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Senior Skip Day

By Evan Wasserstrom

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This has got
to be a dream.
Stuff like this just does
not happen in my life.
I mean, look at her.
She is beautiful.
Adam!
And she just said my name.
My God, she's like an animal.
That's disgusting.
It's like the fourth time...
that this has happened this month!
Lucy, please get off me.
Oh, come here
you dirty whore.
Adam, get out of bed,
lazy man!
Will you just tell her
I can't come down...
I'm sick. I don't feel well.
You don't look sick.
My hands are all cold and clammy.
You totally stole that trick
from Ferris Bueller's Day Off.
Busted.
Come on, Adam,
this is your big day.
Senior Skip Day,
it's a rite of passage.
It's like the best thing
about being a senior!
Where are they having it?
Huh, I don't know.
You could have the
Skip Day party here,
just like your sister did.
Mom, I've apologized about
that party a million times.
I still can't figure out how
my bed ended up in the pool.
Lucky for you, Adam
doesn't even want to go.
Honey, why don't you want to go?

'Cause I'll be miserable.
You have party
in your genes.
Back in my day, which
was not that long ago,
I never missed a party.
I was known as the
disco queen. Uh-huh.
And every guy knew it.
It's not easy when your
mom is cooler than you are.
Mm-mm.
You can stop now.
And this reminds me of something.
Holy Lord!
Is this about a girl or something?
Okay. Yes, it is about
a girl. And... huh, frankly...
I just don't feel like
going to a party...
to watch her make out
with her boyfriend.
Honey, that's kinda gay.
I don't want to talk
about it anymore, okay!
On a completely different note,
doesn't this Lamar Washington
go to your school?
Yeah, why?
It says that his brother
died over the weekend.
Yeah, that kid had cancer.
The paper says that he died
in a skydiving accident.
What was he doing skydiving?
It was one of those make
a last wish kind of things.
Oh, that's so fucked up!
Yeah. So look, this kid would
do anything to be in your shoes.
You have to seize the day.
Okay.
Seize-the-day.
[pop music]

This is my high school.
This fucking place is filled with your
standard group of stock characters...
that inhabit every high
school in America.
Huh, this right here,
this is Scott Taylor.
He's one of those guys
that's sort of like...
"Oh, I'm M r. Cool, everybody
loves me, I'm so popular"...
but really, he's just a bit of a cock.
Give me a break.
For guys like me...
it doesn't get much
better than high school.
I mean, look at me, I'm the man.
I'd better enjoy it,
because in 10 years...
I'll probably be working at some
shitty H R dept. or something.
Actually, I picture you sweating
it at a used car dealership.
Maybe Congress.
Oh, this right here,
this is Laura.
She's Whippany Park's
prom queen.
Fuck off!
Classic man hater.
But only until I find true love...
until then, I kinda
like being a big bitch.
Yeah.
Good luck.
Oh, and... huh, this is Denise.
She's, huh... she's...
always talking
about her boobs.
Does this top make
my tits look good?
No, no, that would be your,
huh... your tits!
They make your tits look good.

You know Pam Anderson's surgery?
The one she had in '97
with areola adjustment?
I wanna get that one.
Then I'll be beautiful, right?
Poor girl.
Adam!
You're sensitive.
Hey, and then there's, huh... Isha.
Tell them about the slaughter.
She's hot but she's crazy.
The slaughter in the Middle East?
No! The slaughter of animals!
And for what?! To feed the
public's blood thirst for red meat.
Ain't that a leather handbag?
This is designer!
Am I the only senior Whippany
Park, with a fucking conscience?!
Oh, and huh... this is...
this is Snippy.
He, huh... he smokes
way too much pot.
Yeah... surely I do imbibe
in copious herbage...
but I don't drink alcohol,
I made straight A's...
and I show the utmost
respect for ladies. Yeah.
Yeah.
Oh, God.
And there's Carla.
[record scratches]
It makes you uncomfortable,
doesn't it?
Well, imagine how I feel.
I've been in love with
this girl since junior high.
I mean, she's just, she's perfect.
I am not perfect.
If I don't shave my
legs every single day,
I start looking like that monkey
chick from Planet of the Apes.

She's perfect in every way, shape and form.

- Man, did you hear?

- Hear what?

The Skip Day party is supposed to be at the principal's house?

I already know that, that's Ralph, he planned that. He's a genius.

Ralph Lee Ohe-zang!

Party at Dickwalter's, tell everybody. Party at Dickwalter's.

Hey man, party at Dickwalter's.

Party at Dickwalter's? There's a party at Mr. Dickwalter's.

Really?

That's fantastic. A party at Mr. Dickwalter's.

You know what's weird, that I'm Mr. Dickwalter.

So maybe I should be there.

Adam, you did the right thing.

Oh my God.

Hey, Laura hey...

I wanna fuck you so...

huh... so, huh...

Oh... oh, hey sweetheart.

Hey!

Hi! Are you ready to get the hell out of here?

Know what I'm picturing right now?

I think I can probably guess.

You and me on

Dickwalter's bed.

- Really.

- Oh...

Mr. Dickwalter. Oh my God, these sheets are so soft.

- Scott.

- Oh...

Oh, yeah, this blanket, it is so smooth and huh...

Maybe you should

just bang Dickwalter.

Girl! It reminded me
of my wedding night.
I felt like a virgin all over again.
Yes you did. You
thought you could...
mess with me, didn't you?
[gong]
You won't believe what these kids
had planned for my house, Minn.
And I never laid a hand
on him, it's not my style.
By the way, is that new?
It's very flattering.
Oh, you like... I told you he was
gonna like my new shirt.
Settle down, people.
Settle down.
I know it's all part
of Skip Day tradition.
You sign in, then you skip out,
a little "fuck you" to the system...
nothing wrong with that, that's
what makes America great.
However, for the
next 45 minutes...
Um, are you okay?
you belong
to Mr. Rigetti.
Sure.
Snippy I Would you care to take
attendance for the class today.
Huh...
we're all here, dude.
Snippy, that's the last time I
slip you any of my chronic, huh?
Don't touch me!
Rigetti's been clean
and sober for 14 years.
I have a special Senior
Skip Day announcement.
I'm here with Ralph
Lee Oheng. Ralph...
Tell them what
you told me.

Hold on.

Speak, Ralph.

One second.

Speak you son-of-a-bitch, or
I'll crack your head like a melon.

[Speaking Korean]

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I took you
too far back. Speak English.

Look, I'm sorry, alright.

I'm sorry. Blame me.

I did it, I planned
the whole thing.

- It's your fault right?

- It's my fault...

I planned the Skip Day.

You sorry for what you did?

Yeah, I'm sorry.

I'm really sorry.

Okay, okay.

Alright... You did good.

Well, looks like Ralph
has peed in his pants.

Don't worry, I'm not mad
at you. By the way...

I just spoke to the admissions
department at Harvard University...

where Mr. Cheng planned
to attend in the fall.

He will not be going now.

How many of the rest of
you would like to join him...

in the minimum wage
club? For instance.

Peter O' Leary, still interested
in going to Michigan State?

Gary Glenn, I suppose you're
still interested in Cal Arts?

Timmy Cisineros, Apex Tech?

What the hell is Apex Tech?

What's with his choise?

I n addition, there's something very
important here I want you to know.

I would not have been privy
to any of this information...

without the aid of a
very special student.
Someone I respect a lot. So as
you're going through your day,
hitting the books, I want
you to think to yourselves,
"Maybe I should be a little
more like Adam Harris".
Wough...
I don't fucking believe you,
Harris.
Oh, bro!
Alright Scott, knock it off.
No, Mr. Rigetti,
this is fucking bullshit.
That Adam Harris here had
to ruin our Skip Day. No
Relax, dude, sit down.
Alright, take it easy.
- Yeah, that's enough!
- Okay people...
It happened, alright? it sucks. You
think Rigetti doesn't know life sucks.
I wanna die right now. I wanna die.
I wanna curl up
into a little ball...
and I wanna die.
How's it going?
I'm... I'm alright,
how are you doing?
- Shitty.
- Yeah...
I heard about your brother,
I'm so sorry about that.
Yeah, shit sucks.
What's that?
Oh this?
This fucking eulogy.
I didn't expect him to die so
quick, I was still working on it.
Jesus, that's rough.
Shit, who're you telling?
Now I gotta change
all this cancer crap...

into this parachute malfunction
for the funeral today.
Funeral? Wait, wait, where's
the funeral service?
At my Auntie's house where we
had that bitchin' party last fall.
You hang in there.
- Thanks, man.
- Yeah.
Funeral, huh?
Okay, alright look. I know this
is bad, okay? But look at me.
I mean, I'm desperate here,
okay? My entire class hates me.
I'm backed up against a wall,
alright? So don't judge me.
A skydiving accident?
Yes, sir.
You said he had cancer.
Oh, he did sir.
So, if a kid has cancer, what's he
doing jumping out of an airplane?
Well, he was living
life to the fullest, sir.
And, and I think it's only
fitting, that we take a page...
from little Jamal Washington's
short yet fearless life...
and that we set aside
whatever excellent curriculum...
our teachers may have
prepared for us this afternoon...
and instead, suffer through
a much crueler but ultimately...
far more powerful lesson.
That is, the frailty of human life.
I don't know, Adam, sounds
a little far fetched to me.
Mr. Dickwalter, if I may,
you need to ask yourself...
why would I tip you off to the
location of the Skip Day party...
saving your house and
your personal belongings...

from a vicious thrashing,
I might add...
only to create some
fantastic mirage?
You know, if this was from
any other student but you...
I'd be a little suspicious, but considering
it's you Adam, you're different.
Yes, sir.
You spend your time
studying and debating.
They spend all their time
drinking and having sex.
Yeah.
We're not so different, you and I.
Oh!
You remind me of me
when I was your age.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Out from the same cloth,
as they say. Huh? Huh?
Huh, yeah.
Yeah.
Oh, huh, yeah!
That'a boy! Don't be
afraid of it, son.
I think I'm gonna puke.
A school lies in mourning.
A little boy has died.
So, I declare this day
Jamal Washington Day.
I am actually impressed with you man.
Yeah, way to save your ass from getting
dry docked by the entire senior class.
So what now?
Wait, wait, wait, everybody, um,
just... huh, hang on one second.
Please, um. Look, I know... I know
I really messed things up today...
huh... with my...
with my big mouth.
- You suck.
- Uh-huh...
but, see the thing is, we could still

turn this into the best Skip Day ever.

We'll have the party at my house.

Harris, that is

so nice of you.

And I bet you have a whole basement

full of alcohol for us to drink?

Do ya? No?!

Look buddy, you're

in over your head here.

A party at your house is gonna

be lame. Come on, let's go.

I can get you booze.

How do you know this guy?

I don't know this guy.

Well, how do you know him?

I don't. I thought

he was your friend.

Holy shit, that's a lot

of booze for 40 dollars.

We can go now.

That guy's got a gun. That guy's

got a gun. Start the car, Sicki!

- Fuck, fuck, fuck.

- Roll up the window!

Drive the car!

Drive the car!

Drive! Drive!

- Oh, fuck! Jesus.

- My fucking window!

- What the fuck.

- Jesus!

That was awesome.

Tough break, cancer boy dying

in a freak skydiving accident.

Yeah, I did a little

parachute work myself.

I was a paratrooper in the Gulf

War, the first one. The big one.

- Did you?

- Yep.

My instructor told me that 1 in

17, 000 jumps go bad, and only..

a quarter of those are fatal.

Would it surprise you,

Dickwalter, if I told you...

that only 1 in 3.8 million

kids have cancer?

Okay.

And his funeral lands

on Skip Day, I mean...

what are the odds? It's gotta be

astronomical, like getting the lottery.

Maybe that's what I'll do

right now, Mr. Dickwalter.

Maybe I'll go buy a lottery ticket.

Hey, I can't carry the

speakers by myself.

What'd you say? Can't carry the

speakers by yourself?

That's 'cause you're a pussy.

What's your deal, man?

I love high school.

You do? You fuckin' nuts?

Shit no, this is the best

time of your life.

Really?

You build your future on the foundation

that's poured during high school.

Don't squander it, son.

Hello, ma'am.

Hello.

Oh no.

- Oh Blanche.

- What's she doing here?

She must have escaped

from the home again.

Well, that can't be over here long.

Say, Minn, what do you know about

this Washington kid's funeral?

So, what you trying to say?

That because I'm black,

I gotta know where...

every other black

person's funeral is at?

Oh, Jesus.

- That we all know one another?

- Here we go.

Every black person

is a fucking cousin.

Frankly, yes.

Well, I'll have you know that

I'm married to a white man.

Fantastic.

Very touching words, Auntie

Sue. Thank you very much.

And now, Jamal's Uncle Sheik would

like to sing a song in loving memory.

This goes out to Jamal, yeah.

Wasserman, Weston. Washington.

Alright.

Hello, who this?

Lamar, is that you?

Huh, yeah.

Who this?

"Who this?"

It's Mr. Dickwalter.

Okay, Mr. Dickwalter.

What do you want?

What's going on

over there, Lamar?

What'd you think? I'm at

my brother's funeral!

Doesn't sound like any

funeral I've ever been to.

It sounds more

like a party to me.

Who're you talking to?

It's my principal,

Mr. Dickwalter.

Give me that.

Tell me what's really going

on over there, you little shit.

How 'bout you

go fuck yourself!

How 'bout-hello? How

'bout I go fuck myself?

I don't fuck myself, my friend.

I don't fuck myself ever.

You fuck yourself. People

fuck themselves. Not me!

[cell phone rings]

Motherfucker!

Listen to me. You call this fucking
number one more goddamn time...
and I'm gonna back my brand new
Escalade over your motherfucking skull!
I don't...

Hm-mm, where you going? To do some
more generalizing about black folks?

Number one, yes. Number
two, shut up! Number three,

I think that Adam

Harris was duped...

and there really is a Senior
Skip Day party going on.

And I'm just the
guy to bust it.

Hey, Snippy, we should
have the party right here.

I appreciate the thought...

but'd you really think my house
is appropriately situated...

for such a festive gathering?

Let me check.

Jes... Dude!

Your house has wheels!

Come on...

Should have held onto
that kid when I had him.

[blaring rap music]

Turn that crap down!

Yeah, you better leave!

So, what're you thinking?

I'm thinking... I'm thinking...

that we're gonna make

the biggest gravity bong...

that this world has ever seen.

With all this shit?

Oh yeah.

That'll get you high.

Okay, fellas, alright, we
got alcohol, we got music...

we got the world's biggest
gravity fucking bong...

that I've ever seen, or I wanna
see, to tell you the truth.

But listen, there's just one
more thing missing here.
You see what I mean?
I know, oh yeah... yeah.
Bang them out.
A little pick 'em and stick'em.
You know what I mean now?
Yes, I do.
Hi, huh, is this the
Bornstein Modeling Agency?
Yeah... hi, I was wondering if you had any
girls available for a party this afternoon.
No. Okay.
Well, that makes
perfect sense.
Yes, thank you.
Okay, bye.
So?
They do not
do parties.
They told you to fuck off,
didn't they?
Yes, they did... they did.
Hey Bornstein?
Where the fuck
are my models?
Oh, the ones I called
about over a month ago.
For the fucking
lingerie shoot.
Look, I'm paying for a crew
to sit here and do nothing.
They better be here
in 30 minutes...
or it'll be your arse!
Yeah. 10 Forrest
Lane, Fucko!
Gentlemen, I'm gonna go beat
off before they get here.
Oh my God, I'm so sorry
we're late.
Sorry, we had a hard
time finding your street.
We're so ready to go.

So, where do you want us?

H hideous.

Absolutely hideous.

Oh what, did we make a little pit
stop at the Krispy Kreme on the way?

Oww.

Silence!

Let's do this!

Yes, beautiful.

Yes, yes, do that. Now,
give me a little giggle.

Just a little, yes,
good, good. That is sexy.

Okay, pop it up,
pop it up.

Beautiful. That's it.

What is it?

Hold Bessy.

Hey, Adam's party's
up and running.

Really?

Look.

Douche bag
pulled it off.

Well, let's go.

No. No, it's
gonna suck balls.

Scott, I am not gonna spend
Skip Day in bed with you...
while the rest of our class is
partying over at Adam's house.

What's wrong with being
in bed with me?

- Can you please stop being so pushy?

- Pushy?

I just really wanna do this,
I think we're ready.

Yeah, I know, me too. But, let's do
it over at the party, like we said.

Oh. Party. Fuck.

Smoke, smoke,
smoke your boat.

Smoke it
down the stream.

Smoke it, smoke it,
smoke some more,
Smokey, smokey.
Oh, I'm so excited!
Oh, a cutie just showed up.
That's no cutie,
that's my sister.
- Why would your sister care?
- Trust me...
there's some bad family history
with Skip Day parties.
Look, we need to hide,
everybody needs to hide,..
we need to get rid of the alcohol,
and you need to get rid of Blanche.
Looks like she might
like a cocktail.
I don't know why
we're doing this.
She'd like a few.
Um, I would say probably
somewhere around, like, \$650, 000.
Oh shit, I forgot my keys.
There is no fashion
shoot, okay?
He is not
a photographer.
And I'm sure one of you
must have figured out by now,
he's not French,
this mustache is fake.
Let's save this,
save this.
Yeah.
Yeah, I like that.
Look, we're holding
my Skip Day party here.
And, the only way we
could get people to come
is if we had pictures
of really hot girls.
Dude, that sounds so gay
when you put it like that.
And now your sister's

coming here...
and you want us to hide
in the closet.
Yeah... that's pretty
much it, yep.
Wow, that's so cute.
I know. I never even
had a Skip Day party.
True, mine did
get busted.
Can we stay
here for yours?
Get in the closet. Get
in, get in, get in, get in.
You gotta get her outta here fast,
people gonna start to come any minute.
Listen to me, you're a guest
in my house, okay?
You do what I say,
stay in the closet!
Alright, I can do that.

- Hey.
- Hey.
- What're you doing home?
- What're you doing home?
- Mom needs to get her For Sale signs.
- Oh, yeah...
- Well, I'm skipping school.
- Cool...

Isn't there supposed
to be a big party today?

- Yes there is.
- You gonna go?
- I'll be there.
- Yeah, bullshit.

Where you going?

- To get the For Sale signs, from the closet.
- They're not there.
- Where are they?
- This is fucking awesome.

OK, well, I moved them
this morning.

Okay, where'd you put them?

- Upstairs in the guest room.

- You did?
- Yes I did?
- Why?
'Cause I felt like it.
Get out, everyone get out,
get out, get out.
Give me those signs, alright?
Give'm to me.
Alright, wait here.
Yeah.
- Fuck off!
- Dude, Dude... need to smoke.
My sister is upstairs right now.
Alright, alright, come on. Go!
- Adam, there's no signs up here.
- Shhh...
Ouh, ouh, ouh, ouh, ouh...
- Adam!
- What?
There's an old
lady in the guest room.
She's my friend.
Who's in the closet?
What?
- Who's in the closet?
- No one's in the closet.
- There's no one in the closet?
- There's no one in the closet.
- That's right.
- Really?
Ahhh...
What's going on?
I'm kind'a... I'm throwing the
Skip Day party at our house.
- What?
- Look, I know, I know it looks bad...
and I know how you and Mom hate
Skip Day parties and all that, but...
I screwed up, and I didn't
have a choice and...
I know it's stupid and it's
irresponsible and everything...
- Shhh...
- And your right...

Look at me,
I am so proud of you.
I mean, you're keeping
up the family tradition.
- I knew you had that fucking gene in you.
- Really?
- Yeah.
- Thank you, that's nice of you
- Fuck, I wish I could stay.
- Oh...
- Better not do anything I wouldn't do.
- I won't do anything you wouldn't do.
- Maybe you'll get lucky.
- Yeah...
- Bye, baby.
- Bye.

Hey...

What'd you want?

What'd you think I want?

Adam, is it weird that...

there's a motor home
across the street?

That's my house, yo.

Yeah, he lives there.

- Okay.
- Congratulations.
- What?
- You're growing some balls.

That's pretty witty of you,
you wanna go do the bong?

Yes.

Party!

Can you believe this? There's actually
a party in my house, right now.

Yeah, but nobody's dancing.

Well, it'll take just one
person to start it off.

Who?

Dance party!

Yeah.

Oh my God.

It's a Carla sandwich with
a side of Scotty. Scotty.

Dog trainer.

[sobs]

Hey, hey, why
the long face?

Mr. Dickwalter, I'm
sorry, I'm sorry. Please.

Pull yourself together. There may
still be a way out of this for you.

Hey Ralph,
where's the party?

Look at me. Do I look like a guy
that knows where the party's at?

Look at me, Ralph! Do I look like a man
who's gonna leave without what he wants?

Now, where's the party?

There had to be a backup plan.

No, the plan was originally to
have the party at Carl's house.

- Carl Smith?

- Yeah...

but he's got these
relatives, they're scary.

Aaaggh.

Who's your friend, Ralph?

This is my principal,

Mr. Dickwalter.

Ahhh... Mr. Dickwilder.

Walter.

- What... Wilder?

- Dickwalter.

Dick-Wilder.

Dickwalter!

Dickwalter...

Dickwalter.

Yes, my son Ralph, he studied
so very hard to get into Harvard.

Can you please find it in
your heart to reconsider?

Oh, I know how you must feel,
I wish I could help you...

but he should've thought
of the consequences...

before he decided to throw
a kegger at my house.

You can forget about

Harvard for him...

In fact, maybe he can work with you in the kitchen, or whatever it is you do.

I'll be back, one minute.

One minute,

take two minutes.

Your father's not very friendly, Ralph, huh?

Wilder. Dickwilder, you son of a bitch!

What about Harvard?

First I find the party, then we'll talk about your future.

'Till then, I wouldn't throw away those classifieds. Huh?

Watch out for that one, huh?

Dickwilder!

[screams]

It's only just Harvard...

My cleaver!

Why're you getting all whiny and shit?

Like you're some big fucking douche geek gay boy.

Oh Carla, I'm so shy around you.

If you would only kiss me...

my rich and meaningless life would somehow be saved.

Please, man. You're Adam

Harris. Adam Fucking Harris!

You're the John F. Kennedy

Elementary School Spelling Bee Champ.

You're the Thomas Edison Memorial Jr.

High School Science Fair winner.

You won the fucking

science fair, man.

I know, just shut up, you're making me sound like a fucking dork.

- President of the Debate Club.

- Yeah, yeah, just shut up.

Vice President of

The Late Society.

OK. Quiet. People are gonna hear you.

The Chess Club. The AV Club.

Need I go on?

Tate, I am a loser, okay?

You are a risk
taker, my friend.

You are a walking, burning cauldron
of intelligence and testosterone...
all rolled into one beautiful, swaggering
package of unmediated, undoubting love.

That's really nice.

I'd fuck you myself.

Seriously, if I was a chick I
would fuck the shit out of you.

- Yeah.

- Hell, I'd even let you do me in the ass.

Great, if I was a guy, and I am a guy,
if I was myself, I would say no to that.

[panting]

Oh, 70's Bush, 80's Trim, 90's

Shaved, oh, Granny Surprise.

I just locked myself out.

Can I come in
for a little while?

Yeah, sure.

Oh, it's so hot in here. I've
got to take my clothes off.

Is that all you got?

Huh, yes. This is
all I have, yeah.

Well, do you want, like,
a dip to go along with it?

These chips are flavored like
guacamole, so, no dip needed.

Adam, you can put guacamole
flavored chips in dip.

- It actually tastes a lot better.

- You sure?

Positive, come on,
let's see what you've got.

- That is really good.

- It's a start.

Really, that's absolutely amazing,
actually. What else can we make?

I've always wanted to

throw a crepes party.
Crepes they're neat, like
a perfect party food.
It would be like,
a buffet thing...
and you'd put what you
want inside the crepe.
- And they're really fucking good.
- You know what?
- What?
- We ought'a make some.
- Oh, I don't know.
- No, you should.
Carlas not gonna cook
for you, you know...
just 'cause you didn't buy decent
food except these stupid guaca chips.
Wow, these suck.
Este problema, hombre?
Spanish for Be-atch!
Carla, I love you. Come on.
Thanks anyways.
What do you think?
I could step up to the plate,
or take it in the ass.
Step up to the plate, right?
Wait! You in the back!
Who said take it in the ass?
Fuck you!
Oh... huh, hey! Um...
see ya out there.
Yeah.
- Hey.
- Hey, Sweetie.
Okay, this is amazing, 'cause
you two are models,
and like you're so beautiful,
and I just have to ask you this.
Yeah?
Your boobs, they're like
so big, and perfect...
and I just wanna know,
did you get them done?
And if you did, who

did them for you?

You don't need a boob job, girl.

They're beautiful.

[coil]

I went to Dr. Murray Scholl Smith.

I used to be a O,

he made me a double D.

- But, there's no incision.

- He goes in under the arm.

- Not through the nipple?

- Hell no!

So, what's your

name anyway?

Sicki.

Mark Sicki.

I know a Sicki.

What's going on?

Oh, I took a dump.

Nice party.

Thank you.

Maybe the Sicki I know is

like a relative of yours.

Well, I doubt that, the only

other Sicki in my family...

is my brother Alex.

He's in jail.

Bingo! Alex Sicki the tattoo

guy. He's in my cell block.

Get the fuck outta here.

Small world.

Mm-mm?

Scary people huh? They're gonna

be scared of me, I'm scary people.

Make sure that they ge...

Aagh!

How'd you sell a purple car with a

cleaver in the roof, for God's sake?

Who are these bozos?

Leo.

Get over here.

Get over here.

What're you, hard of hearing?

Huh?

I said what took you so long.

Come on, brother.
Come on.
Hey, have
something to eat.
Yeah, try the sausage.
They're the best in the city.
He's a little hard of hearing.
He says the sausages are good.
Do you want a sausage?
I'm not hard of hearing,
and I don't care how... Jesus!
Yeah, that's Philly.
He won't be snitching
anybody out anymore.
You want something to eat? You
got a lot of work ahead of ya.
You can't dig a hole
on an empty stomach.
Ohh! I don't think, I...
oh, oh...
- he's not dead.
- He's not?
Well, he's now.
Hey, good work.
- My first time.
- Good work.
You'd never know it.
- Good work.
- That's so sweet.
Really, great work,
great work.
Oh golly... What a day
this has been.
Here's your ounce of coke.
We'll give you another ounce
when you get back from the desert.
Believe me,
this is plenty.
This is good shit, don't
snort it all at once.
You want a little food
to hit the road with?
No, I think this
will be okay.

Huh! These guys never
shoot anyone thin.
Oh, come on.
That's just great.
I bet this never happens to
a private school principal.
Oh, hey Isha!
Hey, what's your deal?
I mean, you're fucking hot,
but you're crazy as shit.
Crazy but hot!
My bad.
Damn right your bad.
I like to drink beer, not wear it.
I ought'a cut your fucking arms off.
Yeah, suck my dick, baby.
Yeah, suck it. Suck it hard.
Oh, that's right, baby I Oh,
yeah, oh yeah. Fuckin' eh.
Oh my.
Suck that motherfucker. Oh, oh.
How nice.
I have here a poignant
artifact of little Jamal's.
His cellular phone, that
miraculously survived...
the impact of the fall.
Now, if only Jamal's fragile,
cancer-ridden young body...
had been as durable.
(cell phone rings)
Hello?
(male voice) Is Jamal there?
- No, Jamal has passed on.
Oh man.
That's fucked up
Thank you very much
for those kind words.
- Is he Dead?
- Yeah.
- Shit.
- Goodbye.
And then they shot the guy.
They had guns, Minn!

Who did?

- The mafia, aren't you even listening?

- Not really.

You know something?

This is terrific.

The one person supposed to be trustworthy... hold on a second...

Let me finish with her before I deal with you.

Hey, I'm sorry. Turns out the dead guy's not d... Ahhhh!

- Holy shit!

- Oh shit.

Uh... these things smell.

- Oh my God, sir, are you okay?

- I think so, yeah.

- Mr. Dickwalter?

- Who wants to know?

Ellen Harris, class of '96.

You busted my

Skip Day party.

Oh yeah, yeah, you look good, what have you been up to?

This isn't my regular car. I just use this for school stuff.

Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me.

Oh yeah? You know what

Dickwalter means in German?

Scumbag!

No. Not scumbag.

But you're close.

Dude.

[scream]

I'd like to make amends for my behavior earlier.

You see, I have anger issues.

Uh-huh.

And I'm now gonna make you an offering.

Drink.

Go ahead, it'll make me feel better.

I don't, I don't want to.
Drink up.
Drink!
Good. Now I feel better.
Have a nice party.
Oh, yes
Yes, oh I
She's very pretty.
Not him,
but her.
[click]
Oh... oh, Jesus.
Sorry.
So, Tate. How did
you meet Adam?
We met at a Star
Trek convention.
Although he'd probably punch
me in the eye for saying that.
So, for the record,
I met him at the gym.
I was spotting him.
He must have been benching
4... 500,000 pounds.
- Yeah, right.
- He's stronger than he looks.
What do you think?
I... I think, that was weak.
Whoa.
Huh, excuse me.
Everybody, can I...
I just get your attention
for one quick sec?
Is everybody having
a good time?
- Yeah...
- You suck.
Okay.
Um, I have an
announcement to make.
Somebody in our class
is a master chef...
and that somebody is
gonna cook you all...

the greatest meal
known to man and...
And to woman as well.
And that somebody...
is none other than Whippany
Park's own Carla Maxwell.
Give her a hand, Carla [cheers]
Wait, Carla,
wait wait.
I can't believe you put
me on the spot like that.
Can I just tell you
something quickly?
I see you, and you
clearly love cooking, okay?
But you have this weird thing
where you don't want to do it.
Or you think you're not
good, I, I don't get it.
But I can tell you
really do want to do this.
So, let's make
some crepes.
This is gonna be our
chopping station over here.
I'm gonna need a big, um,
mixing bowl. And a wooden spoon.
Wooden spoon, right? I have
two, as a matter of fact.
Yeah, both,
that's good.
A whisker?
Whisk. Yeah,
it's a whisk.
Oh my God, this is gonna be so awesome.
I think Carlas talking to that
Harris guy or something. Oh, hey.
Up, up, up, up.
Oh, shit.
Okay, you're gonna catch this one.
Aagh I Oh, shit.
Do you want this? Okay.
Yeah, no, no problem.
Um, Carla, when do the cooks get to eat?

This one's for you.
What's this?
Holy Shit. Hey, Harry,
come check this out, dog.
Man, I cannot believe what a
diversified portfolio this is, man.
Is that the flagship
episode of Dirty Debutantes?
Yes, it is my brother. Yes it is.
I'm speechless, man.
That one such landmark
film was Romancing the Bone.
There's a scene with Steve
Drink and steamy Tory Whales
it's just one
of the highlights.
Are you referring to where
he got her bent over the sink
and smacked her on the
ass with a Brillo pad?
Yes, perfection.
I love it.
I respectfully disagree. I
mean, this much louder scene
never done it for me, like,
uh, Sexy Sorority Kittens I... I.
Where 50 women go
down on them boys?
Dude, I can't believe that you put
that confusing mangle of pulsating flesh
on the same level as a hot and
intimate moment over a toilet.
You know how freaky your girl gotta
be to let you hit her over the toilet?
Yeah, but that shit
gave me cream dreams.
You're tripping.
There chicken
in that crepe?
Isha, it's not that
big of a deal.
Oh, it is
a big deal.
The genocide of poultry. Bovine

mutilation. The fornification of pork.
What the fuck?
Have you ever
nestled your cheek
into a chicken's
soft feathers?
They're glorious creatures.
Tell me something. Did a chicken
ever find a cure to polio?
Has a chicken ever represented
you in court? Pro bono?
When's the last time a chicken sang
a song so sweet it made you cry?
Tell me.
Name one. No?
That's 'cause they're
fucking chickens.
You know what I think your problem is?
You're secretly
craving it.
You're despicable.
H mph!
M mm.
Dude, we're running
low on booze.
What about that liquor
cabinet your parents have?
I do not want to deal
with Sonja right now.
Who?
I don't even want to get into
it, to be honest right now.
What the hell's the mafia doing
in Southern California anyway?
May I help you?
Scott Taylor here?
Who are you?
Frank Dickwalter. Whippany
Park H high principal.
Now, is Scott
Taylor here?
Huh, no, he's in school.
Um, no, he's not,
'cause, like, I'm here!

Now look, I don't want to interrupt
you, whatever it is you're doing.
I'm stretching.
I'm a dancer.
Course you are.
Um, do I detect
a hint of sarcasm?
No.
Sarcasm would be if you said
you were a dancer and I said
"Gee, you don't
look it!"
Ooh.
Alright, forget
I said that.
I didn't intend to get angry, because
I know you people are sensitive.
Wait, wait, wait. What
people? What people?
You! Christ,
look at you!
You better get off my porch before
I'm unable to control myself.
Buddy, you're already
unable to control yourself.
Oh, it's show time!
Best Skip Day ever.
You know, you totally ruined Skip Day.
I know. I did.
I can't believe you told
Dickwalter about the party.
Yeah, I know. I should
not have done that.
But then you saved it. And
you made it even better.
Hey.
Hi.
So, it's getting right
around cleanup time, I'd say.
So Carla, you know, Harris and
I, we'll take it from here,
because as you know, the chef doesn't
clean up after her masterpiece.
Thanks Scott.

I think we got it.
He's right. You should just hang
out, have fun. We'll take care of it.
Really?
Yeah, absolutely.
Yeah.
Okay.
Thanks.
Look at the legs
on that, huh?
Listen, I was talking
about the wine.
You know Harris, you are
one sick fuck, you know that?
But I like you.
So, uh, yeah. Did you
have fun today? You know.
Yeah, I did.
Yeah. Thank you.
Yeah? You know, uh,
my name's Adam Harris
and I graduated in
the top of my class.
Hey, Carla, how 'bout we make some
crepes, how does that sound? Yeah!
Yeah, sounds great! Maybe I can
get in your panties. No. Wrong. X.
Don't even think about it. Forget
about it, as they say in Italian.
At the end of the day, she's my
girl, don't forget about that.
I haven't.
That skirt,
right there.
Yeah, there is a nice supple
peach under that motherfucker.
Fuck me.
F.Y.I.
she swallows.
Hey Denise.
Look at her, that's what I want to do.
What, give a lap dance
to some drooling idiot?
Yeah.

Way to let 'em drop, that's
what I'm talking about.
That shit is called game, homie!
Did you know that hemp can
be made into bags and clothes?
Even shoes.
Why would I wanna
smoke my shoes,
when I can just take my stash
and smoke with my lady friends?
Hemp is an alternative to animals.
Yeah.
So, don't
wear animals.
But, uh,
cotton is of
the plant kingdom.
The Spinster
is safe.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Where are we?
Hey.
Hi!
You developed a bit of
a taste for nerd today.
He's a good guy.
But I'm
a good guy.
Are you?
Really?
Yeah. Let
me show you.
Oh my God, is that all
you ever think about?
Sweetheart, it's my favorite
thing to think about.
You are hopeless.
Hopelessly in love.
With you, no?
No.
Oh, look, sweetheart.
I know you're nervous.

Yeah, I
am nervous.
Me too. It's okay. You
know, but, I love you.
And, just, you know, I want it
to be special for the both of us.
I love you. Just you
and me, nice and slow.
Just scented candles,
it's gonna be awesome.
Hey.
Hey.
Did anyone ever tell you
that you're beautiful?
Your passion is
very attractive.
Oh my God. I'm so
fucking hungry.
Oooh. Oh, I think
you're ready to be bad.
M mm. Oh my God.
Oh my God.
That is so good. Give
me another bite. Please.
See, the thing is guys,
I've got a secret.
What?
The alphabet.
The alphabet?
You know,
the alphabet.
A,
B,
you do it right,
chicks love the B.
Carl, check this out I'm talking
about tongue-fucking bitches
Dude, that's the oldest
trick in the book, man.
I was getting my girl to climax by O.
Well, uh, I get
Carla by the I.
- I?
- Yeah.

Never done
that before.
'Cause you're
not dotting it.
Did you
invite Ralph?
Yeah, I think I
invited everybody.
That's good. Can you text him again?
Cause I'm kind'a
feeling like
he needs to come to this
party more than anyone.
That's a good call.
Yeah, I mean, I'm playing. But I'm not.
Okay.
Let's do that.
Kleenex in
the bathroom.
What?
Frank, are you okay?
Never better, Minn.
Top of the world.
Well, perk up Sunshine. I know
who's behind the Skip Day party.
[screeching tires]
Hold on. What? Who?
Who's behind it?
Adam Harris.
Adam Harris?
You asshole, Minn.
It can't be Adam Harris, he's the
only decent one in the whole bunch.
Give me
another name.
What the hell is
you talking about?
Adam just sent a text
message over to Ralph's phone
inviting him to
the Skip Day party.
It can't be him,
it's a forgery!
Frank, Adam sent a picture of himself

grinding with a bunch of skinny hoochs!

Adam?

Frank? Frank,
are you there?

Frank? Frank are you
there? [disco music]

Hello, old friend.

What the hell?

What's the big deal about
having sex with Carla anyway?

You're about to go to U.C.L.A.
on a football scholarship, man!

You're gonna be knee deep in pussy.

But, I put three good goddamn
years into this relationship, boys.

I deserve to get
laid at least once.

Dude, you get laid
all the time.

Everyone knows you're having sexual
relations with the prom queen.

Dude, shut up!

Besides, I got a secret
that always works.

Tell her you're
a virgin, man.

Oh, she'll never
believe that.

Yes, she will,
tell her you're a virgin.

She'll believe it 'cause she wants
to, 'cause she loves you, man.

- A virgin.

- She loves you!

You're so right.

I know.

You're like
a prophet, man.

I watch a lot
of videos.

Hey.

Hey.

You were really cute
when you were little.

Ah, thank you.
Sorry. You don't want
people in here, do you?
No, no, no.
It's no big deal.
That one my dad
took, actually.
Where is he?
I have no idea
where my dad is.
Huh, the North Pole
I guess. I don't know.
So, he skipped.
Yes. He did. He left his
7 year old daughter with my mom,
and he sort of headed out of town.
Sometimes I wish my family would skip.
They just don't
really get me.
Well, I get you.
Oh shit.
I really like him.
That sounded
so gay.
I think I can
trust him.
Adam? Um,
are you, are you a virgin?
What? No.
No, what?
Shit.
Why would you
think that?
Oh my God.
She is onto me.
I can't believe
I just said that.
You know, 'cause
it's okay if you are.
Right, well, yeah. No, it would
be okay if I was. But, I'm not.
That's not how things are. I
have not been a virgin for years.
Decades. I lost my

virginity so long ago.
What happened, I was in
Eastern Europe with my family.
I was at a hotel. Um, I
had nothing to do that night.
And I went out, and thought, why
don't I try and lose my virginity,
you know, let's go for it. So, went
out to this whore district, you know,
just 'cause I figured easier, right? So,
I go there, and I meet this girl, Gretchen,
she had one leg. And, and I, you
know, talked to her and I was, like,
hey, you know, let's do it. So she's, like,
alright, well, sure, why not, you know.
And so we did, and it was good.
And it was fun and all that.
You know, I was nervous,
I was really nervous.
Yeah.
Never done that before, you
know, but then I figured,
she's, you know, amputee, virgin,
right? Whole thing kind of evened out.
What the fuck am
I talking about?
Who is this guy?
Come downstairs. You're
not gonna believe this.
Oh my god, No,
no, no, no, no.
That's my mom's table. That
table's very expensive. No!
Oh God.
Go Denise.
Go Denise.
Go Denise.
Go Denise.
I need a dollar bill. I need a
dollar bill. Who's got a dollar?
Does anybody have dollar? Okay,
okay. Does anybody have a dollar?
I do not have a dollar.
Can anybody bust up a ten?

Can anybody
bust up a ten?
Hey, uh, you know, I have
something I need to tell you.
But I've been
hiding it from you,
because I'm really
embarrassed about it.
What?
The truth is, I'm
I'm a virgin, Carla.
Really?
Yeah.
Oh, let's go to
the bedroom.
Oh my god. I really did blow it.
Hey man,
this isn't over.
Yes it is. It's too late, I blew it.
Are you nervous?
Yeah.
Me too. Happy, but
nervous at the same time.
I can't believe you're
letting this happen.
Tate, I fucked up, and
it's done, it's over.
Stop them, stake your
claim. Plant your flag.
Okay, plant your flag. What does that
even mean? That doesn't mean anything.
I don't know what it
means. But it sounds good.
It does sound good.
Damn right it
sounds good.
That sounds
really good.
Damn right it sounds really good.
I gotta plant
my flag.
You plant that flag!
I gotta
plant my flag.

Go!
Go!
I'm glad it's the first
time for both of us.
I know.
I know.
Alright, I know. I should just, I gotta,
but no, can you really expect me to just...
Okay, look, no. This is the moment
of truth. I gotta seize the day.
Okay. I think I'm ready.
Me too.
I'm gonna do this.
I'm gonna do this.
Ready?
Yeah.
I can't believe it. It's
too late. I'm too late.
Oh yeah. Oh, this is gonna
be fucking awesome.
Here we go, Laura,
I just gotta get it...
What? Wait.
Carla. Carla.
No, what did
you just say?
That is so messed up.
She's definitely fucking him.
You just called me Laura!
No!
I'm not making this shit up.
She was fucking him.
Have you been fucking Laura?
She was fucking his brains out!
You bastard!
Oh.
Hey! You're hot.
I can't believe
how stupid I was.
Oh, fuck, man. Carla!
Fuck off!
Jesus.
You wanna make out?
Okay.

Oh, I can't fucking
believe this.

Hey!

Um, this is weird.

Get it dude.

Oh my God.

Oh my God!

Carla, is everything...

Get the hell away from me!

I don't wanna talk to you!

He's all yours, honey.

This is your own fault,
you cock tease.

Hey, you know what,

you can't talk to her like that.

Oh yeah, the bitch is all yours,
what're you gonna do about it?

What?

I'm sorry bro. But, fuck. I've been
wanting to do that all day, man.

Oh my god.

Mom.

Oh, shit.

Mom, uh, I seized the day, you remember?

You said, seize the day this morning?

You've destroyed the house, you...

Not again. What have you done?

Mom, I threw a party. I threw
a party, and it was awesome.

- Yeah...

- Wasn't it? It was...

- You rule...

- Thank you...

Thank you. Whoever said that.

That's a long time coming.

Tate, he played all of this music,
and it was amazing, and...

and this old guy,

he bought us liquor and I...

I built a... I built a bong
in our garage.

- Oh great.

- And... and...

then we called up these models

and these models came over...
and we took pictures of
them in their underwear.
And then everybody came
over and we just partied.
And, you stuck your
finger in the dog's ass.
Yeah...
Yes, that, I... I did do
that. That was an accident.
And then there's Carla.
She made these... these crepes,
they're just, they were amazing.
And she's amazing, and I got a
chance to talk to her and lied...
and I lied, and I said... I said
some stupid things and...
I'm sorry.
Oh shit... it's Dickwalter.
Mom! You cannot
open that door.
If you do, none of us are
going to college. He's insane.
Everybody hide! Everybody...
Hi, Mrs. Harris.
Is the entire
senior class home?
Mr. Dickwalter. What
are you doing here?
What am I doing here? I'm working my
way through college, what'd you think...
I'm doing here? I'm here to bust
the Senior Skip Day party.
Well, good luck with that, sir.
You trying to tell me there's not a 100
kids on the other side of that door?
I think I would know, if there were
a 100 kids standing behind me, alright?
How 'bout Ellen, is she home?
Say I asked, okay?
I've got it. They're at
the Washington funeral.
They're at the
Washington funeral, sir.

There is no funeral.
Your son made fools
out of all of us.
He's been there all day,
with the entire senior class.
He's been there all day
with the entire senior class.
There's no funeral! They're at a party!
Why won't any one listen to me?
- I dropped him off myself.
- I dropped him off myself.
They're at, huh...
1762 One Eden Lane.
1762 One Eden Lane.
Gotta go.
Bye.
Dickwalter, you remember me?
People like you don't
remember people like me.
You just prance away
through other people's lives,
spewing your bullshit about
taking the moral high road.
Wait a minute.
Huffier?
Your old classmate.
You do remember.
- You 'member anything else about me?
- No.
Like how you ratted out my
Skip Day party to the principal?
Oh, yeah, that's right.
Good times, well, see ya.
You ruined any chance I had
of going to technical college!
You see, I had a dream.
Oh God!
I had a dream of being an air conditioning
repairman, and you fucked that dream up.
- And then they locked me up.
- Why?
And the long, lonely nights began.
Aagh.
That's when I got a new dream.

- Alright, let's hear it.

- Yeah...

I'm dreaming of opening a barbecue shack, Lionel's Barbecue Palace.

I came back for you,

Dickwalter, 'cause

you're gonna help me make

my new dream come true.

See, I'm gonna cut your fucking

head off and put it on the menu.

You think too small.

Ever been to Burma?

They chase their whiskey with snake venom

and the women all do that basket trick.

Now, excuse me! But I've got

a phony funeral to attend.

Boy. That guy's

really changed.

What the hell have you done, Adam?

He's gonna show up at the funeral..

none of us will be there and

we all be fucked.

Shut up, Tate! Ellen, you're and

mom are the only sober persons here.

- Can you do me a favor?

- What's that!

Do you know how

to drive a house?

Beat the Dick

Whoa.

Beat the Dick!

Beat the Dick!

Here you go, Philly.

She's all yours.

Use it in

good health.

Ease!

Well, well, well, looks like

Mr. Dickwalter wins again.

Got the entire senior class,

might as well have graduation here,

except none of you

are gonna graduate now!

Drinks, food,

everything I'd want if I
lost a son. I have lost a son.
Mr. Dickwalter, sir. I think
you've got the wrong idea here.
You broke my
heart, kid!
I'll call it even if you put
in a good word with your sister.
Come on.
Hot.
Who is
this asshole?
That's my principal,
pop. Mr. Dickwalter.
Motherfucker.
You got a cast
of extras too?
The rest of you disgust me as well
'cause you covered up for them.
You like to party, you wanna have
a party? I like to have a party!
I know how to party, you
wanna have a party? Here...
Huh... huh?
No? Suit yourself, more for me.
Motherfucker.
Not my style. I like a cold beer,
and I bet I know just where it is.
That's a dead kid.
Motherfucker.
Phew.
Hey, Dickwalter!
Tell me more about Burma.
Fantastic.
Does anybody else find it ironic
that this asshole goes through hell...
trying to punish us
for skipping school,
and yet he himself ends up skipping
off to Burma with an escaped convict?
You know what though? I'm...
I'm actually kind'a proud
of him, I really am.
Sick bastard that he is.

Aren't you sick of
listening to him already?
What's your problem,
you're still mad at me?
I don't know. Are you
still full of shit?
I'm always full of shit.
Now, just one more
thing. Really quickly.
True love. It is a
rare, rare thing.
And when you find it, you need
to grab the bull by its horns.
And you need to wrestle it to the
ground. And then you need to take...
Shut up and kiss me.
Okay.
That was really good.
- Was it?
- See, you got it all over your mouth.
You know how long I've
been waiting to do that?
3 weeks, that's how long...
- 3 weeks, 4 if you count rehearsals.
- We kissed in rehearsal.
- No we didn't.
- Yeah we did.
You have a completely
warped imagination.
- You kissed Alan in rehearsals.
- You just don't remember it, that sucks.
- I never kissed you in rehearsals.
- You don't remember, but you did.
- We never did...
- Oh my god, that's really sad.
- This was our first kiss.
- No, it wasn't, that's really sad.
The first one didn't make much
of an impression, obviously.
Obviously, that's sad.
Uhhh, are you upset that we're
done with the movie?
- Yes.
- Yeah?

- What're we gonna do?

- Now?

- Yeah.

- I don't know.

Can I finish up what I was gonna say before you interrupted me...

- No, you're annoying...

- and made me kiss you?

I was gonna say, that...

- true love is a rare thing...

- God...

- when you find it you need to...

- Just shut up and kiss me.

grab it by it's horns, you need to wrestle it to the ground...

and then you need to take your matador saber and you need to plunge it...

into the cavity of its chest, and then you need...

What? Where're you plunging it into?

You take your matador saber. Matador is the guy that fights bulls in Spain.

Or in really strange areas of the U S, I suppose.

And he kills the bull with his matador saber.

Plunges it into the feathering cavity of his chest, and then he kicks it while it's on the ground. Then later on he barbecues it.

Wanna do the head butt?

Yeah! Yeah,

yeah, yeah. Okay.

This is our version.

Yeah. So, okay.

True love is a rare thing.

When you find it you need to grab the bull by the horns...

and you need to wrestle it to the ground, and then...

Just shut up and kiss me.

Okay.

Boom.

Then she falls to the ground, and

then I kick her. And I kick her.
And I say,
"That's for six years...
junior high and high
school, of torture".
Huh, your frappuccino's
here, Mr. Lundy.
Harris, that's
my girl.
Give me a kiss.
During sexually
intimate moments,
do you ever feel like
your woman's distracted?
There's a party
at Mr. Dickwalter's?
Motherfucker.
One more time.
Motherfucker.
One more time.
Who is
that asshole?
That's my principal,
Pop. Mr. Dickwalter.
Motherfucker.
Marker.
Set I
And action!
What do you know about this
Washington kid's funeral?
So, what you
trying to say?
That because I'm black,
I gotta know where
every other black
person's funeral is at?
Oh, Jesus.
That we all know
each other?
Here we go.
That every black person
is a fucking cousin?
Frankly, yes.
Well, I'll have you know...

that I have three cousins...

Shaniqua, Santander, and

Quanta, and they all white.

Marker.

You broke my heart, kid.

I'll call it even if you put

in a good word with your sister.

'Cause she's like, phew,

I mean, know what I mean?

Oh my God.

Cut!

I'm so fucked up.

- Cut!

- Motherfucker.