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Bad Boy Bubby

By Rolf de Heer

Be still!
Princess Pink.
Princess Pink.
Such a good little boy...
That's right...
That's a good boy, Bubby...
Good boy...
Good little boy...
Toilet...?
Don't move!
Jesus can see everything.
He tells me you moved,
by Christ, I'll beat you brainless!
Be still!
Bubby naughty...
Oh, Christ!
What you done?!
You... filthy little cunt!
You dirty little shit!
I'll send you to hell,
just you see,
you'll go to hell,
and your eyes will fall out,
and your prick will fall off,
you dirty little SLIME!
You're such a good little boy...
Mummy does love
her little Bubby...
You like'em, don't you, Bub...
Beautiful, ain't they?
Good little boy...
Be still!
Be still!
BE STILL, YOU LITTLE CUNT!
By Christ, I'll beat you brainless!
Can't come outside,
'cause no gas-mask!
And Bubby DIE!
Now be still!
Poison!
Poison!
If the poison don't get you?
Then God will.
Don't you bloody forget it.

Don't you bloody forget it!
Where Kat from?
Outside.
How come he ain't...
...no gas-mask?
Don't need it.
Don't breathe.
How don't breathe?
That... ain't breathin'.
Eat!
I know you're in there, Florence!
I'll be back!
What?
Want to go out, do you?
Want to go out to see
what it's like, do you?!
Want to go outside?!
Cough, choke?!
DIE?!
I know, you're in there, Florence!
I'll be back!
Bubby a good little boy.
Mummy's little boy.
Shut up!
Don't be disgusting!
Anybody there?
Come on!
I know you're in there!
Go away!
Florence? Open up or
I'll bust the door down!
I know it's you!
I've seen you come and go!
That's funny... That's funny...!
All these years and
I didn't know I had a son!
Not so funny.
Christ, Florence! You've got
to see the funny side of things!
I've been waiting for you
Yes... well...
I meant to come back
sooner, didn't I?
Just...

Well, just I didn't get
round to it before.
I'm here now, ain't I?
Yes...
Yes, you are...
You're here now.
God...
Thirty-five years...
Gone quick!
You still look good, Flo.
You always were
a good-looking broad!
You always were the charmer...
Yep.
Charmed a few girls in my time.
And yet I never knowed I had a son!
Good, healthy-looking specimen, too.
You done well, Flo.
Hey, son!
You can call me Pop!
I'm your Pop!
Pop.
Pop.
He's gettin' the idea.
Pop.
Pop-pop-pop...
Pop.
- Pop-pop-pop-pop...
- Yeah, yeah...
Alright, don't go making
a big thing of it.
Listen, Flo.
I know I should have been back
sooner and I'm sorry and all that.
But do you reckon, you know...
You and me...
You know...
Will you still have me, Flo?
I don't know.
You bein' a man of God now...
Oh, that...
Did a bit of preaching
part-time, nothing in it.
How about it, then?

Make an honest women of you!
Don't know if I can
trust you, Harold.
Hey, what's up, son? You got
a mental condition or something?
If you and me are gonna learn
to live together...
...we gotta have some respect!
Comprenez?
I think he comprends.
How about some refreshment, love?
Sorry, Harold.
Hey, son!
Me and your mother
would like to have a bit of a talk.
How about going outside?
Bubby ain't used to going outside.
By himself...
Son, you ain't a poofter, are you?
I don't want any son of mine
growing up to be a... homosexual.
I'd disown him first.
You got to try to understand...
Me and Bubby...
We been here... hm...
by ourselves a long time.
But he ain't like other kids.
He was such a difficult birth.
All alone in here,
no one to help you...
I didn't think
I'd pull through.
So you gotta try to understand.
As long as he ain't a poofter.
Oh, no. No, he ain't.
Dry old conversation, Flo!
Pardon?
Dry old conversation!
Oh, sorry!
We don't get very many visitors!
Hm, would a sherry do?
Any port in the storm...!
Any port in the storm...
I can see right down

your dress, Flo.
God, you've got great tits!
They were big before,
but now they're great
big whoppers of things!
You're just being nice!
No, seriously, Flo.
They're the sort of tits
a man can really lose himself in.
Bury his face and forget
about the troubles of-
What troubles, Harold?
What troubles can a man forget?
Let go, Bubby, let go!
Jesus...! He's mad!
The fucking bastard!
Harold! Harold, it's...
- He was trying to kill me! - He was not!
- You mad, you bastard!
He didn't mean you any harm,
he was just trying to see
whether you breathed or not.
What?!
It's not his fault, he's got
some strange ideas.
You can't blame the kid.
He can't help it.
He never had a father.
Nearly killed the
only one he's got.
Christ, kid! You're a weirdo!
Weirdo.
Christ, kid. You're a weirdo.
Christ, kid.
You're a weirdo!
You've got lovely skin, Flo.
Soft, and sexy.
You're a sexy woman.
You make it hard
for a red-blooded man
to keep his hands off you.
You have lovely hands, Harold.
Be a pity not to
be using them.

What's that you've found, then?
Don't know.
Don't know what this could be.
It's me dress that's
what you've found.
Yeah...
But what's this,
under the dress?
You have already
had your look at it.
Is it...?
Is it?
You'll have to wait and see!
Gates of Paradise...
One of the seven
wonders of the world!
Do you really think so?
Yes.
It's not too big?
It's perfection, Flo.
Oh, that's lovely...
Hey, you see...?
Oh yeah, do that again...
Oh, that's nice...
HEY! Get the fuck out of here!
You pervert!
Give your mother some privacy!
Go back to bed, Bubby!
Why the hell you call him Bubby?
Bubby's a stupid name!
I was waiting for
you to get back.
But it suits him.
Yeah, a stupid name
for a stupid kid!
You're a sexy woman, Flo.
What the fuck...?
The kid's completely crackers!
You're a weirdo!
Oh, Jesus Christ...
You're a sexy woman, Flo.
Am I?
Thank you.
God, you've got great tits!

Great, big whoppers of things!
One of the seven wonders
of the world, Flo!
It's perfection.
Oh, Bubby...
My little boy.
Gates of Paradise...
He's attacking me, Harold!
Jesus Christ!
Fuck me!
Get the fuck out of here!
YOU MAD BASTARD!
You mad bastard!
You fucking cunt! You get
the bastard out of here!
- You got lovely skin, Flo.
- YOU SEXUAL PERVERT!
- You're a weirdo!
- GET THAT CUNT OUT OF HERE!
GET OUT...!
Leave Bubby alone!
YOU DIRTY FUCKING SHIT!
GET OUT!
Get the fuck out of here!
Oh, doormat. Excuse me.
The fucking kid's
trying to be me again!
SHUT THE FUCK UP, KID!
You useless shit,
you perverted bastard...!
You're good for nothing!
Nothing... except messing
things up... isn't he, Flo?!
Messed the place up good and
proper, didn't you, you little cunt!
You useless cunt!
- Why don't you piss off?!
- Leave Bubby alone!
Leave Bubby alone!
Leave Bubby alone!
You stupid useless kid,
you should've been left to die!
What did you say?!
He should've been, the kid

should've been left to die!
Oh, you bastard,
I kept him alive for you!
Wasn't worth the
trouble you fat cow!
You be still...
You be still...
YOU BE STILL!
You be still...
Now... you be still, Pop.
Mum...
You be still, too.
You're a sexy woman, Flo.
Get off the road,
you fucking greenie bastard!
Get a look at the
bastard, will you!
You fucking poofter bastard!
Nooo...!
No...!
Put money in it, bastard!
He snatched my bloody handbag!
Bloody bastard!
Bloody bastard!
Yeah...
Yeah...
See you.
See you.
Bloody bastard...
Bloody bastard...
We'll sit in the back!
We sit in the back!
Is it the usual?
- Shall we have the usual?
- Yeah.
Okay, hm, two specials, no pineapple!
Alright, beautiful, thanks
very much. Alright.
Lick! Your tongue!
Yeah! Now lick me here!
Here, dummy!
Oh, Christ, that prickles!
Do you like singing?
Do you like that?

When I want to feel close
to my special friend, Jesus...
I sing him a very special song...
Do you want to hear it?
It's my good friend
Jesus's favourite song.
Did you like it?
You're a dag!
Christ, kid! You're a weirdo!
Yeah, that's what you are!
A weird kid!
Nothing but a big...
weird... kid...
Hey! Piss off out the way,
mate, I gotta cut this tree down!
Hey!
You fucking deaf?
You're a queer looking
rooster, aren't you?
What're you, fucking
one of them greenies?
Hey! Come on, fuck off,
or I'll cut your prick off!
You fucking idiot!
Go on, get out of it...
Come on!
Little...!
Come on, let's just get out of here.
You'll just come with me, sir!
You don't want any
trouble now, do you?
Come on! This way!
Yes, mate! Can I help you?
Err, printshop...
Get, get, get...!!
You try that again, mate,
and I'll call the cops!
Two of those wonderfully fattening
chocolate eclairs, please, Sam!
Here we are! Thanks.
Thank you, sweetie!
Yes!
Two of those wonderfully fattening
chocolate eclairs, please, Sam!

Two dollars! Thanks!
Thank you, sweetie!
Er, no, that'll be two
dollars, thanks, buddy!
Two of those wonderfully fattening
chocolate eclairs, please, Sam!
Thank you, sweetie!
I think we'd better find
out where you belong.
To take you back there.
Come on!
Yes.
I still look alright, don't I?
Get off the fucking road,
you fucking greenie bastard!
Get off the fucking road,
you fucking greenie bastard!
I don't like fucking smart cunts!
I saw what that
fucking pig did to you...
Beer?
There's some down here.
I've gotta stop drinking.
I've gotta get my life in order.
Who wants it?
Bubby wants it!
Bubby!
Rip the scab off that one, mate!
We need more beer!
We need more beer!
Let's give him a taste
of what's to come!
Sure, a bit of rock'n'roll!
One! Two!
One-two-three!
#If you see Kay!
#Can you tell her I'm leaving?
#Can you tell her I'm losing my mind?
#If you see Kay!
#Can you tell her I'm leaving
#If you'd say until she says okay
#I've got to hear you say okay
#I've got to make her take away
#I can't figure it out any other way!

#F. U. C. K!
#Can you tell her I'll leave her?
#Can you tell her I'm losing my mind?
How's it, roadie?
I would never drive, mate!
Hey, Bubby!
Can you give us a hand, mate?
Bubby is the apprentice roadie.
That's good, Bubby.
Bubby is the apprentice roadie.
Yeah, just don't drop
the fucking speaker, okay?
Just don't drop the
fucking speaker, okay?
Oh, fuck!
Jesus!
Alright?
Is this where the band
supposed to be?
Yeah.
Alright... Hm... What
time are you starting?
About an hour and half ago,
but nobody's turned up yet.
Want to come in?
We'll play!
I... don't think so.
I was hoping there'd be some girls.
No girls, mate, only music.
Thanks anyway!
Who was that?
I don't know. A neighbour complaining
about all the racket we were making.
Ah, very fucking funny, mate.
He was a customer.
Where did he go?
How the fuck would I know?
Down the road to see another band!
And you just let him walk out!
What the fuck was I
supposed to do? Force him?
How the fuck we're
going to pay for the hall,
if you let all the people

walk out without paying!
Jesus fucking Christ!
Is that the lot?
- I've nothing.
- I've nothing.
What about you, hold-out?
Is that it?
Try the other pocket, mate,
we saw you tried that one before.
Nothing!
Never anything.
How about you?
Got any money?
Sure...
Search him.
Money! Do you have any money?
You greedy little cunt!
I ain't got enough money
to keep buying you milk!
So take that, mate!
Shut up!
Well, if that's all there is...
...we're stuffed.
Yeah! We're stuffed.
- Christ!
- Hilarious...
No money, no girls...
It's enough to make you puke!
And where's that fucking
smell coming from?!
Your fucking feet!
Fuck that fucking smell!
What about the fucking money?
Hurry up, Bubby! We're
in the middle of a crisis!
- Settle!
- It's okay, mate.
CLINGWRAP KILLER
- That be Mum!
- What?
That be Pop!
Them be Mum and Pop!
What?
Is that your mother?

Bubby Mum!
And your father?
- What do you reckon...
- Oh, Jesus Christ!
Ah, wouldn't be him!
Big shit!
It wouldn't!
- I don't know...
- It says there's a reward!
Fifty thousand bucks!
Take a look at this!
- What is this...
- Aah, shit!
- Christ!
- Fuck!
That be Kat!
No, it was a cat.
Jesus...
- Eer...
- It is him!
- It has to be!
- Fifty grand!
Oh, fuck...
Alright, he's harmless!
- Tell that to the cat.
- He can stay in your bed tonight.
Jesus, Bubby, take
that cat outside, will you?
Just take it
outside for a while.
Don't go too far, okay?
Okay.
Bring us back some
money or something!
Okay!
Five, six, seven, eight, nine...
Jesus fucking Christ!
Get that fucking thing out of
here, you mad bastard! What...?
I don't like fucking smart cunts!
Well...
If that's all there is...
...we're stuffed.
Ah, fucking racket!

Yeah, they're probably after him.

Oh, shit.

- What're we gonna do now?

- We're gonna go to jail!

I can feel it!

We're going to go to jail!

- Bullshit!

- Shut up!

Look! Look...!

Let's just put these on.

More trouble

that he's worth.

You just take care

of that money.

It's alright, Bubby.

#Tell you a story

#that's sad but true

#Tell you a story

#about you know who

#A boy called Bubby

#sitting right over there

#Bad Boy Bubby

#with the wild, crazy hair...

Bad Boy Bubby...

#Oh, yeah!

Bad boy...

#Bad Boy Bubby

#Bad Boy Bubby Blues

#Got them? Bad Boy Bubby

#Bad Boy Bubby Blues...

#Bad Boy Bubby Blues

#from my head right to my shoes...

#Well, we met him

#when we were touring in '53

#Well, that's not true

#but it rhymes with Bubby

#Bad Boy Bubby

#Bad Boy Bubby Blues...

He's a classic, isn't he?

You don't own

a cat, do you, Dan?

We're going to leave

you with Dan, Bubby. Okay?

See you, Bubby!

And don't be a bad boy!
#Bad Boy Bubby...
#Bad Boy Bubby Blues...
Hey! Hey!
Why don't you go and talk
to her, if she's so interesting?
You're a sexy woman, Flo.
God, you've got great tits.
Great, big whoppers of things.
You're a very cruel person,
do you know that?
Just because you're rich,
and you're handsome, you...
...you think it's okay
to make fun of people like me?
Well, it's not funny!
It's just hurtful!
Bubby naughty bad boy,
dirty little cunt!
Oh, leave me alone!
Leave me alone!
Just please, leave me...
Go away from me!
SOMEONE HELP ME!
Why don't you
bastards do something!
Watch the language, lady, or I
cool you off for a couple of days!
Hey, we're not the
bloody criminals!
Those arseholes
stole our purses!
We can't help if you go
walk about at night by yourselves!
Who'd want to steal from a boong?
Oh, for Christ's sake!
We were on our way home from work!
Work?! Huh! That'd be the day!
Something illegal, no doubt!
Youse are really fucked!
Now, I warned you
about the language!
Now you can piss off out of here!
And consider yourselves lucky

I didn't lock up the pair of you!
Fuck, let's go!
I'd have that head wound seen to!
Get fucked!
Psst!
Whatcha doin'?
What ya doin'?
What're you doin'?
Why don't you talk to me more?
What, cat got your tongue?
I got feelings too, you know.
But...
Not fun being on
night shift, is it?
Get lonely, you know.
Why don't you talk to me?
Get fucked!
Leave me alone!
Please leave me alone!
Someone help me!
You want out?!
It's the Animal for you,
you fucking nutter!
Me be Bubby.
The Clingwrap Killer.
You have been rehabilitated.
Here's ten dollars to
see you on your way.
You can go.
Don't let me see
you back here.
Well...
If that's all there is...
...we're stuffed!
Jesus can see everything I do...
...and he's going to beat me brainless!
Come!
You see...
No one's going to help you, Bubby.
Because there isn't
anybody out there to do it.
No one.
We're all just complicated arrangements
of atoms and subatomic particles,

we don't live.
But our atoms do move
about in such a way
as to give us identity
and consciousness.
We don't die;
our atoms just rearrange
themselves.
There is no God.
There can be no God,
it's ridiculous to think in
terms of a superior being.
An inferior being,
maybe, because we,
we who don't even exist,
we arrange our lives with more order
and harmony than God ever
arranged the earth.
We measure...
Plot...
We create wonderful music.
We are the architects
of our own existence.
What a lunatic concept
to bow down before a God
who slaughters millions
of innocent children...
Who slowly and agonisingly
starves them to death...
beats them,
tortures them...
Rejects them.
What folly to even think that
we should not insult such a God...
Damn him!
Think him out of existence.
It is our duty to think
God out of existence.
It is our duty to insult Him.
Fuck you, God!
Strike me down
if you dare, you tyrant!
You non-existent fraud!
It is the duty of all human beings

to think God out of existence.
Then we have a future.
Because then,
and only then,
do we take full responsibility
for who we are.
And that's what
you must do, Bubby!
Think God out of existence.
Take responsibility for who you are!
Fuck you, God!
Strike me down, if you dare!
Fuck you, God.
Fuck you, God!
Strike me down, if you dare!
Hello!
- Hello!
- Hello!
- Hello!
- Hello.
- What're you doing?!
- Bubby good boy.
Let's get him!
- You pervert!
- Son of a bitch!
You be's right...
You be right, Mum...
Bubby no fit
no more out there.
#Tell you a story
#Sad but true
#Tell you a story
#about you know who
#Bad Boy Bubby
#Bad Boy Bubby Blues
#Tell you a story
#about you know who
#A boy called Bubby
#sitting right over there...
#Bad Boy Bubby
#with the wild, crazy hair...
Yeah, wherever you want.
Anything to drink...?
...father?

Pizza.
Got any money?
Money...
That's all there is.
Then you just want pizza?
Pizza.
Well, what sort of pizza?
Pizza!
Alright!
No trouble, okay?
Pop no trouble be.
Alright, Pop.
Keep your money.
Cat!
Good cat.
Good cat.
Don't move, you little cunt!
I'll beat you brainless, by... Christ...
Good cat.
Don't go, cat.
Stay!
Bubby get pizza for Cat!
Pizza!
Don't go!
Stay!
Good cat!
Stay!
Don't go!
Pizza!
Can you spare a buck, mate?
Fifty cents then?
Alright, then twenty?
You got any money at all?
That's all there is!
That all?
Oh...
Let me buy youse a drink!
Paul!
That be Paul!
Ungrateful bastard!
#A place where nothing ever ends
#Where feelings never fall asleep
#Just like in a miracle
#You'll find her, you'll see her

#There, between the silence and the sleep
#Want her
#Be hers
#There, between the fallen and the dream
Get him!
Get him!
Jesus Christ!
Get that fucking thing out
of here, you mad bastard!
Get off the fucking road,
you greenie bastard!
Look at the silly bastard,
would you?
You poofter bastard!
Hey, son!
You can call me Pop!
I'm your Pop!
Hey, Pop!
Hello, son.
Hello, Pop!
Yeah, yeah, that'll do!
Don't go making
a big thing of it!
What's the matter
with you, son?
You got a bit of a mental
condition or something?
Fucking kid's trying
to be me again.
Shut the fuck up, kid!
You useless cunt!
Why don't you piss off?!
Leave Bubby alone...
Leave Bubby alone!
Fucking useless shit,
should've been left to die!
#You'll find her
#You'll see her
#There, between the silence and the sleep
#Want her
#Be hers
#There, between the fallen and the dream
Stocking up there, Bubby?
Not Bubby.

Me Pop now.
What's the pizza for, Pop?
Pizza for Cat.
You still got that bloody cat?
Don't worry about it, Bubby.
We'll get you more
pizza tomorrow.
Pop get pizza for Cat now!
Hey, you can't go anywhere!
We need you tomorrow night.
You're part of the band now!
Cat hungry!
Wait a minute, Bubby.
Look, Pop. Just wait.
Tonight, you were good.
They loved you out there.
And you loved it out there.
We want you to do it
every night.
Tomorrow night, and the next.
Okay?
It's a regular gig here.
Stay with us,
we'll look after you.
For sure!
Pop give pizza to Cat.
We'll take you wherever
the bloody cat is!
No!
No.
Pop go to Cat!
Pop sleep with Cat.
Come on, we can't just let him go.
We'll never see him again.
We can't force him to stay.
Bubby, please!
Bubby been left to die.
Me Pop now!
And don't lose it!

Remember :

give the note to someone,
they'll bring you
back here, we'll pay!

What's going on?
Go back to your woman.
I hope he makes it back.
Gonna be a dull gig
tomorrow, if he doesn't.
See you!
Fucking bit me!
Kill the fucking thing!
Break its fucking neck!
Fucking cat made me bleed!
Leave Cat alone!
Cat!
Pop got pizza!
Come on, Cat.
Pizza!
Don't be still, Cat!
She say Cat be dead.
Is Cat dead?
Yes. Cat's dead.
What did she say?
She say you name be Angel.
Oh, my God!
You understand them!
You understand what she said!
You must have more
names than just Pop!
Pop!
Me be Pop!
You can call me Pop!
Pop, we just want to find out
where you come from.
Where do you live?
Pop don't know.
Bubby don't know.
Do you think he might be schizo?
I don't think he's anything...
He's just a... kid!
Bubby a big weird kid!
Christ, kid! You're a weirdo!
Pop not a kid!
If we take him anywhere,
they're going to lock him up!
And I feel he shouldn't
be locked up!

What is it, Rachael?
She think me should stay!
Is that what you
think, Rachael?
What about the others?
What do you think?
Do you want Pop to stay?
Yes. Yes!
Well, I'm sure you've got
some stories to tell!
Like who's Bubby,
for instance?
You're Bubby, aren't you?
Bubby been left to die!
Me Pop now!
Oh...
Pop want to see Angel's tits!
No.
But I'll show Bubby!
Bubby want to see Angel's tits!
I don't hear Bubby!
Bubby no fit no more out here!
Me Bubby.
Them be beautiful.
Like Mum.
Don't you think
they're too big?
Them be perfection!
Okay...
It's enough for now...
You go back to being Pop.
And Bubby's our secret.
Okay?
It's a garden, and
it's filled with roses...
All different colours...
And it smells so
beatiful in the garden.
It is a very special garden.
No one knows about this garden...
No one is allowed to come in.
Only people who love you.
Only people who care
about you.

And only people
you want to let in.
There's a very high picket fence
around the garden...
Hidden in the high grass...
And no one can see it.
Imagine yourself being
in that garden...
lying on the grass...
feeling very comfortable.
It's a beautiful day.
The sun is shining...
and it's warm.
And the wind gently
touches your cheeks...
Hi.
I'm off duty now, so I'm going to
show you where you'll be sleeping.
Rachael think Pop
stay in her room.
Are you saying what
I think you're saying?
Sorry, Rachael, but Pop
will stay in Pandy's room.
Okay?
Here's your bed
and there's your suitcase
and I put your cat
in the freezer,
we can bury that
tomorrow, okay?
A band?
Cat got your tongue?
It's the Animal for you!
Psst! Pop!
Come here!
We've got a surprise for you!
We've got some people who'd
really like to get to know you!
Come on, come on!
Go, get'em, Pop!
Is that you, Pop?
Me be Pop!
I'm Shannon!

I'm Sharon!
Won't you join us?
What do you think?
Do you like us?
I've never had a virgin before!
Don't be scared!
We'll show you what to do!
Tiny tits...
Tiny?!
These aren't tiny,
they're perfect 36's!
Where did you come from?
Them not Angel tits.
Who's Angel?
I don't know...
Ashes to ashes,
and dust to dust.
Good-bye, Cat.
There...
She's happy with God now!
It is the duty of all human beings
to think God out of existence.
Full of surprises, aren't we...
Be still, Kat!
I'll beat you brainless,
by Christ!
Poison don't get you...
God will...!
Them not tiny tits!
Them great big
whoppers of things!
Pop love them tits!
Pop love them tits!
No.
No!
That not be.
Not be...
What's the matter, Bubby?
Bubby crying with
sadness for Rachael...
because Rachael
have no Bubby.
Rachael...
be loving Bubby.

Oh, my poor Rachael...
And Bubby be loving Angel...
Oh, Bubby...
I only really visit
when I have to.
It always ends in a fight.
And then I don't
go for a while...
And then they forgive me,
then we fight all over again.
A bit of a mess
but dad's a collector.
Used to be his business.
Princess Pink!
This is going to be fun...
How do you like
your dinner, Mr Pop?
Pizza be better than this.
Our daughter has a healthy
appetite, don't you think?
Mother, don't start.
Be quiet! Let your mother
speak uninterrupted!
Thank you, dear!
We tried to bring her up
as best as we could
but she's been rather
a disappointment to us.
Be the first time you
didn't finish your dinner!
I find fat people so...
so gross!
So unfortunate, of course
but so...
ugly...
And what do you think, Mr Pop?
Me think Angel be beautiful.
She's a fat slut!
Be careful what you say, dear!
Better he'd know that
she's a fat slut!
If God had wanted
us to be fat
he'd have made us all

the same weight, wouldn't he?
But he didn't!
God doesn't like fat people!
Fat people are an
abomination in his eyes!
Fuck you, God!
Strike me down, if you dare!
Angel be beautiful!
God be a useless cunt!
NO!
Why you be bad to Angel?
You can go now, Mr Pop!
We shall pray for you!
Get out of here!
Angel come too?
My parents were just waiting
to die anyway, Bubby.
They were both riddled
with poisons and cancers...
Asbestos from the break linings...
Lead from the car exhaust.
PCP's from the car seats.
Dioxins,
parathidions,
dieldrin...
Mercury.
Radioactivity.
Whoever did it, just
put them out of their misery.
Ashes to ashes...
dust to dust.
That be nice.
That be poisoning us!
That be poisoning the air
that we breathe!
If the poison don't get you...
then God will!
Beautiful, isn't it?
Fantastic.
And yet...
This is mob have been
trying for centuries
to clingwrap this mob.
Even though they

share the same god.
Mind you,
this mob have been getting
pretty good at clingwrapping lately.
And this mob's got
the same god as well.
But they've had a fair go of
clingwrapping that first mob...
They've been trying to clingwrap
that second mob for a good
couple of thousand years.
And they pretty well
succeeded in clingwrapping
just about all of this mob.
They never did much
clingwrapping...
to anyone...
but themselves.
Then there's this lot.
A different god altogether.
You'd think that would help.
But it doesn't.
See, this mob
clingwrapped about half a million
of that first mob.
Fourty or fifty years ago.
And they've been at it ever since.
They've all done their
fair share of killing
or being killed.
And it's all pointless.
The thing, Bubby, is:
don't be like them.
No matter how mad you
get at someone...
don't kill them.
Ever.
Bubby done clingwrap them.
Me Pop now!
Talking like you'll be running
the country soon enough...
No more excuses!
No more clingwrapping.
Okay?

Bubby?

Okay.

And...

don't mention it to anyone.

We look like all being...

rich and famous

soon enough, so...

let's not spoil it.

Okay.

Collars!

Yes, mate?

How much that be?

That be five dollar!

Where be Pop?

Where be Pop?

When be them come on stage?

Them be there soon!

Them be there real soon!

Where be Pop!

You be a sexy woman, Flo!

You be a sexy woman, Flo!

Me see right down your dress!

You got great big whoppers, Flo!

Me want to see them tits!