.  
Wait a minute. Listen. Seriously.  
Don't tell Max about it.  
Ah, the Hole.  
- Oh. I should have brought my hanky.  
- What?  
Yeah, I'm gonna start wearing a hanky around.  
It's a pretty good idea.  
I think I made a wise decision with these  
slacks tonight. What do you think?  
Oh. Grover. Grover.  
Me likes what me sees.  
- She wants you.  
- Really?  
- Oh, yeah.  
- Why? Do you know her? No. Seriously, do you know her?  
I.D.  
Come on, man. Let's go. Good song.  
Hey, sweetheart.

- You look great.

- You do too.

Move it along.

- All right. Go ahead, man.

- Oh. Thanks.

- Hurry up. Hurry up.

- You got an I. D?

- He's inside already.

- Yeah.

Oh, you know what?

I don't have it on me.

- Listen. I'm way over 21.

- I need proof.

- You certainly look old enough, but I need proof.

- Shit.

- Where the hell did I leave it?

- Gotta have "id. "

Can't drink without "id. "

And so this friend of mine, you know,  
got a big hoop as a nose ring...

and one day, while she was  
running to make a class...

she got it caught in somebody else's hair  
who was running in the other direction.

It ripped half her nose off.

Well, there's also that dark side  
to the nose ring.

You know, you would look good  
with a nose ring.

Yeah. I'm probably gonna get one.

Yeah. It would have to be something,  
like, right here. Right in the center.

- But that would give you a tribal look.

- Yeah. That's nice. Thank you. I think that's a good suggestion.

Look at this girl. God, I'd like to fuck the dickens  
out of her, if you know what I mean.

No, I have no idea what you mean.

Well, if it isn't fuck suck ass shit cock!

- That's Fish. He's pretty cool.

- Yeah.

I.D. I.D.

They wouldn't let you in either, huh?

No. I - I lost my wallet.

Well, I gave my fake I.D. to my friend...

and now she's in there partying  
while I'm out here.

- I.D.

- Do you have a fake I. D?

No. I, uh - I have a real I.D.

- You're 21?

- Two.

Wow. Old Man River.

Let's move it, people. I.D.

There's an '80s party in the dorms.

You have work to do, as do I.

- Sweetie, we shouldn't be out so late.

- I'm going.

- I'll - I'll go.

- You'll go? Great.

- You're right.

- What -What dorm?

Think I flew off the handle there?

I think you were fine.

Skippy, get me a drink, huh?

Thanks.

Ceiling.

Books.

As I Lay Dying.

Heart of Darkness.

- Hello.

- Max.

When Josie and the Pussycats  
were in outer space...

what was the name of  
the puffy guy who flew?

- Bleep Bleep.

- Great. Thanks.

It was bothering me.

- You drunk?

- Yeah.

You got a message  
from your ex-girlfriend.

I should call her.

Got a quarter for me?

Who's that? Jane 2: Electric Boogaloo?

- Yep.

- Where are you?

Nowhere. What are you doing?

- Night.  
- Yeah. See ya.  
I gotta go.  
I gotta sleep with a freshman.  
Okay. Me too. Bye-bye.  
- Don't you have a roommate?  
- No.  
Oh, my Uncle Lee's a therapist. He wrote  
a note and said that I was mentally unstable.  
I hope you don't mind  
I took my shirt off.  
Well, maybe just this once.  
I really love the blues.  
Oh, Amy.  
I don't know.  
I've been recently widowed.  
Well, you don't have to worry about anything.  
I'm not gonna leave my boyfriend for your-  
It just seems like a college thing to do.  
- Oh.  
- Come on.  
Be romantically  
self-destructive with me.  
Oh, Amy.  
Um, okay. Look.  
I'll sleep over,  
but I won't sleep with you.  
You pussy.  
Come on, woman.  
Why don't you take off your skirt.  
Hello, my friend.  
My little friend.  
You do nothing.  
Max Belmont does nothing.  
Oh, Max. Wh-What do you do?  
Oh, I - I do nothing.  
- Hey.  
- Oh.  
- Do you know him?  
- Stupid freshmen say hi to everybody.  
- You beat off today?  
- Yeah. You?  
Yeah.  
You know, I caught myself writing

"go to bed" and "wake up" in my date book...  
as if they were two different events.  
What kind of job  
are you gonna apply for?  
I don't know. I need the money,  
but I'd rather not settle for anything small.  
We're in Munton.  
There is only small in Munton.  
- Yeah, but to settle -  
- Hey, fellas.  
Can't talk. I got class. See you later.  
Then you need to  
make this sound more impressive.  
This is ridiculous. "Drove a truck"?  
I mean, be specific. Why'd you drive a truck?  
- Delivered cheese.  
- What kind of cheese?  
What do you mean what kind?  
I don't know. Gouda. Or Stilton maybe.  
That's fancy cheese.  
It wasn't American then?  
No, I think I delivered foreign cheeses.  
I just drove the truck.  
I realize that, but how about,  
"Responsibilities included...  
"transportation of gourmet cheese products  
throughout the metropolitan area"?  
Hey. That's nice.  
Aha! See? You make fun of me,  
but there is something going on here.  
Well, my brother's gay, so I know.  
Anyway, um -  
Are you going to the rally?  
You know, racism spans the globe.  
From Howard Beach to Crown Heights,  
we witness acts of hatred.  
What does that mean,  
"from Howard Beach to Crown Heights"?  
That's like from the living room to  
the dining room we witness acts of hatred.  
Racism spans  
from here to the dance floor.  
So much anger.  
Could I get you

a Jell-O shot, Miami? Grape.  
Sure. Why not? I'll try one. Thanks.  
Two grapes!  
Where's Skippy?  
You guys all talk alike.  
Skippy's, um -  
Says he's doing homework, but I think  
he just watches TV and drinks Colt 45.  
- You know the big ones?  
- Yeah. I know 'em.  
What's Grover up to?  
Well, he'd like us to think  
that he's writing a novel...  
but we all know he just goes out and gallivants  
with freshmen women trying to relive Jane.  
If you'd like my Intro to Psych analysis.  
Who'd you take Intro to Psych with?  
No one. I dated a girl who took it.  
Look at these fucking people.  
This sleaze, for instance.  
"I'm thinking of getting 'I Hate It'  
tattooed inside my mouth. "  
"I'm the guy that girls like to hug.  
The safe guy.  
"I'll spend a night in a girl's bed,  
and nothing will happen.  
We'll just lie next to  
each other and chat. "  
And these girls.  
"We're both art history majors,  
and we're real cute.  
"But to be perfectly honest with you...  
anything past Impressionism  
kind of leaves us cold. "  
"Give me a year, and I'll be taken to college  
court for date-raping one of these two girls. "  
And this fool.  
Who knows what he's trying to swing.  
Just another tattoo and motorcycle  
Mickey Rourkejerkwad.  
And what are you?  
Was that the beep?  
Uh, hi, Grover. It's me, Jane.  
How are you? Um, I'm over here right now

futzling around Prague.

Um - Always feel like I should say something important when I call long-distance... but I don't really have anything to say right now.

Let's see. Um, I was in Poland for a while, if you tried to reach me.

And, uh - Oh. I finally read War and Peace, which was good.

Like that was a surprise.

And when I was in Poland I took this trip to Auschwitz.

God, I hope this is the right number.

That sounds terrible.

"I took a trip to Auschwitz. "

I don't know. Well, bye.

Oh. You'll never believe how bad American coffee is until you've been over here.

Hi. How are you?

Grover.

Um, you're gonna think this is really weird...

but I - I did think that your story was okay.

Oh. Well, thanks.

Uh, while I'm here, um...

I'd just like to respond to a remark that you made in class yesterday.

You know, I couldn't think of anything clever to say then, but...

last night, while I was lying in bed, I came up with a retort.

And when you said that I might be perversely attracted to your story, I should have responded...

"I'm not attracted to so many spelling mistakes. "

I'm responding to your witticism now.

Fourteen hours after I said it?

Yes.

Uh-huh.

- Oh.

- There you go.

- Thanks.

- I really appreciate you meeting here.



- Uh, I'd have met at my house, but my mom and I had an argument.

- Oh, no problem. Please.

She got really angry yesterday.

- Um, where should we, um -

- It's your, uh -

I think I'm gonna sit here.

I never really sit here.

All right.

Well, why don't I sit here?

Oh, that's Max's place.

Yeah. I'm feeling kind of surly.

Yeah. Speaking of, uh - of surly Max...

um, it might be better if we don't ever mention this book club to Max.

Why-Why is that? Are you ashamed that we're starting a book club?

No, no, no.

Nothing like that. It's just that -

You know Max.

He very likely will have an opinion.

Yeah.

You're probably right.

Well, shall we begin?

Mmm.

First of all, thank God we speak fluent Spanish, huh?

Geez. Uh, you know what I noticed near the end of the book, when Grady goes to the prison?

That the violence, which has up to then had a ferocious energy about it...

departed from the emotional violence and became...

terrifyingly brutal and real.

And particularly after he left the prison, and he went to find that horse...

I found the descriptions of the horse to be, frankly...

astonishingly beautiful,

and yet disturbingly arousing.

- Mm-hmm.

- What are your thoughts?

Um, yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Definitely.

Um, you are -

You're right on, I think.

You really-  
You've pinned down the, uh -  
what it is about the book.  
Uh, definitely with the -  
the prison when, um -  
when Grady is, um - does - he's -  
There's violence. There's a lot of violence.  
And it's like night and day.  
And when Grady, uh-  
He saw all those- those horses,  
I think you were saying, um...  
and it was... arousing.  
It was violently arousing.  
Otis, have you read this book?  
Yeah.  
- No.  
- Oh, please.  
Uh - It's just that I've been so busy.  
I managed to read this entire book  
and form a few thoughts about it.  
If you're not gonna take this seriously,  
perhaps we should disband the club now...  
before feelings get hurt.  
No, no, no. No, no, no.  
I don't want to - any- any feelings that are -  
I was remiss in that I - I -  
I've got my brother  
with the mail fraud thing and my-  
My mother caught me  
authorizing the porn station last night. So -  
Ooh.  
I'm sorry.  
I don't mean to laugh, but -  
She was angry  
like I've never seen her before.  
Yeah. Wow.  
God, you know, I think  
I'm gonna blow this job interview off.  
Oh, no. Otis, please don't.  
You obviously need a healthy dose of self-esteem.  
You need a job. Get out of your mom's home.  
Get a job. Please.  
I know.  
But I -What if I don't get it?

Well, you shoot for the stars,  
and you hit the roof.

Yeah.

Well, next week?

Next week without - by far-

I mean, this -

You know, from your description,  
this sounds like a great - great book.

- Who would win? Freddy or Jason?

- Freddy.

So you've gotta be ready at all times.

'Cause if the customer  
wants to know where a movie is...  
you've gotta be prepared  
to tell him what section it's in.

- Sure.

- Okay. For example...

if I were to say Turner & Hooch,  
what would you say?

- Comedy.

- Close. We've got a special section for dog pictures.

- Dog buddy pictures.

- Oh. I see.

Look at this!

Someone put Terms of Endearment  
in with prison movies. Earl!

That twit. Its supposed to go  
in "Terminal Illness. "

What are your influences?

Um...

Samuel Fuller.

- All the good ones. All the other ones.

- Yeah. Yeah.

Ah, Dad seems fine.

Yeah.

Well -Well, it's - I don't -  
It's hard to tell on the phone.

- Otis.

- Uh-huh.

When would be a good time?

No, he seems better.

He seems less depressed.

Otis?

No. I don't think you ruined his life.

He'll recover.

Mm-hmm.

- Well, no, listen.

- Me?

- I was told to be here for Friday book club to discuss the novel we'd read during the week.

- I don't know.

- I'm having trouble focusing. -

Have you even read the book? - Yes!

- My mind wanders.

- We'll talk about the book later.

No. Listen. I'm here.

I don't like to waste my time.

I'm calm. I'll help you clean up.

Tidy's a lifestyle choice.

I like to be of service.

- Just pisses me off.

- Why do you keep bringing him here?

Well, he's a friend of mine. I think it's -

I think it's good to make new friends.

Why do you need more friends?

What about me? You got enough friends.

A new one is bad.

You start spreading around your affection,  
and it runs thin. Believe me.

- Since when is there a book club?

- Want to join?

- No.

- Your loss.

- So that's where that was.

- Yeah. I don't know why I keep packing it.

Oh, my God.

There's hair all over the floor.

This place is a pigsty.

What's that you're doing?

Huh? Oh, I'm, uh, measuring the distance  
from the couch to the TV.

Uh, Chet said that we've been sitting  
a couple inches too close.

Don't you find all that television  
watching's a waste of time?

Of course. But you're doing the crossword, which  
is just as much a waste of time, if not a greater one.

Yeah, but at least I'm thinking of words

and roots of words and sometimes in Latin.

A waste of time, yes.

A bigger waste of time than TV? No.

Anyone beat off today?

- Hey, Grover. How's your dad?

- That was Mom.

Oh. How is Julie?

Isn't it bad enough

to be whipped by your own mother...

you have to have this wussy

relationship with Grover's?

You are a jackanapes.

- A jackanapes!

- Jackanapes.

Can we skip the pleasantries

and finish our conversation, Mr. Book Club?

Lay off the book club.

I watch TV with a critical eye.

If I get truly sucked in,

I know it's time to change the channel.

"Is it abbreviated?" "Is it plural?"

These are the questions I have to ask myself.

- Max, can I ask you a question? - Your attention span is, like, one-quarter of a music video.

There are many dull parts in the videos.

- Max, did you screw Miami?

- What?

- Otis?

- I thought he knew.

No, I just told you...

out of guilt.

We've developed such a weak, pathetic familiarity that talking to you is like talking to myself.

I think the operative words in this situation are "weak" and "pathetic. "

What are we supposed to do

with this information? I don't want it.

Well, then give it back.

And stop looking at me, Chet.

I can see he's judging me.

Stop judging me!

Put the broom down! Stop cleaning!

Well, you'll do what you wanna do.

But Skippy is your fr-

Shut up!

Max.

How was she?

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

It's just, you gave me a black cup.

I can't drink from a black cup.

Huh.

It's just too much black. See, I -

All that black, I can't see the coffee.

I like to see what I'm drinking.

Yeah.

I don't like raisins.

It's so funny, because my mother,

she used to make me eat them...

even though she knew

that I hated them.

And then she - she -

The end.

Fifty cents.

- What's this?

- For my raisin story.

When I tell a bad story,

I like to pay people for their time.

No, I liked it. It was good.

It was short, but I liked it.

Especially the part about your mother.

- Really? You did?

- Yeah.

I'll just -

I'll take a quarter.

Do you, uh...

want that?

No, no. That's -That's okay.

That's -

My parents -

They still come and visit me

after four years.

You'd think they'd be sick of it.

- Your parents still together?

- You know.

Ooh.

- What are you writing?

- I don't know.

I've always thought that my parents were part  
of the trickle-down method of parenting...  
like a reflection on the Reagan years -  
look good to a lot of people.  
But, basically, I'm paying  
for all that neglect now.  
I guess my parents have sort of  
a Lyndon Johnson feel to them...  
like there's no satisfactory reason  
why they became parents...  
like my real parents  
were assassinated...  
and these people  
just were next in line for the job.  
I don't know. They fight a lot,  
but they'll never split.  
Wish this year  
would last forever sometimes.  
I know.  
All right, listen,  
can I talk to you-  
Listen, mister, don't even start with me,  
because this has been the worst day.  
Join the club.  
- Bonjour, Max.  
I can't believe I'm doing this. I hated the food  
when I went here. Now I'm back by choice.  
- What can I get for you?  
- Can I get some more pasta and a potato, please?  
Sorry. I can't give you both.  
One entre per person.  
Potato is an entre?  
- Yep. It's all some people eat around here.  
- Since when is potato an entre?  
When I went here you could get  
two potatoes, sometimes, and an entre.  
Well, things have changed, you know.  
Cutbacks.  
Couldn't you just  
bend the rules a bit...  
Kate?  
I'm sorry. I can't.  
I'm not a student here.  
This is my job. I could get fired.

Aren't you Grover's friend?

Yeah.

Oh. You're the girl.

- This is your job.

- It's my job.

Kate. Max.

- So, what can I get for ya?

- Can I get another potato, Kate?

Sure.

Hi.

Uh, it's me.

I feel really stupid calling again.

I wish someone would just  
pick up or call or something.

Max, are you there?

Are you doing a crossword?

I have this fear that you're all around  
the machine giggling or something.

Grover...

I just wanted to tell you that I -

This is gonna be a tight year.

The separation is costing  
a lot more than I had anticipated.

You know, Ellen has this property.

Car's still there?

Yeah. I'd feel more comfortable  
if we sat by the window...

so I could keep an eye on it.

How's Jane?

- Still in Czechoslovakia.

- You mean the Czech Republic.

Yeah, I guess I do.

Well, Czech or Slovakia.

Gotta read the newspapers, Grover.

In college I didn't get much chance  
to read up on things.

Why aren't you with her?

- Is that everything you own?

- Yeah, except for some stuff I got in storage.

- Do you have any more cheese?

- Just Cheez Whiz, actually.

- That's okay.

- All right.

I started to run.



Then I threw out my back.  
Beautiful campus here.  
So, I've been thinking of things  
to help you write...  
to unblock.  
I liked that one story you sent me last year,  
the one about you and your mother.  
Oh, would you tell your mother that we still  
have to settle the telephone bill from last May?  
Yeah, sure.  
I'll bet if your math grades had been higher,  
you probably could have gotten into Brown.  
So, I'm moving in with Ellen.  
She's got this lovely property  
in Oyster Bay.  
Beautiful grounds.  
Right on the ocean. Grotto pool.  
So you're officially divorced?  
No. Legally separated.  
Divorce would be  
a little expensive for us right now.  
I think the fact that you  
were still going to school...  
sort of kept us together.  
Yeah?  
Well, good, I guess.  
It's tough - It's tough...  
as I'm sure you know,  
dating women.  
Mm-hmm.  
Before Ellen, right after your mother,  
I went to bed with a woman. She was -  
Dad, I'm not really ready to accept you  
as a human being yet.  
The idea of you and Mom is disgusting enough.  
But you and another woman -  
I mean, I'm 56 years old  
and I gotta start using condoms again.  
- Dad. Dad, stop.  
- It's crazy.  
By the time you get it out of the package,  
you lose your erection.  
Dad, Dad, Dad!  
Sorry.

It's just, making adjustments to living without your mother is wearing on me. I have to work at my adjustments. I think your mother's better at it than I am. She seems to be okay. Is that right? Yeah. She seems good. But from what I can tell, this is pretty much her decision. Yeah. I hate to compromise. Find a balance. Ah, here's my fancy rental car. Got a good deal on it though. Anyway, I was thinking that, uh... maybe you'd be interested in moving into my apartment in the Village. There's a really nice coffee shop on the corner - a lot of writers and artists. Until you're ready to get on your feet. I'm not really too into the coffeehouse thing. It's stupid. Well, you don't have to go there. I'll leave the cable in. You'll get all the Knick games. It'd only be until next summer, though, 'cause I'd like to rent it by then. Ellen used to work at the New Yorker... and I'll bet she could get you an internship or something if you're interested. Yeah. That actually sounds kinda nice. Ellen really likes you. I don't wear jeans a lot. I don't feel comfortable in jeans.

- So, wanna take my car or yours?
- I don't have a car. I don't drive.
- So, you wanna take mine?
- Yeah, that sounds good.

You know, I was thinking, uh... maybe you should apply

to graduate school in California.  
- I've always wanted to go there.  
- Why don't you apply to grad school in California?  
Or that.  
I don't know about things, Jack.  
What don't you know?  
Can we, uh, just admit some lies that  
we may have told each other?  
Oh, God. What a question.  
What?  
I'm gonna write it down.  
What?  
Throw me the Sharpie.  
Thanks.  
I don't know what to do.  
I'm sorry.  
It was weeks ago.  
It was at the Hole, and-  
I have a tremendous heat  
running through my body.  
- Look at this suckwad.  
- Wh-What are you doing?  
Hey, joker, get out of my spot!  
What's your fuckin' problem, you suck-ass?  
We were here first!  
Hey, jerkwad, get out of my spot!  
Get! Get, you motherf-  
This is fine, Kate.  
Let's just park here.  
This is good.  
You wanna fight me? You wanna fight me?  
I'll break your fuckin' legs!  
I'm gonna break your fuckin' legs.  
I'm gonna break his fuckin' legs.  
Bet he kills Bambi.  
I'm gonna smash that car  
and I'm gonna break your fuckin' legs!  
- Hey, suckwad, gonna get out? Think you're so tough?  
- This shouldn't be done.  
This guy would rather be bow hunting.  
Don't upset him, because  
he'd already rather be bow hunting...  
and any additional aggravation -  
Chickenshit!

He left.  
Yeah.  
You make me sad, Skippy.  
You know, this big idea about you learning  
and coming back to school...  
and - Mmm -  
taking all of these classes.  
You haven't done a stitch of reading  
since you've been here.  
You get on my case about my studies.  
- I mean, really!  
- God, I begged you to stay on Prozac.  
You used me to come back to school.  
That's what you did.  
'Cause I could care less  
about your stupid classes.  
Is G.I. Joe a safe doll  
to give kids at Christmas?  
What's the effect  
of TV weathermen on society?  
My classes?  
Let's talk about your classes. Okay?  
Your dinosaur classes  
and all that shit.  
Let's talk about your friends.  
Let's talk about how you guys  
are all in love with each other...  
and how sick you make me  
with your stupid games, those trivia games.  
Ding! Max loves Grover.  
Ding! Skippy does Otis.  
Ding! They all do each other  
and - and -  
It drives me nuts!  
Ding that, Skippy.  
Get a fucking life.  
Nice dime-store psychoanalysis.  
You know what?  
I can't stand you.  
I can't stand... that.  
You know?  
Your shoes, your pants,  
that shirt you're wearing, your hair.  
Your hair drives me crazy.

Just get out. Okay?  
I have homework to do.  
Just get out.  
Get out!  
- Get out.  
Out. Out.  
Go.  
Go.  
Out.  
You got nice eaves  
on your house there.  
"Eaves"?  
You do the crossword too, huh?  
Yeah.  
Well, I had a nice time.  
Yeah.  
You know,  
tomorrow's my birthday.  
- Really?  
- Mm-hmm.  
That's terrible. That's just the worst.  
Now I won't know what to get you.  
If I get you a big gift, it looks like  
I'm overcompensating and coming on too strong.  
If I get you something small...  
I look cheap.  
I've inherited a tragedy. It's like  
a venereal disease, a birthday at this point.  
You know, I don't know why  
everything is so glum with ya at first.  
Potatoes, parking...  
toppings on pizza.  
I like birthdays.  
I'm gonna be 17 tomorrow,  
and I like that.  
Seventeen.  
Wow.  
So, now you can read  
Seventeen magazine...  
and finally get  
all the references.  
So it's not so bad.  
I wanna be older.  
And it's not a disease.

Well, may you see 17 more.  
I'll only go to first  
with you tonight.  
"My backpack is filled with misfortune  
and my boots filled with sorrow...  
- Oh, fuck.  
- for the adolescent country-"  
"Bleeding cactus. "  
In or out!  
- Ow! Ow.  
- You okay?  
Yeah. Uh, listen,  
do you have something?  
Protection, I mean.  
I know that's a silly question, but, um -  
In my- Uh, hold on.  
Where are my pants?  
Ow.  
- No. No. I don't have my wallet.  
- Oh, no.  
Audra, are you still awake?  
No!  
Do you have any condoms?  
Oh, let me see.  
You should really be more prepared, "Groden. "  
Look, I hate to put you through  
all this trouble for a silly little condom.  
No - No, we -  
We'll find something.  
I'm gonna look  
for my wallet in the hall.  
Oh, man! Aww.  
Well, maybe you  
left your wallet at home.  
Here's a condom.  
Uh, might be a little old.  
The fucking bong.  
Oh, monkey!  
Grover, I need to know  
if you're gonna stay in my apartment.  
Otherwise, I'll rent it.  
Call me.  
Knicks in trouble.  
Zach, do you have

Dr. Giggles letterboxed?

"Insane Doctors,"

right next to "Interesting Failures. "

Yes!

Aha. This bastard wasn't kind,

didn't rewind...

and now, mister, you'll get fined.

When I make my movie, they're gonna have  
a hell of a time finding a category for it.

- Did I tell you about my movie?

- Yes.

Well, it's changed a little bit.

Now it's about this guy who lives  
with his mother, and they sort of fall in love.

It's real, uh, shocking,

you know, like Lolita.

- They weren't blood relations in Lolita.

- Well, see, I'm doing something different then.

And I'm playing with gender roles.

Probably put it in "Offbeat. "

- Or way offbeat.

- See? You're shocked.

All right, have this back

by Tuesday night.

- You've got a delinquent Mystic Pizza.

- Okay, whatever.

See, you're shocked.

They'd have to invent a section for my movie.

That'll be cool, huh,

when I make my movie...

and it comes out on video.

You and I could see who rents it.

We could probably sit here

and watch it on the TV.

So you plan on still working here

even after you make a motion picture.

True.

I may not be here then.

There is a certainly laughability

to Kant.

Sure, he's valuable in certain ways,

but you gotta admit there's a laughability to him.

Is it me, or does "Bankrupt" come up

more often on Wheel of Fortune now?

- I think I see you as Braque to my Picasso.  
- Yes!  
Would you rather be buried,  
cremated or eaten by crows?  
I think I'd rather be cremated.  
Okay, can you name me 10 European capitals?  
- Ding, ding! Holland. England.  
- Uh, Madrid.  
England?  
Skippy, what kind of a triv master  
are you, anyway?  
- Chet, you wanna ding in?  
- No, sir. At my age I find trivia too exhausting.  
Okay, I'll go. Name me all nine  
of the Friday the 13th movies.  
- Ding!  
- Otis dinged first. Otis dinged first.  
Okay, Friday the 13th 1-  
Just Friday the 13th.  
Friday the 13th 2,  
Friday the 13th 3 in 3-D...  
four, The Final Chapter,  
five, A New Beginning...  
uh, seven is The New Blood,  
eight is Jason Takes Manhattan...  
- nine is Jason Goes to Hell-  
- Tick. Tick.  
What the hell is six?  
Uh, Jason Sucks Some Cock.  
- No. Max.  
- Time is up.  
- I'm pretty sure it's Jason Sucks Some Cock.  
- No. Max.  
- Jason Kills.  
- That's it. That's it.  
- There's no Jason Kills.  
- Somethin' like that. We'll give it to him anyway.  
- You'll give it to him anyway?  
- Name six TV shows from movies.  
- Ding! Ding!  
- You shouldn't even be triv master. You're not one of us.  
Jason Kills is an idiotic title. Jason kills  
in every one of those suck-wind movies.  
- Do you want me to take his points back?



- Yes. Take his points back.  
- There is no Jason Kills?  
- No.  
- Was Uncle Buck a TV show? - Yes.  
- Will you shut up for a second?  
It's not Jason Kills.  
- Is it?  
- It's Jason Lives.  
Ah! Jason Lives.  
- Who the fuck cares what Jason does?  
- You started this.  
- Look at us.  
- Hey, was Charles in Charge a movie?  
- No.  
- I quit. You're all a bunch of media slaves.  
I hate this game show shit.  
Kate...  
I'm having a sl-slight  
nervous breakdown right now.  
Would you mind...  
excusing yourself, please?  
I took back his points.  
Thank you.  
This is all conversational blue balls.  
Calm down. Somebody woke up  
on the wrong side of the futon this morning.  
You should talk.  
You're the biggest wet blanket of us all.  
- Worst influence on anyone.  
- I'm going home.  
You're not going anywhere. None of us.  
We're gonna stay at school forever.  
- Shut up, Skippy.  
- Leave Skippy alone.  
Leave Skippy alone? That's his role.  
That's what we like about Skippy.  
We like to kick him around  
and make fun of him. That's the norm.  
- Then it's a bad habit.  
- This is all just habit.  
These drinks we're drinking. Scotch.  
You smoke like a chimney, Grover.  
Affectations that become habits.  
You're no different than us. We stay

together out of fear. That's all we know.  
Then we should adjust and treat him better.  
He's not a child.

Max, you just accept everything,  
like it'll go on like this.

I'm 22.

- When I'm 42 you'll be 42, and Otis'll be 42.

- Thanks.

That's interesting. Of course,  
my birthday is in a month, so I'll be 43, but -  
You know what I mean.

We all know what we mean.

Just leave Skippy be.

He's not a child.

Max is an asshole, but he's right.

What?

I'm defending you, you idiot.

This crap is all just a symptom of the pressures  
the Hawks have put upon themselves -

Thought we were the Cougars.

- Cougars, Hawks, Jerk-offs- Who gives a fuck?

- Jerk-offs.

It's a symptom of the pressures  
we put upon ourselves to remain friends...  
in this non-unnatural environment,  
liberal arts bullshit.

- I'm not prepared!

- Hey, is everything all right here?

Soon we're gonna all start  
backstabbing one another.

Skippy.

I know.

You and Miami.

- I slept with her.

- Yeah, I know. She told me.

And Grover told me too.

And Otis told me also.

I didn't say a word.

Well, aren't we all good friends.

Although Miami said  
she slept with Max...

and three of you say

Max slept with her.

- I don't know who to believe.

- I am sorry.  
We were both just there.  
It was just a thing.  
I'm not -And there's Kate.  
Yeah.  
I hate you.  
Essentially, we're not friends.  
Basically, you're a fuckhead.  
As of now -  
Wait till the second hand  
passes the five -  
There. As of now,  
our friendship is done.  
It's official. It's finished.  
Hi.  
- I was just walking by-  
- Hold it. Hold it. Just -  
I'm having... one of those... times...  
where my name  
sounds very weird to me.  
My name is Jane. Jane.  
It all sounds so foreign to me, you know.  
This is really where  
you like to hang out, huh?  
Yeah. I like to come here  
and get away from the school...  
think about graduation.  
Plus, Chet lets me listen to talk radio.  
I'm just addicted to it.  
This is a townie bar.  
You know, these little things  
that people have as pets called dogs. Right?  
You know, dogs...  
cantaloupe.  
We eat cantaloupe.  
What are you talking about?  
These- These things- These things  
that-that-that we take for granted-  
they're just -  
they're all so weird.  
These words, these -  
these names.  
Jane. Jane.  
Grover.

Gro... ver.

What are you drinking?

- Scotch.

- Yikes.

Chet.

Chet.

They only play country music on this jukebox.

I'm a little drunk.

- You okay?

- I'm fine.

Well, I'm hammered.

I mean, I'm hiding it very well.

I'm aware of that.

But I'm pretty soused.

Can you tell?

- No.

- Come on!

Well, yeah.

I mean, when you were at the bar.

You were saying "diaphragm"

instead of "diploma. "

- Other than that, no.

What about me?

No. I had no idea.

You seem fine.

When you called Chet "Daddy,"

I thought that's who he was.

Your daddy.

Shit. I gotta be at my therapist  
in five minutes.

What do I do,

being at my therapist drunk?

How awful.

You know, despite my efforts,  
my intense efforts to do nothing...  
things happen anyway.

Like?

I'm embarrassed to say. I just -  
I didn't want to have any attachments  
at school my senior year.

You know, graduation and all.

Yeah. Me too.

I just hope...

that we both...

feel this way after today.  
After we leave this moment.  
I hope that  
after the alcohol wears off...  
you go talk to your shrink...  
and I go back to my friends...  
I just hope we keep this.  
It's not really  
as dramatic as all that.  
I mean, we've got some time.  
It's a long life.  
Hey, what if we did have a love affair?  
Do you think it'd really last?  
That's a good attitude.  
Right.  
I feel really stupid calling again.  
I wish someone would just pick up  
or call or something.  
Max, are you there?  
Are you doing a crossword?  
I have this fear that you're all around  
the machine giggling or something.  
Grover...  
I just wanted to, uh-  
Hi. Uh, it's me.  
I feel really stupid calling again.  
I wish someone would just pick up  
or call or something.  
Max, are you there?  
Are you doing a crossword?  
I have this fear that you're all  
around the machine giggling or something.  
Grover...  
I just wanted to tell you that -  
that I miss you.  
She's really happy, her new professor's terrific,  
and he's very encouraging of her writing.  
She stopped calling me.  
I thought about calling her.  
Just seems like  
a lot to do, you know?  
She's so far.  
That long-distance code is so long.  
- It's long.

- It's really long.  
I'm not there.  
Do you plan to leave here ever?  
Why would I leave?  
I don't know.  
You know, I sold term papers  
to make a living...  
and slept with undergraduates,  
the whole deal.  
After my seventh or eighth year,  
I began to feel like I was using myself.  
Somehow I experienced my time  
as a postponement of my life...  
but eventually I just realized  
that this is my life.  
I could see getting used to it.  
I met a woman - my third American History  
of the 20th Century professor.  
- We had this child.  
- Nice.  
That is nice. It's nice.  
But it's not for everyone.  
Some people need to have  
a real career...  
which is something  
that I've never really understood -  
why someone would want to be  
a vet or a lawyer...  
or a filmmaker.  
I'm paraphrasing myself here...  
but I am a student...  
and that's what I chose.  
You might need to choose  
something else, and that's -  
I like that you drink.  
I like a bartender who drinks.  
Otherwise I feel like  
I'm being poisoned.  
Here's a joke.  
How do you make God laugh?  
How?  
Make a plan.  
Now arriving at Gate 4B-  
Oh, God.

My mother put mayonnaise on this.  
This thing is swimming in mayonnaise.  
I could get really sick if I don't  
get this refrigerated soon. Isn't that right?  
Absolutely.  
Warm mayonnaise only means trouble.  
So, we'll see you when?  
Spring break?  
Yeah.  
What?  
N- No.  
I think it might be better  
if I stayed till summer.  
Oh. God, I'm antsy times four.  
- Bye, Otis.  
- Oh.  
Bye, Kate.  
Max is gonna miss you.  
Boy. High school.  
I miss that like a bitch now too.  
Okay.  
Flight 25 from Buffalo  
is now arriving at Gate 8A.  
Thanks.  
Okay.  
Just get this over with.  
Look at the baby!  
I'll give you \$400 if you go in  
the duty-free shop with no pants on...  
and start yelling,  
"Look at me! Look at me!"  
Hey, Otis said you applied for a job  
in the philosophy department.  
- Did he say that?  
- Mmm.  
Well, then it must be true.  
Kate might take some time off after school  
and we might get a place.  
Oh, and there's the prom.  
- Don't make fun.  
- I didn't make fun.  
- I got my tuxedo.  
- Bye, baby.  
Attention, Flight 426. There is a gate change.

Flight 426 to Boston...  
now boarding at Gate 2.  
Again, a gate change-  
Shit.  
I wish I hadn't noticed that.  
I think my scarf looks terrific.  
Gimme some sugar.  
That's high-speed.  
Get your tongue  
out of my mouth, little girl.  
They're not some invention.  
You know, a bunch of guys -  
Yeah, it is.  
14D. There you go.  
- Thank you.  
- Have a safe flight.  
Are there any flights to Prague?  
Uh, we have a shuttle that goes  
to international terminals.  
Then you change for Paris,  
and change there for Prague.  
And the shuttle, uh, I-leaves when?  
In an hour.  
Put me on it.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
That flight's all booked.  
Everybody else in America has been to Prague.  
What's the big deal, you send one extra?  
I'm sorry.  
You see, I've been needing to go there  
for a long time now.  
I mean, there's Czech and Slovakia  
and a big Jewish cemetery...  
and the opera house and -  
Maybe that's Vienna where the opera house is.  
But that's nearby, you know.  
Given the opportunity,  
I'd hit Vienna too.  
Hell, I'd do all of Europe,  
given a chance.  
I can imagine Jane and some Praguian idiot  
dancing the night away.  
A horrible image.  
And the coffee -



See, all I know is American coffee.  
Or the beer.  
Whatever's good over there.  
It's gotta all be better over there.  
And nothing I eat has any taste.  
This has been such a strange time.  
I wonder, if I was there now,  
how would things be different.  
Isn't there a big bridge with statues on it?  
I seem to remember that  
from a history class.  
Jane and some guy  
kissing on the bridge...  
in public.  
No, it's Jane  
and some Czech writer.  
Image kills me.  
Just great. This is so frustrating,  
because I'm terrible at conflict. I hate it.  
And if I'd imagined this problem  
while falling asleep one night...  
I don't think I would have  
spoken up to you.  
Even in my fantasy life I just would  
have accepted it. That's who I am.  
But today I have to go.  
I have to.  
And when I tell people about this in the future,  
I know that -  
it'll be the time that I went.  
And I know that when I review  
this whole episode in my head...  
I'm not gonna know what I did  
or why I did it.  
I think they've done something  
with the real Grover.  
But it'll make a good story  
of my young adult life.  
You know,  
the time I chose to go to Prague.  
I'll look back on it and I won't believe  
that I actually went, you know. I went away.  
So let me go.  
I have to. I need -

Just put me on the plane.  
Let me go.  
I think I can find a seat for you.  
Very good, Mr. Cary.  
Now I'll just have to see your passport.  
You can always go tomorrow.  
Mmm.  
Yeah.  
Thanks.  
Sorry.  
This is for my confession in the bar.  
I'm - I'm a little drunk.  
- But I didn't mean to scare you.  
- That's okay. I'll take 50 cents.  
Thanks.  
- You still find your name weird?  
- Oh. No.  
Just happens to me occasionally.  
Oh, I came up with a great comeback  
to something you said to me yesterday.  
I can't remember it now, though.  
How come I never saw you  
before writing class?  
I guess you didn't look.  
I mean, I've always been there.  
Just to think, for four years  
we were catching the same colds...  
being bit by the same mosquitoes.  
To think!  
So, what's your sign?  
I'm a Scorpio.  
Why?  
- I'm a Libra.  
- Oh, really? What does that mean?  
I don't know. It should mean something,  
though. It sounds like it does.  
Yeah, it does.  
- It must.  
- Some story ideas?  
No, something occurred to me.  
That's good to do that.  
I always forget to carry writing materials.  
Is it really obnoxious?  
Okay, the way I see it...

if we were an old couple  
and dated for years...  
graduated away from all these  
scholastic complications...  
and I reached over and kissed you...  
you wouldn't say a word -  
you'd be delighted... probably.  
But if I was to do that now  
it would be quite forward.  
And if I did it the first time we ever met,  
you probably would hit me.  
What do you mean?  
I just wish we were an old couple  
so I could do that.  
What?