Good morning.
Because it's important
that we all get to know one another,
I would like you to wear these.
I've taken two other courses
from you. This year.
And you still don't
know what my name is, do you?
I most certainly do.
What is it?
- Look, Miss Chin...
- You just looked.
The Price of Postmodernism:
Epistemology and the Literary Canon.
I've never had to wait this long
for a response from a publisher.
He said it's unpublishable.
- He said that?
- Yes.
Leave a message to call me.
Although we may think him
a curmudgeon
and see his Key to All Mythologies
as a monument to pedantry,
she sees him
as the embodiment of virtue.
For next time, read Maud. All of it.
What are you doing?
There was a paper jam
in the Xerox machine.
Aren't you happy to see
your brother, Lawrence?
Adopted brother.
How's the kitchen knife sales?
Or was it aluminum siding?
How's that going?
Calling cards. It's my new line.
It's all kinds of great deals,
domestic and foreign.
We just added the tiny
island nation of Haiti. It's a gold mine.
I'm glad to see
that you're doing meaningful work.
Lawrence, listen.
I wanted to ask a favor. But it's...
Not again, please.
I believe that I loaned you $1,200
the last time that you showed up,
two years ago.
And before that it was another $600.
And I'm going to...
I'm going to help you bloom.
Whatever it is that you're asking,
the answer is no.
I love you.
Hey, I'm sorry to bother you,
but do you have a moment
to discuss the character of Casaubon?
- Do you think that Eliot...
- My office hours are over.
The sign says they're till 5:00.
Okay, but my watch says it's 4:53.
That is official university time.
My watch, it's actually...
It gets information by satellite,
and it's accurate
to one millionth of a second.
Take it up with maintenance.
Their offices are across the campus,
behind the stadium.
Of course, they close at 5:00.
Good luck to you.
Good evening.
Hey, Dad.
We need to discuss something.
What is Gibraltar's?
I've underlined over $300
worth of items
you charged there last month.
It's an art bookstore.
I'm taking art history
and the books are expensive.
- I didn't know you wrote poetry.
- Well, there's a lot you don't know.
Shit!
I need my car.
I need my car.
Well, I'm going to need to see
your receipt from campus security. Davidson will take care of it on Monday.
I have an arrangement with him. I can't give you your car without a receipt.
I said Davidson will take care of it. You don't even remember me, do you?
I took your Victorian poetry class last spring. Yes?
You gave me a D. Yes, I remember.
- Ben Onufrey.
- Ben Onufrey.
No receipt, no vehicle. I can see that you take your job very seriously.
So how about that I offer you $20 for your trouble?
According to rule 17-B in the Carnegie Mellon University Traffic Citation Manual...
Listen, you litigious little shit, I need my briefcase.
Now stop your babbling, open up that gate and let me in. The only way you'll get in there is if you pay the fine and bring me the receipt.
At which point, this "litigious little shit"...
Hey! Maybe you should spend less time memorizing parking manuals and more time being alert!
Mr. Wetherhold, I need you to wake up.
Mr. Wetherhold, I need you to wake up. I was just resting my eyes.
Have you suffered seizures before? Before what?
Before tonight.
You suffered a trauma-induced seizure earlier this evening. Do you know what day of the week it is? Yes. Well? Well, what? Are you always this contentious, or is this the result of the head trauma? I prefer language to be precise. Well, then you should have said, "I prefer precise language," not "I prefer language to be precise." I'm thirsty. Would you... You need to stay overnight for observation. I need to make a phone call. - Did he recognize you? - No. Well, you have aged. Shut up. He told me my language was imprecise. Was it? Imprecise? Hello? Hi, may I please speak with Mrs. Wetherhold? I'm sorry, I'm not interested. May I please speak to Mrs. Wetherhold? She's been dead for many years. Thank you for the painful reminder. Whatever it is you're peddling, I'm not interested. I'm calling about your father. He's not home. Take us off your calling list. No, he's here in the ER. He's had an accident. - Is he okay? - He's fine. He's resting. He suffered a concussion and a trauma-induced seizure. Are you familiar with Allegheny General?
'Cause I'm sure your father would love
to see you when he wakes.
You know,
I'm taking the SA T tomorrow.

**And it is 10:**

which means
I have one more hour to practice
before I must go to bed.
You know, head injuries are often
more severe than they initially appear.
And your point?
Well, I would hate for you
to regret something as simple
as not visiting your father
in the hospital.
I appreciate the tip, Dr. Phil.
Little bitch.
Bitch.
Tetanus shot.
What happened to my car?
It was in the impoundment lot.
I imagine it's still there.
If anyone asks, I was mugged.
I'm not going to lie for you. Roll over.
Just be vague.
That's good.
There you go.
That was well done.
How nice of you to come.
So what happened to your head?
A big guy chased me.
I climbed a fence.
It's all a blur.
Great, so now,
if I don't get the perfect score,
at least I have someone to blame.
And that adopted brother of yours,
Chuck, called.
He left a bunch of messages,
but I heard his voice
and deleted them all.
Yes, he showed up at
the office today, as well.
Oh!
It was so nice of you to come.
I'm Dr. Hartigan.
Now, I want you to call your brother.
Tell him to get my car
out of the impound lot.
And to have it here at 9:00 a.m. sharp.
Excuse me. No, you do that.
You know, because of the seizure,
you can't legally drive for six months.
I have to report it to the DMV.
No, just don't report it.
Six months? Six months...
I'm not being your chauffeur
for six months.
These times are crucial.
Young Republicans. Model UN.
National Honor Society.
I will hire a driver on Monday.
The insurance company will pay for it.
Okay, well, if you need anything,
just have one of the nurses page me.
I'm here all night. Okay?
Now, just go home and get some sleep,
and you'll get that perfect SAT score.
That's what I've been trying to do.
Mercurial.
I learned that word in the fifth grade.
Fecundity.
English is my first language.
Uxorious.
That's appropriately obscure.
Mind you, I know it.
Overly fond of one's wife.
That's my girl.
I have a good one.
Eft.
Let me ponder.
Short in stature. Diminutive.
No, sorry. Eft is a young newt.
They rarely put nouns on the SAT.
You knew that word, right?
Of course. A young newt.
I don't understand why
you had to check out so early.
I only get one Saturday morning
per week, you know.
Cry me a river.
Get off it, James.
So why did you try to jump
the fence
at the impoundment lot, anyway?
Where did you hear about the fence?
Two people from school
told me this morning.
Can you please move
to the passenger seat?
I seriously doubt that sitting
on the right makes you sick.
If I vomit, we'll both look stupid.
I remember when Mom used to drop
me off at kindergarten on Brighton.
You sat in the passenger seat then.
What the hell are you doing here?
Watching a documentary
on snow apes.
Hey, man.
Hey, Jim.
Good to see you, Chuck.
You look like you had
another growth spurt.
No, I don't think so.
Not since I saw you last.
I'm too old for this.
I would like an explanation.
Why are you here?
Vanessa said that
you couldn't drive for six months.
So I'm here to help.
Yeah, he's pretty sure he's
gonna move in and be your driver.
I think I got the perfect score today.
There was one tricky math one...
Did it ever occur to you that
I might not want you to drive me?
Let alone move in.
It did occur to me,
but Vanessa spoke
to the insurance company,
and they're not going to pay
for a chauffeur.
And I already wrote a letter of complaint
and I wrote a request for an appeal.
So, if I could just get
your signature, and I will fax it.
I'm a little low on cash right now.
I can't really afford
to get my own apartment.
So it's kind of a win-win situation.
No. It's not a win-win situation.
It might be,
if you were even vaguely reliable,
- but you're not.
- There's a spare room upstairs.
- There's linens and towels...
- Shh. Shh.
Thank you, Jim.
Do you even have
a valid driver's license?
I need a ride to campus.
I will see you downstairs
- in five minutes.
- You got it!
Make a left.
We need someone
with a national scholarly reputation
and strong leadership experience.
Well, thank you, Martin.
I am honored to serve in the position.
You heard?
Word travels fast around here.
Usually it's a pain in the butt
to find someone
to chair the search committee.
I thought we were hiring
from within the department.
You told me we were hiring
from within the department.
Well, everyone else
is so busy this semester.
Delivering papers, publishing.
Have you read
what they're publishing?
Most of it's garbage.
That's not very collegial.
Well, neither is forcing me
to chair this search committee, Martin.
I am busy, too.
When was the last time
you attended a department meeting?
When was the last time
there was anything on the agenda
worth discussing?
I need you to do this.
Bon apptit, Martin.
Now that Roth has forced me
to chair the search committee,
I can't very well
nominate myself now, can I?
You should have had that position
eight years ago.
I mean, that was a travesty
if I ever saw one.
You were nine years old at the time.
I will tell Roth
that this injury is too much
and it precludes me
from heading the committee.
Why do you even want
to be head of the department?
You don't like any of
the other professors
and you certainly don't like
any of your students.
You know, James,
there was a time not too long ago
when students were
passionate about literature.
Today's students are
only passionate about getting A's.
Dick Cheney.
His daughter is a lesbian.
And while her partner is
considered to be "one of the family,"
they never allowed her
on stage during the campaign.
Okay, well, the point is, in 2000, Cheney was the chair of Bush's vice-presidential search committee. You know, he nominated himself. Nominating myself? It seems rather unethical. It's the democratic process. If it can work for the Vice-President of America, it can work for you. I wanted to call you all together, one last time, before we were deep into final exams. We've received over 200 applications. Fewer than 10 of the applications merit serious consideration. Based on what criteria? The criteria listed in the official university bylaws on faculty hires. When we did this before, we spent a few sessions devising a rubric for candidate evaluations. One based on more humanistic ideals. A few of the better applicants forgot to include copies of their student evaluations with their applications. Personally, I find the evaluations that students write about me utterly useless. It's mostly just speculation about my sexuality. Try not to blink. This is rather uncomfortable. Okay. We're set, Mr. Wetherhold. How come my follow-up wasn't with Dr. Hartigan? That's because she's the head of the ER, not a neurologist like myself. You know, she's gonna kill me for saying this, but she used to be a student of yours,
years ago.
I've had lots of students.
I think she had a schoolgirl crush,
in effect.
She did, did she? Are we done?
Yeah.
Pleasure.
Yeah. Still around.
Here you go, miss.
Hi.
How's your head?
Did you see Dr. Strouse yet?
Yes, everything is fine.
I figured it out.
You were my student.
You must forgive me
for not remembering the other night
when they brought me into the ER.
Did you lose weight?
No, not at all. Same weight.
Night.
What are you doing?
Are these your mom's?
Don't get mayonnaise on them.
You know,
you should really make your bed.
It sets the tone for the day.
How do you know what tone
I wanted to set, though?
Don't you think it's kind of weird
to keep dead people's clothes
lying around?
- Yes.
- Dad's been saving them.
It's really not a good thing for him.
If we donate them to Goodwill,
we get a tax write-off,
which is great.
You're a monster.
May I give you a ride home?
No, thank you. My adopted brother
is supposed to pick me up.
Are you sure? It's pretty cold.
Okay, thank you.
Here.
Don't forget the tax receipt.
Right.
You know, you can sit up front
if you want.
That's okay. I'm fine.
I get
nauseated if I ride
on the right-hand side of the car.
Dr. Strouse said I was fine
and I was wondering
if you could call the DMV
and have them repeal
my driving restriction.
That's not how it works.
So what are you teaching
this semester?
I'm teaching two sections
about the Victorians.
Do you like the Victorians?
I used to.
- The Victorian novel, huh?
- Hmm.
Wow, how many times
can you read Bleak House?
You never tire of Bleak House.
I can always find something new
to say about it.
Don't you have anything better to do?
You need to relax.
You need to relax. I need to study.
Great, I'm in an after-school special.
You know, your dad used to smoke
all the time
when he was in grad school.
Oh, yeah?
He was too scared to buy it,
so I'd have to do it for him.
They called him Hookah Larry.
Look, your pathetic attempts
to manipulate me,
they're never going to work.
Okay, shut up and give it to me.
If this gives me brain damage,
I will kill you.
Lupita is crying over Pedro,
who is being abused by Manuel.
She's going to leave Manuel,
you know.
He's such a machismo.
She's going to move in with Diego.
He's really handsome and built.
If your Spanish were better,
you would see all of that.
Thank you for driving me.
You're welcome.
This is your house, right?
Yes.
Shit. Wait! Wait! Wait!
I forgot this.
Would you
like to have a face-to-face
conversation sometime?
We could finish our
discussion of Victorian literature.
We weren't really having a
conversation about Victorian literature.
I suppose I'd have to drive.
I hadn't thought of that.
How about Friday night at 7:30
for a face-to-face conversation?
That would work.
Okay, bye.
Smell something burning?
Maybe cannabis?
Are you mad?
I waited outside
the medical center for eons.
Where were you?
Helping Vanessa with her Spanish.
Lost track of time, sorry.
Where'd you get that?
The closet.
I told him Wellesley
was a women's college.
That's Caroline's sweatshirt.
That, too. I told him that, too. I told him
it was Mom's sweatshirt.
Take it off, please.
Did it ever occur to you
that I might be saving that sweatshirt?
Please don't rip it.
I think
he may have smelled the pot.
"I told him Wellesley
was a women's college."
God, what a narc.
You know, we didn't just
donate her clothes on a whim.
We did it for your
psychological well-being.
Will you wait in the car?
Let's see, "Professor Wetherhold
is a conceited dickhead,"
"An asshole," "Unfair..."
Here's one.
What does it say?
"Professor Wetherhold
is knowledgeable,
"but he doesn't impart that knowledge
to his students.
"He barked information at us
all semester,
"and then he complained
when our papers did not measure up
"to his bizarre standards."
I'll dig deeper.
Hey, can we go to the mall
tonight instead of this afternoon?
There's, like, three games
I want to watch.
I can't go to the mall tonight.
- Why's that?
- I'm busy.
Yeah, busy with what?
I fucking gotta go to the mall.
I have an appointment.
Really?
- Yes.
With who?
- With none of your business.
- An appointment with whom?
None of your business.
I just want to know. God!
Dr. Hartigan.
- I knew it.
- Good work.
You spend $50 on dinner,
that's grounds for intercourse
with "none of your business."
Dad, if there are any romantic inklings,
you're simply not ready.
I mean the sociosexual
mores have really shifted.
And look, let's not forget
the stigma attached to widowers.
Widowers. At some point the statute
of limitations has gotta run out on that.
We're not talking about this anymore.
Don't freak out and sabotage it
like you always do.
I don't always freak out
and sabotage it.
Yeah, well, this hospital is littered
with men you've left in your wake.
It's littered with men
you've left in your wake, too.
- What are you doing?
- Nothing.
Nothing. I'm just reading something.
I'll call you back, okay?
- Hi.
- Hi, there.
How are you?
What are you doing here?
Excuse me?
He's kind of a fragile guy.
You know, he's not ready for this.
He's fragile? What do you mean?
You know what?
It's quite predatory, actually.
Have you forgotten about
the Hippocratic oath you took,
about not fucking your patients?
Your father's no longer my patient.
We respond to literary texts
using precisely the same fundamental interpretive categories as authors and poets use to create them. So there's no need to posit any kind of unstable ontology or ruptured consciousness. — Are you following me? — Yeah.

Any coffee? Something from the desert menu? — Yeah. I want...
— It's too late for coffee. I'll tell you what. One piece of chocolate cake and two forks, two plates.
— So no one...
— Thank you.
...has ever looked at this process of cultural criticism through the...
— Excuse me?
— 45 minutes.
That's how long it's been since I've uttered a single word.
I mean, do you even know where I'm from?
Where I grew up, where I live?
Do you know anything about my family?
What kind of day did I have?
Well, if you actually did want to know, I was having a great day until about 30 minutes ago when I realized you weren't gonna shut up. In fact, you actually gave me a C in your course. You said my paper was sophomoric. I was a freshman. That's not what sophomoric means. I know. See, I know that. You know, the other night when I drove you home, I actually thought I saw
a different side of you.
But now I'm back to thinking
you're the same pompous windbag
who made me switch my major
from English to Biology.
Well. Certainly an established
physician is not harboring resentment
for a grade she received
more than 10 years ago.
This was a mistake.
Your daughter was right.
Thank you.
It's probably better
if you get a cab home.
I take it by your presence here at 8:45,
you did not get laid.
Yeah, come in, unless it's Chuck.
I'm back.
Thank God.
This is a good-sized room.
Yeah, I'm pretty sure
you've been in here before.
Do you think I'm self-absorbed?
I think self-absorption's underrated.
I think everyone needs
some compassion,
some capacity for sympathy, empathy.
- Right?
- Dad,
Theresa Sternbridge practically runs
a soup kitchen,
and she's always seen posing
in photos with crack babies
and dying, old, crusty ladies.
And do you know why?
She scored in the 45th percentile
on her SAT.
People like you and me
don't need to compensate.
You know, I'm glad you're home early.
That physician wasn't good for you.
Too young and kind of uncultured,
like oh-so-many
in the medical profession...
I thought of the perfect new title
for your book.
Right?
Good night.
Bonsoir.
Someone please shed some light
Where is the narrator in my life
Maybe he doesn't know where I've fled
Running through the city in my head
I shed regret
What are you doing here?
That gurney was sterile.
I re-read your essay.
And...
At first I considered
giving it a higher grade,
but then, I decided
that the C should stick.
Do you honestly think
that I care about a grade I received
when I was a freshman in college?
I mean, I admit that the paper,
as you originally wrote,
"lacks a clear focus
and rambles like a bad folk song."
But I read it again the other day
and its thesis is really quite good.
I should have been more diplomatic
and less pompous as your professor
and as your dinner date.
True.
I'm just out of practice.
What? Usually you're better
at masking your pomposity?
Could we give this
face-to-face conversation
one more try?
I haven't been on a date in a while.
I'd have to drive again, I suppose.
Merry Christmas!
Fuck!
It was clever of you
to reserve the same table.
I wanted to make sure
that I had an authentic second chance.
Would you like
to start with some wine?
Well, I'm on call tonight,
so I can't drink.
- You're on call?
- Yeah.
So this date may end at any moment?
Well, if I'm paged, yes.
- I can come back in a minute.
- No, no.
It's okay. It's okay.
I will have the lobster,
and a house salad, and
the house dressing on the side, please.
And for you, sir?
Oh, yes, the clock is ticking.
I'm going to have the cod
and house salad,
house dressing on the side.
I'm sorry I called you
an arrogant windbag the other night.
You called me a pompous windbag.
So have you heard back yet from any
of the publishers about your book?
Did you ever tell me
where you're from?
Well, how long ago did you send it?
Well, a few weeks ago.
What did your parents do?
- What are you doing?
- What do you mean?
I'm asking you about the book.
Yes, and I'm not taking the bait, am I?
Come on, I'm interested in the book.
It's been rejected by a few publishers.
Actually, it's been rejected
by everyone, so...
Rejection is tough.
It can scar you for life.
But you can rewrite it.
You can, you know,
send it out again, can't you?
It's about time!
That's some real riveting shit there. You Young Republicans really know how to party. Bet you guys are a lot of fun on Friday nights. I have fun. You're at a Hitler Youth Rally the first night of Christmas break. My fun is just a little more cerebral than yours. Come on. When was the last time you did something bad? Or subversive? Huh? Like a normal teenager. Do you know what you're doing? Jesus. I bet you never cheated or stole anything. Or jaywalked. Well, I've smoked pot with my perverted uncle. Okay, that was because I coerced you. You didn't do that of your own volition. You know what? You're really in jeopardy of becoming a 17-year-old robot. Okay, shut up. 'Cause you really don't know me. I actually got accepted to Stanford two weeks ago. Really? But Carnegie Mellon is free for you. And Stanford's, I don't know, $600-$ 700 a year. Well, your father is gonna kill you. But for the time being, I'm filled with pride. Come on, little mermaid, let's go celebrate. Think older. You'll appear older. I want you to grab that table. I'm gonna get a pitcher of beer. There's too many things I can't afford So what do you mean when you say
Keep your eye out, there's a guy over there that used to be a woman.
Out on the town with Grandpa?
Fuck off.
- Those seem like nice girls.
- Yeah.
I wouldn't wanna rush you lose you
Fuss you
But I love love love you
That's disgusting.
That is disgusting.
You must miss your wife.
Sorry, I shouldn't be so direct.
If my wife, Caroline, were here right now, she would be telling me to stop pitying myself.
She was a lovely, funny, intelligent woman.
And she'd want you to know it.
But she'd also advise me not to talk about my dead wife on a date with a beautiful woman.
And she'd be wondering when I was going to get around to kissing you.
I wouldn't wanna rush you lose you
Fuss you
I wouldn't wanna rush you lose you
Fuss you
But I love love love you
Love love love you
Said I love love love you
Love love love you
What is it like being stupid?
What's it like sitting alone at lunch every day?
It sucks.
Come with me.
I'm not used to condoms,
but I thought it went okay.  
Very nice.  
'Cause I just don't want  
to blow it with you.  
Do you have any plans for Christmas?  
Will you excuse me for a minute?  
'Cause my daughter, Vanessa,  
makes quite a spread.  
I was just paged.  
I haven't been up this late in years.  
If this were a book  
It'd start with a line  
I once knew a man  
I was his and he was mine  
So predictable  
So confused  
I'm at a loss for words  
to explain my mood  
I stitch this bow  
into the bottom of my dress  
Linsey hates me, you know?  
Brooke hates me. Everybody hates me.  
Well, if you tell people they're  
stupid, they'll usually hate you.  
And I wasn't completely  
congenial when you first came.  
You're right.  
- But you like me now.  
- I like you now.  
Vanessa,  
come on...  
You're adopted. It's not like it's...  
Biblical...  
You just want to fuck  
that trashy waitress.  
Yeah, that's none of your business.  
You're drunk  
and you're 17 and you're my niece.  
- My shoe.  
- Great idea, giving you beer.  
Come on.  
Hey, you!  
Are you drunk?  
- Did you get her drunk?
- No.
- She seems drunk.
- She's drunk.
How was your date?
You're a giant toddler.
Mom and Dad
did you absolutely no favors,
allowing you to become
the immature scam artist that you are.
Vanessa, did anyone call me today?
Oh, yeah. Yeah. Yeah, a telemarketer.
It was a man.
You're acting very desperate.
I got it.
Will you stop avoiding me?
I was drunk.
I'm not avoiding you.
I just need some time alone, please.
Thank you.
Hi, Janet, sorry to leave you
yet another message,
but I realized that you may not have
my phone number,
and that's why you haven't
called me back.
My number is...
Didn't you prove the other night
that you can't hold your alcohol?
I'm having one glass, moron.
And I chose this Beaujolais
specifically to go with the ham.
Neither of you is old enough
to be drinking.
Dude.
Let's all just get drunk.
I need something
to wash down this rubber ham.
Actually, I downloaded the recipe
from the Internet.
I translated it from Old French.
It dates all the way back to Louis XIV.
And he was the one
that actually decided
dishes should be served in courses,
because before that, it was served as this big pile of food...
Maybe you messed up the translation, and that's why it tastes like burnt tires.
Well, if you'd like, I could jam that up your ass for you?
That's enough. Enough.
- Well, this is cheerful.
- Shut up.
Who would think to interrupt this perfect Christmas dinner?
- Hi.
- Hi.
You're the doctor girlfriend, right?
You're the adopted brother, right?
Well, you don't appear to be boring.
Well, you've just met me.
For all you know, I'm quite boring.
You've presented yourself here, uninvited and unannounced for Christmas dinner.
That is not boring. And the cake?
Lexotonin? That's an antidepressant.
I stole it from the break room.
- Am I interrupting anything?
- No, welcome.
We could use a little antivenom in the snake pit.
Thank you very much.
Move along, thank you.
Hi.
Hi. Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
The woman brought a cake.
Hello.
Vanessa!
I'm getting the physician a plate!
My, what a generous portion.
Enjoy.
Well, Vanessa here is the perfect little housewife.
I mean, daughter.
Yes, if, by perfect, you mean not retarded/suffering from
insurmountable credit card debt, then, yes, I am indeed perfect. Would you two please stop bickering? These children haven't been properly parented in many years. That's why I was brought in. To ensure that they don't kill each other. Merry Christmas. Please.

"So much depends upon "a red wheelbarrow..."
William Carlos Williams. He was a physician. Yes, I know that. Many considered him to be an imagist, but he was really more of a modernist, eschewing the poetic traditions of Europe, in favor of celebrating everyday circumstances. But I digress. I like suburban Pittsburgh for Christmas. Yes, it's really glamorous. You're in the Paris of Western Pennsylvania. I'm really glad that you stopped by. I just saw Dad and the physician kissing in the den. I am going to puke. Why does physical affection bother you so much? It doesn't, actually. Well, you're not the only one who deserves to have a little fun. And what's your point? I saw you both at Gibraltar's. Drunk. I saw you, too. I saw you, too, man. Bravo. I am proud that we whittled it down to these three so quickly. I have another candidate in mind. Who?
Me.
Can you apply?
You're the chair of the committee.
Yes, I am permitted to apply.
It's well within Carnegie Mellon's ethical codes of conduct.
It's part of the democratic process.
Tick, tock.
But now, in the new days...
Do you know its meaning?
You drove yourself...
When I come back,
you better have a word on that board.
Vanessa, this phone
is for emergencies only.
I didn't want to call you
at her apartment. I just, like...
Are you coming home for dinner?
Because Chuck's gone
and I'm the only one here.
I'm eating here tonight.
Well, that's just fantastic.
What am I supposed to do
with the beef stroganoff that I made,
and the garlic whipped potatoes?
I'm going to be home in a few hours,
could you save me a little bit?
Just a plate.
This is Lawrence Wetherhold.
Who is this?
This is Deb Rosenblatt,
from the Penguin Group.
Bloomberg really liked your manuscript
and he would like to meet with you in New York.
Well,
it is a very interesting concept, isn't it?
Yeah, I always wondered who littered the world with those.
Where have you been?
I haven't seen you, like, all week.
I've been busy.
I don't want you to feel uncomfortable
around me, okay?
I completely respect
your homosexuality,
and I will refrain
from any further untoward advances.
Truth be told,
I've started dating someone.
Someone my own age.
What's his name?
Her name
is none of your business.
I will be staying at her apartment
a couple of nights a week.
So does she know you're gay?
I don't think that you and I
should be hanging out as much.
Well, that's just... It's idiotic.
I mean, who am I supposed to
hang out with?
I just think that we both need to,
you know, get a life.
My life begins when I set foot
in California next fall.
The cab was $9!
I'll pay you back.
Well,
- they're publishing my book.
- What?
Who the fuck's gonna read that?
Bloomberg. I knew it. I so knew it!
Well, when do we...
When are we going to meet with them?
You have school.
So I'm taking Janet and
flying to New York on Monday.
You have school.
So I sort of met somebody.
I was kind of hoping
you could float me some greenbacks
to get my own apartment.
You know, more and more,
I'm getting used to you.
I need you here.
So, no.
There was a twinkle
of humanity in there.
Gonna tell you all a story
About a girl who's just informed me
That all she needs to love me
Is a quiet peaceful day
She don't need no shiny diamonds
Or a fancy car to drive in
She just needs me there beside her
On a quiet peaceful day

**It's almost 10:**
Good luck. Knock 'em dead!
Does this suit make me look too eager?
How can a suit make anyone
look too eager?
- Wish me luck.
- I just did. Go already.
You're starting to make me nervous.
Goodbye.
At first I thought it was
the driest piece of shit I'd ever read.
What?
Till I got to the third section,
where I noticed a certain
marketable tone,
the surly, smarter-than-thou
asshole tone.
People love to hate books like this.
NPR will attack the book immediately.
And before you know it, you'll be
defending yourself on Charlie Rose.
That's not the point of the book.
I understand your hesitancy,
but when was the last time
a senior editor edited,
actually edited?
We spent the entire staff meeting
last week talking about it.
Marketing guys loved it.
Two junior editors loved it.
It's almost like the book itself
is a fucking bully.
You Can't Read.
You Can't Read.
Brilliant!
Shit.
- Hey.
- Hi.
Well, how'd it go?
Great. They loved me over there.
It's going to be a very important book.
Well, you seem happy.
Well, wait, wait. Don't open that yet.
What did he say about the book?
Well...
They've edited it, significantly.
But it's much better.
It's intelligent, but very contrary,
powerful and inflammatory. It's...
Well, how much did they edit it?
Well, Penguin has...
They've edited thousands of books,
and there comes a time when
you have to let the experts be experts.
And are you honestly okay
with the changes?
Well, Bloomberg wants
to take us out to dinner.
I thought you and I were going out
for a quiet dinner tonight.
They want to take us out.
It's... You know. He's my editor.
And I'm your...
I don't know. What am I to you?
Well, for lack of a better term,
you're my girlfriend.
No, what am I to you? Not just a term.
You're everything that a girlfriend is.
You can't answer, can you?
Please, would you just
get ready for dinner?
You know what?
I actually don't even feel that well.
I couldn't go out tonight anyways.
You should go. I'm gonna be fine.
You'd think their parents would
control them.
They've probably been stuck on a plane for hours. They should be encouraged to run around. Your book's not published yet. You don't have to act like a complete misanthrope. What is with you? You're like a different person. No, Lawrence, I'm the same person. I've just noticed a few things. I can't win. Call me a grouch, I just think that it's wrong to let kids run around an airport unsupervised. When you have children, you'll understand. This isn't about unsupervised kids at an airport, and you know it. Excuse me, sorry. You don't seem interested in anything other than your book or becoming head of the department. I mean, why don't you ask? Just try asking. Okay. What the hell's your problem? I don't want to talk about it right now. I have it. You don't seem very happy. I'm not happy. Not even close. What have I got to offer you Have I gotten My heart nor my soul 'cause I gave it away There's a lesson I learned when the trust is gone Love is gone So I put some flowers on Mom's grave. Like just a dozen or so pink and white roses. You kind of owe me $64. The 17th. I'm sorry. No, it's...
You know, it's not like Mom knew
you weren't there.
Besides, I'm a big girl. I can handle it.
How are you?
Maybe this weekend, you and I
could go ice skating like we used to.
Dad,
you just got a huge book deal,
and the head of the department
is yours for the taking,
and everything's kind
of perfect for you, so
don't screw everything up, okay?
You know, I read in Cosmopolitan
that it takes
about half the time you date someone
to get over them.
And, what, you've dated Janet
for just a few months?
- You read Cosmopolitan?
- I glance at it.
Like, at the supermarket,
if the line's particularly long.
You know that physician,
she's just a rebound relationship,
that's all.
A rebound from what?
From Mom.
Lawrence,
congratulations on your book deal.
Thank you.
And James' poem being accepted
by the New Yorker.
With Lawrence's book it may seem like
bringing the other three candidates
to campus is a waste of time.
But according to the bylaws,
we have to.
What about his recommendation letter?
Lawrence, could you
tell us about your book?
It's an examination of critical theory
from the standpoint that
every school of criticism has failed us.
I start out with a brief history of criticism, then I...
Penguin Group seems to like it.
Shit.
I heard about the New Yorker.
Why didn't you tell me about the poem?
I... I...
- I need to read it.
- You need to read it?
Now that I sold a poem to the New Yorker,
I'm suddenly worthy of your attention?
What's wrong with a father wanting to hear about his son's success?
What are those doing here?
- He left those here last night.
- Are you working for him now?
No. I'm not working for him.
He left it here last night.
He left his sweater, too. Hold on.
I thought that Chuck was staying at his girlfriend's.
He doesn't have a girlfriend.
He stays here a few nights every week to get away from you guys.
You have no idea what's going on, do you?
How's your head? Douchebag.
So dinner will be ready at 8:00, if you're around.
Those jeans look really great.
And they're really snug in all the right areas.
Don't say things like that to me.
- Why, I'm just...
- Just don't.
So what is the lotus?
Homer calls it a "honey-sweet fruit."
For Tennyson, it's not just a drug, is it?
It symbolizes a desire for rest and death.
But what does it inspire in them?
They're tired
and they can't take it anymore.
The lotus is about the
possibility of oblivion.
What your CliffsNotes
may not have mentioned is that
the eating of the lotus
occasions a song.
I didn't use CliffsNotes.
You used SparkNotes.
I read them, too.
So where did their singing lead them?
Singing lets them imagine
their way out of their misery.
Since they can't go home,
they sing of home
as the place where all the suffering is.
The song becomes the doleful music
of the miserable world
they no longer occupy, then
they just sit around listening to it,
drinking nectar and stuff.
Hey, Lawrence, got a minute?
Can I read you something?
"In all my years of schooling,
"I've never encountered a professor
as deeply passionate about his subject
"as Professor Wetherhold was
"back when I took his Victorian novel
course as a freshman.
"He pushed us hard,
but he believed in us
"and helped us become strong,
close readers and critical writers,
"skills I've brought
to my study of medicine.
"Sincerely, Janet Hartigan, M.D."
Professor Wetherhold,
I have a simple question.
Why do you want to be
head of the English department?
I've been thinking
about that quite a bit lately.
As head of the department,
how do you plan on rectifying
the systematic subjugation 
of women in this institution? 
Julia, I haven't even vaguely considered that, nor do I plan to. You know what? None of you like me, and I don't blame you. I would make a lousy head of the department. What this department needs is someone who likes to manage people, who can make small talk. And that's... I can't do that. That's not me. I can't do it. Sorry I wasted your time. I'll just stick to teaching for now. So where's your girlfriend? Been hiding out here? - Bye. - See you, Chelsea. Can we talk? Everyone in my life is going crazy. You're the one that's crazy. And socially retarded. You're the middle-aged man who was just hosting a college beer bash. You know, Vanessa's becoming an android. A scary clone, no friends, too scared to be anything else. Just like you. And you constantly take her for granted. I do not take her for granted. I am continually impressed by her. Did you know she was going to Stanford? Early acceptance, last November. - Why didn't she tell me? - Why does she have to? Why don't you ask? You drove the hot doctor out of your life. She left me.
She can't handle my success.

We're just not compatible.

You have the IQ of a dumb-ass ant.

But you know what?

Maybe it's not going to be so bad.

Vanessa's going away in the fall.

It'll just be the two of us,

the Wetherhold bachelors.

Middle-aged, can't get along

with women, should be gay...

What are you doing here?

If you've come to tell me

that I can't go to Stanford,

then you can just forget it.

I don't care. I don't care if it's free.

I'm not going to

the same school as James.

He sold a poem to the New Yorker.

Even cretins win the lottery sometimes.

I won't be head of the department.

- I pulled myself out of the search.

- Insane.

- What are you trying to do to me?

- Just relax.

My book,

that dumbed-down,

gimmicky travesty of scholarship,

will pay for Stanford.

Satisfied?

What's going on between

you and Chuck?

Nothing.

It's just miscommunication.

A simple case of middle-aged loser

trying to seduce

his much younger,

bound-for-success niece.

I don't think you're very happy,

Vanessa.

Well, you're not happy,

and you're my role model.

You know what?

I've had a monumentally shitty day.

You hate me. I get it.
End of discussion.
I don't hate you.
You know what? I don't really get it.
I don't get that you spend the first
few months trying to win me over,
which you do,
and then make up some fake girlfriend
and completely ditch me.
Well, that's not entirely
the whole story, is it?
Not really, I guess.
You know, when I moved in,
I thought you were smart and funny.
I'm sorry that you misunderstood that.
But I'll let you get back to that.
What are you gonna do?
- Go in my room. Do 1,000 pushups.
- Wow.
What are you going to do
with your life?
Just, you know, sell phone cards?
Right.
It is pretty good money.
- Sure.
- But I know what you mean.
You know, I like my life.
Yeah, we're like friends, I guess, right?
Yeah, we're friends.
Can you make me
something to eat, friend?
Order pizza, with the works.
Wake up! I need to run
a few errands before school.
Wake up.
If only we loved us like before
There would be more
If only the scars would disappear
Verbal surgery
Hello.
If only we could have seen the smoke
Simple warning
Hold on, I want... I want that.
May I have a tax receipt?
There you go.
Love come back save the day
Thanks, bro. It was starting to get
a little cold out here.
You sat on the right side and
you didn't throw up! Good work!
Pull over, up here.
Now, remember, four words.
"I'm sorry. I love you."
That's five words.
This is no time to count words,
Professor.
Hey!
Don't forget, "I'm sorry! I love you!"
What'd he say?
I love you, too, man!
Hey, where you going!
- May I sit down?
- Sure.
- How are you?
- I'm good. How are you?
- I'm...
- How's the book coming?
Thank you for this.
I didn't write it.
You should check with Vanessa,
she does good work,
though the signature's not even close.
This is humiliating. I'll see you.
Listen,
I haven't had any grand epiphany
or made any sweeping changes
in my personality
over the past few weeks.
I know I'm a miserable asshole, but
I do have some hope for myself.
Lawrence, I'm pregnant.
And according to my calculations,
this pregnancy is the result
of the first time.
- Well, why didn't you tell me?
- Because you were being such an ass.
You were not exactly
a wellspring of emotional information.
Why would you have a baby with me?
Because you don't know
how to properly use a condom.
Message received.
You're intelligent, right?
And you're not unattractive.
I mean, it's not like
it's a total genetic crapshoot.
Though you do have some deficits.
But you came here today.
We can figure this out.
We're smart people.
I'm sorry. I love you.
It's not up to you. It's not up to me.
- Sorry.
- Chuck, you stay, please. Just...
It's just that you have options.
And you should be aware of all of them.
Well, you have options, too, Vanessa.
You can either continue
to be miserable,
or you can just stop being
angry at everyone
and accept the way things are.
Allow yourself to live.
You sound like a stupid
motivational speaker.
You're not listening to me.
You're not.
I am not cleaning any dirty diapers.
Morning.
Matthew Arnold, one of the writers
we'll be studying this semester,
wrote that, "Culture is the pursuit
of our total perfection,
"the best which has been
thought and said in the world."
Now, my name is
Lawrence Wetherhold.
You may call me Professor
Wetherhold, or Dr. Wetherhold.
But you may not call me, "Hey, you,"
or, "Yo, Teach," or, "Dude,"
because none of these
terms of address
could possibly be the prelude
to intelligent comment or question.
So let's get to know one another.
Joseph Anderson.
Joseph, where you from?
So you got to go,
but you don't know where
All that you know,
is you can't stay here
What's left to do, but wish you the best
In your pursuit of happiness
You say it's not me, it's just you
But I'm the only one in the room
Asking myself why you have left
In your pursuit of happiness
In your pursuit of happiness
All the papers read
Happiness is fled
Known accomplice to the sad
I hope you find what you're looking for
Your piece of mind,
I want nothing more
Somewhere over the rainbow's end
In your pursuit of happiness
Starting over again, more or less
In my pursuit of happiness
Baby, won't you help me be my best
Help me find a way back to our nest
And dreams
If this were a book
It'd start with a line
I once knew a man
I was his and he was mine
So predictable
So confused
I'm at a loss for words
to explain my mood
I stitch this bow
into the bottom of my dress
The one that touches me
directly on my legs
And I wear that gold ribbon till
It sits over my heart
And I hold it tight
And dream