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# Life of the Party

By Barra Grant

With suns and moons.  
All over the place.  
Tonight, tonight.  
The world is wild and bright.  
Going mad.  
Shooting sparks into space.  
Today, the world is  
just an address.  
To live in.  
No better than all right.  
But here you are.  
And what was just a world  
is a star...  
Oh...  
Don't do this to me.

### **The 8:**

Manhattan-Penn Station.  
...is now arriving.  
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!  
The one-mile relay.  
That was our race.  
Four guys, a million  
raging hormones...  
...eight legs, one heart...  
...each of us killing ourselves  
to bring it home.  
The last runner had to make up.  
...for all those precious seconds  
the rest of us lost.  
'cause we got distracted  
by Lisa Fentner.  
...in the bleachers...  
with her mountainous chest  
and fishnet thighs.  
He didn't hold it against us.  
He knew he couldn't  
let us down...  
...and he never did.  
No matter how far behind  
we were...  
we had him.  
We had the finisher.  
All aboard!

I don't get it.  
I mean, he was  
this close.  
Wrong shoes,  
didn't you see?  
He was wearing  
fancy shoes.  
He still has  
the stuff.  
Can you believe it?  
After all this time?  
I think he missed the train.  
He'll be late for work.  
I think everything else,  
including the shoes...  
...and the "stuff"...  
...is irrelevant.  
And that's why  
you don't get invited.  
...to any good parties.  
What is your problem  
with him lately?  
I'm a realist.  
No, you're a turkey.  
Just 'cause he's got the stuff,  
and you take out tonsils.  
Orthopedists don't get much call  
for tonsillelectomies.  
He quit.  
People quit.  
You really shouldn't eat that.  
He had the wrong shoes.  
However you want to see it.  
Oh, I know what I saw...  
...and he didn't just quit.  
You missed the meeting.  
We're going to be handling  
the Luxor account together.  
If you want to take  
a moment, maybe...  
And look this over.  
Ah. Yeah.  
Luxor. No problema.  
You really don't

give a damn, do you?  
About?  
Oh, why we're here,  
what we do, our job.  
Maritime Insurance.  
You know, Bertie...  
...you grow up on  
the Long Island Sound...  
...anything "maritime" sounds good.  
Thing is, they don't  
mention that there.  
won't be any  
actual ships or water involved...  
...so... Here I am,  
landlocked on the tenth floor.  
What are you doing? You're the  
only person I know who still smokes.  
An event very  
inconvenient for me.  
Ah...  
You know what I think made  
our country great, Bertie?  
Broadway musicals.  
Swear to God.  
They took me when I was a kid,  
our major outing from the burbs.  
Oklahoma.  
Where the wind comes  
sweeping down the plain.  
Oklahoma!  
I mean, there's something  
about those songs.  
Lot of heart.  
Lot of hope,  
you know what I mean?  
Don't worry,  
Bertie...  
I like girls.  
Although,  
I must admit...  
...your eyes are  
a particularly lovely.  
...shade of blue.  
Okay. It's "Bert. "

And you should put that out,  
buy that gum...  
...and get some work done.  
Do you realize  
I've been here.  
...two years  
less than you...  
I'm a year younger...  
I've already  
been promoted twice.  
You're losing it, pal.  
In my opinion,  
you've lost it.  
And, just in case you thought  
you were, or anything...  
...you're not cool.  
You do "Standing Tree"  
position...  
...not that.  
I do this and  
Standing Tree position.  
Ta-da!  
I told you how many times...  
...a sleepy traveler  
misses his destination.  
Oh, shoot...  
...heading up the East Coast  
is not my destination.  
There's hockey tonight.  
My mother needs dinner.  
Ooh, hey, what...  
wh-what's this?  
I see a president.  
A geometrical shape.  
Flowers.  
Could it be?  
Yes, it is.  
Madison Square Garden.

**Tonight:**

You and your mom...  
...the hockey fiend  
from Canton.  
You think I'd forget.

...the most important woman  
in my life?  
You are  
a great...  
...but foolish man.  
I count on you  
to keep me apprised.  
What do you say, Bertie?  
It's party time.  
Yes!  
My wandering angel...  
...home at last.  
I love you.  
I love that job.  
I love loving you.  
No, thanks.  
You forgot.  
It's okay.  
You were busy, must have  
slipped your mind.  
Happy anniversary,  
darling.  
Okay...  
we'll celebrate  
in the storage room.  
Do you remember what they called  
it when we bought the house?  
"The kids' room. "  
We haven't even gotten  
the dog to sit yet.  
Okay.  
Seriously.  
I can do that.  
I look at you...  
...and I know that life is  
inherently worthwhile.  
And a good thing  
to keep engaging in.  
...until I get it right.  
I got offered something  
in Boston.  
At the museum in the fall.  
Assistant curator.  
And I think that.

...if I'm far enough  
away from you...  
I can move on.  
So...  
who is it?  
What is it, someone  
you ran into at work?  
Some big-deal art aficionado?  
You wouldn't be  
leaving me.  
...to leave me, so who is it?  
All right.  
If it makes it easier...  
...there is someone.  
Who makes me feel I'm  
not crazy for doing this.  
Okay.  
You were on the road.  
You lose your way.  
L- I can encompass that.  
You know, I think  
it would be better...  
...less complicated,  
if I move out now.  
No. No, no, no.  
All right.

**Here's what:**

take the company apartment...  
I mean, you know,  
for a week or two.  
You know what I'm gonna do?  
I'm gonna give you some space.  
That's a good thing, right?  
Space?  
You'll have  
the run of the house.  
And you'll realize that we  
don't even breathe right.  
without each other.  
It was two weeks ago.  
What?  
Our anniversary.  
How did he sound to you

when you talked to him?  
How did he sound?  
I don't know.  
He sounded like him.  
How can you eat that?  
I'm hungry.  
Everything's falling  
apart, you're eating.  
He was just taking  
a little break, that's all.  
Yeah, but a break  
from what?  
I mean, why does  
he need a break?  
What does he need a break for?  
They're perfect together.  
I'm worried about him, man.  
I'm really, really worried.  
I wouldn't be too worried.  
How do you...  
I mean, this is really...  
Hey, buddy.  
Oh, hey, hey, you came.  
Of course we did.  
What were we gonna  
do, not come?  
Forget about it.  
Uh...  
...some friends of mine.  
Artie...  
...certified literary giant.  
I write reviews  
for a vintage car magazine.  
Kipp... Musician  
extraordinaire.  
I do jingles.  
Say cheese, please.  
Wakka, wakka.  
Humble guys.  
And this is Caroline...  
currently in arbitrage...  
which I don't really  
know what that is.  
Not important.



So should we get a table?  
Sure.  
Great.  
Okay.  
I'll be right back.  
Who is she?  
Who cares?  
He's trying to score, bozo.  
I am not trying to score.  
She's just a...  
Total babe.  
He's married, for Pete's  
sake. He's separated.  
Hey, hey.  
It's a trial thing.  
She just needs some time.  
For what?  
To stop thinking she likes  
somebody more than me.  
Who?  
Hold on.  
Wait a minute.  
Pheeb's is making it  
with another guy?  
No way.  
I found it fairly  
devastating, myself.  
Come on, let's  
get a table.  
Hey, whoa.  
Anything else for you, sir?  
Another for me...  
Want another double?  
Sure.  
Wow.  
You can real  
ly handle your...  
I mean, another double  
and you seem perfectly...  
Perfect.  
Am I?  
Would you care  
for another drink?  
Uh, nothing for us.

We got to go.  
Where?  
Got a train to catch.  
Not yet.  
Not yet.  
Yeah, yet.  
Oh, come on.  
Just stay...  
stay one more round.  
No can do, pal.  
Geez!  
Let's go.  
It's nice to meet you.  
Listen, Mikey,  
if you need anything...  
...okay, I'm a phone call away.  
All right. See you.  
So... Caroline...  
May I call you Caroline?  
It's not Cary or  
Dave or anything, is it?  
So... Caroline...  
What can I say?  
Um, God, how can  
I say this? I, um...  
Do you remember  
Don Quixote?  
He had a way of wanting  
people to think.  
...that he was a shimmery, glimmery  
knight in fabulous armor.  
In actuality, he had a helmet  
made of cardboard...  
...and he was tilting at windmills  
because he was, uh...  
How do I say this? Um...  
I, uh...  
I'm...  
Married...  
...for a while now  
and no other women so far.  
I just, uh, knew you'd be safe.  
Safe?  
Sexually.

Ah.  
Is that what we're here for?  
Yes.  
I suppose I am very safe.  
You see, Caroline...  
I still do love the woman  
that I'm married to.  
And although we're  
temporarily, um...  
I couldn't...  
with anyone else, that is...  
I couldn't be...  
Serious.  
Yeah, exactly.  
Hmm... who's serious?  
I'm home.

**Correction:**

I really want to talk to you.  
Damn it.  
Oh, I'm sorry, buddy.  
I didn't mean to wake you up.  
Geez!  
Mike!  
What?  
Are you all right?  
Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.  
I just went over  
to the house.  
I lost my car keys.  
Can you believe it?  
Well, hell, stay the night.  
Oh, no, no, no. Uh...  
I was thinking  
I'd borrow some wheels.  
Oh, man, my Camry's  
in the shop.  
Well, I was thinking...  
What?  
I'll have it back tomorrow  
night, I swear to God.  
I wouldn't presume, believe me.  
But I promised Caroline...  
...the blonde.

You remember the blonde?  
Anyway, I told her I'd  
take her to Ellis Island.  
...first thing in the a. M.  
Why?  
I don't know.  
I guess... 'cause  
I've been sleeping with her.  
You're having sex  
with the blonde?  
A little.  
Nothing overwhelming.  
Anyway, I thought I'd do  
something with her.  
...aside from having sex  
...because...  
I'm not really proud of it.  
She's fine, but I thought  
I'd mix it up...  
...take her sightseeing.  
And Phoebe's?  
She's also  
having sex.  
Not with me, obviously,  
or she would have been home.  
The point is... No car keys.  
I look at this car.  
I never drive it.  
It's a car, Artie.  
Somewhere in the bowels of its  
painstakingly polished cylinders.  
...it's crying out,  
"Drive me. "  
Gently, gently...  
You are a prince  
among friends, friend.  
Hey, get out of here.  
You got it in low, Mikey.  
Shift it, Mikey! Shift it!  
The drums roll out.  
The trumpet call.  
While the people shout.  
"Strike up the band"  
Hear the cymbals ring?

Callin' one and all.  
To the martial swing.  
Strike up the band.  
Looking good.  
Thought we'd toast  
your survival.  
Thank you.  
I forgot the law.  
Damn frickin' law.  
What? You're cool, man.  
You ditched on  
Felder's property.  
There's no public damage,  
there's no...  
No, no, no, no, the other law.  
An object in motion  
will remain in motion.  
...until confronted  
with an object at rest.  
Hence, a car  
hitting a tree.  
will axiomatically  
adversely affect the car.  
Sure, I guess.  
Makes sense.  
Hey, want a slice?  
Absolutely not.  
Come on,  
you got to eat.  
One bruised rib.  
That makes you luckier  
than my car.  
Come here.  
I will get that pony back  
on her wobbly legs, I swear.  
Whatever it takes.  
Don't worry about the car.  
It's you.  
No, it's the car.  
How did this  
get in here?  
Hmm... Some wiggy nurse.  
Third floor haberdashery.  
Are you insane? You're

bringing that in here now?  
What, you expect him  
to eat hospital food?  
The booze, you dimwitted,  
imbecilic...  
Who gave him a car after he  
had 12 for the road, huh?  
I didn't know.  
What, he was going to steal

**your car at 2:**

Ellis Island?  
Glad you could make it.  
He's lying in there  
all screwed up.  
...if you're interested.  
You should see my car.  
Oh...  
Do you know how long it took  
me to find a 1965 Mustang.  
...in mint condition wi  
th 96,000 miles on it?  
And I'm connected!  
I mean, I know where cars are.  
What did you come  
here for?  
To call your service,  
take down your messages?  
We'll take it.  
Thank you.  
We have an appointment.

**4:**

Best man I could find.  
Who has an appointment?  
Whoever cares.  
Whoever decides they don't want  
him to kill himself next time.  
You should try  
and be there.  
F. Scott Fitzgerald...  
Edgar Allan Poe...  
Jim Thorpe...  
Ulysses S. Grant...

Isadora Duncan...  
Edith Piaf...  
Stop me when you see  
the connecting thread.  
Special people...  
very similar to your friend.  
They drank to relax,  
feel stimulated...  
...any reason they could find.  
They functioned...  
...they achieved varying.  
...degrees of success.  
...and they caused  
great suffering.  
Their friends tried to help...  
...but they lacked  
one important resource.  
Any guesses?  
A technique.  
I heard about this, okay?  
I'm a musician.  
We corner the guy...  
we say all these  
stupid things to him...  
...and we make him  
feel like dirt.  
Great freaking technique.  
Interventions  
have been called.  
"the surprise party  
from hell. "  
The goal, however,  
is not to make him feel.  
...like hell, exactly,  
but to let him know  
...he has to change...  
...or risk losing all of you.  
He'll never lose me.  
Me, either.  
Quiet.  
So. How it begins.  
You'll need to come up  
with a ruse...  
...a way of getting him there.

without him knowing why,  
of course.  
I was thinking  
we should go through.  
...all the junk together.  
...and decide  
what to keep or toss.  
Something he feels compelled  
to show up for.  
Saturday at noon?  
I miss the hell out of you.  
Did I mention that?  
Is it a date?  
With you?  
Absolutely...  
Family is  
an important part of this;  
...his parents should  
certainly be included.  
It'll be so fun  
seeing Michael!  
Can you believe it's been  
since last spring?  
For God's sake,  
he drove into a tree.  
He's a boozed-up peckerhead!  
Didn't you hear anything  
they said on the phone?  
I heard  
perfectly well, Jack.  
They're having a little  
get-together for Michael...  
...and they'd like us  
to come.  
Sometimes, I wonder  
what planet.  
...you're living  
on, Evelyn.  
Chiffon or silk?  
People at work, very helpful.  
So, I have about  
a million better things.  
...to do on a Saturday.  
Ugh! What is that?



It's black haw root.  
Ew. It smells like  
a cat died.  
Anyone who can point out  
his failings in that arena.  
I'm sure  
it's very good.  
Black haw, huh?  
He mentioned a girlfriend.  
As awkward as it may be...  
...if she's part of his life  
right now...  
Wait a minute.  
So his wife  
knows about me?  
It came out.  
Things were coming out.  
And does he know  
that she knows?  
Not yet.  
Everyone should write down  
what they plan to say to him.  
It's helpful in the tension  
of the moment.  
Keep it short, a few sentences.  
Give me a mother-loving  
minute, will you?  
Jack, look...  
she's so thin!  
Mm.  
Phoebe.  
Come on! Come on! Come on! After you.  
I'll be there  
as the group comes together...  
...outline our goals,  
provide structure, direction.  
Where is this guy?  
I'm sure he'll be here  
any minute now.  
Did you call him?  
Leave him a message?  
What if  
he overslept?  
Used to be, "interventions" were

something the military did.  
Grenada.  
I can't imagine.  
...there's a problem.  
He would have told me.  
Panama.  
I think I got.  
...some really good stuff  
to say to him.  
A little touchy-feely...  
...but with a certain...  
...sting to it.  
Does this guy have a pager?  
I mean, shouldn't we page him?  
Beep him?  
You had a mission.  
Knew your target.  
Hey, where's the blond at?  
Yes. How did you leave  
it with the girlfriend?  
She was a little iffy.  
Artie?  
Your girlfriend's coming?  
Is it serious?  
Air conditioning.  
...go the way of  
the wood tick around here?  
How is your mother?  
Such a lovely woman.  
The prettiest hair.  
Do you remember.  
...her hair, Jack?  
All lustrous and sparkly.  
It was gorgeous.  
She passed away.  
I am so sorry.  
I didn't know.  
It was in  
eighth grade.  
You came to the funeral.  
Did I?  
Well...  
I hate to ask...  
...but is your father

still among us?  
For God's sake, who cares?  
I remember him.  
He was such a tall man.  
He made a peach pie  
for the pie contest.  
Do you remember  
that, Jack?  
He was the only man  
who contributed.  
Zip the flapper, will you?  
I know you said  
to keep it short...  
...but I am  
on a real flow here.  
I think I should  
trust my instincts.  
Oh, my God!  
He's here.  
What did I tell you?  
No.  
Not the shrink.  
Mikey.  
That's his car.  
Mikey's here!  
This is so freaking surreal.  
Ooh!  
Michael's here, darling.  
Now what?  
What the hell do we do?  
Maybe we should hide.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Surprise.  
So we came together to...  
...intervene in your life.  
I suppose.  
With the help  
of an expert, who...  
Who's on his way.  
What with the  
car and everything...  
The...

Not that the car was  
the main thing.  
We wrote down  
some pretty heavy stuff...  
which we'll be reading.  
Aloud.  
They called us  
in Phoenix.  
Last we knew,  
you had tennis elbow.  
Now this.  
I was sure that  
there had been some mistake.  
You look perfectly  
wonderful, darling.  
Strong and healthy.  
I think it's  
bull, man.  
Certified grade-A caca.  
Tea?  
Well, you boys sure  
screwed this one up.  
Okay, now.  
Now, don't worry.  
Don't-don't-don't worry,  
darling. We'll stay.  
We'll stay.  
And we'll play golf.  
And we'll have a normal  
family time, right, Jack?  
Jack?  
He's coming back!  
Ah, shoot.  
That's good.  
Isn't that good?  
It's better  
than leaving.  
Could I see you a moment,  
please?  
Christ...  
You said that we were going  
to go through the attic.  
I came here to make nice.  
Make love,

if I got unspeakably lucky.  
You almost killed yourself,  
Michael.  
Oh, so I have a drink  
once in a while!  
Common American pastime.  
What is the god damned deal?  
Is that why  
I'm sleeping.  
...on a rented sofa in town?  
Is that it?  
So you and your newamore  
can sip Ovaltine together.  
...to get  
in the mood?  
I get shelled.  
...for some Evian-guzzling...  
Hi, there!  
Thank you  
for coming.  
Here, I...  
Oh.  
Excuse us.  
Don't mind us.  
We're sorry.  
We're just going up the...  
path, don't...  
Doctor said anyone in your life  
who would make a difference.  
How can the shrink  
not be here?  
He's on his way.  
Everything's under control.  
In what universe?  
I am so happy  
to meet you.  
I have known Artie.  
...since he was a little boy.  
Never exactly  
the ladies' man...  
...but, clearly, he's matured...  
...as have we all.  
Can someone  
get that, please?

Sure thing.  
She is just an amazing choice  
as an invitee to this...  
whatever the hell it is...  
...because, to tell you the truth...  
...she basically drinks me  
under the table...  
It's all right.  
All right?  
We're both free agents now.  
Christ.  
I don't want to be free.  
She was a blip.  
A crime of...  
Oh, for God's sake.  
What can I do to make it  
right with you? What?  
Come inside.  
I can't.  
Yes, you can.  
I don't want anything else  
to happen to you, okay?  
I am so sorry.  
Go inside.  
Go on.  
In any case...  
...he's currently under sedation.  
I know this makes it.  
...an extremely problematic  
situation for you, but...  
...but there's a technique  
I can take you through.  
If you...  
Hello?  
Hello? Are you there?  
Hello, all.  
Welcome to the fun house.  
Mom.  
Hello, sweetheart.  
Dad.  
So, how was your flight?  
Your mother is a wreck.  
She brought her  
entire wardrobe.

You a rummy like they say...  
...or what?  
I stole some  
of those nuts.  
...that you like.  
when the attendant  
wasn't looking.  
Not that they ever are.  
Thank you, Mom.  
I don't think so, Dad...  
...but it seems as though  
I'm in the minority here.  
Hey, pal.  
Hell of a way.  
...to get back at someone.  
...for a little  
front-bumper damage.  
The doctor's not coming.  
He has a patient  
who tried to kill himself.  
They're trying to stabilize  
him... Now.  
He said  
we could start without him.  
Read the sentences.  
Maybe he could make it  
a little later.  
Maybe.  
This... This is the guy that...  
...you put all your trust in?  
He helps people.  
...that try to hang themselves?  
It's pills, I think...  
...not hanging.  
Did you research the guy...  
...or was it a Yellow Pages  
kind of thing?  
Dr. Trent came  
highly recommended.  
Tri-Borough is an  
excellent hospital.  
We were lucky to get him!  
He has  
a long list of...

People who try  
to kill themselves?  
Now-the-fuck what?  
I don't know  
about anyone else...  
...but I'm starving.  
We have deli.  
All right, folks,  
let's move it out.  
My parents didn't come all  
the way from Phoenix for deli...  
...did they?  
Did they?  
Come on, I know a good place.  
Come on.  
Oh, I just  
love it here!  
That's why I keep up  
my membership, Mom.  
So are we  
just eating here...  
...or are we doing  
the thing here?  
We could do  
"the thing" here.  
They do weddings,  
bar mitzvahs...  
It's an event kind of place.  
May I take your  
beverage order, Miss?  
I'll have a Stoli  
straight-up, with a twi...  
Scratch that.  
Water's fine.  
And you, sir?  
Yeah, uh, water.  
Whatever.  
Water.  
Water's good for me.  
Oh, come on.  
Don't let me cramp  
anyone's style here.  
Mom, how about  
a glass of Chablis?



Mm, that would be nice.  
Evelyn...  
What?  
All right,  
I'll have a vodka.  
Who are you, exactly?  
Caroline's a  
friend, Dad.  
Oh, I thought  
she was Artie's little...  
I'll have  
a gin and tonic.  
What kind of friend?  
Now, Jack, I don't  
think we should pry.  
Why the hell not?  
I like to be clear.  
I haven't been clear since  
I got off the damn plane.  
Caroline's someone  
I met, Dad.  
Phoebe also, she...  
Relationships...  
a world unto their own.  
I thought you might be  
Michael's personal trainer.  
Oh, please.  
Well, we know how you like  
to stay in shape, honey.  
Look, I don't really  
have to be here.  
- So...  
- I could drive you home.  
I mean, if I can go first,  
do my spiel and then...  
No, you should stay.  
Everyone should stay.  
It's fine.  
Everything is fine.  
Could I have  
a spritzer, please?  
What is wrong with you?  
What?  
You don't drink!

Yes, I do!  
On special occasions.  
I'm going  
to have a diet Coke.  
I mean, if everyone's okay  
with that.  
Mike, so that you know...  
...you can drink today  
if you want.  
For God's sake!  
I'm only saying what the  
guy said on the phone!  
He said to keep things  
as normal as possible.  
You're not supposed  
to encourage him!  
I'm not encouraged.  
I can handle it.  
- We're not doing this right.  
- Sure, you are.  
Here I am.  
Got my ass glued  
to the chair.  
Doing my damndest to see this  
from your point of view.  
Christ... I hit a tree.  
You call some dingbat shrink...  
...you set up  
this dog-and-pony show.  
Look, I don't want to put  
a damper on this or anything...  
...but in my opinion...  
...all you lovely, lovely people  
overreacted.  
The doctor said that  
it was a cry for help, Mike.  
That's funny.  
I thought it was a car accident.  
He said  
you'd downplay it...  
...maybe you'd get defensive.  
Well, what did he say  
I wouldn't say?  
Because I want

to be original here.  
He said you'd fight  
us the whole way.  
The goal at the end of this...  
...is for you to get help.  
And if you don't, for all  
of us to say and mean...  
- we're done with you.  
- Oh...  
This is serious business.  
It's not a day out at the club.  
Okay, now I know.  
Always good to know  
the parameters.  
Lunch, anyone?  
The doctor called and said  
we should start without him.  
Now-or-never  
type of thing.  
Stuart's going  
to be the moderator.  
At least, there were  
no other volunteers, so...  
Do you know that song?  
No, but you do.  
"Long before I knew you,  
long before I met you...  
I was sure I'd find you,  
someday, somehow. "  
And I did.  
How about a dance?  
Come on, I'm facing  
the music here.  
One dance,  
then I'm yours.  
They're waiting, and we  
can't start without you.  
It is a nightmare,  
that table.  
And you're  
the guest of honor.  
Come on.  
Oh, God,  
I brought it with me.

I know I did. Uh...  
Uh... Hmm.  
Just say it.  
From memory?  
Yes.  
I had details.  
I need notes I rely on.  
Then give up  
your fuckin' turn.  
No. Everyone has  
to have a turn.  
Well, I'll go.  
It's not your turn,  
Evelyn.  
- I don't mind.  
- It's not your turn, Evelyn.  
I don't mind.  
They're going  
counterclockwise.  
L- I don't mind.  
I'll go.  
Which way would  
the big hand go.  
...if it were going around  
backwards, Evelyn?  
I'll have that Chabl  
is now, please.  
Okay, okay, I'll go.  
I'll do it.  
Uh, basically, it went  
something like...  
"You screw up at work...  
...You're a screwup. "  
That's it?  
You're writing the freakin'  
Encyclopedia Britannica, and...  
I was writing an outline  
of the argument.  
When I was on the debate team  
at Ohio State...  
I was really good  
at the opening presentation...  
...but when it came  
to the back-and-forth after...

...it was like  
the connection between.  
...my brain and my mouth  
just shut down.  
There was this blackness.  
Everything got  
very muddy and...  
Excuse me.  
Yeah?  
This isn't your intervention.  
Sure, I'm sorry.  
Even though  
you're obviously.  
way more fucked  
up than he is.  
Can he talk to  
me like that?  
- Is that okay?  
- No, no.  
No one can talk to anyone.  
This is not a dialogue.  
This is not a discussion.  
We each say our piece,  
and then we're done.  
I think you drink.  
...because you are trapped by  
the Western concept of success.  
...as a ladder we must  
climb in order.  
...to justify our existence.  
Excuse me, Miss,  
I know you're not from here...  
...but success happens to mean  
a great deal in this country.  
I appreciate this country  
far better than you, I am sure.  
I can recite the Constitution  
and its amendments.  
...in ascending or descending  
order, whichever you prefer.  
Simply put, you're reckless.  
You destroyed my car.

**I wrote:**

I've always been  
very proud of you.  
Which was a very important  
part of my life.  
And I always will be.  
You're a screwup.  
In my opinion...  
...sobriety is  
an extremely overrated.  
...state of mind.  
You're incapable of drinking...  
You're top of the pops.  
...and functioning responsibly.  
King of the road, pal.  
...which makes you a danger  
to yourself...  
Don't go changing a hair.  
...and society.  
That's all I got to say.  
That's because you've had  
four cocktails.  
Screw you!  
Sit down.  
- You screw up at work.

**- Bottom line:**

I don't think  
you should drink and drive.  
I don't get it.  
But it's not as bad.  
...as destroying yourself.  
Period.  
And just remember...  
Didn't have to write that.  
...hall monitor.  
Mom...  
Yes, dear?  
Don't do this.  
You're not supposed to comment  
until you've heard everyone out.  
Don't be so modest.  
He had a little accident  
his first day at school.  
Maybe it was the excitement.

...or the prunes I put  
in his cereal for regularity.  
In any case,  
I ran right over.  
with a fresh little  
pair of pants.  
And because he was so brave...  
...his teacher made him  
hall monitor.  
And he got to make  
all those little monsters.  
who were laughing at  
him be quiet...  
...and stop calling  
him names.  
...like "Stinky. "  
And he marched them  
single-file...  
- Evelyn!... Straight  
down to the cafeteria.  
...and then he separated the  
hot lunch from the sack kids.  
- Evelyn!  
- And then he made them stand...  
- Evelyn!  
- Oh!  
There was a restaurant  
we went to a while ago.  
You didn't realize they hadn't  
gotten their liquor license yet...  
...and you did your best.  
...the whole time  
we were there.  
It was as though you  
were counting the seconds.  
...until we could leave  
and you could have.  
...that after-dinner drink...  
or three.  
And there'd be more to say  
and more to feel.  
It wasn't enough  
without that extra something.  
...to ease the burden

of it just being us.  
That about wrap it up?  
Wait.  
There's, um, there's something  
else I have to say.  
Stuart!  
Get off, man.  
Get off of him!  
I'm saving his life.  
I know Heimlich.  
He's having  
an asthma attack.  
He's choking!  
I know Heimlich!  
What's your problem?  
Help me out, will ya?  
Put his arms up  
above his head.  
- All right, listen, deep breaths, all right?  
- I didn't finish.  
Relax. It's all right.  
Just take it easy.  
I'd do anything...  
No, no, no.  
Take it easy.  
Relax!  
I... I...  
I love your wife!  
Oh, for God's sake!  
I deserve her.  
She, she understands.  
Is he the one?  
She... She understands.  
Was it him?  
This is ridiculous!  
Michael!  
Hey!  
Michael! Michael!  
What are you doing?  
Oh!  
I love your wife!  
I love her!  
My cake!  
I've never been thrown



out of a place in my life.  
He used to sleep over.  
I made him waffles.  
I'm going  
to kill him.  
No. Come on, Michael.  
Listen.  
Hey, you did great,  
you know?  
You sent him  
to the hospital.  
Took him out, buddy.  
Where you guys going?  
This, this moderator guy.  
...is making it with your wife?  
Okay, okay.  
Leave me alone!  
No! No way! Mike!  
Okay, you're angry.  
He hates us.  
I know.  
Oh!  
Fuck it...  
Here.  
What?  
Guys, I'm heading back.  
Do you want this? We're...  
What the fuck  
were you thinking?  
It was all Stuart.  
- It was his idea.  
- Oh, bullshit!  
It was.  
Who made sure  
the blonde showed?  
Well, they nominated me.  
And my parents.  
What, are we in  
the fifth grade?  
How'd you like  
the hall monitor story?  
My wife and my friend!  
Did you know  
that they were?

No... Mikey.  
Michael,  
listen to me.  
Listen to me,  
all right, Mike?  
People sometimes  
are unfaithful.  
All right? I mean, even my wife,  
even Marjorie, Marjorie...  
Marjorie what?  
We went to Charleston;  
...her grandmother's birthday.  
Marjorie has this cousin.  
They went on this long walk.  
Nobody knew where they were...  
...and I don't...  
Your wife made  
it with her cousin?  
You know the South. Kids get  
born with, like, 12 toes.  
What are you  
doing here?  
Nothing. I'm just here.  
Anyway, she went on this walk  
with him, you know?  
And when she came  
back, she...  
...smelled different.  
I mean, you know...  
...that fishy smell?  
Ugh!  
And afterwards,  
I just... I couldn't...  
I couldn't even go  
near her for weeks.  
Jesus.  
I couldn't go near Linda  
for five months.  
Linda?  
The lovely Linda?  
Yeah, it was  
a stupid night.  
Atlantic City. I went down  
with some drummer.

There was this club  
and this dancer.  
...and she did all  
her dancing in my lap.  
I know. I know.  
It sounds seedy.  
But man...  
...this girl could put  
both her legs.  
...right behind her head,  
right behind my head.  
I mean, this girl  
was incredible.  
She was, she was  
the pretzel.  
Oh, God.  
Sorry. Go ahead. Sorry.  
Afterwards, with, uh, Linda,  
I felt so guilty...  
I- I just couldn't.  
Uh, uh, I mean,  
I tried everything.  
L- I even pretend  
ed she was a dancer.  
I... Nada.  
Nothing seemed to work.  
Are you saying.  
...you couldn't get an erection  
for five months?  
Is that what?  
I am just asking, okay?  
Where have we been?  
Cousins, lap dancers...  
What happened to telling  
each other every damn thing?  
Every tiny fucking step  
forward?  
Sitting around  
talking breasts?  
Naked, blinding breasts.  
That first trip down  
that dark.  
...tunnel of mystery...  
...paradise.

Lisa Fentner.  
Lisa fuckin' Fentner.  
All right, who's  
Lisa Fentner?  
- I lost it to her.  
- Me, too.  
Yeah, but he  
was the first.  
Yeah, but then  
he told her how cool  
we were.  
I never told  
her anything.  
She just liked you guys.  
- Yeah, but she liked you first.  
- Yeah.  
Never had her.  
What?  
What do you mean?  
I never had her.  
Then what were you  
doing with her?  
Saving myself.  
Brenda Nichols.  
Brenda Nichols?  
Yeah, now she  
was awesome, right?  
No, she we called  
Monkey Girl.  
She had one eyebrow  
across her forehead.  
She knew "Ode on a Grecian Urn"  
by heart.  
- Huh? -  
Keats. - Who?  
She told it to me line by line.  
She taught me how to feel it,  
how to know it.  
What?  
Beauty.  
What else?  
Aw, screw you.  
This whole time Lisa Fentner.  
...and you were hung up

on Monkey Girl?  
Screw you, dipshit?  
Why don't you call the  
freakin' fun police on me, huh?  
Ah!  
God!  
It's not fair!  
You guys have this past.  
What?  
I don't have a past  
with anybody.  
I don't have a friend in the  
fuckin' world like you guys.  
Sure, you do.  
Well, you m...  
Ah, you don't even like me.  
I could learn.  
You could?  
Sure.  
Come here.  
Come on.  
All right, all right.  
You want this or not?  
Take the car.  
I'll get a cab back.  
I don't like this.  
You don't want to go  
in there, Michael.  
What a day,  
what a night.  
God, you guys.  
Maybe he could stay  
at your place.  
Take a train  
in the morning?  
Sleepover.  
I haven't  
done that since...  
God, bunk beds.  
All right I had you pegged  
all wrong, pal.  
You are cool.  
You're my hero.  
See you in

the smoking section.  
Good night, Bert.  
You guys should  
look me up sometime.  
I'm listed.  
I was going to be unlisted.  
...and then I thought,  
"Who's going to find me?"  
Yeah, I am a changed man!  
I really am.  
Ah, I hope it lasts.  
Just get in the car!  
Yeah, I'm coming.  
I'm coming.  
How's the arm?  
Where's your wife?  
Michael...  
Where is she?  
Beth!  
He didn't tell you, did he?  
Michael...  
Want to know how I know?  
He wouldn't give up soccer  
until he knew he'd made track.  
Play it safe, right?  
That's you, isn't it?  
Beth!  
- Where is she?  
- Michael...  
I want to tell your wife  
what you freaking did to me.  
Let go of me.  
Let go of me.  
Come here.  
I want to show you something.  
Beth left me...  
...five months ago.  
Took the kids.  
It was a long time  
coming, and it came.  
You mind if I sit down?  
I'm on pain medication  
for my shoulder...  
which for the record,

you successfully popped.  
...from its socket.  
You've been hiding out here.  
...alone?  
You've been screwing my wife  
for five months?  
I never screwed your wife.  
Well, what the hell  
were you doing with her?  
Jogging.  
What?  
One morning after Beth left...  
I was jogging and crying.  
Phoebe noticed, and I  
told her everything.  
We found we had a lot in common.  
I can't fucking believe this.  
One morning after that...  
we kissed each other good-bye.  
And I held her.  
She didn't pull away.  
And by the time she did,  
I loved her.  
You can't love her.  
What on Earth do you have  
in common with my wife?  
Losing you.  
She's just  
adjusting to it.  
I saw it coming.  
I don't know...  
I think you stopped being  
the genuine article.  
...a long time ago.  
I don't know what the hell  
you're talking about.  
I think you do.  
I tried telling her  
to stay with you.  
I realized...  
...my heart wasn't in it.  
I don't need you  
on my side, okay?  
I'd say the best things

in your god damned life.  
walked right out  
on your sorry ass...  
- What's that?  
- What?  
That... Uh... Thing.  
Gun thing.  
It's a gun.  
You shooting cans in the yard?  
Moose?  
I got mugged outside of Columbia  
Presbyterian one night.  
I... I figured I'd be prepared  
if there was a next time.  
What are you doing?  
I don't know.  
No wife, no kids,  
I despise you;  
...you'll never get my wife;  
why don't I hold onto it?  
What do you want it for?  
I don't want it.  
I fucking hate guns.  
I just think may  
be I should...  
Trust me...  
I'm not planning  
on shooting myself.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Good.  
Glad to hear it.  
Thanks for the concern.  
You shouldn't have  
kissed my wife.  
No matter how much  
you wanted to.  
Still should be something  
said for friendship.  
Even if the last time  
it was alive and well.  
...you were handing me off  
the fucking baton.  
There still should be



something said for it.  
You got anything to...  
Liquor's in  
the living room.  
I was going to ask you  
if you have anything to eat.  
I don't trust you, buddy.  
Hit the ball, Evelyn.  
You're not playing  
the Open here.  
Never felt so stupid.  
All those people,  
their little papers.  
In my day, you drank,  
you kept it to yourself.  
Didn't have  
a gabfest about it.  
What can I say, Dad?  
They certainly never would've  
invited you out for a gabfest.  
Not that... Not that  
it isn't good to see you.  
'Cause it is.  
Hit the ball, Evelyn.  
Ah.  
There we go.  
You know, sometimes  
they say it's genetic.  
What's that, Mom?  
I just don't want you  
to blame yourself.  
For what, Mom?  
Why shouldn't he  
blame himself?  
It's his life. He made it.  
He should lie in it.  
I think  
it's "bed," Jack.  
What?  
Bed.  
Lie in his bed.  
What are you  
talking about?  
Alcoholism.

What about it?  
Sometimes they say  
it's in the genes.  
- Not my genes.  
- Ha!  
Not mine.  
Oopsie.  
Bent your right arm.  
Didn't keep  
your head down.  
Rocked your hips.  
Right.  
You forget that uncle  
you had, Jack.  
Very serious drinker.  
He was in  
a bus station once...  
...not a thing  
under his raincoat.  
He was buck-naked.  
And what did he do?  
He opened it up in front of  
some young drum majorettes.  
Stupid stories.  
You want to talk heredity?  
I'd look at those pills  
you pop like they're M&Ms.  
Please don't do this.  
I have a medical condition.  
Even the doctor said...  
- Nerves.  
- A genuine medical condition.  
Everyone has nerves.  
Giving in... That's what  
he inherited from you.  
Your whole family...  
...silver spoons hanging  
out of their mouths.  
Nobody on my side had a  
time-out in mental hotels.  
Dad!  
A spa, Jack.  
A natural hot springs spa.  
We had jobs.

Your people babied you.  
You babied him.  
Made him as dizzy as you are.  
He's doing the best  
he can, Jack.  
For someone with  
a drinking problem...  
I think he's doing  
very well.  
I can't find it anywhere.  
The heir and the spare.  
What's that, Dad?  
Nothing.  
- Tell me.  
- It was over here, right?  
You don't want to hear it.  
Yeah, I do.  
Come on, you've got the  
proverbial ball rolling here.  
Go for it.  
Pinning all  
our hopes on you.  
What about it?  
That was our mistake.  
Mistake?  
Those kings  
in the old days.  
Got their heir to the throne...  
...also had a bunch of other kids.  
The heir goes down,  
there's a backup.  
She knows what.  
I'm talking about.  
She was too frail.  
Postpartum thing,  
she almost jumped out a window.  
Couldn't risk  
having another.  
If we had...  
maybe he'd have known.  
what he was doing  
with his life...  
...made us proud.  
You wanted to hear it.

You'd think...  
...strangers would feel  
this strange together...  
...not...  
You should spend  
some time with a pro.  
Work on that chip shot.  
You know, I think we have  
something going for us here.  
I am not my father.  
Puts us way ahead of  
the game, don't you think?  
I didn't know my old pal  
was such a great kisser.  
But he is a good man...  
...and I understand  
why you turned to him.  
Wasn't such a great kiss...  
...and it was never him.  
It was always someone else.  
Nobody real.  
Not yet, anyway.  
Hard to find someone willing  
to take on the load.  
I'm going to be.  
Wasn't sure what to do  
when I first found out.  
A baby?  
When were you  
going to tell me?  
I mean, if I hadn't had just  
showed up here right now...  
I don't want to stay  
together because of it.  
I want to feel the joy of it.  
I don't want to miss that.  
Pheeb... Please.  
I can't have two kids  
to take care of.  
Would you give  
me a chance, please?  
Where you going?  
Where you going?  
You should get some sleep.

Take better care of yourself.  
A kiss? That's it?  
All this drama  
for a fucking kiss?  
Can we focus on the  
matter at hand, please?  
I don't get what's the big.  
So he's not home?  
Yeah, he probably  
went back to the city.  
His car is  
at his house.  
So he went  
for a walk.  
She said he's been  
gone for three hours.  
So he's taking.  
...a long walk.  
I don't get.  
what you're so  
freaked out about.  
No one knows  
where he is.  
And he has my gun.  
How on God's earth  
did he get a gun?  
Hold on!  
Hold on. You know what?  
You're the reason  
that we screwed.  
...this whole thing up  
in the first place.  
I mean, we booked you,  
\$200 an hour. You...  
You had an obligation.  
What did you get  
your degree in?  
Farming?  
Don't you talk to me like that.  
My patient's on life support.  
I'm not myself.  
He's not himself.  
Ah, terrific.  
Now then, if I were you...

I'd do my best to find him  
as soon as possible.  
I don't know why, but suicide  
seems to be in the air tonight.  
What did he say?  
Forgive me.  
Bad word. Bad choice of words.  
Please disregard it.  
Can you do that?  
I've got a technique  
I can take you through.  
Oh, my-my God.  
What did he say?  
What'd he say?  
Excuse me, the guy brought  
it up, the guy you hired!  
He's gonna take me  
through a technique.  
It is not my fault.  
...that he stole my gun.  
This all-consuming need  
to screw his wife.  
That had nothing to do with  
my professional assessment.  
Oh, eat me.  
That's how you came up.  
with the whole idea  
in the first place.  
He was so on to you.  
What are you  
talking about?  
You know what.  
Playing God.  
Setting us up  
as his judge.  
Who the hell  
are we to judge?  
- Even if you did it subliminally...  
- Look...  
we're gonna find him, we're  
gonna go street by street.  
Stuart, you just  
went around in a circle.  
- Stop the c...

- Pull over and let me.  
...drive the car.  
Some enchanted evening.  
- He's right there.  
- Where?  
There!  
You may see a stranger...  
Getting to know you.  
Getting to know  
all about you.  
Getting to like you.  
Getting to hope you like me?  
You ever seen  
him like this?  
He's just loaded.  
That's all.  
Hey, Mikey.  
- Hey, pal.  
- Oh. Yeah.  
Yeah. Whoo!  
It's the team!  
Where you all been?  
You wanna warm up?  
Not right now, buddy.  
We're a little worried.  
Stuart's lost his gun.  
- See, we were wondering...  
- Yeah.  
...if maybe you had it.  
Yeah.  
This, you mean?  
That would be it.  
- Don't wave the gun around, pal.  
- Michael...  
Yeah, give it to us, Mikey.  
I want you to forgive me  
for whatever pain.  
I may have caused.  
I was outta line...  
...and for that I'm  
extremely sorry.  
Please, give me the gun.  
I get it.  
You think I'm gonna

blow my brains out.  
That's what you think.  
I get it.  
Count 'em. All six.  
Right here.  
You really think I'd walk around.  
with a loaded pistol  
in my pocket?  
What are you, nuts?  
What are you,  
whacko or something?  
Yeah. I guess so.  
Guess we were.  
Aw, forget it.  
Oh, come on, let's do  
the big cheer-o-la, huh?  
What do you say?  
All right.  
Let's go.  
Let's huddle.  
Why don't we take  
you home, Michael?  
You're tired.  
What, are you kidding me?  
I'm wide awake.  
Come on.  
Let's-Let's huddle.  
Here we go.  
Why do we run?  
Why do we run?  
For the team, buddy.  
You betcha.  
How do we win?  
Together.  
How far can we go?  
Come on, say it.  
How far can we go?  
Forever.  
Damn straight.  
For-fucking-ever.  
Yeah!  
Okay.  
How about we  
take you home, huh?



What do you say?  
Come on.  
That's not very exciting.  
- Home.  
- Come on.  
Car's right over there.  
All right.  
You can walk  
on your own.  
He can walk on his own.  
Let's go.  
Now this...  
...is exciting.  
We got five little sluggerinos  
going bye-bye.  
We got one in here.  
Hell...  
Who wants to go home?  
What are you doing, pal?  
It's early.  
I don't want to go home.  
Hey, you guys  
want to race?  
Got the old.  
...starting gun.  
Uh-oh. Can't start yet.  
Well...  
I'm gonna warm up.  
Michael!  
Michael...  
Stop. You're  
gonna hurt yourself.  
Dr. Doom.  
Doom and gloom,  
gloom and doom...  
Come on, buddy!  
We're really sorry  
about the whole deal.  
It was a really bad deal.  
We're really, really sorry.  
Really, really,  
sorry, sorry.  
What a dummy.  
What a waste.

Aw, you're  
getting cut, dude.  
No loser dummies on my team.  
You on my team?  
I may as well shoot  
myself in the foot.  
- Michael, no!  
- No!  
No!  
- Phew!  
- Jesus Christ, Mike.  
Michael.  
Let me help you. Let me take you.  
...somewhere where  
you can get help.  
Oh, screw you!  
You kissed my girl  
behind my back.  
For that I'd say you  
deserve to lose your balls.  
Or your life.  
Which'll it be, huh?  
Whoa, whoa.  
Wait!  
Michael!  
Stop it!  
All right, that's it.  
- That's it.  
- Oh, God...  
I'm not dealing.  
with a raving lunatic!  
- Oh, fuck you!  
- We should get.  
- Out of here.  
- We're not leaving him here.  
- Why not?  
- Whoa!  
Team's running... Running  
in the wrong direction.  
We ain't gonna win like that.  
- No, Mike.  
- Team running the wrong way.  
Mike!  
Hey!

Jesus, come on, Mike!  
What's happening?  
What is wrong with you?  
Don't try anymore.  
We gotta get out of here.  
Mike? Buddy?  
I'm begging you now.  
Okay.  
I'll run with you.  
Okay? The  
right direction.  
Just give me the gun.  
What are you crying about?  
We love you. We don't want  
anything to happen.  
Oh, you never want  
anything to happen!  
God!  
You know what that makes me  
feel like doing?  
Mike. Whoa.  
Come on.  
What are you?  
Michael!  
Shooting my heart out.  
Don't! Michael!  
Back off!  
Mikey, no! No!  
No!  
Oh, God.  
Whoo!  
Damn you!  
That's five.  
- Whoo!  
- Michael, listen to me.  
Okay? You've got to stop.  
- He's too far gone.  
- Oh, fuck you!  
Look, he's a fool...  
He's a damn useless idiot!  
Ah! I got talent!  
I got a talent for life!  
You lost it.  
All of you!

Aw, shit!  
You never had it.  
You couldn't keep up with me.  
Always something  
holding you back.  
Well, look at you now.  
Take out the trash,  
say your prayers...  
...land of the fucking faded!  
I drink too much?  
Fuck you!  
I'd rather have  
my life any day.  
Shit!  
If I had to be like you,  
you know what I'd do?  
Oh!  
No!  
Michael!  
No!  
Mike! Come on, please!  
No!  
No!  
Oh, man...  
I got to show you something.  
Suckers!  
Bunch of dead ends!  
Dead! Dead  
before your time!  
Oh, please, God...  
...save me from the dead ends!  
Show me the lights!  
Hey, hold up!  
Hey, I'm gonna give you  
one more chance.  
You want to be on the team?  
I'll show you how.  
I'll show you the lights.  
Hey, come back here!  
Hey, I'm talking to you!  
Hey, fuckers,  
I'm talking to you!  
Where are you going?  
Come on!

Aw, come back here!  
Dr. Trent?  
Yes.  
Life-support failed  
about 20 minutes ago.  
I'm very sorry.  
Me, too.  
Are you...  
...a relative?  
I'm the guy they had the intervention  
for you never made it to.  
Forgive me.  
Can I help you in any way?  
Actually, I wish  
I could've talked to him.  
I beg your pardon?  
Maybe he could've filled me  
in on a few things.  
Tell me why someone  
would go to such lengths.  
And if you come back from there...  
...how do you find  
another way to...  
...look at things?  
Ah.  
You know...  
...it's never just about  
the drinking.  
That's what I've been trying to  
tell them all, for God's sake.  
It's about something  
to look forward to, right?  
I used to have things:  
The next race, the next girl,  
the next drive...  
...someplace I'd never been.  
I couldn't wait  
to get up in the morning.  
The future looked good.  
The past creeps up  
on you, though.  
The future gets smaller.  
Things get...  
...gray.

I like the colors, see?  
You have a few drinks,  
no gray anymore.  
You're up.  
I mean, people like me up.  
They used to, anyway.  
Life as it is...  
...plain old life...  
I don't know.  
Little things.  
I know you're supposed  
to like the little things.  
Little things are...  
God, they're little for me.  
I guess I've been this way  
so long.  
...that if I stopped, I'd...  
I'd...  
I'd be, uh...  
I don't know.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
I wrote down where I'll be.  
That guy Trent's  
checking me in.  
Sixth floor, no view,  
no cocktails.  
Very unpopular vacation spot.  
They don't allow visit  
ors the first two weeks.  
But after that, if you're  
in the neighborhood...  
I'll be there.  
If it's easy.  
You are a very  
beautiful woman.  
And I guess if the child's  
anything like you...  
...it's gonna be okay.  
I guess that's all  
we can hope for.  
For now.

**The 8:**

Manhattan-Penn Station.  
...is now arriving.  
Come on, move it!  
All aboard!  
We thought we'd lost him.  
Wrong shoes, wrong age.  
Still, in his way...  
...the one to beat.  
Why do we run?  
Why do we run?  
For the team, buddy.  
How do we win?  
Together.  
How far can we go?  
Come on, say it.  
How far can we go?  
Forever.  
Damn straight.  
Forever!