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Bad Words

By Andrew Dodge

GUY:

at a lot of stuff.
Especially thinking
things through.
And that's why this
plan was so shitty.
But my feelings were hurt, and I'm glad
I at least did something about it.
Making bad decisions
is nothing new to me.
After all, I live alone at 40,
and I make my living
proofreading product warranties.
A few weeks ago,
I took a break from that,
however, so I could
do this whole thing.
And it's pretty ironic
that what I did
was exactly what
a child would do.
I threw a tantrum
just to get attention.

BILL:

be really proud.
I know I am.
And excited.
Meet "The Big Man," right?
But proud either way, of course.
Mm swans
Aren't they amazing? Which one's yours?
Mine's...
Buddy, no' thank you.
What's that?
This chat. I'm all set. I'm just trying
to get some food in my face before
I get stuck up on
that stage, okay?
Right. My bad. You must
be our host for today.
No, I'm not.

I'm the winner.

IRENE:

it's time for the 15th
Annual Regional
Spelling Bee to begin.
Take your seats, please.
All of our noble contestants.
Please take your seats up on the stage.
Hurry, hurry!

We're on schedule.

I love the way the hush just comes over
the crowd before we start. Here we go.

(IRENE CONTINUES

CHATTERING INDISTINCTLY)

What are you doing
on the stage, weirdo?

Your chair called me for help.

(WHISPERING) It was saying, "Help me.

It's so heavy."

You didn't hear it?

I heard it.

(CHUCKLES) I'm sorry, sir.

Those seats are for
the competitors only.

Great. I'm in
the right spot.

(LAUGHS)

Mr. Trilby,

I won't allow it.

You're not eligible in any
fashion, way, shape or manner.

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of the Golden Quill National
Spelling Bee rulebook.

This is rule number 24. This is
sub-point B. This is a quote.

"The speller must not have
passed beyond the 8th grade"

"on or before February 1st, 2011"

That is a rule written by
the governing institute.

And if you want, you can
continue to ogle my transcript,

just please don't
wrinkle it any further.
But you can see there,
unfortunately,
I have not passed the 8th grade
on or before February 1st.
Not ever.
That may be, but...
But, sir, I can go on.
I can go on and on and on.
There are 83 paragraphs,
581 lines of rules
in the rulebook,
but lei me assure you, I'm compliant
with every single one of them.
The spelling bee
is meant for kids.
Not adults that couldn't even
graduate the 8th grade.
Oh, boy.
Are we past the rules
and into the insults now?
Is it insult time? I'm
sorry, but you're an adult.
Because your potholder vest
is about to take heavy fire.
Are you ready for that'?'
You know what? Enough. This
is all just a moot point.
Every contestant
must be sponsored
by a nationally-recognized
news service.
The end.
Mmm, I understand.
That doesn't end
the conversation.
Guess what?

JENNY:

Perfect timing.
What's going on here?
Who is this?
This is my sponsor from a

nationally-recognized news service.
Jenny Widgeon.
The Click and Scroll.
The what?
What's that? Is that
something on the computer?
Yes, we're an online paper.
Said differently, a
nationally-recognized news service.
They don't want to
let me participate.
(SIGHS)
Go ahead. Set it in motion.
I love your vest.
He's an adult.

JENNY:

a half an hour,
you're gonna be receiving
a temporary restraining order
and a preliminary injunction
prohibiting the continuation
of this competition until we clear
this whole legal matter up.
Plus, and this is
a selfish note for me,
it's gonna make
one hell of a story.
How dare you try to hijack
this spelling bee contest!
What did you call me?
Hijack. Yes.
I'm a hijacker now?
You're on the hook
for defamation, too.
My attorneys will be in touch
with both of you.
Let's get out of here.
But before we go, actually,
I'd like to watch
the both of you
address those poor,
wonderful children
and their very

supportive parents
when you tell them
that they have no shot
at the National Bee
or an opportunity to
meet "The Big Man."
That I want to see.
They're gonna be crestfallen.
I know of one father
in particular
who's gonna have to find a whole
new way to empty out his ball bag.
Let's do it. Bullies and insulters first.
You lead the way.
Or should I go first, the idiot hijacker?
Should I lead?
No one called you an idiot.
You lead. You guys decide.
While you decide, I'm gonna
bang out a couple of prayers.
Which way is Mecca?

PROCTOR:

Oleaginous?

PROCTOR:

Oleaginous.

Can I have the
definition, please?

"Having the nature
or qualities of oil,"
or "Unctuous,
fawning, smarmy."

Oleaginous.

Does it contain the Latin
root olea, meaning "olive"?

It does.

Oleaginous. Can I have
the part of speech?

It's an adjective.

Am I right?

Yes.

Any other pronunciations?

No.

Oleaginous.

O-L-E-A-G-I-N-O-U-S.

That is correct.

MAN:

Hi.

Absquatulate.

A-B-S-Q-U-A-T-U-L-A-T-E.

That's...

Correct.

Correct.

Thank you.

Hey, Moms, let's break out the
rubber pillowcases tonight.

Little pricks, you're gonna
be countin' tears, not sheep.

Who's next?

Not now, please.

Guy, I need some more.

No.

Why, at the age of 40...

Come on.

Have you decided to annoy
educators, parents and children
by forcing your way into
a kids' spelling bee?

Can't you see I'm
trying to sleep?

Guy, I get at least
one answer per tournament.

I have three very paltry answers.

(SIGHS)

It's time for my fourth. Shh!

(SCOFFS)

I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

While I'm gone, I want you
to ask yourself this.

Will, when all of this is over,
a five-answer article
be equal compensation
for eight weeks
of covered hotel
room accommodations,
qualifying tournament entry

fees, rental car damage,
not to mention
emotional expense?
Are you not gonna get up?
Why? Go. You've got room.
Jesus Christ. If you
gave me the window,
I wouldn't have to move.
Yeah.
Don't drag that thing across me.
It's full.
You just told me it's full.
I don't want it on me.
(SIGHS)
Hi. I'm
Chaitanya Chopra.
Was that English?
My name is Chaitanya.
Oh.
Congratulations.
What's yours?
No.
What's your name?
Spin it around.
I'm going to the Golden Quill.
Good for you.
My parents are
up in first class.
Great.
My dad says that economy
class builds character.
Amazing.
I was in last year's tournament.
I overheard you say
you're going, too.
You're the grown-up
who's competing, huh?
I heard about you.
What was your winning word?
I don't know.
What was the word you spelled
to win your regional?
To get here?
I don't fucking remember.

Do you see my eyes closed?
Mine was "intelligentsia?
Awesome."
Come on, try.
How could you forget?
It's such a special word.
It was "autofellatio."
Okay?
I've never heard of that word.
Yeah.
What's its origin?
Loneliness.
No, that can't be right. It is.
I know "auto" is of Greek
origin, meaning "self," right'?
Fellatio.
Fellatio, fellatio.
Is that derived from the Latin
fellare, meaning "to suck"?
Little man,
the woman I'm sitting next to
knows her way around
that subject real well,
so why don't you ask her when she
gets back from droppin' her deuce?
Meanwhile, if you don't point
that curry hole that way
and sit your fuckin'
ass down in that seat,
I'm gonna tell the captain
that your bag's ticking.
Then you'll have a situation.
Good night.
(CHUCKLES)
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)
Have a seat.
I'm Bernice Deagan, director of
the Golden Quill
National Spelling Bee.
Struthious.
What did she say?
S-T-R-U-T-H-I-O-U-S.
Struthious.
That was my winning word. Oh.

1973, national champion.
Just thought you should know
that in case you didn't already.
No, I didn't.
Did you know that?
No, I didn't.
Guy, I don't like you.
Look...
Quiet.
You know, when I
was a little girl,
I was always
picked last in P.E.
I hated sports. That's
what probably thankfully
thrust me into
the welcoming bosom
of the spelling bee,
of which I am the director.
Have been for over 20 years now.
How did I accomplish that?
Elbow grease? Yes.
Hard work? Maybe.
Integrity? Oh, you betcha.
But what I didn't do is use slimy
gimmicks, as you have done.
Well, you don't know me and
you don't know why I'm here.
Would you like to tell me?
No, thank you.
Do you know why he's here?
Oh, I have been
trying for weeks.
All right. Well, whatever issue
it is you're hereto workout,
perhaps a painful
5th grade spelling bee or...
It's not that.
Not asking.
I'm simply telling you
you're in the wrong place.
No, this is the spot.
I'm gonna be out of your
hair in three days, though.

(CHUCKLES) Perhaps sooner.
Because however smart
you think you are,
with this loophole
you're snaking through,
I'll bet you're not half as smart
as even our worst speller.
So B-R-A-V-O, Mr. Trilby.
You've made it.
That one I know.
That's "bravo."
All the way to your own hanging.
Okay.
Your noose. Enjoy.
Can I ask you a question?
On your wife's birthday,
does she get to
wear the strap-on,
or do you hog that thing 365?
That's yours, right? You hold onto that.
Good day.
You don't share that with anybody.
Yeah. Good day.
I thank you very much.
You can thank Dr. Bowman.
He was very
disappointed he couldn't
personally place that
around your throat.
Yeah? Is he busy
doing somethin' else
more pleasurable with
another guy's throat?
He is in the middle of a very
important media training session.
Surely you're aware
that your little stunt
has landed on the
very first year
we're televising
this tournament?
Hang on.
That is a coincidence.
It doesn't bother you

that a few million people
will witness your embarrassment?
I'm not gonna be
the one with the red face.
Trust me.
Not here for that.
Okay.
See you later.
Oh!
And I personally arranged
your hotel accommodations.
I'll bet they're not awesome.
They're not.
Nice meeting you.

GUY:

to stop what I was doing.
To make a good decision.
But that would have required the kind
of lessons that I was never taught.
Oh, there's an ice cream

social at 5:

You gonna be there?
Okay. No. Well, I could
be pretty late to that.
Really late?
Super late.
Meet me there, though.
Here's your key, Mr.
Trilby. Thank you.
And, ma'am, I'll be
right back with yours.
Oh, bummer.
See you.

CHAITANYA:

(PUFFING)
(GRUNTS)
Whew!
Hey, we're both on two.
Did you remember
your winning word?
I'm Chaitanya, remember?

I can't do it again, Shawarma.

Chaitanya.

How about just
your favorite word?

I'm serious, pal.

You don't have one?

I don't. No. Sorry.

Mine is "subjugate." it just
sounds so cool, you know?

Subjugate. Subjugate.

(SIGHS)

Subjugate.

What's yours?

Can it be "Shut the fuck up"?

(ELEVATOR DINGS)

Well, that's four words.

A sentence, really.

Pretend you're on

a desert island,

and this gorilla

comes out of the jungle

and holds a gun to

your head and says,

"Hoo! Hoo! Tell me what

your favorite word is!"

What would you say?

Sweet fuck. You've got

a gorilla with a gun?

Yeah, a gorilla with a gun.

And he's on a desert island?

He's standing right there!

Here's what I'd do. I'd kick

some sand in the monkey's face,

I'd take his gun and hunt you

down, I'd stick it in your mouth,

and I'd tell you to stop trying

to get all up in

my kitchen, kid!

Again, that's a sentence.

We can finish that later'

Bye-bye.

(LIGHT BUZZING LOUDLY)

Come on.

Unfortunately, the hotel

is completely sold out.

I don't have a bathroom.

Yeah.

Where would the hotel like
me to put my piss and shit?

(MAN TALKING ON TV)

Bartender?

Yes, ma'am.

Do you know how to make
an Old Fashioned?

Sure.

Actually, make that two.

No mini-bar, huh?

They've got me in
a storage closet.

I think the queen bee
is sending you a message.

Whatever.

God.

Look at all
the parents around here.

(CHUCKLES)

Like bursting at
the seams with parents.

Here you go.

Where are your parents?

Thank you.

Jenny, come on. I just want to
have a drink in peace. Okay?

And can I give you a little
journalistic advice?

Don't try so hard.

Okay, I'm gonna talk.

We're here three days.

It's difficult to talk
when you're being smothered.

You're like an insolent child
hiding secrets from his mommy.

Really? You're not half the
broad my mother was. Or is.

Cheers.

A seat opened up.

I don't want to talk and
I don't want the drink.

I'm dead serious. Either
you leave or I'm going to.
Or you could stay. I could
; you yet another dinner.
No.
We could expand on this three measly
answers you've given me thus far.
You know too much already.
Do I? Let's see here.
Hold on a second.
Okay. Wild Turkey,
olive green and 32-A.
Favorite drink, color and breast
size are first date questions.
But maybe you've never
been on one of those.
Can you leave me alone? I've asked
you four or five times now.
Why don't you tell me why
you're so angry at the world'?
Just... Come on.
Go ahead. Screw. Please?
Screw?
Screw.
Take off. Hit it.
Did you just tire of
the words "fuck off?"
Because I know you're not suggesting
that I let you fuck me again.
(CHUCKLES)
First of all, you're welcome.
Umm. If you'd like
me to consider
another, uh, event with you,
you can ask me nicely.
And secondly, "fuck
off works just great",
if that's what you prefer.
Does that sound better to you'?
Or does "screw"
sound pretty nice?

JENNY:

(BED BANGING)

Yeah. Yeah.

(MOANING)

Yeah. Don't look at me.

What?

Don't look at me.

Okay.

Ooh, yeah! Yeah!

Do not look at me.

Okay.

Do not look at me.

You're fuckin'

staring at me, you know.

It's kind of creepy.

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

On, yup! Yup!

Yup! Yup! Yup!

Don't look at me! Don't look at me!

Don't look at me.

Now I have to start again.

I'm sorry. Lost it. Lost it.

I understand. Okay, okay.

So we could be here all night.

Build it up.

Okay.

Climbing a mountain.

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Got it? One foot in

front of the other.

Okay. Now we're joggin'. Now

we're joggin'. (MOANING)

Who wants to run?

Don't look at me!

Do you want me to

grab your balls?

Do you want me to stick my

finger in your asshole?

Shut the fuck up!

(MOANING LOUDLY)

(GRUNTING)

Oh!

(EXHALES)

Don't look at me!

Wow. Okay.

Second time, shame on me.

I had a good time, too.

Thanks.

So if I need fresh
towels in the morning,
I should just put
my name on this?

(CHUCKLES)

Okay. Well, I'll see you
tomorrow, or whatever...

Bye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYING
ON HEADPHONES)

(GROANS)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

You know, if you really
had it all together,
you wouldn't be leavin' your...
Sorry to bother you, but the
lady said you were still awake.
Would you mind helping me
open this jar of pretzels?

Wow. Small room.

(KNOCKING)

Can you help me? I haven't had
anything to eat all night.
I was studying my words so hard
that I missed
room service hours,
and this jar's too
hard for me to open.

(KNOCKING)

Are you opening it now
or have you taken it?

Great. Thanks.

I was also wondering
if you wanted to be my friend.

GUY:

friends with a 9-year-old'?
Ten, but okay, that's cool.
I just thought it would be fun to
study together before tomorrow.
Drink soda pop from

the mini-bar and stuff.
You got a mini-bar in there?
I do.
What about Mom and Dad?
My dad believes I should
learn how to be my own man.
And that means staying in my own
hotel room myself this weekend.
So he's just staying in a
different room down here, is he?
He's staying at a fancier
hotel a few blocks away.
Nice guy-
It's kind of neat. I get to jump
on the bed as much as I want.
But tonight I messed up
and missed room service.
Have you named your binder?
Yes. Todd.
He has all the words I've
ever memorized in there.
And their origins.
Todd's my key to success.
I think I've spent more hours
with Todd than even my parents.
He's cool and he's smart, and
that's why I named him Todd.
No, that makes sense.
Have you figured out
your favorite word?

GUY:

Is it the "F" word?
It's up there.
Because you say it a lot.
Everyone should.
Not me. My father
says bad words.
What about your dad?
Never met him. But my mom
said bad words a lot.
And you can say bad words.
Who gives a shit?
I shouldn't Why not?

You should just
say what you feel.
That's what they're there for.
Why don't you try one?
I feel the opposite
of bad-wordy right now.
Will you just say something
bad, you fuckin' Quaker?
Umm...
Motherfucker?
Great. Perfect.
That's a good one.
And did your soul
burst into flames? No.
Nope. I'm okay.
You're a little weirdo.
You know that?
Hey. Hey.
(SNORTS)
It's morning.
You passed out last night
and I was scared to wake you.
My dad will be here any minute.
You should go.
Okay.
You sleep good, dickhead?

JENNY:

to know about this morning?

GUY:

it's really important.
Oh, you're gonna be seated
next to Braden Aftergood.
He comes from bee royalty.
Consider me warned. Oh, good,
because he is awesome.
Is he?
Yeah.
Is he a great speller?
Did I leave my underpants
in your room last night?
As a matter of fact, you...
I don't know.

Would you look for me' please?
I only brought three pairs.
I probably would
have seen them, Jenny.
My room has no sink,
shower or toilet.
Score one for Deagan.
You know, you can put
me on the board, too.
GUY; Obviously, if I could figure
out a way to be less stubborn,
the right way to fix things
would be easier to see.
Window! Window!
You take that one.
Yes.
Pretty impressive.

DIRECTOR:

we're going live in five minutes.
Excuse me. Press? Click and Scroll?
Uh, yes.

DEAGAN:

I understand all that.
Here's the randomized
list for this round.
Do me a favor and
enunciate this year.
Well, look who's here.

USHER:

your chair or something?
Thanks.
Good luck.
I'm a contestant, buddy.
"GUY 1 How you Gum"?

DIRECTOR:

to sit down, please, ma'am?
Hey, Guy!
Oh, look
who's here. Hi.
Where's me? Is this me?

Excuse me.

(ORCHESTRAL MUSIC PLAYING)

PETE:

to the 111th

Annual Golden Quill

National Spelling Bee.

I'm Pete Fowler coming to you live

from historic Figueroa Auditorium

here in sunny

Los Angeles, California.

This year marks the first year

that the Golden Quill

has been nationally televised,

and we can think of no better

captain for such a maiden voyage

than the President of

the Quill Institute itself.

Welcome to your tournament,

Professor William Bowman.

Or should I say

Dr. Bowman?

It all depends on whether

you're sick or confused.

Otherwise, just Bill.

Well, let's get

started, shall we'?

We have all 50 competitors in the

room, and we're ready to begin.

Our first competitor

is Ling Quan.

Ling says that

when she grows up,

she would like to be President

of the United States.

Making it your fourth to reach

the office, would it not?

DR. BOWMAN:

Best of luck, Ling.

Dactylogram.

Dactylog ram?

Dactylogram.

Dactylogram.

Dactylogram.
Can I have the
definition, please?

PROCTOR:

LING:

Can I have the origin, please?

PROCTOR:

combination dactylos...
I'm Guy. And you're Braden, right'?
Braden Aftergood?
I'm not supposed to talk to you.
Why not?
Because my dad says
you're probably just
some unemployed bum
trying to steal the prize
money that I deserve,
and that you're a cheater.
He said that, huh?
He did.

PROCTOR:

Can you tell your dad that I don't
blame him for being so angry?
And then can you
do me another favor?
Can you give these
to your mother?
She left those in
my room last night.
I would do it myself,
but your dad is here,
and we've already
covered his mood.
I don't want to kick the nest.
Do you know what I mean?
(SIGHS)
Buddy, good luck with that divorce.
They get so nasty.
What are you talking about?
I'm talking about probably

a very dysfunctional marriage.
I'm glad I was there for her.
It's just animal
instinct, you know?
(LING SPELLING WORD)
She can't help it.
Shd's just human. Okay?
And she was very sweet
I want you to know that.
(LING CONTINUES SPELLING)
She held me aftenuards.
A nice woman.
That is correct.
Hey!
(ALL APPLAUDING)
You're up, dawg.

DR. BOWMAN:

Poised, intelligent.
She's got my vote.

PETE:

probably one of this year's
strongest competitors,
Braden Aftergood.
And that reminds me,
my very first spelling bee,
I had my lucky bottle
cap in my back pocket.
Looks like he's got
his good luck hankie there.
(CHUCKLES)

PROCTOR:

(STAMMERING) I'm sorry.
Uh, definition?

PROCTOR:

in the night.
Night wandering.
Um, noctivagant. Wait.
Can you use it in a sentence?
The noctivagant alley cat
kept the entire

neighborhood up all night
by sitting on a fence, yowling
out to her many suitors.

Noctivagant.

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

Okay. Noctivagant.

N-O-C-.

T-I-V-I-G-A-N-T.

Noctivagant.

(DINGS)

(CROWD MURMURING)

(GROANS)

PETE:

our first elimination
of the tournament.
I'll be right back.

DR. BOWMAN:

surprisingly early, too.

PETE:

is Mr. Guy Trilby.
He's 40 years old,
lives in Columbus, Ohio.
Clearly, Mr. Trilby
has found a loophole
in your rules of entry
and is exploiting it.
Needless to say, this
is beyond unfortunate.
My staff and I are making
all the efforts necessary
to rectify the problem
for the tournaments in
the years that follow.
With that addressed,
on with the competition.
And the man himself, Guy Trilby.
My turn.

Frabjous.

F-R-A-B-J-O-U-S.

That is correct.

(CROWD APPLAUDS)

(CROWD CLAMORING) DEAGAN: Thank you.
That's enough!
Listen! Listen!
We are doing all we can
to find a happy resolution
to this situation.

PETAL:

embarrassed?
This is gonna go down in history
as the most ridiculous
spelling bee ever!
And it's gonna be on your head!
He's a grown man!
Do you know how much money I've
spent on goddamned coaches?
I'm sure it's a lot.
A ton! He's a lunatic!
Yes, he is.
So fix it!
Or I swear on my child's life,
with God as my witness,
this will be the last year
you're the director of this bee.

DEAGAN:

there's no need for threats.
Now, if you can all
please just leave my office,
I can assure you this matter
is in very capable hands.
Now, keep in mind Mr. Trilby doesn't
have the discipline and practice
that all of your children have.
He's made it through
the first round.
But Dr. Bowman and I
are extremely confident
he's not going to
make it much farther.
And I also swear on
your children's lives,
if he makes it to
the final round,

I'll step down as director of
the bee immediately. Good day.

(CHATTER ON TV)

I'll jump in your shower
as soon as this buzz kicks in.
Hey, let me ask you a question.
What's the grammatical
significance of the sentence,
"Why run from fire ants?"

Is this a test?

No. it's just...

I was wondering
what the grammatical
significance of
that sentence was.

"Why run from
fire ants?"

Ah, well,

every vowel is in there.

Starting with the going to the
Right? It's backwards.

I guess it's easy
for a sentence.

I wish there was one word that
had all the vowels in it.

But in alphabetical order.

Facetious.

Son of a bitch.

I got it?

You're brilliant.

Give me another one.

You're a genius.

These questions are from a test
that they give to geniuses.

I got hold of your school
records, Guy Trilby,
and your 8th grade counselor
made a note on your file
just before you dropped out...

Let me see that.

Saying that you showed
signs of being a genius.

FedEx was waiting for me when I got here.

I told you I was good.

Mr. Leavenworth,
what a dick eater.
He told me I was
a useless loser,
and then he makes secret notes
saying that he thinks I'm smart?
I'm glad I stole his
bike and shaved his cat.
You just never had a chance
to shine in this school.
You just never had
a chance to realize it.
I had a shitty upbringing.
My dad wasn't around.
It goes on and on and on. Who
skated through their adolescence?
Where was your father?
I don't know.
You got somethin' there?
Where's your pen?
Maybe he was brilliant.
Maybe your mom was.
Because they say that
sometimes that brilliance
and photographic memory,
which you have, are inherited.
It didn't come from Mom. She hated
everything to do with education.
This one time when I was a kid,
I tried to get in this local
spelling bee, ironically enough,
and she burned my
favorite dictionary.
Is that why you're here?
A chance to do something
that you weren't able to
do while she was alive?
Are we in interview
mode now? Come on.
You can't just have
a normal conversation.
You've gotta turn everything
into the interview.
I'm a reporter.

So, can't you talk, too?
(GROANS) You know what?
You have problems, Guy Trilby.
You're a shrink, too? Right? A
shrink on top of being a reporter?
I don't know how
you cram it all in.
And you're the one
with the problem.
You have to be blindfolded to get off.
That's a problem.
Oh! Well, don't worry
about that, Guy!
Because that's never
gonna happen again!
Great.
Oh!
Yeah, great!
You promise?
I wouldn't let you near my vagina
again if you paid me \$1 million!
(SHOWER RUNNING)

JENNY:

GUY:

Can you be quiet?
Your voice eats hard-ans.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry,
really. Let me apologize.
Okay. Oh! Okay!
You are sorry.
That's generous.
Uh-huh?
Uh-huh!
Hang on.
This make it easier?
Hold on, hold on,
hold on, hold on.
I'm gonna hold still.
That makes it easier, right'?'
Don't look at me. I get it. I get it.
Don't look at me.
Did you get locked out?

I was wondering if
you wanted to grab
some alimentation
for our hyperphagia.
I'm hungry.
Oh, I just got pretty hungry myself.
Sure, let's go for it.
Can't believe you
can't find any other
pre-masturbators
to hang out with.
The place is crawlin' with them.

CHAITANYA:

study for the spelling bee anywhere.
Thank you.
Is that right?
Try spelling "rigatoni"
without looking.
I don't want to.
I don't need to study.
You need to study
because I'm gonna
slaughter you like a sacred cow.
Not everything is about winning.
No, that's true. Closure
is pretty nice, too.
To me, it's about fun.
You probably deserve a
little bit better than that.
Excuse me.
I'm the mother of one of the
competitors competing here.
Okay.
What you're doing
is an insult to
every honest child
that's worked so hard to
be here, including my son.
I've worked very, very
hard to get here, too,
madam, and I'm
well within the rules.
(CHUCKLES) You're an asshole.

That's all.

That's a child.

Yes.

And I'm sure he's heard
even worse from you.

I don't speak like
that in front of him.

(LAUGHS) Oh, is that right?

Yes, that's right.

So why don't you
take your potty mouth,
go locate your
pre-teen cocksucker son,
and stuff him back up that old,
blown-out sweat
sock of a vagina
and scoot off to whatever
shit-kicking town you came from.

Can you do that for me?

Like an elephants
trunk, I'll bet.

Gray and distended.

Wow.

Good night.

Good day.

Thank you.

Mothers.

Let's get out of
this restaurant.

It's a little depressing,
don't you think?

My dad doesn't ever allow
me to leave the hotel.

Daddy's not here, and he sounds
like he could be an asshole,
so let's not listen to him. Let's go
find you some real fun. Side door.

(SPEAKING INAUDIBLY)

(INAUDIBLE)

JEREMY:

town to catch your call.

You look really, really good.

I appreciate that

I've been stayin' away from sugar.

Cold turkey.

Wow. Do you feel

as good as you look?

Are you happy? How's federal

agent life treating you'?

You know, it's not as

fun as it used to be.

Yeah, I kind of miss you digging

around where you shouldn't be.

(CHUCKLES) on...

Yeah. Yeah.

So there you go.

That's one background

check on one Guy Trilby.

Thank you.

Is this for

a story or something?

Something good?

(GROANS)

Did you do this

background run yourself?

Of course I did.

What kind of a guy repays

a favor by delegating it?

I did ii.

Wow.

This is incredible.

Thank you so much.

So is that it?

Oh, yeah.

This is huge.

That's a relief.

I'll tell you,

this has been hangin'

over my head for years,

and I'm the kind of guy, I like

to keep a debt-free lifestyle.

Well, consider yourself

free and clear. Yeah.

I just expected to have to

do so much more, you know'?

It seems like it's not enough.

No.

You saved my ass, my career.
Well...
Feel like I'm gettin' off easy.
No.
You know, you did me a solid.
No, we're square.
You don't want anything
more in return?
Uh-uh.
You don't want anything...
Solid...
In return?
(CLICKS TONGUE)
No.
Are you familiar with the phrase
"Eatin' ain't cheatin'?"
Thanks so much, Jeremy.
It's a popular phrase.
(CLEARS THROAT)

GUY:

fries incredible?
And was I right about the chili?

CHAITANYA:

You might want to slow down
a little bit, Slummy.
Looks like you got into
the wrong dude's ass. Here.
Ha!
Funny.
You look like there was a person
who pooped their underwear,
then you used it for
a bank robber mask.
Then you threw the
pooped underwear away
and forgot to wash your face.
You shouldn't insult people.
You're no good at it.
This soda pop is so delicious.
Then just say "soda." Otherwise
you're gonna get raped.
I like having you as a friend.

Thanks.

Although I'm not your friend.

You got friends.

I'm four times your age.

I really don't have any friends.

I thought being good in
spelling would get me friends,

but kids just

make fun of me more.

Well, who needs them?

You've got Todd, right?

And you' too, maybe, huh?

No. Buddy, I work alone.

Always have.

My mom always kept me
running around with her,
avoiding rent.

I never gathered
a bunch of friends, so...

And it's fine. It's good.

You'll be all right.

What's that?

I borrowed it when we
borrowed the lobster.

Really?

Let me see it.

Your fingers get a little sticky
when you get all boozed up.

(CHUCKLES)

Toys are fun to have when you
can't play with other kids.

That's true.

What was your favorite toy
when you were a kid?

Well, I did love a little toy
car once, kind of like this.

It was a shitty little
black-and-white police car.

Never left my pocket.

Then I lost it

one night, I think.

I don't know. I must have
dropped it or somethin'
and I never saw it again.

Had a little Kojak
light right on top.
Right there,
a little single bubble.
Chasm' dawn bad guys.
(IMITATES TIRES SQUEALING)
(IMITATES POLICE SIREN)
All right. So
you're a little thief,
and you don't have any friends.
You sound like a real loser.
I'll bet you crush ass,
though, right?
Make up for it with the women?
No.
No girlfriend for you?
You can't find one little
chicken tikka to get your
shrimp tandoori all up in?
Nope. But when
I do get one,
it's going to be
a girl with nipples.
Is that right? Well, lucky for
you, they all have nipples, pal.
Every girl does
not have nipples. No.
They do.
No, they don't.
Buddy, I promise you, they do.
They don't.
All right. I don't
know how I missed that.
You look at their shirts.
On some you can see the little
nipples poking through the shirts.
On others, nothing.
Oh, I see. I got it.
Buddy' you're in bad shape.
You know what? I'm gonna
do you a favor. Come on.
Let's go. You done here?
Where are we going?
Just come on. Let's go.

If my dad had been around,
this is something wish
he'd have done with me.
I hope it's not a workout.
I hope it's a sundae.
Yea h. It's not.
A dessert would follow that
chili dog really well.
No ice cream, pal.
Hey!
(WHISTLES)
Slumdog, I want you to meet Marzipan.
Marzipan, Slumdog.
Hi.
You said he was 16.
Yeah, he is 16. He's got a
hydro-thyroid retentional problem.
Remember
Gary Coleman? Right?
God rest his sweet, funny soul.
Amen. Okay, let's do this. Chaiwalla,
all I can say is, "You're welcome."
For what?
Hit it.
Three, four, five,
six, seven, eight,
nine...
Can you bang it?
Ten.
Nice?
Huh?
Good, right?
No tip?
No tip.
Asshole.
Don't ask me for my last 10, Marzipan,
and then expect me to tip you.
There's your tip.
Bye, sweetie. Good luck
with your glands and shit.
Thank you.
Wasn't that good?
I lied to her.
I still have a couple bucks.

Want to get the ice cream now?
Fuck the ice cream.
How much to touch 'em?
I don't know.
Which way did she go? She turn right'?
Let's go ask her.
Marzipan!
(ELEVATOR BELL DINGS)
(DOORS OPEN)

GUY:

still think a person your age
should be carrying at least
a dollar in his pocket,
and if you had, that would
have been the difference.
Would've gotten yourself
a little bit of skin.
But it was still
the best time of my life.
Are we friends now?
(LOCK BEEPS)
(DOOR CLOSES) Cool.
(LOCK BEEPS)
I'd like it if you could
just block out a little
private time for me
after today's round.
If you don't mind.
You saying you want to
come over and fuck off again?
No, that's not
what I'm... (SIGHS)
You want to look
for your underwear?
Just give me 10 minutes.
Guy, I wanted to give you something
before the round starts.
A little Wite-Out and a Lego
piece, and you got your car back.
Thanks, buddy.
But I'm still gonna
totally bust your nut.
(CHUCKLES) I don't think

you mean to say that.

I do.

No, say you're
gonna kick my ass.

Okay. Thai.

All right.

See you there.

See you there.

What was that about?

I don't know.

Kids are weird.

DIRECTOR:

five, four, three, two...

PETE:

to round two of
the Golden Quill
National Spelling Bee.

It is a point where, sadly,
many have already gone home.

But the fighting spirit remains
for those who have survived.

And that number is 30.

Thirty brave, determined
competitors who are here...

Here are this round's words.

And let's remember, this
competition is in English,
not "marble mouth."

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

PROCTOR:

CONTESTANT:

Rhapsodize.

Rhapsodize.

Rhapsodize.

Joyce?

Wondering if that's your hair
clip or somethin' over there?

Where? Underneath that

seat right there.

Can you see it?

It's certainly not mine.
I just don't want you to lose
something that might cost...
There you go.
Give it a look.

GUY:

ridiculous, at best.
Pm incredibly
lucky that I wasn't
beaten to death by the parents.
There's nothing down there.
Not that I can see.

GUY:

That's a big
"never mind" now, okay?
I want you to get
ready to get super-happy.
We've got a celebration
on our hands.
What are you talking about?
It seems that your friend
has finally come to town.
My what?
Yeah.
Somebody's a woman today.
I don't know what
you're saying to me.
When you got up, I saw
your adulthood.
Adulthood?
(CONTESTANT AND PROCTOR
SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY)
Congratulations.
You must be vibrating.
That's so exciting.
But you can celebrate later.
Right now you've got a tournament to win.
You've got words to spell.
Even though your
situation might not be
very camera-friendly,
screw them.

You get up there
and you take this tournament.
You take what's yours.
You've got a long walk to
make up thereto excellence.
Unfortunately,
it is all the way up there.

PROCTOR:

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

PETE:

She's from...
Oh, man.
I know. I know. God, so many people
watching, and you're up next.
I wish I had a sweatshirt
to give you, but I don't.
So instead I want you
to just keep thinking,
"These are not light pants.
These are not light pants."
You just keep
saying it to yourself.
Competitor 1124?
That's you. "These are not
light pants." You can do it.
Competitor 1124?
Clearly we have a case of stage
fright brewing in the back row.

MOTHER:

Sweetheart?
Mama, I can't.
No, baby girl.

JOYCE:

I don't blame you.
Looks like a super-heavy flow.
Competitor 1124, you must make
your way to the microphone now
or be disqualified.
Why don't you try to do
a hop-scoot with your chair?

Just grab both sides of it
and you just kind of...
I can't do this!
She's gone. There she goes.
She made it this far, though.

PETE:

was just too much for her.
I hope she'll be all right.

DR. BOWMAN:

the tournament does create
a natural selection,
does it not?
Pruning of the weak.

GUY:

Allowing the strong
to blossom...
It's so tough.
It's tough.
Reach for the sky.
They'll be good.
Oh, dear.

GUY:

That's two words.
Um...
Is "Um" the word? I'd be
guessing at the "M's."
What's going on?
(CLEARS THROAT)
Floccinaucinihilipilification.

PETE:

That word is longer
than most sentences.
Can you repeat it
one more time, please?

PROCTOR:

DR. BOWMAN:

of linguistics,

I can tell you with
the utmost confidence
that a true
orthographic enthusiast
wouldn't flinch at
such a challenge.

F-L-O-C-C-

I-N-A-U-

C-I-N-l.

H-I-L-I-

P-I-L-I-

F-I-C-A-T-l-O-N.

Correct.

(AUDIENCE GASPING)

Nougat.

N-O-U-G-A-T. Nougat.

"PROCTOR". incriminate.

CONTEST ANT:

The root origin, please?

PROCTOR:

CONTESTANT; H-A-G-R-I-

T-T-O-N.

(BELL tunes) (AUDIENCE SIGHING)

PROCTOR:

Antidisestablishmentarianism.

A-N-T-l-D-I-S-E-S-T-

A-B-L-I-S-H-M-E-N-T-

A-R-I-A-N-I-S-M.

PROCTOR:

PROCTOR:

(BELL runes)

Meticulous.

(BELL DINGS)

Conjecture.

(BELL DINGS)

Pertinacious.

P-E-R-T-I-N-A-C-I-O-U-S.

Correct.

(BELL DINGING)

Sauerkraut (BELL DINGS)
Immuno-electrophoresis.
I-M-M-U-N-O-E-L-E-C-T-R-O-
P-H-O-R-E-S-I-S.

PROCTOR:

(CROWD CLAMORING) DEAGAN:
Obviously, I'm not going to resign.
That would leave
the bee rudderless.

MAN:

DEAGAN:

I know what I said. I... There is...
If you will all...
Yes, I am the most qualified
person for this position.
Pardon me!
Yes?
We just completed the
standard competition review.
Guy Trilby didn't get
those words by accident.
It appears the
randomized word list
was purposefully
manipulated by you.
You tampered with this.
And I, in good conscience,
cannot allow such an abuse of
your position to go unnoticed.
And it didn't even stop him.
PROCTOR'. True,
but that's not really
the point, now, is it?
He may be unlikable,
but he's a contestant,
all the same.
And all contestants
deserve a fair chance.
And it didn't even stop him.
God damn it!
(CROWD MURMURING)

You're done.
Did I enunciate
that clearly enough?
(ALL SHOUTING)

INGRID:

you have a message.
Thank you.
You got a duck pond, huh?
(DUCKS QUACKING)
Did you want to see me,
Dr. Bowman?
Yes, I do, Mr. Trilby.
Do you like ducks?
They're okay on a plate.
You know, I got after it quite
a bit when I was younger.
I stirred life's cocktail
pretty vigorously, if you will.
I'd venture to say
that more than once,
I found myself on the precipice
of making a
life-altering mistake.
But each time, with no
parental guidance whatsoever,
I was able to carefully
back up, turn around, walk away.
Here I am today.
I have people's respect,
I have their admiration.
I have control
over one of the most
respected institutions
in the country.
Had I not been able to
identify an approaching abyss,
I'd be in a very
different position today.
Mr. Trilby, I don't know,
I don't even care
why you've chosen to place
yourself on this edge.
But I can assure you,

take one step further,
and life will become
even more challenging
than I'm sure it already is.
A nice threat,
is that what that is?
It's a safe prediction.
Losers lose, Mr. Trilby.
And that's what I am, huh?
Is that what I am, a loser?
(CHUCKLES) If you quack like
them and you walk like them,
what would you be?
That's cute.
Just so you know, I didn't come
here to lose. And I'm not gonna.
In the game I'm playing,
I'm way ahead right now.
Okay. Whether you
know it or not. So...
Thanks for the check-up.
Good, Guy!
Do you have a minute?
Because I have that thing...
No. Sorry... that I need
to discuss with you.
I'm kind of done with today. I'm just
gonna drop this gift off to the kid
and then I'm gonna hit the sack.
You bought him a present? Has the
Grinch found his Cindy Lou Who?
That's from Dr. Seuss. I get it.
No, this is just a little bit
of porn and some ice cream.
Oh, Santa would be proud.
Can I get in, please?
Come on. Get a drink with me.
No.
This is important
I'll bet it's not.
You know, when somebody that
you've been sleeping with
says they'd like
to speak with you,

the least you
could do is fake it.
Well... Come on.
Did I just wake up 10 years later?
Are we married?
Please?
Don't flatter yourself.
I had something important
to talk to you about.
Prick!
Sorry!
Good night!
Little fuckin' prick!
(MUFFLED SHOUTING)

CHAITANYA:

he's nothing.
He took me around to see
the sights last night.
Something that you've
never done, by the way.

SRIRAM:

stay focused.
This man is your enemy.
Keep him close, but don't forget that.
Remember Donnie Brasco.
Do you want to win?
Do you?
Yes.
Then keep him best friends so
that he can't bear to beat you.
Dad, I know the plan.
Hey.
Hey.
You're pretending to be my
friend just to My to win?
What? No, no!
No, no?
I just heard you
and your dad talking,
just outside the door there.
Let's all relax.
Eat shit, buddy. I'll hit

you in the face. Okay?
You little fuck! I can't believe
I was your goddamn mark!
It was my dad's idea, okay?
No, it wasn't.
You're a little liar.
He felt you were the biggest threat.
Great.
And you were.
Yup.
Dad, I really like him.
You make me sick.
You know that'?'
I'm not doing the plan anymore.
I'm just being friends.
Because we are now.
No, we're not. I didn't
know we would be!
Really? I thought
winning wasn't everything.
It isn't everything!
Not now!
Sure sounds like it.
You're a liar!
Guy, you showed
me my first boobs.
What did he say?
Another lie.
He's a lying machine.
Guy, please!
Please what?
My dad will be so
disappointed in me if I lose!
I don't want that!
Well, tough shit.
I guess you're just gonna have
to try to beat me now, huh.
And you can have this back.
(DOOR SLAMS)
(PHONE RINGING)
Hello?
Hi, Chaitanya. This is
Ingrid at the front desk.
Your father just called

to say he's driving by,
and if you can be in
the lobby in one minute,
he'll take you
out for ice cream.

Really?

(ELEVATOR BELL DINGS)

Todd!

Todd!

(ALARM BEEPING)

(CLICKS OFF)

OPERATOR:

Hello?

Is it an emergency?

Yes, this is an emergency.

What is the nature and the
location of your emergency?

Please send the police to the
Sportsman's Lodge Hotel right away.

What's the problem?

I just saw a man drag
a teenager into his room,
and she was screaming for help.
But as soon as the door shut,
the screaming suddenly stopped.

(BANGING ON DOOR)

COP:

(GROANS)

(BANGING ON DOOR)

(SIGHS) What are you tryin' to
do to me, you little bitch?

He's still got her in there.

Open up, now!

(BANGING ON DOOR)

(YAWNS)

Hold your tits.

I'm coming.

Shit, get in there now.

Break the door.

(GUY GRUNTS)

Little bastard.

At least they

didn't press charges.
I'll be pressing
the fucking charges.
It almost broke my goddamn face!
Guy, I've gotta talk
to you about something.
I don't care how much of
an asshole you are to me,
I'm getting it said right now.
I've been doing some digging...
Would you stop walking
for one second?
Jesus Christ!
I'm kind of all you have.
Can't walk and talk?
What's wrong?
I found out who your father is.
Oh, okay.
(SCOFFS)
(SIGHS) Good for you.
I guess you're not as bad a
reporter as I thought you were.
It took you a while,
though, don't you think?
It was right there.
So that's what you're up to?
Yeah.
Couple of months ago,
the day my mom died,
she finally told me who he
was and where he was, and...
And, um...
It pissed me off,
obviously, so here I am.
He was just a traveling
encyclopedia salesman
and she was
a waitress at a diner.
And she got pregnant and she
told him, and he took off.
That's it?
He never returned?
No.
He never called?

Nothin'.

So he has no idea who you are?

He has no clue.

But he will.

As soon as I'm

done embarrassing him

and his precious spelling bee,

Bill Bowman will

never forget who I am.

And I think that that

is just the bare minimum

that a son can expect

from his father, don't you?

Good digging.

Did you park up here?

Mmm-hmm.

Dr. Bowman, I know that

Director Deagan's resignation

was as difficult for you as it was for her.

Your thoughts?

She has served this tournament

well for many years.

It's a tragedy that the frayed

integrity of this year's tournament

has touched her post as well.

I hope we can finish up now

without any more casualties.

Profoundly stated.

Now let's begin this,

the final round.

Ten competitors remain.

First up, Eric Tai

from Shorewood, Wisconsin.

I'm gonna bust your nut.

I'm gonna fuckin' end you.

Inchoate.

Inchoate.

Can I have the

definition, please?

PROCTOR:

fully developed, rudimentary."

GUY". The closer I go! to the end,

the more I thought about the goal.

And the more I
thought about the win.
C-H-O-A-T-E. inchoate.
That is correct.

PETE:

Chopra approaches the microphone.
He was here last year,
and he hopes to
bring it all the way to
the finish line this year.
Well, he has company
on that hope.

PROCTOR:

Tmesis.

Definition?

"In grammar and rhetoric,"
"the separation of the
parts of a compound word"
"now generally done
for humorous effect."

"For example,
'abso-bloody-lutely."

(AUDIENCE LAUGHING)

Is the origin from
the Greek "a cutting"?

Yes.

Tmesis. T-

M-E-S-I-S.

Tmesis.

PROCTOR:

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

(AUDIENCE BOOING)

PROCTOR:

the audience, please.

PETE:

certainly received
his fair share of booing
at this year's tournament.

DR. BOWMAN:

another of this year's firsts.

PROCTOR:

(BOOING DIES DOWN)

Continuing.

Slubberdegullion.

Slubberdegullion?

PROCTOR:

WOMAN:

S...

I know the definition of that.

"A dirty, wretched slob."

Just like you, sir.

Was I supposed to hear that?

Yes, you were. Because

that's what you are.

Madam, please. Or I'm going

to have to ask you to leave.

You're gonna have

to ask me to leave?

I think you should

ask him to leave, huh!

GUY:

PROCTOR:

You're telling me

to take it easy?

GUY:

have a spelling bee!

You're bringing the cops.

Ma'am, please...

No! No, no! He called my

baby boy a cocksucker,

and I will not repeat what he

said to me about my vagina.

SECURITY GUARD:

that's it, we're going.

Nope. I'm not going.

You have to carry me out.
No, I'm gonna sit here,
I'm gonna stay here,
and you're gonna have to work
for it, you cocksuckers!
Because I have a beautiful,
young, fully-elasticized vagina.

(CONTINUES SHOUTING
INDISTINCTLY)

Don't take me out!
Take him out!
Well, here's hoping
that the guys in the truck
found the
seven-second button...

CROWD:

Take him out! Take him out!
Before you were all exposed
to a category of words
we're not accustomed to dealing
with here at the Quill.

That's enough! That is enough!
(BLOWING RASPBERRY)

This is the Golden
Quill Spelling Bee.
We're on television
in millions of homes.
Show some respect
for the tournament.
And for me.
I believe the word
was slubberdegullion.

PROCTOR:

Slubberdegullion.
S-L-U-B-B-E-R-
D-E-G-U-L-L-I-O-N.
That is correct.
(CROWD GROANING)

GUY:

part taken care of
and the favored

child all but killed,
maybe I already had my win.
Eric Tai.
Kopophobia.
Kopophobia.
Can I have the
definition, please?
"Fear of exhaustion."
"Otherwise known as
'Lexicographes Curse!'"
Is it derived from the Greek
kopos meaning "fatigue"?

PROCTOR:

K-O-P-O-P-O-B-I-A.
No!
(DINGS)
(CROWD MURMURING)

PETE:

that he left out the
it's been a long, long day, and
it's clearly taken its toll on him.
Well, well. I think
you're gonna like this.
We're on the verge
of history here,
with 40-year-old Guy
Trilby in the final two.

PROCTOR:

Parisology.
P-A-R-I-S-O-
L-O-G-
I-E.
(CROWD MURMURING)
(DINGS)
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

PETE:

dramatic turn of events here.
Yes. Yes, indeed.
Ladies and gentlemen,
thank you, quiet.

The rules dictate...
Thank you. Quiet, please.
The rules dictate that because
he's one of the final two,
he remains onstage
until his opponent
correctly spells the next word.
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)
I'm finished here. You take it.
It's all yours.

PROCTOR:

(AUDIENCE SHOUTING
ENCOURAGEMENTS)
Mr. Chopra,
you are one word away
from being the new
Golden Quill champion.
Infinitesimally.
Infinitesimally.
Can I have the definition?

PROCTOR:

"Exceedingly small."
infinitesimally.
I-N-F-I-N-I-T-E-S-I-M-A-L-
Y-
(AUDIENCE GASPING)
No, no. Hey.
(DINGS)
Oh, my.
I can't believe it.
Not again.
What happened?
What are you doing?
If you think everything
I said was a lie,
then I'll prove that it wasn't.
It's not about
winning to me anymore.
It's about my friend. Buddy, I
don't give a shit about that.
And I don't care about that
either, with all due respect.

Very nice of you, very sweet.
But I'm not here for that.
I'm not here for a fuckin' trophy
or a check, or these idiots.
I hurt your feelings. And I
wasn't a good friend. I'm sorry.
We're good.
Okay, next?
Rugose.
R-U-G-O-S. Ding it.
(BELL tunes)
I'm finished! Let's go!
You're wasting my
fucking time. Come on.

PROCTOR:

P-E-J-O-R-A-T-E-V-E.
Pejorative.

PETE:

misspelling the words on purpose.
Will you just spell
the fucking words?
That's all you've gotta do and
you've got the tournament.
Same with you.
Chai-latte, get your shit
together, you dumb dick!
Fuck you, Guy!
(AUDIENCE GASPS)

GUY:

Dad, you've got
a real prince here.
Yeah, he's a liar
and he's swearing now.
It's a good combo.
It's sweet.
One more word, please?
I did not lie! Got it?
I say that you did!
Got it?
(GRUNTS)
(GASPING)

Okay. This has
turned ugly.
You can add violent to the list.
Your boy Gandhi
would be real proud.
And by the way, I was born
in Cleveland, Ohio!
(ALL GASPING)
(BEEPING)
(MUSAK PLAYING)

WOMAN:

We share your mind.
We show you extraordinary
programs with extraordinary...
(BEEPING)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

WOMAN:

PETE:

what in say, America.
Dr. Bowman is conferring
with the judges...
addressing the audience.
Okay. I'll figure it out.
Watch your step.
Ladies and gentlemen,
boys and girls,
those of you at
home and in attendance,
I would like to extend
my deepest apologies
for what has devolved
into an embarrassment,
this year's competition.
The Golden Quill
has always enjoyed
an immaculate reputation
of respectful, challenging
and dignified behavior.
Until now.
Well, hopefully the end is near.
Gentlemen!

It has been decided
that neither of you
is going to be
disqualified because...

(MAN BOOING)

It appears that both of you
have conducted
yourselves equally
in a shameful manner.

So let's get on with
this contest and finish it.

I'm gonna ask the audience
to please remain silent.

Thank you.

PROCTOR:

Yeah. My turn.

Unguent.

Unguent?

A-N-G-U-E-N-T. Ding it.

(AUDIENCE MUTTERING)

I can do this all night.

Go ahead.

Please, very carefully
consider the word.

Callithump.

C-A-L...

Chaitan!

Please don't do this to us.

C-A-L...

Ifs the easiest
word of the night.

C-A-L-l-T-H-U-M-P.

It's simple, idiot.

No, you're the idiot.

You forgot an

All right!

That's it! That's all!

You tried to help
a fellow competitor cheat.

That is against the rules.

Sir, you are disqualified.

Doesn't matter.

I misspelled it.

He corrected me.

PROCTOR:

you tried to help him cheat,
he wasn't cheating, and ended up
technically spelling the
word correctly on his own.
So he is the new champion!
No! Guy! Guy,
you tricked me!
No, Guy!
Chaiwalla,
go hug your chai-papa.
Guy, that's not fair!
Here's your trophy,
Chaitanya. Congratulations.
And here's your
check for \$50,000!
And here's your lifetime
supply of encyclopedias.
Guess that worked, huh'?

PETE:

How does it feel?

CHAITANYA:

myself the champion.
I consider myself
the co-champion with Guy.
Guy!
It was totally unfair
to disqualify you.
This is yours, too.
You let me win.
And I want to give you half.
Plus, friends split things.
Right?
(AUDIENCE MUTTERING)
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

GUY:

have done things differently.
Like I said, I'm not
good at a lot of things.

Maybe there should have
been a screaming match.
A fight.
Maybe some tears.
But I guess I
just want to move on
and lei you do the same.
(ELEVATOR DINGS)
What's done is done.
I can't change what happened.
AH I can do,
ah I want to do
is leave you with this apology.
This note,
which started with me telling
you that my feelings were.
What the hell could
you possibly write
that I would be
interested in reading?
There's a bit in there
about me being your son.
Son.

GUY:

like to hurt your feelings
and cal! you names,
they're just words, and it
wouldn't change a thing.
That's not what
this note was (on.
Hopefully it has explained
why I did what I did
and maybe even
have you understand.
If not, that's fine.
Yours literally, Guy Trilby.
(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)
Watch this.
Hey, spelling nerd.
Yes?
Can you spell "douchebag"?
Of course.
(BULLIES LAUGHING)

How about you spell,
"Pick up your books"?

CHAITANYA:

Hey, Slumdog.

Wow!

Right? Get over here.

Where did you get this?

Got this old police car at an auction
with my half of your winnings.

So thank you very much. You
got me two cars in one month.

You're a nice guy.

Now, to pay you back,

how about we go

chase some bad guys?

I would love to.

Whoo!

Hey!

Coming to get you!

CHAITANYA:

We're gonna so get them all!

(GUY WHOOPING)