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Swiss Army Man

By Daniel Scheinert

What?
Hey.
Hey. Hey!
Hey, you okay?
Hey! Hey! Hey!
Please.
Please don't be dead. You okay?
Hello. Hey. Hey.
Hey, you okay?
Hello? Hello? Hello?
Please don't be dead. Come on.
Oh. Uh...
And two. Breathe.
Holy shit.
Heh. That was funny.
Heh. That was really funny.
You know, I...
I had always hoped
that right before I die...
...my life would flash before my eyes
and I would see wonderful things...
A life full of parties and friends and...
and how I'd learned to play the guitar,
and... and maybe there'd even be a girl.
But as I was hanging up there...
...I didn't really see much of anything.
But I did see you.
And I know...
I know it sounds dumb, but I...
I really thought for a moment that...
that maybe, just maybe there was
a reason that you...
Wah wah wah, wah wah wah
Wah wah wah, wah wah wah
Ay ay ay, ay ay
- Wah wah wah, wah wah wah
- Ay ay ay, ay ay
Bra-da, bra-da
Bra-da
Wait! Wait! Wait!
Wait! Wait for me! Wait for me!
Go! Go! Go!
Cheese puffs?
Hello, world!

My name is Hank Thompson,
and I've been stranded out on
an island in the Pacific all alone!
And this man,
this man saved me from the brink of death
when he allowed me
to ride him like a jet ski,
propelled by his f...
How did you do that?
Maybe... Maybe your...
your gases built up from decomposition
and maybe your soul leaving you?
Why am I talking to you?
Please work.
Hello, world.
I'm sorry.
I gotta go.
Hello!
Hello.
Help!
Oh. You see that?
There's gonna be people there.
They're gonna feed us and take care of us.
Everybody's gonna want to hear our story,
and I'm gonna be all buff
from carrying you around.
Ohh. That's not funny.
Hello?
Help.
Help!
Oh, where did you come from,
where did you go?
Where did you come from,
Cotton Eye Joe?
Man, it's always the song that you hate
that gets stuck in your head.
Uh, sorry.
You can't sleep either?
My mom used to sing this song to me
when I couldn't sleep
so I wouldn't overthink things,
but I don't remember the words.
Crazy
I'm fucking crazy

Maybe, just maybe
I'll make it alone
Rescued
I thought I was rescued
But you're just a dead dude
And I'm gonna die
There's gotta be a better way
To get out of here
Where do you come from
Cotton Eye Joe?
Let me eat you.
Ahh!
Huh? Come on!
Somebody help!
You're... you're just laying there
like a disgusting, useless sack of shit.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I have to go.
Thanks for your help, kind of.
Why?
No. No, no, no. No.
No, you asshole. Stop it.
Ohh! Ahh!
Water! Water!
What are you doing? What are you doing?
What are you doing?
Okay.
Ah, you're the grossest thing
in this gross world.
Wait. No.
No, please. Please.
Please, I'm sorry. Please don't stop.
What?
Mah... ehh.
Mahn... ehh.
Manny?
Is that your name?
Mahn... ehh.
Hi, Manny. I'm Hank. Um...
Hhh... nk.
Hiiii.
Hi.
Huh... luh.
Hello.
- Hello...

- Hel... lo...
- Hank.
- Hank.
That's very good.
I...
Come on. Talk to me, buddy.
Stop mumbling, please.
Talk to me. Please. Speak up, Manny.
How do you expect anyone to want to talk
to you if you sound retarded?
I sound like my dad.
I'm sorry.
Hey. I didn't mean that.
Hey, you talk however you want.
You can mumble, look at your feet
all day long.
Okay, buddy?
Okay, buddy.
Hi.
Hello.
Why did you hit me? Hey.
Why did you hit me?
I'm sorry. I...
I thought you were dead.
Am I dead?
I don't think so. You're talking.
But I sound retarded.
No, no, you sound great.
Don't say that word. I didn't...
I'm a useless...
- sack of shit?
- No, man.
Hey.
No. No, I didn't mean that.
I was being an asshole.
I'm not a sack of shit?
No, you're amazing.
You're... You're a miracle, or...
or I'm just hallucinating from starvation.
Uh-oh.
This is... This is crazy.
Crazy
- No, no, no, no, no.
- I'm fucking crazy

Hey, hey, hey. Stop. Stop. Stop.
Stop. Stop singing.
You weren't supposed to hear that.
Oh, I like that. Singing.
Okay, can you remember
anything about before, your life?
How you got here? Where we are?
How you saved me?
- Anything?
- Hey, what is that?
Oh, that, no. I...
Don't worry... Don't worry about that.
What's important is that
we find a way to get home.
Okay. I'm trying to remember.
What is home?
This is from home.
It's normally full of these things
called cheese puffs.
Okay.
Um, sometimes, um, your fingers
would be coated in orange after eating it.
And your mom probably
told you to wash your hands,
but I bet you'd just lick it off
when she wasn't looking.
- Anything?
- What?
What?
Wait. Wait, what's supposed to happen?
I don't know. I thought...
thought maybe I could tap
into some sense memory or something,
and, bam, the... the hairs would stand up
on the back of your neck,
and your heart would start pounding
as it all rushes back to you,
everything you left behind.
Your jaw hangs open.
The camera pushes in.
Cue the music.
- You remember "Jurassic Park"!
- What?
You were just singing the theme song.

Laura Dern, the brachiosaurus.
I don't know "Jurassic Park. "
You remember the song.
Manny...
if you don't know "Jurassic Park,"
you don't know shit.
This is from home,
where all the other people are.
- Why is it out here now?
- Oh, it's trash.
It's everything people don't want,
so we hide it.
Why don't people want it anymore?
Well, that's broken.
That's empty.
This is useless.
Smelly. Old.
How'd you get so far from home?
I... I ran away, but that's...
It doesn't matter. That's...
What's important is you
remembering your life.
Okay. What is life?
Uh, okay.
This is you.
This is your body, and...
and that's where your brain is,
and that's where you're going
to remember something.
Humans have evolved over millions
and millions of years to be this way.
- Yeah!
- We do all this stuff,
because it helps us survive... kind of.
What's that?
That's poop.
Poop is when your body
takes everything it doesn't want
and squeezes it out of your butt.
Everything poops. There's a book.
Everybody reads about it
when they're a kid.
People poop every day.
Or extra when they're scared or sick

or right when they die, because, uh,
you shit your pants when you die.

- Oh, God.

- No, it's okay.

People die every day.

What do they do with all the dead people?

- Do they hide them?

- Yeah.

- So I'm like trash?

- No. You're different.

Maybe you fell in radioactive waste,
or maybe you were a special genetically
engineered soldier

who was cryogenically frozen
and sent back in time to save me
and save all of mankind.

Oh, Super Manny, save me!

You've got something in there.

You're like the multipurpose tool guy.

- You're special.

- I'm special?

Yeah. And that's why I need you
to help me get home.

Back in civilization, there's 7 billion
other living people on the planet
just running around and blinking
and breathing and eating,
and you used to be one of them.

You were probably just looking for
happiness. That's what everyone does.

This is what you look like
when you're happy.

Happy.

You look for someone who will make you
happy, a friend, a girlfriend, or a dog.

- Ruff ruff. Good boy.

- Good boy.

Sometimes you might be lucky enough
to bump into the one person
you wanna spend the rest
of your life with,

- and that is love.

- Okay.

You want to go home so you can have love?

Yeah.

But you ran away 'cause nobody loves you?

That's not true.

You're broken and empty and dirty
and smelly and useless and old.

- You're like trash, right?

- Shut up. What...

I'm sorry, Hank.

I'm just saying the things in my head.

Well, you can't just say
everything that comes into your head.

That's bad talking.

Oh. I'm sorry.

Help!

Can anybody hear me?

I'm lost!

What do I do now, Hank?

Manny... just look at them.

Imagine them without their clothes on.

What's underneath their clothes?

You know, their...

boobs and vaginas, butts.

Boobs, vaginas, and butts.

- What do you do with those?

- Manny...

You know, it used to be...

really hard to come by a magazine like
that when I was a kid.

I'd have to go digging

under the bushes by the freeway

and sneak into my dad's stash.

I mean, before the Internet,
every girl was a lot more special.

I bet you probably did the same thing,
make up little love stories
for each of them.

What kind of love stories?

Well...

her name might have been... Jessie.

And you'd imagine

bumping into her on the street

and whisking her off her feet.

Sign a one-year lease together.

Cook dinner together.

Watch Netflix.

Ah.

Hank, something's...

something's going wrong with my boobs.

What do you mean?

They're going crazy.

Holy shit.

Ho... Oh, no. It's stopping.

- Huh.

- Hey.

What is Netflix?

Shit. Uh, n...

Well, that's...

Normally when you go on a date
with a girl,

you'd take her to the theater
to watch a movie,

but when you're... when you're truly
comfortable with someone,
you stay at home and watch Netflix.

Like, you and Jessie would probably stay
at home together all the time,
watching movies.

You'd... You'd fall asleep on the couch,
unless you were throwing
one of your awesome parties.

Then a few years later, you'd...
you'd get married.

You'd have a... a small wedding,
nothing big, and... and you'd have twins,
and you'd have to get a second job to pay
the bills, but you wouldn't care, because...

because you'd be going camping
all the time with your family, and...
and you'd tell her she looks
even more beautiful with gray hairs.

Manny.

Manny, I think my love story
is bringing you back to life!

Oh! Whoa! Whoa!

- It's moving!

- What's happening?

- What is that?

- It's alive!

- What is it?
- It's moving!
Oh, God, I'm disgusting!
No, no. No, no, no, you're not disgusting.
No, my body is disgusting. It's horrible!
No, it's okay. This happens to everybody.
This happens to everybody, it's normal.
- Really? Okay.
- Yeah. Uh...
It's okay. Calm down.
Hey. Hey.
Hey.
Hey. Let's just...
Let's just take this away for a second.
Calm down. It's okay.
Okay.
Holy shit.
Jessie.
Manny, I think your penis
is guiding us home.
Oh.
Hey, nothing's happening, Hank.
You think I'm broken?
Ah, that's okay.
Look, sometimes when you do something
too many times,
it has less of an effect.
It's like the... the law
of diminishing returns.
It happens to everyone.
That's why there are so many fetishes
out there.
- Fetishes?
- Yeah.
See, everybody has
their own special tastes.
Girls must be so nice if they let guys
do all those things to them.
Yes, they are very nice.
Remember when you put
that cork in my butt?
Yeah.
- Did that count as sex?
- Manny, no.

I wanna have sex.

I wish there was some way

I could pretend to do it.

It's called masturbation.

It's kinda like sex.

- But by yourself?

- Yeah.

Masturbating makes people happy?

It's supposed to, sure.

I bet you masturbate a lot.

I can't believe we're talking about this.

Manny, people aren't supposed to talk about this stuff.

Look, I just don't do it very much.

The first time my dad caught me looking at one of those magazines, he got really upset.

Why?

Well, I guess parents don't like knowing that their kids look at that kind of stuff.

That's why they tell them they'll... they'll go to hell or go blind.

But my dad...

He didn't believe in that stuff, so my dad said,

"Hank, uh, when you... you know,

uh, it expends energy,

both in the... in the orgasm

and in the daily reproduction of sperm,

so... so if you do it a lot, it adds up,

and it shortens your life span,

and that's why, on average, males

have shorter life spans,

because they... you know. "

So you were scared of death?

Yeah. I... I was pretty upset.

And then my mom saw that I was crying,

and so she said this ridiculous thing.

She said that she was 40 and I was 11 and,

if I masturbated enough,

I could catch up to her

and, that way, we could die on the exact

same day and never be apart.

I think she was trying to be funny.
Oh.
Ah, it's not funny.
Oh. Okay.
She had a weird sense of humor.
And even if she was right,
I wouldn't have been able to jack off
fast enough to catch up.
She died shortly after.
And so now, when you masturbate,
you think about your mom.
Ah, Manny, no. That's weird.
Weird?
Weird is like... when you do stuff
that nobody else does,
so they make fun of you for it.
So when I say that I can't masturbate
because it makes me think about my mom,
people laugh at you.
But that's fun.
Making people laugh is great.
It's not, because they call you names
like Hanky Wanky,
you have to change schools,
and it's... it's not fun.
Hank, when I masturbate,
I'm gonna think about your mom.
Manny, stop.
But if I think about your mom
when I masturbate,
- then you won't be weird anymore, right?
- No. Just quit talking.
- I'm just trying to help.
- Well, you're not,
so stop talking and stop asking questions.
Should I just go back to being dead?
Yes, you should. Die in a fire.
Manny, hey.
Manny, I'm sorry I got upset.
Focus. Are we going the right way?
Manny.
Buddy, I need you.
I need you, your special compass.
Okay.

Holy...

Something enormous took a dump here.

We better be careful.

Ohh!

Careful.

- Hey, Hank.

- Quiet.

I thought you wanted me
to start talking again.

I do. But right now,
I need you to be quiet.

Well, I'm still not very good at
controlling the volume of my voice, Hank.

- You have to teach me...

- Manny.

What is your face doing?

Why are your eyes so big?

Manny, this is what fear looks like.

Why are you afraid of that poop?

- I'm scared of whatever took that poop.

- But why, though?

Because only huge, scary things
take poops that big.

So what? Everything poops.

Yes, but if it finds us, it will eat us
and push us out its butt
and turn us into poop.

Aah! Manny, run!

Hank!

Why are we moving so fast?

What...

Raah!

Wow.

Hank.

What am I looking at?

That's a... a phone.

Phone is beautiful.

No, no, no, no, no. That's just a picture
of a girl on a phone.

What? Where'd it go? What are you doing?

What are you doing?

- We should turn it off to save power.

- No. But it's mine.

Manny...

The phone is on low battery
with no signal.
We've gotta turn it off so we can find
help once we're closer to home.
I have a lot of questions
about all the things you just said.
Just trust me.
Hmm?
Just trust me.
Fuck.
Can I look at her again?
Can I see her again?
Now can I see her?
Please?
Maybe...
Maybe you could dress up, like before,
so I could remember?
Dress up?
No, Manny, we need to find food.
We need to get out of here,
or else I'm going to die.
But we've tried all of those things.
Hank, what if I knew her?
Maybe she's my friend,
or my girlfriend or my wife.
It's like you said,
love is bringing me back to life.
I'm your multipurpose tool guy.
That sounds really...
Stupid.
Hurry, before you starve and die.
- Oh, my God.
- I'm sorry.
You look beautiful.
You think I look beautiful?
Of course I do.
No, I... Really?
Well, is it working?
Are... Are you remembering anything?
Uh...
yeah.
What's my name?
Laura...
- Dern?

- Manny!

Oh, no! Hank, I'm so sorry.

Please, let me try again.

Do you have any idea what people
back at home would think

- if they saw me dressed like this?

- Oh, but let me try one more time.

Hank, please.

But now that I've seen her,

I can't get her out of my head,

and I don't know if that's a thing

that happens or if I'm just weird,

but something tells me she is the one

I'm supposed to bump into

and spend the rest of my life with,

and maybe if we can just find a way for me

to remember her,

then, bam, it'll all come

rushing back to me,

and the hairs on the back of my neck

will stand up, and I can save you.

Wow. That talking was good.

Yeah. See? It's working already.

What are you doing?

I'm singing a song

so you won't overthink things.

Well?

Uh...

What should I do now?

Um...

okay, maybe you talk to her.

What do I talk about?

Just, you know, whatever comes naturally.

Hello.

I don't know why,

but I have this sudden urge

to put my mouth on your mouth.

Okay, that's called kissing,

but you can't do that yet.

That's too fast.

Oh. Uh...

How 'bout if I put my penis in you?

- That's even worse.

- Oh, I'm so sorry.

What about if I just did the tip,
like, just the very beginning...
Okay, Manny, it's not about sex.
Okay? It's...
Okay.
Okay.
Welcome to the bus.
This is how people like us get places
if we're too poor to drive ourselves.
Oh, yeah.
There are other people.
Yeah.
Hello. Hello, everybody.
Buses are for people
who don't know each other.
They read books. They listen to music.
- And we all sing songs together, right?
- No!
No, no, no, the other people
will stare at you if you sing,
so you listen to your own music.
- Oh.
- Here.
If it hadn't been
For Cotton Eye Joe
I'd be married
A long time ago...
As you listen...
stare out the window.
Oh. And I watch the world go by.
Wasn't for Cotton Eye
Cotton Eye Joe...
So this is it.
This is the life I've forgotten.
Oh, when I get back home,
I am gonna ride the bus every day.
Manny, this is just the beginning.
Every day, you ride the bus
and count the minutes,
hoping you'll see her again.
Oh, my God.
She smiles,
and you feel a strange tingle
up the back of your neck.

Something carnal inside of you
causes your body to break out in sweats.
You feel like the luckiest man
in the world.
She sits alone, just like every other day,
and looks out the window
lost in her thoughts.
You know that look.
She's just as alone as you are.
But she doesn't have to be.
You could talk to her.
Tell her you'd love to sit next to her
today and every other day,
because life is short, and no one deserves
to ride the bus alone.
I want this to stop.
- It's not working?
- No.
She's too beautiful.
I can't talk to her now.
What if I say something stupid?
I'll just wanna die.
She's right there.
You're not gonna do anything?
What would you do?
I would...
I would probably wait,
and watch her get off the bus
and go home and eat
a whole box of pizza by myself.
Manny, I should tell you the truth.
I'm not really good at this stuff.
Oh, right. Nobody loves you.
Try these on.
My eyeballs can't see as well.
But you look mysterious,
and girls like mysterious.
- You feel cool, right?
- I guess.
- You look cool.
- Oh! What are you doing?
All you have to do is talk to her.
- I believe in you.
- Whoa!

Are you sitting alone?

- Yeah.

- So you're a freak.

What?

Now you're not.

So what are you listening to?

It's a song I wrote for you.

- Hank?

- Hmm?

Pick up my hand.

Okay, now put it on her hand.

Okay. I wanna look at her.

My name is Manny.

My name is S...

Sarah.

- Sarah.

- That's her name?

- Sarah Johnson.

- Sarah Johnson?

Yeah, Sarah Johnson.

Manny, your face.

Oh, this is what

I look like when I'm happy.

We have to get home, Hank.

We have to get home, so I can find Sarah
and have twins with her and work two jobs

- and grow old.

- Manny, my hand.

Manny, help me get home.

Pop popcorn, pop popcorn

Wow.

Bah bah bah, bah bah bah

Bah bah bah, bah bah bah
Bah bah bah, bah bah bah
Now we killed a raccoon
We are using your body
like it's a machine gun
Now we are shooting some fish
Our friendship is blossoming
Let's eat the stuff we killed
Now we started a fire
I have to admit
I'm enjoying your company
Are we falling in love?
All we ever needed
Is a montage
Oh.
What was that?
True
Friendship
Vodka.
Let's have a party.
Yeah. Let's invite everyone we know.
Everyone! We're having a party!
Manny, I need to tell you
something. You...
Whoo! Whoa!
Little tipsy.
Whoa.
Sarah...
I think you're the one.
I've never been happier.
Manny... look at me.
The more you're gonna see of me,
the more you're not gonna like me.
It's diminishing returns and whatever.
- Sarah, do you ever masturbate?
- What?
I have this friend called Hank
and he won't masturbate,
'cause it makes him think about his mom.
Manny, that... that was between us.
No, listen. Sarah...
Sarah.
So, Hank's mom died
when he was very, very little,

and so it makes him upset
to think about her.

And so even though masturbation
makes him happy,
he won't do it.

Okay.

I don't know exactly what
masturbation is or how it works,
but I guess it probably feels
a lot like the wind in your hair
or driving really fast in a car
or taking a bite out of your favorite food
or dancing with your friends
or singing your favorite song
or riding the bus
or looking out of windows.

Now, why would you ever say no to that?

I just think his mom would want him
to be happy.

Don't you?

Yeah. I think so.

And what would make you happy right now?

Maybe...

- I'm really drunk.

- Oh, yeah. Me, too.

- We should go to bed.

- Yeah.

Uh, Hank, will you just take my head
out of the window?

Thank you.

Sleep well.

Morning, Hank.

How'd you sleep?

It's late.

Better get a move on.

Hank, thanks to you,

I'm gonna get to see her soon... for real.

I have this feeling,

and I don't know what to call it.

It's like I feel like even though

I'm on top of you right now,

touching you physically,

there's something stuck in between us.

Whoa!

I also feel like
you have something to say,
but you don't know what to say,
and so neither of us is saying anything,
and for some reason,
I feel like this might go on forever.

- Is that a thing?

- No, it's not a thing.

So no one's ever felt this way before?

You might be the first one ever
in the history of mankind.

Oh.

That has just made me
have another feeling, and I...

Manny, please,
no more feelings right now.

Oh, wow.

Oh, wow.

Oh, Hank, I think...

I think I'm feeling fear.

Not now, Manny.

No, really, I'm scared.

I'm scared, 'cause I think if I die,
I might really miss you.

Oh, you're the worst.

Heartless

How were you heartless?

I saw your sadness

And made it my own

Crazy Tell me if you don't mind

The immediate wonder,

the fatal attraction

Totally crazy

Told you to run like the wind

We've gotta depend on each other

- We're fucking crazy

- I want to climb in your brain

Devour the webbing,

and know your opinions

- We won't ever stop

- But you're still afraid of the shame

I promise I'll fix it,

it's all for a reason

You just have to remember

That we're all here for a purpose
And the universe picks its time
Everything, everywhere
matters to everything
Everything, everywhere
matters to everything
Everything, everywhere
matters to everything...

Are you excited to see everyone
when you get home?

Yeah, I guess.

You'll be able to see your dad.

Yeah, he's probably been
wondering where you are.

Well, we haven't really kept up.
I mean, we tried the whole calling
each other on our birthdays thing,
but, you know, that eventually went away.
Why? What happened?

Well, a few years back, he forgot to call.
He didn't really know how to say
sorry, but I could tell he felt bad,
so I taught him how to set up
an automated birthday e-card.

That's like a letter
you get on your phone.
It automatically sends me
a birthday card every year,
so that way, he'll never forget.

I mean, I always forgot his as well,
so I set one up, too.

Wow. I wonder if my dad
and I did that, too.

I hope I sent him
an automated card every day.
It's nothing special.
If I died out here,
some website would send him a birthday
card every year for the rest of his life.
He probably wouldn't even know I was gone.
Well, that's not true. He cares about you.

Yeah.

Yeah, he's my dad.
But he just doesn't...

I mean, he ought to show it sometimes.

Why wouldn't he want to show that?

Neither of us were good at talking.

Sometimes it's hard for people
to show how they feel.

That's retarded.

- Manny, don't use that word.

- When I get back home,
I'm gonna show Sarah how much I care
about her every single day.

Whenever she wants, she's thirsty
or whatever, she can drink my spit,
and then she can ride my gas
to wherever she wants to go.

You can't use your gas in front
of other people.

What? Why not?

Because it's weird.

People don't like other people's farts.

Is that why you don't fart in front of me?

No. I just...

like to do it alone or hold it in.

That's what you're supposed to do.

That's so sad.

That's so sad!

What are we even going back home for?

It sounds like you're not allowed to do
anything back there.

Yeah.

Maybe we should just stay out here.

And never go home?

This'll be our home.

We could make our own rules
and do whatever we want to.

Ah, we could start a band.

And we could build a house in the trees.

Yeah, with a home movie theater system.

And a recording studio.

Yeah, we could sing songs
as loud as we want.

- Yeah!

- Yeah!

Yeah.

- Yeah, you and me.

- Yeah. Heh.
I have to pee.
I'm sitting on this rock
Such a comfy rock
Hank's gone to pee
It is so nice here
Nice and dark and warm
Hank's gone...
Manny, I have something
amazing to show you,
but I need to tell you something first.
Hank, I have something to say to you, too.
No, I need to go first.
Look... I needed you to help me get home,
and then one thing led to another,
and then suddenly I had a friend,
and I was too scared
to tell you the truth,
but this is my phone, Manny, not yours.
And Sarah...
is a girl I saw on the bus every day,
but I never had the courage
to even talk to her.
I didn't think someone like her
would ever wanna be with me.
I didn't even wanna be with me.
Eventually...
What?
Yeah, that's what I wanted
to tell you, Hank.
There's a giant raccoon,
and it's eating our food.
Shh.
What were you saying about Sarah?
Sarah.
Manny.
Manny. Manny!
Down.
What was Sarah doing with that guy?
That's her real life.
Can we talk about it later?
She was never even mine?
Why didn't you tell me?
I wanted to.

I was too embarrassed.
Embarrassed?
You made me think I was in love
with someone
who never even knew I existed,
but I'm just a lonely,
loser weirdo, really?
We don't need her anymore!
We got each other!
Shit, shit, shit.
Wow.
Oof!
Look.
Hey!
Hey! Look over here! Please help us!
What is this?
Those are cars, Manny.
If we can get down...
I know those are fucking cars.
I'm talking about life.
What is life?
Manny...
what is that flashing in my head? It...
Are you crying?
I don't know. Is this crying?
I don't like it.
It's wet and uncomfortable,
and, oh, God, why am I shaking now?
Just breathe. This is normal.
Just try to think about happy thoughts.
I'm...
Manny, whatever
you are doing, please stop.
I'm... I'm just thinking.
- Well, stop thinking.
- I can't help it.
This is a thought, and this is a thought,
and this is a thought,
thought, thought, thought.
These are all thoughts,
and sometimes thoughts
become other thoughts.
Thoughts like, if my best friend
keeps his farts from me...

...what else is he hiding from me?
And why does that thought
make me feel so alone?
Manny, we have to try to think
about something else.
It's not healthy to fixate
on these things.
I just had a thought about a thought.
How do you hide your thoughts,
and why do we have to hide everything?
Manny, this is just another power
your body has.
You can learn to control it.
So I guess my brain is just weird, too?
What do you do with thoughts like this?
I used to lie there.
I used to be empty,
and then you came along.
And I don't want this anymore.
Manny, please. I'm going to die.
We're gonna die. That's a thought.
Everybody dies.
I'm sorry if this makes me weird
or you don't understand,
but I wish I was dead again.
No, Manny.
I understand.
So I guess you're gonna die now.
It really feels like it's my fault.
No, Manny. It's not your fault.
I probably would have
done it myself eventually.
God knows I've tried,
but there was always something there,
some thought that was beautiful enough
to keep me going.
Maybe that's just something the brain
invents to survive.
Yeah. Like maybe your brain invented me
to distract you from the fact
that eventually your eyes
are gonna stop blinking
and your mouth will stop chewing
and your blood will stop pumping...

and then you're gonna shit yourself.

- And that's it.

- No.

No, that's not it.

Because then my organs are
going to shit themselves.

And then your cells will shit themselves,
and then all your shit's gonna get mixed
in with everyone else's shit
till there's nothing left of you,
and then that's it.

I don't know, man.

That sounds kind of nice,
everyone's shit mixing,
because then someday some of your shit
is gonna meet up with some of my shit,
and we'll have something
to look forward to, you know?

You're disgusting.

Manny.

Manny, you idiot.

You dumb idiot.

Oh, you look like shit.

Ah, yeah. Yeah. So do you.

- Thank you.

- Hey... Hank.

Hank.

Wow. There she is.

Oh, shit.

No, Manny, shh! Manny, stop singing!

- Manny! No!

- Hank, what are you doing?

- This is home.

- No!

This is what we've been
fighting for, right?

No! No. Oh, come on...

- Manny, this is a bad idea!

- No, it's a great idea.

Manny, let go of me!

Maybe you could finally talk to her, Hank.

You can finally show her all the things
we built for her and sing her the songs...

Manny! Shut up! You don't

know the real world, Manny.
What if they meet you and
they don't see what I see?
What if they don't...
That's stupid.
From the first day we met,
you've been pushing me and poking me,
making me spit, making me cry.
Manny!
How come I never get to see you do
any of those things?
Because I'm scared.
Okay?
Because I'm just a scared,
ugly, useless person.
But maybe everyone's a little bit ugly.
Yeah, maybe we're all just ugly,
dying sacks of shit,
and maybe all it'll take is one person
to just be okay with that,
and then the whole world
will be dancing and singing and farting,
and everyone will feel
a little bit less alone.
Manny, you have no idea
how nice that sounds.
Hello.
Are you dressed up for Halloween?
No. Uh...
No, we're just a little dirty and tired.
What's wrong with your face?
Nothing. We just need some help.
My name's Manny,
and this is my best friend Hank.
I used to be dead,
but then he brought me back to life,
and we were lost out there in the woods
for a very long time,
but we survived, because I have
special powers.
Manny.
Manny.
- That's gross.
- No.

No, it's not gross.
God, no.
Don't be afraid.
Don't be afraid. It's okay.
I'm scary, Hank. I guess I was wrong.
I am weird.
Manny, don't say that.
She just doesn't understand.
Crissie?
What is it?
Crissie?
Crissie, get inside.
Who are you?
What are you doing in my backyard?
He's Manny. He used to be dead.
Crissie, let Mommy talk, okay?
He was lost in the woods. He needs help.
What?
Is that true?
You okay?
Just wait here.
Hey. Hey.
See that? That wasn't so bad.
Did you see the way she looked at me?
I'm not very good at this.
No. No, hey, bud,
you're the best at this. Okay?
I'm sorry, Hank.
Hey, Manny. Manny, don't be stupid.
Please don't tell Sarah
how much I loved her.
Manny.
Manny.
Hey.
Hey. Manny.
Manny. Manny.
Manny.
Here. Come sit down, okay?
I called for help.
Come on.
This is some fucked-up shit.
You really think he just found the body?
The abrasions seem to have
happened postmortem,

and discoloration on the abdomen
tells me he's probably a bridge jumper.
We find their bodies washed up
on the beach all the time.
That must be where he found him,
so actually checks out.
What do they do with him now?
He'll spend two weeks in the morgue
while they try to figure out
who the hell he is,
and when nobody comes to claim
the body, because nobody ever does,
the county can pay for a funeral
no one'll show up to,
because obviously no one cared
about this son of a bitch to begin with.

Hey.

Yeah?

- Don't I know you?

- Hey.

- Manny, there you are.

- You look familiar.

Are you ready? We are going live
in five minutes.

Right this way. Turn around.

Right this way.

It's all so exciting, isn't it?

- They're gonna love your story.

- Find anything on the cell phone?

They're checking it out right now.

- There she is.

- That's the phone?

Stand right here. Don't go anywhere.

It's all right.

- You the father?

- Yes.

We found your number in this phone,
and there's no I.D. on the body,
so we just need somebody
to identify the body.

Ready?

No. No.

I'm sorry.

I just wanted to check in, make sure

you're okay. You all right?

This must all be really
overwhelming for you,
so just let me know if you need
anything, okay?

Excuse me. Ma'am, I have something
I need to show you.

Can you come with me?

Good luck on your interview.

So they found this phone on the body,
and there are these images.

Manny? Manny, there you are.

- Do you know...

- This is...

We're going live in just a few seconds.

- Right this way.

- Keep swiping.

And turn around. Here's the camera.

Do not go anywhere.

- You don't know this young man?

- No, I don't.

Look right into it.

Your friends are gonna see you.

Five, four, three, two...

Thanks, Jonathan. We're here live with
the man who we know simply as Manny...

- Hey! What are you doing, son?

- ... a man who stumbled into the backyard

- of a local Eastborough home...

- I'm not Manny.

And your name?

- My name is Hank Thompson.

- We're here with Hank Thompson...

And that's Manny.

He saved my life with his amazing body,
and he has these powers,

and they're the only reason

that I'm standing here today,

- and I will not let them take him away.

- Okay.

Wait. What's going on?

This is... This is your phone?

Why... Why am I in your phone?

I'm sorry.

You just seemed really happy,
and I wasn't.
What the fuck?
Hey, buddy.
Hank, what are you trying to do to me?
What would your mother think?
I think she'd be happy somebody loves me.
Hank. Hank! That's a dead body.
- What are you, retarded?
- Dad, don't say that word.
No! Manny!
Manny, where are you?
Crissie? Crissie!
Crissie!
- Sorry, bud.
- Sir!
Sir! Stop!
- Hank!
- Crissie!
Crissie, come out right now!
Sir, where are you going?
I got you.
Come on. Stay with me.
I won't let them take you away.
I won't let them take you to some morgue
and bury you in some unmarked grave.
Please, I just need you to wake up!
Hank!
- Crissie!
- Crissie!
Hank, where are you?
Sir, stop!
Sir, you've gotta get out of the river.
What is this?
Oh, fuck. They're gonna see everything.
Crissie!
I really screwed you up, didn't I?
I'm sorry.
I just wanted to give you all the things
in life that everyone else gets to have
and all the things I thought
I didn't deserve to have till I met you.
And they might laugh at us.
They might call us names,

and they might think we're weird,
but it doesn't matter what they think.
Just please...
don't die.
Hey.
You made all that?
Yes.
Yes.
We did it...
together.
And we sang, and we danced...
Oh, my God.
...and it was beautiful.
I wish you all could have been there.
I wish you all could have seen it.
We just have to show them.
What the fuck?
Wait.
Oh, Jesus.
It was me.
I did it.
All right, let's go.
Manny.
Come on.
Manny.
Come on.
All right, man, that's enough, okay?
- That wasn't me.
- What?
What the fuck?
Restless
Walking 'round restless
It's such a good night, man
For being alone
Interest
Nothing but interest
I think I lost it
Forever ago
Is there any way
To get out of here?
Out there
Further than distance
There is an instance
Searching for home

I'll try
Try to believe it
Try to conceive it
By using your bone
There's gotta be a way
to get out of here
Restless
How are you breathless?
Tired, but restless
The lacking of tone
Heartless
How were you heartless?
I see your sadness
And make it my own
There's gotta be a better way
To get out of here.
Where did you come from?
Where did you go?
Where did you come from?
Where did you go?
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