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Lost and Delirious

By Judith Thompson

Even then I had a bad feeling.
I felt like a grey mouse, heading
right for the mouth of a cat.
And there was nothing...
nothing I could do about it
Since my mother had died of
stomach cancer three years before,
I was beginning to forget
what she looked like.
When I looked in her compact
and saw my own face,
I could remember hers.
The powder smelled
like when I kissed
her cheek.
My mother...
she would never have
sent me to boarding
school.
It... it does get easier.
Really.
Oh, no, I'm fine. Really.
Listen, I'd like you
to meet someone fantastic.
Victoria!
-Victoria, come and meet Mary.
-Okay. Just a minute.
The food is really gross though.
Totally hospital, right?
So we mostly save our allowances
and like order pizza or Chinese.
And well.. you know,
the anorexics just eat erasers.
I'm serious.
We can get away with anything
up here. I mean anything.
Wow! You're so out of shape!
Come jogging with us or you'll
have a stroke before you're twenty.
So... this is the bathroom
and the showers.
-What's your name again?
-Most people just call me "Mouse."
-Mouse?

-My dad's always called me that.
Really? How come?
My dad used to call me "Princess."
Made me barf.
Better than "Mouse."
Mine's the messy one.
Of course. Major Slobberina.
I can't help it. It's like rage
at my mother or something, right?
And that's Paulie's.
This is mine. And...
This one is yours.
Sorry.
Hey...
Look, I know
it's weird at first.
But now, this is much more
home to me than home.
Like the Lost Boys
in "Peter Pan," right?
Except we're the Lost Girls, right?
"Lost and Delirious."
So when you're finished up here,
come party with us, okay?
Want a smoke?
Did I scare you?
You got "New Girl"
written all over you,
don't you?
Like a fresh new lamb.
What are you? 13? 14?
Some kind of brainiac?
Skipped a few grades?
I'm Paulie... Oster.
Mary Bedford.
Mouse really.
They call me.
I'd rather call you
"Shithead" than "Mouse."
So you're rooming
with me and Tory, huh?
Yeah. That's what Miss Vaughn said.
Well, I guess she didn't like us
up there all by our lonesome.

I've never been
to a boarding school before.
Well, now you're one of the
Lost Girls. Welcome to the club.
Come on.
Help me spike the punch.
Let's get this party off its butt.
Rage more.
Rage more.
Hey, girls.
Mind if we crash your tea party?
Go away!
God, my brother is so annoying.
He's cute, though.
Hey, boys, can't you read the sign?
No dickheads allowed.
Fuck, she's special, huh?
And now I really want some tea.
Yeah... Can a dickhead have some
tea, please?
You're my morning glory, Tory.
Are you guys ready to party?
Yeah!
Paulie!
Paulie, Paulie...
What?
I think young Paulie
just spiked the punch.
Shall we pretend we don't know?
I'd love to do that.
And I know you'd love that too.
But that wouldn't be very good
"teachering," would it, Ms. Bannet?
I can't do that.
Before that day, I never knew what
people meant when they said "fun."
I was like some kind of Dr. Spock.
"And what is this "fun"?"
I don't know.
It was like she kind of put a spell
on me and all my foreboding,
that feeling I had, just...
kind of vanished.
Hey, New Girl.

What do you think of Vonny?
Don't call her "New Girl."
It's so rude.
Miss Vaughn? She's nice.
Some of the girls say
rude things about her.
She and Bannet...
they got it going for sure.
Paulie, give it a rest.
She's just a single lady and they're
very good friends. And that's it.
Don't be so mean.
And homophobic.
She seemed nice to me.
I mean, um...
normal. Well, not...
I'm not saying she's not nice,
New Girl. I'm saying she's a lezbo,
and she's got the hots
for Tory here.
Who can blame her, right?
Miss Beautiful.
Sorry.
I wasn't really sure
what I had just seen.
I know this sounds like naive,
but at first...
I thought they were like,
practicing for boys.
In Rainy River, you see, nothing had
really changed since the fifties.
It's morning time, you lazy sluts.
-Out of bed or we kick your butts!
-Ally, get out of my face.
I mean it.
Mary, this is my sister Ally.
She's a moron, aren't you, Ally?
And she has warts like all over
her toes! It's really gross.
-Get your gross toes out of my bed.
-Don't listen to her, Mary.
My toes are perfect.
Now get your fat
stinking butt out of here.

Out, out, out!
Come back and I'm gonna
whip your butt.
Fucking teenyboppers!
Fucking grow up!
Hey, I think there's
blueberry pancakes today.
God.
Wake up.
-Mary. Laurie.
-Hi. How are you?
Hi.
Oh, this looks so amazing.
I could totally give
my life for blueberry pancakes.
Don't you love
blueberry pancakes, Mouse?
Yeah.
Hey, hey, hey.
No bottom feeders!
-Out!
-Get out!
Come on.
Out! Out! Out!
We want to define
the minimum value of the quadratic
function.
Now in order to do this, we must
complete the square.
Since we know
the leading coefficient is...
We know, this, ladies.
-Cordelia?
-One.
One. Yes.
Thank you.
We simply add
half
of a linear term
to "X" and square the result.
To get the constant term of 11...
Victoria?
Yes?
Come. Help me.

You...
want me to do the problem?
Yes, I want you
to do the problem.
Okay. I'll try.
What seems to be the delay?
Victoria?
I don't get it.
And what
is it exactly
that you don't get?
The... the "X". I mean like...
Like where do you get the "X"?
I mean...
why?
What is...
what is an "X"?
Like...
You don't get what the "X" is?
Perhaps if you spent less
time gabbing and a little
more time listening...
"Gabbing?"
I consider that word
a punch in the face, Ms. Bannet.
I beg your pardon, Pauline?
It's a word males use
to shoot us down.
To trivialize
our talking to each other.
You want to be part
of that shit, huh?
Pauline Oster, you will not
use that kind of language
in my class again.
Do you hear me?
Do you hear me?
I have had it up to here...
Up to my eyeballs
with your disrespect.
-What do you think you're doing?
-Teaching. What you should've done.
Paulie, please.
-It's okay.

-Out of my classroom!
You will go to Miss Vaughn's
and explain why you are not in my
class and suffer the consequences.
Do you hear me?
Am I not clear?
You have a nice day now, Eleanor.
-So what's your next class?
-Reading.
-Down the hall. On your right, okay?
-Yeah.
you'll be fine.
Bye.
That's it. You know you don't own
her. Victoria can speak for herself.
Do you understand?
-Do you understand?
-She wasn't thinking. She...
She wasn't saying anything.
-She was saying what she wanted to.
-She wasn't. She was just saying...
It is her class.
I will not have you terrorizing
my school. Do you hear?
Who wants to hear the letter
to my blood mother?
You wrote it?
Did they actually
give you her address?
No. But they said
they'd send it on to her.
And then if she's into it,
we can have like... a meeting.
I know.
That would be so
fucking...
"Dear my real Mother,
Don't be scared.
It's totally okay
that you gave me up.
You were only a kid,
I totally understand.
Don't be scared of me.
I'm not scary.

I know you had a hard life.
And I have had a pretty good one.
Comfortable, you know,
if a little chilly.
Well, I imagine you living in some
apartment in Gerard and Parliament
selling your ass for a living.
And I just thought
I'd get in touch and we could
go for a beer sometime.
Your loving daughter,
Paulie.
P.S. Janet,
my fake mother, she smiles without
her eyes and her hands are cold."
I really hope she answers, P.
When she's old, I'm gonna
carry her around on my back.
You've never even met her?
Children's Aid took me
away from her in hospital.
She held me for one whole day.
Every minute.
That's what they told me.
I never write to my mom.
We always like talk on the phone.
Maybe that's why you
never say what you mean?
I can't say what I mean, P.
I mean, how could I ever
really say to her what I mean?
Even in a letter.
I mean like,
"Dear Mommy, I hate you.
The most recent reason being that
you went on about my teeth at Easter
in front of all your gross friends.
You want me to be like...
your perfect Junior League girl,
and grow up to do like
charity balls and be like the
concubine of some banker. Like you.
But the truth of it is
I am addicted to you.

Like chocolate.
I'm like I just always
want to be around you.
I'm just like some stupid little
puppy, and you just keep kicking
my teeth in with your words.
No, your tone.
And sometimes...
I don't know...
sometimes I wish you were dead."
Rage more, Victoria.
I can't believe I just said that.
My stepmother's always talking
about me when I'm there.
I hate it.
I hate her.
I think she's jealous
of my closeness to my dad.
Tory's mom's
insanely jealous of her.
Creeps me fuck out.
Why would she be jealous of me?
What?
Hey, Mary.
You didn't do your letter yet?
Oh. She died three years ago.
I'm sorry.
No, it's okay.
I just don't see the point
of writing her a letter.
Maybe she could hear you, you know?
If I did write her a letter...
Go for it.
"Dear Mother,
Remember you asked me
when you were sick...
well, dying...?
It was fall.
October.
Still hot that year,
and your room
it smelled like
sweet rotten apples.
And I was holding

your head in my arms
and your breathing was so fast
and like shallow...
You said, 'Mary,
please
remember me.'
And the thing is
I do sometimes forget
what you look like..."
Brave.
Do you really not remember
what she looked like?
Sometimes.
Oh, God, that is so incredibly sad.
"Brave."
That's your new name.
Mary B.
"B" for "Brave."
"Mouse" is dead.
We're glad you're
our new roommate, Mary.
Aren't we, Paulie?
Duh. Are you glad to be our new
roommate, Mary Brave?
Come on. Truth. Be honest.
Excuse me.
I was wondering...
Would you?
Could you?
You like to garden?
Yeah.
Yes. I used to do it every day,
like from April till it snowed
with my mother.
Before
she passed away.
A couple of years ago.
I'm sorry to hear that.
So, I was wondering if maybe
you could use some help sometime?
Or, if you'd rather not,
that's totally fine.
No, no, no. That's okay.
It's uh... That'd be nice.

It's uh... first time
in twenty years
that one of the girls offered.
It's sort of like a sign coming.
Dawning of a new age.
Yeah, well...
I was just kidding.
I'll run it past Fay.
I mean Miss Vaughn.
The head mistress.
I'm sure she'll be okay with that.
Hey, what's your name?
Well, it's...
it's in transition.
In transition?
I like that.
So uh...
how do you spell that?
Is that with a "ph" or an "f"?
You're a... you're a bit
of a thinker, aren't you?
I don't know.
Well, you are.
So, I'll be expecting you...
"in transition."
And get yourself some gloves.
So...
She's been planning
this trip to Italy all year.
I just can't call
her up and be like,
"Sorry, Mom, trip's off. I'm going
tree planting out west with Paulie."
Tory...
You know what I want to do.
But I can't.
She's been acting really
psycho lately, Paulie...
And I don't know...
I have to spend some time with her.
Besides, you and me will be
together in the fall at McGill.
We will be so together.
I'm going to plant 3000 trees a day.

And win a golden shovel for you.
She gets serious nightmares.
Shall we go easy
today for Mary Brave?
You are gonna love it in here.
It's so cool.
Are you okay?
You should be able to speak easily.
No pain, no gain, Mary Brave.
You're doing good for your first
time out. Don't you think, Paulie?
Not bad.
I think we're doing
seven-and-half-minute miles.
No way. Nine at the fastest.
We're dragging our butts, man.
-Oh shit.
-Oh, God.
It's so beautiful.
Don't touch it if you
don't want to get bit.
I wasn't gonna touch it.
Just leave it to me. Okay.
Okay, I'll take care of it.
I said just leave it to me.
I'll meet up with you later. Go.
Come on. When she has
something in her head...
Hey, there.
Hi!
One of you sexy ladies would like
to smoke a split with us?
Uh... but thanks.
We're in training so...
Hey, aren't you
Tim Moller's sister?
-Yeah, I'm Tory.
-Hi.
And this is Mary.
Nice to meet you.
I'm Jake Hollander.
And uh, this is John.
And that idiot is Phil.
-Hi.

-Hi.
So anyway um...
-We gotta get going.
-Hey, Tory,
isn't it Tim's 18th coming up?
down at the Bluenote?
Yeah. Yeah, it is.
Sounds like a good time.
You gonna be there?
Um... maybe.
Anyways, we gotta go.
I hope to see you there, Tory.
-"I hope to see you there, Tory."
-Shut up.
-I think he likes you.
-Who?
You know who.
He liked my tits.
They all like my tits.
-So you're gonna go?
-Where?
To your brother's birthday party?
And have all those gross guys
groping me? I'd rather stay home.
I wonder what Paulie's
done with that bird.
Paulie!
Paulie!
Oh, my God!
Is that for the bird?
If they can see too much they get
freaked out. And they go psycho.
-Do you think he's gonna fly again?
-I'm gonna take care of it.
This is gonna be way, way cool.
Come here.
I would so totally
lose it without you, P.
Don't worry.
I'm gonna protect you.
My mother, she really
liked to get her hands dirty.
I'm always afraid
of like... worm eggs.

Worm eggs?
Do worms lay eggs?
I think so.
Or no. I don't know.
I don't think they lay eggs.
I think they just kind of...
ooze up out of the earth.
Your mother,
she sounds pretty interesting.
I like a woman who doesn't
mind getting her hands dirty.
Yeah. She would say, "Hey,
don't worry. It's a clean dirt."
-She was funny.
-Yeah.
Every year, in the spring,
she would wake me up in the morning
and she would whisper in my ear
"The first crocus is here."
And we would go outside
in our nightgowns and bare feet.
And get your feet dirty. Together.
I don't know if they
didn't know I could hear.
Or just pretended they didn't know.
But after a while,
it was... kind of...
I don't know, okay.
Their sounds, their whispers...
their shadows became kind of..
well, just like part
of my dream or something.
Just the way things were.
It's morning time you lazy...
-Holy fuck!
-Oh, my God!
Bedford, shut the door.
Look your...
your sister gets nightmares.
She's like...
She's like screaming in her sleep.
Bedford...
It isn't. It really
isn't what you think.

Get out.
-Get out of my bed.
-Relax. She'll get over it.
You don't know Allison.
Okay, she'll go hysterical.
She's gonna go
straight to Mom and Dad.
So?
Fuck it.
It's the 21st century, right?
No, no.
You don't understand.
You just...
you don't understand.
I swear to God. She crawled into
my bed. I didn't know she was there.
She crawled into your bed?
I think she has a crush on me.
I've told her I'm not like that.
Tory, that's disgusting.
Why don't you tell somebody?
Tell Vaughn. Have her kicked out.
I feel sorry for her.
Being adopted and everything.
Tory, you are too nice.
So, you'll tell
your friends, right?
you'll tell them the truth.
That I'm not like that.
Of course.
I can't believe
I ever thought you were!
And Mom and Dad, you're not
gonna tell them anything, right?
No, Tore.
But are you sure you're not...?
Ally! I love guys.
I'm boy-crazy, if anything.
Actually, there's this really cute
guy from RAB I met. Jake.
And he is so totally
in love with me.
Yeah? You gonna go out with him?
Are you kidding? We're going to

Tim's party together. Friday.
Allison? Come on.
Don't worry, Tore.
I'll straighten everything out.
Hey, Tory.
So, how are you?
Look, first of all,
whatever they are
saying is trashtalk.
Stupid.
I know you guys won't listen to it.
Of course not.
But God, I mean, even if it was
true, I'd still be like, "So?
Grow up."
But it's not true.
"I mean like my aunt is gay.
Like get over it."
Yeah, but I'm not.
Totally, so...
No, I know.
She's upset.
Give her time.
Bedford, this is a dark day.
"Darkling
stand the varying
shores of the world.
O, Anthony! Anthony! Anthony!"
Ah... Her beloved is dying.
You see?
And so she calls upon the sun
to burn the whole sphere,
the world, in fact. Hm?
Her feeling is,
how can nothing
in nature change when such an
extraordinary shattering...?
Listen to this.
A little later she goes,
"Shall I abide in this dull world
which in thy absence
is no better than a sty?"
Sty. I like that.
And a bit later, she says,

"The crown of the earth doth melt.
And there is nothing left
remarkable beneath
the visiting moon."
"Nothing." I know that.
Mm. Yes. Oh, yes.
Eventually we all do, hm?
You see what this is all about is
love.
Mad, passionate love
that crosses all boundaries.
And that's why we
still relate to it today.
Who among us has not felt passion?
I know there are some
who would say that
love is outmoded. Tired.
Well, er... a social construct,
if you like. Hm?
What do you girls think?
Laurie?
When my father left my mother for
his girlfriend, he said it was love.
But it was obvious
to everyone that it was well...
sex.
I think love is sex.
I think it's like... projection.
Like a mirage in the desert?
You see what you want
in the person, you know?
No, no, no.
It's a chemical high induced by your
body so you'll want to make babies.
It's money.
Liar!
Liar! Liar!
You've all got your heads up
your assholes, because Love is.
It just is. And nothing
you can say can make it go away
because it is the point
of why we are here.
It is the highest point

and once you are up there,
looking down on everyone else...
you're there forever.
Because if you'll move, right?
you'll fall.
you'll fall.
Yes, Paulie.
Hm... I think you may be right.
Listen, Mary,
I have to talk
to you about Paulie...
I know the whole thing must be
really weird for you and I'm sorry.
But, like, you are
the only one that I can really...
Look, you don't know my parents.
Okay.
They are super super straight
and super religious and they would
literally never speak to me again.
And... I need them
to be a part of my life.
I couldn't deal with losing them.
I mean, I love Paulie.
You know that I do.
She's my best friend in the world
and probably the only person
that I will ever love, like,
like in the way
that Cleopatra loved.
And to hurt her...
feels like I'm choking, you know?
Like I'm not in the breathing world.
But like there's this life
that I'm supposed to live, okay?
Like this dream my mother
and my father have for me...
and even though
it is killing me,...
even if it's killing me, Mary,
I will never be the same
laughing-goofy Tory with her ever.
I cannot be with her ever.
Not ever. Ever again.

And the thing is, Mary,
it all depends on you now.
I mean...
Paulie is gonna...
take this very hard.
Okay, she's really sensitive.
And...
she's really gonna
need a loyal friend.
She's gonna need you
more than anyone
has ever needed you, Mary.
You think you can handle it?
What are you putting
that shit on for?
Because.
Because why?
Because I'm going out.
-Oh, where you going?
-Just out. With a friend.
What friend?
Just a friend of mine. OK?
I'm just interested
to know, that's all.
Well, yeah, friends should
respect each other's privacy.
Friends?
Yeah, friends.
We're all friends here,
aren't we, Mary B.?
We're not just friends.
I'm sorry, Paulie.
Are you okay?
In her eyes,
that brightness, heh?
Just like my fake mother...
that brightness when she lies...
Make you big and strong.
You can fly far away from here.
You can fly far away from here.
We will fly away from here.
We will away from here forever.
Yeah,
you're gonna fly far away from here.

Until that night, I had never,
never had any feeling
down there at all.
I was...
a kind of wooden doll
without blood in my body.
But that night,
that night, I started
to feel the blood moving.
Did you have a good time?
It's none of
your business, Paulie.
You lied to me.
I said I was going out with
a friend and that's what I did.
Do you always fuck
your friends up against trees?
My life is none of your business.
You have no right to spy on me.
Everything you do is my business.
You are my business and I am yours.
-If you spy on me again...
-What?
Just don't.
Are you gonna see him again?
Listen, Paulie.
It's time we...
we grew out of it.
This is not right anymore.
I just want to be friends, okay?
This is not happening.
Tory...
Baby, please...
Would you just please...
-let me go?
-Is this about Allison?
Your parents?
Please?
Don't do this to me.
What is that, Mary?
Oh, just
some seeds.
For, you know, the garden out there.
Seeds?

That's better than
what my mother gets me.
It's like, oh, my God,
her taste is like so Ralph Lauren.
I hope you don't think
I'm like... butting in but...
I thought you should know people
are saying like not very nice things
-about you.
-Things?
Oh, because of the way
you're hanging with Paulie.
I guess they think that you're...
you must be like her.
I mean everybody knows that
she practically raped my sister.
Tory said that she crawled
into bed naked with her.
Well, Paulie's my friend.
So I guess it doesn't really
matter what other people think.
-Hey!
-Hey.
How much does it matter
what people think?
I don't know. It depends
how you're paid, I guess.
How much they're paying you?
My father sent me some seeds.
I was wondering if I could
plant them somewhere.
Well...
in the birch I should
leave you a spot.
Let's see what you got.
Whew! Worm eggs!
Jake's hands are magic.
He knows exactly how to touch me.
Teenage boys are so clumsy though.
No. He's so perfect you wouldn't
believe it. He's like...
like a sculptor.
Roger... well Roger is no sculptor.
More like a...

well, kind of like a plumber.
Mine finishes as soon as
-he's inside. The second.
-That's what you get with mating
with a 16 year old...
Jake...
Oh man...
Jake could go all night.
He's a total man.
Yeah, let's go. Come on.
You wouldn't take it
lying down, would you?
If some girl bird
broke up with you?
You wouldn't just lie
there and squawk.
You'd fly up to the highest branch
and swoop your lady love back again.
You'd fly her away through the sky.
You wouldn't just lie
there and take it...
like a girl.
Paulie?
Pick up a shard.
I said pick up a shard!
Our blood runs together, right?
Blood of the raptor.
Now, cut off my hair.
What for?
Because I'm going to war.
I got nothing to lose now.
Paulie, this is crazy.
Come on.
Paulie... is this for Tory?
Just cut off my hair!
She wants a guy.
Not a girl with hacked hair.
What do you know about it?
I'm sorry.
I'm... I'm sorry, okay?
I just...
I just got to get her back.
Paulie, listen to me.
Tory is not a lesbian.

So you should just
forget about her, okay?
Lesbian?
Lesbian? Are you fucking kidding me?
You think I'm a lesbian?
You're a girl in love
with a girl, aren't you?
No! I'm Paulie in love with Tory.
Remember?
And Tory is... she is
in love with me. Because
she is mine and I am hers
and neither of us are
lesbians. God!
"I will make me a willow
cabin at your gate. And call
upon my soul within the house.
I will write loyal
cantons of condemned love
and sing them loud
even in the dead of night.
I will hallo your name
to the reverberate hills
and make babbling gossip
of the air cry out 'Victoria!'"
Paulie?
Why don't you come down?
Don't ever touch a raptor.
Please.
-I should have seen it come.
-I saw it coming. I told you.
It's still coming.
I bet he doesn't know how
to do what I can do for you.
Paulie, please.
No, Paulie.
There'll be no more of this, okay?
I love Jake.
Paulie,
listen to me. I'm going
to say this once and never...
ever again.
I will never love anybody
the way I love you, okay?

Never.
You know that
and I know that.
And I will die knowing that, okay?
It just can never... it
just can never ever forever be.
Do you understand?
It just can never...
ever forever be.
Hey, Mary!
So what did you get
on that geography...
Go ahead.
Laugh, it's okay.
If you want to laugh, laugh.
What's so funny?
I know it.
I'm funny.
Paulie, that's enough.
That's enough, Paulie.
Paulie, please.
Your parents are
very worried about you, Paulie.
They say you don't
return their calls.
I have no parents.
I had...
what used to be called
a nervous breakdown once.
When I was a few years
older than you are. And uh...
Someone got me help.
And looking back, Paulie,
I am very glad they did.
Because if they hadn't...
Well, I don't know... it was
like I was a car with no driver.
Shall I abide in this dull world
which in her absence
is no better than a sty?
Hey!
How's it going?
Okay.
Kind of weird actually.

What's going on?
You've ever known
somebody who changed?
What kind of change?
Like total.
Like the change from
this to the winter freeze.
Yeah.
Yeah?
Grass comes back every spring green
as ever. I guess people can too.
Some people never
come back, though. Right?
Yeah, some people.
Listen, why don't you...?
I have to go.
You will not fall.
"Come, you spirits
that tend on mortal thoughts.
Unsex me here!
And
fill me from the crown to the toe
full of the direst cruelty.
Make thick my blood.
Stop up the access
and passage to remorse
that no compunctious visiting
of nature shake my
fell purpose.
Come to my
woman's breasts and
take my milk for gall, you
murdering ministers, wherever
in your sightless substances you
wait on nature's mischief!
Come
thick night, and
pall thee in
the dunnest smoke of hell that
my keen knife see
not the wound it makes,
nor Heaven
peep through the blanket
of the dark to cry,

'Hold, hold!''
Now, does anyone know
what our friend Lady M. is on about?
Cordelia?
Vampires?
Oh well, I've never
heard that interpretation.
Oh, but that doesn't mean
it's invalid, Cordelia.
Tell us more.
Well, just... all the blood?
Okay.
Thinking about our lunch,
were we, Cordelia? Hm, again?
Ah, Paulie?
You looked like you
were involved with the piece.
I was just thinking whether the Jays
would take the World Series again.
I don't believe you, Paulie.
I saw you listening.
You can go fuck yourself sideways.
Paulie is going through
a difficult time. Mm?
Now, shall I offer up
my interpretation?
I think that Lady Macbeth...
She wants to get up the guts.
Yes, Mary.
To do what she has to do.
Only the girl
part of her doesn't have the guts.
So she says,
"Turn my milk to gall"
and I think gall is poison.
But then what
would happen to the baby?
The baby would die.
And she wants
not to care about that.
She wants not to care,
to be like a guy,
like a man.
Men don't care, see?

I liked what you said about the
Shakespeare. That scary speech.

-You did?

-I wish I could be "unsexed"
or whatever. I mean like it all just
causes so much trouble, you know?

Ah, so see you later.

Read it.

-Out loud?

-Yeah. Right now.

"Dear Miss Oster,
After much difficulty, we have
located your birth mother but we are
sorry to inform you that she does
not wish to be contacted by you..."

Do you want me to keep reading?

-Sorry, Paulie.

-Know what? She has a life.

She has a right
to a fucking life, Mouse.

You should have got
out of my way, man.

I have been looking
everywhere for you.

I'm sorry I said
"go fuck yourself" in class there.

I was way out of line.

You can give me a detention.

Give me two.

I know someone, Paulie.

A friend
of mine who could really help you.

Help me what?

Help you deal...

I think people who lie to themselves
need help, Fay. Don't you?

Oh, believe me, please.

I know what you're going through.

No, you don't.

Love can be...

a very painful experience.

I know.

You don't know anything.

Yes, Paulie. I think I know.

She's the only person
who ever loved me, you know?
I think I'll die without her.
Hey, kid!
-You know Jake Hollander?
-Yeah, I know him.
Alright, give this to him
or I'll kick your butt.
""Jake, you butthole.
Saturday noon.
Dark noon for you.
Eastside Ravine.
Duel to the death for the heart
of my queen, Victoria.
Yours truly,
Paulie, the Raptor. ""
No, the dinner's at six,
the tour is at five...
Well, okay.
Be here for the dinner. I don't want
to be the only one without a father.
I don't know...
Chicken Kiev, lobster,
everything, it's a buffet.
Okay, so I'll see you on Friday.
Six o'clock sharp.
Oh, yeah, I'm fine.
Just...
Maybe. I'll tell you
when I see you.
Okay.
Yeah.
Love you. Bye.
She's fucking fried, man.
I think she sounds really unstable.
I don't think it's such a good idea.
She's making Tory's life hell.
-Why doesn't Tory just cut off?
-She's too nice.
-That's who she is.
-Come on, man.
Do it for Tory.
Do it for your woman.
Why not?

A duel sounds like fun.
He's never been on time
for anything in his life.
He could be caught in traffic.
It gets really bad coming here.
Yeah, for sure.
Hello, Miss Bannet.
How are you?
-Fine.
-Good.
-What a wonderful party...
-Hey, hold on.
Are you well? Yes? Good.
-Oh, it's you.
-Miss Vaughn...
-I wanna dance.
-Well, let's go then.
Good evening, Victoria.
Hello, Bruce.
Good evening.
Bruce, I wonder if I might cut in.
This is a joke, right, Victoria?
Joke?
I'm asking you. Nicely.
Can I dance
with your daughter, please?
I'm afraid I don't think that's
appropriate or Victoria either.
Are you crazy?
What, don't you like dancing?
You used to love to dance
with me on the roof. Remember?
-Paulie, please.
-What?
Don't make this difficult.
You love me, Tory.
Like a friend.
As a lover.
Say it.
"I'm in love with you, Paulie."
Say it or I'll stop
-this dance right now and...
-Paulie, please, please.
Then say it!

Say it.
No.
You tell anybody
whatever you want.
Paulie.
Paulie, come here.
Paulie, Paulie. Paulie...
Fay.
Mary Brave.
Let's go.
Have you ever been really thirsty?
You open a carton of milk
and you pour it into your mouth.
And it's...
sour?
That happened inside me...
I'm so tired.
...forever.
I've never been so tired.
He can fly.
Hey, you taught him to fly?
He's gonna show us
the way, Mary B.
The way?
Mouse, where is your father?
Did I see you cry?
Were you crying like a girl?
Like a girly, girly, girl?
I've been crying too, Mary B.
I've been crying
like a girly girl,
sucky suck for weeks
now and it's time.
It's time for the raptor.
Are you with me?
I hate my father.
Say it. It's easy. Come on.
"I hate my father."
I hate...
my father...
Yeah.
Give me more.
I wish we were dead.
I hate him.

I hate my stupid fucking
asshole-fucking father!
I hate him!
"Unsex me here
and take my milk for gall.
Fill me from crown to toe
top full with direst cruelty..."
Come on, say that.
Say it to the raptor. Come on.
"Unsex me...
unsex me here,
take my milk for gall..."
"Make thick my blood."
"Make thick my blood."
Feed the raptor.
-I can't.
-Oh yes, you can.
"Fill me from crown
to toe top full
with the direst cruelty."
Come on. Say that
and feed the beast.
"Fill me full from crown to toe top
full with direst cruelty."
Are you ready, Mary B.?
You're ready for dark noon?
I'm ready.
Are you ready for anything?
Rage more.
Come on.
She's ready!
What the fuck is that?
It's her pet budgie.
-It's not a pet.
-Oh, no?
It's a killer.
Well, I came, Paulie.
So what do you want to do?
You want to fight me?
You and your bird?
I gotta warn you,
I'm on the wrestling team.
Oh! Oh, I get it.
Yeah, like a stage fight.

We're gonna have a stage fight?

Oh, cool.

Yeah, I played Laertes
in Hamlet last term.

I'm gonna have fun doing this.

Come on, Jake.

Come on, Paulie.

Come on, man.

Be careful!

Place your bets, my friends.

For my love.

Look, if you're talking
about Tory, get real.

She hates you.

She's just too nice to tell you.

-She loves me.

-Stop talking shit, Paulie.

Victoria's my girlfriend.

Watch out!

-Come on!

-Paulie, watch out!

Give her up!

Paulie!

Say it!

Say...

"I give her up."

Go fuck yourself.

Paulie, no!

-Fucking bitch!

-Paulie!

-She cut...!

-You fucking bitch!

What are you doing?

What are you doing?

You are fucking crazy!

Paulie!

Paulie.

Please.

"I will make me
a willow cabin at your gate,
and call upon my soul
within the house."

I rush into the secret house...

Paulie!

Dear my Mother,
I almost got lost too, didn't I?
But the pure love
you gave me till you died
was like a flame
always there, burning.
And just like the raptor
that little flame was all I needed
in order to see in the dark.
It saved me, mama.
From the deep dark.
Paulie, she didn't have that.
The darkness took over her
so she had to fly away.
I still dream of her.
Every night.
And I think I always will.
And you know?
I can always
remember your face now.
Anytime I think of you,
I look up and I can see your face,
my mother's face,
like a flame, across the sky.