



Scripts.com

# Movie 43

By Rocky Russo

(LIVELY JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS)

Look, I don't want to be Mr. Rush here,  
but I do have another meeting  
over at Rothman's place,  
in 40 minutes.

- So...

- Without further ado...

The day I came up with this idea,  
I was in a cheese shop, in Paris,  
with Isabella Rossellini.

Now, I know how pretentious  
that sounds,

but let me just bring it  
down to Earth for you, OK?

- Isabella, she's lactose intolerant.

- She is?

And I had to spend the entire  
ride back to our apartment  
sticking my head out the window,  
just biting the air like a dog.

(LAUGHING)

Don't you tell her I told you that.

No, no, no.

All right. Let's get down to it.

This is a movie

that is about something,

but it could also be very commercial.

It's a smart movie with heart.

Sort of like The Help.

- I love that movie.

- Thank you.

Look, have you ever been  
in a place in your life  
where it can go either way,  
it's like a crossroads?

I don't have to make movies.

I'm done, I'm set.

So, if I don't get to make this film  
the way that I want to make it,

I'm gonna walk away

from the business forever.

Wow. OK. Let's... Go.

Let me hear it.

OK.

The movie opens  
on a smart career woman,  
think Kate Winslet,  
and she's about to go out  
on a blind date.  
Hey. Ooh, you look good.  
I hope you're almost ready.  
He's gonna be here any second.  
I don't know why I'm doing this, Pam.  
I don't trust Julie.  
- I mean, what if this guy's a loser?  
- He's not a loser.  
He made senior partner at his law firm  
by the time he was, like, 28.  
So all he cares about  
is his career and money.  
Hm, not according to Julie.  
He's a volunteer  
with the Special Olympics.  
He's on the board  
of the New York Philharmonic. Oh!  
He's opening a new restaurant  
with Derek Jeter!  
But he's probably got one of those  
awkward character faces  
that sort of really  
has to grow on you, right?  
Hm.  
Mr. Character Face is  
on the cover of Gotham magazine.  
- That's him?  
- (WHISPERS) That's him.  
- Yeah.  
- (GASPS)  
- (SIGHS)  
- (DOOR BUZZES)  
- And he's here. Go.  
- (SQUEALS)  
- Do I look OK?  
- Gorgeous.  
- Have fun.  
- Bye.  
(SLOW PIANO MUSIC PLAYS)  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

- Several of them.

- You've gotta be kidding.

I'm telling you. Don't knock shopping on TV until you've tried it. I think you're the first person I've ever met who buys stuff off television.

- No, come on.

- It's true.

Where do you think I got this scarf?

And you know what?

I bet it's softer than yours.

OK. See, that's where I draw the line.

Do not start putting down the scarf.

Here, feel this.

One hundred percent pashmina. At least that's what the guy on the street told me.

Come on, then.

Wow, that is soft. Well, you know I...

Hey, Mr. H. Table's ready, sir.

Great.

- I'll take those.

- Uh, thank you.

- Our table's ready.

- Thank you.

After you.

So, um, Carrie tells me

you design clothes for kids.

Yes, clothes for kids, I design...

...clothes for kids... kids' clothes.

- Awesome, awesome.

- Hm.

So, if I see some kids looking weird this summer, it may be your fault, huh?

- Um, I...

- I'm just joking, I'm just joking.

- Ah!

- Your Russian standard vodka, sir.

- Am I that predictable, Abby?

- (ABBY CHUCKLES)

Um... Are you good with that

or would you prefer a glass of wine?

No, no, I could, um... use it.

Thank you.

So here's to a, um...

Here's to a wonderful evening.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

- Hm!

- Those Russians know something. Ha, ha!

This is a nice place.

Oh, it's great, this place.

You gotta check out the ceiling.

Those beams are taken out of this

old Quaker meeting house

out in rural Pennsylvania.

I mean, look. It's all oak.

Isn't that something?

It's gorgeous.

Oh, wow, Jake. What's this?

Well, Mr. H, this is a vichyssoise,  
courtesy of Chef Billy.

Now, he heard that you guys were  
coming in tonight, so he's put together  
a special four-course meal for you.

Lobster OK tonight?

That's OK with me if it's OK with you.

Unless you want to check out the menu.

Beth? Unless you want to check out  
the menu, or?

No, that sounds lovely.

- Terrific.

- Please thank the chef.

Thank you. Bon apptit.

- Mm!

- Oh, you've... got something on your...

Something on my neck?

Leave it to me to embarrass myself  
on a first date. Oh.

- Here...

- There? There? I got it?

A bit more on the left...

ball, one...

...left side of... dribbly bit.

Thanks. I mean, no biggie.

Trust me, I've been through worse.

I mean, as a kid

I used to get made fun of all the time.

Was it... because of your?

My stutter.

I used to have a really bad stutter.  
I actually took, probably, nine years  
of speech therapy to get rid of it.

- Hm.

- Hm...

- Mm...

- (GAGS)

So was there anything else  
they may have made fun of?

Hm...

- No, I don't know...

- Anything at all?

Oh, yes, some kids used to talk  
a little smack about my neck.

Oh, thank God!

I thought I was going crazy.

What?

I mean...

Not a big deal... at all.

It's just, um...

What is the story there?

Oh. Uh...

When I was six, I fell off my bike  
and I landed on the sprinkler head,  
and they had to  
stitch me up at the hospital.

See, it's just a scar.

Right? I mean, kids can be mean.

They used to call me Frankenstein.

(MOANING) He's alive. He's alive!

- (CHUCKLES)

- (FORCED CHUCKLE)

Well, I don't care.

Kid's make fun of everything, right?

Is it just me or did it suddenly  
get a little chilly in here?

(SHUDDERS)

Ah, I think it may be that vent there.

- Here we are.

- Oh, man!

Look at the size of those things.

Jake, buddy, would you mind  
turning up the heat just a tad?

- I think that vent's blowing right on me.

- Not a problem.

Thank you.

- And just let me go ahead...

- Sure.

...and get this out of your way.

- (GASPS)

Oh, God! Are you OK?

It's my stomach... It's...

(GRUNTS)

(CHUCKLES)

Just get my breath back here.

Oh. OK.

- There he is, there's the stud.

- Hey! Angie!

- How the hell are you guys? You good?

- Apparently not as good as you.

Hi, I'm Angie,

and this is my husband, Ray.

- Hi.

- This is my new friend, Beth.

She's slowly restoring

my faith in blind dates.

**RAY:**

for getting this old workaholic

out of his office for once.

Nice work. You caught the big one.

Did I? Do you not notice...

Look how big little Evan's getting.

Come here. Can I?

- Come here.

- He's growing like crazy.

- Whoa!

- (CHUCKLING)

- No...

- He's a big boy.

- Yeah.

- Who's a big boy?

Who's a big boy, huh?

He's a monster. You've got yourself

a little linebacker here.

A little linebacker

that needs to go to bed.

- Get you off to bed.  
- Up. Oh!  
- Uh-oh. Don't move.  
- Another pacifier down.  
I got it.

**RAY:**

**ANGIE:**

I gotta take a picture.

Really? Oh.

- Angie, please...

- Let the man eat, honey.

Come on, Ray.

We have a picture of our first date,  
they should have a picture of theirs.

Come on. Get your fanny  
over there, behind her.

And don't be shy.

- OK, OK, OK. All right.

- OK.

- I'm sorry about this. OK.

**- ANGIE:**

Beth, I'm gonna need you to hold still.

Oh, God, they look so...

Get down.

Get your face down next to hers.

- Come on!

- Take it. Take it.

- Take it, take it, take it, take it.

- OK.

So good! Now why don't you  
give each other a little kiss?

Oh, come on, Angie. We just met.

- Let them eat!

- Come on!

- Let the man eat.

- Just a little kiss.

All right, all right.

We'll do one, one kiss.

- One peck on the forehead. Ready?

- We don't need to.

We really don't.



We don't need to at all.  
We really... (YELLS)  
Oh, God.  
Are you serious?  
Yeah.  
But... I'm not married  
to anything here, Griffin.  
I'm open to notes.  
Well, I thought you said you wanted  
to make a smart movie with heart.  
When?  
When you walked in.  
OK. Go on.  
This isn't that.  
And Kate Winslet isn't  
going to make a movie  
with a guy who's got  
balls hanging off of his chin.  
(SCOFFS) Well, not with  
that kind of thinking, no.  
Look, the movie is witty,  
it's clever and it's smart.  
And this really did happen  
to a friend of mine.  
You friend has neck "scroti"?  
No, no, no. Of course not.  
Look, the neck balls,  
they're just a metaphor  
for the flaws  
that people create in others  
so they don't have to take  
a chance on life and on love!  
You're not getting this, are you?  
No, no. Yeah, I...  
Yeah, I got that. I just...  
You know, there might be  
a more subtle way to express it, maybe.  
OK. It's just the beginning anyway.  
And then the movie  
settles back into that  
classic comedy of manners,  
with heart  
that I've been describing.  
(MID-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYING)

(MID-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYING)

**MAN 1:**

I grind the beans myself.

**MAN 2:**

You really didn't have to do this.

**MAN 1:**

What kind of neighbors would we be  
if we didn't have you over  
for a welcome dinner.

Sean, Samantha was just saying  
that they homeschool their son.

Oh, that is interesting.

Well, we just think it's the only way  
to make sure that he gets  
the best education possible.

You should really  
consider it for your kids.

**DAD:**

upstairs, doing his homework right now,  
I'm sure he'd love to talk  
to you guys about it.

Wait. So you homeschool your son,  
but he still gets homework?

(LAUGHING)

It's very important to us  
that Kevin has a normal  
and complete high school experience.

Written assignments  
are to be done in black ink,  
not green or blue or pink.

When are you going to get that  
through your thick skull, Mr. Morris?

It's Miller.

That's a detention.

- (WHISTLE TRILLING)

- Move, move, move, move, move!

Pick it up! Pick it up.

Come on, girlfriend, pick your knees up.

Oh, I see.

But don't you ever feel like

maybe he's, I don't know, missing out?  
Yeah. High school's about more  
than just classes and homework.  
Absolutely.  
There's the alienation, the loneliness.  
It should be the unhappiest time  
in a boy's life.  
That's why we try to make sure  
that Kevin doesn't miss out  
on any of those essential,  
emotionally scarring experiences  
that he'd get at a regular school.

**SAMANTHA:**

(COUGHS) Faggot.  
You dropped your books, Fuck-face.  
(WATER RUNNING)  
Jeez... Dad, what the fuck?  
Whoa, you've got weird pubes.  
Hey, guys! Come check out  
this kid's weird pubes.  
Still, it must be an awful lot  
of work for you guys, though.  
Oh, sure there is, but we love it.

**DAD:**

a pretty comprehensive plan  
that provides Kevin with every  
important adolescent experience.  
- You know, socializing with other kids.  
- (RAP SONG PLAYS)  
(LIVELY CHATTER)  
Hey. Kevin, right?  
Can I please come in?  
Look, Debbie Clark's here,  
the girl you asked out before.  
It's gonna be awkward.  
- Sorry, no. Sorry...  
- Wait, Mom. Please, no, wait...

**GIRL:**

Extracurricular activities.

**DAD:**

- I suck.

- What do you suck?

- Dicks.

- Louder!

I suck dicks! I suck dicks!

Like you mean it!

I suck dicks! I suck dicks!

I suck them all the time!

If you were a superhero,  
what would your superpower be?

My superpower would be sucking dicks!

Dude, you have so much poop  
on you right now.

And, of course, the first kiss,  
that should be the most  
awkward moment in any boy's life.

(SLOW POP MUSIC PLAYS)

Emily and Kara  
said we should go all the way.  
What do you think?

Um...

- Do you have protection?

- Um...

So, dude.

Don't tell Jeff  
or any of those guys, but...  
I just wanted to say that...

(SIGHING)

...if I did like guys...  
...you'd totally be  
the kind of guy that I'd like.

This is weird.

I didn't mean any of that.

Just talking, you know?

- Wow.

- (NERVOUS CHUCKLE)

I don't think I'll ever forget  
the first time Kevin told us  
that he wished he'd never been born.  
He was only 12.

**DAD:**

Studies show that the average child  
doesn't express

that kind of self-loathing  
until they're 15.

Yeah, I bet.

(APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

Oh, here he comes.

- Hey, honey. Meet the neighbors.

- Hi.

**DAD:**

They moved into the house  
three doors down.

Oh, the Yeager's old place.

Great, yeah.

I'm Kevin, pleased to meet you.

Welcome to the neighborhood.

- Nice to meet you too.

- Thank you. That's so polite.

I'm heading out. A bunch of us  
are gonna meet up at the Green.

**- DAD:**

- And, yes, I finished my homework.

And Jen and I are gonna catch a movie  
afterwards, so I won't be home until late.

Oh, that's fine.

Just make sure you say hello from us.

Um, Jen, my mom says hi.

- Hello, Jen.

- (HIGH VOICE) Hello, Mrs. Miller.

I'm the pretty girl.

She is.

**- DAD:**

- All right.

- Nice meeting you.

**- DAD:**

(ROMANTIC INSTRUMENTAL  
MUSIC PLAYS)

- Hi.

- There.

- Oh, wow.

- Now it's a picnic.

Would you care

for a chocolate covered strawberry?  
Oh, my gosh. Sweetie!  
Talk about romantic. This is perfect.  
Julie, we've been together for over a year.  
- Sixteen months and two weeks.  
- (BOTH CHUCKLE)  
And, in that time, I've come to realize  
that you mean everything to me.  
Oh... Doug, you too.  
And... there's something I want to ask you.  
There's something I'd like to ask you.  
Oh, OK. Uh, you go first.  
- No, you go first.  
- No, you first.  
No, you first.  
How about we say it  
at the same time?  
OK.  
(TOGETHER) One, two...  
Will you poop on me?  
What?  
Will you poop on me?  
(CHUCKLES) What are you?  
Wait. What did you say?  
I trust you.  
I feel like you're my soul mate.  
I want to give you this gift.  
I want you to be my first.  
To... poop?  
On me.  
What? You don't want to?  
- No, I mean...  
- Are you not attracted to me anymore?  
Of course I'm attracted to you, honey.  
So will you?  
Poop on me?  
(MEDIUM-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYS)  
Oh, man. You just hit  
the fucking lottery, man.  
You don't think it's a little weird,  
for wanting him to shit on her?  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Slow down, man.  
Have some respect for this guy. OK?

She did not ask him to shit on her.  
Shitting is something you do on a whore.

- Right.

- Right?

Pooping is a gift you give  
to your soul mate.

- OK.

- Of course!

- **DOUG:**

- Tell me, man. What's on the menu?

- Before you do the big deed.

- I don't know. Does it fucking matter?

- Is she a vegetarian?

- No.

Boom! Big, beef burrito  
with extra beans on that bad boy.

Put some salsa,  
some guacamole for color,  
so when it come out of you,  
it's a festival.

You know what I'm saying?

You went the extra yard for your lady.

- I don't know...

- You hear me?

I'm doing something classy, OK?

I'm doing seared ahi tuna steaks,  
a salad and red wine.

- Nice.

- No, no, no, no.

Fucking no! It's not about  
how fancy it goes in,  
it's about how fancy it comes out.

And, believe me,  
Mexican food makes a fucking mess.

Don't mess with fucking salads.

You know what salad does?

It locks down your bowels.

You don't want your bowels  
all locked down, do you?

No. Drinks are cool.

Have a few fucking drinks.

- Makes you last longer.

- Last longer?

You don't want to be Mr. Two Squeeze

Thank You Please, right?

- You really don't want to be that.

- Billy. Goddamn, Billy.

Why don't you go over there

while grown people are talking over here.

Go over there and play

with your GI Joe or some shit, man.

- Yeah, I'll go over there.

- Look it.

Take my advice on this one.

You go out tonight

and you shit on a few skanks.

- OK?

- Yes.

To get it all out your system.

Fucking tomorrow,

you are a one-poop man.

Understand?

- What the fuck is this?

- Viagra, brother.

- Poop Viagra. Yeah.

- You just carry that on you?

- Yeah, I carry this shit around on me.

- At barbecues?

You goddamn right.

I got a meat problem.

I eat fucking meat,

I gotta clean that shit out.

- OK?

- Fine...

(FARTING)

- **JULIE:**

- Oh, fuck.

(MUFFLED) In a minute!

- (GRUNTING)

- (BOWELS GURGLING)

I love her. Hey, I love her.

- (FARTING)

- Oh!

- Hey, hey.

- (CHUCKLES)

Oh... (GRUNTS)



- You look nice.

- Thank you.

- OK, let's go.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

- Honey. What are you doing?

- Huh?

What am I doing? You know what

I'm doing. I'm trying to, you know...

Not yet. Tiger.

- I want to savor this.

- Well, I kind of gotta go...

- (BOWELS RUMBLE)

- Shh... No, no, no.

Come here. Come here and kiss me.

And then you can give me

your special present.

- (BOWELS RUMBLE)

- Oh...

(BOTH CHUCKLING)

- Tell me how much you love me.

- Oh, I love you so much.

How much?

Oh, I love you so much I'd kill me.

Can we do this, please?

- (CHUCKLES) OK.

- (FARTS)

I've got this

special lavender lotion.

- OK.

- Why don't you get my neck ready?

- You want it on your neck?

- Why? Does that not work for you?

That's fine, that's fine. Here we go.

(GIGGLES)

(FARTING)

- That's nice.

- OK.

OK. Here we go.

- Let's...

- No! No, not yet.

What?

- No!

- What?

- Come here.

- What?  
- You're so excited.  
- I know. I can't stand it.  
(BOWELS RUMBLE)  
Gosh. Remember the day that we met?  
Yes.  
Did you ever think that, someday,  
you'd be able to... you know?  
Honestly, no. No, I didn't.  
Do you remember  
what I was wearing that day?  
- (GROANING)  
- (BOWELS RUMBLING)  
Baby, what was I wearing?  
- Do you remember what I was wearing?  
- A yellow sundress.  
Come on! Roll over  
and let me shit on you, please!  
Excuse me?  
I'm sorry, poop on you.  
I meant poop on you.  
Honey, I would never shit on you.  
I would never shit on you. Honey!  
Come here, I love you! Fuck!  
No...  
Julie, come back!  
Oh, baby, please.  
I love you, I wanna marry you.  
- (HORN HONKING)  
- (TIRES SCREECHING)  
Oh, my God, Doug, no!  
Oh! Jeez!  
- (JULIE GASPING)  
- (FARTING)  
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!  
Doug, Doug.  
Call a fucking ambulance!  
- I'm on it!  
- Hold on. Hold on, baby.  
OK, hold on.  
You're gonna make it.  
(BOWELS GURGLE)  
- Julie, I love you.  
- I love you.

All of this was for me?

(FARTS)

Yeah, I guess so.

It's so beautiful.

It's the most beautiful thing

I've ever seen, Doug.

Meeting's over.

Where did I lose you, Griffin?

Everywhere.

You lost me everywhere.

It's not... It's obscene.

It's offensive.

Wow. I mean, tell me

how you really feel.

I mean, I know that my film,

it pushes the edge of the envelope,

and that this was a long shot

and everything, but I really do love

- the way you guys market movies...

- (SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY)

...so I thought I'd take a crack at ya,

a crack at you, specifically, Griffin,

before I go to the other studios.

But... anyway, it didn't work out.

But thank you for hearing me out,

my friend.

Maybe I'll be seeing you

someday over at Chasen's.

I'll make sure Gigi gets us

a corner booth, OK?

Chasen's been closed for 20 years.

Yeah, I know that. I know that.

I was talking about the new one

that they're building

over off La Cienega.

Please buy this.

Huh?

This may surprise you,

but I haven't worked in years.

I don't have another

meeting in another studio,

and I've never bought cheese

with Isabella Rossellini.

Uh... Can I go now, mister?

Yeah, scoot. Go back to your street corner and play your harpy thing. You said you'd pay me \$40.

- I'll mail it to you.

- You don't even have my address. Just leave it with Danita, out there. How the hell did you get in my office in the first place? We met. At that premiere, remember? And you said drop by anytime. That's bullshit. I've never met you in my life. How did you get on the lot? I sucked off the security guard. What do you mean? I'm not being cryptic here, Griffin. I... blew the security guard. Jerry's gay? Well, not really. He fought me every step of the way. I'm calling the police. Hey. You call anybody, and I will shoot you in the heart and kill you. Now, do you want to hear the rest of my pitch? Yes. Cool! Well, then... sit down. Relax. Get comfy. 'Cause this one... it's for the whole family.

**MAN (ON PA):**

Attention P-Town shoppers:  
Be sure to check our insert  
in Sassy Lass magazine  
for killer deals  
on the Dr. Kohl family of products.  
We're now offering a buy one,  
get one senior prom special  
on lambskin condoms and boxed wine.  
And don't forget our deadbeat dad

discount on all disposable cameras  
and wiffle ball bats.

Got a dry, itchy vag?

Today we are offering  
a two-for-one deal on beav lotion.

That's lotion for your beav  
by Moisture Made, ladies.

Now on sale on aisle four.

Be sure to check out...

- Neil.

- Veronica.

Neil, you look pale.

NEIL (OVER INTERCOM):

You look pregnant.

You look like you slept  
in a soup kitchen urinal.

You look like you bathed in a dumpster  
behind the abortion clinic.

You look like the kid  
who got cancer for Christmas.

You look like the slutty one  
on the Golden Girls.

- Dorothy?

- Blanche.

You take that back. (ECHOING)

You son of a bitch, you take it back!

You take that back!

I wanna taste you.

I wanna lick you till you weep.

- How's your acid reflux?

- How's your HPV?

It's your HPV, Veronica.

I'm just carrying it.

Let's not have another  
chicken or the egg debate, Neil.

No, let's. Chicken.

- Egg. Egg.

- Chicken. Chicken.

- (INTERCOM) Egg. Egg.

- (INTERCOM) Chicken. Chicken.

- Egg. Egg.

- Chicken.

Your flesh, slick with cocoa butter...

...it haunts me.

- How's Veronica?  
- Veronica's fine, Veronica.  
I can't believe  
you named your dog Veronica.  
I can't believe you sucked off  
that hobo for magic beans.  
He was a wizard, Neil.  
Shh!  
I wanna be on you...  
(INTERCOM)... in you...  
(EXHALING)  
I wanna be all...  
...over your chin.  
Do you still like crme brle?  
Do you still like  
fingers in your butthole?  
You know the answer is yes.  
- Neil.  
- Veronica.  
- Neil.  
- Veronica.  
I wanna get over you.  
I wanna give you a hickey  
on your vagina.  
You already have, Neil.  
You already have.  
- I'll see you in church.  
- (ECHOING) Not if I see you fi...  
May I?  
I'm no Romeo, folks,  
but I know what love is.  
It's an over the Chinos rub and tug  
during your first AA meeting.  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
And, if I was in your shoes,  
I would climb  
Dick mountain mouth first  
just to get her back!

**PATRON:**

Are we gonna let that foxy little thing  
run willy-nilly out of this boy's life?

**ALL:**

Are we gonna help this youngster  
take that sweet ass to Pound Town?

- **ALL:**

- When's your shift done?  
- Five a.m.

- **WOMAN:**

- I got three to five.  
- Thank you.

Shh...

Don't be a bitch about it.

- Go get her, son!

- (CHEERING)

(UP-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYING)

It's not as exciting as you might think.

It's, um...

For me, I like to say, it's more  
about just, like, helping people.

You know, it's not about  
punishing criminals...

Right. Yeah. I totally understand.

It's makes you feel good...

- Robin! Robin!

- Oh, no.

Hey! Where you been?

Hi. How you doing?

You missed your meeting  
with your parole officer.

- Parole officer?

- Hm? No.

Yeah, this guy got into  
some trouble a while back  
for whipping out his little dick,  
Grayson, on a playground.

- No, I didn't.

- But it's all good.

- I mean, your wife forgave you, right?

- What?

- You're married?

- No!

- Married pervert.

- No, I'm not!

- Stacey, I'm not married. He's kidding.

- Oh, man. Dodged that bullet, huh?

What the hell are

you doing here, Batman?

- You're gonna ruin this.

- Calm down.

Hey, look, I read on Twitter

that a super-villain is going to bomb

this loser meet and greet.

So I'm here to save the day,

like I do all the time.

You know, it's my thing. I'm the Batman.

Baloney. You're here to ruin my chances

with women, like you do all the time.

No way, brother! No way!

I'm in support of this.

You get one more speed date, OK?

- Then we gotta find that bomb.

- Ah, this sucks.

(DINGING)

A little tip. Less boy, more wonder.

- All right?

- That's very clever.

- Dazzle them.

- Yeah, OK. Thanks.

- Hi.

- Oh, hi.

- Lois. Lois Lane.

- Yes.

No, I know, I've... It's me, Robin.

We've met several times.

- Robin what?

- Robin.

That's it. I helped

save you from Lex Luthor.

(CHUCKLES) Sorry.

You were like "I'll never forget this

as long as I live."

- Sorry again.

- Oh.

- I thought you were dating Superman.

- No, no.

- We broke up about six months ago.

- I didn't know that.



- He's been stalking me ever since.

- Really?

Hm-mm. Last night, I look out  
my bedroom window and there he is.  
He's just floating there, just stroking  
that nasty little curl and masturbating.

- (SNORTS)

- Blew his wad all over my window!

- He broke the window!

- The... from the...

His jizz is like a shotgun blast!  
You know that shiny stuff in his hair?  
It's not hair gel.

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na!

(LAUGHING)

- Lois! Oh, my God!

- Oh no!

- Nice to see you!

- Nice to be seen.

- Oh, my goodness. Shh.

- We're in the middle...

- Do you know each other?

- We work together.

- How's Superman? Huh?

- Uh...

I'm gonna give him a call right now...

- No! Don't do that!

- No!

- No, I'm gonna do it.

- Batman, don't. Please.

It's already ringing.

Hey, Supes! What's up, brother?

It's the Dark Knight.

Hey, man. I was just thinking about you,  
here, 'cause I'm sitting with Lois...

- No!

- She's on a date with my boy, Robin.

- Don't!

- He hung up. I lost him.

Stay away from Lois  
or I'll use my heat vision  
to fuse your balls  
into one big ridiculous uni-ball.  
Superman, you don't understand.

I'm not here to hit on your girlfriend.

That's crazy.

Batman and I are undercover  
and we're looking for a bomb.

A bomb? I don't give  
two super-shits about a bomb.

As long as I'm balls deep in Lois,  
I'm solid gold.

(ECHOING) Stay away from Lois, bitch!

Goddamn it.

- That's insane.

- So I told him, you know.

I mean, we're gonna be fighting crime,  
buddy. Oh, here he is.

You know, you should put on some pants.

But he liked the costume the way it is,  
so what are you gonna do? Kids.

- (DINGS)

- **LOIS:**

**BATMAN:**

- See you then.

- All right, now.

And, um... nice legs.

You make me wear this...

He makes me wear this outfit!

- It's so unfair. I hate it!

- Whoo! (LAUGHS)

She's a hoot.

All right, that was your date. Let's go.

- Bullcrap, that doesn't count.

- What do you mean it doesn't count?

That was a girl, this was a date.

Now, let's boogie.

We gotta go find that bomb.

Please, just let me do one more.

That doesn't count. Please!

Oh, my God, you're such a baby.

Go, sit down. Fine.

- Yes!

- Fine, go ahead, have fun.

But you're not gonna do it  
on your own. Pop that in your ear.

What's that?

What I'm gonna do, is I'm gonna  
get underneath the table,  
hide down there, and feed you lines  
to help bag this next gal.

- Right. Like Cyrano De Bergerac.

- I don't know what that is.

- It's more like Roxanne. (CLUCKS)

- OK, but look,

I'd really rather do this on my own.

OK, and I hear you, and I appreciate  
what you're saying, but I'm gonna do it.

- Please don't.

- I'm gonna do it.

- Batman, don't.

- No...

- Please, please don't.

- Sorry. Sorry I'm late.

- There was a line in the bathroom.

- Oh.

- Hi, I'm Supergirl.

- My name is...

- BATMAN (IN EARPIECE): I'm Robin.

- Hi, I'm Robin.

- Um, so where you from?

- So where you from?

- I... Krypton.

- Oh.

- Krypton. That's...

- Oh, shit!

- Oh, shit!

- **BATMAN:**

- Dude, I can...

- **BATMAN:**

I can't believe the size of this thing.

It's like a giant, fucking cornfield.

It's enormous down here.

It's crazy, look at that.

I feel like, at any moment,

Shoeless Joe Jackson could walk out of it  
and I could play catch with him.

Krypton. I hear it's really nice.

I have never been...

You didn't hear that the sun supernova'd  
and destroyed our entire race?

- I wanna wash dishes with it.

- Did it? I did not...

It's a huge, bushy  
catastrophe down here.

I feel like Sean Penn should do  
a benefit for this thing.

- What? Oh, no. You can hear him.

- Yeah, I can hear him.

(BELL DINGING)

I can also see Batman  
underneath the table.

'Cause of the X-ray vision,  
of course.

No, I can just see him.

It's a caf table.

I mean, it's really obvious.

- Hi.

- Hi.

I'm so sorry about your family dying...

(CHORTLES)

Man, that took me back to the '70s, huh?

Oh, hold on. There's our culprit.

It's the Penguin.

Excuse me,

I'm gonna go do some Batmanning.

Do you need me... Can I help?

(GIGGLING)

Oh, it's hard to pick up with gloves.

There you go.

Hi there, sweetie. How you doing?

Do you mind fucking off for a little bit?

Thank you, I appreciate it.

Thanks. See you later.

- Hey! You son of a bitch!

- What?

- Where's the bomb, you fat fucker!

- Hey, asshole!

- Oh, shit.

- What do you think you are?

Some big man,

picking on a little fat guy?

Take it easy!  
That's the Penguin, that's what I do.  
- Why didn't you call me?  
- I... No...  
- You said that you were gonna call me.  
- Wait a minute. Did I not?  
I know I dialed the number.  
Did I not hit "send"?  
You said that you were gonna  
stick by me no matter what happened.  
And then your little bat condom breaks  
and then you just disappear.  
Do you know what it's like?  
Going to Planned Parenthood by yourself  
when you're Wonder Woman?  
OK, not very romantic talk, Roe v. Wade,  
here at a speed dating situation.  
Uh, look, I was fighting crime.  
Ask Robin. Robin, vouch for me.  
He cries after sex, do you know that?  
- Why would I know that?  
- Like a baby.  
After sex, what do you say?  
"Oh, my soul's so dark."  
Because you saw some bats  
when you were little? You pussy!  
Attention, Gotham City speed daters.  
(CHUCKLES)  
How the fuck did he get over there?  
It was all a clever ruse.  
I'm not speed dating.  
Some of you should remember  
I'm happily married.  
- That's right!  
- You were all there at the wedding.  
OK, bomb strapped to my chest.  
Yes, in any case, you all have to give me  
some unimaginable sum of money,  
or else I'm going to blow up Supergirl  
with this bomb.  
Ah, ah, ah, ah...  
The detonator is in this umbrella.  
- Cool it.  
- No, you cool it.

My non-monocled eye!

Disarm!

- Yes!

- Oh!

(GASPING)

- Are you OK?

- I think so.

You saved my life.

Just doing my job.

BATMAN (WHISPERING):

Kiss her, kiss her.

Open her mouth and touch tongues.

Put your tongue inside her mouth,  
and that'll coax her tongue  
to go into your mouth.

(BOTH MOAN)

Yeah... Squeeze her boobies.

Yeah, and touch her butt.

(MOANING CONTINUES)

- Doesn't it look nice?

- It looks so nice.

(PROTESTING)

Hold on. Not so fast.

(GRUNTING)

- (YELLING)

- (GASPING)

(SCREAMING)

- Riddler?

- Riddler!

Whoo-hoo!

That is right, the Riddler!

In a diabolical scheme  
to get Robin and me to this speed date  
to stop a bomb, only to lure Robin  
away to some seedy warehouse.

You're gonna hang him above  
a vat filled with thumbtacks  
or lizards or some fucking bullshit.

(LAUGHS)

- Well, it didn't work, muchacho.

- That's amazing. How'd you do that?

I mean, how'd you know  
that she was a fake?

A bush that size

is only good for one thing,  
and that one thing is hiding a wang.  
You know what I'm saying?  
Wait, let me get this straight.  
So you knew all the way back then?  
- You knew that she was a dude?  
- Whole time.  
- Why'd you make me kiss her? Him. This.  
- I don't know.  
I guess I woke up this morning  
with a little case of the fuckarounds.  
You know I'm just having fun  
with my buddy. (LAUGHING)  
Whoo!  
(SLOW PIANO MUSIC PLAYS)

**MAN:**

Ugly, isn't it?  
But think how they feel.  
Working without thanks  
to make your life better.  
Lonely, unloved, hurt.  
- (NO AUDIBLE DIALOGUE)  
- Physical, verbal, emotional abuse  
to get what we want done.  
Can't you see they're doing their best?  
(NO AUDIBLE DIALOGUE)  
They're not trying  
to take over your world,  
they're just trying to find  
a little place in your hearts.  
Remember, machines,  
they're full of kids.  
So what do you think about putting  
commercials within the movie?  
Cutting-edge, right?  
It's great. I loved it.  
It's really... just inspiring.  
A great celebration of life.  
Yeah, but you're not just saying that  
because I have a gun pointed  
at your head?  
No, no. I'm in work mode now.  
I really liked it.

Well, cut me a check.  
A company check.  
Show me you're real.  
No, I can't do that.  
I don't have the authority to do that.  
For a sale this big,  
I'd have to run it up the flagpole  
to the studio chairman.  
It'd just take a day or two.  
No. I have a better idea.  
Let's go see him right now.  
Now!  
Great. We can fast-track it.  
- Hey, Griffin.  
- Hey, David.  
By the way, you give  
the slightest signal to anyone  
and I will pull the pin on this baby  
and blow us all to fucking...  
- Is that a grenade?!  
- Shh!  
You brought a gun,  
and a hand grenade?  
Well, I really want to sell this thing.  
Listen, man. Look,  
I know that I was  
a little pushy back there,  
but I really do appreciate  
your passion and your support.  
Just tell me what you  
want me to say in there.  
I don't know. I don't want  
to put words in your mouth.  
Just lead  
with what you honestly like best.  
It's your call.  
Oh! Wait a minute!  
I almost forgot.  
I've got a few others.  
Um...  
Oh. You're gonna love this.  
OK.  
(SCREAMING)  
Tyler DeSoto, 1 5.



Port St. Lucie, Florida.

He only lost a finger.

This is horrific.

I'm still not seeing  
what the problem is, though.

Brian.

The iBabe has an advanced  
3.2 gigahertz processor.  
We left an opening for a vent,  
and then we placed a highly efficient,  
super-powerful microfan  
in the opening.

And?

- The vent is in her, um...

- Lower quadrant.

- Vagi-port.

- Vagina.

- Vagi-port.

- The vent is in the vagina.

A certain percentage of our younger  
demographic are sticking  
their... you know what in the vent.

No, I don't know what.

Kids are sticking their penises  
in the vent,  
the fan then mangles their penises.

Disgusting.

Sir, the iBabe is a...

High-fidelity music player.

Yes. It also looks and feels  
exactly like a naked woman.

Teenage boys are  
physically attracted to naked women.  
Our research doesn't support that, sir.  
Look, at the very least, we need  
to put a warning sticker on the box.

Other MP3 players don't have  
a warning not to have sex with it.

- Right?

- (MURMURS OF AGREEMENT)

A bag of potato chips  
doesn't have a warning:

"Please don't fuck  
these potato chips!"

- (LAUGHING)  
- Am I crazy here?  
None of us  
could've seen this one coming.  
- I did.  
- Take it easy, Erin Brockovich.  
(LAUGHTER)  
R and D team.  
You did extensive testing here.  
Did you anticipate anybody breaching  
the cooling system? Any red flags?  
Dave?  
Also, we've broken down  
our problem into three steps.  
- First step, kid buys the iBabe.  
- Hm-mm.  
- Second step, kid fucks iBabe.  
- Hm-mm.  
Third step,  
kid mangles his dick, sues us.  
Our goal is to eliminate  
step two and step three.  
Ah...  
Now I know what the problem is.  
Why don't we just move the fan?  
Why don't we just  
put it in her ear?  
No. No, no, no, no, no, sir.  
My team spent two years  
doing the impossible,  
and you're pretty much just telling us  
to go back and start from scratch.  
You know, to go fuck ourselves.  
OK, look. The iBabe weighs  
over a hundred pounds, OK?  
It's basically illegal  
to take it out in public.  
Women's organizations are calling  
for the boycott of our entire company!  
Our stock is plummeting, and kid's dicks  
are getting horribly mangled.  
- (BEEPING)  
- Oh, come in, come in, come in.  
- (DOORS OPENING)

- Sir, may I introduce you  
to the iBabe Special Edition?

Oh, my God.

Faster processing,  
double storage capacity,  
and how about that elegant finish?

Gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous!

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Finally we can give our customers  
a choice of color.

- (APPLAUSE)

- Oh, my God.

Just when I thought  
it couldn't get more offensive.

Uh-huh.

Oh, for Christ's sake.

(THWACKS)

Now I understand. Yeah.

(UP-TEMPO MUSIC PLAYS)

(iBABE THEME CONTINUES OVER TV)

I'm RSVP'ing to Sammy's bar mitzvah.

Yeah. Me, too.

The party, not the service.

My mom always makes me  
go to both. It sucks.

Yeah.

(CAMERA CLICKING)

Hm.

**BOY:**

Nathan, on a date for once.

Jesus, Mikey, shut up!

What? Mom told me to watch you guys.

I'm just doing my job.

I mean it, Mikey, leave.

I'm watching you. Hm!

Sorry, my brother's an idiot.

Whatever.

You have a bathroom?

Totally. It's right back there.

- Yuck.

- Nathan, uh... Nathan, I...

My brother spilled fruit punch

on the couch. There's a big red stain.  
I, um... I need to go.  
But you're not getting picked up  
for another half hour.  
Wanna sit and watch some more TV?  
Um... Yeah. I'll just...  
I'll just watch it from back here.  
That's cool. I like standing.  
Oh, Mikey spilled fruit punch  
on the wall, too!  
- My mom is gonna be so pissed!  
- Nathan, I really need to go.  
Hey, lovebirds, I hope I'm not...  
Holy shit! You are covered in blood!  
- Oh, my God.  
- Oh, my God!  
Oh, my God. Oh, my God, you  
must have sat on a nail or something.  
- You idiot, she's having her period.  
- Oh, my God.  
What do I do?  
You don't know what to do?  
You've never had your period before?  
No, I haven't.  
Oh, my God, Mikey.  
She's already lost a lot of blood!  
You know what? Mom's gotta have some  
tampons around here somewhere, right?  
This is not happening.  
Fuck! You're way skinnier than Mom.  
There's no way they're gonna fit you.  
Look, I'm just gonna walk home!  
No, no, no. You can't walk home  
in your condition, silly.  
Mikey, hurry!  
They're just plastic bags. I don't know  
what the fuck you want me to do!  
- Wipe yourself!  
- Hey, hey, guys, I'm home early.  
Dad, help us!  
- Pardon me. I'm Nathan's father, Steve.  
- Hi.  
We're just gonna have to plug it up.  
I found this and this.

All right, what's going on here?

(WHIMPERING)

Uh, Nathan's date is on her period  
for the first time,  
and she's bleeding everywhere.

Ugh. Disgusting.

I mean, congratulations, young lady.

Congratulations?

She's bleeding to death.

- Oh, my God, my stomach hurts.

- She's having contractions!

- Oh, no!

- Uh...

Nine-one-one? Yeah, my friend  
is bleeding out of her vagina!

- Nathan, Nathan, listen.

- Why are you laughing at me?

It's just...

The lining of Amanda's internal organ  
is just spilling out of her.

Oh, my God. (WHIMPERING)

- Look, I'm not dying.

- I got frozen peas and a sponge!

If you want to keep the lining intact,  
a man has to insert his erect phallus  
into her vagina.

- What?

- You know what? I got the perfect thing.

- Maxi pad on a stick.

- Oh, my God, I want to kill myself.

Yoo-hoo. Hey, baby, you ready? (GASPS)

What the hell's going on here?

- Dad!

- Oh, my God! Honey!

What the hell kind of sick family  
squashes a large tomato  
on my daughter's pants?

Whoa, watch what

you're implying about my family.

I don't gotta watch anything, Jack.

- Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?

- Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

- You touching me? You touching me?

- Yeah. Yeah.

- You did not just touch me!  
- Let's go, bitch! Let's go!  
Sucker punch him.  
Sucker punch him in the throat!  
(OVERLAPPING SHOUTS)  
Everybody, shut up!  
Look, I'm just a regular  
seventh grade girl getting my period.  
And it really sucks that it had to be  
in front of all you idiots.  
Dad, call Mom and tell her  
to meet us at home.  
She's got her period?  
So disgusting.  
You don't have a camping tarp  
I can borrow, do you?  
Sorry about all that.  
Hey, honey, don't sit in the car!  
Vagina is way too complicated!  
Yeah, no shit.  
- Hey.  
- Really?  
- (FARTING)  
- (CHUCKLING)  
Dad, that was epic!  
I've been trying to push that puppy out  
since this morning's conference call.  
Whoo! I gotta take a massive dump  
and then we're watching the game!  
- Yeah.  
- Yes.  
(SLOW MUSIC PLAYING)  
(SLOW MUSIC PLAYING)  
Oh, nice.  
(SCREAMING)  
So, it's basically a cross between  
Family Guy and Schindler's List,  
which I know you're probably thinking,  
"Uh-oh, how are we gonna do that?"  
But... Holocaust is spelled "Holla"  
which makes it like now.  
- We'll get away with it.  
- Sorry, to interrupt.  
I tried to stop them Bob,

but they just ran right past me.  
- Griff, we're in a meeting.  
- We need to buy this man's pitch.  
Hey.  
OK. We'll discuss that later, Griff.  
No, no, no. Now, now.  
We need to discuss it now.  
You don't have eyes?  
I'm in a meeting with Mike Meldman  
and Seth MacFarlane.  
Oh, holy shit! You really are  
Seth fucking MacFarlane,  
the Family Guy.  
And that Music Is Better  
Than Words album, who knew?!  
Griffin, what the hell is going on here?  
Now is not a good time.  
Yeah, yeah. I gotta go. I have  
a table read for American Guy.  
American Guy?  
That's American Dad.  
Excuse me, guys.  
One second.  
Give me a break, man.  
It took me six weeks to get  
this meeting with Seth.  
I'm not gonna let you mess this up.  
You don't understand,  
he's ready to start shooting. Now.  
- What?  
- It's about to explode.  
It's an explosive situation.  
The studios are all interested in this.  
It's like a bidding war.  
We need to buy it right now, now, now.  
So grow a pair and buy  
the fucking thing.  
You don't need my blessing  
for everything.  
Oh, interesting.  
No, no, no. That's not true.  
In the past, I have, right?  
I mean, in the past I have,  
I have, right?

Of course, 'cause you're  
a gutless yes-man  
and you've always been too much  
of a pussy to test the boundaries.  
We can come back  
if this is not a good time.  
No, no. Seth, please, why don't you grab  
a guitar and log back on to BandFuse?  
You're on  
the Jimmy Page level.  
OK.  
Stand on your own  
two feet for once.  
You're pathetic,  
you know that?  
I fucked your wife backstage  
at Sherak's Night of Champions dinner.  
And you came into work  
early the next day.  
That was fucked up.  
Now get out of my office  
and go buy the damn thing.  
Yes!  
(CHUCKLES)  
Bye, all.  
I can't believe it.  
I can't believe it!  
I sold my first movie.  
Yes, yes, yes!  
Yes, yes, yes! Whoo!  
Oh, and let me tell  
you something, Griffy.  
This movie's gonna be great.  
And you know what else?  
The events of today,  
they're gonna wind up making  
a cute story on a talk show  
about how I sold it.  
What's the matter?  
I can't believe that bastard just told  
everybody he had sex with my wife.  
Well, not everyone.  
I mean, I can't speak  
for Seth or that Melman guy,



but my lips are totally sealed.  
Son of a bitch has treated me  
like shit for years.  
You know, one time  
at the company Christmas party,  
he called me a pansy-ass chickenshit  
in front of my wife and kids.  
My kids actually chuckled at that.  
I totally empathize, all right?  
But listen to me, Griffster.  
This movie is very important to me.  
And I need an exec who can put  
his personal problems aside  
and really laser-focus on this thing.  
And if you're not able to do that,  
as much as it pains me,  
I'm gonna have to ask you  
to respectfully step aside.  
No, no, no. We're gonna...  
Trust me. I'm focused.  
We're gonna make your little  
movie the biggest goddamn one  
- the studio releases this year.  
- Really?  
Yes. It's gonna be our summer tent pole.  
We're gonna spend gazillions.  
We're gonna get all the marketing people  
involved with their marketing money.  
Let that cocksucker try and explain  
that to the stockholders.  
We're gonna make your movie  
this century's Howard the Duck.  
Yes! Now you're talking!  
And, I haven't even told you  
about the shorts  
that are gonna win us the Oscar!  
What have you got?  
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)  
(KNOCKING CONTINUES)  
Go fuck yourself, asshole.  
Ah, don't do this.  
Brian, we're best friends, man.  
You can't move out.  
- You fucked my girlfriend, dude.

- One time.  
For a week.  
- What?  
- But I wanna make it up to you.  
Can I fuck your girlfriend?  
Yes, but she broke up with me  
when she found out  
I slept with your girlfriend,  
so I can't arrange it.  
- (SCOFFS)  
- But, Brian, I got you something.  
Best birthday present ever.  
You are gonna love this.  
Is this really necessary?  
Trust me.  
It's better if it's a...  
One, two, three, surprise!  
(IRISH MELODY PLAYS)  
(LAUGHS) I know. Right, buddy?  
Happy birthday.  
You kidnapped an Irish midget.  
No. I caught you a leprechaun.  
Moron. There's no such thing  
as leprechauns.  
Dude, watch this.  
Hey, little buddy.  
I want you to tell my friend  
that you're gonna give us  
a big pot of gold.  
I'm gonna cut off your balls  
and feed them to you!  
Good Lord.  
He's just joking.  
He's gotta give us the gold,  
that's the rules. Right?  
The last thing you'll ever see  
is my cock skull-fucking you!  
(LAUGHS)  
Hm. Let me ask him again.  
Oh!  
Give us the fucking gold!  
Do you want the lights on or off  
when I fuck you  
with a pair of rusty scissors?

Pete, Pete, Pete.  
Stop, stop, stop.  
Chill. What are you doing?  
You're gonna kill him!  
- (CHORTLING)  
- Watch out, man. Relax.  
I'll handle this, OK?  
I'll handle this.  
Hey, Mr. Leprechaun.  
I am super sorry about this, OK?  
It's just a misunderstanding.  
So what I'm going to do, is  
I'm going to untie you and let you go.  
How does that sound?  
OK. But first...  
Lick my crusty Irish taint,  
you yeast-breeding cunthole!  
Die! Die, you little magical fuck!  
Stop! Stop!  
Think! If he's dead,  
he can't tell us where the gold is.  
Fucking giants.  
Motherfucking full-growns.  
When all this is over, I'm going  
to crawl up your mother's cunt,  
and start a fucking campfire!  
Hey! No! Shut up.  
You can't do anything 'cause you're  
tiny and you're tied to a chair.  
And nobody knows where you are. No one!  
- (PHONE RINGING)  
- I wouldn't bet on that.  
- Who's calling?  
- (GIGGLING)  
Um, hello?  
MAN (IRISH ACCENT):  
So this is what a dead man sounds like.  
- It's another leprechaun.  
- Fuck.  
If that's my brother,  
prepare to have your dick hole  
stretched over a fucking fire hydrant!  
- What's wrong with your fucking mouth?  
- Gag him.

Your balls are... (MUFFLED)  
Listen, Cookie O'Puss,  
I got a leprechaun, and I want some gold,  
or we're gonna kill him.  
How do you feel  
about having your balls cut off?  
Jeez, they're so into balls.  
I'm serious.  
You better make with the gold,  
or your little, green man is going  
to be pushing up four-leaf clovers!  
That was so good,  
you sounded so tough.  
- OK.  
- (LINE DISCONNECTS)  
What'd he say?  
- He said "OK."  
- (DOORBELL RINGING)  
No way.  
How did he get here so fast?  
Sweet!  
Gold coins!  
Gold!  
- Happy birthday, dude.  
- Holy crap!  
So we get the gold,  
and we keep this little fucker?  
Did you hear that? Looks like  
your Lucky Charms just ran out.  
Who's magically delicious now, bitch?  
(MUFFLED)  
What? Did you say something?  
I couldn't hear you over  
my giant pot of leprechaun gold!  
Top of the morning, ladies.  
(SCREAMING)  
He shot me in the eye!  
He shot me in my nipples!  
I'm half goddamn blind!  
Taste Celtic steel.  
(SCREAMING)  
That's right, brother.  
Fuck him up good!  
This is what happens

when you take a leprechaun's gold.  
Stab him with the leprechaun knife.  
Cut off his balls!  
- Go leprechaun!  
- Shh. Walk to the rainbow.  
- What?  
- Cut off his balls!  
Help, Pete! Help!  
I'm gonna mangle your balls.  
Shoot him! Shoot the fucking leprechaun!  
Bitch!  
You moron! Not that leprechaun,  
this leprechaun!  
Tell Saint Paddy that you  
like it up the ass. (LAUGHS)  
(GROANS)  
What now?  
Not much to these guys.  
Yeah. I thought they'd be bigger.  
Hey, Pete,  
I just wanted to say, thank you.  
Yeah, it is a lot of gold.  
No. It's more than gold, man.  
I mean, catching that leprechaun  
must've been hard work,  
it's something that only  
a true friend would do for me.  
Yeah, well, I should've never  
slept with your girlfriend.  
Whatever. We can buy new girlfriends.  
Dude, I totally forgot  
the second part of your gift.  
- Really?  
- (LAUGHS)  
Who is she?  
She's a fairy, a storybook fairy.  
What the hell am I supposed to do  
with a fairy?  
I suck cock for gold coins.  
Look at that smug prick.  
Look at him. Walking like he doesn't  
have a care in the world.  
Well, you do have a care, Bob.  
A big care, and it's about to be

the last care of your life!  
This is what I was talking about.  
You're losing focus!  
You're losing focus!  
My notes.  
Hey. Asshole.  
Hey.  
How do you like me now,  
Raisin Dick? Huh?  
For Christ's sakes, Griffin,  
what the hell you doing?  
It's payback time,  
you Nazi douche!  
You treated me like shit  
from day one,  
- but every man's got his limitations.  
- Griffin, don't do it!  
Violence never solved anything.  
What are you talking about?  
You held me at gunpoint.  
You made me buy your movie.  
It solves everything.  
You're shitting me?  
He held you at gunpoint.  
And you still came to me to ask  
permission to buy the movie?  
No. No...  
You think that's funny.  
Hey, I laugh at you.  
OK, motherfucker?  
You think  
you're gonna laugh at me?  
- I got the gun, jackass!  
- Hey, Mr. Schraeder.  
What are you guys doing, playing  
a little improv game or something?  
Shut up!  
Get over here!  
Hey, buddy.  
- Hello.  
- Bob, I...  
- I want you to blow Jerry.  
- What?  
I want you to fellate Jerry, right now

or I'll put a bullet in your head.  
Griffin, please just have  
a little compassion.  
Jerry's had  
a very traumatic day.  
Blow the security guard  
or I'm gonna kill ya!  
Of all the mornings  
to jerk-off in the shower.  
Just whoa! Stop it!  
Stop it! Take a time-out right now!  
Look, I want everyone to take a breath.  
And I want you to listen  
to this story...  
I don't want to hear  
anymore stories...  
(SHOUTING)  
Just listen.  
Who among us has ever played  
the game Truth or Dare?

**MAN:**

- **WOMAN:**

- S. Bueno.  
- And for you?  
- I'll have a Whynatte and rum, please.  
Got it.  
Do you mind me asking a question?  
It may seem personal.  
I'm quite surprised that a lady  
with your face needs to resort to...  
- Match dot com?  
- Right.  
Truth is, I have completely  
exhausted all of my options.  
- Really? Oh, dear, that's a shame.  
- Yeah.  
- And are you from the area?  
- No, look. Let's not do that, OK?  
I've been on so many  
blind dates in the past year,  
and they all are the same.  
OK? Where are you from?

What does your sister do?  
What's your father... blah, blah, blah.  
Do you really care  
if my father's a garbageman?  
- Is your father a garbageman?  
- No, he's not.  
- That's the point. Who cares?  
- Not important.  
Right? So let's not do that, OK?  
Let's have this date be different.  
OK? Let's talk about real things.  
- OK? Real, straight conversation.  
- Great.  
- Totally about that. I'm all about that.  
- OK.  
So what does your father  
do for a living?  
(SCOFFS)  
OK, let's play a game.  
- OK.  
- Have you played Truth or Dare?  
I haven't played it,  
but I'm aware of it.  
OK, well, you start first.  
You ask me "truth or dare."  
- Truth or dare?  
- Truth.  
Is there any possibility  
in this noble cosmos  
or any alternative parallel cosmos,  
where you might...  
Do... Is there any chance  
I'm your type?  
Yeah, yeah. I mean, you're tall.  
- And that's good?  
- I like tall.  
- OK.  
- OK, truth or dare?  
Truth?  
I knew you'd say that.  
I am going to push the limits here,  
just a little bit.  
- Are you circumcised?  
- (WHISPERS) Am I circum...



- Yeah.

- That's personal.

Uh...

Circumcision has never really taken off,  
to be honest, where I'm from.

It's not... You know what I mean?

It's not... the vogue.

Um, I tend to associate it  
with Jewish people,  
and we don't have many Jewish people  
in Europe anymore, 'cause of the trouble.

- So, uh, no. I'm not.

- Oh.

But if you would need me  
to get circumcised, I'm sure...

(LAUGHING)

- Truth or dare?

- Truth.

When was the last time you kissed a man?

Twenty-six days ago in an alley  
behind a Pilates studio.

- Truth or dare?

- Dare. I'm gonna go with a dare.

OK, here we go.

Now we're cooking. OK.

I dare you to go over there...

See that man with the black jacket,  
the husky guy?

I dare you to go and pinch his ass.

- Do what now?

- Well, just cup it.

You know, grab his cheeks and cup it.

- No. No.

- Yeah.

What? You said "dare," not me.

That's what "dare" is.

Have a look at him,

he's quite, he's quite...

I see him.

Go back there and cup his ass.

**MAN:**

Look, I don't even have to be here.

I can go home and watch Family Guy

right now if you don't wanna play.

I'll get the check.

Excuse me, could I have...

Sorry, she doesn't need the check,  
she's joking. She's joking.

- Well, then go cup his ass.

- OK, I will.

I call him.

He never answers the phone,

I'm sick of it.

- Go pay him a visit.

- You call him.

(LAUGHING)

I'm sick and tired of it.

- What the fuck?

- I did, sorry.

You touch my fucking ass?

What's the matter with you?

- It was just a pat.

- What do you mean? Fuck you!

- Sorry, sorry.

- You touched the wrong ass.

- What's the matter with you?

- Sorry.

- That was great.

- Truth or dare? Truth or dare?

- Wait a minute, can I enjoy...

- Truth or dare?

- Come on.

- OK, dare.

Right. You go and cup his ass.

No, no, no. You can't dare me to do  
the same thing I just dared you to do.

- Truth or dare.

- You gotta come up with your own dare.

Be original.

OK. See that blind kid over there?

I want you to blow out his candles  
before he gets a chance to.

I can't do that, that's cruel.

It's Truth or Dare,  
that's the rule, OK?

Listen, I could take off, if you want.

I could go home.

Probably in time for...  
I could put me Benny Hill DVDs on.  
Oh, you're doing that, huh? OK.  
I'll go over there  
and I'll blow out the candles.  
But you need to know something.  
This is war.  
# I wish it was my birthday  
so I could party too  
# Happy Happy Birthday  
May all your dreams come true  
# Happy Happy Birthday  
From all of us to you #  
(ALL CHEER)  
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)  
Excuse me. I got 200 bucks.  
Can you give me your whole thing?

**WOMAN:**

(CHEERING)  
I dare you to make guacamole  
with your right breast.

**WOMAN:**

important, however intricate passages,  
in scenes hereafter to be painted.  
Chapter 64.  
Stubb's Supper.  
Stubb's whale had been killed  
some distance from the ship."  
(SILENT MOUTHING)  
When the swelling goes down,  
you're going to look great, Emily.  
Thanks, sweetie.  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)  
(KNOCKING ON WINDOW)  
That was fun, huh?  
Yes. I had a really great time.  
Yeah, me, too.  
- Definitely interesting, you know?  
- Yeah. We did a lot.  
Yes. We did, we did.  
- We did it up.  
- Yes.

It was enchanting.  
You're really a very delightful woman.  
- Well, thank you.  
- Yeah.  
So... Yeah.  
This is that slightly awkward moment.  
No, I'm sorry. You're sweet, really.  
And I really did have a good time,  
but I'm just not that  
attracted to Asian men.  
(DOOR CLOSES)  
(SIGHING)  
Psych! Get in here Yao Ming.  
We don't want these puppies  
to go to waste.  
Nah. I don't like it.  
It's too offensive to the Asians.  
Who do you think is financing  
this place?  
The Jews?  
No. The Japanese.  
Hey! I don't care about any of this!  
All right? I want to do  
what I want to do!  
And that means you, right now,  
blowing Jerry. Let's go!  
That's right, motherfucker!  
On your knees and pucker up.  
It is what it is.  
- Think this through.  
- I am thinking it through.  
- I thought everything...  
- Please, just stop...  
(GUNSHOTS)  
No! No! No!  
(POPPING)  
(LAUGHING)  
That's not gonna work.  
Cut! Tierre, come on, man.  
Give me a fucking break.  
Hey, it wasn't me!  
That's Special Effects' fault!  
And what are you?  
Stunts!

I thought you yelled cut.  
Why is this guy still rolling?

**MAN:**

Oh, hey, I said specifically  
no B roll on the set.  
And can somebody please  
get me some paper towels?  
My ass, these pussy jeans are  
making 'em pool with sweat.

**MAN:**

Oh, fuck you!  
We're losing light! Hurry up, please!  
Hey, Pete, man, isn't this  
a movie about a bunch of shorts?

**PETE:**

Yeah?  
And haven't we shown the last short?

**PETE:**

we have one more to go.  
Well, why don't we just run  
that and cut all this bullshit?

**PETE:**

OK.

**MAN:**

coached the Ellison High Journeymen  
to become the first Negro high school  
team ever to compete for a state title.  
Theirs was victory's glory.  
(WHISTLE TRILLING)  
Come on, y'all. Why y'all still sitting here?  
The games are about to start.  
Coach, we scared.  
Look, there's 10,000 white people out there  
that think that we ain't good enough.  
You know what? Maybe we ain't.  
All'y'all feel like that?  
Four hundred years in this country  
the black man has been spit on,

kicked, drug through the mud,  
but I've got two things I can tell you.

**Number one:**

I am so proud of y'all.

Number two...

(CHUCKLES)

You're gonna win!

It's just that plain and fucking simple.

You're going to win!

But them white boys from Hickory Tech...

- What game are we playing?

- Basketball, Coach.

- What color is their skin?

- White.

Exactly! They're white, you're black,  
this is basketball!

Am I speaking fucking Chinese?

I mean, come on, people.

You guys are 25 and 0.

Yeah, Coach, but that was  
against all black teams.

That's the point!

Y'all gonna kill those Caucasians!

But, Coach,

look at their fundamentals.

The fundamentals? It doesn't matter.

It's all the same when you're some  
cement foot, troglodyte white boy  
getting dunked on with a big pair  
of black fucking nuts  
hanging on your forehead.

Speaking of nuts, Lucious.

Come on up here, Lucious.

Tell them... How long is your dick?

I don't know, Coach. Like a foot.

- Foot and a half.

- Foot and a ha...

Foot and a half?

- Their arm ain't even that long!

- Yeah, White Knights!

- Yeah!

- You scared?

Well, well, well.

You Negroes gonna play  
basketball or what?  
Yeah, you Negroes.  
What's the matter? You realized  
you didn't belong in a white man's game?  
- You Negroes!  
- (LAUGHING)  
That's right.  
This isn't a game for Negroes.  
It's a game for good,  
honest, white people.  
Not for Negroes. You understand?  
Negroes!  
- White Knights!  
- White Knights!  
- White Knights!  
- Yeah!  
Hey, Coach, they look tough.  
They look tough? Oh, I'm so scared!  
You know what they might do.  
One of them might dribble with  
his left hand all the way down the lane,  
and then go up for a left-handed layup,  
and you know what's gonna happen then?  
Your black ass is gonna swat that shit,  
jump over his cracker ass,  
and dunk in his goddamn face.  
How many fucking times  
do I have to tell you?  
You're black, they're white.  
This ain't hockey!  
Guys, I think what Coach is trying  
to say is that the key word is teamwork.  
No! The key word is  
you're black, they're white.  
So, Coach, what you saying is  
if we just walk with the Lord...  
The Lord? Nigger,  
the Lord done did his part already.  
He made you black, he made them white.  
He gave you a foot and a half dick.  
Dribble with that motherfucker.  
As long as you all  
are out there on the floor,

you gonna score more points than them.

That's just how basketball works!

(CLAPPING)

Cut that goddamn slow clap shit out.

Tries my motherfucking patience.

Go out there and win!

- Let's go...

...some white boys...

(ALL YELLING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(GRUNTING)

**MAN:**

But late in the fourth quarter  
when Lucious Williams dribbled  
the entire length of the court  
with his foot-and-a-half penis,  
the referees had no choice  
but to call a technical foul,  
sending young  
Bobby Lee Mayflower to the line  
for the most dramatic moment  
of the contest.

- (WHISTLES TRILLING)

- (CROWD CHEERING)

(RAP SONG PLAYS)

So I say why not a sitcom  
starring Adrien Brody.

He raises toucans, 'cause  
he looks kind of like the birds  
and you get like  
sort of a visual gag there.

It's a sitcom with Jimmy Smits,  
and it's called

You Gotta Be Smitten Me?

I'm just going to go to the bathroom.

Is that all right?

- I can't fucking do it.

- (LAUGHTER)

- I don't know but I've been told.

- I don't know but I've been told.

- Gym class gives you great, big balls.

- Gym class... (GRUNTS)

Out here shootin' the shit.



Some guys shootin' the shit,  
and some people get shot with shit.  
- (LAUGHS) Right? Am I right?  
- I don't know what he's talking about.  
You know what the fuck  
I'm talking about.  
I wanna be on you.  
In you.  
(COUGHS)  
- Sorry. Fuck.

- **MAN:**

No.  
No, I can just see him  
underneath the table.  
And he's had his fingers  
in my pussy for the last five minutes.  
It's monstrous. It looks like she's  
sitting on Art Garfunkel's shoulders.  
No one leaves this room  
until we figure this out. (SIGHS)  
- Mangled dicks. Mangled...  
- Dicks, dicks, dicks, dicks...  
- Mangled dicks.  
- Mangled dicks.  
- Mangled dicks.  
- Dicks.  
- Dicks.  
- I got frozen peas and a sponge.

No, Mikey,  
there's steel wool on one side!  
Shit, you're right.  
OK, Amanda, you're gonna  
want to keep the yellow side up,  
otherwise there's gonna be  
lots more blood!

(SCREAMING)

I suck cock for gold coins.  
So do I.

(LAUGHING)

So what you're saying is  
we go out there and give 110 percent...  
One hundred and ten percent?  
Fifty percent! Three percent!

I think what Coach is trying to say is that the key word here is teamwork.

Lucious, will you whip out your dick and smack this motherfucker with it?

- What?

- I love you even more.

- Oh, Anson.

- I do.

- Me, too.

- You do?

# He's America's favorite cat

- # Beezel! #

- (MEOWING)

**MAN:**

I'm embarrassed to even say this, but...

- **WOMAN:**

- (MAN SIGHS)

Amy, ever since

you've moved in here, I...

- What?

- I love you even more.

- Oh, Anson.

- I do.

- Me, too.

- You do?

Yeah.

- (MEOWING)

- Oh, Beezel, how are you?

- How is my handsome little boy?

- (PURRING)

(FORCED CHUCKLE)

- (MUFFLED)

- (MEOWS)

- OK...

- (CHUCKLES) Hey, Anson.

Do you ever feel like your relationship with Beezel is a little strange?

Amy, please don't tell me

you're one of those girls

that gets jealous of a guy's pet.

Even if that pet is super silly!

(LAUGHS)

No, no. I, uh... I just don't think  
he likes me very much.

Oh, come on, Amy. He loves you.

- Really?

- Yeah.

There we go.

- (CHUCKLES)

- (MEWS)

Now, where were we?

(GASPING)

- What's wrong?

- (MEOWS SWEETLY)

- Aw.

- Nothing.

(GRUNTING)

(GRUNTING CONTINUES)

(GASPING)

(GASPS)

(GRUNTING)

(DISGUSTED GASP)

(ANGRY YOWLING)

(GRUNTING, YELLING)

- Ow! Get off of me!

- (MEOWING)

(PANTING)

(LOW GROWLING)

(SCREAMING)

- Wha... Wha...

- (YOWLING)

- What happened?

- Beezel pissed all over me!

Oh, no, no. He just sprayed you.

Yeah, it's something  
male cats do sometimes.

- It means he likes you.

- He likes me?

Yeah! Or it could mean  
that he's sick.

- Buddy, are you sick?

- Anson, he did this on purpose!

- I caught him masturbating!

- He's probably just cleaning himself.

It was to pictures of you  
in a swimsuit!

Cats can't even process  
images in that way.

- But he is not a normal cat.

- Of course he is.

He just put a fucking  
thermometer in his mouth!

He thinks it's a toy.

(ANSON LAUGHS) Beezel.

Anson, I love you, I do,  
but as long as that little fucker  
is around, I cannot be with you.

No, Amy. Amy.

- Look...

- No.

If it'll make you happy,  
I'll find another home for Beezel.

- He's just a cat...

- (MUFFLED YOWL)

...but you...

you're the woman that I love.

- Really? You'd get rid of him?

- I will.

- I love you.

- I love you.

No, I love you.

(SOBBING)

**ANSON:**

Come out, come out,  
you little rat fucker.

(WHISTLING) Beezel!

Bee... Shit. I told my mother  
we'd have him there in an hour.

I mean, she was nice enough  
to take him off our hands.

Do you mind going outside  
and checking for him?

- Absolutely.

- I'm going to go upstairs.

Beezel.

- Beezel.

- (ENGINE REVVING)

(ENGINE REVVING)

(GROANING)

(HISSING)

Oh, crap.

(GROANING)

(YELLING)

- That's it! Son of a bitch!

- (YOWLING)

- Cock-sucking...

- (MEOWING)

...motherfucking...

...Garfield reject piece of shit!

(YOWLING)

Die... you... dick-loving devil cat!

- (YELLING)

- (PEOPLE GASPING)

(MEOWING)

What?

Don't look.

Mommy, she's beating  
that cat... to death!

He tried to kill me.

No, you don't understand.

You don't understand.

# That gay fucking cat

- Please.

- # Anson's cat

- Get her!

- (ALL YELLING)

- No!

- Get her!

# Fucked my life

# Fucked my life

# That gay fucking cat

# Destroyed my life

# Despicable cat

# Fuck me! #

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

English - US - SDH