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# Me and Earl and the Dying Girl

By Jesse Andrews

I have no idea  
how to tell this story.  
I don't even know  
how to start it.  
Like, I guess I could use  
one of those classic  
story beginning sentences.  
"It was the best of times;  
it was the worst of times."  
But what would that even mean?  
I mean, obviously,  
somewhere in the world,  
it's the best of times  
for someone.  
Like he's eating all this insane  
Vietnamese food  
he just got for free...  
...and the woman  
who delivered the food  
looks exactly like the hot  
girl from Pussy Riot  
and now she's situated  
in the corner  
playing unspeakably beautiful  
melodies on the harp.  
While he's just going to town  
on that food.  
So, yeah,  
that's the best of times.  
Meanwhile, some other guy  
is having  
his will broken  
by professional torturers...  
over a crocodile-infested  
pool of acid.  
And because it's acid,  
these crocodiles  
are just pissed.  
And they're also piping in  
that gross smell you get...  
...when they spill  
a bunch of milk  
in the school parking lot.  
And this beefy torture dude

is just punching  
the hell out of him.

Check.

All right, look.

I'll just start.

This is the story of  
my senior year of high school  
and how it destroyed my life.  
And how I made a film so bad,  
it literally killed someone.  
I used to think about it

**this way:**

Schenley High School  
was a world unto itself.  
By senior year, I had mastered  
the languages and customs  
of its various sovereign states.  
The head nods of Jock Nation.  
The fist bumps  
of the Kingdom of Stoners.  
The innocuous witticisms of  
The People's Republic  
of Theater Dorks.  
Greg, how was your summer?  
Summer. What does that word  
even mean?  
Like, more "summ"?  
In a typical high school life,  
you belong to one nation...  
...which can never  
guarantee you total security.  
But I thought  
I found a way out.  
Get citizenship in every nation.  
Get passports to everywhere.  
Just be on low-key  
good terms with everyone...  
...casually interact with them  
once in a while...  
...in a way that is invisible  
to everyone else.  
Never commit to an interaction  
that won't be casual or mellow.

Your test was today?  
Ugh. Tests!  
I've been there.  
That's like sending troops  
to Afghanistan.  
Maintain relationships  
with citizens  
of the most  
dicked-upon nations.  
For example, Scott Mayhew,  
the gothy dork  
I'm sitting next to here.  
Scott, nice Berserker.  
Thank you?  
It took years of cultivation  
to win his trust.  
Or the universally  
ostracized Ill Phil.  
Truly a nation of one.  
And there were some  
places I simply couldn't go.  
Like the cafeteria.  
Every last square inch of it  
was disputed territory.  
It was Crimea, Kashmir,  
and the Gaza Strip  
all rolled into one.  
Also the part of  
the Indian Ocean with pirates.  
Captain Phillips pirates,  
not Pirates of the Caribbean.  
Although, actually, who knows?  
Maybe both.  
Instead, I always ate lunch  
in the office  
of my history teacher.  
Mr. McCarthy.

**Fact:**

I'm in 309 for  
the next... 20 minutes.  
The only reasonable adult  
in all of Schenley.  
Heathens.

Respect the research.  
With Earl,  
whose role in my life  
I'm not even gonna try to  
explain to you right now.  
The harmony of overwhelming  
and collective murder.  
Hot girls destroy your life.  
It doesn't matter if the hot  
girl is also a good person.  
She's a moose,  
you're a chipmunk.  
She's just wandering through  
the forest, oblivious.  
And she doesn't even know that  
she stomped on your head.  
Hey, Madison.  
Hey, how was your summer?  
Summer. What does that word  
even mean, right?  
More "summ."  
Winter, same deal.  
More "wint"?  
McCarthy's in 309.  
Great, thanks.  
To become humbled  
in front of  
this overwhelming misery...  
...and overwhelming  
fornication  
and overwhelming lack of order.  
Titties.  
Honey, can we come in?  
Jesus, Jesus!  
Yeah. What do you want?  
First of all,  
I was going through...  
...your stuff  
and I saw that you  
have not even unwrapped  
your college directory.  
Mom, don't go through my stuff.  
We discussed it, and she gets  
to go through your stuff.

Just have a look.  
It's fun.  
It's like a menu  
for your future.  
What are you in the mood for?  
Some Penn State?  
Some Pepperdine?  
Pomona? Princeton?  
I'm not getting into Princeton.  
He's not getting into Princeton.  
Um, so, is that it?  
No, honey, it's not it.  
Your father and I want to talk to you  
about something kind of sad.  
What?  
What happened?  
Well, I just got off the phone  
with Denise Kushner,  
Rachel's mom. You know Denise?  
Um, not really.  
You're friends  
with Rachel, though.  
Yeah, I mean,  
we're like, acquainted.  
Come here.  
Okay.  
Rachel's been diagnosed  
with leukemia.  
They just found out.  
Your test was today?  
Ugh. Tests! I've been there.  
Oh, God.  
Is that serious?  
They're doing  
all kinds of tests.  
They're doing  
everything they can.  
They just don't know.  
Man, that sucks.  
You're right.  
It sucks.  
It sucks really bad.  
It sucks quite a bit.  
Yeah.

Dad, Cat Stevens is clawing me.  
Well, he's deeply distraught.  
Well, you know,  
I was talking to Denise...  
...and Denise feels that  
you might be someone...  
...who could make  
Rachel feel better.  
Yeah, but like I said,  
we're not really friends, so...  
Just give Rachel a call.  
Yeah, well, what do you  
want me to say?  
"Hey, it's Greg, the guy who's  
"never really paid  
attention to you...  
"...but now you have cancer,  
so let's hang out"?  
That's not gonna work.  
She'll think  
you're being sarcastic.  
Are you telling me  
you can't do  
one nice thing  
for another person?  
I mean, honestly, is that  
really what's happening here?  
Fine. Okay.  
Just, please don't  
go through my stuff.  
Or I'll start going through  
your stuff.  
I hope you like tampons.  
It's  
Central Pittsburgh on 90.5...  
This is Rachel.  
Hey, it's Greg Gaines.  
Hi.  
Yo!  
So, I called a doctor...  
...he said you needed  
a prescription of Greg-acil.  
What's that?  
Uh...

It's me.  
In convenient gel-tab form.  
Oh.  
Yeah.  
So, I guess  
you heard I'm sick.  
Yeah.  
Did my mom tell you?  
Um, well, my mom told me.  
Oh.  
So, um...  
What?  
What?  
What were you gonna say?  
Um...  
Greg, what?  
Uh, yeah,  
I was just calling to see  
if you wanted to hang out.  
Right now?  
Um, sure.  
No, thanks.  
Oh.  
Okay, so you don't  
wanna hang out?  
No. Thanks anyways.  
Okay. Um, bye.  
Bye.  
Mom, what are you doing?  
Okay, Mom, listen,  
she doesn't want to see me.  
I'm sorry to be the one  
to tell you, Gregory...  
...that you do not  
have a choice  
in this particular matter.  
Mom, please, let me say  
one thing for one second.  
You have been  
given an opportunity  
to make a very real difference  
in someone's life.  
And if what you're  
choosing instead



is to lie around the house  
all day...  
She doesn't want to see me!  
...I will be required  
to step in...  
We're not even friends!  
...and inform you that  
that is 100% unacceptable.  
Your nonstop stream of  
words is making me freak out!  
And if you think that all  
these excuses you're making  
are in any way better...  
...or more important,  
than the happiness  
of a girl with cancer...  
Mom! I am now entering  
a subhuman state.  
...a friend with cancer,  
you are sadly mistaken,  
my friend.  
You are going to pick up  
that phone.  
You're going to  
call Rachel again.  
You are going to.  
You are going to.  
Oh, Greg.  
Oh, Mrs. Kushner.  
Denise, Greg.  
To you, I'm Denise, okay?  
Oh, okay. Good.  
You're a real good kid,  
you know that?  
You really are.  
You just have a big heart.  
You're kind, nice.  
I really appreciate it.  
Thank you.  
Good, good, good, good, good...  
...good boy.  
Okay.  
You really are kind,  
big-hearted, delicious...

...yummy, yummy, young boy.  
And you're so, so, handsome.  
Oh, I'm not handsome,  
but thank you.  
And so modest.  
I guess I'm a modest mouse.  
Greg, where do you come up  
with this stuff?  
Well, that's the name  
of a band, actually.  
Oh.  
Yeah.  
Rachel!  
I've got a modest little mouse  
here to see you!  
Rachel.  
Greg, what are you doing here?  
So, uh...  
...the doctor  
really recommends  
a strong dosage of Gregitor.  
You already used that joke.  
No.  
No, 'cause last time  
it was about Greg-acil...  
...which if you recall comes  
in convenient gel-tab form.  
Look, I don't want you  
hanging out with me.  
I don't need your stupid pity.  
It's fine, you can just go.  
No, no.  
You got it all wrong. I'm not  
here 'cause I pity you.  
I'm actually here  
because my mom is making me.  
That's actually worse.  
Yeah, I know.  
Look, it's okay. Honestly,  
I'm fine. Just... just go.  
Okay, Rachel, just listen  
to me for a second.  
My mom is gonna turn my life  
into a living hell...

...if I don't hang out  
with you.  
I can't overstate how annoying  
she's being about this.  
She's basically like  
the LeBron James of nagging.  
LeBron James plays basketball.  
I know who LeBron James is.  
Look, I know I'm not doing you  
any favors here.  
What I'm asking is for you  
to do me a favor.  
You want a favor from me?  
Yes.  
Just let me hang out  
with you for one day.  
I could tell  
my mom we hung out  
and then we'll just be  
out of each other's lives.  
Deal?  
Deal.  
Word.  
Is that a Black Power salute?  
No, I was going in  
for a fist bump.  
I can't fist bump you  
from up here.  
Yeah, I realize that.  
Books.  
Nice.  
And, uh...  
...tree wallpaper.  
That's good.  
Why?  
I don't know.  
There's a lot of pillows  
in here.  
Mmm-hmm.  
Seriously, like, how many...  
how many pillows is that?  
I don't know.  
I wish I had  
that many pillows.

So, ask your parents for some.  
No, they'd be suspicious  
or something.  
What, that you'd sleep  
all the time?  
No. Probably assume  
I was gonna masturbate  
all over them.  
They just have  
some gross ideas about me.  
But that's on them.  
They're always getting  
sexy pillows.  
This is a nice pillow.  
This pillow is a dude,  
obviously...  
...but it reminds me  
of this pillow  
we used to have  
named Francesca.  
They have a similar coloring.  
Anyway, Francesca,  
we had to eventually  
give away because in the end...  
...that whole situation  
was just a real problem.  
It was a mess.  
There was a real chemistry  
between us both that  
I think no one could deny.  
I know the world may have  
thought it was wrong...  
...but I think, personally,  
the world was wrong...  
...about what  
could be between...  
...a pillow, and a boy...  
...who became a man.  
Or whatever. I'm just...  
...trying to be funny.  
No, that was good. Thank you.  
Oh, shit.  
I actually have to go.  
That's okay. Who was that?

Sorry. Uh, that was Earl.  
Oh, who's Earl?  
You may remember Earl  
from 15 minutes ago.  
Titties.  
So, some people think  
Earl is my friend,  
but he's really not.  
He's more like a coworker.  
I've known him  
since kindergarten.  
His house is  
a short walk from mine,  
but in a much  
tougher neighborhood.  
His dad is in Texas, his mom  
is a depressed shut-in.  
And his brother  
Derrick's dog Doopie  
will definitely eat me someday.  
Doopie, Doopie, chill!  
So over the years we've  
mostly hung out at my place.  
Usually with my dad,  
a tenured sociology professor.  
What you got, cat?  
You wanna fight?  
Didn't think so, punk-ass cat.  
- Boys!  
- His job allows him  
to be frequently at home  
doing nothing.  
You'll want to pay  
close attention to this.  
The insane conquistador,  
Aguirre,  
is raging through the jungle...  
...in search of a golden city  
that doesn't exist.  
The wrath of God.  
It's a classic  
of foreign cinema.  
Who else is with me?  
In addition to the best films...

This is cuttlefish.  
...my house also has  
the weirdest food.  
A sea creature  
much like a squid.  
It is a favorite East Asian  
snack food.  
Obviously we come from  
pretty different backgrounds.  
But somehow, we like  
most of the same things.  
Yes, its smell is  
odd and repellent  
to our Western noses.  
And we learned pretty early on  
that we were the only ones  
who liked...  
...for example,  
classics of foreign cinema.  
Why did we like them?  
It's hard to say.  
Maybe it's that they were  
weird and often violent,  
like us.  
Or confusing and possibly  
meaningless, like life.  
You can't escape of  
this stinkin' camp  
because you never know  
when they call you.  
Because you're paid for,  
you're under contract.  
Anyway,  
we liked them so much  
we started making our own.  
Action!  
The idea behind  
each one was...  
...we took a film  
that we liked  
and made the title stupider.  
And then made a new film  
to reflect  
the new stupid title.

It's a formula that only  
produces horrible films...  
...but for some reason  
we keep using it.  
We've made 42 films.  
You'd think we'd have stopped  
making them by now.  
But we haven't.  
Honestly, it's like  
you can't go anywhere.  
You can't escape this  
stinking place...  
...because you don't know  
when they call you...  
and you're paid to be here,  
it's bullshit.  
Yeah, and it's like, you know,  
I can't do anything.  
I'm not a free person.  
Truly, one of my favorites  
from your oeuvre.  
A mature investigation  
into the nature of violence.  
Dad, for like  
the billionth time,  
you're not allowed  
to watch these.  
I'm a fan.  
You gonna go see  
that girl again?  
I mean, probably, yeah.  
You gonna play  
with them titties?  
No. It's not like that.  
Well, that's not right.  
I mean, this could be  
her last chance on Earth  
to be with a man.  
Don't make this about you.  
Earl!  
First of all,  
if it's that high-stakes,  
probably won't even be able  
to get a boner.

Did I even say shit  
about boners?

No.

What kind of cancer even is  
acute myelogenous leukemia?  
You know, cancer of the, uh...  
...the thing.

It's bullshit!

The Battle of Antietam was  
the bloodiest day  
in American history.

Class, what do you have to  
say for yourselves?

Respect the research.

That is what

I'm talking about!

All right, run for your lives.

Save yourselves.

Go, go, go, go, go.

Good work today, everybody.

Way to go. Bam.

Love it. Good stuff.

Good job.

Excellent work today.

Excellent. Nice job.

Hey, can I talk to you?

Can I talk to you  
for a second?

Sure, Greg, what's up?

Uh, do you know  
any facts about leukemia?

Leukemia?

Yeah, it's a cancer of the  
blood and/or bone marrow.

Why?

Right, so it's pretty  
spread out in the body?

That is a fact, yes.

How soon do  
people die from it?

I think it's often  
pretty treatable, bud.

Why do you ask?

Well, you know Rachel Kushner



has leukemia, right?  
Wait, Rachel has what?  
I'm, like,  
innovatively stupid.  
Everyone was gonna find out  
sooner or later.  
Just hate having to share  
everything about myself.  
I'm the exact same way.  
You know, one thing you can do  
if you don't want to  
talk to anyone...  
...is just enter  
a subhuman state.  
Here, pretend you're  
someone annoying.  
"Hi, Rachel.  
"I'm really sorry  
you have cancer."  
Does that ever work?  
Yeah, of course.  
It works all the time.  
It's called passive resistance.  
You know, that's what Gandhi  
was all about.  
I'm pretty sure Gandhi  
never did the subhuman thing.  
That's how India achieved  
statehood. Here, try it.  
Nope.  
Come on, it's easy.  
Okay. Or another thing  
you can do is just  
flat-out pretend to be dead.  
Say something annoying to me.  
Um...  
"Hey, Rachel. I just want you  
to remember  
"that your cancer  
is all part of God's plan."  
Hey, asshole.  
Yeah, over here.  
Just so we're straight on this,  
you're advising

a girl with cancer...  
...to pretend to be dead.  
No, seriously.  
Think about what you're  
doing here, dickhead.  
I've been doing  
my broody Wolverine face on  
this girl's wall...  
...for five  
and a quarter years,  
and at this point, I'm  
probably only still here...  
...because she'd feel  
weirdly guilty  
or disloyal taking me down.  
But I'm goddamned  
if I'm letting  
a little punk like you  
waltz in here...  
...stupidizing up the place!  
Not on my watch, pal.  
Greg, what's wrong?  
I'm really sorry.  
I shouldn't have told you  
to pretend to be dead.  
That was really insensitive.  
I mean, I'm sick.  
I'm not dying.  
Yeah, I know, but I just...  
Now I'm being  
all weird about it.  
And I can't get un-weird,  
'cause I just...  
Despite what you said,  
I'm clearly still sitting here  
thinking...  
..."death, death, death,  
death, death, death."  
That's exactly  
what I'm talking about!  
So if this was  
a touching romantic story...  
...this is probably  
where a new feeling

would wash over me...  
and suddenly we would be  
furiously making out...  
...with the fire  
of a thousand suns.  
But this isn't  
a touching romantic story.  
Anyway...  
Yep.  
But we did still become friends.  
Daniel Craig's thing is,  
he's got an accent, right?  
So he's used to talking with  
his mouth in a weird shape...  
...which is why he has  
pouty lips, like a woman.  
Lickable technology, like,  
I could text you a sandwich.  
There's a button on the nape  
of his neck, under the skin.  
Just push it  
if you want him to stop.  
Do you believe animals  
just live in our house,  
and everyone's cool with it?  
Like, real animals?  
Anyway. You talk now.  
You mean, talk about cancer?  
Only if you want to.  
The hardest part is  
watching my mom  
trying to deal with it all.  
And sometimes, I mean,  
I do think if it ends up  
that she's alone  
in that house...  
She has no one. She and my dad  
hate each other.  
She has no siblings.  
I don't know what she'd do.  
Don't cry.  
I'm not crying.  
Right, well, you know,  
you can cry if you need to.

I thought you said,  
"Don't cry."  
Me and my dad used to  
walk around the block  
and count squirrels.  
Why? Did he work for, like,  
the squirrel census?  
No, it was just  
something we did  
when it was time for us  
to spend time together.  
We didn't even say anything  
while we did it.  
All we'd say was stuff like:  
"Squirrel, seven."  
"Two squirrels, nine."  
Jesus. You need to apply  
for a dad refund immediately.  
What group am I in?  
What?  
Yesterday you were  
saying you'd mapped out  
the entire high school by group.  
What's my group?  
Seriously?  
Yeah.  
Boring Jewish Senior Girls,  
Subgroup 2-A.  
Please appreciate  
how honest I was just now.  
You're an asshole.  
What group are you in?  
Uh, I'm not  
in a group, actually.  
I just wouldn't belong to  
a group that doesn't suck.  
You know,  
I'm terminally awkward  
and I have a face  
like a little groundhog.  
So...  
You can't really think that.  
No, I don't think that.  
I know that.

I just feel like, you know,  
for a kid like me...  
...in high school,  
best case scenario,  
just... survive. You know?  
Survive without creating  
any mortal enemies...  
...or hideously embarrassing  
yourself forever.  
Just survive until college?  
College? No. God, college is  
going to be even worse.  
What?  
I mean, at least high school,

**it's over at 3:**

...and it's kids  
I mostly know by now.  
But college is just gonna be  
non-stop strangers.  
And some of them  
even live in your room.  
It's like you can  
literally never relax.  
I see myself dying of  
a panic attack two weeks in.  
I might just not apply.  
That's the dumbest thing  
I've ever heard you say.  
It's probably  
not even top five.  
And, you know,  
high school, college,  
we're forced to spend  
these years of our lives...  
...in randomly selected  
groups of people  
that we have nothing  
in common with.  
It's a nightmare.  
Anyone who says otherwise  
is lying.  
Congratulations, Greg.  
Tomorrow,

you're eating lunch with  
Boring Jewish Senior Girls,  
Subgroup 2-A.

So where do you usually sit?  
It's literally like we're trying  
to have lunch in Kandahar.

Rachel, we just found out the  
theme for this year's prom:

"A Knight to Remember."

Knight with a "K."

Medieval prom!

Isn't prom like  
six months away?

Hi, guys. This is Greg,  
he's gonna be  
sitting with us today.

Anybody need any spoons? No?  
Hello.

So, Greg, why are you  
sitting with us today?

You know, it's lunch.

You gotta eat somewhere.

Can't stand and eat.

You and Rachel seem very  
friendly, all of a sudden.

Yeah.

You're only talking to her  
because she has cancer.

What?

Greg, you hung out  
with Rachel once.

You're befriending her to  
feel good about yourself.

No, I'm not.

Who even does that?

You guys mind  
if I sit with you?

Of course not.

Sorry, it's a...

It's a pillow.

It's meant to be a baby,  
for health class.

You think it's safe here?

A pillow?

Greg, what do you think?  
Mmm, I don't know.  
Better not get it  
too close to me,  
otherwise I might just  
masturbate onto it.  
Ew, Greg,  
that's just weird and gross.  
Hey, everyone,  
check out Scott Mayhew's  
Tyrannosaurus walk.  
It's a great way to get  
from point A to point B.  
That was really mean, Greg.  
I think he heard you.  
And just like that...  
...eight years  
of carefully-cultivated  
invisibility... gone.  
Fin.  
Your mom made cookies?  
Nah, I won them off  
of Ill Phil in a game of tonk.  
Got tired of whooping  
your sorry ass.  
Why do they even call it  
Scholar Horizons Biology?  
Maybe they should call it  
Scholar Horizons Tonk.  
Or Sometimes Paper Football.  
Heathens.  
What up?  
Hi, Mr. McCarthy.  
Wow.  
Earl, fact,  
that lunch is garbage.  
You're literally poisoning  
yourself right in front of us.  
At least I ain't eating  
no funky ass  
seaweed-looking tentacle soup.  
Seriously, this stuff  
is the business.  
It's Vietnamese.

It's called Pho.  
It is "Pho-nomenal."  
Well, let me try  
some one time.  
Mmm.  
Now you want to try some?  
Yeah.  
Well, no.  
It's strictly forbidden for me  
to give you food.  
However, if you go to...  
...Thuyen's Super  
Saigon Flavor  
over in Lawrenceville...  
...and ask for Thuyen.  
Tell him to put it on my tab.  
You'll be all set.  
I ain't going to  
no damn Lawrenceville.  
Fair enough.  
You'll have to excuse me.  
Boys.  
Respect the research.  
Respect!  
God! You know,  
people just assume that  
Rachel and I are dating.  
It's ruining my life.  
Today I threatened to  
sexually assault a fake baby.  
And I became mortal enemies  
with Scott Mayhew.  
Both of which  
are Rachel's fault.  
Sorry, but they just are.  
Of course I'm a dick  
for complaining about it.  
I mean, I am a dick  
for complaining about it.  
I didn't actually mean  
any of that.  
Better play with them titties.  
Does this taste strange to you?  
The soup had drugs.



Whoa!  
McCarthy must've  
put weed in that soup  
because my brain  
is trying to eat itself.  
Oh, my God.  
I have to go visit  
Rachel right now.  
Okay, well, you do that.  
I'ma be at your house  
eatin' up all your dad's food.  
No! You have to  
come help!  
Help with what?  
Help!  
Hey, in class,  
do McCarthy act all, like,  
stoned and shit?  
Uh, I don't know.  
I guess.  
Yeah, sometimes.  
Well, not sometimes,  
but you know what I'm...  
You know how he is.  
Goddamn, son.  
You can't even put a full damn  
sentence together.  
It's insane that Mr. McCarthy  
eats soup with drugs in it.  
Hey, come on, man,  
keep your damn voice down.  
We can't tell anyone  
we're on drugs.  
Why the hell not?  
Because then they'll know.  
It's my humble little mouse.  
And who is  
his little mouse friend?  
Earl Jackson.  
Earl's just my coworker,  
and, uh, he's a great guy.  
We were just walking around  
the neighborhood, you know.  
Not really doing anything,

and just wanted  
to come say "What's up?"  
'Cause Rachel's  
about to lose her hair.  
Mmm.  
So, just wanted to say,  
you know,  
"Bye, hair. Good riddance."  
She's gonna look great without  
hair. That's a fact, so...  
Yeah, I just wanted to say  
what's up.  
Rachel! We've got  
two cute little mouse boys  
on our doorstep  
that wanna say hi!  
Would you two... mice  
like a little bit of cheese?  
Okay.  
I like your room, Rachel.  
Thanks. Greg thinks  
it's too girly.  
No, I love girly,  
I think it's fine.  
Well,  
it ain't too girly.  
"Yo, this some  
pink puffy bullshit."  
I mean, Hello Kitty posters  
and chocolate and naked dudes  
all over the wall.  
They make me want to  
throw up for real.  
Hey, if you're gonna throw up,  
don't do it in here, okay?  
This is her room.  
Anyways.  
Rachel, we really just wanted  
to see how you was doin'.  
Thanks.  
Yeah, chemotherapy.  
That really sucks.  
Greg.  
What the hell, bro?

Don't say it suck, dumb-ass!  
It does kinda suck.  
Yeah, but I mean, you gotta do  
what you gotta do.  
Yeah, I guess.  
Um...  
Uh...  
Look, you guys can go  
if you want.  
We're on drugs.  
Oh, shit!  
Why are you on drugs?  
Well, we're accidentally  
on drugs.  
"Accidentally"?  
McCarthy gave us some soup.  
Well, McCarthy gave us  
some of his,  
you know, just regular,  
normal soup...  
...but then, it was  
the last of the soup  
so we had to  
go get some more...  
...from a restaurant,  
on the fifth floor  
of an office building.  
And in the same building,  
there was a Jamaican embassy...  
...and we ended up  
getting trapped  
in an elevator  
with a Rastafarian guy...  
...and he just hotboxed  
the whole elevator, so...  
We were stuck in there  
for, like, 25 minutes...  
...and we had to breathe  
the weird marijuana air.  
Earl, am I right?  
That's exactly what happened.  
You guys had  
quite an adventure.  
Being on drugs

just really sucks.  
Being around people  
on drugs sucks.  
This whole situation, really  
sorry, just sucks. I'm sorry.  
Yo, yo. What the hell  
is your problem, man?  
All apologetic and shit,  
making shit  
'bout your sorry ass.  
Look, that's not what we came  
here to do. Okay?  
You wanna help,  
you gonna take this girl out  
to get some ice cream.  
And me, too,  
'cause I love that shit.  
You like ice cream?  
Yeah.  
So, you know  
Greg from class?  
I've known Greg  
ever since we were little.  
You know, I was in  
y'all kindergarten, right?  
Really?  
Mmm-hmm. I remember you.  
You was the girl who called  
Justin Jones perverted...  
...for showing girls  
the birthmark on his butt.  
Oh, my God, yes!  
Yeah, dude came running up,  
showed you his butt.  
You were calm.  
Said, "Justin, only perverts  
show their butts."  
I was right there.  
I can't believe  
you remember that.  
You a hero. Shut his  
perverted ass right down.  
I never forget it.  
So you and Greg are coworkers?

Naw, we friends.  
He just hates calling people  
his friend. Dude's got issues.  
Yeah, he does.  
What's going on?  
Man, I don't even know.  
It might be his folks.  
I mean, dude's mom  
always tellin' him  
how handsome he is,  
which he ain't.  
So now he think he can't trust  
anybody close to him.  
Dude's weird-ass dad  
don't socialize with anybody  
'cept the cat.  
So that's a role model  
ain't got no friends.  
Bottom line, dude's terrified  
of callin' somebody  
his friend...  
...and they sayin', "Hey, bro,  
I'm not your friend."  
Then he'd have to kill himself.  
But how are you coworkers?  
We, um, we make films.  
Movies?  
Yeah. We been making them  
for a few years now.  
We have, like, 42 in total.  
Greg! You never told me.  
Well, we never told  
anybody 'bout them.  
They suck.  
I mean, they're terrible.  
I'm pretty sure they don't suck.  
Well, you can see  
for yourself if you want.  
Are you sure?  
Hell, yeah,  
don't even worry about it.  
Just don't tell nobody.  
No, of course,  
I won't.

All right, son,  
get on your feet.  
Sounds good.  
Where are we going?  
We can walk you home.  
He needs to recover,  
and you probably  
should look after him.  
Peace, peace.  
Thanks.  
Bye.  
Goddamn it, Earl.  
Son, don't even start.  
Pig's foot.  
So, we're pretty far  
into this stupid story now...  
...and you're probably  
saying to yourself,  
"Hey. I like this girl Rachel.  
"And I'm gonna be pissed  
if she dies at the end."  
don't freak out. She survives.  
So, hopefully,  
that reassures you.  
Although, actually,  
why would it?  
I'm just overwhelmed  
with your enthusiasm today.  
I guess we're just gonna have  
to do it  
the old-fashioned way.  
I'm thinking of one of you.  
I'm not gonna mention  
any names,  
but your initials...  
...are Scott Mayhew.  
Greg's been telling everyone  
your soup has marijuana in it.  
I didn't tell anyone.  
I heard you bellowing about it  
on public transit.  
Is that a fact, Greg?  
Look, yesterday,  
Earl and I got stoned somehow.

And it was after  
we both ate your soup.  
And we didn't smoke  
any marijuana,  
which I have never done, so...  
Your soup  
must have drugs in it,  
'cause that was the only thing  
we both ate...  
...other than some cookies  
we got from Ill Phil,  
the drug dealer.  
Aha.  
Man, how did you not know  
it was the cookies?  
Man, it was your dumb ass  
yelling that shit on the bus.  
Yo, Greg!  
Did you snitch on me?  
He did snitch on you!  
I was there.  
I heard you ridiculing me  
in front of  
your loathsome harem.  
You have made...  
a mortal enemy.  
And I will never stop  
hounding you.  
Yeah, you made two mortal  
enemies. I stabbed a dude.  
Jesus.  
So they haven't really  
done anything.  
It's been about a month now.  
They did say they're never  
gonna stop hounding me...  
...so, sooner or later...  
you know...  
...gonna get hounded.  
Sorry, next time  
I'll bring you some flowers.  
Though I don't even know  
where I'd put them.  
It's like, like the only place

left is the barf bucket.  
Flowers.  
Where you barf.  
I like that hat.  
It's pretty cute.  
Look, I've never been  
very beautiful...  
...and that's fine because  
that's not important to me.  
But...  
I thought it'd be  
easier looking like this.  
It's just not.  
Everyone comes in here  
and sees me...  
...and they're  
so clearly repulsed.  
It's so much harder  
than I thought it would be.  
Hey, come on.  
You look good.  
I'm ugly, Greg! I'm so ugly.  
Everyone feels like they have  
to lie to me and no one  
realizes how insulting that is.  
Everyone thinks they're  
helping, and they're not.  
Here.  
That one's called Mono Rash.  
It's based on Rashomon  
by Kurosawa.  
Plot's basically  
just Earl killing people  
'cause he has a rash...  
...from mono,  
you know, the STD.  
Anyway, we're supposed  
to go work on  
our homage to Apocalypse Now.  
Ours is called  
A Box O' Lips, Wow,  
which is even worse  
than Mono Rash.  
It's a war movie



where these two guys  
take part in the unspeakable  
brutality of war...  
...and then they find  
a box of tulips.  
Box O' Lips, yeah.  
And they're just, "Wow."  
They can't get over  
how great these tulips are,  
it's like,  
"A box o' lips, wow!"  
The worst part is,  
tulips might not  
even be in the budget anymore.  
I should actually  
just stay here  
and keep you  
from watching that.  
No! I'm fine. Go make it.  
Okay.  
Okay. Have fun watching  
this incredibly terrible movie.  
Mmm. Have fun  
making the next one.  
Mmm-hmm.  
Hey, white boy!  
Why don't you make me a tulip  
'fore I have Doopie come down  
there and eat your face?  
But no, for real.  
Can you make me a tulip?  
Oh, my God!  
Am I on set right now?  
Oh, damn!  
Oh, my God!  
Ahh! I can't take it!  
Action! Cut!  
Madison, why are you here?  
Rachel said that  
I could find you here...  
...and your phone was going  
straight to voice mail.  
Probably 'cause there ain't  
no good service down there!

But I had to get here  
'cause I had to let you know.  
So, I was visiting Rachel,  
and I was giving her a card...  
...and she was watching  
one of your secret movies.  
Oh, my God.  
Wait, did you see any of it?  
No! No, she turned it  
off immediately.  
It was good, it was good.  
You know,  
you're both Japanese, and...  
...Earl beheaded you,  
and, but then,  
she, like, turned it off.  
But I had a brainstorm. Okay?  
I had an amazing brainstorm.  
I realized... you need to  
make a film for Rachel.  
What do you think?  
It would be like her favorite  
thing in the entire world...  
...and it's like the most  
important thing you could do.  
You have to do it.  
Yeah, word.  
"Word"? Like, word,  
you'll do it, word?  
Yep.  
Oh, my God, awesome!  
Okay, well,  
I can't wait to see it.  
Um, okay, I gotta go, but...  
Cut!  
That's a wrap!  
Rolling!  
Titties.  
Goddamn it!  
In the next few weeks,  
did I start  
making that movie? No.  
Because I didn't agree  
to make that movie.

All I said was, "Word."  
"Word" could mean anything.  
Plus, we had at least  
a month or two...  
all the terrible films  
we'd already made.  
For example,  
A Sockwork Orange.  
"Droogle"?  
It's Google for droogs.  
What's that?  
Nothing, just the bane  
of my existence.  
Which my mom is forcing me  
to carry around  
until I apply  
to some colleges.  
She says it's like a menu  
for my future,  
and I was, like, "Sure."  
"A menu that only has food  
that will humiliate me  
for four years."  
You have to be less  
of an idiot about college.  
Listen, even if you think  
people won't like you...  
...which is literally  
an insane thing to think...  
...you're way less exposed  
to people in college.  
High school is 40 hours  
of class a week.  
College is, like, 15 and 20.  
And if you don't want to  
live with other people,  
then go to Pittsburgh State.  
Live at home.  
It's better than  
sitting college out  
because you irrationally  
hate yourself.  
Not irrationally, though.  
Apply to Pittsburgh State.

Right now. Apply early.  
Come on. Do it in front of me.  
Apply to Pittsburgh State.  
What if I say no?  
I have stage four cancer.  
So that would be a pretty  
dick move. Come on.  
Fine.  
"Why I want to  
go... to college."  
By Werner Herzog.  
The highly selective  
admissions process...  
...weeds out the cruel  
and the stupid.  
So college is unlike  
the senseless chaos...  
...and sickening enormity  
of high school.  
High school is the mouth  
of a great demon...  
...biting and chewing  
and smushing people in the face.  
It is simply overwhelming.  
In all seriousness,  
I am looking forward  
to college...  
...because I didn't really  
fit in in high school,  
because of my weird  
rodent face...  
No.  
...and a habit of saying  
the dumbest possible shit.  
No!  
The sheer pastiness  
of my complexion...  
...overwhelms all who behold  
it with existential nausea.  
"In high school, I never  
truly felt comfortable...  
"...in my own skin.  
"In fact,  
I've always been someone...

"...who doesn't  
really like themselves.  
"But I think that's because I  
have some growing up to do...  
"...and college is the place  
where I'm going to do it."  
That's way too personal.  
Fine, if you want to  
see this again...  
Okay! Okay!  
But only because cancer.  
And you know what? You have to  
do this too now. Here.  
Page through this huge,  
horrible book  
and find some colleges.  
That's yours now.  
Mmm. It's like a menu  
for your future.  
Can I finish my movie first?  
So,  
if we make this film,  
people are gonna be, like:  
"Oh, Greg and Earl,  
"they're those weird filmmakers.  
"They're always  
creepily filming stuff.  
"They'll probably sneak into  
your house one night  
"and film you  
while you're sleeping."  
But people probably  
already think that,  
So now, I've become  
completely conspicuous,  
like all the time.  
People look at me and think,  
"Filmmaker."  
The hell even is this?  
When they're not  
already thinking,  
"Cancer girl's boyfriend."  
It tastes like a dog's  
funky-ass butthole.

Furthermore,  
we agreed to do a film  
that we have no idea  
what it should look like...  
...or sound like, or even be.  
I mean,  
what the hell sort of film  
should we even make? Huh?  
I mean, what was I thinking?  
You were thinking  
that girl Madison  
had nice titties.  
I mean,  
I like the titties too,  
but now you got a problem.  
'Cause I ain't agreed  
to do this shit.  
You did.  
Are you not gonna  
help me make this?  
The hell we gonna make, son?  
They want fresh inspiration.  
I must tell you,  
the richest inspiration  
I have ever known was...  
...during my period of  
quarantine in the Amazon.  
Where I  
and a half dozen other...  
...unfortunates  
had nothing to watch...  
...but the bristling,  
leviathan tarantula...  
...bunched up on  
the rotting, flimsy thatch...  
...perhaps eight feet  
above our faces.  
Spiders the size of your fist.  
Their fangs glistening  
with venom and...  
...their thousand-fold  
black eyes  
shining dully in the gloom.  
In the darkness,

you would hear  
the sudden anguished hiss...  
...of a spider being struck  
by an adult leopard wasp...  
...and in their  
mortal struggle,  
they would plummet  
to one's bed...  
...biting and stinging  
and thrashing...  
You know that you can  
smoke a hornet?  
Okay, so just look at me  
when you answer the questions.  
Don't worry  
about the camera, all right?  
Okay, Denise.  
Tell me a little  
about Rachel's birth.  
Uh, Rachel's birth.  
What an ordeal that was.  
Greg, just...  
let me tell you one thing.  
I was a really good mom  
to her, you know?  
I really was.  
Some single moms,  
their kids grow up too fast...  
...but I always tried to  
protect Rachel from that.  
I did my very best  
to protect her from...  
...growing up too quickly,  
you know?  
Right.  
And now,  
I'm learning that there are...  
protect your kid from,  
you know?  
No matter what you do,  
you just...  
So, did she have  
any favorite toys?  
Before I answer that question,

this is serious...  
...so use your ears  
and listen to me.  
I want you  
to promise me something  
as I care about you.  
You gotta promise me you're  
not gonna have a baby...  
...unless you're ready to love  
that baby's mother  
your whole life...  
...and this is serious.  
I'm telling you something  
that nobody's gonna tell you.  
Don't pick a girl  
who's push-pull, you know?  
You wanna pick somebody  
who's gonna love you...  
...and not forget you,  
and not...  
...leave you for someone  
with a big, fat ass.  
So, no favorite toy.  
Um...  
Oh, you want to know what?  
Here's a favorite toy.  
Scissors.  
When Rachel's father  
first left...  
...she gathered up  
all his books,  
...and she rounded 'em up  
and she cut them right up.  
Please, don't tell her  
I'm telling you,  
she would chop my head off.  
But she just...  
And I was, like, "Atta girl."  
Snip, snip, snip.  
She was very mad.  
Can we take a little break  
and have a little taste?  
You boys are old enough  
to have a little taste, right?



Can we take a teeny break,  
just have a little taste?  
Oh, yeah, that's a good boy.  
Greg, will you join us?  
Oh, I'm okay.  
Oh, come on,  
don't be a party pooper!  
Now we can get back  
to our interview.  
So, basically,  
this whole setup  
is so that, you know...  
...I can talk to you,  
you can talk to me...  
...and I can see you,  
and you can see me.  
Except it's not really me,  
it's a phone.  
And I know that  
sounds kind of weird,  
but it's not.  
So, anyway, just treat it  
like a get-well card,  
you can look into the lens.  
And, uh...  
Yeah, it's a video,  
so you know...  
...don't think about it  
too hard,  
but just make it good.  
Start whenever you're ready.  
Hi, Rachel.  
I guess I don't really  
know you that well...  
...but I believe in you.  
You can do it.  
That's real nice, yo.  
It's so sweet  
that your boyfriend  
is doing this for you.  
He must really love you.  
Girl, that ain't her boyfriend.  
Oh.  
I know you're Jewish,

but I just wanted you to know  
that God has a plan for you.  
You seem like  
a really cool person.  
I know we don't really talk.  
But you've got  
a lot of friends. And, uh...  
Out of all the people  
in this school,  
I don't hate you.  
I believe in you  
and you can do it.  
You can do it.  
I believe in you.  
You can do it.  
Damn.  
So again,  
if this was a touching,  
romantic story...  
...we'd obviously fall in love  
and she'd say all the wise,  
beautiful things...  
in life's twilight or whatever.  
And then she'd die in my arms.  
But again,  
that's not what happened.  
She just got quieter.  
And unhappier.  
So, how are you?  
For real.  
For real?  
Feeling like  
you might have been right.  
Right when?  
Back in October.  
When you thought I was dying.  
Well, I mean,  
I regret thinking that.  
Don't regret it.  
What is that noise?  
It's Regretful Polar Bear.  
Polar Bears have  
the purest expression  
of regret in the animal kingdom.

Just listen to how haunting  
and plaintive they sound.  
Don't make me laugh.  
Please. It kinda hurts.  
All right.  
Kind of a monster  
silence in here.  
Yeah.  
It's okay to just be silent  
for a while.  
Look,  
I know you're really  
bracing for this sweet girl...  
...that you probably  
like a lot to die.  
Just please bear with me.  
She doesn't. She gets better.  
I promise.  
Pretty much all I remember  
from that winter...  
...is working on  
that stupid film...  
that made some kind of sense...  
...and knowing the whole time  
that I couldn't...  
to make the thing  
we wanted to make...  
...but it wasn't  
possible for us.  
That was  
an entire winter of my life.  
I mean, obviously,  
I remember visiting Rachel too.  
Sometimes she talked,  
and sometimes,  
she didn't want to.  
When she didn't want to,  
I talked.  
Or we watched movies.  
Sometimes, she laughed.  
Sometimes, she didn't.  
What I don't remember  
is doing schoolwork.  
I did literally zero

schoolwork during this time.  
Not figuratively.  
Literally zero schoolwork.  
That's actually  
sort of hard to do.  
So, what's going on at school?  
Well, right now,  
the whole school looks like a castle...  
...'cause everyone's  
getting ready  
for Medieval Prom.  
I guess everyone's trying  
to figure out how to, like...  
...twerk medievally?  
Are you going?  
No, of course not.  
You should go.  
No way!  
Have you seen me in a tux?  
It's like when they make  
a dog wear human clothes.  
Have you seen that?  
It just makes you  
really sad to look at.  
Oh, and I don't have  
anyone to go with.  
So there's that.  
Unless...  
...you know...  
you wanted to...  
Greg, I'm not going to prom.  
I mean, you totally could.  
It could be like a,  
s-, awesome statement.  
Hey, uh...  
When are you guys  
finishing your movie?  
You don't know we're working  
on a movie right now.  
You don't have to pretend.  
Earl told me you guys  
were making a movie for me.  
God, yeah...  
I guess he probably did.

I was just asking, because...  
Goddamn it, Earl! Ugh.  
It was just, it was  
supposed to be a surprise!  
You know? It's taking forever  
because we really want  
to get it right, and...  
I'm probably gonna  
stop treatment pretty soon.  
What?  
It just isn't  
doing me any good.  
All it's doing  
is making me sicker.  
Yeah, but it...  
I mean, if you stop, then...  
Well, we'll just  
see what happens.  
Well, we know  
what's gonna happen, right?  
I know who  
you can take to prom.  
Who?  
This sexy pillow here.  
Oh, my God, can you just...  
Ooh, Greg,  
this pillow's name is Francesca.  
Don't joke,  
I can't deal with that.  
She's a filthy Italian woman.  
Please, stop!  
Don't yell at me.  
So, that's it?  
Just, to hell with college,  
to hell with growing up?  
Greg, don't.  
Rachel, what the hell  
is wrong with you?  
This is your life!  
Yeah, it is my life.  
It's me who has to  
lie in bed all day,  
with a shaved head...  
...getting weaker and uglier,

and more miserable,  
with no hope in sight.  
I'm the one who  
has to suffer through this,  
not you, so don't yell at me.  
I'm sorry,  
but I'm not gonna sit here  
and get comfortable  
watching you die.  
Okay? I'm not.  
I'm not gonna do that.  
So don't ask me to.  
If you can't accept  
that I'm going to do  
what I want to do  
with my life...  
...then you're  
a terrible friend.  
I'm a terrible friend?  
Okay.  
You know,  
I'm not the one giving up.  
I'm not ruining  
my friend's life  
by giving up  
on the whole world.  
Oh, please, Greg,  
you should be overjoyed.  
Now you can  
go back to your life  
of being invisible  
and detached...  
...and self-hating.  
Yeah.  
And you can go back  
to your life of being dead.  
Nice. Really nice.  
This is gonna kill your mom.  
Have you gotten  
comfortable with that?  
That doesn't  
bother you anymore?  
Thinking about your mom?  
Get outta here, Greg.

You've done your time.  
You don't have to hang around  
with the sick girl anymore.  
How can you even  
say that to me?  
Your mom forced you  
to hang out with me.  
Earl forced you  
to show me your movies.  
Madison forced you  
to make a movie about me.  
So, what part of this  
did you actually want to do?  
Just... Just do something  
nice for me for once  
and just get out.  
Earl!  
This is it!  
You've gone too far!  
You've leaked  
the unbreakable secret  
because you hold nothing sacred.  
'Cause you're a dickhead!  
The foundation of any  
good working partnership  
is trust...  
...and I can no longer  
trust you in any way.  
You'll leak anything to anyone.  
It's like working  
with Julian Assange.  
Assange. Ass-andge.  
Damn it!  
The hell you want?  
Just waiting for Earl.  
Awright, awright.  
Whassup, boy?  
You gonna come in?  
So, Rachel told me that  
you told her about the, uh...  
...about the film  
that we're making for her.  
You're like Julian Assange, man.  
It's like you always do this...

I don't know,  
'cause you, like,  
wanna be a better friend  
than me or something?  
I don't know if I can  
work with you again  
after you sell me out  
like a dick!  
Oh, okay. Watch out, yo.  
Hey, yo,  
shut your ass up, man!  
Like you care so much about  
what other people think,  
boy, you go around here...  
...kissin' everybody ass,  
Look, nobody  
gives a shit about you, Greg!  
All right? Nobody give a shit!  
Whoop his ass!  
And then the one girl  
who do actually care about you...  
...you wanna come  
over here and  
bitch and whine  
about some films, yo? Huh?  
Because somebody  
actually cares about you?  
Like, damn,  
I'm so tired of you  
treating this girl  
like she a burden.  
You know,  
her life is over after this!  
And you want to come over here  
bitchin' and whinin' about  
some irrelevant bullshit!  
Like, yo, you so close to me  
knocking your shit loose right now, son!  
Go for it!  
Yeah, I don't care!  
You want me to hit you now?  
Yeah, Earl, I want you to!  
That's right! Jack that  
little dude up there!



See, Greg?  
You lucky that was him  
and not me out there...  
...'cause I'd have been  
whooping your ass up and down this street.  
It'd have been a ass-whoopin'  
fest around here, you dig?  
So what's the status  
on the 20-pager on Nixon?  
Uh, I need another extension.  
That might prove difficult...  
...seeing how it's the...  
...the end of the quarter  
and all.  
Yeah, I've just been busy.  
You know, I heard...  
...about Rachel.  
How you holding up?  
You know...  
...not great.  
You know, my dad died  
when I was 15, Greg.  
A couple years  
younger than you.  
You know, the thing is that,  
when I was a kid...  
...I really,  
I really can only remember  
thinking about him as this...  
...you know, big,  
kind of like asshole guy.  
At his wake,  
these buddies of his  
kept coming up to me...  
...and telling me  
these stories about him.  
And it was like  
they were talking about  
some complete other guy.  
To give you an example.  
He knew every single  
European pop song  
from the 1970s.  
He'd memorize these songs,

and he'd do that  
so he could go...  
...and sing them  
to German girls in bars.  
He had a go-to,  
his number one  
go-to song. It was a...  
It was a Dutch song.  
It was called Ding-a-Dong.  
My dad used to sing that  
to German girls in bars.  
That's a fact.  
So what does that mean?  
Well, Greg, I think that  
it just means that...  
...even after somebody dies,  
you can...  
...you can still  
keep learning about them.  
You know, their life.  
It can keep unfolding  
itself to you just as long...  
...just as long as  
you pay attention to it.  
Are you seriously  
trying to turn this  
into some stupid sappy lesson?  
You're a good kid, Greg.  
No! Look, I'm going home.  
See, I'm cutting class  
right in front of you. 'Kay?  
I'm not a good kid. I'm not.  
Okay.  
Earl came by earlier  
to drop something off...  
...but he turned down  
this superb  
Andouille rabbit sausage...  
...which is quite unlike him.  
Is everything all right?  
Buddy?  
We tried  
a lot of different ways  
of making a film for you...

...but they were all  
too goofy or irrelevant...  
...or just not what we wanted.  
So, now I'm gonna  
talk to you directly.  
Um...  
All right, I'm gonna be  
honest here. Okay?  
Sometimes, white girls  
are particularly stupid.  
I mean, everybody's stupid,  
but white girls, you know...  
They think  
they better than everybody  
and self-centered  
and pretend they not.  
But...  
you aren't like that,  
you know. Um...  
It's just crazy  
how patient you've been.  
You know, I know if it was me  
that had cancer, uh...  
...I'd be upset and angry  
and trying to beat  
everybody's ass half the time.  
So I'm just, I'm just amazed  
at how patient you've been.  
You, you make me feel blessed.  
By Michael Powell  
and Emeric Pressburger.  
I think, ultimately,  
what one has to understand  
watching this film...  
...it's a very special  
piece of filmmaking.  
Oh.  
Are you eating lunch  
in here still?  
Not if you are.  
Well, I'm not eating  
lunch in here if you are.  
Good,  
'cause I like it in here.

So I guess I could just go.  
Or you could go.  
No, I like  
the air-conditioner.  
And I like  
the comfortable chair.  
Yeah, I like those too.  
Sounds like your damn problem.  
Which showed  
one film per week...  
...twice a night,  
and three times on Saturday.  
In a way,  
Tales of Hoffmann is...  
...the culmination of  
Powell-Pressburger's work...  
...with what they call  
the composed film.  
Hey!  
Can I talk to you  
about the movie?  
Um...  
Yeah, it's not done yet.  
Greg, you guys  
have been working on it  
for like four months.  
Yeah, well...  
I don't know,  
we tried a bunch of stuff  
and it just...  
...didn't really work.  
It's not that good.  
Greg!  
Now is not the time for your  
"I'm Greg, I suck,  
"nothing I do  
is any good" thing.  
I'm sure what you have  
is awesome  
and I think she would  
really benefit...  
...if you just got it done  
and gave it to her.  
Madison,

she stopped treatment.  
She gave up.  
She quit.  
Well, I guess  
that's a really good reason  
to just finish  
the fucking movie.  
And give it to her.  
But whatever.  
Honey?  
What?  
Rachel's back  
in the hospital, honey.  
Wait, is she starting  
treatment again?  
It's not for treatment, honey.  
Oh.  
Mom, what?  
Well, I thought  
we could go and...  
To force me  
to hang out with her?  
Greg, come on.  
Don't worry, Mom,  
I'm sure you can find  
another girl with cancer  
after Rachel dies.  
Which, by the way...  
...she's decided to do.  
She's just decided to die...  
...so maybe I can decide  
not to visit her.  
I promise you,  
you will regret that...  
...if you don't visit her.  
You'll regret it  
for the rest of your life.  
Mom, that's probably true.  
But honestly,  
I have a shitload of things  
to regret right now.  
I regret not having a date  
for tomorrow's stupid prom.  
I regret being too weird

to make friends.  
I definitely regret making  
all those shitty films  
with Earl.  
And I assume you saw the email  
I got today, from Pitt?  
Oh, no? You didn't see it  
while you're going through  
all my shit? Here.  
Have a look.  
I'm definitely gonna regret  
doing literally  
no school work this year!  
Oh, my God, Greg.  
I know. Admission rescinded,  
due to significant change  
in my academic record.  
Oh, well,  
no college next year.  
I guess I'll just be home,  
which sucks for you...  
...because it's gonna be  
so hard for you  
to go through all my stuff.  
Can you just do me a favor  
right now, Mom?  
Just leave me alone. Okay?  
Just let me sit here  
and regret stuff.  
I'm just gonna think about  
all the things  
that I've ever done...  
...and all the things  
I haven't done  
and just regret the living shit out of it.  
Okay?  
All the deadlines  
have passed, Victor.  
What's he gonna do next year?  
He's just gonna  
waste the year?  
He is grieving, honey.  
You have to let him grieve.  
But I can't just sit by

and just let him  
ruin his life.  
The universe does not operate  
according to a college deadline!  
Can I ask you something?  
Nope.  
No. It's not what you think.  
It's just that  
prom is tonight and...  
Let me ask you something.  
What is this?  
What is up  
with the arm touching?  
Are you just being friendly,  
or is this some  
calculated maneuver...  
...to get me to do  
whatever you want?  
'Cause you have to understand  
what it does  
when a beautiful, sexy...  
...otherwise  
thoughtful girl...  
...touches the arm  
of a scrawny, pasty  
groundhog-faced kid.  
It's an act of cruelty.  
Are you done?  
Yeah. Yeah, I'm done.  
I'm done with you.  
I'm done  
with this stupid film.  
All right? I'm done.  
Yo! But you ain't  
done with me!  
I'm back for my revenge  
Stab you in the dick  
Pardon my French  
Really? You're gonna stab me  
in the dick? Go ahead.  
Stab me in the dick.  
Just no rapping.  
Okay? All right?  
I'll break your eyeball

with a fist I got clenched  
Shove your body  
under another bench  
Stop rapping!  
Knock your teeth out  
with the fist I got clenched  
I can't do this if you're  
gonna rap the whole time.  
Aw!  
Break it up!  
Earl!  
Break it up! Break it up!  
I thought you were  
eating lunch  
in Mr. McCarthy's office.  
Man, I was,  
but he all sad talking  
about German music and shit.  
That's boring as hell, man.  
I'm surprised and disappointed  
to see you two fighting.  
And, Phillip,  
I'm surprised and disappointed  
to see you  
back on school grounds...  
...after being expelled!  
All right, man.  
Please leave the premises.  
Back to class.  
Let's go!  
Maxwell, Ryan, Soledad,  
stop gawking and start walking!  
Greg!  
Yo, babe!  
You see me pummel this bitch?  
Come on and keep walking  
'fore I can whoop  
that ass again, man.  
Madison, what?  
Come to prom with me.  
I know the whole  
movie situation  
was really difficult for you...  
...and I kind of feel like



it was my fault.  
So I just kind of wanted to  
make it up to you  
a little bit.  
Is this a pity date?  
No.  
No, it's not a pity date.  
Greg, just come  
to prom with me.  
I think we'd have a good time.  
Told you you would get a date.  
Yep.  
So you're welcome.  
For the tux and everything.  
Thanks, Mom.  
I'm very upset  
about this college thing.  
But your father and I can wait  
till you're ready  
to talk about it.  
I appreciate that.  
Don't forget your corsage.  
All right.  
My handsome boy...  
...going to prom.  
Take lots of pictures, okay?  
302 Halket Street.  
What's that?  
I said 302 Halket Street.  
Huh?  
302 Halket Street.  
Halket? Okay.  
Okay.  
You got it, baby.  
So you love this girl?  
Uh, no.  
I wouldn't go that far.  
What?  
No. I... No.  
Yeah, so you guys  
are gonna be getting busy  
on my brand new Tuscan leather?  
No. I think...  
Huh?

No, we're not.  
I don't think so.  
Nah, I'm just  
playing with you.  
But I do hope you get some.  
It's really gonna depend  
on what she wants to do.  
If you really love her,  
though,  
you definitely got a shot.  
Because she'll know.  
She is fine though?  
Huh?  
Hey.  
I know, I look amazing.  
Can I put some flowers on you?  
Like that.  
Okay.  
Before we watch this...  
...I'm sorry  
it took so long to make.  
But the reason is...  
...just couldn't figure out  
how to get it to not suck.  
But... we never really  
did figure it out.  
It still sucks.  
It's not exactly  
what I wanted to say to you.  
But...  
...whatever.  
Let's just  
watch this first, okay?  
Hey, should I get a nurse?  
Denise! Denise!  
That was the last time  
I saw Rachel.  
She went into a coma  
shortly after that,  
and died about 10 hours later.  
I know I told you  
she doesn't die.  
And I'm sorry.  
Deep down...

...somehow,  
I didn't think she would.  
But she did.  
Dear Greg,  
I heard what happened  
with your class work.  
And with Pitt State.  
So, I wrote them a letter,  
trying to convince them  
to let you back in.  
There's a copy in here,  
if you want to read it.  
Hopefully, it works,  
because that would mean...  
...I have powers  
from beyond the grave.  
But you should probably  
send them something too.  
Goodbye, Greg.  
You're a good friend.  
Although if you don't  
go to college,  
you're also an idiot.  
But you already knew that.  
Love, Rachel.  
I'd also like for you  
to take some of my pillows.  
They'll want a good home  
where they'll be loved.  
Not in the way you're thinking,  
that's disgusting.  
Dear Pittsburgh  
State Admissions:  
I'm writing  
on behalf of someone  
who gave me  
half a year of his life...  
...at the time when I was at  
my most difficult to be around.  
He has a very  
low opinion of himself,  
which is why  
I think it's necessary...  
...that you hear from someone

who sees him  
as he actually is:  
A limitlessly kind,  
sweet, giving,  
and genuine person.  
No matter how much  
he would deny it.  
The drop in his academic  
performance this year...  
...is the consequence  
of all the time  
...and the time he spent  
making things for me...  
...and how hard  
that was for him.  
You can ask him about it...  
...but his sort of  
over-the-top humility  
will probably get in the way.  
No one has done more  
to make me smile than he has.  
And no one ever could.  
Rachel's ashes were scattered  
in a park behind her house.  
Apparently, she ran away  
from home once  
and tried to live there.  
It was this story  
her aunt told at the funeral.  
She was trying  
to become a squirrel.  
She thought she could  
turn into one  
just by being in the forest...  
...and wanting it really bad.  
I guess maybe that's  
what Mr. McCarthy meant...  
...about someone's life  
continuing to unfold.  
It was weird to be  
learning something new  
about Rachel after she died.  
But somehow,  
it was reassuring as well.