



Scripts.com

Perfect Life

By Hilde Eynikel

(Saw whirring)
What the fuck?
What the fuck happened
over here?
Shit!
Sorry, Mr. Parsons.
What are you doing, dude?
You haven't paid your bills
in three months.
It's out of my hands.
You don't have to do
jack shit!
Come on,
just give me another break!
I'm just doing my job, man.
You are just another
fucking asshole!
Have a nice day.
Fucking shit!
It's one thing I hate,
is warm beer.
Hey, listen, maybe I can give
a little donation
to the Electrical
Worker's Ball.
Just pay your bill, sir.
Fucking dickhead!
What's wrong, Dad?
They shut the power off again!
Just go and get
some power, boy!
What do you think?
Four thousand
nine hundred square feet.
Seven bedrooms,
four and a half bathrooms.
Hardwood floor, Italian marble,
Jacuzzi, tennis courts.
I think
I'm going to like it here.
Do you play tennis?
Are you alone?
Where are your parents?
Beverley Hills,

Rome, London.
Who knows?
Lucky bastard.
What are you doing?
Redistributing the wealth.
Well, I call it stealing.
You do not need to worry about
what I'm doing.
You need to learn
to mind your own business.
But it is my business.
You can't just
walk onto a person's property
and expect them to--
Look, kid,
be a good neighbour,
or I'll kick
your fucking ass!

MAN:

Jack!
Coming, Dad!
(Honking)

MAN:

Jesus! Fuck!
Fuck!
Fuck!
Pull the fuck over,
Jack!
I have had enough!
I want out!
Fuck!
Can't lose, can't lose.
Can I get a little
"Amen" on that?
Look at the fucking road!
It's a self-fulfilling
prophecy.
No, it's not!
It's a fucking death wish!
And I'm not planning to die!
Would you please turn on
the fucking lights?

Jack, will you please, please
put on the fucking lights?
I'm driving
by sound here, man!
What?
How drunk are you?
Relax.
It is an old bootlegger's trick.
I know this road like the
back of my fucking hand, okay?
Fucking left or right?
Put your hands
on the fucking wheel!
Right, right, right!
It's a left!
Put on the lights, Jack!
Winner!
Jesus Christ!
(Moaning)
The train
is in the station!
Choo fucking choo!
(Moaning)
Hey! I hope we didn't
keep you up, man.
Oh, no, no, no.
I slept like
I was in the womb.
Jack.
Jack, those are mine.
These are my shoes,
man.
Oh, Vera, if I put
anything else up my nose,
I'm going to end up like
that chick from Fleetwood Mac.
Anne said
you're pledging Veritas.
Shh.
It's a secret.
She said you told her.
Kings of funny hats.
Same bullshit, different
secret handshake, silly clubs.

No, no, no.
Mickey Mouse has the silly club.
These are key men.
Where are you going
so early, man?
I wanna see Anne
before class.
Class.
Yes, class.
Save the wisecracks
for Bristor.
Give Professor Bristor
our best.
That's my towel.
Treats for my peeps.
You do it yet?
Veritas isn't just
some fraternity.
These guys
end up ruling the world.
Presidents, senators, lords!
(Sniffing)
Look, I'm going to go
look for Anne.
Mark, pump him so full of drugs
that he does exactly what I ask.

MARK:

If Jack gets in to
these trust fund pricks.
I can finish off
a shitload more of my stuff.
Too early to process
your bullshit.
Class. Class.
Class!
I know why they chose
Donald Hallford.
He symbolizes everything
that is wrong
with the United States
of America.
You have any thoughts on how we
are going to move this fucker?

He probably weighs a ton.

Got steroids?

No.

No, I got some homemade acid
that will make you feel
like Superman.

There is a 40 percent chance
you might have an aneurysm.

Class.

No, fuck class!

I can teach you
everything you need to know!

MAN:

I hope you have all studied,
because Professor Bristor
is going to get to the bottom
of your thoughts on philosophy.
And even Mr. Parsons.

Since we have not seen or heard
from you since fraternity week,
maybe you would like to expound
philosophy of the Greeks.

The Greeks believed
that it is neither a short life
nor a long life.

There is only the life
that you have.

And what kind of life
do we have, Jack?

I quote Aeschylus:

"The life you were given
is the perfect life."

If you work with it, it has got
its own shape, its own arc.

It's perfect.

Ah, that is quite an original
take on the text, Jack.

But what happens when this
perfect life comes to an end?

Death is not the end
to the Greeks.

They see the soul or person
inhabiting the body

as a sort of a pilot.
Tacitus even said that some men
are born posthumously.
Do you know
what occurs to me, Jack?
If you were to stay away
from the parties,
you might even
have a brain.
Who gives a fuck then?
About what?
About what we do
in this life,
because the next one is going
to be better no matter what.
"Call no man happy
until he is dead!"
"Lay not treasures
upon the Earth!"
"Love, seek it not itself
to please,
but build a heaven
in hell's despair!"
Thank you, Mr. Parsons.
That was William Blake,
for those of you
scoring along at home.
So if that is the end
of today's outburst--
Well, this is all
just practice.
What does anything matter,
like coming to class?
Well, none.
Except that then
maybe finally
I could get you thrown out
of this college!
I can take away
your perfect little life.
Of course, according to Tacitus,
I'd be doing you a favour.
Are you threatening me?
No, of course not, sir.

All right,
you have got your papers.
Let us start.
I can't lose.
So you are thinking about
going into medicine?
Sure.
I could lose an entire weekend
in my dad's medicine cabinet.
Where the hell do you think
you are going?
Relax.
It's a shortcut.
Shortcut, my ass!
I'm going to spend
all the money I can,
which my family has made
over the last 300 years.
Are you serious?
Cross my heart and hope to die.
Yeah?
And also marry Anne,
and make her my princess.
I'll get my girl
once I get my Benz.
Oh, and my 911 Porsche
with 33-inch tires.
A Ferrari...
Your dad is going to have to mow
a million lawns for that shit.
Shh!
There she is.
(Dance music playing)
Oh, boy.
Word around campus is that
a couple of fraternity pledges
were spotted diving off
the roof of the Chem Lab
into a nearby dumpster.
Crazy kids.
Their parents
must have given them peyote.
I understand Freddy's need
to submit himself

to these idiotic initiation
rights,
but I would assume
that you would mock
that sort of behaviour.
You should know,
my dear sweet Anne,
why this is important to me.
Freddy.
I'm going to class,
but I just--
I just wanted to plant a seed
about rethinking
this whole fraternity thing.
Plant all you want,
but my fields are barren,
as far as growing any kind of
deep thoughts are concerned.
The sad thing is that
you might actually mean that.
I can't get
a read on Anne lately.
She seems so distracted.
I need to make my move,
you know?
I need to do something
so bold
that it will be impossible
for her to ignore.
Well, shit, man,
what's the rush?
It has only been, what?
Ten years?
Do you ever wonder about
Jack and Freddy?
In what way?
Are they really just
a couple of homos,
fucking with our minds?
(Laughing)
You can answer that last one,
seeing as how you are
Jack's current conquest.
Conquest implies

he had to fight to get me.
What the fuck are you doing?
That's cat food!
The brothers need dip,
pledge.
Fine.
Well, in that case...
(Laughing)
Not to sound like
a total slut,
which is so hard
because I'm one,
but I would not mind
being the meat
on a Jack and Freddy sandwich.
A little rich man,
poor man action, you know?
I think you need to
think real hard about
what it is that you need
in a relationship.
Otherwise, someone is just going
to end up getting hurt.
Wow.
You are such
an uptight bitch.
Can't you take off the halo
for one second?
You want to see the horns?
(Laughing)
Don't fuck with Jack.
It's too bad
we don't have any salt.
It's not a problem, man.
(Urinating)
Are you hot?
No, man, I'm just fat.
What about
that girl over there?
The one with the nipples
that could cut glass.
Those are nipple rings.
(Coughing)
Bullshit, man.

How do you know?

Because I just got finished
chewing on them
a couple of hours ago.

(Laughing)

You get me through all of this
fucking initiation bullshit,
I will see what I can do
about you and nipple rings.
Yeah?

(Cheering)

Hey!

Man, hey!

I don't care
what they say about you, man!
I'm glad you are going to be
a brother.

Honour, respect, privilege
right?

Privilege.

Hey, no hard feelings, man!
Abso-fucking-lutely,
man.

Is this dip?

I fucking love dip!

Thanks, man!

Yeah. Well done, man.

Well done.

Now go get the fucking hose,
pledge!

You're my complete hero.

You know that,
don't you?

YOUNG JACK:

Anne is going to make you
a great first wife.

YOUNG FREDDY:

If she will ever put out.
I'm not buying the cow
until I get some milk.
That is the most perverted thing
I've ever heard of!

She said she's going to save it
until we get engaged.
When will that be?
Straight after university.
Oh?
Congratulations.
Does she know?
Well, there's no need
to tell her.
I'm not going to take no
for an answer.
You scared the shit
out of me!
Do you know
that ancient proverb?
You save somebody's life,
you are responsible for them
for the rest of their life?
You're an asshole.
You do this to yourself.
Actually, a buddy of mine
made this.
It actually stimulates
the part of the brain
they call the "uber-brain"
by the Germans.
Does it work?
Well, they almost
made it to Moscow, didn't they?

FREDDY:

So how was it?
What?
Wherever it is
that you've been.
I don't remember.
Why do you always pass out
on your face like that?
Because if you pass out
on your back,
you can asphyxiate
on your own vomit.
Let us make more memories.
Sure.

Whose car are we borrowing?

Uh, Miller's.

I bumped into him.

Let's hope it's decent.

What is a decent car?

A sports car, a four by four,
a rear-wheel drive?

You know what
the best cars are?

Somebody else's.

What the fuck
is Bristor doing?

Well, he's got to
earn a living.

What kind of car
would Miller drive?

(Beeping)

Jackpot.

See what kind of trouble
we can get into.

(Chirping)

I've been
looking for you.

Well?

What?

Come on, Jack,
just own up to it.

To what?

You really don't remember?

Remember what?

Maybe you hit your head
harder than I thought.

My head?

Jack, you were
driving the car!

What car, man?

Have you got Donald?

Yeah, yeah.

Well, get ready,
we have got to go.

(Clearing throat)

What the fuck is that?

Donald Hallford,
in the flesh.

Oh, are you
fucking serious?
Bones, brother.
I take my fucking
very seriously.
Hey, hey, hey!
Shut the fuck up!
When I said,
"Bring me Donald Hallford."
I want Donald Hallford,
not just his fucking head!
Let's vote!
Is the skull
of Donald Hallford enough?
Nah.
I got it.
Sorry, man.
Brother, how far would you say
you are from your feet?
About five feet, ten inches.
And from your chest?
I don't know,
about a foot.
So if you were to describe
the locus point of you,
you would say that
you are in your voice,
which comes out of your mouth,
yes?
What the fuck?
Just bear with me,
Einstein,
or the Potemkin goes down
for the count.
When you say that you are five
feet, ten inches from your feet,
that's ridiculous, because your
feet are a part of you, right?
Yeah.
But you naturally assume
that your feet
are not a part of you,
they are "over there."
"Dipso" facto,

we can assume
that before he died,
Donald Hallford too believed
that he existed only
in his mind, in his head.
And so in bringing you
the head of Donald Hallford,
I have brought you
the himmest part of him,
the he-ist part of he,
as confirmed by your
characterization of your feet
as "over there."
You confirmed that existence
occurs only between the ears,
and that the rest of the body
is but a support mechanism.
I don't know what
the fuck you just said, but,
either way, there has got to be
a penalty clause.
There's always
a penalty clause, man.
A late arrival, plus no body,
it is double the mission.
Fuck it.
Me and Don are out of here.
No great loss.
No!
Wait, wait!
Wait!
Look, this is
too fucking important.
Don't let them get to you.
We said we were going to
do this together.
Go.
You can't get rid of me
that easy.
Someone jacked my car.
Pretty witty, bitch.
Tell them you want to use
Rule Four.
Trust me, Rule Four.

What about Rule Four?
Rule Four?
Rule Four.
Fuck, man!
Fuck Rule Four!
Fuck Rule Four.
Fuck you.
No offence,
but you're a little
too hairy for me, brother.
That's my boy.
Don't break down.
You sure you can handle
Rule Four?
I can handle anything
your grey matter wants to
squirt out at me, bro.
Steal some more wheels, bitch.
And swipe some balls
while you are at it.
You're going air bagging.
All right!
He's going
air bagging, man!
How do you like that?
(Cheering)
Yeah!
You look a little sick, man.
Something you ate?
Did you catch a buzz yet?
I can feel the rings
on my fingers,
even the ones
I'm not wearing.
Why do we do so much shit?
Because I'm a shaman.
Don't shake your head
when I say that, I'm serious.
I'm shaking my hair.
I crossed the river of death,
and I steal sand
and I bring it back,
and I'll build you castles
you will never live in.

Shamans don't drive cars.
In America they do.
The others are just pussies,
humming naked prayers
in the dark,
while walking
from somewhere to nowhere
at the slowest of speeds.
If you're a shaman,
what am I?
You are my muse.
A muse.
That's right,
we're "a-musing" together.
Are we ready?
Freddy's not here yet.
Ain't one girlfriend
enough for you?
Got meth?
No, this is
my own special shit.
This is
motor neuron stimulants.
This is motor crazy shit.
For the car?
No. DSD.
It is kind of like
what they give fighter pilots,
to make their nerves
and their reflexes sharp.
To sharpen up their reflexes.
It is kind of like speed,
you know,
but they take all the crazy
energy from the neurons,
and they make them--
Make them stronger,
instead of weaker.
Make them stronger,
'cause they're weaker.
What is it?
What?
This makes me smarter?
No, faster.

Let me try it.
Wait, let me--
No, just see what happens.
I haven't tasted
this shit yet.
Excuse me.
Remember, ladies,
only pussies can't drive 55.
Any less and you're out.
Go bag it.
The inmates have taken over
the asylum.
Thirty-five.
Forty.
Fifty!
Fifty-five!
Fifty-seven miles.
We'll be watching you.
(Engine starting)
Honda Prelude, '88 model.
It does have the airbag,
right?
Let's find out.

MILLER:

Are you clear on the rules?
Man, if I see brake lights,
you lose.
You've got to hit 55.
You won't lose
if you can't lose.
(Phone ringing)
Make this extremely quick.

FREDDY:

This ain't no thing
for a speed racer like you.
I thought you were gonna
leave me hanging.
Just another mission
for our heroes.
You're next.
Oh, click it or ticket.
Thank you, officer.

(Cheering)

MAN:

Jack?

Jack, you made it.

Who the fuck are you?

You're a lucky man, Jack.

I don't feel lucky.

Well, I'm here on behalf of
the fraternity.

I would just like to
ask you a question or two.

I almost

fucking killed myself.

What more is there

to question?

Well, why do you want to be
a Veritas man?

Veritas gives hope.

Hope?

Yeah,

like if you die,

you got somebody

to give you a decent burial.

Well, you can always

pay people to do that.

Yeah, but you can not pay them
to give a fuck.

So for you,

fraternity is like a family.

Yeah, I guess so.

And it's the only one

you've got.

Why don't you tell me why

I want to join Veritas, then.

Well, don't you remember

your Latin?

Veritas means truth.

(Phone ringing)

Hello?

FREDDY:

Jack?

Yeah?

Where are you right now?
Um, in bed.
Who is this?
It's the Prince of Darkness.
Freddy.
Hey!
Are you alone?
Yeah.
You're a fucking liar!
You're fucking my girlfriend!
You're fucking dead!
Are you okay?
Yeah.
Nightmare.
What happened?
Freddy was here.
He saw us.
Fuck.
Did I hit my head?
(Chuckling)
It was me.
You hit your head?
Oh.
(Ringing)
Hello?

FREDDY:

Are you in bed?
Yeah. Why?
Where are you?
I'm home.
You know,
where the, um,
where the dear
and the aristocracy play.
England home?
Well, they--
They found my wallet
in Miller's car.
Fuck!
Oh, don't shit a brick.
I kept you out of it.
But they do know
that somebody else was driving.

So, what I suggest you do,
is you come over here
whilst it blows over,
and lay low in style.

Can you get the natives
to call me "the Ripper"?

(Laughing)

I would like you to bring
the rest of the gang.
Tell Mark that there is a
serious need for his expertise.
And don't let Anne
say no.

Uh, yeah.

I'll make sure she's there.

We'll come
after Bristor's final.
There won't be a final,
Jack.

I think you know that now.

I wired you the money.

Start packing.

Okay.

You know that, um,
recurring nightmare
I told you about?

It's occurring.

Why do I love you?

Because

you smell like milk.

No, really, I'm serious.

Milk and smell and scent,
it's all the true essence
between two people.

There's no bullshit.

I love it

when you're serious.

(Phone ringing)

(Yelling)

(Screaming)

Are you all right, sir?

We're about to land.

I'll be right back.

Whoa!

Oh, I feel sick.

Oh, my God!

Shit!

This place has got to have
secret passageways.

VERA:

Where are his folks?

Monaco, Montserrat,

Beverly Hills.

Only their psychotherapist
knows for sure.

(Laughing)

Hello!

You should come up here.

It's so beautiful.

(Door opening)

FREDDY:

Twenty-seven thousand
square feet.

Thirty-seven bedrooms,
14 and a half bathrooms.

Italian marble.

No Jacuzzi, I'm afraid,
but then, I do have
five tennis courts.

I think you're gonna
like it here.

Must be a bitch to heat
in the winter.

Well, we do have
electricity.

Where's your folks?

Monaco, Geneva,
Beverly Hills.

We've come a long way.

We most definitely have.

Welcome.

Thank you.

(Laughing)

(Engines running)

(Laughing)

You've been

ominously quiet.
When have I ever
gotten a word in
around
the Jack and Freddy show?
Touch.
Hey,
you had me worried.
Really!
I did?
One morning you were just gone?
Of course I was worried!
You're like a brother
to me!
Is that a good thing?
How can you feel otherwise?
How can you be so confident
around the rest of the world,
and doubt yourself
around me?
Someone has to throw me.
Look, it's like
Jack always says--
Look, pretend for a minute
there is no Jack!
Are you saying that Jack has
some sort of control over me?
I didn't mean it
like that.
It's just that sometimes
I look at the two of you,
and it reminds me of how similar
you both still are
to the 13-year-olds
who used to peek at me
when I was dancing
in my backyard.
You knew about that?
Why do you think
I practiced so hard?
Close your eyes.
Okay,
now keep them closed.
There's something

I want to show you.
Open your eyes.
Oh, my God!
This is beautiful!
Wow!
My grandfather had it built
for my grandmother.
She was Italian,
so beautiful.
He loved her more than
anything else in the world.
You never told me this.
Well, it would have
spoiled the surprise.
That's not all.
He gave her one more thing
before he died.
God, it's beautiful!
I want you to have it.
Shh.
Don't tell me now.
Tell me tomorrow night
at the party.
Excuse me.
Do you know where I can get
a drink around here?
Two guys, one girl.
An equation whose solution
always leaves
someone out in the cold.
Yeah, me.
Money always finds happiness.
Well, it seems a clear-cut case
of who wants it most.
That's the problem with you
rich, fucking,
over-privileged dicks!
It's always about
getting "it"!
We're not even
talking about a--
A house or a car,
or a corporation.
We're talking about a woman.

But who says, uh,
"it" is a girl?
What is "it" then?
Now, Jack,
this pain I see in your eyes,
where does it come from?
I don't know.
Yeah!
What happened to you?
I've been looking for you
everywhere.
I must have blacked out
during a blackout.
Where do you go
when you black out?
It's, uh, stressful.
Basketball courts,
swimming pools,
car wrecks, sex.
Same shit,
different nightmare.
Then why do you still keep
doing drugs?
Drugs are how
a man with no past
faces a world
with no future.
Okay, so
if you can still
be all lyrical about it,
then it means
that you're not a drunk.
What's wrong?
Nothing.
What's wrong?
Freddy asked me
to marry him.
What about us?
You know how I feel
about you, but--
But what?
You're an addict.
You're an addict,
and I don't know

where you are.
Even when you're here with me,
I don't know where you are.
You are just another
fucked-up poor kid
whose parents
did not care enough
or give him enough
attention.
And now, you have some
pathological need
to be the life or the soul
of some party,
only it's just in your mind.
I can change, okay?
I can be the fucking perfect,
well-adjusted,
mature gentleman,
ready to carry you off
to your perfect life.
You're planning our future
together when
you can't even remember
what you did the night before.
I think I'm entitled to more.
You want more?
Because
I can give you more.
More is not
a fucking problem!
More is easy!
I can give you more!
Stop!
Come here.
What am I gonna do
with you?
You're not
making this easy.
I know.
Tell me about hell.
Hell is a mall and--
(Laughing)
and in it, outside it,
all around it,

there are bums and geeks,
and they kind of want to get in
because they have to
beg for money,
or for someone to kill them,
because they're too scared
to go inside.
So is this like a strip mall,
or is this a regular mall?
It's like a Jersey mall,
only first you have to
cross a river.
The river is round.
Like a moat?
Yeah.

MAN (Quietly):

Jack! Jack!
Jack!
The bathtub ate Vera.
I need some salt.
Listen, listen, listen,
baby.
Come on,
listen to my voice.
You have got a pulse,
you're doing okay!
Party.
Hospital!
No, no, no, no!
When's the last time
you've been to a hospital?
I don't remember.
Have you got a fucking watch?
No!
Want me to go look for
a watch?
I'm just trying
to fucking help!
You want to fucking help?
Get her some fucking
sodium chloride, all right?
Get some fucking table salt.
Hurry the fuck up!

Put the towels
on the ground.
Put the fucking towels--
Come here!
Will you fucking hurry?
Close the fucking door!
I need your fucking help!
All right!
What did you give her, man?
Same fuckin' thing
we took.
Up straight,
aim your body straight!
Can't even
get a vein up.
She looks like shit.
Listen, she can hear us
in there.
You have got to fucking
keep it positive.
There is nothing else
we can do now
until the saline cycle
is through.
Fuck it, let's just
crack open another 40
or smoke some kill!
Or some champagne,
that'll do!
Where did you get
fucking ice, man?
I've been looking all over
this country for fucking ice
since we got here!
The Europeans aren't as obsessed
with refrigeration.
Yeah, clearly!
(Gurgling)
Fuck!
(Coughing)
Hey!
Hey, baby!
Why am I in
an ice bucket?

No, no.
No sleeping.
We gotta keep her talking,
Jack, come on.
I want one of them.
Yeah!
Jesus Christ!
Hi.

VERA:

Your halo's crooked.
(Laughing)
Obviously, you have a problem
with authority.
Who doesn't?
You think you're smarter
than anyone, don't you?
Including me,
no doubt.
I think you have a problem
about telling the truth.
What are you implying?
Lying.
Oh, excuse me, nurse,
would you mind
turning that volume down?
Thank you.
We'll ring
when we need you.
Now,
that maid you remember,
did she tell you her name?
Marisol.
Marisol.
That is a beautiful name.
Beautiful.
Spanish, is that right?
I don't know.
You don't know.
Let me tell you something,
Jack.
In the Brotherhood,
we can't abide secrets,
because secrets,

they have a habit of
creeping back
and haunting you.
I don't have any secrets.
Jack, you do.
You do, Jack.
You know what happened
to that girl, Jack.
When you woke up
by the pier,
Marisol had not just
disappeared, had she?

JACK:

She was no longer there.
I don't know how else
you could describe that.
You know what happened
to that girl, Jack.
You know, I really am
a fan of the grunge look, Jack,
but I was kind of hoping you
might go dapper for the evening.
We had
a little problem upstairs.
Vera almost Joplin'd,
and then when that didn't work,
she tried to drown herself
in the bathtub.
Yes, she really is a fuck up at
anything but fucking, isn't she?
That was pretty cold.
Are you defending
your sex doll?
You know, I could always
loan you ten pounds,
and you can go
and buy another one.
Only this time,
please buy one that can't talk.
You know,
it's good to know
that even when
you're playing dress-up,

the prick in you
doesn't die.
Oh, this prick
will never die, dog.
Gosh.
I'm shaking like a crack ho
at a methadone clinic.
This is it, amigo.
I feel like my whole life has
been building up to this moment.
We need to talk.
Why?
What have you done?
And how much of my money
will it take to make it go away?
It's about Anne.
What about Anne?
We, um--
If it makes a difference--
Jack.
First rule of Veritas,
"Brothers before others."
Brothers before others.
Why don't you get dressed?
Hey, what is in that stuff
you're giving them?
Well, there is tryptamine
and there's dimethyltryptamine.
You trip.
Know what I mean?
"Di" means two,
and "methyl" became popular
from its lesser cousin,
simply known as meth.
Essence and speed.
Twice, hold the cow shit.
My friends have such an intimate
relationship with their drugs.
You drink alcohol.
Everything I make in my lab
is just the same.
It's not just the same!
What you make in your lab
is hardcore illegal drugs.

Hardcore, softcore.
Drugs are a conduit.
No, he's right.
Psilocybin mushrooms
grow in cow shit.
Apes would eat
these mushrooms.
Must be where the term
"some good shit" comes from.
Anne.
Should we tell everybody?
What?
About us.
(Laughing)
Us? What, us?
Ladies and gentlemen,
(Clinking glass)
I have an announcement
to make.
Or is it a confession?
You see,
I have asked Anne,
if she would do me
the unfathomable honour
of becoming my wife.
Cheers!
No, no.
You see, she has yet
to give me a reply.
But she has promised
to let me know this evening.
So all that remains
in the presence of my dearest,
most cherished
and trusted friends,
is for me to humbly
beseech her response.
Providing, of course,
there are no objections.
Anne, this could be
our wedding party.
This could be our final
"bon voyage" to the wild life.
One final fling before

we wave goodbye to childhood.
Anne, be with me,
please!
Just as I thought.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Jack, the lad,
is fucking my girlfriend!
Freddy,
don't do it, man.
You ungrateful little cunt!
I gave you everything
you could possibly ever want!
But you had to take the one
thing that I did not offer you!
Freddy, calm down.
Freddy, please, man!
I feel like I've gone to hell
already, and I'm dead!
Mark, can we fucking smoke
a joint over here or something?
Jack, I'm going out of
my fucking head, here!
What do you want me
to fucking do about it?
It's not my fault! I didn't--
Yes, you did!
I did all of this so that
I could get close to you!
This is bad.
This is bad, dude!
Fucking water
or something for...
If by bad, you mean, good,
then, yes, it is.
You're fucking out of your mind
right now!
You don't think
I've known about you and Anne
all of this time?
This isn't about me and her,
about me and you!
Freddy, why don't you get
yourself a fucking life?
That's exactly what

I intend to do.

MAN:

Get over here!

Come over here!

(Screaming)

MAN:

This pain I see in your eyes,
where does it come from?

I don't know.

The boozing, the partying,
the fornicating,

it doesn't alleviate it?

No, it just makes me numb.

Your father was a gardener,
wasn't he?

Yeah.

So how could the son

of a gardener afford

to go to

such a prestigious college?

Scholarship program.

Your best friend

paid your fees.

So?

Well, I guess he always
felt guilty after the accident.

So tell me,

what happened in your childhood?

Nothing.

And who was Simon?

I don't know

who you're talking about.

Hi, guys!

I was hoping you would be here.

How're you doing,

Simon?

Anne looks great,

doesn't she?

Look, Simon,

Jack and I are having a talk

about some private stuff.

Maybe you could get--

Did you hear about
the big contest?
What contest?
We are going to see who can
hold their breath the longest
in the pool.
The winner gets five minutes
in heaven with Anne.
Oh, yeah?
Who decided that?
Anne.
She called me last night,
to ask me if I thought
it was a good idea.
Anne phoned you last night?
We talk almost every day.
Well, if you will
excuse us, Simon,
Jack and I are going to
discuss some exercises
to expand our lung capacity.
Okay, I got you.
May the best man win.
There's no way
Simon can win that contest.
Calls her every night!
Who the hell
does he think he is?
Relax, it's just Simon.
I hope
I can count on you, Jack.
I have to be the one
who ends up with Anne.
Whatever you need, buddy.
So, what happened in the pool,
Jack?
It was a long time ago.
Yes, but you keep
coming back to it.

ANNE:

You all jump in together.
The last one
who comes up wins.

JACK:

Can I get a kiss
for good luck?
Step forward.
Who brought him?
I apologize.
He's my personal trainer.
We'll see how he shapes up.
Ready, set,
go!
The truth, Jack,
for once in your cheap, sordid,
miserable little life.
Simon thought that
he could just take her.
Yeah, but you muscled in on her,
didn't you?
Didn't you?
And that is really
what's killing you, isn't it?
Is everyone all right?
Fuck you. It's your
goddamn fault we are here!
Why couldn't you have broken
the heart of some poor schmuck,
instead of that fucked up rich
kid with the house of horrors?
They locked me up like this
before,
and then they put a hose in.
Who is they?
Veritas.
They nearly drowned me.
That's what
he's gonna do next.
Who's "he"?

VERA:

How stoned are you?
Freddy, the twisted fuck,
is going to kill us all,
because the love of his life
would rather fuck Jack!

Best friends
make the worst enemies.
Who asked you, huh?
Hello!
Wait.
Listen.
What is it?
The birds are gone.
He knows my fears.
Out of one box
and in another.
Perfect!
Fucking perfect!
There's got to be a door
or a window.
What do we do now?
We should call the police.
It's fucking dead!
It must be a holiday
or something.
I have a cell phone!
(Beeping)
It's wet!
I wonder how it got wet.
My parents are going to freak
unless I call!
Don't touch anything!
Don't touch anything!
Assume everything
is a trap!
It's just the wine cellar,
dude!
Listen to him, Mark!
Jack knows Freddy
better than anyone!

VERA:

Right now, I wish I had never
met any of you assholes.

MARK:

Look, Freddy is just
yanking our chain.
Any second,

the door is going to open up,
he is going to be there with
a great big smile on his face,
and the joke is on us,
and the party continues.

JACK:

Do not kid yourself.
Freddy is capable of
very bad things.

VERA:

What does that mean,
Jack?
Jack, what are you saying?
Jack? Jack? Jack?
Jack? Jack, get up!
Jack?
And you, uh, really think
you killed that kid?
That wasn't Simon.
I killed him.
I swear, I killed him!
No.
That wasn't Simon, Jack.

JACK:

I am going to lose
my fucking mind, I swear!
And yet, you swear.
By what do you swear?
By your honour?
By your drugged-out,
wasted little ingrate life,
could happily fuck
the only girl
his only friend
had ever loved?
You really like
jerking the world off,
don't you, Jack?
Jack?
Jack?
You need to stay with us,

Jack.

We sure can pick our men.

MARK:

What happened, bud?

Nightmare.

Yeah?

What did you see?

A tunnel of light.

It is common for people who survive a near death experience to say the same thing.

"A tunnel of light calls to me."

It's a collective memory.

Where do these tunnels of light go?

What is the light at the end of the tunnel?

Are you really awake, Jack?

I'm just fucking with you.

Look, don't touch anything, man.

Vera, come here.

This is exactly what we need.

Mark, use what's left of your brain for once and get over here!

MARK:

You know, I guess they get paid in wine over here.

That's why nothing works.

See, we're not drunk enough yet.

That's my theory.

If we get completely wasted--

That phone over there is not fucking working.

Do you realize how pickled our brain is going to be when we drink this?

Mark, just put it down.

Let's drink a little bit
to smooth out the edges.
Listen to Jack.
Hey, Vera, I know
you're always good for a screw,
but what about a corkscrew?
Mark!
Bite me!
Mark!
(Rumbling)
Mark! Mark!
This is so cool!
(Screaming)
(Screaming)
How hard would it have been
to marry the rich boy
and live happily ever after?
Shut up, Vera.
You know,
all you had to do was ask.
I would have put on a wig
and dressed
like Miss Uptight over there.
We would be upstairs
safe and sound,
instead of wondering which one
of us dies next.
He had a choice.
You've been Freddy's
since the second he decided
it was gonna be that way!
All the money in the world
does not give a person the right
to decide
another's future for them.
Then how come it's always us
poor bastards who end up paying?
We have to get out of here.
So...
What is at the end
of the tunnel of light?
We are born into this world
through a tunnel into light,
and we leave this world

through a tunnel into light.
One tunnel just leads
to the next, and the next,
and the next, and the next,
whether we are ready or not.
The nature of life is that
there is no end to anything.
Who said that?
Nobody.
Freddy!
Help!
Damn you!
Let us out!
Hello!
Guys?
It smells like a sewer.
It's pretty small.
You can stay
and calculate the circumference,
but I'm getting
the hell out of here
so I am not next
on Freddy's to-do list.
I think we should wait.
I will take questionable odours
over certain death any day.
Hey.
You can guide me into the hole
for once, okay?
Wait, wait, wait.
Where did you get this?
You're such an asshole.
It is from the doll we won
on the Brighton Boardwalk.
Jack?
Are you coming?
Jack?
Jack, I'm not waiting for you!
Vera.
Hey!
Hey, I can stand!
Jack! Anne!
It's not so bad!
Hey!

When I was a kid,
my mom took me school shopping.
There was this pair of Nikes
that I wanted,
and she wouldn't
get them for me.
She said
they were too expensive.
So she got me
these fakes instead.
So I went to school on the first
day, and I had my fakes on,
and this older kid was like,
"Cool fucking Jeepers, man."
And I said, "Yeah,"
and I smiled.
Only the ghetto kids
had Jeepers.
Only the kids
that I made fun of had Jeepers.
And I realized right there
that I was
one of those kids.
A born loser.
It's like
you don't realize it, but
you smile because
you can not let them see you
wince when you got to eat shit.
So you just smile,
and you fucking bear it.
And I remember thinking,
"Just act like a frat guy,
act like a fucking frat guy,"
until you can
get them all back.
I went home that day
and I said,
"Mom, you got me
some fucking Jeepers!"
I'm not gonna
let you die in here, Jack.
Hey.
Can't lose, won't lose.

Anne!

Anne!

I'm over here.

Come on.

You think Mark told Freddy
about us?

I told him.

Why?

Because I felt like
I was losing the race.

I'm not a race!

Why do you keep
looking behind us?

Because you never
see it coming.

Do you think Vera made it?

Vera has
the survival instincts
of a cockroach
during nuclear winter.

Does that mean, yes?

Does it?

Please! Please!

Is this it?

Stay here.

Jack?

Jack!

There is a light
on the other side,
and there is an opening
in the grate!

It looks like

Vera made it!

I am not going.

I can't.

Anne,

we gotta get out of here!

There is not enough room!

I can't do it!

Okay.

All right.

I'll go check it out,

all right?

Wait!

I love you.
(Crying)
Stop!
(Screaming)
You scared the shit
out of me!
How did you do that?
What?
You were dead!
You weren't moving!
What?
You weren't fucking moving!
It looks like
we have a winner!
Yeah!
(Cheering)
Why do you always pass out
on your face like that?
So I don't choke.
So whose car
are we borrowing?
Miller's.
I hope it's decent.
Well, what is decent?
A sports car, a four by four,
a rear-wheel drive?
Do you know what
the best cars are?
Somebody else's.
Why is Bristor here?
Well, he's got to
earn a living.
What kind of car
would Miller drive?
That one.
Now we come to
the difficult part, Jack,
and you won't be
the first to falter.
Can we just
change the subject?
Well, rules are rules, Jack,
and if you won't
tell the truth,

then I am afraid
that I shall have to tell it.
What are you doing
in my car?
Trying to get it
fired up.
Okay, Mr. Parsons,
that's it.

MAN:

You deliberately
struck your professor
with a tire iron!
Eventually
puncturing his lung.
He died soon after.
Oh, click it or ticket.
Thank you, officer.
Thirty.
Thirty-five.
Forty!
Fifty!
Fifty-five!
He's going
too fucking fast!
Sixty!
Sixty-five!
(Cheering)
Somebody?
Jack!
Jack!
Somebody call 9-1-1!
Are you happy now?
Huh?
Is this what you need
to get high on yourself?
Is it?
He was supposed to drive 55.
He went 72.
You are so fucked up!
Listen to me, Jack.

MARK:

He can't hear you!

Shut the fuck up, Mark!
Am I back?
Well, you must be
if you're talking to me.
Jesus Christ!
What the fuck was that?
The crystalline amide.
I had to do a lithium alcohol
hydrogen four mixer,
and then it crystallized
back into dimethyltryptamine.
English, man!
In short,
it is the food of the gods.
No airbag.
Fuck!
Don't worry
about the pain, baby!
Doctor Mark
is going to set you up.
Have I ever told you about my
"you can't lose if you
don't lose" philosophy, Anne?
It's a slogan, Jack,
not a philosophy.
So, Jack,
what can you tell me?
It is a characteristic
of the human mind
to hate
the one we have injured.
Oh, very good.
Tacitus.
Are you here to make sure
that I do not tell the police
about the Brotherhood?
Veritas does not work
in that way.
I'm not even a member.
It's still
under consideration.
Professor Bristor
was just an example, but,
you and I know well,

Jack,
that is not
your real secret, is it?
Do we have a winner?!
Jesus Christ!
Jack?
What was all that noise?
Oh, lord,
look at the stars, Freddy.
Freddy, look at the stars.
You know,
if one ever did meet God,
one would have to
congratulate him on those.
Where's the roof?
That's a very touching
story, Jack.
You and your friend Freddy
seemed to be guided by angels.
It is a miracle
we both survived.
There was no miracle, Jack.
So I made some stuff up.
You know,
that's a good thing.
It means
I didn't kill Bristor,
it means
I didn't kill Marisol!
Yeah, that's right.
I can't fucking lose, man!
Jack, why do you think
I'm here?
I have no fucking idea.
Ask me.
You killed your best friend,
Jack.
Freddy,
look at the stars.
Freddy?
Freddy,
quit fucking around.
Freddy?
Freddy? Freddy?

Freddy?
You killed Freddy.
Congratulations, Jack.
You made it.
Now, that was not so hard,
was it?
What about the police?
Oh, the police
won't be a problem.
(Clearing throat)
What the fuck is that?
Donald Hallford
in the flesh,
or bones, brother.
Are you fucking serious?
I take my fucking
very seriously!
Oh, fuck!
What's time when you are dealing
with the dead, brother?
(Cheering)
It is too fast!
He's going too fucking fast!
Somebody?
Jack!
Who are you?
You know who I am, Jack.
You know.
Anne! Anne!
Anne!