



Scripts.com

Return to Nuke 'Em High Volume 1

By Travis Campbell

NARRATOR:

Greetings from Tromaville.
Let me take you back,
back to where it all began...
to a small town
in New Jersey.
At that time, the Tromaville
nuclear power plant
had a horrifying meltdown,
tainting the water supply
of Tromaville High School,
which was carelessly located
right next door.
Heinous mutations occurred,
transforming the student body
into radiated creatures
and cretins.
Well, not every student
turned evil.
Our heroes Warren and Chrissy
saved the day
by blowing up
the nuclear power plant
and the school therein,
eliminating evil
and setting things
back to normal.
Oh, and some other stuff
also happened.
But today,
since criticizing nuclear power
is no longer in vogue,
at least in movies,
the Tromaville nuclear power plant
has been bulldozed
to make way for
the environmentally friendly,
health-conscious
Tromorganic Foodstuffs Inc,
built directly on top
of the old nuclear plant.
What could go wrong?
This is no typical remake.

I want you to join me
as we "Return to Nuke 'Em High"!
Oh, by the way, excelsior!
Nuke 'Em High
Nuke 'Em High
The sun comes up,
a brand-new day
The student body,
time to pray
They take that test,
they concentrate
'Cause no one wants
to be a waste
But outside of
The classroom walls
The Geiger counter
Tells it all
Can't see or feel
or smell or taste
The remnants
of the nuclear waste
I just
Really want to know
I just
Really want to know
What's going on
At Nuke 'Em High?
What's going on
At Nuke 'Em High?
What's going on
At Nuke 'Em High?
What's going on...
(MAN AND WOMAN MOANING)
At Nuke 'Em High?

WOMAN:

(SCREECHING)
Your wiener feels like
it's flopping around
like a fish without oxygen.
You're fishing with John, baby.
Your name's John?
No, it's Gil, but whatevs.
OMG,

fuck me with your
fish dick, Gil!
Oh! Something's got me.
- I got you, baby.
- No, no.
Your box... it's biting me.
Whatever you're doing,
it's getting me hot.
No, don't stop.
(BOTH SCREAMING)
(SCREAMING)
(SCREAMING)
What kind of god...?
(JANITOR SINGING)
Nuke 'Em High
What's going on
At Nuke 'Em High?
Eh.
(COW MOOING)
(FACTORY WHISTLE BLOWS)
Stack some medals,
don't make a fuss
Forget about the two of us...
(DEVICE BLEEPING)
We're off to war
- Doesn't matter if you'll agree

- **MAN:**
You're here to kill,
you see...
(MAN OVER SPEAKERS)
Attention, Tromorganic employees,
please stop dancing
and acting goofy.
President and CEO Herzkauf
will be making
his inspection shortly.
And do your best...
- (MAN FARTS)
- Stick some bayonets
In some chests...
Now look, laddie,
I want my ultracheap foodstuffs
in every school in New Jersey

at inflated prices.

That is the basis of our plan,
and you know it.

No fast-food place
will take my food anymore.

Hmm?

(SCREAMS)

God damn it!

Now you... you, Westly, as principal
of the guinea pig charter school...

- Sir, the president's on the line!

- Give me that.

Oh! Why do you do that?

Yes, Mr. President.

- Disconnected.

- I'll get him back!

Now what is all this about
a rogue student blog, Pollution Nerdz,
talking about my foodstuffs
contaminating the groundwater
and poisoning the students?

It's slanderous.

And it may be true.

If word got out, we'd be ruined.

I got him back!

(ARNOLD GASPS)

I'm going to...

give me that. Give me that.

Yes, Mr. President.

Oh, everything is just going
beautifully... beautifully.

Look, there's...

there's always gonna...

(HERZKAUF GURGLING)

There's always gonna be a Zuckerberg
in every school. Everything's fine.

Yes. And I'll see you
in Havana.

Yeah, I'll get the hookers.

Don't bring Michelle.

- Something wrong, boss?

- Everything is fine.

You just pay attention to that slogan
the spinmasters gave us:

"Propagation is health."

"Propagation is health."

And make sure... make sure those
students at Tromaville High School
are loving it!

Are loving it!

- Oh, man.

- What do you want?

This Plasti taco mix foodstuff
don't look right, boss.

Well, you want to go green,
don't you?

It looks green to me.

(LAUGHING LOUDLY)

Get over here, you bastard.

Give me my milk.

Give me that.

Give me that.

Ah!

(WOLF HOWLING)

(MOANING)

You were 17...

(GRUNTING)

(YELLING)

Do I look ripped, babe?

Oh, yeah.

- (EUGENE PANTING)

- Yeah.

Oh-ho-ho-ho.

What's he gonna do?

- What's he gonna do?

- What's he gonna do?

- Ohh-hh.

- Ohh-hh.

(EUGENE MOANING)

Uh, Eugene.

Eugene.

Uh, Eugene.

Eugene. Eugene!

(GASPS) What is it?

Uh, it's that time of the month
and it's a horror movie
down there, so...

Again?

That's what you said last week.
You know, I have toxic shock
syndrome from all the tampons.
And I got a headache, so...
Look, Chrissy,
I think you're super sexy
in a butch kind of way,
which is weird, because
what does that say about me?
But we've been talking
about having sweet, sweaty,
dirty, kinky, really weird,
fucked-up teenage sex
in my big, blue,
white-cream-leather-seat
El Dorado for months now
and this is all I get?
You have to be kidding me!
(SCREAMS)
(PANTING)
At least you broads
won't let me down.
(GRUNTING)
Oh, I really need to get
another subscription.
(GRUNTING)
(GROANING)
Argh!
Oh, you're missing out.
You're really missing out.
You have no idea.
Argh!
Look out, Tromaville High.
Here comes the new girl.
Oh.
(GRUNTING)
Hey, new girl,
look at these titties.
They're bigger than yours.
You want to go
to the prom with me?
Where you going?
What's her deal?
I don't know, but she is hot.

She's a rich bitch.

How the fuck would you know,
micro phallus?

(WESTLY OVER SPEAKERS)

Attention, students.

Please empty all items
into the plastic tray
before passing through
the metal detector.

We've gone three days
without a shooting.

Let's keep it up.

Come on.

She lives in Tromaville Heights.

My dad sold her family
their McMansion,
kind of like the one
you live in,

Marilyn McManson.

(SNAPS FINGERS)

You twat.

Thank God for Zoloft
and thrift stores.

Would you pull this, please?

(GRUNTING)

Please, please, please,
let go, let go, let go.

Come on, guys, let's go.

- Oh.

- (ALARM PULSING)

(DEVICE BEEPING)

(WHIMPERS)

The pope retired.

(SCHOOL BELL RINGS)

Fuck you.

- (GRUNTS)

- Oh.

I am so sorry.

I really didn't...

A brownnosing little rich girl
late for intramural Ping-Pong?

Ping-Pong is on Wednesdays.

Today is Monday.

I am right about one thing,

though, Miley Cyrus:
You are a brownnosing
little rich girl.
Looks like Mommy and Daddy
won't be able to save you
from a beating this time.
You know what?
Some of us
actually have plans
for our future
that don't involve binge drinking,
trailer parks or food stamps.
- Ow! Fuck!
- (BOYS LAUGHING)
I'm gonna get you, rich girl.
Ow.
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

LAUREN:

Kevin, I'm home!
(QUACKING)
I love you, Kevin.
I know you'll never leave me.
(MUSIC PLAYING)
(LAUREN QUACKS)
It's great being rich
and having a duck as a pet.
(INSECTS CHIRPING)
(QUACKING)

CHRISSY:

Okay, time to check my blog
and see how many eyes
I've opened up
with my investigation
of Tromorganic Farms.
OMG!
18 whole page views.
18 people have checked in.
What a month.
I'll need more bandwidth.
Here are some exclusive photos
from member
Deeper Throat.

Not only does Tromorganics
secretly mix in
what appears to be
sweetened wallpaper paste,
but the contaminated groundwater
is everywhere.
(YAWNING) The contaminated...
contamination...
um...
Cyber malaise.
Tiredness.
Horniness.
Where is that one site
with that chick that looks like
Angelina Jolie in "Gia"?
Jackpot.
All aboard the skin boat
to tuna town.
- (MOANING)
- Vagina, vagina
Vagina in the sky
Vagina, vagina
Vagina in the sky...
- (MOANING LOUDER)
- Vagina
In the sky,
now every night...
Is everything okay in here, dear?
I heard crying.
Yeah, Aunt Bee.
I'm just feeling a little...
Sad about being an orphan?
Now that you mention it.
No, that's not it.
I bet I know what it is.
- You do?
- Well, of course I do.
Don't worry, honey.
Someday you'll find the right boy.
(CHUCKLES)
The right boy, yeah.
And don't you worry,
he won't be some deadbeat
goat sucker like your

stinking father,
that twat.
What's that?
Looks like
foreshadowing?

Dinner's at 7:

It's tuna.
Please, God,
get me out of this
Tromaville hole.
Ugh.

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

(YAWNS)

(FARTS)

Nooo!

Kevin. Kevin.

No.

Macaroni.

I'm calling

But no one will be hearing...

(WESTLY OVER SPEAKERS)

Attention, students,
due to a recent outbreak
of jock itch and rectal rashes,
Coach Sandusky would like
all members of the boys'
wrestling team
to surrender their jockstraps
to him immediately.

(PLAYING AND SINGING OUT OF TUNE)

Amazing

Grace...

How sweet...

Attention, students.

Now I know you're all

looking forward

to today's luncheon

Super Duper Taco Tuesday

Spectacular,

but it's come to my attention

that there's a blogger out there

by the name of Lettuce Lover 69

and they run the blog called

Pollution Nerdz.

I have checked in on this
Pollution Nerdz blog
18 times this month.
Now this blog is spreading
a lot of slanderous lies
about Tromaville High
and Tromorganic Foodstuffs Inc.
They also have
a very bad attitude
towards conservative
principles in general.

(SOBS)

Leave Ronald Reagan alone.

- (BLOWS WHISTLE)

- (GIRLS GIGGLING)

Now I'm all for free speech.
Otherwise why would I put out
these thought-inhibiting
announcements every morning?

But these lies about
contaminated, cheap
and 98% Plasti filler
tainted foodstuffs
are just malarkey.

Have you seen my duck?

His name is Kevin.

(SNICKERS)

Oh.

LAUREN:

my missing duck?

SANDUSKY:

fill you up like Jesus?

What kind of god

allows an innocent duck

to go missing?

Hey, there's that snotty rich girl.

I think she really likes me.

- Hey, Twinkie.

- Hey!

Ah!

What a rich,

stuck-up bitch.
Why won't anyone go out with me?
Yo, did you hear
Principal Westly's announcement?
Are you gonna take down
Pollution Nerdz?
Yo, Jeraldo!
Caw-caw!
Caw-caw!
Uh, would Gertrude Stein
take down her blog?
Hell, no. So I stay full steam ahead
with Pollution Nerdz
and let's sally forth.
Gertrude Stein was a rich
slacker bullshitter
and her so-called poetry stunk.
And please don't even go there
with Sally Forth...
another sexually repressed
white American soccer mom
who had boring adventures at work
and at home with no vibrator.
You deserve your own
PBS special.
- You know what you deserve?
- What's that, Henry Gates?
Two feet shoved up
your fucking...
Guys, my mom made me
a juicy roast beef sammich
with dipping sauce...
dipping sauce.
You heard what he said, guys...
dipping sauce.
You know what that means, right?
Yeah, and I can feel my blood sugar
dipping right now.
- I want to eat it.
- Let's go.
It's cheaper than monkey shit,
and these kids can't get enough
of it in their gullet.

BOY:

in the gluten-free tacos
for Terrance, the glee club,
and the other nerds?

BOY #2:

nonchemically polluted guacamole.

BOY #1:

they were nonchemically polluted?

BOY #2:

Uh, no reason.

BOY #1:

Eh, whatever. I'm hungry.
(CRUNCHING)

GIRL:

Hey, Terrance!
How's that green, gluten-free,
nonchemically polluted taco?
Maybe we need
A different city
Maybe we need
A different town
Maybe we need
A different city
Maybe we need
A different town.
Hi, guys.
Mind if I sit here?
No.
Oh, my God.
(MAN FARTS)
Hi. I'm Lauren.
- (GUNFIRE)
- (STUDENTS SCREAMING)
Don't worry,
it's just another school shooting.
CNN won't even
cover them anymore.
You can chill.
Wow, rich girl

ain't fucking around.

Where did you get
your lunch box... Tiffany's?

(LAUGHING)

Hey, you guys,

I heard about this sick
party/rave

in one of Tromaville's
356 foreclosed houses.

You all should come.

That sick party/rave
happens to be happening
in my foreclosed house,
thank you very much.

But it's only a small gathering,
so please keep it on the down low.

Gross.

Guys, guys, what with exams
coming up and whatnot,
a blowout party/rave
is just what Eugene needs!

Great.

I'm so happy for Eugene, who refers
to himself in the third person
and will finally be able to blow off
some steam at my expense.

I actually heard on NPR
that the stress of studying for exams
and getting into a good college
is actually worse
than the stress
our soldiers face
in Afghanistan.

- (SNICKERS)

- The next time your car
gets blown up by an IED
or you're forced to bag the bodies
of children killed by a suicide bomber,
you tell me if that stress
is greater than getting into Hobart.

- (CHRISSY SNAPS FINGERS)

- **STUDENTS:**

Wow, Slater,

you have family members
in Afghanistan?

No.

But I did illegally download
"The Hurt Locker"
and got sued by the filmmakers.

You see, Lauren,
now that's stress.

Look at this bitch
and her Jap food.

(BOY GIGGLING)

Miso soup, me so hungry.

(LAUREN GRUNTING)

Get away from me, you bully.

(SLOWED DOWN) I am so,

so sorry.

(STUDENTS CHANTING)

Fight, fight, fight, fight!

LAUREN:

What are you doing?

Punch her uterus!

(SHRIEKS)

Stop! That's enough.

You are both going to detention
after school today.

That's it. Get out.

- I'm gonna get you, rich girl.

- Shut it!

Get up.

(SNARLS)

Uh, Lauren, hi.

Uh, my name is Zac.

- Let me help you with that.

- No, I got it.

I just... I was wondering
if sometime maybe you would
want to come over

and we could watch Joel Schumacher's
"Batman and Robin."

Or maybe you're more
of a "Transformers" girl.

They're more than meets the eye.

As long as it's not one of those

god-awful "Star Wars" prequels,
we're all good.

Zac, that's really nice
and everything, but...

- It's 'cause I'm fat, right?

- No.

- A lard-ass, right?

- No.

To you, I'm just a jelly roll,
jizz dwarf,
snatch badger, ass troll
who eats donuts and cakes
and Twinkies and pies
with his fat, fat, fatty-fat
piehole, right?

What?

What do all those words
even mean?

Or maybe...

maybe you don't even
like boys at all.

No.

No, it's because you smell
like roast beef.

(ZAC WHIMPERING)

Shh. Shh. Shh.

- Shh, shh. It's okay. It's okay.

- (ZAC CONTINUES WHIMPERING)

Guys, guys, guys.

We like that smell, right?

- Roast beef?

- No, he smells like shit.

You shouldn't have said
"Batman and Robin," man.

It's "Batman Forever."

"Batman Forever," baby.

(MOANING)

(GAGGING)

Help.

Help.

(GRUNTING)

BOY:

(SCREAMING)

Goddamn diabetic kids.
You're out of your mind.
I love Justin Bieber.
Justin Bieber is the best.

TERRANCE:

Whoa. Whoa.
Whoa. Whoa. Whoa!

GIRL:

This is awesome. Come on.
(SCREAMING)

SANDUSKY:

of Christ is going on here?
Look, I love Justin Bieber.
- (STUDENTS SCREAMING)
- (JIGGLES LAUGHING)
No! Why?
- (CELL PHONES CLICKING)
- OMG, this picture will totally get me
at least six more forwards
on Instagram.
This is so going on my blog.
I'm just waiting
for Myspace to come back.

WESTLY:

Stop, everyone!
Step back, come on.
This is a horrible accident.
Step back now.
Step back.
Give him his dignity.
Is there a doctor in the house?
(POPS)
Scratch that.
Is there a janitor in the house?
Now it's a well-known fact
that this student was
a smoker of the marijuana.
And I'm willing to bet
that his dental records will prove
he was a drama student.

And the smoking of ganja
has been known
to cause cranial explosions
and this type of thing
in overly dramatic students.
What?
Wait, wait.
Actually, I've just been
informed
that we've all witnessed here
is in fact a drama department's
latest venture.
It's a remake of Arthur Miller's classic
"Death of a Salesman"
as imagined by
Christopher Nolan.
So nothing to see here.
Everyone back to class.

BOY:

Hey, watch it.
Why are you bullying me?
What have I ever done to you?
Bullying?
You think I'm a bully?
You want to know why?
Because people like you
have it so easy.
Poor little rich girl
never had to work a day in her life
while I can barely afford lunch.
It makes me sick.
So fuck you.
Why don't you stick your silver
chopstick up your bento box?
You don't know me.
And I don't own
any silver chopsticks.
What's with
the skinless Furbies?
I like babies.
I want to have
a lot of them one day.
Only fame-whore teen moms

who want to be on MTV,
rich kids and drooling idiots
want to have babies.
That's it, Chrissy Goldberg.
To the principal's office, now.
But Westly said if I show up one more
time this year, he'll suspend me.
Wait, Miss Bliss, it was me.
I was the one who was talking.
I'm new here
and I don't know too many people,
so I just...
Well, all right.
Just sit down and shut up.
Okay.
No more talking.
That was stupid, rich girl.
The new girl has beautiful hair.
What did you say?
Uh, I said old Westly looks like
a fat-ass bear.
(LAUGHING)
Your jokes make me so hot.
We should totally bang tonight.
(SHRIEKS)
Taco Tuesday was a huge success.
But, unfortunately,
we also suffered
a horrible tragedy.
We all loved
and respected little
Timmy... Tommy...
Terrance Horowitz, I don't know.
But like Mama Cass
from The Mamas and the Papas
who choked to death
on a ham sandwich,
this unfortunate kid,
whatever his name was,
suffered the same
accidental fate.
Now I can't stress enough
the word "accidental" there.
No! 'Twas those terrible

Tuesday Tacos
that tragically
transformed Terrance.
Nice alliteration, yo.
Don't you people see?
It was the food!
Get him out.
Get him out.

- Security. Out.
- No.
- No. No.
- Get him out of here.
- No!
- (GIRL EXCLAIMING)
No. No!

"The Class of Nuke 'Em High"
was an inside job!
You've got the wrong person,
you blind bozo.
Now I would like
to further eulogize
our decapitated
comrade in education
by having our lovely
glee club come out
to sing a song.

(STUDENTS BOOING)
You know, Patrick, the glee club
isn't as gay as it used to be,
thanks to the Fox Network.

Head explod...
head exploding is a serious
problem, y'all.
And we're here to talk about it.
So if you're worried, don't be,
'cause we are too.

Three, four...
- (OUT OF TUNE) Amazing...
- (STUDENTS BOOING)

Grace
- How sweet...

- **GIRL:**
The sound

- That saved...

- **GIRL:**

A wretch

Like me

I once

Was lost

But now

I'm found

Was blind...

(CRUNCHING)

But now

- I see.

- I see!

(SCREAMING)

(GASPS)

Oh!

(CHEERING)

Yeah!

(GROWLS)

(SHRIEKS)

GIRL:

the glee club is bulimic!

(ROARING)

(SCREAMING)

(ROARING)

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

Ah!

Hey, wait up.

Do you guys notice

anything different?

Whoa, we've mutated.

And my wheelchair has illogically

mutated too.

And I think I can feel my legs.

No, never mind.

Still a cripple.

Oh, snap.

Kick-fucking-ass!

- Yeah.

- (ALL ROARING)

Whoa.

(CACKLES)

Come on.

(LAUGHING)

Stack some medals

- Don't make a fuss...

- (GUNSHOTS)

Forget about the...

(TIRES SCREECH)

(GIRL SCREAMS)

These jugglers are fucking nuts.

(GUNSHOTS)

- (AIR HISSES)

- (ALL SCREAMING)

(SCREAMING)

(TAKES A BREATH)

(CONTINUES SCREAMING)

(SCREAMING STOPS)

We're alive.

It's a motherfucking miracle.

(GUNSHOT)

(LAUGHING)

(DOG BARKS, FARTS)

- What kind of a god allows me...

- (QUACKS)

...on this crappy

teacher's salary

to be forced to live

out of my car?

What kind of a god are you?

I'd even take

a shoebox apartment,

even if it is

in Tromaville crack town.

- (TIRES SCREECH)

- CRETINS:

Uh-oh.

ALL:

Hey, Mrs. Crabtree.

(SCREAMING)

Sweet Adeline

Sweet Adeline...

ADELINE:

Your singing is terrible.

My Adeline

My Adeline...

At night, dear heart

At night, dear heart...

For you I pine

For you I pine...

(CONTINUES SCREAMING)

- Hey, Mrs. Crabtree.

- Huh?

You know, when I was a kid,
all the kids used to tease me,
call me a cripple.

Yeah, yeah.

Now I'm the only one I know
that can run a quarter mile
each day
on their arms!

Do it.

- (QUACKS)

- (ADELINE SCREAMS)

Oh, snap.

(LAUGHS)

Oh, my God, I'm hard...

(SPITS)

...for the first time.

Oh.

- Oh, my God.

- (PUMPING)

Oh, my God, I'm hard.

Oh, God!

(LAUGHING)

- Ein...

- (QUACKS)

...zwei, drei!

(SCREAMS)

(SPLASHES)

Oh, snap.

(ROARS)

(LAUGHS) Come on, come on.

Ichi, ni, san!

(DOG WHINING)

(LAUGHING)

KEVIN:

What the fuck?

Hey!

- Let's go shoot up a movie theater.

- Yeah.

(QUACKING)

(FARTS)

LAUREN:

(KEVIN QUACKS)

- Kevin!

- (KEVIN QUACKING)

Kevin, where are you?

(KEVIN QUACKING)

Kevin!

(KEVIN QUACKING)

Kevin. Oh.

Oh, don't you ever, ever, ever
do that again.

Do you hear me?

I was so worried about you.

It's okay. It's okay.

- Mommy's here now.

- (KEVIN FARTS)

Oh, poor baby,

what's all over your beak?

(KEVIN QUACKS)

- (CRETINS GRUNTING)

- (MOTOR REVVING)

(KEVIN QUACKING)

(CRETINS LAUGH)

- Oh, oh, oh, oh

- KEVIN:

One little, two little,

three little ducklings

Four little, five little,

six little ducklings

Seven little, eight little,

nine little ducklings

- Ten little tiny ducks.

- Give him back.

Please give me my duck back.

Please give me my duck back.
Oh, for a kiss, I will.
I'd just as soon kiss a duck.
I can arrange that.
(SCREAMING)
Oh, no, no.
Please, no.

- ALL:

- (LAUGHING)
- Give me the duck.
- Duck rape!
Smile for the birdie.
- Duck rape.
- (KEVIN QUACKING)
(LAUGHING)
Loser.
Loser.
(SCREAMING)
(KEVIN QUACKING)
I'm sorry.
(COCKS GUN)
If you guys were tough,
you wouldn't need weapons.
- (MUFFLED SCREAMS)
- (MUFFLED QUACKING)
Sorry, I'm kind of busy
right now.
Whoa.
Sorry, duck down throat
is not covered under Obamacare.
Ugh.

(SHOP BELL DINGS)
(LAUREN WHIMPERING)
- (SCREAMS)
- (KEVIN QUACKS)
- (GONG SOUNDS)
- (KEVIN QUACKING)

GIRLS:

Ooh.
(LAUREN MUMBLING)
Uh, I'm still busy.
Ooh!

Gonna kill myself tonight,
oh, yeah
- Kill myself tonight, all right.
- (LAUREN SCREAMING)
Shit.
(TIRES SCREECH)
- Hey.
- (HONKING HORN)
Why did the chick with a duck
in her mouth cross the road?
Get in, foul mouth.
What, is this some kind of
political statement, rich girl?
- (MUMBLING)
- Really?
Really?
- God damn.
- (MUMBLING)
Oh, whatever, I owe you one.
That bird in your mouth
really brings out your eyes.
All right, welcome.
Okay, um...
eww.
(KEVIN QUACKING)
(GRUNTING)
- (MUFFLED SCREAMING)
- Oh. What?
(BOTH GRUNTING)
(FARTS)
- Oh!
- (KEVIN QUACKS)
Ugh.
- I...
- Oh, I...
Come on, we'll just go relax.
Aw.
- (KEVIN QUACKING)
- Hi, Kevin.
(QUACKS)
- (SCREAMS)
- (KEVIN LAUGHING)
- Huh?
- Huh?

Damn duck must have got
into some bath salts.
Thank you.
Yeah, whatever.
So...
I'm going
to this party tonight and...
Oh, I should go,
let you get ready.
Uh, rich girl...
do you want to go?
(BOTH GIGGLE)
(CROWD CHEERING)
(BOTH BELCH)
I got a call
from the other side today
When he hung up the phone,
I forgot to hear what he had to say...
Really? Does this look like
a garbage dump to you?
Chrissy.
Some assholes posted
my address on Facebook.
Now look.
I think it was the producers
of "The Hurt Locker."
They had my IP address.
I know it.
Uh-huh.
Slater, you remember Lauren?
Yeah. Aloha.
Didn't you guys hate each other,
like, eight hours ago?
Uh, don't you want to get rid
of the social hand grenades?
Whoa!
Us black people
can't get enough white pussy,
and I'm just saying that my chances
might be pretty solid
if I get a white girl
drunk enough.

MAN:

a huge shit in the bathtub.

I gotta go.

Do you hang up the phone
and do you lay it to rest...

- Feeling better?

- Yeah, much. Thanks.

I needed to get my mind
off that, you know, duck rape.

(PHONE CHIMES)

Eugene just broke up with me.

Oh, no. I'm so sorry.

Over a text?

Yeah. He's an idiot.

He didn't even finish the message.

(GAGGING)

Eww.

- Let's dance.

- Okay.

This is the last song

I'll ever write

Gonna kill myself tonight

Gonna kill myself tonight

This is the last song

I'll ever write

Gonna kill myself tonight

This is the last song

I'll ever write

Gonna kill myself tonight

I'm gonna kill myself

tonight

This is the last song

I'll ever write

Gonna kill myself tonight

I'm gonna kill myself

tonight

This is the last song

I'll ever write

Gonna kill myself tonight

I'm gonna kill myself

tonight

This is the last song

I'll ever write

Gonna kill myself tonight

I'm gonna kill myself

tonight
Gonna kill myself,
gonna kill myself
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
Gonna kill myself
Gonna kill myself tonight
This is the last song
I'll ever write
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
tonight
This is the last song
I'll ever write
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
tonight
This is the last song
I'll ever write
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
tonight
This is the last song
I'll ever write
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
tonight
This is the last song
I'll ever write
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
tonight
This is the last song
I'll ever write
Gonna kill myself tonight
I'm gonna kill myself
tonight
This is...

(VOCALIZING)

(DISTANT MUSIC CONTINUES)

LAUREN:

a little prewar, right?

(COUGHING)

I'm calling

But no one

Will be hearing

I'm laughing

But I cannot be heard

I'm crying
But no one will be drying
These tears that fall
So how do we ever
Face a thousand violins?
And how do we ever
- Even start to begin?
- (MOANING)
It's raining
Without a sign of stopping
- It's sunny...
- (MOANING)
But no one's getting warm
In heaven
The harps
have all been broken...
(SQUEALS) I think I'm coming.
Oh, I'm coming.
I think I'm coming.
(MOANS)
- So how do we ever...
- (LAUREN MOANING)
Face a thousand
- Violins?
- Ugh.
And how do we ever
- Even start...
- Mm.
- To begin?
- Mm, yeah.
Aww.
All through the days
Now faded away
One thought remains...
- Oh, faster.
- One thought
Does stay
It haunts me still
It will remain...
- (MOANING)
- I'm lost in wonder
And I hear again
Tell me how do we ever...
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(EUGENE IMITATES DRUMBEAT)

Yo, yo, yo, my niggas,
my jiggas, my wiggas,
Eugene the Machine has arrived
and he feels alive!

Now y'all give him five!

(MUSIC STOPS)

That's it? Nothing?

Not even an impromptu
dance number?

Eugene needs a drink.

I used to smoke after sex.

Now I broccoli.

So what do we do now?

Come out of the closet like Ellen?

I think we should.

You can't even wear a hoodie
and eat Skittles in this town
without getting shot.

A hoodie? Are you saying being gay
is worse than being black?

No, I'm saying that in this town
people think that LGB stands for
"lynch, grope, bully, torture."

I'll stick with the closet, thanks.

(GRUNTS)

Whoa, Eugene likes it rough.

Eugene needs some.

Yeah?

You want to see this?

Whoa.

(BOTH MOANING)

I'm gonna show 'em to you, baby.

I'm gonna show you
everything I got.

Baby, Eugene needs to see.

Oh. Oh-ho-ho.

(LAUGHING)

Oh, yeah.

Oh, baby, it's been a long time.

You've got no idea.

(ENGINE REVVING)

(CRETINS LAUGHING)

- (CRETINS SNARLING)

- (STUDENTS SCREAMING)

Oh, snap.

Eugene can't wait.

Eugene ain't got more patience.

Eugene needs to feel this now.

- Yeah? Are you gonna touch it?

- Yeah, I'm gonna touch it.

I'm gonna touch it.

I'm gonna touch it.

What you got?

Oh, man.

Oh, man.

Oh, man!

You really are a man!

(SCREAMS)

A party,

and we were not invited.

Donatello,

let's give them a shot.

Yup.

Eugene is confused.

Malfunction. Malfunction.

Machine shutdown.

(EUGENE LAUGHING)

(LAUGHING)

(CHEERING)

Let's get out of here.

(SPEAKS JAPANESE)

But I'm also saying

that I've never felt

this way before.

Me either.

It's the love that dare not

speak its name.

- This is hot.

- Yeah, this is so hot.

No, like really hot.

Like, I'm burning up.

Wait, do you smell smoke?

- Fire!

- Fire!

(SCREAMING)

The gigolo, the gigolo

Is charging twice the price

To the priest in holy orders
who lives a life of vice
He pleads for mercy,
God says no
Swing 'em high,
swing 'em low
The old lady's savings
- Time do erode...
- (COUGHING)
She can't pay
for the heating...
It's okay.
I got my hat.
What kind of a god would turn
a glee club into Cretins?
- (EXPLOSION)
- My house.
My house.
After-party at my place?
I got pizza rolls in the freezer.
- Pizza rolls?
- My house!
My commemorative plates!
Those fucking monsters!
It's okay. We'll put them
in the oven right now...
sausage, pepperoni, vegan...
Will you shut up?
I didn't even invite you!
Those bastards.
They could have killed somebody.
(DISTANT SIREN WAILING)
(BIRDS CHIRPING)
- (LAUREN MOANING)
- (ROARS)
(CHRISSY MUMBLING)
(MOANING) I think I'm...
(SCREAMS)
(WHIMPERING)
(SCREAMING)
(SIGHS)
Jimmy was just
coming out of school
When the drug dealer came

Give me some of that heroin
Some of that cocaine
Heroin, heroin and cocaine
Heroin, heroin
and cocaine...

Mm, mm.

(HOWLS)

(MUSIC PLAYING)

(LAUGHING)

(HOWLING)

Huh?

Good night, ladies

Good night

Ladies

Good night, ladies

We're going to leave you now

Merrily we roll along

Roll along, roll along

Merrily we roll along

Over the dark blue sea.

Look at these jerks.

They call themselves Cretins.

They look more like

Glee-tins to me.

- (ROARS)

- (ROARS)

Donatello, burn some rubber!

Motherfuckers!

(SCREAMING)

(LAUGHS)

Give me the duck.

You wouldn't hit a cripple,
would you?

Yeah, I would.

Hey, we was just kiddin'.

Duck rape is life-affirming.

It was on NPR.

Oh, well, this ain't about
duck rape.

It's about dick rape.

No! No!

(SCREAMING)

- Whoa!

- Oh, shit.

(SCREAMING)

NARRATOR:

began to change too.
Time for the baby
to leave the nest.
Something's about to burst,
and it's not my water.
- (CREATURE QUACKS)
- What the...?
(SCREAMING)
What the fuck?
You stole my heart.
Don't take my heart. Argh!
(GIGGLES) Look at those
cholesterol levels.
He should have went vegan.

CHRISSY:

My dick is hungry.
Mm-hmm.
Please don't hurt us.
Wait, we're not with them.
We're just...
we're just extras.
Yeah, that... that's it.
Fuck mercy
Fuck mercy.
(SIREN WAILING)

GIRLS:

Uh-oh, cops.

- MAN:

- Oh, snap.
(DONATELLO SOBBING)
(POLICE RADIO CHATTER)
Yeah, suck that dirty, sleazy
Cretin dick.
- All right, that's enough.
- The coppers?
Fuck you, fucking cops.
I'm a victim, man.
I was born in Orange County.

Coddle me.

Hey.

What is with the youth of today?

We're the youth of tomorrow.

- (GUNSHOT)

- (LAUGHING)

(GUNSHOTS)

Hurrah, hurrah

We'll give them

a hearty welcome then

Hurrah, hurrah

The men will cheer

and the boys will shout

The ladies,

they will all turn out

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny

comes marching home.

(VOCALIZING)

(ROARS)

I'm so pissed.

I need revenge.

I need an outlet for my anger.

Oh, snap. Maybe we need

some new blood.

Yes, but who?

Excuse me. Hi.

I have baked goods.

Hey, guys, what's the haps?

(LAUGHING)

(GROWLS)

Hi. I want to join your gang.

(LAUGHS)

You think you got

what it takes, lard-ass?

I just want to belong.

Oh-ho.

(SPITS)

Why don't you go get revenge

on your two bitch-ass friends?

And then we can see

what we can do.

Lauren and Chrissy?

Yeah, dipshit. Got it?

Go. Go, go, go.

- Oh, snap.

- Go.

(ROARS)

(LAUGHS)

(WHIMPERING)

That's why they call me

Cigar Face.

(LAUGHING)

Hey. Hey, hey, hey,

no laughing. No laughing.

Now listen very carefully...

very carefully.

Some of our innocent young

glee club members

from the high school

have been savagely,

savagely murdered.

And I'm hearing that the culprits

are two women...

- Hmm?

- ...one of whom...

one of whom has a giant penis.

Now I want you to go out

and kill all women

- with giant penises.

- Oh.

Do you understand?

But that means every wife.

And mother-in-law

in Tromaville.

That's the point.

Now go,

kill all women

with giant penises.

Sir, the president's wife

is on the line.

She heard about your

planned trip to Cuba.

She's really pissed.

Give me that.

I'm not making the mistake

this time.

Yes, Mrs. President.

What? You're coming over here?
You're coming... what time is it?
- Oh! Oh!
- Oh, my God.
(BOTH STAMMERING)
Uh, listen, I...
I knew it. I blew it.
You've been with better.
Look, you don't have to tell me.
I know.
My vagina looks like
a slab of roast beef.
And I don't douche
as often as I should.
And I think I might have
queefed in your mouth
- when you went down on me.
- Oh, God, stop. No.
Are you kidding me?
It was the best night of my life.
Did you have any strange dreams?
I had super weird dreams.
Holy shit, me too.

LAUREN:

if those were dreams.

CHRISSY:

the same exact thing.

LAUREN:

a lesbianic Jekyll and Hyde.
Wait, you queefed in my mouth?
No, of course not.
(STUDENTS SCREAMING)
(TIRES SCREECH)
What is up, BFFs?
STFU, Zac.
Check it. An anonymous
contributor to my blog,
Deeper Throat,
sent me some crazy videos
of what actually goes on
at Tromorganic.

The "Tromorganic-Westly Conspiracy"
has to have gone viral by now.
Holy shit.
Are those the missing
Tromaville students?

CHRISSY:

I didn't believe it myself.
- Uh-huh.

- **KELLY:**

CHRISSY:

Look at this part.
- (ALL EXCLAIMING)

- **CHRISSY:**

It's so crazy.
They're being slaughtered,
like Bambi's mother.
- (SCHOOL BELL RINGS)
- Okay, guys, to be continued.

CRETIN:

Oh, snap.
- (CRETINS LAUGHS)

- **LAUREN:**

- **CHRISSY:**

- **LAUREN:**

Who taught me this?
Oh, oh, oh, oh
All around the mulberry bush
The monkey chased the weasel
The monkey thought
it was all in fun...
- (GUNSHOT)
- Pop, goes the weasel.
- (STUDENTS SCREAMING)
- (GUNSHOTS)
All right, well,
- I gotta go to gym class.

- Yeah.

- So I'll catch you later?

- Uh-huh.

Okay, then.

See ya.

- Bye.

- Bye.

I'm calling

But no one will be...

(FARTS)

NASA also gave us

some pretty interesting

derivatives of

the space program:

Not just Tang...

America's favorite breakfast drink,

but there's the Challenger

explosion of 1986...

America's favorite

shuttle disaster,

and also...

lasers!

(IMITATES GUNFIRE)

When the rubble cleared

after the nuclear meltdown

from the original

"Class of Nuke 'Em High,"

this laser was all

that was left.

And, might I add, this laser is

highly unstable.

But I'm sure it no longer works.

(HUMMING)

(SCREAMS)

Mother of fuck.

Let's go.

We'll never beat Amorville

with that attitude.

(VIDEO GAMES BEEPING)

Come on, work those thumbs.

What, are you a bunch of girls?

- (STOMACH GROWLING)

- (LAUREN GROANING)

Do you have a...?

Sorry.

Okay, hit the showers.

(BLOWS WHISTLE)

Lasers can also
apparently blind.

Mr. Chips. Mr. Chips.

(WHIMPERS)

Can I have

a pee-pee pass, please?

Fine. Fine, Zac, just go.

(WHIMPERS)

Why don't these fucks in the ether
believe my blog?

What you got there, fucker?

(LAUGHING)

Hey, cunt, give it back.

Is that granny's douche bag
or is that just you?

Nice dicks, faggot.

Yeah. Uh, Mr. Chips,

Mr. Chips, our Chrissy here
is blogging in class.

Okay, you want your phone back?

You want your phone back,
you little dyke-tron?

Go fucking get it.

(GROANS)

You filthy little cunt.

(CHANTING)

Fight, fight, fight, fight!

You just fucked

with the wrong

postapocalyptic hell bitch.

(GRUNTING)

(SCREAMING)

Give me a break.

(SHRIEKS)

(SCREAMING)

Why?

(SOBBING)

(WHIMPERING)

Why?

Fucking middleman!

(ROARS)

Both of you,
to the principal's office now.
She started it.
In that case, Chrissy Goldberg
to the principal's office.
You've got to be kidding me.

MR. CHIPS:

- Fucker.

- Fuck you.

Fuck you.

Would one of you kind students
please lead me
to the eyewash station?

Oh.

(LAUREN SCREAMS)

(INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYING)

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

Nuke 'Em High

Nuke 'Em High, Nuke 'Em High

Nuke 'Em High

Evacuation, there's no need

They say it's safe,

but talk is cheap

And as we all contaminate

It's ignorance that seals our fate

I just

Really want to know

I just

Really want to know

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

I just

Really want to know

I just

Really want to know,

oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em High?

What's going on

At Nuke 'Em

High?

(MUSIC PLAYING)

I just moved to town

Everyone brings me down

All I had was my duck

But he ran away

What else can I say?

I guess I'll just turn gay

With a girl who treats me bad

It's because

she don't have a dad

I sure hope I'm not

giving the plot away.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

And so your life's been

a success

And you have pleasure

in excess

Don't worry,

it will all end soon

The crack of doom

is coming soon

And so your future's

looking bright

And you've reached

the giddy heights

Don't worry

It will soon end

It is all shallow and pretend

The crack of doom

is coming soon
The crack of doom
Is coming soon
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha
And so your life
Your life has failed
You've made the progress
of a snail
Don't worry,
you'll get your revenge
For we're all equal
in the end
The small and mighty
all the same
This life a shallow,
facile game
Where every empire
turns to dust
And every ego
will be crushed
The crack of doom
is coming soon
The crack of doom is
coming soon
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha
And every dream,
hope and desire
Is just a flicker
in the fire
And the fire,
it will consume
The crack of doom
is coming soon
The crack of doom is
coming soon
The crack of doom

is coming soon
The crack of doom is
coming soon
The crack of doom
is coming soon
The crack of doom is
coming soon
The crack of doom
is coming soon
The crack of doom is
coming soon
The crack of doom
Doom is coming soon.