



Scripts.com

The Party Is Over

By Julian Camillieri

1

(Siren wailing)

Man (Sighing):

You know,
we were just
gonna release you.
But I got curious
when my deputy told me
that you, uh, Fino,
you were recently
arrested
for sexually assaulting
another student.

(Chuckles)

And you, uh,
will,
have a sex tape
on your person.
Yeah.

And you, uh...

Uh, "Natton"?

No, it's Natan. "Natan"?

That's a lovely name.

You, Natan, appear
to be dressed as a...

Well, a young
Mrs. Doubtfire.

[]

(sports plays on TV)

Oh! Sorry. I'm sorry!

(Whistling)

Nice, thank you.

Yeah.

Yes, god damn it.

Yes.

[]

(excited chattering)

Man:

(Muffled rock music playing)

Oh, fuck!

(Rock music plays)

Check out that

girl over there.

Oh, head scarf.

Nice.

What do you think she's doing here?

What, she can't be here?

Just 'cause she wears that thing doesn't mean they lock her up at night.

It's unusual, not something we normally see in our living room.

Oh, normal. Okay.

Mr. normal over here.

Well, I'm sorry, Mr. normal, but some people are different.

Grab me another beer.

You came to your own party.

That's so cool.

(Indistinct)

(Chuckling)

I am so high.

Marco, go home.

Go home.

He doesn't even smoke.

Bullshit.

Dude. Oh, this guy.

What the fuck, man?

Where were you?

Sleeping on the job.

I don't know what happened.

I passed out hard.

Let me get a drink first.

Hey, how are you?

Oh, Nia's here.

You invited her, man?

Yeah, man. It's all good.

Don't worry about it.

Jesus.

Hey, what's up?

Hey.

So I was in this English class once, and there was this girl who wore a head scarf, and i would stare at her all the time.

Doing the class creep thing?

Oh, yeah.

I dabble in class creep for sure.
As we all do.
Anyway, one day before class,
she just whips off her scarf
and starts combing her hair right there.
Like "girls gone wild"?
You joke,
but I'm serious.
I was, like,
completely taken aback.
She had the most
gorgeous long wavy hair.
I don't know what it was,
but as soon as I saw that,
seriously,
I got a fucking
full-on hard-on.
No, I'm serious, okay?
I'm talking like
you wake up from a nap,
you got a super-boner, you got
that cock-stretching skin.
Do you know what I'm talking about?
Hell, yeah.
So is your boyfriend coming?
Yes, David is coming.
"David"? Okay, good.
I'm glad.
You told me to invite him.
I know.
I want to meet him.
Yeah, I flirt with you,
make inside jokes,
and then tease him for having
to deal with you later.
I'm like the bad guy
in a romantic comedy.
Romantic comedies, huh?
You always did like
the lighter side of life.
Hi.
David, this is Fino.
Nice to finally
meet you, David.

"Obsessed" is the word
that I'm looking for.
He is obsessed with this girl
and what her hair looks like.
What the fuck, man?
Natan! Hey!
I was just talking about you.
Introduce yourself.
Hi, I'm Natan. Nice to meet you.
Hi.
So, what happened?
Oh, uh... well, you can explain.
Nah.
Come on.
Okay. Um...
Well, I, uh...
I finally saw her hair,
'cause she was combing it,
and I got
an unexpected
erection.
That's a sweet story. Yeah, I
mean, boners are so romantic.
Sana, why don't you
show him some hair?
Yeah. Give him
a little peek.
Shut up, sluts. You two could
afford to cover up a little bit.
The story's not supposed
to be romantic, okay?
It's just, you don't expect
hair to be so arousing.
I guess body parts
gain sexual power, depending
on how you treat them.
People can forget how
beautiful hair can be.
If you cover it up
and only show it
during intimate situations
like other parts of your body,
it can be very erotic.
Glad you agree.

(Chattering)

I can't. We can
all use one more.

I'm gonna regret this. To the
grand opening of fucked-up city!

Yeah!

(Shudders)

Good.

[]

(shouts, whoops)

Yeah, it's just like all these
rules, like not smoking,
not showing certain
body parts...

All these things can make you
a more attractive woman.

David,

are you all right?

Kill me now!

(Retching)

So, you don't drink...

You don't drink at all.

You've never drank.

No, I don't.

I'm not saying that people
should join a certain group,
but if they do, they
should follow the rules.

That's reasonable. You know what?

Fuck drinking.

Seriously. Hangovers

are the worst,

and it makes you fat.

The freshman 15 is from Jager
shots and Miller Lites.

Yeah, but I know,

like...

I know plenty

of pathetic dudes

who lost their virginity

just because of Miller

lite and Jager shots.

Another great point. I mean,

do I feel guilty about

easily staying at 120 pounds and
not getting date-raped? No.
I could've just roofied your
pineapple juice right now.
I'm not drinking
pineapple juice.
Oh, fuck.
Are you serious?
Oh, somebody's got your
virgin roofie colada.
Oh, god.
Hilarious.
Hey, bud,
don't drink that.
Oh, fuck.
Natan said you had some old
movies you wanted to show me.
(Nervous chuckle)
Yeah.
Yeah, maybe sometime I'll show you.
Show me now.
(Muttering) Oh,
David, are you okay?
Strong arms. What are
you gonna do with him?
I'll just take him home.
Are you sure?
He can crash here.
No, I'm on my way out.
I'll just take him with me.
The guy's done for.
(Grunts)
Besides, you don't want him
puking on everybody.
No, no, no, no.
Thank you so much.
Okay, sit down.
Okay, if you get uncomfortable
at any time, just let me know.
Okay.
Okay.
(Man moaning)
This is not
what I expected.

Well, what did
you expect?
Not homemade
pornography.
So you don't like it?
No, I don't like it.
Who are these people, anyway?
Your parents?
My parents?
No, of course not.
Well, then, who are they? Whose house
did you break into to make this?
I didn't make this.
I just bought it.
That's even worse. Who did you buy
it off of? Some Somalian peddler?
It's not a kidney off the
black market, it's a porno.
It's gross. Why would
you show this to me?
Because you asked me to.
You begged me to show you.
I didn't know it was
gonna be like this.
These people are old and saggy.
This turns you on?
I am just trying to say
that these are
real people
experiencing real sexual
love with each other.
But they didn't agree
to let you watch them.
That's probably somebody's mom.
They might be grandparents.
They're not actors. That's
what's weird about it, will.
Okay, listen, Sarah. This
is supposed to be fun.
There is nothing
to feel bad about.
(Moaning continues)
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.

I can't. I can't.
I got to go.
Okay, okay. I'm sorry.
I will take you home.
I'm just not as open as you are.
Yeah, no.
No, it's not you. I think
I've got some issues.
Yeah, I think you do.
Cheers.
Cheers.
Mm. Mm.
(Coughs)
Oh.
Fino, Fino...
Hmm?
What were you gonna
ask me earlier, Fino?
Uh, I don't remember.
I think you do, Fino.
You're nutso.
Let me try to think.
Yeah, okay, I remember.
Lay it on me, Fino.
I'll tell you
anything you want.
All right.
I was, um, wondering
if you ever let David
get rough with you.
You know,
like we used to.
Ask David to get rough?
Yeah.
You never asked him?
No, never.
Why not?
David took three shots
and literally had
to be carried home.
We don't fuck with the lights on. I don't
even know what his penis looks like.
So you don't even
want to let him try?

No, Fino.
It... it would be
disappointing.
So why couldn't we have
stopped all that stuff?
I don't really want to
talk about this anymore.
Because that's basically what you're
doing now, but with some doofus.
Hey. Boring sex aside,
he's a really nice guy.
Oh. That's what
you like, right?
Nice guys.
You know, for
whatever reason, Fino,
you were the only guy
who would...
Indulge me.
And it pissed me off
you didn't want to anymore.
Great.
I got to get
another drink.
Fino... Fino...
Sana! Hey, sana!
Hey!
Hey!
Uh, can I call you
sometime?
I don't really
date that much.
Who said anything
about a date?
Who said anything about a date?
Oh, well, okay.
Just kidding.
But seriously, uh,
maybe we should.
That'd be weird.
Um, charming, but I don't think
it would be very appropriate.
Not even as friends?
Sana?

I guess
i could do that.
Okay.
See ya.
I'm calling you.
Oh, and I'm not gonna
show you my hair, pervert.
You're good.
She's...
Very good.
High and tight.
Thanks, Fino.
I had fun.
I'm sorry about David.
Don't worry about it.
He'll be all right.
Talk to you later?
Yeah.
(Sighs)
Last time...
I promise.
Yeah, I'll, uh,
let you know.
(Coughs)
What the fuck's
wrong with you?
(Exhales sharply)
(Making explosion noises)
Don't do that.
Yo!
What up?
Where were you?
Fino!
Yeah?
Where'd you end up
last night, dude?
Nia's.
I knew it! You actually
can't say no, can you?
Saying no is hard.
Will made a girl cry.
You roofie'd
a Muslim girl's drink.
She was a terrorist.

She was actually
a very, very sweet girl.
You're sweet. What happened? You
guys go nuts on each other?
Yeah. I walked over there,
kicked in the door,
slapped her around,
pinned her down.
The usual sort of deal.
Why would you invite her?
You knew that would happen.
I know.
She taunted me like a Spanish
bull, and I went for it.
You know, one time, me and this chick
choked each other while we fucked.
I'm feeling better already.
When was that?
Last summer.
I went on tour with
Trevor's band, and, uh,
me and their merch girl...
Her name was, uh, Sandy...
Um, we kind of hit it off,
and one night
towards the end of the week, we found
ourselves in the back of the Van
with a bottle
of peach vodka.
You know how that goes.
So...
I was on top,
and, uh,
I put my hand against the back
panel, sort of bracing myself,
and my other hand
was on her collarbone.
And I think she thought I was
being aggressive or something,
so she put her hand
on my throat,
kind of matching
my movements, sort of,
and after a minute, I was like, "fuck that."

I'm gonna choke her back."
So there we are in the back of the
Van, choking each other and fucking.
(Groaning)
Oh, man.
Oh, I'm sorry,
guys.
I know I'm a little bit
of a mess.
What you're doing
is dysfunctional,
but at the end of the day,
what are you doing?
You're satisfying
a beautiful woman.
Now, there's nothing wrong with that.
I hope you're right.
Fino, I've got an idea
that'll cheer you up.
It's not the best move
for you in terms of morality,
but I'm pretty sure it'll
make you feel better. What?
Oh, it's good.
It's good.
[]
well, I'll write it
all down for you
bitter teeth bitter tune
bitter you
well, you sew what you sew
what you say
still you kill love
when you can
and why? Why would you
kill this world, my son?
and why?
why would you
leave it all for naught?
(vocalizing)
why would these words have
claimed come from you?
you never got a
handstand blow job? No.

That's not like a real thing
that people do.

(Indistinct)

(Knock on door)

Who is it?

It's the cops.

No shit? Do you think the
gym called the cops?

You've gone to these things
too many times, man.

No way. That's...

Calm down, all right?

I'm sure it's fine.

I'll see what it is.

Hi.

Can I help you?

Yes. Does Fino Fiorenzo
live here?

That's me. Is there
something wrong?

Fino, we need to speak with you.

Can you step outside?

Sure.

Did Fino just leave?

I don't know.

Policeman:

you know a Nia green?

Fino:

my ex-girlfriend.

She's your ex-girlfriend?

Uh-huh.

Well, Fino,

we're here to tell you
that Nia and her family
came into the station
to report that you
sexually assaulted her.

My god.

Are you serious?

Yes. We are

very serious.

But we want to hear your side of the story.

She's lying.
That's my side of the story.
So the cuts,
the scratches,
the bruises,
did you do all that to Nia
the night you guys had sex?
Think he's in trouble?
No, I'm sure he's fine.
At this point, Fino, we're gonna
need to take you in to the station.
You're taking me in?
Yes, that's correct.
God damn it, Nia.
I'm sorry,
what's going on here?
I'm gonna need you
to stay right there.
Call my parents,
tell them what happened.
Okay.
All right.
(Exhales) I will
heat some coffee.
So, um,
this thing
the police said
you did to this girl,
is it true?
Well, on a purely
technical level...
"On a... on a purely
technical level"?
You know, why do you have
to be such a wise-ass?
Do you think this is
a fucking joke?
No, it's not a joke! Why would
you do this to somebody?
Is this the way I taught you...
To treat people like shit?
No. Papa,
let me explain.

Mother:

Enzo, let him talk.

Fuck, my shirt!

Sit down, sit down.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

It's just that when...

You hear the police say something
like that about your son,
you just want to
shit yourself.

I'm going to make you
a coffee, huh?

Damn it. Coffee. All the
goddamn time, coffee.

Pour a shot
in it, will ya?

I'm sorry if
i fucked up your shirt
or wrang your neck or
whatever... I'm out of control.

Papa, it's okay. Just let me explain.
Please explain.

Enzo, let him talk.

Fino, tell us
what happened.

Well, when Nia and i
were dating,
we started
experimenting
a little,
and it got to
a point where
I was pretending to
take advantage of her,
and she was pretending
to resist me.

And that escalated to fake
sexual assault-type situations,
and we broke up because the appeal
wore off for me, but not for her.

Wow.

This is so sick.

I mean, she is such

a sick fucking person.
Why would she want that done to her?
Enzo...
Why would you want to do it to her?

Brother:

I'd let her shit in my
mouth if she wanted.
Would you shut
the fuck up?
Get the fuck out of here. I'm serious.
Go sleep with the dogs.
Papa, I'm sorry. Fino, I'm sorry.
Marco, take it easy.
You really don't
understand?
No, I don't
really understand.
What am I supposed
to understand?
This sounds like Sado-masochism
to me, like bullshit.
I was obsessed with her. I
would've done anything she wanted.
It doesn't make sense to say,
"I'll try this and not that."
That's bullshit.
What does that mean?
You know, what if she told you to
stick an ice pick in your dick.
Because you've done this,
you're gonna do that too?
"Oh, because I did this,
i gotta do that."
You know, that's...
That stinks.
She loved it,
and it wasn't
my favorite thing to do.
It was like wrangling
a wild animal every time.
It sounds
difficult, Fino.
Thanks, mama.

It got complicated.
Because I didn't like it,
the meanness
of the situation
would build up,
which made it more real,
and that made her
like it even more.
Fino, tell us what happened
this weekend.
I saw Nia
at a party.
She wanted to get rough
one more time. I agreed.
Fino, you are a sweet boy without
a mean bone in your body.
I know that.
You know that.
You would not hurt
someone intentionally
unless she...
Asked you to do it
or whatever.
Thank you, mama.
So this is important.
Listen.
What she asked you
to do this weekend...
Are you sure
it's what she wanted?
That's exactly the point.
Are you sure
that's what she wanted?
Yes, I'm sure.
Well, then, why would
she call the police?
I don't know.
Sana. Sana! Hey.
Oh, hey, Natan.
How's it going?
Uh, good, good.
Kind of been a weird week,
actually, to be honest.
Sorry I didn't call you back the other day.

I've just been really busy.

Oh, don't worry about it. Oh, what do you study, by the way?

I never asked you.

Oh, bio.

Cool.

How about you?

Uh, film and TV.

Oh, that's cool.

Yeah, I've actually been developing this web series for the past year.

I'm writing, directing, acting, everything.

Oh.

How's that going?

It's a lot of work, but it's good, it's fun.

What's it about?

Well, I play this character who looks and acts just like a younger version of Mrs. Doubtfire, from the movie, and she moves from Scotland to L.A. to live with a couple college-age stoners.

Wow, so it's like a prequel.

Uh, not really.

The character looks and acts just like Robin Williams' character from the movie, but it's supposed to be a total coincidence.

Okay, and so the stoners can't figure out if she's pretending or actually has never heard of Mrs. Doubtfire

and just happens to act and look just like her.

Exactly. Yeah, that's the fun, I guess.

That's pretty bold.

Yeah.

So do you play
one of the stoners?

No, no, I, uh...

I play Mrs. Doubtfire,
but with a different name.

So you dress
like a woman?

I have been, yeah.

(Laughs)

Oh, sorry. That's...

That's really funny.

Yeah, but there's this
whole conceptual side too.

It's a parody, but I'm
trying to contribute to
this whole Mrs. Doubtfire
folklore, you know?

Where the character keeps
coming back in fiction
and is always played
by a man.

Interesting.

What's it called?

"Euphegenia."

That's her first name.

Cool. Well, I hope it
works out for you. Yeah.

You know, you should come
by set and watch us film.

Oh, I can't.

I actually...

I have to go.

I got to run. Sorry.

We're shooting all next week.

Anytime is great.

Call me. We'll see.

Bye, Natan.

Okay.

Great.

Hey, shithead!

(Cackling)

Hey, man.

What's up, guys?

Hey, will.
How you doin', man?
You know, not great.
(Bong bubbling)
Did you talk to Nia?
No. It's like
she fucking disappeared.
Her housemates say she
hasn't been home in days.
That's fucked up.
I just don't even want
to talk about it anymore.
It's just
a fucking nightmare.
I want to talk about anything
else and not deal with this.
Do you want to go out?
(Bong bubbling)
Yeah, sure.
Okay, okay! Yeah!
Will, any ideas?
Yeah, I got an idea.
(Chattering)
Fellas, it's their
first a.S.A. Party.
What did he say?
"Armenian student association."
Sick.
(Foreign language)
(Foreign language)
(Foreign language)
Rachmaninoff.
Look at those big,
beautiful hands.
I'll bet he could finger-bang
an orangutan with those hands.
I'm serious.
No one played the piano
like this guy
played the piano.
Fuck it. Let's dance!
Yeah!
[]
sak!

Sak... sako, sako. Sako!
What's up?
What's wrong? Who's that girl
in the corner over there?
Oh, that's Noel, man. I buy
that sticky-icky off her.
Girl drug dealer? Girl
fucking drug dealer, man.
Oh, my god.
The best.
Hey, you should meet her.
You should meet her.
Yeah? Why?
I'm not 100%,
but I hear she might have
a picture of herself.
Like what kind of stuff?
I hear she likes recording
herself doing things, man.
It may be sexual,
it may be just weird shit.
I don't know. She's an odd
person, so who knows?
Righteous.
(Shouting, cheering)
(Chattering)
Here we go!
(Rhythmic chanting)
Hey, there.
What the hell
do you want?
Uh... um...
I was just kidding.
I'm sorry.
I couldn't resist.
Oh, Jesus.
Oh, my god.
Want to hit this?
Yes. Yeah,
thank you.
Oh, my god!
What you did there
was comedy gold.
Yeah, it looked like

you were about to cry.
Hmm-mm. No.
I was considering
suicide.
I have a cyanide tablet
in my wallet
for exact situations
like this.
Wild guy!
[]
oh, my Jesus.
There's one guy
to do something daring
to get my attention.
Yeah, like Robin hood
type of shit.
Yeah.
Some action.
I've had enough
captivating conversation.
All right.
What are you doing later?
Um, I'm staying
at a friend's.
You want daring?
I'll bet you 20 bucks
that you end up in my
bedroom tomorrow morning.
What?
You heard me.
You, in my bedroom,
tomorrow morning.
All right.
Let's make a deal.
All right,
it's a deal.
Okay.
Where's the pot?
Shit.
Yes!
Fuck, yeah!
(Sniffs)
(Chanting)
Hey, are you

looking for this?

I found it

in the bathroom.

You are my savior. Thank you so much.

No problem.

Hey, we got to get this guy home.

Shit.

(Muttering)

Talk to you later.

Will, come on, man,

let's go!

Okay. Don't

forget our bet.

Get the fuck

out of here!

(Chanting, shouting)

(Woman laughing)

Oh, my god!

Rise and shine.

It's tomorrow morning,

and you're in my room.

You're not a very good thief.

You owe me 20 bucks.

Looks like you smoked that

and then some.

Shit.

Yeah. Sorry.

I guess you earned it.

Was I daring enough?

Not bad.

What are those?

Um...

They're just old movies.

What, like

"gone with the wind"?

Um... no.

It's homemade pornography.

You like that stuff?

I don't know yet.

You want to convince me?

Yeah.

I can do that.

So I got this video

from my friend's cousin.

These are his parents.

I mean, I think

my friend needs some help.

But it's okay for you?

Yeah. I'm not related

to these people.

Okay, break this

down for me.

How is this appealing?

Well, I mean, this couple

is far from in their prime,

but the fact that you can tell that

the woman used to have a nice body...

Nice...

And, I mean,

she is working it like

she is young, you know?

Show me more.

Yeah?

Someone younger.

All right.

(Whistles)

Okay, so,

the first time I ever got

drunk with my family

was last

Christmas Eve,

and my weird, creepy uncle,

i told him about my stash,

he says I got to

see something,

so he brings me upstairs,

and he shows me this.

This is from the

bloomingdale's manager.

I like this one.

Yeah?

Yeah. Um,

'cause it's like, as voyeurs

and as this couple,

we're both doing something

we're not supposed to. Yeah.

This couple's being naughty

in the dressing room,

and they know it, and
that's part of the fun,
and we're watching 'em.
It's like we're connecting
through breaking rules.
Yeah.
That makes sense.
I like the half-clothes-on
sex from behind.
You know, like
the clothes are there to
remind you about railing part.
I don't know.
Yeah.
Yeah, I get that.
So what's your
favorite video?
My favorite video?
Yeah.
Let's see.
This is my girlfriend
at the time, Ana.
She said I could film her
if I kept it classy.
God, I love this one.
It's really pretty.
Okay, so, yeah, I'm just gonna
be walking in right here.
Yeah, and we're locked up
over there, so yeah.
Cool. You all good? Sweet.
Quiet all around.
All right,
quiet all around,
and whenever
you're ready.
(High voice)
Smoking joints?
Yeah, Mrs. Dumdtire.
Is that all right?
Mrs. Dumdtire, could you
say your first name again?
Euphegenia.
"Euphefegina"?

Euphegenia.
Euphevagina.
Youthful vagina.
Okay, let's cut.
Sorry.
Cut. No, I'm glad
you think it's funny.
Uh, okay,
let's take it
from Seth's next line,
and, Seth, can you just
dial up the curiosity?
Yeah, that works.
Okay, cool.
Let's, uh... let's go again.
I'm ready.
(Clears throat)
So is "Euphengenagia"
an English name?
Aye, dear. King's English.
But I will not have
smoking joints
in my living room.
Tell her.
We smoke pot
'cause we got our cards,
and we need it to sleep.
We think you're
a great roommate.
It's been pretty much perfect
so far, 'cause you clean,
and you make that tea
that we love, it's great.
And you take home takeout
food and put it on plates
so it feels like
a home-cooked meal.
That was the way in Scotland.
Yeah, it's awesome.
And we're really happy
with it so far.
I'm very happy to be here too.
(Snickering)
But nannies do not

break law!

Your face. You should
see your face.

(Both giggling)

(Chattering)

Cut. All right, good.

That was good.

Very, very funny stuff. That's what
we're gonna shoot the next thing for.

Perfect cliffhanger.

Nice work. It was fun
working with you.

Yeah, for sure.

It's clear.

Hey.

That was actually
pretty funny.

Thanks, thanks. I'm glad
you could come watch.

Yeah. No worries.

Uh, I'm gonna go get some dinner.

Are you hungry?

Um, is everybody going?

Yeah. They're just gonna
clean up some stuff,
but I was gonna go ahead and get
a table, if you want to come.

Sure. Fine.

Cool. Great.

Let's do it. Aren't you
gonna get changed?

No, it's kind of
a pain in the ass.

Oh. Okay.

Sweet. Let's go.

Thank you.

(Phone ringing)

So, the biggest thing
right now
is for us to figure out
Nia's motivation for lying.

I need you to think,
concentrate.

Is Nia looking to achieve

some sort of financial gain?
I don't know. Extorting money
from you and your family?
Is she mentally ill? On drugs?
No. I don't know.
Do you have any idea why she'd do this?
I'm trying to figure it out.
Is there anything you can
think of, anything you said
anything that may
have triggered her?
(Knocks on table)
Fino.
Oh, god, I'm sorry.
Um...
I don't know. I'm trying
to figure it out.

Mother:

What are you thinking?
(Exhales)
I don't know.
What if I can't trust
my memory of things?
Oh, Fino...
(Speaks French)
Now, we are going to
decide once and for all,
are you a criminal?
No.
I mean, I don't know. It
doesn't make sense otherwise.
Okay, let us assume
in the American way
that you are innocent
until proven guilty.
Huh? Why would
Nia accuse you?
Maybe somebody saw her
the next day
or heard us
or something.
Maybe.
Maybe she want to get

you back for something.
Maybe she want to
push your button?
This much, though?
Why would she do that?
Fino, even as
a little boy,
you are so calm
and so sweet-tempered.
That is why I was surprised to
hear that you could do this.
I don't mean what
she accused you of.
I mean the...
The rough lovemaking.
All right.
How do you do that
if you don't like it?
So how was I able
to physically do
what was necessary
for Nia to be satisfied?
Maybe it is like, um...
Ah...
The, um...
(Speaks French)
Direct translation:
"The incredible hulk."
Ah. Maybe
with the emotion
and the desire
and the passion,
you can become the person
who would do this.
Uh, probably not the best image
to bring up in a court...
The idea that in the heat of
passion, I rip off my shirt
and become this violent
alter-ego, but...
Yeah, I get it.
Maybe you need to be pushed
to be this sex hulk.
Mm. Don't say

"sex hulk."
But you know
what I mean.
Maybe she has to get you
mad, pissed off,
before you can...
Do it.
Okay.
And the other night,
when she tell you
that she and the boyfriend
don't do that kind of thing,
that upset you, huh?
And you broke
a promise to yourself.
So why would she
report me to the police?
If that's what she wants, reporting
me seems counter-productive.
Ah.
So...
She report you,
you talk to her, huh?
You are frustrated,
angry,
she can have you again.
Wow.
The desire makes us
do things, crazy things.
And if this is true,
then this has gone too far.
But I think what
you can give to her
gives her so much pleasure
that she is willing
to do anything
to have it.
That's so French.
(Cell phone beeps)
Oh, fuck!
Goddamn it! Shit!
The guys decided
to skip dinner.
Damn it. I guess it's

just gonna be you and me.
Is that okay?
You're so full of shit!
What? No. Honestly. It's not
my fault that they're flakes.
Whatever. You just wanted
to get me alone for dinner.
Honestly, I thought they were coming.
I promise.
Might as well get
a free meal out of you.
Yeah.
It'd be nice.
So you don't feel embarrassed
wearing a dress in public?
No. Should I?
I guess not.
If it doesn't bother you,
it doesn't bother me.
I'm pretty comfortable.
Do you like wearing
women's clothes?
I don't know. I guess
i never thought about it.
Uh...
I don't mind it.
But you're not
worried about it?
Why do you care
so much?
I guess
I'm just curious.
You're curious about me, huh?
I'm... I...
Thank you.
I'm interested
in how you feel
about possibly
being a transvestite.
I see. You think that I like
to wear women's clothes.
Now I do, yeah. Okay, this
is modern-day California.
Guys and girls wear

pretty much the same thing.
I mean, jeans, shorts,
t-shirts, hoodies...
My dad wears girls' jeans.
Right. I get
what you're saying.
But I just think there's
more to it for you.
What do you mean?
Well,
I think that you actually like
wearing old-timey women's clothes.
And maybe for the very reasons
you were just talking about,
you are drawn to
female clothes
from an era where there
were clear distinctions.
So you're saying I'm sort of like
a vintage transvestite, maybe.
Yeah, that's what I think.
Does that bother you?
I don't care. I'm not dating you.
Do you ever date?
No. Okay, well, what is this?
What do you call this?
Um, it's not a date.
Feels like one to me.
Oh, so you normally trick girls
into getting pizza with you?
Do you not want to date,
or what is it?
No, I don't. And I'm not
allowed to have boyfriends.
What? Are you 14?
I mean, who's keeping track?
Dude, I live
at home, okay?
My parents pay for my
college, car and phone,
and they don't think it's
something I'm entitled to.
It's something that I've earned,
and they could take it away.

Folks ready to order?
Yes, um...
No, we need
more time, please.
Just a couple
more minutes.
If you could just come back
later, that'd be great.
I'm sorry. I apologize.
Thank you. Sorry about that.
Can you have sex?
We could be having sex
all over this place.
Your parents wouldn't know. Yeah,
that's not something I'm worried about.
Why? You strike me as
such a, like, smart girl.
Obviously,
you're traditional,
but you're not ignorant
or delusional.
Thanks. Look, besides
observing tradition,
my priority is to have
a family one day.
And I don't want to fuck that up by getting
a venereal disease or getting pregnant.
You know that there are several
solutions to those problems.
Yeah, none of which
are 100%.
Okay, let's say
hypothetically
that I take you out
to dinner, okay?
And at first,
I'm very charming,
I'm witty,
I'm playful,
and then I effortlessly
make my way
into those
beautiful eyes,
and then I top that off

with some solid
soul-searching
life plans.
Why, at the end
of the night,
can't we make out a little,
and then, you know,
two dates later,
we masturbate each other?
Then you won't get a venereal
disease, and you won't get pregnant.
Look, if I was to let that
happen, it would be a mistake.
It would be a sign that
i wanted to marry you,
and I am way too young, and i
have way too much to accomplish.
And for you,
specifically,
besides the fact that
you have little tact,
you show little
restraint,
and you like to dress up
like an old woman,
I don't really know you,
so it just wouldn't
I want to see your hair. Be a thing
that I would be interested...
I want to see your hair.
Oh, Jesus.
I'm leaving.
Wait, sana, come on.
Asshole!
(Murmuring)
Excuse me.
Yeah, I'm wearing
a dress.
I don't like
what you're wearing.
Hey, guys.
Can I get a cig?
Here you go. Thank you.
Got a light?

Hey. Can I get
a ride on your bike?
Yeah.
Where are we going?
You'll see.
Having some trouble?
Yeah.
We must be going uphill a little.
Yeah.
Yeah. (Grunts)
We see a satyr
with an erection
precariously
balancing
a fine vessel
on his tip.
However, what mysterious
satyrs did with their phalli
is not the only way we can figure
the erotic in ancient Greece.
In fact, an array
of vases have survived
that would make
any proper lady blush.
Scenes of the man
on top
or anal penetration
can be found exhibited in
many famous
European museums.
But these are not straightforward
examples of lovemaking
in terms of
post-feminist America.
The greeks,
the so-called founders
of our great
civilization,
were deeply
misogynistic.
Here we see a woman being
penetrated in both orifices.
Her body is simply a tool
for male satisfaction.

No different than
the cup she's painted on.
(Phone line ringing)
Hey, it's Nia. Leave a message.
Thanks.
(Beeps)
Nia, it's Fino.
Please, please
call me back.
Is Nia home?
No, she's not here.
I understand, within the
bounds of the fiction
you've created, why you
wouldn't want to talk to me.
But let's cut
the shit, okay?
Why the fuck are you
doing this to me?
I refuse to believe
that my memory of that night
is different from
what actually happened.
I refuse to believe that,
goddamn it!
You! Nia! (Shouts) Come on!
(Shouting)
All right, all right, all
right, all right! Calm down!
All right, all right.
All right.
Nice. That feels good, huh?
Yeah.
That a kid. All right,
let's go inside...
(Beeps)
"Have you seen
Noel's video yet?"
What the fuck?
Yeah, my sleeves are rolled up.
My arms look great like this.
Yeah, they look great.
So, what's your deal, now?
What are you doing?

I got to go see my parents.

Nice.

Uh...

I don't...

I don't mean to shit
where I eat, but, uh,
do you think

i can get a "nug"?

How's that shitting
where you eat?

Well, I don't mean to make the
business where I make the sex.

I don't know.

Well, it's not
a problem.

You're my boyfriend.

You can have some pot.

I'm your boyfriend?

No?

No! Yeah!

No, yeah, it's...

I mean, we've only seen each
other three times, but...

Well, I like you.

Cool.

Yeah, I don't have
any on me, though.

Oh, then, you know,
it's fine.

Just go to my house, and I'll
let you find the pot yourself.

Okay.

Thief.

I'm walking out
on a dusty road

(chuckles)

the sky is blue
and my t-shirt's torn

up on a hill

i found my thrill

and down in the valley

i got my fill

isn't that lovely?

No, I disagree.

her skin was fair
and her hair was long
oh, god.
Oh, please, god, yes.
Oh. Oh!
and now we're in bed
and the day is done
(cat snarls, dog barking)
(Barking continues)
(Chattering)
You spent \$5,000
in June.
We should make
a video together.
Oh, yeah?
Yeah. A sex tape.
Classic style.
Who's the star?
Well, we share
top billing.
No way. In every sex
tape, there's a star.
It's either the guy
or the girl.
So who's it gonna be...
You or me?
Okay. You.
Well, if I'm the star,
then you need to pitch me
your idea for the movie,
and if I like it,
I'll agree to star in it.
Now I feel unprepared.
Hey, you'd better
make this count.
Okay. I'm just
gonna start
throwing stuff
out there.
And they're not all gonna be
great, but one is gonna catch.
I'm ready.
Okay.
Classic P.O.V.

I hold the camera
as I sensitively and
passionately dominate you.

The viewer sees
everything I see.

Wow. So that's
how you view me?

As some web cam
Internet slut?
Get creative, man.

Okay.

We dress up like pilgrims,
and we sit at the Thanksgiving
table, say grace,
go at it as awkward
and stilted as possible.

Funny, but not sexy.

(Laughs)

Oh.

Oh, "sexy."

Okay.

We film ourselves over the
course of a couple weeks
and edit a montage
of slow-motion orgasms
set to '80s
hair-metal music.

(Hair metal plays)

(Giggles)

No.

Well, shit,
that's all I got.

That's it?

Can't we just get drunk
on a boat and go for it?

Nope.

You can think about it
some more,
and I'll give you another
chance some other time.

Okay.

(Door shuts)

Sana!

N-Natan.

What...

I saw them.

What? What are you doing here?

I saw your parents.

What? Where?

In your house.

You were spying on my parents?

No, I was spying on you.

Dude, are you psycho? Do I need to start carrying pepper spray?

I wanted to see your hair.

Oh, 'cause that makes me feel so much better.

You lied to me.

How did I lie to you?

You said your parents lock you up and don't let you date.

That's bullshit. I saw them boozing and smoking, just like normal degenerate Americans.

They're not strict or religious.

You lied to me because you're insecure about somebody liking you.

First off, how do you know how strict they are?

Just because they aren't religious doesn't mean they don't still have control over my life.

I still live at home, they still give me money for school, and, yeah, they are still strict.

I don't believe you.

Fine.

I don't care.

Man, don't you get it?

I don't care about you.

My religion is a convenient, but valid excuse to keep you

away from me.
I respectfully disagree.
Listen, what is it
that you want?
You're like a fucking bank robber that
hasn't thought out his next move.
I mean, what is
the plan here?
Am I supposed to be
wooned by your persistence?
Or maybe I should find this
peeping-tom act flattering.
What is it
that you want?
I want to meet your dad.
What?
I want to speak
to your father.
Whatever. Fine.
I hope you fucking
embarrass yourself.
Hey.
Baba, this is my friend.
Hi. I'm Yusif.
Nice to meet you.
Natan.
Oh, Natan, yeah. I've heard
a little bit about you.
How's everything going?
Good.
Everything's good.
I'm just... school.
I was actually...
I was just saying
"what's up" to sana.
Well, it's nice to meet you.
Do you want to come in?
No, uh, I don't mean
to bother you,
sir...
Uh... well, I was
hoping to request
an audience with you and your wife.
Oh, my god.

You mean, you want to
talk to me and my wife?
Yeah, um, but in
a formal setting...
You know, like afternoon tea
or dinner or something.
Are you inviting yourself to dinner?
I'm sorry. I don't understand.
Do you know what I'm getting at?
Unfortunately, yes.
Sana, what's going on?
Sir, I'd like to
request an audience
with you and your wife
to ask your permission...
To marry your daughter.
So that's what
this is all about?
Is this the final stage of the
transformation? Is this how it works?
Sometimes.
Yeah, great. Come over
for dinner this Friday.
We'll, uh, discuss
your request.
Great. I'm looking
forward to it, sir.
Mm. Oh, but, Natan,
I have a request too.
Anything.
Well, I think if
we're going to, uh,
talk openly about
such serious things,
you should wear what you
feel most comfortable in.
Father!
Excuse me?
Sana tells me
you like to wear
women's clothing,
that it makes you feel
more comfortable.
If you're going to be

a part of this family,
I think it's something we should
consider trying to get used to.
Uh...
All right.
Yeah, uh,
i can do that.
Great, great.
Well, I'll see you
Friday, then.
Sana, honey,
I'll see you later.
(Laughs)
Okay, you can talk now.
What the fuck, Nia?
What the hell is going on? Did you know
i was arrested for sexual assault?
I had to tell my family
that technically, yes,
I did in fact
physically do
what the Los Angeles police
department described to them.
I might have a criminal record
as a fucking sex offender!
I'm not gonna be able
to live near parks
or coach my kids' little league team.
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
Did I hurt you? Did I go
too far or something?
No, no, no, no.
It's my fault.
It's all my fault.
Tell me what happened.
It was David.
He saw the bruises and
the door, and he just...
He just flipped out.
He was out-of-his-mind upset.
He threatened to
tell my parents
if I didn't.

It was such a mess. So you
told your parents it was me?
I don't know.
I just froze up.
They just kept asking me
over and over again
what happened,
and all I could do was cry,
and then I eventually just
blurted out your name.
I didn't know
what to do.
What should I have done? Said
someone broke in the house?
Yes. That, exactly.
I didn't want to
start a manhunt
for some innocent
Mexican immigrant.
So you sent them
across the street to me?
Well, it was...
It was you who did it,
and it would make sense,
and it's easier to fix.
It's a little late.
Please don't be
mad at me.
I promise
I'll fix it.
I didn't mean to
get you in trouble.
I know you didn't even
want to do it.
But I did. And that's
why I'm fucked!
No, no. You're not.
Don't worry, Fino.
I'll tell them everything.
I promise.
I'll fix it.
We'll see.
I got to...
I got to go.

No, no, stay
for just a little bit.
Why?
I don't know.
I don't think that's a good idea.
Come on, just for a little bit.
Hey. Come on, what are
you trying to do?
I don't know.
What do you want from me?
I want us
to be together.
What, now? Why not? We
work so good together.
That's not the way
i want to work.
I know, but...
But maybe
we can compromise,
meet somewhere
in the middle.
Half-half,
rough and slow,
good and bad.
Fuck that.
I told you
it was the last time.
I can't fucking believe
that you're trying to
negotiate this with me.
I gotta get
out of here.
(Door shuts)
(Horn honks) Watch where you're
riding, you stupid son of a bitch!
"Upload complete"?
What the f...
Oh, my god.
Oh, no! No!
Did I get drunk
and upload this?
Shit!
Fuck!
Smoking joints?

Oh, uh, yeah,
Mrs. Doubtfeather.
That's okay,
Mrs. Doubtfeather.
(Continues, indistinct)
Euphe...
"Euphenegia."
Euphegenia.
Euthanasia.
Euthanasia!
(Exhales)
So, Natan, tell us
about your web sitcom.
Oh, yeah. Um...
I've been working on it
for about the past year.
It's called "Euphegenia,"
and it's about this character
who looks and acts just like a
younger version of Mrs. Doubtfire,
and she's just moved from Scotland
to live with a couple college kids.
Sounds hilarious. God, i
love Harvey Fierstein.
Yeah, it's been a lot of fun. Sana
came to watch us film the other day.
Oh, how nice.
So, Natan,
you wanted to
ask us something.
Yeah. Um...
First of all,
thank you so much
for having me over
this evening.
RANIA, this duck
is delicious.
Thank you, Natan.
We're happy to have you.
We don't get to meet
a lot of friends
of sana's from school,
so it's nice to
finally meet one.

Happy to be here.

Um...

The reason I'm here
is because

I was hoping to ask
your permission
to ask... sana
to... marry me.

Natan, that's...

That's very
cordial of you.

I don't think I was ever that
considerate when I was younger.

RANIA:

you were either.

But the thing is,
you know,

we're not a very
traditional family,
as you can see.

Sana has chosen
to follow her faith
with a little more
dedication than us.

And although we, uh,
don't feel the need
to follow her,

we're respectful
of her dedication
and feel that nothing but
good can come of it.

However, despite
her beliefs,

you don't have to ask us for
permission for something like this.

Just ask sana when you
feel the time is right,
and she'll...

Let us know
from there.

Okay. I can, um,
respect that route
as well.

Do you have something
you want to ask me?
Right now?
Yeah.
Ask me now.
Sana, will you
marry me?
Yes.
What?
Did I stutter?
You seem surprised,
Natan.
I-i-i am. I mean,
i didn't know...
I didn't think
she would want to.
Why not? You haven't
gone on a date with me,
and now you're agreeing to marry me?
You never asked me that.
I told you I don't date, but I'm
willing to be engaged to you.
What does that mean?
It means we date for a year
with no sexual activity,
and if we still like each other
at the end, we get married.
That sounds awful. Why
would I want to do that?
Because that's the way
i want to do it.
Wait, so have to be platonic
friends for a year,
and then if we want to stay together,
we commit for the rest of our lives?
That's the way I want to do it. If you don't
like it, you know where the fucking door is!
Sana! No, mama! This
guy's a piece of shit!
You come over here
and put on this show
just to prove a point?
He doesn't want
to marry me.

He doesn't care about me.
He's psycho.
He spied on me
just to see my hair.
What?
Excuse me?
Yes, I did that, okay? So I'm
a little obsessed with you.
What's wrong with that? I have natural
feelings of desire towards you.
You make it seem like I'm crazy.
You're sick.
Why is it so wrong that I want
to take you out for ice cream,
but I don't want
to marry you?
And, yes, okay, so i
wanted to see your hair.
I'm not ashamed. It's not like i
was spying on you in the shower.
You are obsessed
with my hair.
You can't think about
anything else.
You don't even like me. Yes, I do.
Of course I do.
Why would I be here
if I didn't like you?
Of course I like you. Do you
want to see my hair, Natan?
Not now.
Is that all
that you want?
Here.
Why would you do that?
Because I do
what I want!
No, you don't, sana!
Take one last look, Natan.
Now, get the fuck out!
Hello?
Oh, here he comes.
Will!
Hey, guys, what's up?

Come on, we're playing Edward
40-hands before we go out tonight,
and you are
coming with us.
I don't feel like it tonight.
Will, come on!
I just don't feel like going out tonight,
guys. You would rather stay home?
Come on. Will,
we're gonna smoke before.
All right, I'll come
out for a little bit.

Will:

What's this called?
Edward 40-hands.
'Cause there are 40s
on our hands.
Oh, yeah.
That makes sense, yeah.
You've never heard
of this before?
Can I take these off
to piss?
No, that's
the fun part.
You have to pee
in your pants
or figure it out from
there... it's fun.
Oh, that's the fun part.
pleased to meet you
and came to wake you up
out the deep sleeper like
he needed to stop before
he caught the knee drop
even give you more zip-zip
than ZZ top
on full beers though
shall not ball corners
Geedorah like one more step
and you're all goners
so-called rich front
if you want to

when he spit electrics,
don't be in y'all saunas
he only here to warn us
what the plan is...
oh, man!
I am done, bitches.

Man:

You guys...
Have got to catch up.
How dare you win!
You guys have got to see
this video my buddy sent.
It's some chick here,
she did an art project.
An art... why would we want to
watch an art project right now?
Is it, like, interpretive dance?
She goes to our school.
What? Wait. Is that the same girl?
Yeah, right?
Shut the fuck up? How is she
growing her breasts like that?
She took photos of herself,
like, forever, from years ago.
Oh, my god.
No way!
What do you mean? It's like she
took these pictures from... oh!
She put this other video up,
this compilation of her
tricking this guy into thinking
that he leaked this video on-line.
It's amazing.
Look.

Man:

Woman:

So embarrassing.

Man:

That's so fucked.
She just totally

fucked with this guy.
That's a weird
hidden camera prank.
I don't know. Woman:
This guy has no idea.
(All chattering)

Man:

to this school.
That is so
fucked up!
She looks familiar.
Does this get weird?
Oh, my god. I can't
watch this anymore.
What? So this is all,
like, security stuff.
No! Son of a bitch!
What a loser. It's just
some dude in his room.
This is boring.
Go back to the first one.
Start from the beginning. Can i
get these fucking things off?
What is wrong with you? I said i
want these fucking things off of me!
(All exclaiming) Fuck, man!
What's your problem?
Just chill out.
You were almost done!
(Chattering)
Fuck you.
Will?
You hear me?
Fuck you!
Have you lost your mind?
What are you doing?
Being dramatic.
You saw the site?
What do you think?
Well, what does that
have to do with your tapes?
You abused and ruined
my relationship

with the only two things that
i have ever cared about...
You and these tapes... and
now I am destroying them
in front of you
as an act of defiance.
You didn't like the site?
No, I didn't.
I watched it in front of a bunch of
people, and it was really embarrassing.
I felt terrible that your video
got out on the Internet.
Then why did you steal it?
Oh! You taunted me, okay?
You knew I'd take it.
I did not make you steal it.
You're the manipulator here.
Yes, but you let it happen.
You could've left it alone.
You violated my curiosity.
Listen, will.
We made something together. I thought
you'd think that it was cool.
And still think you might, if
you open up your mind a little.
But it's like
good amateur porn...
Someone has to feel violated
for it to be good.
You should feel violated, I should feel
shameful... that's just how it goes.
Those are the necessary feelings
for making this kind of art.
Otherwise, it's just
a normal, gross plastic porno.
I don't give a shit
what you think you know...
Hold on.
Here. This is the fun
part of the project.
It'll make you
feel better.
What is this? Just take
it home and watch it.

Is this a tape
of us fucking?
I would be so mad if this
is a tape of us fucking.
This would be such a lame way to end this.
Do you hear me?
Seriously! A lame way
to end all of this.
It's not ending.
Just watch it.
Where are you guys?
Frat row?
Yeah, I'll be there.
There he is. What the
hell are we doing here?
Natan's gonna get pot
from a guy inside this one.
God damn it, this place makes
me want to blow my brains out.
You want to fucking leave,
fucking leave.
It's been a shitty night.
I need to get some weed.
I know I can leave, all right? But
you come here every goddamn weekend.
Okay, okay, shut up,
both of you.
Let's just get it and get out, okay?
Fine.
Come on.
Be right back, okay?
Is that Nia?
Yeah.
Fuck, man!
David is here!
Oh, shit. Are we
gonna have to fight?
Just be cool
for a sec.
Hey, Fino,
how's it going?
Hi, David.
Will, what's up?
Hey.

It's so funny
seeing you guys here.
I was just telling Nia
the other day
how much I wanted to
apologize to you guys
for getting so fucked
up at your place.
I didn't mean to get so shit-faced.
It came out of nowhere.
I had such a good time, though. I
really hope I didn't mess anything up.
Well, see you guys.

Will:

That was weird.
Bitch!
What?
He has no idea what happened.
She lied to me!
Why? Why? Why?
What? What?
You're a lying bitch!
You're fucked up!
You tried to
ruin my life
by lying to the police,
to your boyfriend,
to your parents.
You're evil.
You're sociopathic. Hey, fuck you!
Who do you think you are?
What did I do? What did
i do to deserve this?
Who do you
think you are,
telling me what I can
and cannot have?
Why did you have to go
and fuck things up?
What we had,
i thought it was the shit.
You were the only one who could give
me what I wanted, everything I needed,

and you had to be
such a pussy about it.
You had a slave
if you wanted one.
I would've done
anything for you
if you would've just given
me what I fucking wanted!
Yeah, I screwed up,
I freaked out,
i overreacted,
but I couldn't do it
just for one night.
You're so fucking vain
to think that you
can give someone
exactly what they want, indulge
their wildest fantasies,
and then just take it away
after months and months
that you just can't
do it anymore.
What do you think that
does to a person? Jesus.
Giving them everything that they
want and then just taking it away.
Who the fuck
do you think you are?
How fucking weak
do you think I am?
Fino, I think
you're the weakest man
I've ever met.
I hope one day
you ask someone
less kind than me
to play make-believe,
and they crush you.
Fino! Fino!
What's happening?
Hey, Fino, what the fuck
did you say to her?
Hey, nice dress, faggot.
What?

What the fuck did you say?
You heard me, bro.
Hey, fuck you!
Oh, yeah? Fuck you.
(Arguing, shouting)
Are you fucking crazy?
Asshole!
What the fuck...
Police. Break it up.
Hands off,
you fucking asshole!
(Siren wailing) It's over, okay?
It's over.
What's on the tape?
My quinceaera.
FELIZ CUMPLEAOS.
Hand it over.
Dude...
Is that you?
Yeah.
Who's the girl?
Did she know you were filming her?
I was not aware.
She's looking right at the camera.
She made the tape.
Easy.
I can see that.
I got to tell you,
you both look great.
You look really good.
It's quality work.
Nice move. Did you
choreograph that?
No, Natan, I didn't know
i was being filmed.
That's all freestyle?
That's impressive.
All right.
(Coughs, clears throat)
You know, gentlemen...
And I use
that term loosely...
You know, I try
not to judge people.

Really, I try
not to judge people.
I'm certainly no stranger
to deviance myself.
It's one of the great
spices of life.
And, well,
what other reason
is there to live
if it's not
to do the things
that god says
we shouldn't do?
Sin and vice.
(Chuckles)
Sin... and vice.
These are the jewels
inside the rotary movement
required to keep
things working.
I met a woman once
in Sarajevo
who had the most...
Delicious calves
in all of Europe.
I wanted to bite into them
like a Christmas ham,
like maybe a French pear.
She was sitting alone
in a cafe, and I, uh...
I asked her
if, uh...
If, uh, I could
lick her calf.
I told her she should take five
minutes and think about it,
and if she wanted
to join me,
she should come over to my table
and we could leave together.
And you know what?
Five minutes went by,
and she came over,
and she took my hand,

and we left.
It was one of the most romantic
things I've ever done.
(Chuckling)
We got to her house...
She lived on
the outskirts of town...
We went into
her bedroom
and, uh...
Well, she had some conditions
for me... weird things.
She had a goat
out back,
and she wanted to tie that
goat up in the corner,
she wanted to crush some pills
up, it all got very confusing.
But anyway, that's not the point.
The question is,
if you're given
the chance to enjoy
the-the-the...
The base instincts
of civilized society,
do you take it?
Do you take it?
Well, you'd be
a fucking fool not to.
Which you did.
You did.
(Laughing)
(Forced chuckle)
I don't think I'm coming
back to school next year.
Next time, don't fucking
beat your girlfriend.

Man:

Hey, boys.
Yo.
Hi there.
Hey, I don't mean
to disturb you,

but I wanted to see if you wanted this
wheelchair. I need someone to take it.
It was my mother-in-laws, but,
uh, well, she died last week.
Sorry about that.
Oh, thank you. She was
my wife's mother, so...
My wife, she's not
doing so good.
She says she's tired of looking at
the thing, told me to get rid of it.
I'm just seeing if anybody wants it
before I leave it by the dumpster.
We don't really need it.
We're all kind of
doing fine, walking-wise.
You can sell it
or store it
or whatever.
Store it until one of us
breaks our legs?
Whatever, man.
You mind if
we ride it around?
I don't care,
as long as you take it.
We're probably gonna
get fucked up
and act like assholes
with this thing.
Hey, whatever you want.
I was young once.
Have fun.
Okay,
we'll take it.
Thanks.
Thanks, man.
Yeah, no problem.
Sorry about your
mother-in-law.
Oh, it's okay.
It's okay.
Here's what I say
we do with this thing, okay?

We can get
a bunch of bras
and put it
up on the roof.
I'm down for sure.
Yeah.
Yes!
We could go to
fucking class like that.
We've got a wheelchair!
And then we'll...
And then we'll launch...
You can go anywhere!
That's kind of awesome.
Yeah.
Okay, so check it out,
check it out. Whoo!
(Exclaims)
Holy hell!
(Chattering)
Okay, here we go.
All right.
All right.
God damn it.
Are you good?
Yeah, I'm good.
[]
we're freaks! We're all
just a bunch of freaks!
[]
(music ends)