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A Futile and Stupid Gesture

By Michael Colton

All right. Let's go.

Doug.

Come on.

Doug.

He can stay in the car for all I care.

You really want to start there?

Nobody cares about my fucked up family.

- Everybody has a fucked up family.

- Okay, but...

There's got to be a better way
to start a movie.

Could you just introduce yourself?

My name is Doug Kenney,
and you probably have never heard of me.

Maybe say something like,

"I'm the creative force
that redefined comedy."

No, that's blowing smoke up my own ass.

I can't do that.

I would say you did redefine comedy
for a generation.

I redefined comedy. Okay.

Yeah, I started The National Lampoon.

I did Animal House.

I did Caddyshack, and I...

Well, that's the main stuff.

What if you say, "I was the man
who changed comedy forever,
but I couldn't change myself."

Really? Blow me.

I was the man
who changed comedy forever...
but I couldn't change myself.

- I liked that. That was great.

- Oh, fuck.

- We can start at whatever point you want.

- Let's start this film at Harvard
'cause that's where the fun stuff was.

Okay. Perfect. We're rolling, so go ahead.

Oh, okay.

It was the fall of 1964
when I first met Henry Beard.

Henry was from the right kind of family
on the Upper East Side.

He belonged at a place like Harvard.
I was a middle class Midwestern dork.
I got in, but it took a while to fit in.
Doug Kenney, Chagrin Falls.
Jesus Christ, not that one.

Ah.

- My name tag is a picture of a penis.

- Hmm.

What's up

with the Barry Goldwater fan club?

They're double majoring
in white collar crime and applied hubris.

Oh.

Fuck those guys.

Doug!

The crowd at Wimbledon gasps.

He charges the net.

Fucking Lampoon.

Turns out Henry and I weren't
the only troublemakers at Harvard.

We found the rest of them
at the campus publication
that had been around for a century,
run out of this strange little castle.

This is The Harvard Lampoon,
the only place on campus
that a goofy kid from Chagrin Falls
can feel like a king.

It's a humor magazine,
but mostly an excuse to party.

It's where I learned that being funny
is how I could fit in and meet girls.

In fact, I met my wife there.

We'll get back to her in a minute.

The person

who really mattered the most was Henry,
the oldest guy who was ever a teenager.

- Your shot.

- Hmm.

Tough spot.

What most people don't realize
is that sidespin has
no appreciable effect on the tangent line
unless the cue ball

has sufficient forward roll.

Impressive.

But can you do this?

- Exceptional lift.

- It's all in the wrist.

Hmm.

Oh, Henry.

- I think I should, uh...

- I think you should...

Peter, you look gorgeous.

- Lucy, you'll fill out some day.

- Thanks.

- And who is this?

- This is Alex. She's a friend of ours.

We take Psych together.

Doug Kenney, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Alex Garcia-Mata.

A lot of vowels. You know, they are the most sensual of letters.

I did not know that.

So, this is the super-secret castle

I've heard so much about?

Would you like to see the dungeon?

How scared should I be?

- Don't worry, you'll be fine.

- Reasonably.

"Does sex sell magazines?" Huh.

The answer, by the way, is yes.

That's how we afford the finer things here.

Spree-tay?

You don't have to try so hard to impress me.

Oh.

If I was trying to impress you, I would just do this.

Oh, my God. That is horrible.

I learned that from my mom.

It's a true story.

- Wow.

- You guys should meet.

- Yeah, maybe sometime.

- I would like that.

You're not really a preppy, are you?

You're not a hippie, either.

Well, I'm both.

- I'm a prippy.

- Mmm.

I think what you are is a kid
from Chagrin Falls, Ohio,
who borrowed his roommate's tuxedo
to look like he grew up
on the Upper East Side.

You do? Well, that is...

exactly right. Yeah.

No, you nailed it, in fact.

Well, you wear it well.

I hate to interrupt your mating ritual,
but we're about to be adulated upstairs.

- And I know how you feel about adulation.

- Oh, remind me how I feel?

- You like it.

- Oh, I love adulation.

- You love it.

- We should go upstairs then.

We call this
the William Randolph Hearst staircase.

- It's named after John Updike.

- Here they are!

Super-sirs, special guests.

As you know, the parodies that Doug
and Henry have been churning out
have paid for everything
you drunks are enjoying here tonight.

So it is my honor to unveil their latest,
with apologies to JRR Tolkien,
hot off the presses,
Bored of the Rings!

- They wrote a book?

- And all of their term papers.

And some of mine.

So, I'm guessing like a speech
would be in order at this point.

- Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!

- That's enough. That's enough.

Little bit more than that though
because I get...

Yeah, that's enough. That's enough. Okay.

What is it about filling 200 pages
with atrocious Lord of the Rings puns
that feels so right and yet Saur-on?
I'm sorry, once I start punning
about these little guys,
it's tough to kick the hobbit.
That was bad,
but we only have our elves to blame.
Okay. Okay, always leave them
wanting more... dor.
Pretty good. It was pretty good.
Or fantastic.
That's what I call a book party.
Things get crazy
when the jackets come off.
Hmm?
Jackets. Book jackets?
That's the kind of joke that would
slay 'em at the legion hall back home.
- That's what you call a book party.
- That's what I call a book party.
- If the book is How to Ruin a Castle.
- No, it's not.
We had a fine run here, you and I.
You got in.
Columbia? Georgetown?
Both. All of them.
I guess law school's
not that hard to get into.
Yeah. I'm almost done
with my applications, too.
Just need to find a pen, paper.
So I guess the comedy train
is rolling to a halt.
I'm gonna miss this place.
- Hmm.
- Yeah.
I said I just need to find a pen, Mom.
Doug, this is serious.
You didn't apply anywhere?
For the love of Christ.
- I've been busy. I did write a book.
- Most of a book.
Well, Henry helped... with the spelling.

Uh, did you like it?

- She didn't read it.

- The book? Yes, it's very nice.

Um...

Interesting cover.

Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

- Loves the cover.

- How is Henry?

- He's going to law school, that's how.

- Henry's okay.

We were supposed to hang out today,
but he got arrested. Arson again.

It's the gentleman's crime.

- What?

- I have to bail him out.

- Doug, is that a joke?

- Doug, is that a joke?

Here, give me this. Give me this.

- Doug.

- Hey, Dad.

- What'd you think of the book?

- He didn't read it.

It's very nice. Listen.

You got a month till graduation,
and we're still waiting to hear.

Do you have any kind of plan?

I mean, we spent a lot of money
to get what? An English degree?

Harvard education

and you throw it all away.

What's your plan, Doug?

We can't take care of you anymore.

There's a war going on. You want
to wait to get picked in the draft?

Or do you want to graduate Harvard
and then move back home,

teach tennis with me at the club?

If I teach, do I have to wear shorts?

'Cause that's a deal-breaker.

What do you want?

You want to write your little joke books
your whole life?

- Hello, Doug?

- I'll just keep doing The Lampton.

- What?

- What?

If you think I'm gonna pay
for another year of college...

No, no, no.

I'm gonna start a real magazine.

A national one, with Henry.

- I'm not doing that.

- I don't have all the details,
but Henry does have a few questions
about his backhand.

Come on. He needs help with the topspin.

- Yes, Mr. Kenney, hello.

- Yeah, hi, Henry.

- Well, I usually play on clay, you see.

- Yeah, on a hard court, you...

Strike one.

You want me to put off law school
for some half-assed scheme?

Oh, this scheme is full-assed.

Why settle for real jobs?

You know, just wind up
behind a desk somewhere?

You know, a magazine needs desks.

The world doesn't need more lawyers
or insurance executives or doctors.

I mean, yeah, okay, it needs doctors.

Thousands. But it also needs us.

Strike two.

Seriously? You assholes are gonna have
kids play for you the whole game?

A magazine's a tough business, Doug.

You want to be a writer,
write a novel on the side,
something your parents can show off
on their credenza.

I don't need to impress
my parents or their credenza.

Strike three!

The kid's got an arm.

Nice job, guys.

I have things I want to do with my life.

No, you have things
you think you're supposed to do.

What you want to do
is keep on doing The Lampoon.

- Oh, Biomechanics of the Human Bladder.

- Thanks.

I've been looking everywhere for that.
You want me to give up a career
in law to rely on you
and start a humor magazine
which will undoubtedly fail.
It won't. Or it might. It might.

- But this will be big. I can feel it.

- How big?

This big.

You're thinking too small.
It should be a big magazine size.
See? That's better.

I threw something out, you made it better.
That's our partnership.
You don't want to throw that away.
If we're running our own magazine,
we can do anything we want.

- We could publish knock-knock jokes.

- Knock knock.

- Who's there?

- Me.

- Me who?

- Me not doing the magazine.

- That can go in issue one.

- Let me ask you this:
with The Harvard Lampoon,
how many deadlines have we missed?

- None.

- All of them.

- All of them?

- We've never made a deadline.

You really don't think you can rely on me?

- No.

- I challenge you,
name a thousand times I let you down.

- Number one...

- Okay, that's not the point.
Look, I know it's risky, okay,
but why let it end here?
The truth is

I can't do this without you, man.

- Half the time I feel like a fraud.

- And the other half?

The other half, I feel like
the second-smartest guy in the room.

I'm the smartest?

Yeah.

I promise you, it'll be fun.

And the day that it stops being fun,
we'll walk away.

Tempting.

Tempting. Yes!

I looked at your proposal
for Harvard Lampoon.

National Lampoon.

We would license the Lampoon name
from Harvard.

As we say in the proposal,
there is a huge underserved audience
for comedy that speaks to our generation.

Oh, and you think that's what
this country needs is a comedy magazine.

Kids need something to read
while getting tear-gassed.

Ha.

Shouldn't Harvard boys like you
be working on Wall Street
or at some law firm that overcharges me?

What do you want to do with your life?

There's a vast gap between Mad magazine
and the New Yorker...

I'm gonna stop you right here.

- Okay.

- I don't want to waste your time.

- I don't want to waste your time.

- We don't want to waste your time.

We publish Life, Fortune,
Sports Illustrated.

Right.

Magazines about what people
are interested in.

There's no business here.

You'll never sell a magazine.

No one will ever go to a newsstand.

I... I disagree.

Our Time parody, right there,
sold over half a million copies.

- Bored of the Rings sold even more...

- They don't want to waste our time.

Obviously, this Lampoon thing
is not gonna fly here.

So, let's talk about our other idea, huh?

Huh? You want to go first or should I?

- You should take it.

- Okay.

Sandwiches.

- I'm sorry?

- Modern Sandwich.

A monthly magazine devoted to sandwiches
and the sandwich lifestyle.

Henry's idea.

Hey, we are a country divided

in so many ways:

politically, economically, geographically.

But two slices of bread,

some meat, a condiment or two?

That's something we can all agree on.

Right, Jim?

- I'm Frank.

- Let's all be frank.

There is a huge under-served audience
for investigative sandwich journalism.

I... You know, why is it so hard
to find a good tomato?

Are club sandwiches too exclusive?

Modern Sandwich!

We'll run short fiction
and shorter recipes.

Show pictures of pickles
and things that look like pickles,
because Jim, other Jim,

- let's open-face it...

- I don't see the point of this.

The point is,

you don't have a fucking clue.

You're the kind of people who commute back
and forth from Westport, Connecticut.

And we have nothing to do with you.
Fucking pieces of shit.
You have our information.
Oh.
I'm gonna take it.
That one, I would say,
was less promising.
Maybe we need to rethink our pitch.
Fuck those guys, you know?
They're just like my dad.
They jerk off to Eisenhower biographies.
Yes, but,
and this is what I love about them,
they have money.
So can we please just pretend for a second
that they and we are on the same side
until after the check clears.
Fine, who's next?
Hmm. Last stop.
We've come to you first
because we are so impressed
by what you've built with your magazine.
Yogurt instead of sour cream.
So simple, yet so brilliant.
You know, they said a Weight Watcher's
magazine would never work.
Now we're moving 500,000 copies a month.
God bless the fatties.
- God bless 'em.
- Yes.
- Listen, I don't want to waste your time.
- Here we go.
Most magazines fail within the first year.
And a laugh rag?
Even Hefner couldn't make that work.
Okay. Look, Mr. Simmons. Matty.
The truth is, we've already got
some offers from the big publishers.
- Your friend just said I was the first...
- No, I was...
But you're our choice
to publish a National Lampoon.
- Yeah.
- Yes.

The big publishers,
they don't get the youth market.
And we checked around, they said,
"Hey, you want funny, you go
to Matty Simmons because he gets funny."

They said that?

Every single one.

You know, I used to write one-liners
for Walter Winchell.

We wuv Winchell.

- Hmm.

- Yeah. Hey.

We were in business,
with contracts and everything,
like real grown-ups.

And remember Alex from Harvard?

Beautiful, out of my league?

Well, we got married
and moved in together.

I promised it'd be the two of us
against the world.

It's charming.

It may not be
the palatial estate you grew up in.

You know I don't care about that.

There's no jockeys' quarters
or chocolate covered chandeliers...

There's still no running water.

Toilet's a mess.

What is Henry doing here?

- He lives here.

- We live here.

It's fun, right?

Look, it's not ideal right now,
but hopefully we'll build
the business up over time,
and in five years, Matty has to buy
our share of the magazine, okay?

And then we can each afford
our own apartment.

And don't worry, Henry and I
will wave to you from across the park.

Okay.

Fine.

But can the two of us
at least try to have fun now,
not wait five years to be happy?
Of course. First few months will be
crazy busy, but I'll pencil you in.
Two pencils and a pad of paper.
That's all Matty said we could afford.
Well, then. Please, I insist.
- Oh, thank you.
- You're welcome.
Hey, thank you.
No, thank you.
- No, I think I thanked you first and...
- Well, I think I'm a little more thankful.
- But thank you.
- Okay, well...
Did you do something new
with your hair today?
Can you blame me?
We called her Mary Marshmallow
because of her enormous breasts.
They were like marshmallows.
Hey, what are you up to later?
What! So he's a charming stud,
and I'm a dirty old man? That's ageism!
Hey, man.
Those are the art directors you hired?
They're cool. They know R. Crumb.
So, day one.
- Let's get started, huh?
- Yeah.
Ideas for a magazine.
Fill up a magazine
with words and sentences.
- Humorous. Humorous magazine.
- Preferably funny. Preferably funny.
I'm gonna write down "comedy."
That's good. Let's build on that.
I bet Chris and George have a few ideas.
Maybe we should find some writers
who didn't go to Harvard.
I'm sorry, I don't quite understand.
You mean like a Yalie?
Oh, they were out there.

One of the first guys we brought on board
wrote dirty comic strips
for underground papers
and aspired to be the Antichrist.
I am going to send you
a canister of nerve gas
that will explode upon opening,
you mongoloid twat!
You sent me the wrong records.
You're the Columbia Fucking Record Club!
We had a comedian from England
named Tony Hendra.
Mr. Sullivan would find jokes
about the Tet Offensive.
- Don't you say it.
- Offensive?
Do you know what I find offensive?
Being a traitor to one's generation.
Know what? I am done sucking chuckles
from blue-haired septuagenarians.
Tell Mr. Sullivan he can take
his bloody show and shove it.
Then there was a woman who managed
to crash our little boy's club.
A refugee from the advertising world,
Anne Beatts.
Hey, baby! Why don't you bring
those jugs back around?
She was tough. She had to be
to deal with all our caveman bullshit.
Look at you.
Where'd you get those pecs, butch?
Come on, little juicy buns, huh?
Mmm, mmm, mmm. Come on, spin around.
- Let me see that ass. Show Mama that ass.
- What? No.
Sorry, I was just trying to prove a point.
To show there's no hard feelings,
let me give you a hand job.
Whoa.
Really?
Excuse me? Story idea, Amish in Space.
Hmm?
Secret Letters of the Alphabet.

I'll get the check.
Brian McConnachie.
Straight-up weirdo.
Brian made more sense
once you understood that he came to us
from the planet Mogdar.
We also had Sean Kelly, Rick Meyerowitz.
So many great contributors.
But four is all that really fit our story,
so I'm sorry, guys.

Hmm.
You know, maybe if one of you
had been black, we could've included you.
So there were no funny black writers
in the '70s?

And just one funny woman?
Oh, I'm sure they were out there.
It's just that we didn't think to look.
You know, it was a different time.

- Hmm...

- Hmm...

In our defense, we also had very few Jews.

- Oh.

- Oh.

Okay, everyone. Take a seat. Take a seat.
Gather 'round.

Welcome, everyone,
to the National Lampoon.
I'm still working on that.
Mm-hmm. We have eight weeks
to put out the first issue,
and so far we have...

nothing.

So please remember
that there are no bad ideas.

- Apart from ideas we don't like.

- Yeah, do not pitch those.

- Yeah.

- I had a few thoughts.

Were we all supposed
to bring those?

- Yes.

- I left mine on the bus.

"Hitler's device

for gassing Rube Goldberg."
A Dr. Seuss story concerning
the sexual awakening of a young Toucan.
A Concrete Jungle Book,
a young white baby comes of age
above 125th Street.
That's tempting.
One of those baby books,
but for a war baby in Vietnam.
Baby's First Wound, that kind of thing.
Adorable.
How about this?
The Joys of Wife-Tasting.
This wife has a fruity flavor,
exceptional finish.
This wife had a vinegary bouquet.
Tarzan of the Cows.
Nancy Reagan's Dating Dos and Don'ts.
- You're a Good Man, Charlie Manson.
- Tempting.
"Upon seeing his condition, Ms. Braddock
said, 'Winston, you're drunk.'
Mustering all his dignity,
Churchill cocked an eyebrow and rejoined,
with that famous Churchill wit,
'Shove it up your ass, you ugly cunt.'"
Yeah, really great, guys.
- Matty, where you going?
- That's history.
- Come on!
- Here's a cover idea.
Nixon with a long wooden nose.
You know, like Pinocchio.
It's really hard-hitting.
Boo!
You know, I hear The Village Voice
has very good benefits.
We talked about bad ideas.
We had a whole conversation...
- So much for the free exchange of ideas.
- No, wait, wait, wait!
What if Nixon is just like the emperor?
But he's got no clothes, so...
What was his name? I've literally

already forgotten who that was.
Hey, hey, despite Tony's horrible idea,
I think this magazine
is gonna hit it out of the park.
- Come on!
- Shit.
It's a total failure, we're selling
less than half our print run.
And what is with the goddamn duck?
- I never did get the duck.
- The duck is our mascot.
Do you know what the cigarette companies
are telling me?
"I'm not putting my ad
in this underground piece of shit!"
It's ugly!
It makes me physically ill to say this,
but I agree with Matty.
Thank you, Henry.
Okay, who cares if it's ugly?
Comedy doesn't have to be pretty.
It should be raw.
Fucking rock and roll.
Doug, we have to fire the art directors.
What? But they hang out with David Bowie!
I know that might not impress an heir
to Canadian woolen mills...
- Hurtful.
- But their stuff is funny.
No, it looks funny.
Doug, there's a difference.
Matty and I had a meeting
with the art director for Family Health.
Oh, Family Health!
Oh, that's a funny magazine.
Are you kidding me?
Look.
Okay. What am I looking at?
He redesigned their old material.
Straight. Deadpan.
So the art isn't fighting the joke.
This is what your friends
down the hall did.
And this is the new guy.

Nostalgia

I see what you're saying.

It is pretty good.

It's better.

And the duck?

No duck.

Tempting.

I'm glad you finally saw the light.

I can be very persuasive.

If I fire those guys,

they're gonna make me do

so much acid with them.

- Then I'll fire them.

- No, I'll do it.

Hey, guys. I got some bad news.

Stay.

Ladies, let's lift those drinks.

Perfect.

No, the arms should be like slightly bent.

Kenney, Beard!

We are being sued by Disney

for \$8 million!

Well, Matty, maybe it wasn't

such a hot idea

to have Minnie Mouse flashing her tits.

This was not my idea.

I distinctly remember you saying,

"Boys, it'll be fine, she has pasties on.

This is completely my idea."

That does sound like Matty.

You having fun yet?

One could say fun is being had.

Okay, Michael, let's do this.

This is for the magazine, right?

Volkswagen! Volkswagen is suing us

for \$30 million over your ad.

My ad!

I can't tell you how great it feels

to be valued like this.

The Mormons are protesting!

The feminists hate us!

The Catholics.

What did we do to the Catholics?

Liza Minnelli?

The American Nazi Party!

Wait, this is fan mail.

Such a good boy.

He looks too happy.

I know that look. That dog is in paradise.

Mary, I have to ask you
to step out of the shot.

- You're not gonna hurt him, right?

- No, why would I hurt him?

- What are you doing?

- Don't worry.

- I don't think there's bullets in there.

- Should I fire?

- Step back.

- Patches!

Kent Cigarettes.

Panasonic Speakers.

I sell dirty books.

Okay. Well, have a seat.

I know, I wasn't around.

Sometimes to create something special,
you need to stay in the office
as long as it takes
to get the work done.

Hey.

Yeah.

I have a confession to make.

When we started, I never thought
it would be much more
than the two of us writing jokes.

Now it's turned into...

all this.

But as long as at the center of it,
it's you and me working together...

McSorley's is still open.

You want to grab a drink
and watch sailors hit on runaway teens?

Doug?

Doug.

This one's funnier.

Is there such a thing
as "over the line" to you?

A lot of people think
your material goes too far.

Well, a lot of people voted for Nixon.

And I suppose those people
aren't "your people."

Is that a marijuana cigarette?

No.

Let's talk about this,
the "Sexual Frustration" issue.

There's a picture in here
that we can't even show
of a naked black woman.

You mean this?

We'll have to cut that out.

Oh, because of the size of her bush?

Mr. Kenney, it's a fine line between
being clever and offensive, isn't it?

Look, if I could just say something
in defense of National Lampoon

- for one moment.

- Please.

We come from a tradition of truth-tellers.

Long time ago, there was someone else
society found offensive.

They thought that what he did
was radical, dangerous.

They persecuted him
and eventually killed him.

Of course, I'm referring to Dracula.

This is Doug Kenney, folks,
of National Lampoon.

That's a humor magazine.

Doing very well.

Maybe we can do something about that.

- You play tennis?

- Fuck you.

Wow.

Rough evening?

No, Tony and I swapped vices
for the night.

He smoked a joint,
and I drank a bottle of port.

And what was the result
of this highly scientific experiment?

Oh, we attacked a subway cop with a sword.

Where'd we get a sword?

He has a deadline tomorrow.
The cop? Don't worry, I'll fill his pages.
That's funny.
You're already filling six pages.
So? I can do ten. You know?
Oh, O'Donoghue has this great idea!
He thinks that we should do
our own radio show.
Like this 1930s old-timey operation,
you know, with sketches and song parodies.
What do you think?
Tempting.
Tempting good
or tempting I hate everything about it?
We're barely able to put out a magazine.
Then let's barely be able
to do something else.
No, Doug. Radio?
We're literary people.
It'll be fine.
- Don't I always come through?
- No.
Well, someday I will.
Are you worried about your little Dougie?
I'm worried.
Oh, hey, sweetie!
What are you still doing up?
Have you been grading papers?
You're taking on something else.
Well, would you rather
I just stop then, not be successful?
You are successful, Doug.
- Alex...
- Good night.
Oh, okay, just for the record,
you're the one who's walking away!
You made Mary Marshmallow
a managing editor?
Mary's been with us since day one.
She is a secretary
who happens to have enormous breasts.
That's just sexist.
You wrote a piece called "Marshmallows"
about people having sex

with marshmallows.
Coincidence.
You're fucking her.
That's coincidence, too.
- I'll figure it out. I'm gonna tell Alex.
- No, don't...
That's not my business.
The Lampoon is my business.
And you're my friend.
So...
if you're gonna take on
all this extra stuff,
just remember there's only one of you.
The radio show will be O'Donoghue's thing.
I won't be involved.
We have a lot of fun,
but Ed Sullivan is one
of our great entertainers...
and I had a thought in the cab
on the way to the studio tonight,
what if Ed Sullivan were tortured?
And when I say tortured, I mean,
what if steel needles,
say six-inches long,
were plunged into his eyeballs?
I think it would go something like this.
Oh, my God!
This National Lampoon Radio Hour
contains sexually explicit material
and other adult content
that children should not be exposed to.
We probably should have warned you
of that at the top of the show.
Okay, so I was involved.
We built our own studio
on Madison Avenue
and hired some talented performers
who would work for bus fare.
Could I have Flexie the Pocket Monkey?
No, you may not have
Flexie the Pocket Monkey.
I'd like a sandwich with mayo
and red lettuce on rye,
with a little bacon and egg,

like a dream,
with a lot of ketchup and mustard.
Guys, I think Coach is talking
about the Big Man.
The league commissioner.
No, what I mean is you've got leukoplakia.
You start off with cute jokes
and you end up with atheistic trash,
like this December issue
of The National Lampoon!
Yeah, so these actors don't look
exactly like the real people.
But come on, do you think I looked
like Will Forte when I was 27?
You think Will Forte is 27?
Here's some other things
we changed from real life
for pacing, dramatic impact,
or just 'cause we felt like it.
Hey, here, I'm coming in right here.
Wait. Wait, uh, Gilda. So do that again.
Start the band up, make them go,
and then all you guys
stop her immediately.
Okay.
- No! Stop!
- It's not right.
Between the magazine and the radio show,
I barely had time for my other hobbies,
like being a terrible husband.
"Doug Kenney is
the handsomest man in comedy"?
Their words, not mine.
Actually, it's a direct quote from you.
Hmm, I'm sure they fact-checked it.
"The staff considers Henry
to be the dad of the magazine,
while Doug is like the mom
who keeps hitting the cooking sherry."
Oh, Sherry does more than cook,
and I would never hit her.
Do you only talk in one-liners?
I also know some dirty limericks.
I thought you were with Mary.

I'm with a lot of people.

Goodbye, Doug.

Hey, Doug.

Uh... I left a sketch to punch up, but...

Don't worry about it. I know you have a lot on your mind right now.

Thank you, but it's okay. It's okay.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

I mean, with Alex.

If you want to talk about it,

I am a licensed chiropractor.

In Honduras. Parts of Honduras.

I appreciate that. Yeah.

- Doug, if you want my advice...

- Hold that thought.

Done. Here's your sketch.

I was stuck on that last line.

You were punching up my sketch while I was attempting to be earnest?

Look, I know I fucked up.

I'm fucked up, all right?

But there's

just too much work to be done, huh?

I mean, we have a nation to amuse.

We're at war, son,

and it's our duty to serve.

Doug, we can't afford any...

Now, let me tell you what it's like to run a successful comedy empire.

The more ads you sell in the magazine, the more pages you print.

Someone has to write those pages.

Then there's the other pieces to edit, art to commission,

headlines, captions and cartoons to fix, all on a deadline.

On top of that,

you expand into books, albums,

then, oh, the radio show

based on your successful magazine

is also successful.

And holy shit,

an hour is a lot of time to fill.

Couldn't we have called it
The National Lampoon Radio Half-Hour?
If we don't cut that gag
about Nixon's daughter,
RCA is gonna drop the album!
Then you start a live show.
And that's a hit, too.
Yes, I know success is a great thing,
that we all want,
but I'm trying to explain
why maybe you can't handle it.
To deal with the stress, you smoke dope,
but that makes it harder
to meet the deadlines,
and someone else has to pick up the slack.
Doug! How much time
did you spend on this coupon?
Well, shit, maybe a little LSD
for inspiration would help,
but now it's five hours later,
and you're still tripping,
and that thing you wrote
makes no sense, even to you.
You feel bad about
letting your partner down.
Not that one. No, that one.
Well, that one, too.
- Doug!
- Are you even listening to me?
You probably shouldn't stay out so late,
but you want to prove that you can run
with Chevy and Belushi.
Tony slept with O'Donoghue's girl,
and now O'Donoghue won't work with him.
Anne says you're all sexist,
which is true, but that's not the point.
And oh, right, the magazine circulation
is how high now?
- Doug. Doug. Doug.
- You'll just be over here in your office.
Doug?
Doug? Come on, Doug.
- Doug!
- Doug!

- Doug!

- Doug!

Doug?

Doug, did you break the machine again?

Doug?

Doug?

Peter, Lucy,

is this where the college reunion is?

Hey, man, good to see you.

"To produce a mighty book,

you must choose a mighty theme.

No great and enduring volume

can ever be written on the flea,

though many there be who have tried it.

'Ere entering upon the subject

of fossil whales.

I present my credentials."

All right. Let's go.

Doug.

Come on.

Doug.

He can stay in the car for all I care.

Thanks for coming. He'll be missed.

My brother. Dad's favorite.

Kidney failure.

"The golden boy who died too soon."

See why I didn't want to start the movie

with this stuff? It's a total bummer.

You know the nice thing

about dying young?

You stay perfectly frozen in time.

You never have to grow up.

"Entering upon the subject

of fossil whales,

I present my credentials as a geologist."

Lucy?

Yeah?

I did the right thing, right?

I had to leave.

- I know.

- Right?

I just didn't...

I didn't know how to do it anymore.

How do you think

they're doing without you?
Oh, they're big boys.
They can handle themselves.
Michael, you're being unreasonable.
Somebody really didn't like
The Vietnamese Baby Book.
Is it wrong that I'm jealous?
I always knew I'd die from dynamite
being sent to an office,
but not like this.
Guys, we have to evacuate.
Come on, everybody, move, move, move!
- Michael.
- Come on.
- To think, Tom Jones only gets panties.
- Stop smoking. That's not safe.
If you put it down,
I'll let you take me to dinner.
- I'm listening.
- Hi, is this the city desk?
- I have a story for you.
- Don't be a bunch of sissies.
If the nitroglycerin hasn't leaked out,
it's harmless. I could eat it.
But it has leaked out.
That's what I'm telling you, is that
the nitroglycerin, it's leaked out.
- Shit.
- All right, come on. Come on.
- Let's get him out of here
- That is my dynamite!
It was addressed to me.
You can't have my dynamite,
you fascist goons!
- That's L-a-m-p-o-o-n.
- That is mine! Mine!
- Oh, he's coming back.
- Mine!
It's mine! Mine! Gimme! Gimme!
- Rape!
- Stay back, sir.
I'm warning you
that I'm going to rape you. Ow!
I don't want to kick him out,

but he's been here for weeks.
He needs us right now. Maybe we should
take him to the carousel again.
No. Hey.
What's this?
Oh, this is
Teenage Commies From Outer Space.
The great American novel.
I finally started writing it.
- That's great, Doug.
- Yeah. Thank you.
It's 1956 and aliens attack.
It's like Salinger
meets Mark Twain on acid.
- Wow.
- Yeah.
They're sharing a drink with Bukowski
while going down on Jane Austen.
Just stay with that metaphor for a second.
Oh, no, here comes James Joyce.
He's got some baby oil.
As you go through it,
pay attention to what you're doing
so I don't have to deal with it.
That's the whole point.
Where's my stuff?
- I know what a dictionary is.
- Henry, where's my stuff?
- I don't know where your stuff is.
- Okay, cut the bullshit, I want an answer!
- Whose stuff is on my desk?
- I don't know whose stuff...
We were gone for two days,
and you gave her desk away?
Doug's gone for months,
but you don't touch his desk.
You won't put my stuff in the magazine,
now you really want
to send a message, right?
- Clearly, you hate women.
- Look, it was probably the cleaners.
- Then fire those bitches, okay?
- Henry.
Because here's the option,

either they go or we go.
Henry. Henry. This water fountain
hasn't been operational in 15 days.
That's what you've been
saying "Henry" for?
I'm very thirsty.
Look, you're not quitting.
We'll talk to Matty. He'll smooth it over.
I would rather butt-fuck cancer...
- God.
- than shake hands with Matty Simmons.
- It's called...
- This is half what you owe me,
you cheap fuck.
Between the ticket sales
and the albums...
It's National Lampoon's Lemmings
not Tony Hendra's Lemmings.
What are you doing?
I'd like to report a robbery, please.
Okay, come on.
A man called Matty Simmons,
whom I have apprehended at 635 Madison,
has stolen money from me.
And another thing.
If I choose to bring a grenade to work,
that is my right as an Irish-American!
- You people.
- What the hell, man?
You people. You're dangerous.
- Let's go.
- Are you all right?
Holy shit.
I left a half-empty grape Fanta here.
Has anyone seen it?
No?
It was about yay big.
Should I be
for the Black Panthers or against?
So, uh... what's going on?
What's going on?
Well...
O'Donoghue quit again.
He and Anne are now dating,

so she quit, too.

Tony stole a sketch from Monty Python
and used it in Lemmings,
which is fantastic.

And Matty is claiming he can't afford
to buy us out next year,
in flagrant violation of our contract.
Oh. Gosh.

But, you know,

I meant, what's going on with you?

That is what's going on with me.

This is what you left me with.

Well, it wasn't

a completely wasted breakdown.

I finished the novel.

- You want me to read this now?

- Would you?

Teenage Commies From Outer Space.

It's...

- It sucks.

- Yeah.

It's done. It's not worth talking about.

It's good to have you back, Doug.

And then February can be
the Strange Sex issue.

Yes. The Strange Sex... And we should
do an issue within the issue,
The National Lampoof.

Instead of Our Bodies, Ourselves,
Our Bodies, None of Your Business.

None of your business.

A magazine, Playdead.

Erotic photos of women's corpses
hanging from nooses, head in the oven,

- maybe one of them fell down the stairs.

- Jesus Christ.

I was thinking

we could write up Nixon's resume,
you know, now that he's back
on the job market?

Yes, like the piece PJ has
in the current issue,
which is available on newsstands,
if you want to buy a copy,

- you could use it as research.

- Okay, Tony. Yeah.

We had something like that

in the last issue. It's not important.

- I think "play dead" is the way to go.

- We'll let Brian get all the dead bodies.

- A braille version of The Joy of Sex.

- Oh, my gosh.

Hey, where's my tennis racket?

I used to keep my tennis racket

behind the filing cabinet.

Hey, Doug.

Doug. One second.

Glory hole page

and have an illustration

of a lavatory cubicle on the back.

- A lavatory cubicle.

- And...

Is this about the tennis racket?

Uh, no.

Um... listen, I was thinking maybe

you could do another special project.

- You know?

- Yeah?

Away from normal deadlines.

You'll get out of the office.

You could do it with PJ.

What do you think?

- Sound good?

- Do you need smokes?

- Yeah.

- He's gonna go get smokes.

What about a map

to glory holes in your neighborhood?

- It just says, "Your house."

- What'd I miss?

These people don't need encouragement.

A cartoon, "Jewish Moon Landing."

Sort of a differently-shaped helmet.

I'm not sure if Henry was trying

to save me from embarrassment

or if he truly believed

I could still create the great American...

I don't know, something.

But either way, we found it.
An idea full of paranoia and nostalgia,
the meaningless cruelty
of being young in America.
The high school yearbook.
They're all the same.
It's like every single shop teacher went
to the same barber.
It's authoritarian government, man.
It's like we're living
in an oppressed nation.
Yes, it is.
Salute to the seniors.
Yes, this is exactly...
They make you salute these people.
They all have thousand-yard stares,
you know what I mean?
You wonder why Nixon's the way he is,
it's because he went to high school, man.
Chess club, glee club, future homemakers.
Everything screwed up about our culture,
it all begins right here.
All these forced smiles.
You know, whether we know it or not,
every high school sorts us
into the same exact types.
It's Nazi social engineering.
Bully,
introvert,
teacher's pet,
delinquent,
foreign exchange student,
virgin,
perfect perky princess,
Spazzy McSpaz,
wacky class clown.
There's a type for everyone.
Whether you're the rich dick,
future homosexual,
beatnik, tramp,
overlooked black kid,
the dictator,
the nobody,
and, of course, the kid who died.

This was the best Senior Year ever,
except for the tragic deaths
of Howard Havermeier
and President Kennedy,
and the car accident after prom.
All right, ready, girls?
Three, two, one.
"The Lampoon's hit parody
of the high school yearbook,
now on track
to sell over one million copies,
is the greatest example of group writing
since the King James Bible."
- And you didn't write a word of it.
- I'm in the group.
We all work together. I mean,
I gave everyone credit for "Lemmings."
- I must have missed that.
- Matty.
Those two look armed for battle.
Well, it's been five years.
Matty has to buy them out.
Time to feast on the fatted calf.
Matty, we need to talk about this now.
Look, I know why you're here.
I know what day it is.
Let me explain this.
You boys are victims of your own success.
I don't have the cash
to pay you ten times earnings.
We got too much earnings.
I can't cover it.
My apologies for making the yearbook
such a hit. I'll aim lower next time.
You signed a contract.
He didn't fulfill his contract, did he?
He disappeared on us.
I still put out the fucking magazine.
Every month.
We just want to be paid what we deserve.
I know. Here's what I can do now. Okay?
More stock. A lot more stock,
and I pay the entire sum off
in ten years. Okay?

I mean, doesn't that sound better
than fucking Matty over a barrel?
I knew it.
I had to get Henry what he deserved.
And the only way to change Matty's mind
was a well thought out argument,
delivered clearly and calmly.
No, no, no, no, no!
We want our money!
I fucked up, fine.
But Henry kept it going.
And we want our money! Now!
Henry.
Come on. Let's go! Do it!
- Hey!
- We want our money!
I think it's going well.
I'm going for the checks.
You two are pirates.
Here's a pen.
You assholes.
Do you know what you've done?
You've ruined me.
You've ruined this company. You know that.
We made this company.
We should celebrate, huh?
Come on, let's go buy you a new pipe.
Henry?
Tempting?
They're all expecting a slice of the pie.
It could get rather awkward.
I don't get it. What's the bit?
You might need those.
I'm digging the commitment.
You said if it ever stopped being fun...
So...
We just got the money.
I just got us the money.
No, you got Matty
to write us a check, Doug.
I earned that money.
- I'm done.
- Okay, look, we can hire more editors.
- We'll focus on the writing.

- I don't want to go back.
- Just you and me, like it used to be.
- I want to move on.

Wait. What's that supposed to mean?

You want to move on from us?

It means I'm tired of taking care of you.

What are you gonna do all day, huh?

Come on.

You can't leave.

You did.

You'll be fine.

Don't forget to feed and water them.

Henry.

Good luck. Fuck you. Goodbye.

Who gets his office?

PJ, this Esquire parody's a mess.

I gotta run into a meeting.

Can you do a quick rewrite?

Does this sound familiar?

I feel terrible.

Oh, honey. Just a few days ago

you were feeling swell.

Gee, Dad,

kind of like what happened to Doug Kenney.

Exactly, son. I feel just like

that piece of garbage Doug Kenney.

Feeling like Doug Kenney,

a chronic condition with no known cure.

Symptoms include loneliness,

uselessness

and a crushing sense of regret.

I heard Matty Simmons,

you know, the publisher?

Sure, I know Matty. Great guy.

Well, he put PJ O'Rourke

in charge of the magazine

because Doug couldn't handle

something like that.

It could happen to you or someone

in your church or Masonic Lodge.

Feeling like Doug Kenney.

Seek treatment before you become

permanently, irreversibly unlovable.

- It's hereditary!

- I'm telling you.
- Have you ever heard of anybody like this?
- No.
I'll see you outside.
Right behind you.
Excuse me.
Did you play Abigail Adams on PBS?
Oh, I didn't play Abigail Adams.
I became Abigail Adams.
I didn't think there were
any PBS viewers here.
Oh, no, I don't watch. Somebody had just
described it in great detail.
You seem like generally
what they were describing.
- Mm-hmm.
- Like an Abigail Adams type.
Kathryn. I'm the woman you're hitting on.
Doug Kenney, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.
I'm the woman who's hitting on you.
What do you say we get out of here?
Get something to eat, huh?
At three a. m.?
Yeah, you're right.
We should probably just eat here, huh?
Oh, fuck.
What's wrong?
Do I have glass in my teeth?
I kind of conquered the publishing thing.
I'm probably gonna release an album
of Gregorian chants next.
I'm gonna make an epic movie,
kind of Gone With The Wind
meets Citizen Kane, but better.
- And longer.
- You're going Hollywood.
Oh, I'm so Hollywood, you don't even know.
I'm gonna change my name
to Charlton Hepburn.
I remembered something.
I don't usually kiss on the first date.
Well, I don't consider this a date.
Then let's go back to my place and screw.
So Kathryn came into my life

just when I needed her,
but nobody can just swoop in
and fix you right away.
I was still struggling
with the same anxieties,
but now with millions of dollars
that frankly...
frankly I had no idea
what I was going to do with them.
You bought your parents this?
Way to establish dominance.
Surprise!
What are you doing here?
Is that a Porsche?
Gorgeous. Just gorgeous.
You know, she was the first member
of her tribe to wear shoes.
What is that?
Well, Dad complained about the lawn.
Told me it was too much to mow.
So...
Get out of here, lawnmowers.
- Here we go. Come on. That's it.
- Really fun, Doug.
Now the mower will be shitting on my lawn.
Yeah. It's called fertilizer, Dad.
They threw that in for free.
You stay here.
So, you work with Doug,
doing the comedy?
Oh... it never feels like work with Doug.
But now I'm about to star
in a new TV show.
How wonderful.
We'll have to watch, won't we?
Mm-hmm.
You must be so proud of him.
All his success at such a young age...
all the while being color-blind.
You call this success?
Publishing a dirty magazine?
Making fun of the president?
- Okay, Harry.
- What is there to be proud of?

I'm gonna get a gimlet.
- Oh, dear.
- Sorry. Got it.
I'm fine. Let me just...
Oh, I got it.
Okay. I see what I did. I see what I did.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Good evening.
They put O'Donoghue on live TV?
O'Donoghue, Belushi.
They got Gilda, Anne, Chevy.
Those fuckers probably hired
our accountants, too.
- I would like...
- I would like...
- ...to feed your fingertips...
- ...to feed your fingertips...
- ...to the wolverines.
- ...to the Wolverines.
Next.
I'm afraid...
Come on, that's funny.
You know, NBC asked Matty
to do a Lampoon TV show.
Really? That's great!
Are you gonna work on it?
They asked him eight months ago.
He said that we were too busy.
Babe, who cares?
This is on in the middle of the night.
I care! All right?
This should've been ours.
It basically is ours.
You could just be flattered,
because it shows how influential you are.
You gonna be okay about this?
Well...
tell me again how influential I am.
You are the most influentialest.
Live from New York, it's Saturday Night!
Turns out Saturday Night Live
was canceled after only three weeks.
Oh, I'm sorry, I meant to say

it was an instant sensation
that is still going four decades later.

Hi, Doug.

So I went to one of their parties
to congratulate my friends
on the success they were having...
without me.

Oh, Doug! Hey!

- Hey.

- Hi.

- How you doing?

- Hey.

Look what the cat dragged in.

Hey, I've been enjoying your little show,
along with the rest of the country.

Yeah. Yeah, it's fun.

It's like The Lampoon used to be.

Is. Like, don't listen to me.

Television, the napalm of culture.

Burns you down to nothing,
but the glow is awful pretty.

Okay, so he's just upset
because Lorne wants us
to write sketches for the Muppets.

I don't write for felt.

Oh, not you too, Brian.

They offered me 30 pieces of silver.

You know how I feel about silver.

They were like ships
leaving a sinking rat.

Doug.

Oh, jeez.

And yeah, Chevy did this
every time I saw him.

Right. There we are.

- Hi, Doug.

- Hey, lover.

You should meet Lorne.

Oh, the comedy boy-wonder, huh?

No. Hey, there can be two boy-wonders.

Boys-wonder.

What do boys wonder? Excuse you.

Lorne, this is Doug Kenney
from The National Lampoon.

Hi, Doug. Pleasure to meet you.
Thanks. I like the show. It's great stuff.
Right. Well, you know, we do what we can.
Doug, uh, you get
the kind of comedy we're doing here.
You and I, you know,
we share a sensibility.
Yeah, and a cast and writers. Yeah.
Spotting talent
is the most important job I have.
- You can understand that.
- Yeah.
I was wondering,
would you be interested in joining us?
You want me to write for you?
That sounds great!
Yeah, I'd get to be your employee?
Well, that's a fairly narrow way
to put that, Doug.
- You think I've flamed out.
- That's not what I'm saying at all.
It sounds like it is.
What I'm saying is I think you could
make this show even better than it is.
Okay, well, I don't need a handout.
Oh, here. You're probably gonna steal it
from me anyway.
Game show sketch, Name Those Bats.
Contestants are in a barn,
bats flying at them,
they have to name the bats.
I wasn't gonna let
some TV show steal my thunder.
I had to set my sights higher.
So Harold and I came up
with the perfect idea
for the first National Lampoon movie.
Laser Orgy Girls.
Huh?
It's about Charles Manson
in the tenth grade, huh?
The man's visited by aliens or a UFO,
whatever you want...
Guys, Manson in high school?

You're right.

We'll put him in college. That's funnier.

No, forget Manson. It's a bad idea.

So what are you saying, Matty?

You don't want a movie

about Charles Manson?

We got one shot for a movie.

Manson in high school is a parody ad
for the magazine.

- If it's a rights issue...

- We need a big idea.

- My uncle's a lawyer.

- A big movie idea.

We could find a way

to get Manson involved.

Harold. I think Matty

might actually have a point here.

- What's the bit we're doing?

- No, this isn't a bit.

Look, what's the most popular thing
in the magazine?

- The tits.

- Yes, the tits.

But also, like, you know,

Night of the Seven Fires.

Pinto's First Lay.

All the Chris Miller stuff.

- The fraternity stories.

- Yeah.

We have a chance to make the great
American college movie here, plus tits.

Matty, get Chris Miller on the line.

One second. I like this.

God damn it. I'm not your secretary!

Together with Chris Miller,

we wrote down

every funny college story,

every crazy character we could think of.

Then we hooked up with Ivan Reitman,

a Canadian filmmaker

who'd produced a stage show for us.

Delta was by far the craziest frat

at Dartmouth.

They use to call us the "Animal House."

That's a good title!

Yeah!

The craziest frat.

Brad Zotti from Universal is on.

- Brad.

- Yeah.

I got you on speakerphone here with Ivan.

- Look, guys.

- Hey, Brad.

Movie treatments are 20 pages long.

This is 114.

Well, this is their first movie, Brad.

- I would never make this.

- I'm surprised to hear you say that.

I mean, you know

the Lampoon brand is hot right now.

A very strong demographic

with the young people.

Okay, look, I couldn't do this unless

it was, like, for under \$2 million.

- We can do that.

- Really?

I guarantee it.

- Okay.

- We got a deal.

- Great. Bye.

- Thank you, Brad.

You are not gonna regret this.

Oh, he hung up.

So with the studio's ringing endorsement,

we started shooting in the fall of 1976.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Close enough.

It was a classic tale

of slobs versus snobs.

The Deltas versus the Omegas.

We hired an ensemble

of mostly unknown actors.

There's Tim Matheson

in the orange sweater.

He's about to say the title of this movie.

A futile and stupid gesture be done...

But we also needed a heavy hitter,

a comic superstar that we knew

could deliver the goods.

And that's why we brought in this guy.

"Well, what the hell we supposed to do, you moron?"

I just memorized my one line.

You cannot shoot a scene where they leave their dates behind at a black nightclub!

I'm not having this discussion.

- Okay, Doug.

- Chris.

I can't stand by while someone refuses to have a discussion.

- Just calm down, Brad.

- This goes too far.

You put this in front of an audience, we'll have race riots.

- More like laugh riots, am I right?

- Doug, we're handling it.

- Who the fuck is this?

- Doug Kenney, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

- Hey, nice arm. You play tennis?

- Damn right I play tennis.

- Doug is one of the writers.

- And why is he annoying me?

I ask myself the same thing.

Actually, you wouldn't pay to have writers on set.

I'm here as an actor. It's a loophole.

Now, as for this nightclub scene, hey, it's funny and it's honest.

And I say this not only as a writer of the film, but as a black man.

I'm not risking the studio's reputation over a college movie!

Period, end of conversation, no.

Doug.

Food fight!

Needless to say, the studio suits didn't like us, but fuck 'em.

We were making a movie.

Animal House was the culmination of everything we had written about in the magazine.

It was about power and class,
the individual versus authority.
Nostalgia for some innocent time
that never really existed.
It was subversive. It celebrated chaos.
It was America in a nutshell.
Also, tits.
It shot to the top
of the box office and stayed there,
becoming the biggest comedy
in movie history.
Toga. Toga. Toga.
How did it feel to make a smash hit movie?
Pretty fucking great.
There was just one problem.
Where do you go from there?
I went for the full fondue set this time.
Comes with eight forks. It's cast-iron.
Wow, sounds like
it's all really finally happening for you.
Doug. You. You, get over here.
Come here.
I knew it.
I knew we had something special.
- I always knew that you would know that.
- The kids were rioting in the aisles.
- Yeah, at least they weren't race riots.
- Gimme a break.
You thought I was worried about that?
I wasn't worried about that.
In fact, we had a screening
for Richard Pryor. He thought it was fine.
- I mean, that's one cool cat.
- Yeah.
He's a cool, cool cat.
- Hey, what are we doing next?
- Well, you're a tool.
Great title!
Write it up. That's funny.
Oh, it's nothing but a college movie.
They couldn't ask me for a rewrite?
A couple of jokes?
Did I tell you
how much I loved your movie?

Oh, the movie's not important.
What's important is you...
and how much you loved my movie.
Okay, now, listen. I made
a big decision in the last 40 seconds.
I feel very strongly about it.
You are gonna come live with me in LA.
You want to move to Los Angeles?
No, no, no, LA. You know, Louisiana.
They got gator on a stick down there.
- Think about it. A stick!
- There he is! You crazy son of a bitch.
Listen, Matty. I wanted to tell you first.
I think it's time to move to Hollywood.
We are thinking alike.
I'm gonna open an office in Beverly Hills.
We are gonna hit it.
No. No, I'm leaving National Lampoon...
for good this time.
Whoa. We got a hit movie. Okay?
Now is not the time to leave.
Now's the time to make more.
You'll make other movies.
They just won't involve me.
What about the magazine?
Weight Watchers will be fine without me.
- What about our magazine?
- I know, I'm sorry.
Come on! You need me, Doug!
You need me!
I do! I do! You're wonderful.
All right, what do you say, kid?
Let's make a picture, huh?
Himalayan Zen Buddhists
who can down airplanes with their minds?
You can't tell me
that's not a movie you wouldn't see.
- That's a lot of negatives.
- I don't disagree.
Okay. Well, we could also talk
about the prep school script,
or the treatment from Jules Feiffer,
or the, you know,
Chris's thing about the resort.

I've got some work we should get to first.
Here, let me just move these.
If I must.
Hey, Mom! Hey!
Yeah. No, no, no. Kathryn's out of town.
She's shooting a movie.
Uh... Yeah. Hey, so, listen,
did they finish building the pool?
Does Dad like it? Like, is it big enough?
Like, you know, I made sure
they were gonna do it nice and big.
Has he, like, been out there yet?
Is that...
Oh, no, no, no.
Oh, uh...
Yeah. No, no, no, tomorrow's fine.
No, no, no. I mean... Well... uh...
Mom. Mom. Mom.
Hey, Doug, I got your notes.
Also it kind of feels like
you didn't really read the whole script.
Doug.
Hey.
Hey, you want to see
what \$2,000 of cocaine looks like?
No, I really want
to talk about the script.
Wow, that's a lot of cocaine.
Got to spend my money on something.
Gotta go.
Are we really not gonna talk
about the script?
Always go with your worst instincts.
Have you ever seen a person
make their hand disappear?
Mm-hmm.
All right.
Whoa!
Wow, don't choke on that.
Kathryn!
I waited at the airport for two hours.
Oh, shit. I thought that was tomorrow.
Oh, that's all right.
You were busy planning this, uh...

A welcome home party?
Exactly!
Here, let me introduce you
to my new friends. This is Missy?
If you want it to be.
It's Missy.
See you later, Missy.
Can you explain to me what is going on?
'Cause I haven't been able
to reach you all week.
What? You know, I'm busy.
I'm Hollywood's It Girl.
- That's hilarious.
- It's... Thank you.
This is a check for a \$186,000.
Oh, I was wondering
what happened to that.
That's great.
Good to find 186K, you know?
Put that right there in the check zone.
Right there.
Oh, look at this. Have you seen this?
Super weird. I would've thought
that Dwight D. Eisenhower
would have had like brains in his head,
but no, it's just all cocaine.
Oh, come on!
Come on.
Okay, you're very clearly upset
that I'm having a party, is that it?
- I'll tell them all to leave.
- No, we're talking right now.
- No, I'm gonna tell them to leave.
- No, we're talking right now!
You need to see someone.
Oh, a shrink?
Oh, if I can tell him
all about how little Dougie
needs to be the center of attention?
No. I just need to write another movie
so I can be the center of attention.
You're going to work right now?
There's a force in the universe
that makes things happen.

What?

"Be the ball, Danny.

Be the ball."

In one model of the universe,
the shortest distance between two points
is a straight line...

in the opposite direction, Danny.

- Unbelievable.

- Thank you very little.

And... cut!

That's 48 takes.

Maybe we should move on?

Couple more.

Chevy, let's go again.

Excuse you.

Harold's never directed.

Doug's never produced.

Rodney's never acted.

What could possibly go wrong?

Sure, it was a comedy about golf,
but Caddyshack was personal.

A chance to get back at all the snobs
and idiots my dad worked for
using some
of America's finest comic actors.

And... action!

Rodney, when I call action,
you need to start the scene.

- Okay, fine.

- All right.

Action!

Hi, is this your first movie, too?

- I told my wife I was gonna be in a movie.

- No pressure, right?

All I had to do was top Animal House
and make the next biggest comedy
of all time.

Oh, farts!

It takes a lot of energy
to make a hit movie.

Thankfully, to keep us going,
we had energy powder.

Taking heavy fire!

You'll never catch me!

- Mayday! Mayday!
- Whoo!
We're taking fire!
Hey, hold on.
Whoa! Ha ha!
Hey, buddy, how are you?
The handsomest man in comedy.
Some call him the king of nostalgia.
He lives his life close to the edge.
He once wrote a novel
and threw it in the trash. Who does that?
Doug Kenney! And here to tell Doug
just how proud he is,
fresh from teaching tennis
at the Chagrin Falls Country Club,
this guy's sharper than a dentist's drill.
Harry Kenney, what do you got to say,
soul brother?
Son, you're a lefty weirdo.
Huge disappointment.
Uh-oh, sounds bad.
You heard it here first.
He did not like his son.
The wrong one died.
Bummer-ski.
Painful, baby, painful.
Oh, is that... Could it be?
Live from New York, it's Henry Beard!
We had a fine run, you and I.
Oh, no. I bet you wish you still had
Beardy around to pick up the slack,
but you drove him out of your life,
just like you drove away Alex
and will most likely drive away Kathryn.
Sensing a pattern.
It's not a pattern.
You need to decide, Doug.
Doug!
Doug! We need to decide, is it clear
he's jerking his dick off here?
Yeah, we could make it higher or lower,
depending on the size of my dong.
We can get rid of these two scenes
and move this down,

but then we need a transition,
which we did not shoot.
We watched your first cut,
all four hours of it.
Hi, Brad. How are you?
You know, I'm a friend of comedy.
You guys know that. Okay?
But you are over budget, over schedule.
This is not how we make movies here.
Brad. Brad, you better come back
with a different attitude
or don't come back at all.
- Excuse me?
- The fuck is that doing here?
That is the star of this movie, okay?
I want more scenes with this little guy.
That's not what we talked about.
I hired a guy from Star Wars
to build this. People are gonna love this.
This isn't a fucking kid's movie.
I paid for this gopher,
and he's gonna go in my picture.
Oh, "your" picture?
Kenney, this isn't your little magazine.
I'm in charge.
Is that what you told your wife
when you caught her fucking Peter Falk?
That's just a rumor.
Is his cock all squinty, too? Huh?
Oh, I'm gonna come!
How many of you have seen
National Lampoon's Animal House?
Okay. Well, inside that bungalow
to your right,
some of the creators of Animal House
are working on their next movie.
And I'm sure it's gonna be just as crazy...
Get off my lot!
- Doug!
- You're crazy!
Get off!
- Cool!
- Ah!
Okay.

I threw a few punches,
and the studio sidelined me
from my own movie.
So much for Hollywood glamour.
And from there, things got worse.
I had an experience
that shook me to my very core.
I saw this.
Can you fly this plane and land it?
Surely you can't be serious.
I am serious.
And don't call me Shirley.
Mr. Striker's the only one.
What's the matter?
Nothing. Everything's great.
Surely you're not upset because
someone else made a funny movie.
Don't you get it?
That's the movie
that everyone's gonna love,
not fucking Caddyshack.
I've been replaced.
What the fuck am I gonna do now?
You're supposed to say,
"Don't call me Shirley."
Um, hi, it's Doug.
I'm gonna be in town for a couple days.
I'd love to see you for,
I don't know, a drink?
Maybe a beverage?
You know? I was right the first time.
Let's make it a drink.
Hey!
Look at you!
You look great. You join a cult?
- I'm actually between cults right now.
- Oh, okay. Okay.
A beer?
Thank you.
You here for the movie?
Uh, yeah.
I have this press thing I got to do.
Oh, I can't wait for everyone to see
the big fucking gopher extravaganza.

Proud day.
Thank you.
You all right?
I'm fine. I'm fine.
I'm better than the fucking movie.
- I'm sure it's great.
- Ah.
You wrote the most successful comedy
movie of all time on your first try. So...
Yeah, that was two years ago.
So how about you? You still writing?
Uh...
Yeah.
Mm-hmm.
Little bit. I got a couple book ideas.
How about a movie? Huh?
I mean, we could write one together.
- I don't know, you're the movie guy now.
- Oh, no, no, no.
Why don't you just come out
and stay with me?
And we can, you know,
throw around some ideas.
We're not really LA people.
Of course we are.
What are you talking about?
It's beautiful.
There's the palm trees.
Oh.
You weren't talking about us. Okay.
I meant a lady.
- A woman.
- Oh, my God, no.
- Henry Beard has a girlfriend.
- Yep.
- Henry Beard!
- You would like her.
She knows a lot about atomic energy. So...
- So sexy.
- Mm-hmm.
Yeah, well, why don't you both come stay?
Both of you come out.
Now's not a good time.
We're getting the house renovated,

and her daughter's in day camp.

Her daughter?

You have, like, a family.

You're an adult.

Oh, God. That must be a lot.

It's actually easier
than running a magazine.

Yeah, I guess so.

- I'm so... I'm... I'd pick those up...

- No, don't worry about it. It's all right.

- Don't worry about it.

- What time's your...

What time's your press thing?

- I'm fine, okay?

- I know.

I see what you're, uh...

No, I don't need you
to take care of me, okay?

Now he wants to take care of me. Yeah.

I do care about you, Doug.

Well...

too late.

You know what?

I'm happy that you reached out.

Yeah. Well, maybe I shouldn't have.

I don't know how this feels.

- What are you talking about?

- I... I should go.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Doug, you can call me anytime.

Thank you. Yeah, I will.

- I'm gonna take this.

- Hey!

It's all right. I got it.

- Should we call you a cab?

- I'm a cab.

He called himself a cab.

All right, folks.

Get your questions ready
for the cast and crew of Caddyshack.

Okay, yeah.

Okay, I think we're gonna get started.

You've all seen the movie.

It's great, isn't it?
Yeah, it's a funny movie.
Really funny movie.
Oh, it sucked!
Didn't everybody think it was terrible?
Okay, this is... Everyone, this is
the hilarious Doug Kenney, our writer.
Douglas Kenney, everyone.
Okay, he's joking.
I'm not joking.
Fuck this fucking movie.
Fuck the gopher.
There was a mechanical gopher.
It's not even a real gopher.
It's a piece of shit.
I don't know, I think this guy's
a couple sandwiches short of a picnic.
That's the kind of shit
that's in the movie!
Hey.
You guys, come on.
What are you doing up there?
Are you talking about
what a piece of shit it is?
- Honey, let's go.
- Is that... No, no, no.
I know I'm saying what a piece of shit
it is a bunch, but I'm very proud of it.
This... 'Cause I... It's like my baby.
It's like a shit baby
that I laid out there.
And I'm really proud of it.
And I know we all are.
Doug! That's enough.
What are you guys doing here?
- You tell us.
- Doug, you begged us to come.
I did?
Well, I guess
you were right all along, huh?
It's just big fucking waste of time.
I'm a fucking piece of shit.
Oh!
Okay. Hey. Hey.

Get him the hell out of here, please.
Okay, sorry, everybody.
Yeah, well, just... Let's...
Buddy, why don't we go
get some rest somewhere?
We should work together again, huh?
Blowjob!
Cocksucker!
Rim licker!
Cum-on-my-face!
Swollen balls!
- Balls-on-my-face!
- Ronald Reagan!
Chevy!
What's today?
Well, it's Russian solstice, so...
Six.
No. It's a two.
Hmm.
I... I...
Dinah Shore is... No.
Oh, I got it. Doug...
It's Thursday.
- That's six days clean.
- Feels good.
It feels great.
I haven't felt this healthy in years.
I feel like myself again.
- You think we should...
- I'll call my guy.
We'll just have the one ball, right?
One ball.
- You're the handsomest man in comedy.
- Second handsomest.
...96, 97, 98, 99, 93, 94, 95, 96...
- Am I bothering you?
- No.
93, 94, 95...
182, 83, 84, 85.
You win.
"Caddyshack never finds
a consistent comic note of its own,
but it plays host
to all sorts of approaches from its stars,

who sometimes hardly seem
to be occupying the same movie."
I just think it's weird the Pope
is weighing in on this at all.
You know?
Oh, that was so rude of me.
I never even offered you any nuts.
So what else did the Pope have to say?
Anything worth note?
Doug?
- Hey! Babe.
- Hi.
- What's up, babe? Hey, hey, hey.
- Hi.
Mmm.
- Oh.
- Hi.
Wait, where's, uh... Chevy?
I thought he left last night.
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, last night. Of course. Yeah.
Oh, hey.
God, look at this place.
He forgot to... Chevy forgot to...
I asked him to, like, vacuum and stuff,
and he obviously did not vacuum.
He forgot to do it,
so let me clean up a little.
There. There we go.
And then let's...
You know, let's go, snorkeling. Right?
Oh, it's good to see you.
Once the new house is furnished,
I thought maybe we could throw a party.
Maybe over Labor Day.
- You'll be back home by then.
- Yeah, of course.
I think so.
Doug.
You need to decide.
On the furniture?
Don't make me choose
between Pennsylvania Dutch and Colonial.
- You know I'm torn.

- Doug.

You need to decide
if you're serious about getting better.
You can't just stay here forever.
It's a tropical paradise. I mean,
the coconuts literally grow on trees here.
Stop.

- You don't understand.

- Tell me.

What don't I understand? Tell me.

Well, I'm...

I'm not good at, you know, this.

- What is this?

- This.

You know. This. Relationships.

You know, talking about my feelings.

You want me to come back.

I want to come back.

I can't come back a failure.

In what world are you a failure?

You need to get it together, okay?

Definitely. Yes. Yes.

If you can't have a real conversation
with me, you got to talk to someone.

Yeah, well, who would I talk to?

I don't know. Can you call Henry?

Just call him, okay?

Beautiful day today.

- Yeah.

- You going surfing?

I was thinking about going hiking,
actually.

Sounds nice. Where are you from?

Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

No, I'll pass.

Isn't downhill skiing just a competition
to see who can get to the hospital first?

Excuse me.

Henry's more of a sailor.

He's gonna take my daughter
on his boat for her sixth birthday.

Right, Henry?

It's tempting.

No, he fell.

- I was with him two days before.

- Right.

- That's not the state he was in.

- Well, I think he jumped.

No, he got high, and he went too far

like he always does, and he fell.

He probably fell while he was looking

for a place to jump.

Hi.

Well, he's in heaven now,

sticking his dick

in Eleanor Roosevelt's ear.

He was just so young.

Can't believe he's gone.

How can you eat shrimp

at a time like this?

Yeah.

We gave them our golden boy,

and they sent back his body.

You know, the saddest part

of this whole thing

is that he wasn't holding hands

with Chevy when he went off that cliff.

He was like a son to me. I loved him.

Although, sometimes I wanted...

- to cut the brakes on his car.

- Mm-hmm.

You know, without telling him.

A boxing phenomenon who desperately wants

to work at a brassiere factory.

This is a movie idea?

Yes.

He was one of the nicest guys.

Nice suit.

- You can see me?

- Mm-hmm.

I'm the older you.

If you didn't... you know.

So you're...

Yeah. A narrative device.

- It's a choice. Yeah.

- Mm-hmm.

Wow, look at this.

You were beloved

by so many white people.
If it's any consolation, years from now
people really like Caddyshack.
They're kind of annoying about it,
actually.
Go ahead. Talk to 'em.
Well, now you have a matched set.
He was so loved.
And all these people...
they all loved him.
Every funny person in the world is here,
and no one's laughing.
You know, he's right.
Come on, people. Laugh, God damn it!
Come on! Somebody!
Henry.
Henry...
I'm sorry about everything.
I know you accept my apology.
I mean, you were wrong, too.
We don't have to get into that now.
But this situation absolutely requires
a really futile and stupid gesture.
Do it, Henry.
Oh.
Food fight!