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Cavalcade of Cartoon Comedy

By Seth Macfarlane

-Hey, how's it going?
-(GASPS) Oh, my God. Did you just talk?
-I did.
-Are you one of those frogs
that'll turn into a prince if I kiss you?
Why don't you kiss me
and see for yourself?
You're still a frog.
Yeah, you also have to
reach one hand under me
and lightly touch
the underside of my penis.
-What?
-You have to reach one hand under...
No, no, no. I know what you said,
but I've just never heard that part.
-Well, you have now.
-So I just
-lightly touch...
-The underside of my penis, yeah.
Oh. Okay.
-Nothing's happening.
-What do you mean?
-You're not turning into a prince.
-I'm not a prince.
-But you told me you were.
-I did not.
-Yes, you did.
-I did not.
You said I was,
and I just didn't bother to correct you.
So, what are you?
(LAUGHING) I'm just a frog
looking to get some wood, man,
and mission accomplished.
Thank you very much.
-You're a sick pervert.
-Yeah, well, I'm the one with the boner,
-so jackpot for me. You lose.
-You're a bastard.
Well, take a hike then.
-Hey, there.
-(GASPS) A frog prince.
I'm supposed to kiss you, right?

No, actually, you're supposed
to take a dump on my back.
Oh, Tootsie, no. What are you doing?
You think you're fooling them
with that wig, but they're gonna find out.
They're gonna find out, and then what?
Then the shit hits the fan, doesn't it?
You're not using your brain.
Oh, Kermit, what are you doing?
You can't get to Hollywood
in that old Studebaker.
Besides, you're a puppet. They're not
going to listen to a puppet in Hollywood.
Oh, don't stop
and pick up those other puppets,
there's no room for them in the car.
You're not using your brain.
Oh, Bender, what are you doing?
Don't talk back to the principal.
He's just gonna make you come back
next Saturday.
Just keep your mouth... You did it!
You talked back to him.
Now you're gonna get more detention...
You did it again.
You got another. What's wrong with you?
That's another!
Stop it! You got one more!
You stupid bastard.
You're not using your brain.
Oh, Marty, what are you doing?
Don't be hanging around that old man.
His crazy inventions are just
gonna get you into trouble...
Don't get in the DeLorean.
He just told you it's a time machine.
Now you're gonna go back to the '50s
and fuck up your parents' lives.
And you'd know that,
if you were using your brain,
but you're not, are you?
You're not using your brain.
-Hello.
-Hi.

What's that you're reading?

I'm just reading this L.A. Times piece on campaign reform.

Oh.

-Where are you flying to?

-Africa.

-You live there?

-Yeah, I was just here for the holidays, and now I'm heading back home.

-Cool. What do you do there?

Look, I don't mean to be rude, but I really would kind of just like to read this article.

-No, sure. Yeah. No, that's...

-I'm just not much of a talker.

Yeah, no...

I was just asking what you do for a living.

I peel bananas with my feet,
I pick bugs off my friends' backs,
-and that's pretty much it.

-I bet that's really interesting.

-No, not really.

-So, if you're ever in town again, would you, maybe, want to go get a drink with me or something? See a movie?

Well, I don't really know when that would be.

I don't get to the States that often.

-Oh.

-Yeah.

Well, would you want to have sex with me now, then?

Now you're talking.

(ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYING)

-That was awesome.

-I know.

-I mean, really.

-You were so giving.

-Oh, well.

-So unselfish.

-You make it easy.

-I'm blushing.

(CHUCKLES) Really? I don't see it.

No, it's only on my balls.

I blush with my balls.

-Wow.

-Yeah.

-Weird.

-Hey, listen.

-There's something you should know.

-What's that?

I have this disease that kind of makes your immune system sort of go away.

Oh.

Yeah, it's probably nothing, but I just thought I should tell you.

Okay.

-Otherwise I am clean as a whistle.

-Great.

Hey, thanks for not making me wear a condom.

-Yeah, no problem.

-Wanna go again?

Let's pound it, brother.

Now, if you'll turn to page three in your packets, we'll go over fiscal projections.

I'm pleased to announce a 32% increase in profit for the fourth quarter, as well as a 16% rise in yearly revenue at all subsidiaries.

This is despite heightened competition and higher labor costs.

Compound percent yield, of course, assumes reinvested interest.

Now, value-oriented stocks appear to be attractive prospects once again, and quite able

to generate a healthy cash flow and give investors a reassuring margin of safety.

Although the market is far from where it was six years ago, we're looking anew

at value stocks and mutual funds that hold value-oriented shares, which tend to have a low price-to-earnings or price-to-book ratios, or high yields from dividends.

In fact, value stocks have performed

better than growth stocks
over the past several years
among the larger corporations
and the long-term compound appreciation
is quite impressive.

(CATS MEOWING)

(LAUGHS)

Assholes.

(WIND HOWLING)

Uh-oh! I gotta poop.

(GRUNTING)

Come on, you.

We are gathered here today
to ask the blessing of the Lord, our God,
for this union of Mark and Stephanie.

Well, that's good enough for me.

It's been great, Steph.

Same here, good luck.

-Best to the family.

-Yours, too.

-I mean, this is pretty clear, right?

-Yes. That's God's shit.

Right, yeah. Okay, thanks, everyone.

All right, here's one. So, a horse walks
into a bar and the bartender says,
"Why the long face?"

(BOTH LAUGHING)

-That's hilarious.

-Hey. Fuck you.

-Whoa !

-What the hell's your problem?

You're my problem, dude.

That joke is offensive.

-Yeah?

-Yeah. I'm sorry that not everyone
conforms to your preconceived notions
of attractiveness.

-It's a joke, man.

-Oh. Yeah? It's a joke? How about this?

Why are there
so few black baseball players?

-Why?

-Because they're always stealing bases.

(LAUGHING)

-Whoa ! Hey, now that is offensive.

-Yeah, what the hell, man?

-Hey, it's a joke, man.

-Yeah, but it's racist.

The horse with the long face
just told a racist joke, huh?

-That's different.

-Yeah, how's it different?

Hey, why do you have so many drinks
and you haven't touched any of them?

Hello, Einstein, hooves.

No fucking thumbs, can't pick up a glass.

-Well, then, why are you in a bar?

-Eat shit, that's why. Dickhead.

Look, look. I think we all
got off on the wrong foot here.

-Yeah, well, you got that right.

-We're sorry, okay?

-All right, me, too.

-Look, I'm Mike and this is Harry.

Sarah Jessica Parker.

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

Hello and welcome back
to Name That Animal Penis.

I'm here with our reigning champion
Kevin Biggins,

who has advanced
to the Glory Hole Round,
which means

we're gonna stick a live animal's penis
through that hole over there.

And if you can guess
what type of animal it belongs to,
you're gonna win \$100,000. Are you ready?
I'm ready to name that animal penis, Bob.
All right, then let's fill that Glory Hole.

(AUDIENCE EXCLAIMING)

-Wow.

-That sure is an animal penis.

-I can smell it from here.

-Are you ready to identify it?

(EXHALES)

-Man, I don't know.

-Talk it out.

Well, it looks like some kind of large jungle cat, but I'm not really sure.

You still have a lifeline.

Would you like to use it?

-Yeah, I'm gonna call my dad.

-Good luck. You have 30 seconds.

(PHONE DIALING)

(PHONE RINGING)

-Hello?

-Dad, it's Kevin.

What kind of animal's penis is brown and purple, about a foot and a half and really veiny?

-What? Where are you?

-No time, Dad.

I just need to know about the penis.

It has a very strong kind of burnt smelling odor...

-Kevin, it is the middle of the night.

-MOM:

DAD:

He's asking about animal penises.

MOM:

Dad, I really need to know about this penis.

It looks like a panther's, but the fur is too light, -and the balls are just huge.

-MOM:

DAD:

Linda, calm down.

(WOMAN CRYING)

(BUZZER SOUNDS)

(HANGS UP)

-That wasn't much help.

-No, not really. I'm still stumped.

Would you care to take a guess?

-Is it a mountain lion?

-Yes.

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

(GASPS) Are you serious?

But that was a total shot in the dark.

Congratulations, Kevin.

You've won 100,000 dick dollars
and a chance to go for one million.

-Are you ready for the bonus round?

-Absolutely.

All right, Kevin. Name that animal penis.

Can we hurry this along, please?

I have a plane to catch.

(ROADRUNNER HONKING)

Holy shit. I did it.

He's under there. I got him.

I fucking got him.

Jesus, I'm gonna need a shovel.

Mmm !

This is delicious.

It's like when you work for your meal,
when you really work for it,
it just tastes that much better, you know?

So, what are you gonna do now?

Huh.

Never really thought about it.

Been chasing this damn bird for 20 years,
I'm not really trained for anything else.

I guess I kind of

let my life get away from me.

Well, I'm sure something will turn up.

(CHATTERING ON TV)

Okay, that's a pastrami on rye,
a pasta salad, two Diet Cokes...

No, no, no.

It was one Coke and one Diet Coke.

-Oh, God, I'm sorry...

-Well, we've been waiting an hour.

-I know, I'm sorry...

-What the hell kind of place is...

(SHOUTING) I'm sorry.

God damn it, I'm sorry, all right?

I'm just having some fucking
identity issues right now, all right?

I can't think straight, and I...

Just get off my back

-because you don't know what it's like.
-Wile E., you're fired.
Mom and Dad, fucking forgive me for this.
And then, all of a sudden, it hit me.
I knew who I wanted to be.
And I untied myself from that catapult,
and here I am.
-Well, that is such a relief.
-I know, I know.
So, if you have about 45 minutes, I'd like
to talk to you about the Lord Jesus Christ.
Oh, shit.

MAN:

Oh! Oh! Oh!
(LAUGHS)
Thank you.
(SINGING) The sky is looking oh so blue
And all of me just seems so new
The sun is shining bright
And everything's alright
'Cause I just came inside of you

WOMAN:

Hey, you're not a dead body.
-No, I'm Helena Bonham Carter.
-Oh.
Yeah, it's an honest mistake.
Happens all the time.
Ow!
God, this is incredibly uncomfortable.
Okay, I did not agree to a threesome.
(GRUNTS)
I'm gonna get in shape.
But not today.
(LAUGHS)
I'm gonna go get a sandwich instead.
Sir Gallant,
I have summoned you here today
to ask you to serve your king and country.
The dragon that has been wreaking havoc
throughout this land must be stopped.
-Yeah?
-And you must slay this ferocious beast.

-Fuck, no.

-What?

No way. That's like crazy shit
you're talking right there, King.
But, Sir Gallant,
the dragon is destroying our land.
Yeah, gee, no shit. I wonder why.
Maybe it's because it's fucking huge
and breathes all like fire and shit?
Yeah, that might have
something to do with it.

-You must do this. It is your duty.

-Fuck off, you do it.

Well, I can't.

Well, then, he who lives
in a glass house blabbity blah.

You're fucking high
if you think I'm gonna...

-Uh. Hey. Hi there.

-Oh, my God, there he is.

Yeah. I couldn't help
overhearing your conversation,
-and I feel somewhat responsible.

-You are, you little rat fuck.

Bop you on the nose.

Ow!

But, listen, if I'm really causing
all this trouble, I'm just gonna split.

-You would spare our kingdom?

-Yeah, I...

I just don't feel super comfortable being
the cause of all this internal confrontation.

-Well, there you go.

-Yeah.

-Well, this all worked itself out, huh?

-Yeah. So I'm gonna go

-wreck some other kingdom.

-Do it.

-Okay.

-Well, then, we are saved.

(SINGING) Everybody dance now

(VOCALIZING)

Hey, you, do this

Fuck, yeah. Smoke pot, kids.

Do your homework, too,
but when you're done,
smoke pot and listen to music.
Use headphones if you got them.
Make sure to keep a pen and pad by
your bed to write down all your thoughts.
You might surprise yourself.
And don't be lazy and just repeat them
over and over in your head.
Write them down! You'll forget that shit
in the morning. It'll piss you right off.
Also, you should get a summer job,
mow lawns, something outside,
if for no other reason than to get
your parents off your back, am I right?
Okay, get out of here, you rascals.
Go find some pot.

(FRED GRUNTING)

(FARTING)

(SPLASHING)

(LAUGHING)

(GRUNTING)

(FARTING)

(SPLASHING)

(LAUGHING)

(GRUNTING)

Jesus Christ.

Oh, yeah.

(LAUGHING)

(GRUNTING)

(FARTING)

(GROANING)

Oh, yeah!

(SPLASHING)

(LAUGHING)

(GROANING)

(FARTING)

(SPLASHING)

Oh, boy.

(LAUGHING)

All right, Steve, Fido. Your category is
Things You Find In The Kitchen.

Fido, you'll be giving the clues.

You have one minute. Go.

(BARKING)

Oven. Silverware. Cereal.

Refrigerator. Pantry. Salt.

Muffin. Baking tray. Phone. Apple. Toaster.

Napkin. Ice cube. Dishes.

(BUZZER SOUNDS)

-I'm sorry, you're out of time.

-It was blender, you asshole. Blender!

Dumbass.

(VIDEOGAME MUSIC PLAYING)

Mario, you did it. I'm saved.

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Yes, Princess, you are free.

Your nightmare is over.

-I'm so happy.

-Yes, yes. How about a kiss?

-What?

-I say how about a kiss, yes?

-What... Why would I do that?

-What... Why would you...

-I just saved your life.

-Yeah, but I don't even know you.

-I rescued you.

-Yeah, but you expect...

What kind of Samaritan are you? You rescued me just so you could get with me?

Jesus Christ, I'm not ask you to suck my dick. All I want is a kiss.

Do you know

what I went through to get here?

You leaped a bunch of mushrooms,

I'm so impressed.

Well, you're the one

who got captured by mushrooms.

-How the fuck does that even happen?

-Don't turn this around. Don't flip this.

You got kidnapped by something

that goes on a salad.

-Hey, it's a little more complicated.

-And by the way, by the way,

I did not just leap a bunch of mushrooms.

There were also these turtle-shelled things

I had to jump over,

and that was really hard.

And the only help I got
was every once in a while,
a gold star would appear up above me,
and I would jump up and touch it
and it would go...

(Vocalizing)

And that would help a little bit,
and I'd feel a little better,
but it was hard.
The whole thing was really hard.
-I'm not kissing you.
-Okay, fuck this. Fuck it.
Hey, dragon. You can have her.
Michael, this isn't going to be easy,
but you're a grown man now
and your mother and I feel
you deserve to know the truth.
-I don't understand, Dad.
-Michael, you're not our biological son.
(GASPS)
-What?
-You were adopted.
Oh, my... Oh, my God.
Your mother and I felt
it was wrong to conceive a new child
with so many unwanted children
in the world already.
Baby, we're sorry
we didn't tell you sooner. We just...
We wanted to wait until you were mature
and able to handle the knowledge.
Oh, my gosh. My head is spinning.
To be honest, we were always afraid
you'd figure it out for yourself,
based on little obvious things.
I mean, we all have such dark hair,
and your hair is blond.
The rest of the family has brown eyes
and yours are blue.
And as your fair complexion... I mean,
none of us have freckles like you do.
That's right. And you're a good deal taller
than either your mother or I,
and your nipples don't stick out 5 feet

in front of you like the rest of the family.

But we always loved you

as if you were our very own,

-and we still do, Michael.

-Actually, that's another thing, your name.

-What about my name?

-Your real name isn't Michael Sticknipples.

-It's not?

-No.

Your birth name is Albert Shitsneeze.

-This is so much to process.

-I know. I know it is, dear.

-We understand if you're upset with us.

-No, I'm not. I mean,

I don't know. Maybe a little.

I just... I don't really understand.

(SNEEZES)

I don't understand why you felt

like I wouldn't be able to handle this.

I mean, I love you guys. You raised me.

As far as I'm concerned,

you're my parents.

Albert, we love you, too.

-Do I have a middle name?

-Yes, you're Albert Horsefeet Shitsneeze.

(Neighing)

Hey, you know, being out on this ocean

reminds me

of when we were filming U-571.

You familiar with that picture?

It's a submarine picture.

I spent a lot of time in the water for that.

You know, I also made a movie called

Fool's Gold, me and Kate Hudson.

We had a contest to see

who could get more tanned.

I won, of course,

but still it was a great contest.

You know, the last time I was on water

in a ship scenario,

I was making a little picture

by a man named Steven Spielberg,

up and coming director.

You might have heard of him.

It's a film called Amistad,
a historical picture.
Flexed my acting chops, as it were.
Not quite the way I did in We Are Marshall.
Did you see that face I made? It was like...
(GRUNTING)
(LAUGHING) I was making faces
like a real guy. There was a guy,
he really looked like that, so I thought
I'd impersonate him in the face.
I'm just such a good actor.
That's what you need to do, friend,
to keep yourself alive.
You can take the meat of my body.
I'll be Christ-like on you.
You can taste my body
and drink my blood.
You know, the best thing
about having one leg
is probably all the cinematic opportunities
for me. I'm more of a character actor.
Everybody always heralds me
as a beautiful man.
They say, "Oh, Matt, your body.
Oh, Matt, your glorious face,
"your physique, your flowing hair,
your gigantic penis,
"your fantastic ass..." You know.
I want people to look at me
more as a character.
Sort of like Jared Leto
doing that Mark David Chapman role.
He put on all that weight for it.
That was impressive. Pretty boy.
(GROANS) That is probably
a near fatal wound.
That's the kind of thing that
a person would bleed out from.
You know, in the obit,
it would probably say,
"Handsome movie star,
hunk Matthew McConaughey
"died of a fatal stab wound
"that barely was able to pierce

his metal-like abdominal muscles."
Nice thing is, I imagine,
at my funeral they will talk about me.
In reverence at my memorial service,
they'll go over all my great works
starting at Dazed and Confused
and running right up to Sahara.
All the wonderful things I've done
in my life. It would be a good time.
I wish I could be there,
'cause that's a story I'd like to hear,
the story of Matthew...

(GASPS)

Hey, ladies, you like night club?
We go to night club, buy champagne,
drink from bottle.

-Just get in sports car.

-Yeah, get in sports car.

-No thanks, guys.

-Okay, okay. What you like then?

Puppies? We buy puppies,
walk them in the park,
buy them puppy snacks.

Just get in sports car.

-Yeah, get in sports car.

-Seriously, we're not interested.

Okay, okay, what you like then?

indigo Girls? We go see indigo Girls,
sing along with chorus, hold hands
with lesbians. Just get in sports car.

-Yeah, get in sports car.

-Look, we're not getting in your sports car.

-Now leave us alone.

-Ahmed, look.

All right.

This time we use other plan, okay?

Okay.

Hey, ladies, you like mouth sex?

We rent limo.

-Yeah, we rent limo.

-You do mouth sex in limo,
and we play radio loud.

All these things happen.

-Just get in sports car.

-Yeah, get in sports car.

(IN AMERICAN ACCENT)

You know, these accents aren't helping.

Yeah, let's just use our real voices
from now on.

Yup.

Hey, honey, check it out.

I got this bag of rocks,
and when that jerk Lewis
from next door comes walking by
on his way home from work,
I'm gonna peg the shit out of him.

Well, all right, dear,
whatever you think is best.

(SCREAMS)

-What the hell?

-(LAUGHS) Yeah!

What the...

Martin, what the hell is wrong with you?

-Why did you do that?

-That's for letting your dog
take a dump on my lawn
last week, asshole.

Jesus! You know, Martin, he who lives in
a glass house shouldn't throw stones.

-Yeah?

-Yeah.

Well, how about

he who lives in a glass house
with a machine gun turret on the roof?

That's right, man,

he who lives in a glass house
with a fucking machine gun turret
on the roof

can pretty much throw
all the goddamn stones he wants.

When the hell did you install that?

I got a cousin who just got back from Iraq.

He put this up for me.

Oh, my God.

Hey, let me ask you something.

Why shouldn't he who lives
in a glass house throw stones?

Well, because people can throw stones

back at him and then destroy his house.
Yeah, I guess that makes sense.
I can see why he who lives in a glass house
should be cautious.
You know, except if he who lives
in a glass house
has a fucking machine gun turret
on the roof!
Well, yeah,
I guess that would be an exception.
Yeah, you know it, shitass. All right, now
I think it's time for you to keep moving.
Are the...
Is the city okay with you having...
(GUN Firing)
(SCREAMING)
Yeah, that's right, man. All your
glass house preconceptions went to shit
'cause of the fucking machine gun turret.
Next time, you're gonna...
-Was it good for you?
-Yes.
Good. You'd better not be pregnant.

Gilbert:

Yes! Yes!
-I was the parrot from Aladdin.
-I'm sorry, Gilbert, I can't do this.
-Why? Is it because of my voice?
-No.
It's because you're like 4'8"
and you always look like somebody just
squirted lemon juice in your eyes.
I have a herniated cornea.
Keep at it, love.
I'll make you orgasm in a jiffy, I will.
Almost. Oh, God. Oh, God, I'm gonna...
(GROANS)
(HORN HONKS)
Sorry I'm late. Fucking traffic on the PCH.
Where's the kid? Where's the fucking kid?
He's right here.
Great. You better fucking
hold that kid still.

Whoa ! Whoa ! You're gonna circumcise
my son with that?

Mister, this is

a Hattori Hanzo sword, okay?

There are only like five of them
in the whole fucking world, okay?

I'd cut my own dick off

with this sword, okay?

Now stand the fuck back.

(BABY CRYING)

Quiet, kid, you sound like Uma Thurman.

"

Holy shit, Uma !

That's who the fuck she is, okay?

When Bill killed her husband and
her baby and her whole fucking family,
he killed her identity, okay?

Maybe pull Ethan Hawke's dick
out of your ear for two seconds,
okay, and listen to what

the fuck I'm saying to you.

Why on earth would they hire Quentin
Tarantino to perform a circumcision?

Jon Stewart was unavailable.

There, all done, okay?

Your kid's a fucking super Jew, okay?

All right, now who wants the foreskin?

Hey, Quentin. I thought I heard somebody
giving away some foreskin.

May I take it?

Whoa ! Whoa ! Whoa !

Uh-uh. Bro, can't let you in.

What? Why not?

This is Les Deux.

This is a very exclusive club.

-Look, we'll buy drinks.

-No. Sorry, bro.

-Hey, what the hell?

-Yeah, what the hell was that?

-Why'd they get to go in?

-Because they're chicks.

-You got any chicks with you?

-Our wives are at home.

Yeah, this is sort of a boys' night out.

-Well, go party somewhere else, dude.
-What?
I said go party somewhere else.
Hey, what the fuck is your problem, dude?
You. You're my problem. There's no way
I'm letting you in here, asshole.
This club is for hot, young,
hip party people.
-We're hip.
-No, you're not.
Look at you. You're the most
out-of-date looking douchebags
I've ever seen in my life.
What are those,
fucking animal skins you're wearing?
Well, look at what you're wearing,
dickhead.
Nice wool hat. And sunglasses at night.
-Yeah, that's not too fucking affected.
-Get out of here.
-Hello, dum-dums.
-Oh, come on!
(Exclaims) Thank you so much for
helping us, Mr. Wizard.
Not at all, my dear child, not at all.
Now what is it you would like, Scarecrow?
-I'd like a brain.
-Well, I think we can arrange that.
-Here it is.
-Jesus! What? Is that a human brain?
Sure is. This was removed from
a hospital patient who died of liver cancer.
He was a donor,
so we really lucked out here.
Now, if you'll just make your way
to the operating room,
our team of surgeons will go ahead
and begin the procedure.
Now, what can I do for you, Tin Man?
-I'd like a heart.
-All right.
(Exclaims)
-Oh, my God!
-Yeah, look at that, eh?

-That's a human heart!

-No, it's not.

This came out of a gibbous monkey.

It was housed in an artificial habitat

at the zoo and turns out

some kid climbed into the pen,

the monkey ripped off both his arms

and started eating them,

so they had to shoot it.

Managed to save the heart, though.

Should be relatively compatible,

very low risk of rejection,

so if you're ready,

the surgeons will get started.

All right, Lion, what is it you'd like?

-I'd like some courage.

-Okay.

(Exclaims)

Yeah, it's a beauty, isn't it?

Wholly undamaged,

surgically extracted human spine.

You'll be courageous as hell

with this thing inside you.

All set?

Well, what about me, Mr. Wizard?

Can you get me back to Kansas?

No, that's gonna be a tall order. But what

I can do is make Oz more like Kansas.

I've abolished all scientific research

of any kind,

instituted mandatory Bible study

and church service attendance

seven days a week, forbidden the teaching

of evolution in public schools,

and here's a baseball bat

for you to beat this gay guy.

Hi, there. Well, go on, get to it.

I'm not gonna beat myself.

Or maybe I am. Welcome to Oz, bitch!

Dad, today at school, my teacher said

we evolved from other animals.

-That's not true, is it?

-Of course not, Steven.

We were created by Monkey God

in his monkey image.
But how do we know for sure
God's a monkey?
Well, do you think God throws
his own poop
-and enjoys jumping up and down in place?
-Yeah.
And do you think when he's eating
bananas, he periodically stops chewing
and looks around with an angry expression
to make sure
-no one's plotting to steal them?
-Yeah.
And do you think his ass is slightly
less hairy than the rest of his body?
-Yeah.
-Then there's your answer, champ.
Okay, but how do we know
God really loves us?
Because his son died for our sins.
Monkey Jesus could've ripped off
the Romans' arms
and masturbated all over their bodies,
but he chose love instead.
And I think that makes him
pretty darn special.
Cool. Thanks, Dad.
-How's our son doing?
-He's gonna be okay, Paula.
He's gonna be okay.
That's it!
I can't live like this anymore, Jim.
You keep putting up walls between us.
I mean, why, Jim? Why do you do that?
Okay, still have nothing to say?
Here we go, Jim's famous silent treatment.
Well, you know what?
I'm not gonna put up with it anymore.
I am done! And another thing,
don't offer me an apple unless you have
an actual physical apple in your hand.
Fuck you, Jim ! I'm leaving!
Hey, baby. Sorry I'm late.
-Wow, that was...

-Dirty?
-Yes.
-Degrading?
-Yeah.
-And did you like the spitting
-and the name calling?
-Actually, I did.
So, can I count on your vote
this November?
Yes. Yes, you can.
(GROANING)
Yes!
(GROANING LOUDLY)
Yes! Oh, God. Oh, God!
(Sighs)
Do you have any Gatorade?
(MAN GRUNTING)
Yeah! Yeah! Who's your daddy?
-You are, dumbass.
-You're grounded.
-Oh. You're...
-Yeah, I've got an early meeting tomorrow.
-Okay.
-I'll call you.
(DOOR CLOSING)
Bye.
Great show, Mr. Dylan.
(MUMBLING)
Mr. Dylan, Tom Waits is here to see you.
(ALL MUMBLING)
(MUMBLING)
(BARRY Exclaiming)
(MELODIC SCREAMING)
Health officials have reported a new
outbreak of Mad Cow Disease
which has surfaced within
the past four days,
prompting a massive recall on all
beef products for the entire area.
Mad Cow Disease occurs as a result
of cattle farmers
using beef products to round out
their cows' food.
Consumption by cattle of beef products

causes an imbalance in body chemistry
which causes them to, in effect, go insane.
Well, shit.
Don't go into that spaceship,
you stupid bastards.
Ricardo Montalban's in there,
and he's got little bugs,
and he's gonna put the bugs in your ears,
and you're gonna go crazy.
Don't be stupid, you...
There's Ricardo Montalban with his bugs!
You see, he's putting the bugs in
your ears, and you're gonna go crazy,
and you got no one to blame but yourself.
'Cause you're not using your brain.
Truman, how stupid can you be?
They're filming you.
They're totally filming you,
and you don't even know about it.
There's cameras all over the place.
There's cameras in your house
and cameras in your car,
and there's even a camera in your shitter.
In your shitter, for the love of God!
You'd notice the cameras
if you were using your brain,
but you're not using your brain.
Don't open the box, you stupid Germans.
You know the ghosts are gonna fly out
of there and melt your faces off.
Don't... I told you not to do it,
and you did it!
Oh! Look at you. Your faces are all
melting off, just like I said.
You're not using your brains,
and now they're melted.
Andy, don't go down into
the laundry room by yourself.
You know those other guys
are down there waiting for you,
and they're gonna rape you in your bum.
Get out of there, otherwise...
There they are.
Now they're gonna rape you. See,

that's why I told you to get out of there.
Look at you, getting raped in your bum.
Your bum's gonna be sore now.
You're not using your brain.
-(SINGING) My gal has got two eyes of blue
-My gal has got two eyes of blue
-And curls of brown
-And curls of brown
-She always makes me smile
-She always makes me smile
-When I am feeling down
-When I am feeling down
-Whenever I am with her
-Whenever I am with her
-I just grin like a clown
-I just grin like a clown
-'Cause my gal's pussy
-'Cause my gal's pussy
-Is the smallest in town
-Is the smallest in town
-She's like a beauty queen
-She's like a beauty queen
-Who wears a shiny crown
-Who wears a shiny crown
-And anytime she sees that
-And anytime she sees that
-I am starting to frown
-I am starting to frown
-She's always got the thing
-She's always got the thing
-To turn it upside down
-To turn it upside down
-'Cause my gal's pussy
-'Cause my gal's pussy
-Is the smallest in town
-Is the smallest in town
She's got a face without a trace of gloom
I guarantee it
Her muff is sweet and so petite
You have to squint your eyes to see it
-I'm such a happy fellow
-I'm such a happy fellow
-When she comes around
-When she comes around

-She's always got a kiss
-She's always got a kiss
-When lam feeling down
-When lam feeling down
-I wouldn't trade her in
-I wouldn't trade her in
-For any wealth or renown
-For any wealth or renown
-'Cause my gal's pussy
-'Cause my gal's pussy
-Is the smallest in town
-Is the smallest in town
-Smallbush
-Smallbush

Hey, beaver,
what the hell are you doing to my river?
I'll die with that thing there.

Yeah. And I'll die without
a sweet-ass bachelor pad on the water.
Deal with it, broham.

Hey, beaver, did you eat this tree?
There was a knot right here
with my nest in it.

Yeah. I used that wood
for my steam room.

Now I get to rub my nuts
all over your house, biatch.

Hey, did you borrow my DVD
of The Departed?

-'Cause it's all scratched now.
-Hey, I did you a favor, man.

Want to see a good movie?
Try Rush Hour 3.

Chris Tucker fucking cracks my shit up.

-God! Can you believe this guy? What a...
-A vagina.

Yeah, a vagina.

From now on, beaver means vagina.

-Yeah.

-Yeah.

And that is the origin of the term.

Join me next week when I'll tell you
how the bear became synonymous
with the chubby homosexual.

It's nice to meet you, Abby.

What brings you here?

This is kind of hard to talk about.

I've never even said it out loud before,
-but I'm bulimic.

-I see.

I'll just binge like crazy,
just stuffing my face.

A steak burrito, a stack of pancakes,
a loaf of French bread with mayonnaise,
garbage bag full of popcorn,
a ham sandwich with marshmallow fluff,
-and crushed-up Doritos.

-Mmm-hmm.

And then after I'm done, I just feel terrible
and disgusting and ugly, so I...

-You purge?

-What?

-What's "

No, I cry. Why would I throw up?

Well, that's what bulimia is.

You binge and then you purge.

Yeah, I don't throw up. That's really gross.

Okay, well,

then I'd have to say you're not bulimic.

Really? God, that is such a relief.

-So, I'm just...

-Fat.

Fat? Okay. Great.

(LAUGHING) God! I was so worried.

You are a really good psychiatrist.

Wow! I mean, I don't know

if this is appropriate, but would you
maybe like to go out sometime? Or...

No, thanks. I don't date fat chicks. Sorry.

-That's okay.

-Good.

You poor crippled man.

How did this unfortunate fate befall you?

I was injured while building a house
for my family.

You pitiable fellow.

If only there was some help for you.

(GASPS)

The messiah will help you. O Lord Jesus,
will you heal this man's wound?

Oh, man, I'll tell you what, somebody
ought to heal this acid reflux, man.
This shit is fucking up my day.

O Lord, won't you please
perform a miracle for this man?
You know what would be a miracle?

If I could go back in time three hours
and say to myself,

"

I guess that's not gonna happen, huh?
He will surely die without you, O Lord.
Yeah, before that, I gotta ask, does
anybody have any Pepcid or anything,
so I can settle this fucking cauldron
of shit in my stomach?

I swear to God,
I'd give everything I have right now
just for a goddamned powerhouse round
of diarrhea.

Is there no hope for this poor man?
Won't you give him your healing touch?
I'll give him something better, advice.

Don't mix Pete's Wicked Ale
with Al Sauce,
unless you want a fucking gastrointestinal
showstopper playing out in your gut.
Shit, man. I envy you
for not having to deal with this right now.
He's dead! If only we could've saved him.
I'll tell you this, he's better off that way.

'Cause if he was alive,
there'd be a chance that he could someday
walk into Jared's Rib House,
order the onion fries and hot wings,
wash them down with a few beers,
and then watch the fucking
Buttcracker Suite put on in the toilet.
Christ! I am never eating again.

Mmm-mmm.

Thank you, Count Dracula.

That was delicious.

I'm glad you enjoyed it, Magic.

Because from now on,
you'll have little appetite for mortal food.

(SCREAMS)

(EVIL LAUGHTER)

You don't follow the news very much,
do you?

No, not really. Why?

(SNEEZES)

-All right, here are the beads.

-Thank you.

And if you'll just sign this document
giving us all of Manhattan...

(Sniffing)

Wait a minute.

Have these been in your ass?

What? No. They're just ordinary beads.

-You know, like you asked for.

-Hey, smell these.

Oh, yeah, these have definitely
been in the butt.

Sorry, deal's off.

You're gonna have to find something else.

Wow, okay.

Still don't know what you're talking about,
but will you take a gerbil?

So, let me get this straight.

Your defense is that you shot the sheriff,
but you did not shoot the deputy.

-Yeah.

-But you did shoot the sheriff?

-Yeah.

-And you're admitting that?

Yeah.

We don't need to get him on the deputy.

If we prove he killed the sheriff,
that's a life sentence right there.

Yeah. I'm not sure

why he's defending himself on murder
by confessing

to a completely different murder.

I have this weird hunch he might be high.

JESUS:

They must've spent like 5,000 bucks

on all those decorations.

-Hey, Vishnu.

-What?

Where are all the decorations
for your birthday?

(LAUGHS SARCASTICALLY)

-Very funny.

-No, no, seriously. Where are they?

'Cause I see like every house in America
has decorations up for my birthday,
but nothing for yours.

Maybe they have some in India.

Nope, nothing there. Just some guy
wiping his ass with his hand.

(Sighs)

Nah, but seriously, dude, happy birthday.

-I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

-What the fuck?

No, wrong house! Wrong house!

-What is this? This is great.

-It's ghost.

-I killed it myself.

-It's really juicy.

Yeah. I'll give you some ghost jerky
to take home.

MAN 1 :

MAN 2:

-Ted, this has been great.

-You're welcome.

No way, Vince. We cannot do that.

There's no way we can do that.

Actually, Vince,

it turns out we can do that.

Cool.

-Hey, it's Tara Reid.

-Wow, Tara, you're so beautiful.

And I really love the way
your stomach looks.

Hey, thanks, guys.

-Let's try some role playing.

-Okay.

I'll be Judd Hirsch.

I'm glad we saw National Treasure 2.
I know. It answered every single question
I had after seeing National Treasure 1.
Can you help me? I'd like to buy an iPod.
You know what's way better than an iPod?
A Zune.
You know, Joe Pantoliano is also quite
gifted at playing non-Italians.
College sucks!
I never should have had that abortion.
I mean, just think. Right now
you could be home with a baby.
I mean, how much cooler would that be?
You know what's really interesting?
You talking about your zodiac sign.
-Hey, can I help you?
-Yeah.
I'm looking to buy some new,
interesting music.
You know,
you should check out Hilary Duff.
No, dude. The reason everyone
respects you so much
is because you have a pet snake.
Want to know why I joined
the College Republicans?
-The pussy.
-I hear you, bro.
I'm getting seven kinds of laid.
Wow! That really busted
all my preconceptions
of West Virginians as inbred morons.
I know.
We met such diverse, intelligent people.
And very few of them breathed exclusively
through their mouths.
-How's my favorite nephew?
-Real good. Just getting a beer.
Mitch, can I just say
how much I adore Janine?
Yeah, she's great. Actually,
we just had our one-year anniversary.
Ooh! How nice!
Did you do anything fun to celebrate?

No. We kept it pretty low-key.
-I took her over to Spinelli's.
-Ooh! How lovely.
Yeah. Then we pretty much
just went home.
And I think I told you how Janine and I
saved a piece of our wedding cake
in the freezer.
-Oh! I like that. That's a cute idea.
-Yeah.
You know, it's kind of cheesy,
but, you know, it's fun.
And we put our own little twist on it.
I took the piece of cake,
and then just shoved the fucker way up
into her pussy.
I mean, like way up there. I'm talking like,
if I was wearing a watch, it's gone.
And then I just start fucking her,
you know?
Just like super fucking her, like that.
Just pounded the fucking cake
the fuck up in her, you know?
-Oh, my.
-Yeah. And then...
And you're gonna love this.
I take my dick out,
and I make her lick the cake off my dick.
All of it.
And then I gave her a little homemade
fucking icing, if you know what I mean.
Say, Aunt Helen, why do you always wear
that stupid scarf on your head?
-I have cancer.
-Still?
Boy, that's got to be
a fucking shitty deal, huh?
You know,
I just don't think this is that funny.
I was just gonna say, neither do I.
It's just not funny.
I'm just kind of sitting here, stone-faced,
watching things
that I know I'm supposed to be laughing at.

I agree. I don't think De Niro is that good,
I don't think Teri Polo is that good.
I'm finding myself really put off
by Ben Stiller.
Really put off, he's doing nothing for me.
The whole thing feels
very mainstream innocuous, you know?
There's nothing unexpected
about the jokes.
-It's very predictable.
-Very. I just... I don't care for it.
-Neither do I.
-I don't think we should watch the rest.
I don't either. I don't really care
what happens to these characters.
-Let's shut it off.
-I agree.
That's much better.
Hi, I'm Jeff Goldblum.
Guess what I'm selling?
Wrong again. Jeff Goldblum Wafers.
The only cracker that talks
when you put it in your mouth.
Now, each cracker looks like
a tiny Jeff Goldblum,
and it makes scintillating conversation.
Is that Brie? Oh, I love Brie.
I once dated a girl named Brie.
She was... She was very lithe.
(LAUGHING) You're...
You're eating me. That tickles.
Your mouth smells like black licorice.
You know, the twisty kind?
Now before you swallow,
did you see No Country for Old Men?
It was stunningly bleak, darkly intimate,
and most of all, human.
Now, you see, you won't hear a Triscuit
make that kind of conversation.
Although they are crisp,
I'll have to give them that.
They're very crispy. Where was I?
Oh, yes, buy Jeff Goldblum Wafers.
Or don't, but I would prefer it if you did.

Although, let' face it,
one can't always get what one desires.
Still, that's no reason not to try. Yes, yes.
(BLEATING)
All right, everybody. It's shearing time.
First, I'm first. Shear me.
I'm ready to be sheared.
-Look, I don't wanna do this...
-No, no, no, it's cool, man. It's cool.
-It's all good.
-You're not gonna do that thing...
No, I'm not gonna do that thing.
It's fine. It's fine.
-All right.
-Cool.
Yeah. Yeah, that's good.
Yeah, yeah, shear it. Fucking shear me.
Fucking shear that goddamned shit off me.
Fuck yeah.
I thought you said
you weren't gonna be doing that shit.
I am, I am. I'm just doing a bit.
I'm just doing a bit. That's all.
It's all good, all right?
Okay, just go. Do it. Do it.
Oh, yeah. Fuck.
Fucking shear my ass, bitch.
Yeah, make me naked.
Make me a naked fucking skin sheep.
Yeah, run that thing all over my ass.
Fuck, yeah!
-Okay, I'm not doing this.
-What? Come on, dude.
-What's your problem?
-No, I'm not going to do it.
-You're freaking me out.
-You can't stop. You're like halfway done.
-I don't care.
-You can't leave me halfway sheared.
-Shorn.
-Halfway shorn, you can't do that.
Come on, dude. Don't be a douche.
-Okay, fine. But I swear to God, if you...
-It's... I won't... I promise. Relax.

-It's all good now. It's all good. All right?
-All right.
Oh, fuck! Oh, my God. Fuck, yeah.
Fucking shear me the fuck up.
Oh, yeah, I'm so fucking hard right now.
Shit.
Got a big, fucking, cotton boner.
Fuck me with that thing.
Fucking, fucking shear my asshole.
Shear around my fucking asshole.
Shove that fucking thing up my ass,
stick it up my ass immediately!
Stick me up the ass with it!
-Shear me up the ass! Do it!
-I'm done.
-What?
-I'm done.
-What the fuck?
-You're not right in the head. I'm done.
You jerk! I thought we were friends.
(VOICE BREAKING)
I thought we were friends.
Hi. I'm Wil Wheaton.
I know. I can't believe it either.
Never, ever, feed a dog chocolate while
he wears a tin foil hat in the microwave.
It's just not cool.