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All Out Dysfunktion!

By David Bianchi

Everybody get the fuck out!
Fuck.
Testing.
- One, two.
- Red leather, yellow leather.
Red leather, yellow leather.
Red leather, yellow leather.
- Red leather, yellow leather.
hallway, gator's room, check.
Carrie.
Ooh, Carrie on the toilet seat.
And she did, she did, she did.
She looked like somebody...
hurry up and brush
your fucking tongue,
'cause I have to fucking go!
Fucking cracker!
White bitch.
Yeah, I said it.
Get your fucking ass out the
bathroom, i got shit to do.
I know what the fuck
you do all the time in there,
- shit, shit, shit.
- I see your nasty ass.
Fucking keeping
my fucking customers
waiting and shit.
Yeah, yeah,
it's fucking still on.
I'll be there in a fucking hour.
Don't fuck me over, okay?
Carrie, I will break
the fucking door down.
Fucking white cracker bitch...
Ooh, this bitch don't know.
You fuckin' stupid...
Don't you know
i got shit to do, bitch?
Yeah, you'd better chill
with that shit,
don't you fucking throw that
at me.
Don't you know I will wipe

your honky ass up, bitch?
Cum dumpster bitch.
Crazy ass white bitch,
all skinny,
throwing up and shit.
Who the fuck does that shit?
You ain't never gonna have
an ass like this, bitch!
Never!
Who the hell are you?
Yeah, excuse you, too.
I don't like your face.
Okay, boys, where was I?
Mama's gonna take care
of all you nasty suckers.
And by the time
I'm done with y'all,
y'all gonna be some
dirty ass wet noodles.
You motherfuckers
want to see me play
with this right?
Well, since
you're all platinum members
of pleasure's paradise,
you motherfuckers
are gonna get
a look-and-see.
Oh, yes.
Oh!
Oh, yeah,
oh, I'm about to squirt.
I'm gonna give it to you
in the style of an orangutan.
Oh, yes!
Yes!
I'm gonna squirt!
Oh!
Oh, I'm gonna give you
the punch of a donkey!
Oh!
What the fuck is going on
around here?
Ay, "cariba"!

Buenos dias, mamacita!
Shut up!
Have you not seen all the people
fucking parading
around the house?
Have you noticed that your nose
is having a heavy flow day?
Oh, you did, 'cause you jammed
a tampon up there, good for you!
Shut the fuck up, all right?
Your breath smells
like a fucking slave ship.
Wow!
Oh, fuck!
Look, you've lived here
long enough,
you know pretty
much anything goes.
Really?
What the fuck is that?
Ah, relax.
It's for my new indie film.
- Gonna be hot! Pa-pow!
- Who raised you?
- I mean, seriously.
- My mom, okay?
I had a very nice upbringing,
thank you.
Listen, you scratch my back,
I'll scratch yours.
Was that you vacuuming

at like, 5:

You know what?
Eat me, gator.
Nobody scratches
anything for me around here,
so fuck off, okay?
Well, maybe
if you had better skin,
we'd be more willing
to scratch things for you.
Shit.
It's just a natural reaction

I've had
ever since I was little.
Every time mama comes real good,
I cry, that's all.
That's it
for pleasure's paradise today.
I'll see all you
dirty motherfuckers tomorrow.
Whoopsie.
Shit.
Grow some courage.
Always hiding behind your mask.
Tough horny guy "curry stick"
- with a long schlong.
How is my little son doing?
Have you been able to find a job
with that beautiful,
shiny American degree?
Why are you sweating?
The house is a little hot.
That is all,
that's why I'm sweating.
I'm still freelancing,
web coding
and trying to find steady work.
But I must
talk to you later, huh?
Why are you rushing me?
Please, papa.
I need more time.
It's really hot.
- More time?
- I need to clean.
Huh, you want to live
like a transient forever?
No, I will not let you
live like that.
You will live like a very
good Indian hard-working boy.
American culture is not like
Indian culture, papa.
That is why I'm saying
American culture
is very different

from Indian culture.
Indian culture
is very good culture.
Two more months,
no more, that is it.
Yes, papa.
And one more thing.
How is that American woman?
I understand American woman
very good with the mouth.
Huh?
No hands?
Your mother...
not very good with the mouth.
Bite sometime.
Eyes pop out, not good.
- Papa, please.
- What happen?
Your eyes pop out?
Don't be shy, ranjit,
i see the way you look at me.
You nasty.
Ranjit, what up?
Dude, I finally figured out
how to make my fingers Dutch.
You hungry?
Want some yum-yums?
Stupid huta.
That's disgusting.
Oh, god,
things are not settling well
from last night.
Where I come from,
people do not burp this way
in front of others.
You are a dirty pashu.
Wait, what's pashu?
Pashu, an animal, a beast,
a brute.
That is so sweet.
I should get that
tattooed on my heart.
Pashu.
- You are worthless.

- Mm-hmm.

Where's my coffee?

Sorry, dude,

i had a production meeting

this morning and I was tired.

Needed to drink it all.

What the fuck, pashu?

This is expensive coffee, man.

- Wasn't that good. -I'm tired of
you taking advantage of my things.

Name four things.

I buy rice,

and you're burning the rice.

- One time. -I buy curry,

and you are burning the curry.

You're right, that one's on me.

- That one was my fault.

- My coffee's from India.

Look, your coffee,

I'll buy you some more

tomorrow, okay?

Good god, this guy is crazy.

- Who?

- That black guy, Tyrell.

Why he gotta be black, huh?

He's got a name.

I don't go around calling you

brown guy ranjit.

Because he's black.

I'm gonna call you

brown guy ranjit, then.

Fuck you, pashu,

i mean, who labels everything?

By name, taste, spoilage dated,

perfectly matching containers?

Have you seen him open a door?

Guys, guys,

good morning, good morning,

- good morning.

- Good morning.

Hi! Can you please

do me a favor?

If you're going

to talk about me,

- just do it to my face.
- Fair enough.
And can you please,
please not touch my things?
Especially you, gator,
with your filthy hands.
Well, excuse me
and my filthy hands.
Calm down, Tyrell.
We're just playing around.
Yeah, man, just playing around,
it's not like
you're the only person
on the entire planet
who uses a handkerchief
to touch his weenie.
All right, let's just be honest.
Just because
my state of cleanliness
is on a higher level
of consciousness
than both you two neanderthals,
it's gonna protect me
from bacteria
eating me from the inside out.
Did you know
that warmth and moisture
are the key components
to bacterial growth?
Hmm? Have you ever heard of
salmonella?
E. Coli?
Listeria?
Bro, the bottom line
is that even a kitchen counter
has 50 times more bacteria on it
than a toilet seat.
Not mine.
My Booty's pretty clean.
- I sit down to pee.
- I know.
What?
You think that's weird?
Ask him how he poops.

How do you shit?
I use a squatty potty.
You know it really comes out
silky and smooth.
That's what you keep telling me.
But that's not the point.
If the earth opened up
and beelzebub hit you
with fire and brimstone,
you better believe
that I would be licking
a toilet seat
way before I would lick
a kitchen cutting board.
- That's fucked up, dude.
- No, no, no, no.
And I'm not done.
Did you also know...
look at this...
that a kitchen sponge
is one of the most
bacterially infested items
in the entire household?
A single bacterial cell
can multiply into
over 80 million cells
in 24 hours.
That is some serious
"fuck-you-up" shit,
so while you guys
are running around,
scratching your balls
and rubbing your asses
and touching the kitchen sponge,
I will keep my sanitizer
and I will be safe.
And while you two little germies
are crying bloody mercy,
pissing out of every single
little baby orifice
in your body,
dehydrated as a fuckin' arab,
I will be okay.
So, do me a favor

and keep your hands off my shit!
What the hell
are you pencil pricks
- hemming and hawing about?
- This is very sad.
You brown-nosing,
circle-jerking teabaggers
make some coffee yet?
My Stein is dry.
We would, but Mr. snuff film
drank it all.
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
you touched my tupperware
and you're a snitch?
That's why your mama
has three teeth.
Huh? One in her mouth,
and two in her pocket.
- What's my mother got to do with any...
- cut it out!
I am tired of playing
momma dearest around here,
so you ball-slappers
best make nice
or I'll whip out
the metal hangers!
Ranjit, here's ten bucks.
Go get us all some coffee,
and none of that cheap shit,
I want something nice
that they enslave people
in south America for.
And keep your mitts
off people's shit!
- Why me? He...
cap it!
"Speed your way" easy chairs,
your hope for elderly scooters.
This is clarelle,
how can I help you?
It's a bit of a shitter,
but it's got potential.
It's kinda shitty.
Fuckin' shitty.

You're looking at the star
of fashion week
if you can pull this off.
- Yeah, pull that shit all off.
- High ceilings.
- But we don't have any color.
- Hello! -Calm down, price.
Why is it always me?
Come on, I'll show you
why we really came here.
There's four bedrooms
down the hall
that aren't even being used,
and wait till you guys see this.
- Okay, pull her arms back.
Yeah, that's good.
That's how we like it.
Mmm-hmm.
Now arch your back, baby.
Arch your back.
Now ride him.
Pull out slow.
Slower!
Slower!
And punch!
Cut!
God damn it, cut!
And what is this?
Amateur day?
And what is that?
Huh?
Your dick is flapping around
like cock snot.
Hello!
Anybody home?
Pleasure, do me a favor
and get into makeup
while I talk to silly putty
super schlong over here.
'Cause your face look like shit.
What you say, motherfucker?
Now listen here,
miss ghetto fab,
and listen good.

Now I don't wanna hear
any flim flam
coming out of your mouth,
'cause you're fucking
with your money,
and more importantly,
you're fucking with my money,
and I don't take
too kindly to that shit.
Now, you're the star
of this fucking show,
and if it was up to me,
I'd bury your head
in a mound of pillows,
and unlucky for me
my bosses didn't hire me
to shoot "ass pounders 254,"
so, taking
your beat-up face
and burying it
in a mound of pillows
isn't exactly an option.
Take your bootylicious ass
to makeup,
don't pass, go, collect \$200,
till I fucking say so!
Makeup!
Fix her fuckin' gorilla chin.
- I need a money shot! -I don't
like to see her treated this way.
Dude, she's a porn chick,
she takes platoons of penises
in her butt for a paycheck.
I don't care.
She's still a person.
Hey!
One fucking voice!
Where you goin', punjab?
Know what?
Fuck you, man.
Don't talk about my people.
I don't have to take this shit
anymore, okay?
That was hot.

Now that that's settled.
- I'd fuck him.
- Hey, assy.
My name is azeebo.
Oh, I know what they call you.
I write
your two dollar contracts.
Hey, hey, there are
a lot of people around.
You think I give a fuck?
What's my name?
Mike mix under thunder.
What's my name,
down syndrome dick?
Mike mix under thunder.
Say it like you're getting
your ass hole licked.
Mike mix under thunder!
Yes! Now get used
to that six syllable name.
You know why I get
a six syllable name?
'Cause I'm fucking successful.
So, remember that sound,
because I can make
or break your career
just like that,
and all you'll hear
is the sound
of Mike mix under thunder
fucking you in the ass
unless you get that black rhino
to turn to steel.
You got me?
Yes.
Hey, fluffer!
Mouth, dick, go!
Okay, everybody, take five.
Come here, mufasa.
My name is azeebo!
Whatever, zebra.
Zebra?
This is racial profiling.
I'm not happy

with these working conditions...

oh, oh, oh.

That's good.

What do you think?

This is more like it.

I like it.

I like it a lot.

Okay.

Stage here.

Got to check the breaker

box for secondary power.

We've got serious capacity here.

Vip area down there.

Yes, baby.

Can do.

- Glitter.

- Bruce, what about security?

Just the usual, man.

It's going deep.

Okay, price, on the dial.

I want you to reach out

to all the social networks.

We got a new venue, guys.

- Get on that dial, bitch.

- On it.

Hey, there, get up.

Let me take a look at you.

Do you perform?

- I...

- And what's with the mask?

Uh...

If... if you can smell sex,

then sex is airborne.

You can see it on the couch

and some on his skin

and I can maybe

smell it on your breath.

- Do you like to fuck?

- I don't...

'cause I got

some pretty hot ass here.

Yeah, she's hot.

Yeah, no, i can see it now.

Look it.

"Ebony rising."
Fuck, yeah.
Ah, ah, ah, ah.
Pole vaultin' the moon.
You've got good throw.
I can make it
a interracial thing.
- But I don't pole vault.
- I didn't even make varsity.
- Crystal.
- I... no.
- Get your white ass over here.
- That's... yeah, that's...
- yes, Mike?
- Hi.
Suck his cock.
Hey, there, big winner.
Gator, gator, ah!
Okay, okay,
armadillo, armadillo.
- Camp, camp, camp.
- What are you, a "fage"?
No.
- Hey, David.
- It's slurp and burp.
God, you're so loud.
What are you doing? No!
Can I play with the big winner?
No, you can't play
with the big winner.
- I need some help, gator.
- Yep, solution right here.
I love blowjobs.
I love 'em.
- Shh, shh, shh, shh.
Let's go! Let's go!
I am ready, Mike.
- Just give it to me straight.
- I am strong like spear.
- It's too many germs.
- Let me get this right.
You are turning down
getting some
of the greatest head

of your life
from one of the hottest girls
- in my library...
- it's nice to meet you.
because you don't like germs?
Yeah, that's...
that pretty much sums it up.
Well, you better get used to it,
you pencil-poker
piece of pussy lint!
Welcome to L.A.!
Oh, yes, Mike.
I am ready.
First a.D.,
can I talk straight
to the talent?
Oh.
Grow some fucking balls.
"Welcome to L.A."
Look, there's one more thing.
There's this old lady, clarelle,
who manages this place.
I don't think
she's gonna be cool
with us having a party here
last minute.
I'll deal with
the roommates, but...
Don't tell me you dragged me
all the way here
to ghetto valley to tell me
that it's not gonna work.
I'm giving you \$2,000
and enough coke
to melt your face.
- Face, bitch. -Let me
explain something to you.
I don't care about ravers.
I don't care about music.
And I don't give
a fuck about people.
What I care about
is my money and my time,
so don't fuck

with my money or my time.
In about three hours,
I'm on a plane to Miami.
If you don't come through,
you're gonna face a shitstorm
of unimaginable.
So, now what are you gonna do
about this old lady, clarelle?
I don't know.
Can we knock her out
or something?
How old is she?
- Sixty or 70?
- Fuck.
We can't fuck her up.
We can knock her out, though.
Oh, every day at 6:00,
she goes out back
and she waters her flowers.
- Fuck, I'll just chloroform the bitch.
- Okay, everything's a go.
Ooh, cocktails.
Ah, fuck it.
I'm just gonna inject
that bitch with acid.
Have that bitch seeing rainbows.
Jesus, I don't want to kill her.
Shut the fuck up, bitch.
We're not gonna kill her.
We're just gonna put her
to sleep.
And, on that note,
we're gonna set up
and break down.
By the time she wakes up,
everything will be back to normal.
You get your gig in cash, bitch.
Gig in motherfuckin' cash.
Will you shut the fuck up?
Seriously.
Come on, dig, bitch.
All right, look, you guys.
We're gonna go out
the same way we came in.

She's the old lady
that's standing out front.
You can't miss her.
Bruce, give me a bump.
For the love of god.
Oh, yeah, you want
some of Mr. moist?
- Just give me some.
- Want my dick?
Shut up, just give it to me.
Say you want my dick, bitch.
Say it.
- Say it.
- I want your coke.
Like that shit?
All right.
Okay, a deal's a deal,
all right?
And if anything goes wrong,
I'm gonna cut off
your fucking balls
and I don't owe shit,
you broken record motherfucker.
Now get the fuck outta here.
And that goes for you,
too, scooter.
Fucking bitch.
Isn't she saucy?
Ranjit?
Something I can do for you?
Hi.
Huh, I was just looking
for something.
You know, something.
Laundry room's
down the hall, bro.
Yes.
Yes, the laundry room
is down the hallway,
but I was admiring your, uh, uh,
unique film antiques
and glorious memorabilia.
You know, you have
a lot of space here.

You know, you could probably
milk a cow.
It's nice.
Yeah, my old man's
a cinematographer.
I'm lactose intolerant.
But, you know what,
let's cut out this first date
chitchat bullshit.
What the fuck
are you doing in here?
Okay, pashu.
I'm angry and I'm pissed
and I'm wanting
to hurt that director,
and I know you had some things
in your room
and I'm looking for something
to beat him with.
You know what happened
to the last person
that went rummaging around
through my stuff?
Let's just say...
I'm still on medication.
Do you know why
they call me gator, ranjit?
It's because I'm hard to tame.
Please, pashu, no, no.
Oh, man!
Got you!
Oh, you should see
your face right now.
I wish you could.
It is so stupid-looking.
You look like a hostage.
You look like
you're really mad at me.
And you look stupid.
Crazy fucking pashu.
You're awesome, dude.
You're amazing.
You're like a fucking
curry dahmer.

- Yes.
- -Quiet on the set!
You know what?
I'm sorry. Yep, you got it.
Shh, listen.
Don't worry about that guy.
- Okay?
You proved your point with him.
I never knew
you had so much heart.
Come in here.
Get over here.
Yes, booby traps everywhere.
There's no treading
in gator's house.
You are completely unhinged.
You... you are a sociopath.
No, I'm just kidding.
Don't hurt me, please.
Listen, there's a lot of girls
getting dicks slapped
on their foreheads out there.
I want to see
what I can get on this guy.
Put it on the Internet later.
Try and make us some money.
Make yourself at home.
You break it, you buy it.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
- Look at me. Look at me.
I am coming! I am coming!
This is why they call me
the black rhino!
- This is for Botswana!
Cut! God damn it, cut!
That's the fucking money shot.
Holy dick roll.
What the fuck did you eat?
There he is.
Pleasure, I don't give
a hootenanny
what you do
in your own damn room,
but the living room

is community property.

- Hi, ma'am. -Don't you ma'am me.

- I run this house.

So, you better get
your fresh-out-of-film-school
wish-you-had-a-better-job
stuck-in-a-porn
peacock feathers
the hell out of my way.

It's all good. This is gonna
be a big movie for me.

Yesterday you said you were
doing a photo shoot,
not shooting a goddamn porn.

I'm writing you up.

I'm telling Harold.

- Now, where is he?

- He is the guy.

Now, you listen here,
you two-bit crackerjack.

I like nothing more
than some good,
old huffin' and puffin',
so I support your industry,
but what i will not support
is your two-inch penis
running around my house
insulting my tenants
with more arrogance
than a Kentucky drunk
with a Napoleon complex!
Peanut butter sassafras!
Ah, holy shit!

- What's with the plastic bag? -I
was worried he was gonna bleed.

Do you have a handkerchief?

Everybody out.

And get this asshole out of here
before he wakes up.

- Clarelle... -i don't want to hear it.

- I'm writing you up.

All I do is try
to look out for you kids.

And you sure as hell

don't make it easy for me.
Fuck.
Fuck this. I'm going
back into construction.
Oh, god.
That smells like donkey piss.
Any time, shit, otherwise,
i wouldn't be able to see you.
Fuck you, cream pie.
Get the fuck out of my face.
You wanna fight, midnight?
'Kay, Jesus Christ.
I don't even need zoom
on you girls.
Hello.
I'm gator.
Yeah, like a gator.
All right.
He's hot. Grr.
Gators don't go grr.
They go rr.
Hey.
That was nice,
what you said about how people
treat me and stuff.
Thanks for sticking up for me.
You're like my phula.
The what?
In my culture,
phula means flower.
To me, you are like that.
Oh, come here.
Careful, careful,
careful, careful.
What up, Joe Frazier?
Dude, dope cross.
I didn't even see you coming.
- Thanks, gator.
- Yeah.
- You think it's broken, clarelle?
- Yeah, it's broken.
Will you put
that damn camera away?
No can do, sorry.

We'll wrap it
at the articular disc
and give you a splint.
You'll be fine, okay?
Gator, grab a bag
of frozen veggies
and wrap it in a towel.
Yes, ma'am.
I'll go outside,
make sure bozo leaves.
Hurry.
Carrie, you gotta see this.
Check this out.
- Fuckin' hard, man.
- I totally missed the punch,
but I totally got the fall.
Ready?
Three, two, boom.
I don't fucking care.
You're so annoying.
"You're so annoying."
Move.
Tell your little cronies
that the flowers
are around back.
Thank you.
That's a down payment,
pussy cat.
Okay, ew.
Get the fuck off me and leave.
Let's go.
We'll see.
Fuckers.
My room, now.
Look, I don't know
what you have planned,
and, frankly, i don't care.
Odds are, clarelle's
not siding with you,
and scooter is bad news.
Coming from me,
that's a pretty big deal.
If you want this thing
to go off,

you need my help
and I want half.

Fuck you, gator.

All right, remember your
little weed growing operation
you had in here?

Payback, fucker.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

Okay, well, go ahead and call
your little boy toy and tell him
that his party's off.

- Clarelle!

- All right, look.

I'll give you a third.

Half.

You know, you may think
your fucking hot shit
around here 'cause
you're the little handyman
and clarelle's favorite
and everything,
but don't fuckin' forget
that outside of this house,
you ain't fuckin' shit,
you weird little fuck.

Oh, pfft.

I am the coolest dude
in this house

- and you know that.

- Okay.

But do not piss me off,
little miss thing.

Because it'll be a bad payday.

And I know that the face
and all this is how you
make your money,
so I'd hate to fuck
that up, too.

Are you threatening me?

Call it what you like, darling.

Half.

Sugar pie, honey bunch.

You know, fuck you, gator.

Fuck you.
All right?
I have been in this fucking town
for four fucking years
doing some really
degrading shit,
taking some really
fucked up jobs
just to get anywhere, all right?
Now, I finally feel
like I have a shot.
This deal could get me
on a hot runway
that I need to be on.
Get the exposure
that I finally need, you know?
I just...
i can't go back.
I can't go back
to the fuckin' fields
and the trailer parks
and the beer drinking rednecks
who just fuck me for fun
so that they can
go and tell their friends.
I won't do it, all right?
I need this.
I can't handle this fuckin' town
and the fucking rejection
any longer.
I just need to feel like
I'm doing something,
like I'm worth something,
you know?
I can't fucking fail now,
all right?
Ew, are you crying?
Yeah, fuck you, dude.
I'm having
a fucking breakdown here.
I need your fucking help, okay?
What about clarelle?
Scooter said he was
gonna take care of it.

It'll be fine.
And you believe that?
This is fucked up.
I've, uh...
Been here, well,
about ten years now.
Don't let
too many people in here.
Mm, thanks for the invite.
Is that you onstage?
Oh, yeah.
Wow, you look amazing.
Oh, that was the good old days.
Ran in the circles
with the greats
from the glory days
of off Broadway.
Years I spent in New York
doing understudy work
and walk-ons from everything
from brecht to Chekhov.
- Chekhov?
- Mm-hmm.
I played trofimov
in my third year.
Oh, you were an idealist.
- I played Anya in '74.
- I was.
The critics loved me.
It was gonna be
my break to Broadway.
So, what happened?
What happens to so many starlets
and wild-hearted artists.
We fall in love.
I got pregnant.
Had a miscarriage.
After the miscarriage,
the only thing
that healed him was booze,
and when he found the bottle,
the thing that healed me
were ice packs and bandages.
I'm really sorry.

Oh, I was a wild one, too.
In this biz,
it's hard to step out
once you're already in.
Men have all the power,
right or wrong,
and women...
They're easily forgotten.
So, I got up and moved
to L.A. in '77.
Weren't you afraid?
Sure, I was.
But I was more afraid
of not making it,
of never winning that statue.
More afraid of failing myself.
What are you afraid of?
Struggle.
Whether or not I...
Think I could be good enough.
I guess I'm also afraid
of whether I can get over
my own issues...
And actually do it.
Yeah, I...
I am afraid.
The fact that you know that...
Puts you ahead of the game.
You know, I may never
have gotten my obie
or my Tony or my Oscar.
But I was in it
and I found glory.
And nobody can take that
away from me.
Well, that's enough
of that crap.
I've got to go and tend
to my flowers.
By the way...
Take this.
I have no use for it anymore.
- What is it?
- Sand.

From the backstage bags
of my first leading role
off-Broadway.
And don't go putting
that sterilizer all over it.
That's your first assignment.
Not...
not all,
but some grit is good.
Yes, ma'am.
Now get outta here.
Go on.
- I really can't... -I'm an old lady
and I can't take too many visitors.
Thanks...
Get.
for everything.
What happened, Paul?
Clarelle, there you are.
Jeez, you are about as hard to
get conference with as the pope.
Listen, got a lot of things
going on this month,
which, by the way,
I'm gonna be a little late
- on rent again. -Gator, I
don't want to hear it.
I've had your back
for the past three months,
and you know Harold's a Jew.
So, there's only
so far I can go.
And don't forget,
i only run this shack.
Clarelle, wait a minute.
I've been keeping up
on plumbing,
I've been keeping up on drywall.
I have a whole list
of things that I need
to get this place tip-top.
Gator, kiss my patootie.
The walls need fillin',
the toilets are busted.

Your only job here
is to fix this damn house,
and that pays your rent.
Nobody even uses
those toilets anyway.
They're all filled up with poo.
Well, maybe somebody'd
take a shit in there
if they were white and working.
I know I told your mother
I'd take care of you.
That's what godmothers are for.
Your mother's
like a sister to me.
I'd do anything for her and you.
But I can't keep
this umbilical cord
attached forever,
so tomorrow I need \$800
out of you
or I'm serving you
eviction papers.
Clarelle, how can you expect...
do you think Janet and Gary
would be proud
of what their son's become?
It's time for you to man up.
It breaks my heart.
I love you like a son.
When you... when you
were a teenager...
I always thought you'd be great.
Well, there's still time
for that.
Now, not another word.
I've got to go
and tend to my flowers.
Who is it?
Hey, ren-ren.
Oh.
Hello.
Please come in.
Wow.
Your room smells...

Really good in here.
It's very tech-y
and stuff.
So, how can I help you, Carrie?
I have a favor to ask of you.
So, I'm throwing a party later.
Oh, I really like parties.
You know, my father in India,
he's a really good dancer.
He does this bhangra dance thing.
He's a...
yeah, okay, ranjit,
we all have a dad.
Jesus.
Anyway, what I need you to do
for the party,
don't tell anybody
and please
don't do anything stupid
when my friends are here.
And also don't tell clarelle.
Can you do that for me?
What do I get in return?
I thought maybe
we could work out a deal, hmm?
Oh, yes.
I'm really liking this.
- Oh, god.
- Yeah?
Creamy and American and white.
Mm.
Okay, so, we have a deal, then?
Maybe later
we'll have a little fun? Hmm?
What kind of fun,
my wild snow leopard?
Fun that you will never forget.
- Oh. Mm.
- Oh, my god.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
You have to wait.
Till later.
Hmm, what's wrong, kitty cat?
Nothing.

We just, um...

I just want it
to be really special
for you, ran-ran,
okay, hmm?

So, I'm going to be wanting you
and your two girlfriends.
What?

Okay, if not, no party.
I'll tell clarelle.
Okay, fine.
That's fine.
Mm, good.
I'm going to need you
to text me two photographs
of your friends,
and we meet here tonight.
Oh, yeah, one more thing.
I'm going to need a deposit.
I don't have any fucking money.
Hmm.
That's a down payment,
pussy cat.
Okay, ew, get the fuck
off me and leave.
Where did you get that?
Hmm, my resources
are none of your concern.
But I encourage you
to please keep listening.
I'll fucking give you half.
Fuck you, all right?
I have been in this fuckin' town
for four fucking years...
- How do you even...
- The most degrading shit...
Who the fuck are you?
- Seriously?
- Shh.
Snow bunny, hmm?
A couple of hundred
and we meet here tonight.
- You motherfuck...
- please hand over a deposit.

And it will be
100% refundable once we...
Can't fucking believe this.
Stop.
You're so creamy.
I'm sure you're filled
with juicy goodness.
Oh, if I licked you
from the outside in,
I'm sure you would taste
like j-e-l-l-o.
Okay, gross.
Come on.
Oh, yes.
I like it.
I've been a naughty schoolboy.
Spank me.
Oh, my god.
You are a fucking pervert.
You are truly disgusting.
Where do you think
you're going, bitch?
Excuse me, aunt jemima.
Aunt jemima.
That's cute.
- You like that?
- Was this before or after
she took off the rag?
I don't know, bitch.
You got a weave.
- Don't touch me.
Well, now that I know
what you up to,
that little cute designer purse
is mine.
- Oh, this one?
- Yeah.
- Fuck you, bitch. -Who you
callin' a bitch, bitch?
Phula.
Yeah, you better have my back,
motherfucker.
Now, listen to me, bitch.
Hold that bitch.

This little
fucking designer purse,
like I said, and everything
in it is mine, all right?
And if you want
your little fiesta
to go off without a hitch,
these are
my motherfuckin' terms.
Now tap out, bitch,
and let me know you good.
Squeeze her.
Tap out, bitch!
Fuck you.
Hey, let her go.
She's dying.
Oh, no, I been choked by a lot
of niggas with big dicks.
Trust me, I know
what a bitch can take.
Tap out, bitch.
Give me the fucking purse.
- Oh.
- You good?
See you later.
Ah, do you know
there are 612 seconds
in exactly 10.2 minutes
and I have been out here
for 645, 646.
Do you have any idea what that kind
of heat does to the immune system?
My mom just died.
Oh, fuck.
Yeah, she was my best friend.
Look, I'm sorry
if I came on too strong, okay?
I can totally relate.
My mom passed away
right after I finished school.
Right after the funeral, i had
to get the hell out of New York.
I feel completely lost,
i mean, fuck, Carrie,

I don't even have
a fucking agent.
Well, maybe today's
your lucky day.
I really need to get myself
out of this headspace
that I'm in,
so I thought I'd throw
a party here tonight.
And, you know,
there's gonna be some really
- important people there.
- And I'm sure clarelle
is just happy about that.
Yeah, she's gonna go out
for the night.
Look, clarelle and i
are really tight, okay?
Tighter than you two are,
so, you know,
she totally trusts me.
If you don't go
and be a whiny little bitch
and cry to clarelle
about the party,
maybe I'll introduce you
to Vinnie tonight.
- He's an agent.
- Don't touch me.
'Cause god only knows
what kind of mold
and parasites
live between your legs
- and all over your body.
- Just shut up, all right?
This is gonna open up some
really big doors for you.
Look, Vinnie is a huge agent,
all right?
And, besides,
Hollywood is always looking
for their next up-and-coming
colored talent.
"Colored," really?

That's so bigot of you.

- Fuck off.

- Oh, come on.

This is gonna be
a big deal for you.

Yeah? And why the fuck
should I believe you?

- Why would I lie to you? -Because
you're a fucking manipulating,
conniving little bitch.

What are you so afraid of, hmm?
Making a deal with the devil,
that's who.

Pinky swear?

I wouldn't trust
that pinkie if it was mine.

Fool me once,
but it won't happen again.

And the only way
i get out of this house
is by booking jobs.

So, if your buddy shows up
and everything goes
exactly the way
you tell me it will,
I will owe you for life.
But if anything goes south,
don't ever look
in my fucking direction
ever again.

Deal.

Now leave.

- Bye.

- Cunt.

Thank you.

Oh.

Oh, oh, yes.

Oh.

Oh.

Oh, thank you.

Hey.

Hey, I gotta pee.

I just want to talk to you
in private, okay?

Now, tell me.
What the fuck were you doing
making business deals
with that bitch Carrie, huh?
You trying to make
mommy jealous?
- Here, take a shot.
- No, I prefer not to.
Shut up.
Just take it. Open up.
Burns, right?
Feels good, right?
Hmm?
- Listen.
- What?
Listen.
I... I want to know
why you cry.
Oh, that's not important
right now.
No, no, no.
Because people don't cry
when they...
Oh, I get it.
You want to get personal.
I'll show you fucking personal.
How's this for personal, huh?
- That personal enough?
- People will see.
I don't give a fuck who sees.
Look at me.
Look at me, ranjit.
- Look at me.
- Okay, okay.
Look at me, okay?
Focus.
Okay.
Yeah, right?
Oh, you want this thick
caramel pussy, huh?
- Yeah.
- Huh?
- I...
- you what?

- I want it.
- You do?
I want the caramel
and the thickness
- in the pussy.
- Oh, yeah.
- I want it. -You're gonna give
me this curry stick, huh?
Hmm?
Ooh, you're getting hard.
I like that.
I'm going to give it to you.
You're gonna give it to me?
Tell me how. Tell me how.
Give it to you like
I'm gonna put it inside you.
Then what you gonna do?
Tell me.
You gonna fuck me
the way the niggas do, huh?
- Yeah.
- Hmm?
- I'm gonna...
- what? Tell me, tell me.
- I'm going to, like...
- like a what?
- Like...
- like a what?
- Like a big...
- Big what?
- black...
- Black what?
- Donkey.
- Ooh, a donkey.
Mm, I want to see
that fucking donkey.
Yes!
Okay.
Ah, okay, nice.
Ooh, frisky.
Let's go on the bed.
- The bed.
- Okay, okay.
The bed. Okay.

No, the bed.
Enter now,
my world of mysticism.
Do you want your pussy
to be scratched like a tiger?
Shh.
Oh.
Oh, my dreams.
Ass to be ripped
by a big black cock?
Bite it.
Bite it, my phula.
Have you ever fucked
your mother?
Yeah, nigga, that's what
I'm talking about.
Have you ever
fucked her in the ass
and make her eat her own shit
by blowing your fucking cock?
Whoo.
Okay, that's new.
Whoo, frisky.
Just put it in, motherfucker.
Do you want to suck my cock?
- Yes.
- Okay, okay.
We're gonna put it in.
No, no.
Motherfucker, put it in.
Okay, I'm gonna go.
- Yes!
- Yes! Yes!
- Yes!
- Yes!
Oh, here we go.
Here we go.
- What?
- I'm ready to shoot!
I know you ain't just pumped
three times
and skeet, motherfucker.
Paradise, my love.
You gonna finally get me up here

and you gonna pump twice
and skeet inside of me
- and not let me know?
- Three times, my love.
I ain't your love, motehrfucker.
I even called you "nigga."
You ain't no nigga.
Niggas can fuck.
- But...
- There's a party downstairs,
and you know what I'm gonna do?
I'm gonna go find me
a nigga that can fuck.
Fuckin' faster than a computer.
I gotta go spend money
on a morning after pill.
Forty fucking dollars
that you gonna pay for.
- But I...
- But what, squirt gun?
But I love you.
Oh, hell, no.
- Gator?
- Yes, sir.
- Get me some fuckin' blow.
- Yes, sir.
- Make sure you get at
least an 8 ball. -Okay.
And keep your fucking change
like you usually do.
Don't so fucking...
damn it, ranjit,
why you gotta make me
feel this way?
This is my life.
This is what I do.
This is who I am, but I
didn't ask for this shit.
And I'm a fucking ho.
I fuck for money.
It's really fucking hard for me
to see what's real
and what's fake.
You don't know me, ranjit.

But I want to know.
You want to know
that my mom was a meth head?
And my dad used to have
his friends come over
when my mom was in the streets
to have his friends fuck me?
And I was taken away
by child services, okay?
And raised
in a fucking white family.
Fucking white school
where everybody made fun of me.
Called me a nigga, a spook.
And sometimes I wish the voices
in my head would just stop
and I feel like a fucking fake.
What else do you want to know?
My phula.
No, no, no, don't.
Don't feel bad for me.
This is my life.
This is what I chose,
so this is what I do.
And if there's anything genuine
about what you're saying to me,
then I have to let you know.
'Cause I'm not the one.
No.
I can't love you, ranjit.
I'm too busy trying
to fucking love myself.
Boom!
What's up now, slut?
- Fucking bitch.
- Yeah, bitch.
Who fucks you now,
you fucking whore?
That's for taking my fucking
purse, you dirty little cunt.
Yeah, fuck you,
you dirty house nigger.
- Hello, no ring. Thank...
- gator!

Oh, Tyrell.
Fucking rad party, bro.
Yeah. Hey,
did anybody ever tell you
you look like Abraham Lincoln
with some serious bdsm going on?
- That's really interesting.
- Dude, that is the nicest thing
anyone has ever said to me.
Thank you.
Have you seen Carrie?
I need to find her right now.
- I did.
- Yes?
I did.
I saw her in the main room.
Great.
I will see you later.
Wait a second.
Are you okay?
You know, you are
really sweating profusely.
You should consider
the hospital.
Not a chance
you're getting me to leave
this place right here,
right now.
But what I do need
is for you to loosen up
the cheeks, okay?
So, let's get these guys hard,
we'll get this loose.
Meet me over here.
I'm gonna mix you up
a little cocktail
out of my two favorite colors,
pink and blue.
- We put 'em in a...
- I'm not doing that, gator.
It's kind of against
my upbringing.
put it in our nose.
And then we go blast off.

Pew, pew.
Okay, gator, look,
you should really
not consider mixing...
it's probably
really bad for you.
Maybe talk to the food
and drug administration.
Okay, you know what?
Here we go.
Let's reverse just a little bit,
right back to where i told you
never to tell me
how to live my life again.
That includes my drug use.
Number two, mixing things
is what brought you
into existence,
so let's not hate on it.
And, number three,
a little bit of e,
a little bit of v,
and you're gonna be solid, dude.
Solid like a rock.
- Oh, my god.
- Wow.
Oh, my god, that was amazing.
Brain boner, man.
Whoa.
Hey, hey, hey.
You got any ass plugs?
Okay, and from the coolest
to the weirdest.
I'm gonna go ahead
and get right on outta here.
You're weird.
No, no offense!
D batteries?
Greasy door?
Zucchini?
Fuck!
Oh, yes.
That feels good.
You should know better.

- You belong over there.
You don't even know
what love is.
Couldn't even hold it!
Like a child!
Why did you go away?
Don't fucking push me.
Ah, fuck!
This year.
This is my fucking year,
motherfucker.
I swear to you.
Okay, seriously?
I'm gonna be
on a fuckin' runway,
and by the time...
by this time next year,
I'm gonna be in fucking Milan,
motherfucker.

- Shut the fuck up.
- Fuck you, okay?
I didn't move to this goddamn
town to fucking fail, all right?
Shut up.
Mm, that's fucking good.
Mm.
My motherfucking passport
is gonna be stamped!
And everybody
in this goddamn town
is gonna know who I fucking am,
and if anybody has
a fucking problem with it,
well, they can suck
my fucking dick.
Why don't I put my dick
in your mouth,
you fucking bitch? Huh?

- Yeah, my dick.
- My dick, bitch.
No, my dick, motherfuck.
Get the fuck off.
- Fuck you.
I got a lump.

Do you got anything to drink?
Yeah, I got that good shit
for you, bitch.
Give it to me.
Give it to me.
Fuckin'... you're gross.
Seriously, fuck off.
Drink that shit, bitch.
What is that salty shit?
- What the fuck?
- That's that Mr. moist, baby.
- What?
- It's that g, bitch.
That's fucking g?
What the fuck is wrong with...
get the fuck off me, fuck.
What's wrong with you?
Why would you
fucking give that to me?
Get the fuck away from me,
seriously.
- Get away from me. Get away from me.
- What's the matter, bitch?
No.
Get the fuck off me.
Ah, feel that.
Feel that shit.
Yeah, feel that shit.
Get the fuck off me.
Jiminy cricket,
you are enormous.
- Whew. -Where do you
think you're going?
Just directly behind you
to get back to my room.
- You need a stamp. -I live
there, my room's there.
I take a poop behind the tree
over there every single morning.
How many rooms are back there?
Four, with a door
that leads to a secret garden.
All right, but don't let me
find out you lied to me.

- See this hand?
- Yeah.
Thirty pounds of pressure.
Together with this hand?
Forty pounds of pressure
per square inch.
Crush your head like a grape.
Now move it along.
Pumpkins.
Peacocks.
You're gonna find
a nigger to fuck?
Huh? You're gonna find
a nigger to fuck?
Yeah.
I'm gonna find somebody
to fuck, too.
Wait, whoa, whoa.
You're Tyrell.
- Yeah. -How long you been here?
- Fucking a!
We're supposed to get together
and hang out tonight.
I didn't think... she actually
talked about that?
Yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
- Julliard, right?
- Yes!
Oh, fuckin' a!
Dude, this calls
for a fucking
celebratory experience.
Let's do
a fucking elephant tusk.
Whoo!
Okay, I don't know what that is,
- but it sounds like a lot of fun.
- Fuckin' a, man.
I'm so happy you're here.
I got so much to tell you.
I'm so fucking excited
to work with you, baby.
- Wow. -Talented actor,

good-looking fuckin' guy.
We're gonna make so much
fuckin' money in this town.
- Oh, oh, okay. -I'm gonna
make you a fuckin' star.
Yeah, that's...
that's not my cup of tea.
Vinnie, Vinnie.
Whoa, that's a lot.
- That's a lot. That looks like Alaska.
- T, baby,
how the fuck are we supposed
to work together
if we don't do the same shit?
Here's your chance to be
a motherfuckin' star, man.
We are at the top
of the agency chain.
B.B.B.E.,
you heard of us, right?
- Yeah. -We just merged
with number two. Yeah!
- That's good.
- I tell you what, man.
Next week, we'll get lunch
on my dime, all right?
Here's my business card.
I'mma make you a fucking star.
Know what? You're right.
This is good.
This is good.
This is supposed to be.
Get in here.
Let's seal the deal.
Let's sign the fuckin' contract.
Only live once, right?
Go ahead, right into
one nostril, plug the other.
Come on, fucker, man up.
Man up.
Come on,
pull the fuckin' string up.
Yeah, yeah!
Inhale that shit.

Burn your fuckin' insides.
Melt your fuckin' brain.
Give me a fuckin' hit of that.
- It burns!
- Good, it's supposed to.
Whoo!
Fuckin' enjoy it.
I feel like I have
concrete in my throat.
Yeah, that's the trip, baby.
That's the best part.
Special k, motherfucker!
Yeah!
Special k.
Yo, yo, t.
Whoa, t, you all right?
Whoa, dude, that's a...
dude, that is a \$2,000 suit.
Get the fuck off.
Get the fuck up.
Somebody help this fuckin' guy.
Fuck!
Fucking cocksucker!
You see what I do?
I take a fucking chance
I give you a fucking shot, this
is how you fucking repay me?
Go fuck yourself.
You're a fucking nobody.
- Get the fuck outta my way.
- Help me.
Help.
Help.
Can't stop fucking jawing.
It's okay.
It's supposed to be that way.
Candy.
Candy!
Yo! Yes.
What the fuck do you want?
You forever and ever.
And ever.
Oh, god, you smell so good.
Listen, do you have any blow?

You need to get back to your...
have you ever had
a wet nightmare?
Get the fuck off my stage.
I will do it for you.
I will be that person.
I don't like to,
but I will do that for you.
- Do you have any blow?
- Got Molly?
Yeah, yeah, sure.
Whatever you need, honey.
Listen, you ask gator
and he's got it all.
Mm.
- Downstairs.
- Thank you.
- Fuck off. No. -Told ya
gonna get my dick, bitch.
Gonna get my dick, bitch.
Fuck...
drink
some of that Mr. moist.
Take my fuckin' dick, bitch.
Fuck.
Oh, yeah.
I told you
i was gonna get that moist.
Shut the fuck up.
You seen that white lady, man?
- What?
- You got that blow?
Eat a dick.
- Get the fuck outta here.
- Fine, bro.
Love yourself, bro.
- I love nitrous.
- Hello, ladies.
You are so pretty.
Oh, my god, do I know you?
- Please god, tell me.
- No.
But you could if you want to.
Oh, my god, that was so much

a better answer than just yes.
Tell me what I need to do.
I will do anything, girls.
Anything.
Fresh out the tank.
- Come back.
My little balloon.
Oh, my god.
Oh, my god.
Oh, my... oh, my god.
How old are you girls?
- Fourt...
- eighteen.
I'm just gonna say this
out loud, that's recorded.
Tell me into the camera
that you never saw me.
- We never saw you.
- Oh, very good. Okay.
End record.
Listen, girls.
Here's the deal.
We're off the record.
- I'm coming right back here.
- Where are you going?
I just... I have to find
this stupid fucking person.
Listen, just
don't go anywhere, okay?
Or I will find you.
If you stay,
you can take all of the Molly
in that entire case.
Have a great time,
in fact, girls,
please take all the Molly
'cause we're gonna have
so much fun.
You guys...
god, I hate you, Carrie.
Whoo, Jesus Mary-Kate
and Ashley Olsen.
Who the fuck are you?
Y-you l-like

huffin' nitrous?

- Well, i...

- we like huffin' gasoline.

Okay, you two are...

Let me know when you're ready
to graduate.

Mm, I'm good where I am.

Oh, you want a shot?

What is she doing?

- I want what she's on.

- -I'll take two.

Right? Right?

Oh, shit.

No, no, no, no, shh.

Shh.

Okay.

What the fuck did you do?

Fuck, fuck.

Oh.

- Oh, my god.

O-m-g.

Carrie.

Whoa, what are you on?

Okay, yeah, yeah,

yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, monkeys.

So much cocana.

- Yeah, fuck her.

- You guys are doing...

fuckin' fuck that bitch.

Carrie?

Yo, Carrie, wake up!

What the fuck are you doing,
motherfucker?

What the fuck

are you doing, man?

Get off my fuckin' roommate,
bro!

- Get the fuck outta here!

- Carrie, wake up!

- Get the fuck out!

- Carrie, wake up!

Get off my roommate.

Get... get of me, man.

What the fuck are you guys
doing in here?

No!

Carrie!

Carrie, wake up!

Fucker, you scumbags!

I got you on tape,
motherfuckers!

Come out here

and fight me like a man,
you fuckin' coward!

You wanna fight, huh?

- You wanna fight?

- Yeah.

Damn straight!

Oh, god.

Come on, let's go.

Ah, damn it.

Clarelle?

- What the fuck?

- Clarelle?

- What's wrong? Are you... -oh, please,
I'll sign an autograph later.

What are you talking about? And
what is with the nail and the dirt?

I'm sure we'll see each other later.

Bye-bye, darling.

- Clarelle.

- Bye-bye.

What the fuck?

Stay down, bitch!

You're so beautiful.

Big fan.

Big, big fan.

Just gorgeous.

Just gorgeous, darling.

Such a star.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Oh.

- Clarelle.

- You inspire me.

Clarelle, we love you.

We love you, clarelle.

I'm gonna fucking find
somebody to fuck.

Yeah.

Clarelle, what are you?

What are you doing?

Oh, yes, darling.

Why are you carrying
those sticks?

Would you like a photo?

Clarelle, give me that pan.

Get off of me

and don't touch my things!

Have you no manners, sir?

I knew you had it in you.

It was just a matter of time
before the world would see.

I told you I could do it.

Father would have been proud.

I knew you could do it,
dollface.

Paul.

Why now, all of a sudden?

For years, you wanted me
to do what you wanted.

Now...

I'm capable.

You finally got over yourself.

You got out of your own way.

Eh, you get what you get
when you get it, right?

I wouldn't have loved you
all these years
if I didn't believe in you.

You're still as foxy
as the day we met.

- Oh, don't talk that way.

- I've missed you.

Oh, I've missed you, too.

I never stopped.

Come away with me.

Just you and me,
the way it used to be.

Leave all this madness behind.

Clarelle?

Oh, I guess I'd better get back.
The stage manager
is waiting for me.
Paul, let go of me.
Clarelle?
- I said let go.
- Shh.
Drink, Carrie, drink, drink.
- Good, good, good, go, go, go.
Okay, good girl,
good girl, good girl.
Oh, we've got such
a great future together.
Oh, look at ya.
Just like old times.
Just you and I, kiddo.
You okay?
Jesus, you stupid
fucking beautiful bitch.
Clarelle, open the door.
Don't make me kick the door in.
- This party's over.
I'm ending it.
- Tyrell?
- Gator?
Oh, god.
Thank god.
- Oh, fuck. -Thank god, listen.
- Look at me.
Look at... what the fuck
is wrong with you?
Did you take everything
i gave you?
God damn it, listen to me.
Go find clarelle, okay?
- Where is she? -I don't... go
fucking check her room, go.
- Sorry, sorry, move.
- Fucking Christ.
You're doing so good.
- Yeah, just let go.
- -Open the door, clarelle!
That's it.
- Clarelle!

- That's it.
Open the door!
Clarelle?
Clarelle! Oh, my god,
what have you done?
Somebody help!
Oh, my god, fuck.
Somebody call 9-1-1.
Somebody call a doctor now!
- Clarelle, clarelle.
- Somebody call 9-1-1!
Tyrell,
there's no time to explain.
She's not breathing
and her pulse is fading.
Listen, I need you
to apply pressure here.
There's too much blood.
There's too much blood.
- There's too much...
- fucking apply the pressure!
Don't worry
about your germ shit!
Somebody call 9-1-1!
I can't hear anything.
I don't know if she's breathing.
Listen to me. Listen to me!
Listen to me, okay?
We have to get her
to a hospital, okay?
We have to put her
in this sheet.
You get her legs,
I'll get her shoulders.
- Okay. All right.
- Okay, on three.
One, two, three!
Let's get her out of here.
Party's over, motherfuckers.
Get the fuck out of here.
I'm shutting
this motherfucker down.
Party is over!
Oh, god!

I can't hold her!
Come on, i knew you could do it.
You're almost there.
Aw, I can't wait to get you.
Tell me what is going on!
What is happening?
Tell me what is going on!
- Fuck!
- What is happening?
- She's dead! She's dead!
- Oh, my god.
Oh, god.
Come on, we gotta get out!
Go, go, go.
She's dead.
She's dead.
Please don't go away.
Oh, god.
Please, somebody help her.
Please.
Please come back.
Please.
Clarelle, don't go.
No!
No!