



Scripts.com

Dead Man on Campus

By Michael Traeger

?? GOLDEN YEARS ??
?? GOLD ??
?? WHOP WHOP WHOP ??
?? DON'T LET ME HEAR
YOU SAY ??
?? LIFE'S TAKING YOU
NOWHERE ??
?? ANGEL ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? LOOK AT THE SKY,
LIFE'S BEGUN ??
?? THE NIGHTS ARE WARM,
AND THE DAYS ARE YOUNG ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? THERE'S MY BABY,
LOST, THAT'S ALL ??
?? ONCE I'M BEGGIN' YOU ??
?? SAVE HER LITTLE SOUL ??
?? GOLDEN YEARS ??
?? GOLD ??
?? WHOP WHOP WHOP ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? LAST NIGHT,
THEY LOVED YOU ??
?? OPENING DOORS
AND PULLING SOME STRINGS ??
?? ANGEL ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? IN WALKED LUCK,
AND YOU LOOKED IN TIME ??
?? NEVER LOOK BACK ??
?? WALK TALL, ACT FINE ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? I'LL STICK
WITH YOU, BABY ??
?? FOR A THOUSAND YEARS ??
?? NOTHING'S
GONNA TOUCH YOU ??
?? IN THESE GOLDEN YEARS ??
?? GOLDEN YEARS ??
?? GOLD ??
?? WHOP WHOP WHOP ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? RUN FOR THE SHADOWS ??

?? RUN FOR THE SHADOWS ??
?? RUN FOR THE SHADOWS ??
?? IN THESE GOLDEN YEARS ??
?? SOME OF THESE DAYS,
AND IT WON'T BE LONG ??
?? GONNA DRIVE BACK DOWN
WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED ??
?? IN THE BACK OF
A DREAM CAR, 20-FOOT LONG ??
?? DON'T CRY, MY SWEET ??
?? DON'T BREAK MY HEART ??
?? DOIN' ALL RIGHT,
BUT YOU GOTTA GET SMART ??
?? WISH UPON WISH
UPON DAY UPON DAY ??
?? I BELIEVE, O LORD ??
?? I BELIEVE
ALL THE WAY ??
?? LOOK AT MY BABY,
LOST, THAT'S ALL ??
?? ONCE I'M BEGGIN' YOU ??
?? SAVE HER LITTLE SOUL ??
DON'T LOSE IT.
?? GET UP, MY BABY ??
?? RUN FOR THE SHADOWS ??
?? RUN FOR THE SHADOWS ??
?? RUN FOR THE SHADOWS ??
?? IN THESE GOLDEN YEARS ??
?? COME, GET UP, MY BABY ??
YOUR WORK STUDY IS
IN THE HOUSING OFFICE.
6-YEAR MEDICAL PROGRAM--
BIOLOGY,
ORGANIC CHEMISTRY--

FULL ACADEMIC:

SCHOLARSHIP?

YEAH.

I WANT TO KEEP FOCUSED
ON MY CAREER TRACK.

OK, BUT THIS IS
A LOT OF CREDITS.

BE SURE YOU DON' FALL BEHIND.

I THINK I CAN HANDLE IT.

?? I'LL STICK
WITH YOU, BABY ??
?? FOR A THOUSAND YEARS ??
?? NOTHING'S
GONNA TOUCH YOU ??
?? IN THESE GOLDEN YEARS ??
[DANCE MUSIC PLAYING]

Boy:

WHAT TO TELL YOU.
DUDES.
IT DIDN'T GO AS FAR
AS I THOUGHT.
STOP!
HI.
HEY.
[DIFFERENT MUSIC PLAYING]

Boy:

THROUGH MY STUFF?
MA, WHY ARE YOU PUTTING
THE FLANNEL SHEETS ON?
IT'S SEPTEMBER. YOU WAN ME TO SWEAT MY ASS OFF?
[MUSIC STOPS]
[HAMMERING]
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU MUST BE:

ONE OF MY ROOMMATES.
I'M JOSH.
THE SINGLE'S MINE.
I CALLED IT.
THAT SEEMS FAIR.
OH, SORRY.

Girl:

GOD, I'M STARVING.

Girl:

Girl:

Girl:

MM-HMM.

[BONG BUBBLING]
[PERSON INHALES]
HUH?
HOLA.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH. HEY,
YOU MUST BE JOSH.
LISTEN, I'M SORRY--
[MAN INHALES]

ARE YOU GUYS:

GETTING STONED AGAIN?
MAN!
THAT IS CLASSIC!
TAKE THESE. WE WOULD'VE
BEEN HERE SOONER,
BUT THESE GUYS KEP STOPPING OFF FOR SNACKS.
HEY, COOPER,
YOU WERE THE ONE
WHO HAD THE MUNCHIES.
HA HA HA HA!
WE SHOULD'VE NEVER HAVE
GOTTEN HIGH IN BOSTON!
OH, MAN, THAT WAS GREAT.

Man:

ANOTHER ONE, MAN.
OHH.
YEAH. HMM.
JOSH...
WHERE DO YOU THINK
WE SHOULD PUT THE BONG?
IN THE CLOSET?
NO. THIS IS
A SHOWCASE BONG.
TAKE A LOOK AT IT, HUH?
HEY, DO YOU WAN A HIT?
UH...
NO.
I JUST BRUSHED MY TEETH.
JOSH, YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO BED, ARE YOU?
ACTUALLY, YEAH. I GO TO GET UP EARLY TOMORROW.
SHIT. I JUST ME THESE PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS,

AND I TOLD THEM TO COME
UP FOR A FEW DRINKS.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?
THEY'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE.
I'LL GET RID OF THEM.
NO, NO, IT'S OK.
REALLY?
ARE YOU SURE? BECAUSE
I CAN TELL THEM TO GET LOST.
NO. IT'S COOL. I--

LET ME PUT ON:

SOME PANTS.
ALL RIGHT.
HEY, GUYS, COME ON IN.
HEY, THIS IS JOSH.
THIS IS MY NEW ROOMMATE.
JOSH, SAY HELLO, HUH?
WHAT'S GOING ON, GUYS?
HOW YOU DOING? ALL RIGHT?
GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
[ROCK MUSIC PLAYING]
WHO WANTS SOME DRINKS?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
OVER THERE, GUYS.
OVER THERE.
YEAH. THIS IS
A PARTY.
SHOW ME THE MUFF.
PASS THOSE OUT.
THERE YOU GO.

Boy:

TURN THAT SHIT OFF!
[TURNS OFF MUSIC]
HEY, BUDDY.
YOU MUST BE KYLE.
I'M COOPER.
I'M NOT YOUR BUDDY...
BUDDY.
OK.
OH, LOOK AT THAT.
I SEE YOU LIKE GIRLS.
YOU MUST BE THE PRODUC OF AN ALL BOYS SCHOOL.

CATHOLIC:

ALL BOYS SCHOOL.
CATH--HOLY MARY,
MOTHER OF GOD.
YOU'RE SO HORNY
YOU'VE TURNED MEAN.
YOU KEEP THAT MUSIC OFF,
ASSHOLE,
OR I'M GOING TO BASH
YOUR FUCKING HEAD IN!
KYLE, KYLE, KYLE.
[LAUGHS]
YOU'RE BEING AN ASSHOLE.
NOW, YOU GO AROUND
BASHING PEOPLE'S HEADS IN,
GIRLS AREN'T GOING
TO THINK YOU'RE COOL.
THEY'RE GOING TO THINK
YOU'RE A STEROID FREAK
WITH A PIXIE DICK
AND AN ASS FOR A BRAIN.
REALLY?
HEH HEH.
EVERYBODY, THIS IS KYLE.
GIVE HIM A BEER. COME ON,
LET'S START THE MUSIC.
LET'S GO. LET'S GE THIS PARTY STARTED, HUH?

Cooper:

WHERE WERE WE?
MARTINIS, HUH?
ALL RIGHT.
INCOMING.
HEY.
HEY, I'M PICKLE.
I JUST THOUGHT YOU COULD
USE THESE THINGS.
OH, YOUR NAME'S
PICKLE, HUH?
WHAT'D YOU DO, KNOCK OFF
AN APPLIANCE STORE?
I HAD SOME STUFF
SHIPPED HERE.

IT KIND OF REMINDS ME
OF HOME, YOU KNOW?

THAT BLENDER:

REMINDS YOU OF HOME?

OH, YEAH.

DEFINITELY.

[LAUGHS]

MARTINIS!

WHAT IS THAT?

THAT'S A MATH AWARD.

LOOKS LIKE A DILDO.

HEY, ZEKE, LOOK.

IT'S A DILDO.

HEY, HEY, HEY,

HEY, HEY, HEY.

HEY.

HEY...

HERE'S YOUR DILDO.

THANKS.

OHH.

SO, JOSH...

TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF.

I DON'T KNOW.

UH...

I'M FROM INDIANA,

AND I'M IN THE 6-YEAR

MEDICAL PROGRAM.

SO YOU, LIKE, STUDIED

IN HIGH SCHOOL?

WOW, THAT'S COOL.

YOU KNOW, I HAD A COUPLE

OF FRIENDS WHO DID THAT.

OH, YEAH?

OH, SHE'S NICE.

GOOD CHOICE.

GO TALK TO HER.

I DON'T THINK SO.

WHY? WHAT ARE YOU

GOING TO DO?

SIT IN BED UNTIL SHE GOES

HOME WITH SOMEBODY ELSE?

YEAH.

I'M IN MY UNDERWEAR.

SO WHAT? JOSH, YOU DON' NEED TO GET DRESSED.
YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'LL BRING HER OVER.
NO, NO, NO.
WHAT?
DO YOU WANT ME TO GO
GET YOU SOME PANTS?
YEAH. WOULD YOU?
AHH.
THAT'S RACHEL GILMORE.
SHE'S FROM NEW YORK,

AND SHE LIKES:

CREATIVE WRITING.
HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?
FRESHMAN FACE BOOK.
I'M JUST, LIKE, PTOOF!
JACKING OFF TO THAT THING
FOR, LIKE, 3 WEEKS.
[SNORTS]
OH.
THIS IS MY BROTHER'S
RITALIN.
RITALIN'S GOOD FOR STUDYING
MATH OR SCIENCE.
JUST DON'T TRY TO WRITE
BECAUSE IT WON'T MAKE
ANY SENSE.
ENJOY THEM.
THIS IS MY MOM'S
DIET PILLS--
LOVELY FOR PULLING
ALL-NIGHTERS
AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Girl:

COME HERE.
[EXHALES]
NICE CROSS.
THANKS.
ARE YOU CATHOLIC?
YEAH.
I WENT TO SACRED HEAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
I LOVE YOU.

WHY, HELLO, LADIES.
WE HAVEN'T MET.
I'M COOPER.
THIS IS JOSH.
HI.

DO YOU GUYS:

GO TO DALEMAN?
IT'S THEIR ROOM, LUCY.
YEAH?
I'M LUCY, AND THESE ARE
MY HOMEGIRLS.
RIGHT, KRISTIN?
ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY SAY
WHERE YOU'RE FROM?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"WHERE I'M FROM"?
OH, YOU KNOW,
THE 'HOOD.
LUCY, WE NEED TO HAVE
A LITTLE TALK.
AHEM.
WELL, TALK.
UH, HEY, UM...
HI.
HI.
YOU MUST BE RACHEL.
YEAH, YEAH.
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
OH, IT'S
IN THE FACE BOOK.
OH, YOU MEMORIZED
THE FACE BOOK?
NO. MY ROOMMATE DID.

HE WAS:

JACK--A-LACKIN'...
HE WAS JACK-A-LACKIN'
AROUND TO IT.
HE WAS WHAT?
UM...
HEH HEH HEH.
NEVER MIND.
RACHEL, COME ON.

UH, JUST A SECOND.
I GOT TO GO. UM...
SO, I'LL SEE YOU
AROUND MAYBE.
OH, YEAH. NO, YEAH.
YEAH, YEAH. NO.
I MEAN, YEAH.
YES.
I'LL SEE EACH OTHER
AROUND.
OK. HA HA!
ALL RIGHT.
SO, BYE.
RACHEL.
JOSH.
BYE.
[SIGHS]
OH, YEAH,
THAT WAS SMOOTH.
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE US
SOME POINTERS.
YOU'RE THE SHIT, MAN.
[LAUGHS]
[ALARM BUZZING]
[ALARM STOPS]
COOPER?
MY ARM'S ASLEEP.
OW!
OHH! OH, MY GOD,
ARE YOU OK?
HEY, JOSH.
HI.
OHH.
SORRY.
THIS IS NOT HIGH SCHOOL
BIOLOGY, OK, PEOPLE?
WE WON'T BE
BRINGING IN FERNS
FOR SHOW AND TELL.
IF YOU BRING IN CHOCOLATE,
THEN WE ARE IN BUSINESS.
IT IS IMPERATIVE YOU DO
THE REQUIRED READING,
OR YOU SHALL BE LOST.

IT IS IMPERATIVE
YOU HANG ON MY EVERY WORD,
OR YOU SHALL BE LOST.
IT IS IMPERATIVE
YOU BUY MY BOOK,
ORGANIC CHEMISTRY--
THE IMPOSSIBLE DISCIPLINE
BY S.F. COLLINS,
WHO IS I,
OR YOU SHALL BE SO LOST,
YOU'LL NEVER BE FOUND
AGAIN.
THIS IS THE FIRST CLASS,
ISN'T IT?
THIS IS AN ADVANCED
ANATOMY LAB.
WE WILL BE SPENDING
THE MAJORITY OF OUR TIME

DISSECTING:

A HUMAN CADAVER.
SAY HELLO TO BOB.
[GASPS]
LET'S OPEN BOB UP,
SHALL WE?

YOUR JOB:

AT THE HOUSING OFFICE
IS TO PROCESS HOUSING
TRANSFER REQUESTS.
DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE.
DON'T STUDY AT WORK.
DON'T ANNOY ME.
THAT'S IT.

Cooper:

HELP.
I NEED WATER.

Cooper:

WATER.
UHH.
SWALLOW.
SWALLOW.

AHH.
SO, KIND OF A LATE NIGH LAST NIGHT, HUH?
OH.
PAMMY.
I THOUGHT I DREAMT HER.
ISN'T COLLEGE GREAT?
THIS CAN'T BE
THE RIGHT ANSWER.
THERE ARE TOO MANY
VARIABLES IN THIS EQUATION.
HEY, JOSH,
DO YOU HAVE IT?
UH...
YEAH.
NEGATIVE 4.
[STUDENTS GIGGLE]
WELL, THAT WOULD BE
CORRECT, JOSH,
IF WE WERE STILL ON
BINOMIALS.
[LAUGHTER]
I GOT TO CLEAN MY BONG,
'CAUSE I CAN'T MIX
THE KIND WITH THE SHWAG.
WHERE'S MY PIPE CLEANER?
I DON'T KNOW.
I'M STUDYING.
WELL, JOSH,
I THINK IT'S TIME
FOR A STUDY BREAK.
NO, THANK YOU, REALLY.
OH! OH!
OH, MAN.
SORRY. SORRY. HERE.
HEY, THAT'S MY SWEATER.
WHAT? LOOK,
I'M PICKING IT UP.
OH, MAN.
NOW EVERYTHING SMELLS
LIKE BONG WATER.
HEY.
HEY.
I'M JUST GOING TO PACK
UP SOME OF MY THINGS,

BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BE
STAYING AT KELLY'S PLACE
FOR A WHILE.
IS IT COOL IF I USE YOUR ROOM
FOR BONGING? 'CAUSE--
NO! IT'S NOT COOL.
WHILE I'M GONE, DON' FUCK WITH MY STUFF!
EASY, KILLER.
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU?
YEAH.
DON'T FUCK
WITH MY STUFF...
PLEASE.
[LAUGHS]
[LOUD SCRATCHING]
LOOK, COOPER, COULD YOU
DO THAT SOMEPLACE ELSE?
LISTEN, I'M HERE ON
AN ACADEMIC SCHOLARSHIP,
AND I'M SERIOUS WHEN
I SAY I GOT TO STUDY.
AND I CAN'T DO IT WHEN
YOU'RE DISTRACTING ME
EVERY 2 SECONDS.
[SCRATCHES]
YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'M SERIOUS WHEN I TELL YOU
I NEED TO CLEAN MY BONG,
AND I CAN'T DO I WITH YOU CHEWING ME OU EVERY 2 SECONDS.
I'M GOING
IN PICKLE'S ROOM,
IN CASE YOU WAN TO CATCH A BEER LATER.
[MACHINE BEEPS]
HEY, JOSH,
HOW'S IT GOING?
OH, MAN, I GOT A LONG
NIGHT AHEAD OF ME.
HOW YOU DOING?
OH, I'M ALL RIGHT.
I GOT A RASH ON MY BALLS.
HEY.
[PLAYING VIDEO GAME]
LOOK...
I KNOW WE'RE DIFFERENT,

BUT WE JUST GO TO FIGURE OUT A WAY

THAT WE CAN:

SHARE THE ROOM,
AND THEN I CAN STUDY,
AND YOU CAN DO WHATEVER
THE HELL IT IS THAT YOU DO.
RIGHT. YEAH.
I MEAN, THAT'S COOL.

Cooper:

OHH. OHH.
OH, REALLY?
MMM.
TAKE THIS OFF.
MMM. MMM, MMM.
OH, YEAH.
TAKE THIS OFF.
TAKE IT OFF.
I WANT TO TAKE YOURS OFF.
TAKE IT OFF.
YOU TAKE YOURS OFF
UNDER THE SHEETS.
OH, YES.
OH!
BE GENTLE.
IT'S MY FIRST TIME.
PULL ON MY LOBES
WHEN YOU DO THAT.
OH, YOU HAVE
GREAT INSTINCTS.
WAIT, WAIT, WAIT, WAIT.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR ROOMMATE?
OH, DON'T WORRY.
HE LIKES TO WATCH.
OH.
WELL, JOSH, SO NICE
OF YOU TO JOIN US.
I'M SORRY. I...
M--
SORRY.
NO, MOM,
THE WORK IS FINE.
I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS,

BECAUSE MIDTERMS
ARE IN 3 WEEKS.

Mom:

BUT, YEAH,
EVERYTHING'S GREAT.
ARE YOU SURE, HONEY?
YEAH. REALLY. SUPER.
CAN YOU HOLD ON A SECOND?
HELLO?

Cooper:

JOSH, IT'S ME.
LISTEN, I'M HEADING OVER
TO THE LUCKY PEACH,
AND THERE'S 3 GIRLS
WAITING FOR ME,
BUT I CAN'T THINK OF
ANY GIRLIE THINGS TO SAY,
SO I NEED SOME BACKUP.
DON'T SAY NO.
NO, COOPER.
IF I WAS SOME BORING
OLD PROFESSOR,
YOU WOULDN'T SAY NO.
OUT.
YOU'RE A PAWN, JOSH.
STICK IT TO THE MAN.

THE REVOLUTION:

WILL NOT BE TELEVISED.
BYE.
HI, MOM?
YEAH, THAT WAS COOPER,
AND HE SAID THA HE WANTED ME TO MEET HIM
AT THE LIBRARY,
SO...
I'LL TALK TO YOU
LATER, OK?

Mom:

I LOVE YOU.
OK. I LOVE YOU, TOO.
BYE.

I NEVER DOUBTED YOU
FOR A SECOND.
ONE DRINK.
ONE DRINK.
THEN I GOT TO GET BACK.
THEN YOU GO TO GET BACK.
OK.
NOW, TRY TO BE
CHARMING, JOSH.
AND DON'T TALK ABOUT STUDYING,
BECAUSE, BELIEVE ME,
IT'S A TURNOFF.
[ROCK MUSIC PLAYING]
YEP. THIS IS A BAR.
COOPER, I GOT TO GO.
NO, NO, NO,
I SHOULD BE HEADED BACK.
HEY, JOSH.
HEY.
HEY.
WHERE HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN?
WE'VE BEEN GETTING DRUNK
WITHOUT YOU.
COME ON.
YOU WERE RIGHT. WE
REALLY SHOULD HEAD BACK.
NO.
I CHANGED MY MIND.
HEY, COOPER!
COOPER...
WE FINISHED THE PITCHER.
WE NEED MORE BEER.
SO, HOW'S
EVERYTHING GOING?
WHAT, WITH ME?
MM-HMM.
OH, AWESOME.
YEAH. YEAH.
IF I DIDN'T HAVE
ALL THIS HELLISH WORK
EVERY FRIGGIN' SECOND--
I SHOULD BE HOME.
NO. I KNOW, I KNOW.
I SHOULD BE HOME

WORKING ON MY STORY
FOR MY WRITING CLASS, SO...
HERE YOU GO.
UH-HUH.
ARE YOU ONE OF THEM
DALEMAN KIDS?
NO, NO. I'M A TOWNIE.
YEAH, I WORK AT THE
REFINERY, FACTORY, MILL.
WHAT'S THA ON YOUR SHIRT?
WHAT?
LET'S SEE AN I.D.
THERE YOU GO.
IT'S A BULLSHIT I.D.
YOU KNOW WHAT?
YOU'RE RIGHT.
THIS IS NOT MY REAL I.D.
THIS IS MY REAL ONE.
"DR. MOHAMMED RASHID"?
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?
THIS ONE?
NAH. NO, NO.
THIS ONE? THIS ONE?
JUST TAKE YOUR BEER.
TAKE YOUR BEER.
IT'S FOR THE GUYS
AT THE MILL.
YEAH.
SO, WHAT'S
YOUR STORY ABOUT?
IT'S ABOUT THIS GIRL,
AND SHE'S FROM NEW YORK,
KIND OF LIKE ME,
AND SHE HAS A CRUSH ON THIS GUY
WHO GOES TO HER SCHOOL.
HE'S KIND OF BUMBLING,
KIND OF SHY, BUT, UM...
SHE CAN TELL THERE'S
A LOT MORE GOING ON...
UP HERE. HA HA. HA.
HE'S FROM INDIANA.
REALLY?
I'M FROM INDIANA.
OK.

UH, ALL RIGHT, FORGET IT.
LET ME START OVER.
[KRISTIN CLEARS THROAT]
SHUT UP.
THERE'S A GIRL
WHO LIKES A GUY.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT?

Josh:

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

Cooper:

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO A SINGLE
CLASS SINCE YOU GOT HERE.
COME ON, JOSH,
WHO CARES?
I GET IT.
YOU'RE
A MILLIONAIRE.
YOU PROBABLY GO A FAMILY BUSINESS
TO GO INTO.
YOU KNOW WHAT MY DAD
DOES FOR A LIVING?
HE CLEANS TOILETS.
COME ON.
AH, HE OWNS THIS MAJOR
TOILET-CLEANING COMPANY.
IT'S BIG.
IT'S HUGE, ACTUALLY.
AND HE IS AN INCREDIBLE...
ASSHOLE.
I LIKE TO CALL HIM
FLUSHLES,
THE TOILET-CLEANING CLOWN.
HE LOVES THAT.
YOU THINK I'M GONNA SPEND
THE REST OF MY LIFE
CLEANING TOILETS?
SO, WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA DO?
I DON'T KNOW, YOU KNOW?
EVERYONE'S SO OBSESSED
WITH THE FUTURE. WHO CARES?

WE SHOULD BE:

THINKING ABOUT NOW,

AND RIGHT NOW:

WE SHOULD BE HAVING FUN.

WELL, FUN IS

A DEAD END, COOPER.

I MEAN, THE GUYS WHO HAD

FUN IN MY HIGH SCHOOL

ARE WORKING:

IN BOWLING ALLEYS

AND DRINKING PAIN THINNER ON THE WEEKENDS.

I GOT TO STAY ON TRACK.

OK, JOSH,

BUT YOU'RE MISSING OUT,

BECAUSE COLLEGE IS

OUR LAST CHANCE TO GO CRAZY.

[VOMITING]

[COUGHING]

Cooper:

SHE SHOOTS!

SHE SCORES!

DOES ANYONE HAVE

A BREATH MINT?

Rachel:

Kristin:

SO, UM,

I'M GONNA WALK BACK.

UM, DO YOU WANNA

WALK WITH ME?

YEAH.

YEAH?

OF COURSE.

GREAT.

BYE.

THAT WAS FUN.

I'M GLAD YOU CAME.

YOU KNOW...YOU KNOW.

?? I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS

THAT MAKES ME LOVE YOU SO ??
WELL...GOOD NIGHT.
?? I ONLY KNOW I NEVER
WANNA LET YOU GO ??
IT'S THIS WAY.
?? 'CAUSE YOU
STARTED SOMETHING ??
?? OH, CAN'T YOU SEE ??
?? THAT EVER SINCE WE ME YOU'VE HAD A HOLD ON ME ??
IT'S THIS WAY.
?? IT HAPPENS TO BE TRUE ??

THIS IS:

A REALLY NICE ROOM.
?? I ONLY WANNA
BE WITH YOU ??
I PROBABLY SHOULD, UH--
JOSH.
?? NO MATTER,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO ??

Rachel:

?? I ONLY WANNA
BE WITH YOU ??
OH, GOOD MORNING.
HI, JOSH.
2, 3...
4, 5...
YOUNG MAN. WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN?
DO YOU KNOW I WAS UP
ALL NIGHT WORRIED SICK?

DO YOU KNOW:

WHAT TIME IT IS?
I LOVE COLLEGE.
I LOVE EVERYTHING
ABOUT IT.
THE PEOPLE...
THE FREEDOM...
THIS ROOM...
THIS CHAIR.
LOOK AT THIS CHAIR.
YOU HAD SEX LAST NIGHT,

DIDN'T YOU?
THAT'S A NICE SHIRT.
YEAH.
IT WAS SO EASY, COOPER.
I DIDN'T HAVE
TO DO ANYTHING...
TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.
IT WAS JUST LIKE...
TIME FOR SEX.
WE'RE GONNA HAVE SEX NOW.
PREPARE FOR SEX.
AND THEN WE SPEN ALL NIGHT TALKING.
JESUS. YOU EVEN
TALKED, TOO?

SHE SAYS I HAVE:

SOULFUL EYES.
OH, YEAH,
YOU REALLY DO.
WHAT WAS I THINKING?
SPENDING ALL MY TIME
IN THE LIBRARY.
[ROCK MUSIC PLAYING]
[ROCK MUSIC CONTINUES]
?? I'M ONLY SLEEPING ??
?? I'M ONLY SLEEPING ??
?? DON'T WAKE ME,
DON'T WAKE ME ??
?? I'M ONLY SLEEPING ??
?? DON'T CALL ME,
DON'T WAKE ME ??
?? I'M ONLY SLEEPING ??
PAPERS, JOSH.
[PROFESSOR'S VOICE]
WHERE ARE THE PAPERS?
THE PAPERS, JOSH!
HUH?
PAPERS? THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
PAPERS?
PAPERS. THANK YOU.
PAPERS? THANK YOU.
PAPERS?
THANK YOU.

PAPERS, MISTER.
WAIT JUST--
THANK YOU!
OH.
HEY, HEY.
THERE YOU ARE.
WOW.
WHY THE FUNKY FACE?
WHY? BECAUSE I'M SURE I BOMBED
MY MIDTERMS, THAT'S WHY.
OH, WELL, AT LEAST YOU
SHOWED UP FOR THEM.
I BET YOU THEY GIVE YOU
POINTS FOR THAT.
YOU. YOU.
WHAT?

YOU NEED TO:

STAY AWAY FROM ME.
YOU'VE BEEN DISTRACTING ME
ALL SEMESTER,
AND NOW I'M FUCKED.
JOSH, IS THIS
ABOUT BAD GRADES?

BAD GRADES:

ARE MEANINGLESS.
YOU KNOW, THEY'RE LIKE
PARKING TICKETS.
I MEAN,
THEY MEAN NOTHING.
JUST LAUGH,
BECAUSE THEY'RE SILLY.
YOU KNOW, THEY'RE SILLY
LITTLE NOTHINGS.
I NEVER FAILED ANYTHING
IN MY LIFE.
STOP RIGHT THERE.
I THINK YOU'RE TURNING
INTO A REALLY GREAT GUY.
AND SO WHAT IF YOUR
ASTROLOGY PROFESSOR
DOESN'T LIKE YOU?
BIG SHIT.

I DON'T TAKE ASTROLOGY.
BIOLOGY, WHATEVER.
STAY AWAY FROM ME, OK?
I GOT WORK TO DO.
[CLEARS THROAT]
[WHISTLES]
[WHISTLES]
[TECHNO MUSIC BLARING]
HEY!
[MUSIC STOPS PLAYING]
I CAN HEAR MY HEARTBEAT THROUGH MY PENIS.
GET THAT OUT OF YOUR PANTS!
SO, UH, JOSH, UH,
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HEAD DOWN
TO THE OKTOBERFEST, HUH?
[KNOCK ON DOOR]
WELL, AT LEAST SOMEBODY
WANTS TO PARTY.
POP.
COME HERE.
OH, I'VE HEARD
SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.
WHAT? AM I LEAVING?
EXCUSE US!
DAD.
[LAUGHS NERVOUSLY]
IT'S ME...
HI.
FLUSHES, THE TOILET-
CLEANING CLOWN! HA HA!

YOU GETTING AN:

EDUCATION, HUH, COOP?

YOU GETTING:

MY MONEY'S WORTH?
'CAUSE YOU KNOW
WHAT THE DEAN TELLS ME?
HE TELLS ME THAT YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN IN ONE CLASS
IN 2 MONTHS!
I DON'T THINK THIS COUNTS
AS BONDING, DAD.
IT'S OVER, COOPER.

I KEEP BUYING YOUR WAY
INTO THESE SCHOOLS,

AND YOU KEEP:

SCREWING UP.
IF YOU DON'T PASS
ALL OF YOUR CLASSES,
YOU'RE COMING HOME
WITH ME,
AND YOU'RE GONNA
WORK WITH ME,
BUT NOT IN THE OFFICE.
IN THE FIELD.
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU ALL
THE REALLY DISGUSTING JOBS.
HMM.
COOPER. COME ON,
TALK TO ME.
WHAT, JOSH?
HE'S SERIOUS THIS TIME,
ALL RIGHT? YOU HEARD HIM.
HE'S GONNA PULL ME
OUT OF SCHOOL.
AND NOW I'VE GOT TO
PASS ALL MY CLASSES.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHICH ONES I'M TAKING.

THIS IS GONNA:

DRIVE ME TO DRINK.
NO, COOPER.
NO MORE DRINKS,
NO MORE BONG HITS.
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
THAT CAN SAVE YOU NOW.
WHAT, VALIUM?
NO. STUDYING.
YOU NEED TO STUDY.
WHAT? YOU'RE INSANE.
WHAT? IT'LL BE FUN.
WE'LL READ
OUR BOOKS TOGETHER.
WE'LL MAKE SURE THA WE GO TO OUR CLASSES.
WE'LL QUIZ EACH OTHER.

WE'LL BE STUDY BUDDIES.
NO. I DON'T DO THAT.
THAT'S NOT ME.
WELL, I THINK IT'S
TIME FOR A CHANGE.
HEY, YOU GUYS ROOMMATES?
YEAH.
YEAH.
YOU OUGHT TO TALK
TO HENRY OVER THERE.
HE WENT TO DALEMAN.

Cooper:

WENT TO DALEMAN?
YEAH. HE'S GO A REAL GOOD STORY FOR YOU.

Henry:

I HAD A ROOMMATE.
POOR PRICK.
KILLED HIMSELF.
YEAH, OH, YEAH.
I FOUND THE BODY.
HE SLIT HIS WRISTS.
HE SWALLOWED SOME PILLS.
HE PUT A BAG OVER HIS HEAD,

AND HE JUMPED:

FROM THE BRIDGE.
IT WAS A MESS.
THAT'S TERRIBLE.

Drunk:

EAT BUGS. UGH!
RIGHT.
SO WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO
WITH GETTING STRAIGHT A'S?
EVERYTHING. YOU SEE,
DALEMAN HAS ALWAYS HAD
A PROBLEM WITH SUICIDE.

Barman:

IT SEEMS:

YOU COLLEGE KIDS,

YOU HAVE A REAL KNACK
FOR GOING WACKO.
THEY HAVE A RULE THAT IF
YOUR ROOMMATE KILLS HIMSELF,
YOU GET STRAIGHT A's.
YEAH, THEY DO.
IT'S LIKE
A CONSOLATION PRIZE.
YEAH, IT RELIEVES
TENSION OR SOMETHING.
MY INTESTINES ARE
OVER 2 MILES LONG.
IS THAT TRUE?

Drunk:

NO, NO, NO.
THE RULES.
MMM. YES.
YES.
OH, OK, WELL, YEAH,
THAT MAKES SENSE.
YOU CAN'T BE
EXPECTED TO STUDY
IF YOU'RE GRIEVING
FOR YOUR DEAD ROOMMATE.
I KNOW I COULDN'T STUDY
IF YOU DIED.
YOU CAN'T STUDY NOW.
SO THESE RULES, THEY GOT THEM
WRITTEN DOWN SOMEWHERE?
PROBABLY THE LIBRARY.
THE "LIBARRY," JOSH.
YOU KNOW WHERE THAT IS,
DON'T YOU?
TAKE ME TO THE "LIBARRY."

THIS MUST BE:

A GREAT COLLEGE:

TO HAVE:

ALL THESE BOOKS.
SHH.

[WHISPERING] How are we

gonna find that charter?
HOW ARE WE GONNA FIND
OUR WAY OUT OF HERE?
WILL YOU GROW UP?
[SIGHS]
HERE IT IS.
OH, YOU...
YOU FOUND IT.
WOW. THE COLLEGE CHARTER.
I'M GONNA GO UPSTAIRS
AND STUDY, SO HAVE FUN.
WAIT A MINUTE.
AREN'T YOU EVEN CURIOUS?
NO.
IT'S TOTALLY RIDICULOUS.
DON'T LEAVE ME
DOWN HERE ALONE.

LIBRARIES:

GIVE ME THE CREEPS.

Cooper:

"EACH STUDENT WHO..."
HMM...
WHAT THE...
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
J--LISTEN.
UH, "A STUDEN FOUND TO HAVE DIED
"AS A RESULT OF HIS OWN
WILLFUL ACT WILL...
"ANY OTHER STUDENT RESIDING
IN THE SAME HOUSING UNI "OF SAID STUDENTS
SHALL BE REWARDED GRADES
"OF THE HIGHEST ORDER

REGARDLESS:

OF ACADEMIC STANDING."
WHAT THE HELL DOES THIS MEAN?
IS THIS IT?
THAT'S IT.
OH, HO HO.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WELL, WE'VE GO TO COPY THIS.

FOR PROOF.

Cooper:

OH, HEY, JOSH!

Person:

Boy:

JOSH, WHERE YOU GOING?
LOOK, JOSH, I FINISHED.
I FINISHED COPYING.
IT WASN'T REALLY
THAT HARD.

Person:

WOW. LOOK AT ALL
THESE PEOPLE.
SHH!
[WHISPERING]
Right.
[SIGHS]
I'M NOT GONNA KILL MYSELF,
IN CASE THAT'S WHA YOU'RE WONDERING.
COME ON.
BE A SPORT.
I MEAN,
YOU'RE FUCKED ANYWAY.
AT LEAST THIS WAY,

ONE OF US:

COMES OUT ON TOP.
THEN YOU KILL YOURSELF.
NO, I CAN'T SEE THA WORKING.
LOOK, JUST FORGET IT.
JOSH, PLEASE. ALL I'M
ASKING YOU TO DO--
I'M DONE HELPING YOU.

People:

JOSH, WAIT.
WHAT ABOUT KYLE?
WHO'S KYLE?
KYLE, OUR OTHER ROOMMATE.

THE ONE FROM:

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL.
HE COULD KILL HIMSELF.
IT'S PERFECT.

ARE YOU TALKING:

ABOUT MURDER, COOPER?
'CAUSE IF YOU ARE,
THIS CONVERSATION IS OVER.
NO, I AM NO TALKING ABOUT MURDER.
WELL, I DON' WANT TO BE PAR OF YOUR STUPID PLAN,
SO JUST DROP IT.
IT'S SIMPLE.
NO, I MEAN IT.
JUST SHUT THE SHIT UP.
YEAH, BUT ALL YOU--
AW. HO HO HO.
SUICIDAL IMPULSES
COME FROM FEELING POWERLESS
OVER ONE'S PROBLEMS.

SO WHEN SOMEONE:

CALLS DALEMAN'S HOTLINE,
WE MAKE SURE THAT THE CALLER
FEELS IN CONTROL OF THE--
YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU
PLEASE TAKE A SEAT?
NOW, THE CALLER

SHOULD BE TOLD:

THAT SUICIDE:

IS NEVER THE ANSWER.
SAY THERE'S SOMEONE
REALLY DEPRESSED--
COULD YOU RAISE YOUR HAND?
WELL, YEAH. OK.
SAY THERE'S SOMEONE
REALLY DEPRESSED,
BUT HE MIGHT NO ACTUALLY KILL HIMSELF.
WHY DON'T I ANSWER QUESTIONS
AFTER THE SESSION?
WHAT WOULD PUSH HIM
OVER THE EDGE?

SEND HIM RUNNING
FOR THE RAZORS?

ANYTHING:

COME TO MIND?
WHAT?
OH, HI, JOSH.
COME ON IN.
I GOT A NOTE.
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?
I JUST WANTED TO
CHECK UP ON YOU,
MAKE SURE YOUR HEAD'S
STILL ABOVE WATER.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW WELL
I DID ON MY MIDTERMS.
I WAS DISTRACTED,
BUT I'M NOT GONNA DO ANYTHING
BUT STUDY FROM HERE ON OUT.
JUST REMEMBER YOU HAVE
TO KEEP A "B" PLUS AVERAGE
TO KEEP YOUR SCHOLARSHIP.
WHAT?

YOU MUST KEEP:

A "B" PLUS AVERAGE,
OR THEY'LL REVOKE
YOUR SCHOLARSHIP.
NO, NOT MY SCHOLARSHIP.
I MEAN, THEY CAN'T DO THAT.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I NEED THAT SCHOLARSHIP.
JOSH, THERE'S NO REASON
TO GET SO WORKED UP.
I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS IF
YOU FAILED YOUR MIDTERMS.
HI, HONEY.
WHAT?
WELL, THANK YOU, SHIRLEY.
YOU'VE BEEN VERY HELPFUL.
YES, I'LL LET YOU KNOW

IF THE DOCTOR:

NEEDS THOSE FILES.

ALL RIGHT.
TELL ME, WHAT--
HEY!
THAT WAS RUDE.
WOW, JOSH.
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
WHY SHOULD I LOOK GOOD?

THESE ARE:

MY MIDTERM SCORES.
AND THESE ARE THE SCORES
THAT I WOULD NEED
TO GET ON MY FINALS
IN ORDER TO KEEP
MY SCHOLARSHIP.
AND THERE'S NO MATHEMATICAL WAY
THAT I CAN GET THESE SCORES.

I WOULD NEED:

4 "A" PLUS PLUS PLUSES.
I'M DOOMED!
WHAT'S THIS DOING HERE?
WELL, SEE, I--
COOPER, WHEN I GOT HERE,
I WAS ON A TRACK.
DO YOU KNOW WHA A TRACK IS? CHALK.
A TRACK IS A BEAUTIFUL,
WONDERFUL THING.
IT'S A GOAL.
IT'S A TRACK.
IT'S ALWAYS MOVING FORWARD
ON A TRACK.
WELL, I DON'T HAVE A TRACK.
I HAVE NOTHING.
I'M DEAD.
YOU'RE LOOKIN'
AT A DEAD MAN.
WELL, THEN YOU'RE IN!
I MEAN, THIS IS GREAT.
GREAT?
WELL, I'M JUST SAYING--
COOPER!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!
YOU TAKE THE CAKE!

COOPER! DO YOU KNOW
THAT COOPER? UHH!
OHH! OHH.
YOU'RE OK.
YOU'RE OK, HUH?
HUH? JUST SHAKE IT OFF.
UHH.
NOW, WE HAVE A WAY OUT,
AND IT'S THE BES LOOPHOLE EVER,
AND IT'S GONNA SAVE
BOTH OF OUR ASSES,
SO JUST MELLOW.
HERE, PUT THIS
ON YOUR NOSE.
AH, COOPER.
NO. MY WHOLE VISION
IS RIGHT HERE...
ON THIS BLACKBOARD.
IN WHAT LANGUAGE?
WELL, MY PENMANSHIP'S
KIND OF GONE TO SHIT,
BUT BASICALLY,
HERE IS MR. Z.
WHO'S MR. Z?
MR. Z IS THE MOS SUICIDAL GUY ON CAMPUS.
MR. Z IS THE GUY
WHO'S GONNA KILL HIMSELF
WHETHER HE LIVES
WITH US OR NOT,
SO I FIGURE, HE MIGH AS WELL LIVE WITH US

SO HIS DEATH:

WON'T BE IN VAIN.
NOW, WE FIND HIM A THE MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC,
HE MOVES IN,
HE KILLS HIMSELF,
AND HERE'S YOU KEEPING
YOUR SCHOLARSHIP,
AND HERE'S ME SAYING,
"FLUSH OFF, FLUSHLES."
HA HA HA HA.
LOOK, I HAVE ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH
WITHOUT YOU MIND-FUCKING ME.
NO, JOSH. I AM NO MIND-FUCKING YOU, OK?

I AM SO DEAD SERIOUS.
I AM, LIKE, IN THE ZONE.
COME ON, JOSH!
OH, JOSH.
OH, JOSH.
OK, THE BOTTOM LINE IS

YOU WORK IN:

THE HOUSING OFFICE.
I NEED YOU.
I CAN'T DO I WITHOUT YOU,
SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL
GIVE IT A GO.
WHAT HAVE YOU GO TO LOSE?
FORGET IT, COOPER.

YOUR BRAIN IS:

PERMANENTLY FRIED.
YOU NEED HELP. I WOULD
NEVER IN A BAJILLION YEARS
FOLLOW YOU ON SOME IDIOTIC
WILD-GOOSE CHASE! NEVER!
SAY NO MORE.
I UNDERSTAND, OK?
OH, BY THE WAY,
THERE'S A MESSAGE
FOR YOU ON THE MACHINE.
I THINK IT'S YOUR MOM.
[BEEP]
HI, JOSHIE, IT'S MOM.
YOU SOUNDED SO WORRIED
WHEN I TALKED TO YOU.
LISTEN, HONEY, YOU HAVE
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
I MEAN, OF COURSE YOU'LL
DO WELL IN COLLEGE.
YOU ALWAYS SURPASS
MY EXPECTATIONS.
AND I EXPECT TO SEE
STRAIGHT A's. OK? BYE.
WHO IS MR. Z AGAIN?
OH, YEAH.
OH, YEAH.
THERE'S ONE.

THERE'S ANOTHER ONE.
OH, YEAH.
COME ON, BABY.
OH, COME TO DADDY.
OH, I GOTCHA. I GOTCHA.
DADDY'S GOTCHA.
JOSH, YOU'RE NOT SAYING ANYTHING.
YAY. YIPPEE.
COME ON,
THIS IS GONNA BE EASY.
ONCE WE FIND OUT WHO THESE GUYS ARE,
WE'LL STEAL THEIR FILES,
AND WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE'S THE MOST SUICIDAL OF THEM ALL.
OH, YEAH. THIS GUY
LOOKS REALLY DEPRESSED.
YEAH.
THIS GUY LOOKS TROUBLED.
COOPER?
JOSH, IS THAT YOU?
HOO!
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS
DOING?
CAN WE HAVE SOME
PRIVACY, PLEASE?
YEAH, YOU GOT IT.
YEAH.
OH.
WOW, THAT WAS CLOSE.
COOPER, THEY PROBABLY THINK
THAT WE'RE MAKING OUT BACK HERE.
I KNOW. THEY'RE TOTALLY
IN THE DARK.

Josh:

Cooper:

Josh:

Josh:

THIS IS INSANITY.
WE'RE GONNA GET KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL

BEFORE:

WE EVER FLUNK OUT.
HOW WE GONNA FIGURE OU WHO'S REALLY NUTSO
AND WHO'S JUS HAVING A BAD WEEK?
HERE, TAKE THIS ROPE,
HOOK ME UP.
NOW, REMEMBER,
YOUR CODE NAME IS DINAH.
WHAT'S YOURS?
PANTHER.

WHY DO YOU:

GET TO BE PANTHER?
HUH?
JIMMY.
OHH. UHH! AAH!
OH, PLEASE.
UHH! UHH!
A LITTLE HELP HERE.
YEAH, SURE.
NOW, I'M GONNA

WRAP THIS ROPE:

AROUND THIS PIPE
FOR LEVERAGE.
I'M RISKING MY LIFE FOR YOU.
REMEMBER THAT.
I'M LOWERING YOU
12 FEET INTO AN OFFICE.
I'M NOT EVEN SURE
WE NEED ROPE.
OK, KEEP IT SLOW.
THAT'S GOOD.
THAT'S GREAT.
KEEP IT RIGHT THERE.
THAT'S PERFECT.
OK, YOU'RE DOING GOOD,
DINAH.
SLOW AND STEADY, DINAH.

Josh:

SLOW AND STEADY.
DINAH!
SLOW AND STEADY!
THAT'S GOOD, DINAH.

SLOW AND STEADY.
WHOA! SLOW! DINAH!
SLOW!
I'M IN.

ENTERING:

NORTH CORRIDOR.
OVER.
BE CAREFUL.
DINAH, I HAVE REACHED
THE FILE ROOM.
I'M NOT DINAH ANYMORE.
I'M COBRA.
WHATEVER.
JESUS CHRIST!
I'M LOST!
I NEED DIRECTIONS.
WHERE DO I GO?
I'M ON IT, I'M ON IT.
ALL RIGHT. HERE IT IS.
GO RIGHT. NO, NO, NO.
GO LEFT INTO THE MIDDLE AISLE
PAST THE NUMBERED SECTION.
DINAH, I THINK I SEE IT.
DINAH, I FOUND IT,
I FOUND THE FILE CABINET.
UHH! IT'S LOCKED.
I'LL USE MY JIMMY.
UHH! WHERE'S MY JIMMY?
I GOT YOUR JIMMY
RIGHT HERE.
I NEED MY JIMMY.
NO, JIMMY.
REPEAT, NO JIMMY.
UHH! OHH!
COME ON!
OHH! GOT IT!
[DISPATCH RADIO]

Josh:

ABORT. ABORT.
DINAH, REPEAT.
YOU'RE BREAKING UP.
THE SECURITY GUARDS ARE HERE.

YOU GOT TO GET OUT OF THERE.
OH, SHIT!
HEY, YOU!
[WHIMPERS]
HOLD IT!
OHH!
AAH!
GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.
WHERE DO I GO?
SOUTH HALLWAY!
GET OUT OF THERE!
DINAH, SAVE YOURSELF!
WHOA!
WHOA! UHH!
I'M OUT.
[DISTANT SIREN]
OH, YES!
YES! YES!
WE WERE SO VAN DAMME!
COME ON, SAY IT WITH ME.
VAN DAMME!

Both:

VAN DAMME!
VAN DAMME!
ALL RIGHT,
NOW IT'S PATHETIC.
ONE OF THESE GUYS
IS OUR LUCKY MR. Z.
LET'S GET BUSY.
WE'RE REALLY
DOING THIS, COOPER.
I KNOW.
WE'RE SO MOTIVATED.
HELLO.
PROFESSOR DURKHEIM?
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
HI. I'M JOSH MILLER.
COME IN, COME IN.
SIT DOWN.

ARE YOU ONE:

OF MY STUDENTS?
NO, NO. I, UH, I WAS

JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
I THOUGHT I'D POP IN.
NOBODY JUST POPS INTO
THE PSYCH DEPARTMENT.
NO, THEY DON'T.
YOU SEEM NERVOUS,
MR. MILLER.
NERVOUS? ME?
NO. JUST HAD A QUESTION.
UM, I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO PUT THIS.
IF, UM, SOMEBODY
WAS REALLY DEPRESSED
AND CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE...

IS THIS:

A PERSONAL QUESTION?
OH, NO.
NO, NO.
I'M JUST CURIOUS.
HMM.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME
ABOUT YOURSELF, JOSH?
WHERE YOU FROM?

Rachel:

HEY, STRANGER,
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I THOUGHT YOU DIED
OR SOMETHING.
DIED? NO, NO, NO.
NOBODY DIED.
OH, GOOD, GOOD.
UM, SO, HERE IT IS.
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S MY SHORT STORY.
YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO READ I WHEN I WAS DONE,
AND I'M DONE, SO...
OH, YEAH, THAT'S GREAT.
HEY, YOU WOULDN' HAPPEN TO HAVE
A SHORTER SHORT STORY,
WOULD YOU?
JOSH!
HEY, JOSH!

WHAT?
WE NEED TO MAKE SOME
DECISIONS RIGHT NOW.
HEY, RACHEL.
HEY, COOPER.
IN A MINUTE.
NO, RIGHT NOW.
DON'T MAKE ME
COME DOWN THERE.
I GOT TO GO, BUT I
WANT TO SEE YOU.
YOU KNOW,
I THINK ABOUT YOU...
ALL THE TIME.
WELL, WE'LL HANG OUT SOMETIME.
WILL YOU CALL ME?
OH, YEAH.
OK.
JOSH!
I'LL SEE YOU.
ALL RIGHT.
WOULD YOU HURRY UP?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
LOOK, I BORROWED THESE
BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY.
THEY ACTUALLY LET YOU
DO THAT. HERE.

WHAT DID:

YOUR PROFESSOR SAY?
OH. NOT MUCH.
HE THINKS I'M SUICIDAL.
WE HAVE TO CHOOSE
OUR MR. Z RIGHT NOW,
AND THIS GUY--
HE IS IT, MAN.
CLIFF O'MALLEY.

LOOK AT THOSE:

CLOSE-SET EYES,
AND THAT'S DROOL.
THAT IS DEFINITELY DROOL.
I DON'T KNOW.
I LIKE THESE GUYS.

LISTEN TO THIS.
"PATIENT HAS
AN INTENSE DEATH WISH.
SET BED ON FIRE, RECKLESS,
ALCOHOLIC, PSYCHOTIC."
HE'S PERFECT.
HE'S--HE'S--
HE'S YOU.
YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME
WHEN WE FIND HIS
DEAD BODY IN OUR ROOM.
HE'S KIND OF SPOOKY,
COOPER.
HA HA. I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT SPOOKY IS.
SPOOKY IS NO MORE COLLEGE.
THAT'S SPOOKY.
COMPARED TO THAT,
THAT GUY'S MR. BUNNY FOO FOO.
KAPPA OMEGA RULES, BABY!
HEY, JEFF,
WHO AM I, BUDDY?
I'M YOUR SISTER! HA!
LOOK OUT!
OWW!
OK, THIS IS IT, GUYS.
THIS IS THE BIG ONE.
OHH! OHH! OHH!
WHOO HOO!
[LOUD HARD ROCK MUSIC
PLAYING]
WHOO!
HEY, JEFF, GET A LOAD
OF THIS, BUDDY!
KAPPA OMEGA!
HEY, BOYS!
YOU KNOW, MAYBE THIS
ISN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
JOSH, WE HAVE
3 WEEKS TILL FINALS.
HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE.
AND HE WANTS TO DIE.
WHY CAN'T HE DIE IN OUR ROOM
WITH HIS NEW BEST FRIENDS?

Cliff:

HELP! HELP!

Cliff:

[KNOCKS ON DOOR]

CLIFF?

CLIFF O'MALLEY?

Cliff:

LOOK OUT BELOW!

[GIRL SCREAMS]

HEY, CLIFF!

WHAT,

DID YOU GET HIT, MAN?

CHILL OUT,

IT'S JUST WATER.

NO, WE JUST CAME HERE

TO TALK TO YOU.

AH...GOOD.

I'M SICK OF THE GODDAMN

WHINERS AT THIS SCHOOL.

[MUSIC STOPS PLAYING]

SIT.

MY GOD, I'M LIVING

IN A FRAT HOUSE,

AND THESE FUCKERS

WANNA KICK ME OUT FOR NO OBSERVING QUIET HOURS?

WELL, THEY CAN JUST SUCK MY QUIET COCK!

YOU KNOW, CLIFF,

WE LIKE TO PARTY.

I MEAN, WE PARTY ALL

THE TIME, RIGHT, JOSH?

YEAH, YEAH.

WE PARTY HARD.

REALLY? I GOT SOME BEERS.

LET'S DRINK 'EM, HUH?

HEY.

THAT ONE'S NOT BEER.

[BELCHES]

QUICK, MAN,

KICK ME IN THE JUNK.

COME ON, MAN,

KICK ME IN THE JUNK!

GOD...DAMN,
THAT'S A RUSH!
OHH!
?? MY NAME IS CLIFF ??
?? BROTHER OF JOE ??
?? I GOT ME SOME CRACK ??
?? I WANT ME SOME HOS! ??
?? LET ME HEAR YOU
SAY YEAH ??
YEAH.
?? LET ME HEAR YOU
SAY YEAH! ??

Both:

?? LET ME HEAR YOU
SAY YEAH! ??
I JUST REMEMBERED.
I GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE.
NO. SIT DOWN, JOSH.
NOW, DID YOU SAY
THAT THEY'RE TRYING
TO KICK YOU OUT OF HERE?
BECAUSE ACTUALLY WE HAVE
AN OPEN ROOM WHERE WE LIVE.
YOU KNOW WHAT?
I GOT TO SEE RACHEL.
HEY! YOU GUYS
EVER GET HORNY?
WELL, IT DEPENDS ON WHERE
YOU'RE GOING WITH THIS.
'CAUSE I DO, MAN.
I GET THESE URGES SOMETIMES.
I GOTTA HUMP THIS LAMP!
I GOTTA SCREW THIS COUCH!
UHH UHH UHH UHH UHH!
UHH!
HEY!
YOU GUYS KNOW ANY CHICKS
WHO LIKE TO PARTY?
JOSH DOES.
HE'S HEADING OVER
TO A CHICK'S ROOM
RIGHT NOW.
WHY DON'T WE ALL GO?

[FLAPPING TONGUE]

YO, PARKER!

YOUR ASS IS GRASS, MAN.

HEY, KRAUSS,

YOU WANNA PARTY, HUH?

SAY HELLO:

TO MY NEW BUDDIES, BOYS!

HEY, ANY OF YOU WOMEN

WANNA PARTY OR WHAT?

OHH. AHH.

[COUGHS]

Which one of these

chicks is for me?

WHAT?

Which one of these

chicks is for me?

Oh. I don't know.

Cliff, actually,

I think they're all lesbians.

LESBIANS!

YOU GUYS:

ARE FUCKING COOL, MAN.

HEY, LESBOS,

HOW'S IT HANGIN'?

NICE ROOM.

WOW.

WHICH ONE OF YOU

PAINTED THIS PICTURE?

I--I DID?

OHH. IT'S SO SMOOTH.

HEY. WHO WANTS

TO DO A BONG HIT?

HOW ABOUT...

YOU!

[GASPS]

[FLAPPING

TONGUE]

HERE, I'LL LIGHT IT.

THAT'S OK.

I SAID I'LL LIGHT IT!

OK.

I'M A GENTLEMAN.

FIRE! FIRE!
AAH!
AAH!
OOH! OOH!
WHOA!

Rachel:

SHE'S ON FIRE!
HEY! LOOK OUT OF THE WAY!
I GOT IT!
MOVE OUT OF THE WAY!
NO! NO!
GET OFF ME!
GET OFF ME!
SHE'S BURNING!
GODDAMN IT!
[GROANS]
UH...
I GUESS A BLOW JOB'S
OUT OF THE QUESTION.
[CHUCKLES]
THIS IS YOUR IDEA
OF HANGING OUT?

WHERE DID YOU:

FIND THIS GUY?
WHAT?
YOU DON'T LIKE HIM?
HA. NO. JOSH, HE SE LUCY'S HAIR ON FIRE.
HE'S PSYCHOTIC.
WELL, HE'S
AN ACQUIRED TASTE.
HEY, GET HIM OUT OF HERE.
YOU KNOW, I DON'T GET IT.
'CAUSE WHENEVER
I'M ON FIRE,
I REMEMBER TO STOP,
DROP, AND ROLL.
YOU DON'T JUST STAND THERE
SCREAMING LIKE SOME CHICK!
YEAH. DON' WORRY ABOUT IT.
I THINK I REALLY SCREWED UP
IN THERE WITH RACHEL.
HEY,

SCREW THOSE CHICKS, MAN.
YOU KNOW WHA WE OUGHT TO DO?
WE OUGHT TO GO INTO TOWN

AND GET US:

A COUPLE OF HOOKERS, HUH?
I KNOW JUST THE HOOKER, TOO.
HER NAME'S CARL.
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, MAN.
I'M DRIVING.
LET'S GO.
COME ON!

Cliff:

GOING TO FIND CARL,
GOING TO FIND CARL.
YOU KNOW, I REALLY
SHOULDN'T BE DRIVING.
MY LICENSE WAS REVOKED.

Cooper:

FOR WHAT?

ATTEMPTED:

VEHICULAR MANSLAUGHTER.
THAT'S GOOD.
WHATEVER THE FUCK
THAT MEANS.
WHOO!
[HORN HONKS]
WHOO HOO!
I LOVE THAT!
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD GAME
OF CHICKEN, BOYS!
HA HA.
WHOO!
WHOO!
WHY ARE WE STOPPED?
YEAH, WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
JOSH, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND
AS TO ASK THE OFFICER
WHERE I-95 IS?

Cooper:

YEAH, SURE.

EXCUSE ME, SIR?

WE WERE JUST WONDERING
IF YOU COULD INFORM US--
HEY.

DO I SMELL A PIG?

DUDE,

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HEY, PIG!

[SNORTING]

Cooper:

HEY, LITTLE PIGGIES!

Cooper:

WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY?

ALL RIGHT, PIGGIES!

Josh:

NO! NO!

Cooper:

HEY, HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN
A HIGH-SPEED CHASE BEFORE?
IT'S INTENSE!

[SIREN]

BRING IT ON, BACON!

OH, CLIFF!

WAIT! I GO A DAMN GOOD IDEA.

[OPENS GLOVE COMPARTMENT]

THEY HATE I WHEN YOU DO THIS.

Cooper:

THAT'S A GUN!

THAT'S A GUN!

OWW!

COME ON, COPPER!

HEY, GUYS, I THINK

WE'RE LOSING THEM!

[GUNFIRE]

HEY, GUYS!

Cliff:

YOU GODDAMN PUSSIES!

OOH!

OHH!

[MOANS]

YOU OK?

THIS IS THE LAST TIME

I LISTEN TO YOU.

WHAT?

Josh:

WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?

IT'S NO BIG DEAL.

WE'LL JUST HITCHHIKE

OUR WAY BACK TO CAMPUS.

JOSH, STICK OUT YOUR THUMB,

OR THEY WON'T SEE YOU.

GOT THE PUCK.

COME ON, COME ON.

YEAH!

HIT ME! HIT ME!

I'M OPEN!

YEAH!

OH.

FELLAS,

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HOW'S IT GOING?

ALL RIGHT.

I THINK THEY'RE HAVING

A LITTLE LOVERS QUARREL.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WE SAW THEM MAKING OU IN THE BUSHES THE OTHER DAY.

BULLSHIT.

Josh:

HAVE EVER DONE ANYTHING

LIKE THIS BEFORE,

SO IF WE'RE GONNA

GO THROUGH WITH IT,

I WANT US TO BE SAFE!

Cooper:

I JUST THOUGHT YOU AND I

WERE TIGHT BACK THERE.

JUST DON'T EVER

PULL OUT ON ME AGAIN.

I PULLED OUT BECAUSE
I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
I'M TAKING OVER
FROM HERE.
YOU KNOW, JOSH,
YOU ARE SO ANAL!
HERE'S OUR MAN.
BUCKLEY SCHRANK.
HE'S PARANOID, DELUSIONAL,
SUICIDAL URGES,
ATTEMPTED TO GIVE HIMSELF
A LOBOTOMY.
YEAH, BUT--
NO, DON'T BUT ME.
HE'S MY GUY. HE'S GREAT.
WE'VE GOT 2 WEEKS TO MOVE HIM
IN AND PUSH HIM OVER THE EDGE.
LET'S AT LEAS CHECK HIM OUT FIRST.
FINE.
[KEYBOARD CLICKING]
YAAH!
HEY, MAN. WHA ARE YOU WORKING ON?
NOTHING. STUFF.
WHY?
LOOKS INTERESTING.
IT'S NOT.

YOU LIKE:

COMPUTERS?
NO.
UH, MAYBE. WHY?

YOU A COMPUTER:

SCIENCE MAJOR?
NO.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
WHO ARE YOU?
JOSH.
COOPER.
GOING...
TO LUNCH.
I GOT A CLASS.
COMING THROUGH.

EXCUSE ME. BYE-BYE.
HA HA! TAKE CARE.
TIME IS MONEY.
I'M A BUSY BEAVER.
VERY BUSY BEAVER.
AAH!
ALL RIGHT. OK.
STAND BACK. STAND BACK.
NOTHING TO SEE HERE.
GET OUT OF MY WAY!

Buckley:

Girl:

[SIGHS]
THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU HAD A CLASS.
NO, IT'S JUST--

Cooper:

YOU LIED TO US.
WATCH OUT!
WATCH OUT!
PEOPLE ON THIS CAMPUS
ARE TRYING TO KILL ME.
WHAT?
MY COUSIN VIRGIL
IS MAKING BOMBS--
ARE YOU FINISHED?
NO. NO.
NO, I'M NOT.
NO, THANK YOU. NO!
BRING IT ON!
IT'S OK, IT'S OK.
WHAT'S IN HERE,
STRYCHNINE?
YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?
MY THERAPIS SAYS I'M PARANOID.
I--I GOT PROOF.
HE'S BEEN CO-OPTED.
THE SOIL IS NOT CLEAN,
AND DON'T THINK I'M WRONG.
HEADS UP! HEADS UP!
LOOK OUT!

DIRTY SOIL!
DIRTY! DIRTY!
MY GUY.
MY GUY. YEP.
WE'RE GONNA
MOVE HIM IN TODAY.
[WALKING IN THE DARK
PLAYING]
HEY!
WHO IS IT?
IT'S COOPER.
REMEMBER ME?
YEAH. I'M BUSY,
SO GO AWAY.

LET ME IN:

BEFORE THEY SEE ME.
BEFORE WHO SEES YOU?
I THINK I'M
BEING FOLLOWED.
YOU ARE BEING FOLLOWED.
OH, GOD. COME ON!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
ARE YOU IN SOME TROUBLE?
LISTEN, KURT COBAIN
DIDN'T KILL HIMSELF.
YOU UNDERSTAND?
HE'S NOT EVEN DEAD.
HE AND VINCE FOSTER ARE
LIVING NEAR MOUNT ST. HELENS.
YOU'RE KIDDING.
WHY?
IT'S NOT THEIR IDEA. THEY'RE
BEING BLACKMAILED INTO IT.
BUT THE MAN RESPONSIBLE
IS SO RICH,
SO POWERFUL,
HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING
TO MAKE SURE THIS
STAYS SUPPRESSED.
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT!
BILL GATES.
BILL GATES? WHAT DOES

HE WANT FROM YOU?
MY BRAIN. HE'S ALREADY
GOT HALF OF IT.

I FELL ASLEEP:

AT NEWARK AIRPORT,
AND NOW I'M THIS CLOSE
TO TAKING MY OWN LIFE

SO I CAN STOP:

THE APOCALYPSE.
WELL, SURE, YEAH.
THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME.
YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
WE HAVE AN EMPTY ROOM
IN OUR DORM.
THEY'LL NEVER
FIND YOU IN THERE.
OH, GOD.
THANKS, BROTHER.
SURE, BROTHER.
[SNIFFS]
I THINK THEY MAY BE
SPRAYING THIS BUILDING
WITH CHEMICALS.
[SNIFF SNIFF]
NEUTRINO BEAMS.
THEY'RE TRYING TO ATTRAC MY BRAIN CELLS MAGNETICALLY.
AAH!
AAH!

Rachel:

COULD YOU--
JOSH, IS THAT YOU?
OH!
UH, EXCUSE ME!
LOOK OUT!
OK...

Josh:

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING,
WE'LL BE RIGHT IN HERE.
AND LATER, YOU MAY EVEN
WANT TO TRY THE CHAIR.

I KNEW MY GUY:

WAS GONNA WORK.
WAS I RIGHT?
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU.
HE'S GOOD.
OF COURSE HE'S GOOD.
HE'S THE BEST. HE'S MY GUY.
I LOVE MY GUY.
THIS IS TURNING OU PRETTY GOOD.

NOT THAT YOU:

PICKED A BAD GUY.
HE JUST TURNED OUT TO BE
A COMPLETE MANIAC.
TALK ABOU MISSING LINKS.
PROBABLY SCIENTISTS OU LOOKING FOR HIM RIGHT NOW.
DUDES!
AAH!
GUYS, YOU GOTTA HELP ME OUT.
THE COPS ARE AFTER ME.
I MEAN, I WAS
JUST OUT DRIVING ALONG,
THEY PULLED ME OVER,
I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS...
I NEED A PLACE TO CRASH.
HEY...
THIS ROOM'S DECENT.
YEAH! THIS IS
GONNA BE SWEET!
UNH!
HEY...A MATH AWARD.

I KNEW YOU GUYS:

WERE SMAR WHEN YOU BAILED
OUT OF THE CAR.
I DIDN'T WANT TO JUMP,
BUT JOSH, HE WAS--
HEY!
LOOK. I TOOK
A BULLET WOUND FOR YOU.
.38 AT CLOSE RANGE, HUH?
HOW DOES IT LOOK?
UH, IT'S A LITTLE RED.

[LAUGHS]
[KNOCK ON DOOR]
THE COPS!
SHH!
[WHISPERING]
I'm not here.
COME ON.
AAH!
OH, I'M SORRY.
SHH. WHAT?
HEY, CAN I USE
THE BATHROOM?
IN A MINUTE.
YOW! THANKS.
CLIFF, GOTTA HIDE.
YEAH. IN THE CLOSET!
CLOSET?
OH!
DOOR!
COME ON, LET'S GO.
WOW. BIG CLOSET.
JOSH! COOPER!
GUYS!
HEY!
YOU NEED SOME HELP?
NO!
CLIFF.
ZEKE!
ZEKE!
CLIFF O'MALLEY.
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
SINCE HIGH SCHOOL.
I THOUGH YOU WERE DEAD!
NO. THIS CLOSE, THOUGH.
[STAMMERING]
HOW YOU BEEN?
GOOD. GOT SHOT.
OH, GOD!
WAIT!
YOU EVER GET HORNY?
[STAMMERING]
GREAT! I KNOW THIS CHICK
NAMED CARLA,
AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, MAN.

YOU WANT TO MEET HER?

COME ON!

YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS CHICK,

I SWEAR TO GOD!

YOU LIKE TO DRINK?

YOUR GUY. MY GUY.

YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE?

[KNOCKS]

HEY, THERE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LISTEN, COOPER TOLD ME ABOUT THE WHOLE CONSPIRACY THING.

OH, FART!

NOW YOU'RE IN DANGER.

YOU KNOW, WHEN

I GET STRESSED OUT,

I CALL:

THE SUICIDE HOT LINE.

[RING]

SUICIDE HOT LINE.

HI. UM, I THINK I'M

HAVING A PANIC ATTACK.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE

THE PROBLEM?

YOU SEE, IT'S

HARD TO EXPLAIN,

BUT I'M VERY FRIGHTENED.

YOU...SHOULD BE.

WHO IS THIS?

IT'S ME, BUCKLEY.

BILL.

YEAH. BILL GATES.

NO! NO, GOD! PLEASE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

YOUR BRAIN, BUCKLEY.

YOUR BRAIN!

WELL, YOU'LL HAVE

TO COME AND GET IT!

Buckley:

THEY'LL BE FREAKS!

Cooper:

WHO? MY GUY?

MY GUY IS FREAKING OUT.
MY GUY WON'T COME OU OF HIS ROOM.

MY GUY IS GOING:

TO KILL HIMSELF.
HOW MANY TIMES ARE YOU GONNA
REMIND ME HE'S YOUR GUY?
MY GUY, MY GUY, MY GUY.
I GUESS 3 TIMES.

Buckley:

OH, GOD! OH, NO!
OH, MY FUCKING GOD!

Cooper:

OH, HEY! OH, HEY,
WHAT'S UP, RACHEL?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I JUST CAME BY TO SEE WHA YOU THOUGHT OF MY STORY
'CAUSE I GOTTA
TURN IT IN TOMORROW.
OH, YEAH.
IT WAS GREAT.
I WAS TELLING COOPER
ALL ABOUT IT.
HOW DID I PUT IT, COOP?
UH, YOU--YOU SAID I WAS FUCKING HILARIOUS.
HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!
HILARIOUS.
IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.
WERE YOU LAUGHING AT IT?
OH, NO.
NO, NO, NO.
THE TRUTH IS ACTUALLY, RACHEL,
I DIDN'T READ IT YET.
WHAT IS YOUR DEAL, JOSH?
WE MAKE PLANS TO HANG OUT,
YOU BRING SOME PSYCHO

BY MY ROOM:

WHO SETS LUCY'S HAIR ON FIRE
AND THEN I NEVER

HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN.
I'M SORRY, RACHEL.
I'VE BEEN REALLY BUSY,
AND I'M KIND OF
IN THE MIDDLE OF--
KNOW WHAT? YOU'RE ACTING
LIKE A REAL JERK,
SO I'LL JUST SEE YOU LATER.
RACHEL, WAIT!
WOULD IT HAVE BEEN SO HARD
TO READ THAT STORY, JOSH?
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
WELL, THE PAMPHLETS
SAY IT'S CRUCIAL
TO KEEP ALL INSTRUMENTS
OF SELF-DESTRUCTION

AWAY FROM:

THE SUICIDAL PERSON,
SO I RAN OUT AND
BOUGHT ALL THIS STUFF.
SHH! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
TAKE THIS ROPE.
WHAT DO I DO WITH IT?
TIE IT IN A NOOSE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW.
[SIGHS]
[URINATING]
OH, HO.
OH, THAT'S PRICELESS.
OH, THAT'S GOOD.
WE'RE THE HARDY BOYS
FROM HELL.
SHH.

Josh:

Shh! Cut it out.
KONNICHII WA!
HEY, BUCKLEY.
WHAT'S WITH THE KNIFE?
AAH!
WE CAN EXPLAIN!
CALL 911! CALL 911!
I THOUGHT YOU GUYS

WERE MY FRIENDS!
GET BACK!
BUCKLEY.
YOU'RE IN ON IT?
YOU'RE WITH BILL GATES?
NO. NO.
WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS.
WE LIKE YOU.
OH, MY GOD!
YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL ME.
THIS IS GREAT!

Josh:

OF COURSE, NOT.
YES! IT'S THE SUIT!
THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING!
IT'S NOT IN MY HEAD!
DUDE,
THOSE GUYS ARE FREAKS!
AAH! I'M GONNA TELL EVERYONE
AND YOU'LL NEVER GET LAID!
WHOO! YES! I'M NOT CRAZY!
IT'S HAPPENING! GET ALL
YOUR GEAR AND FOLLOW ME!
HA HA! I'M NOT CRAZY!
WELL, SO MUCH
FOR YOUR GUY.
LOOK AT ALL THESE
HAPPY PEOPLE STUDYING.
I HATE THEM.
FINALS ARE IN A WEEK
AND WE'RE DOOMED.
OH, GOD. OH, LOOK,
THERE'S MY ADVISOR.
SHE'S TALKING TO
THAT PSYCH PROFESSOR.
THEY'RE PROBABLY
TRYING TO KICK ME OUT.
WHAT WAS I THINKING
LISTENING TO YOU?
JOSH, YOU KNOW WHA WE NEED TO DO?
GET STONED.
ALL MY GREAT IDEAS

COME TO ME:

WHEN I'M BAKED
OUT OF MY SKULL.
WHEN HAVE YOU HAD
A GREAT IDEA, HUH?
IT'S OVER. I'M OUT.
YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING SOMEWHERE I'LL
NEVER RUN INTO YOU. CLASS.
[SIREN]

Girl:

OVER HERE.

Boy:

MAN.

Girl:

IN TROUBLE.
WHAT HAPPENED?
HE WAS THROWING WATER
BALLOONS OUT THAT WINDOW
AND THEN HE JUST FELL.
EXCUSE ME. OH, NO.
HE'S DEAD!
[GASPING]
COME HERE. COME HERE.
OH, MY GOD,
WHAT A TRAGEDY.
I KNOW.
WE WERE SO CLOSE.
COOPER, JEEZ.
POOR GUY. I MEAN,
HE WAS SUCH A...FREAK.
WAIT! HEY, HE'S BREATHING.
HE'S ALIVE.
OHH. WHERE DO YOU GUYS
GET THIS SHIT?
DO YOU KNOW WHA THIS MEANS?
THIS MEANS WE WERE
ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW,
ONE WEEK BEFORE FINALS.

I GOT ONE MORE GUY.
WE GET HIM TO OPEN UP A VEIN,
AND WE'RE GOLDEN.
HERE HE IS. MATT NOONAN.
DEPRESSIVE, DEATH FIXATION,
CONSTANT THREATS OF SUICIDE.
OK, NO DICK-SMACKING AROUND.
LET'S GET HIM IN THE ROOM
AND SEND HIM ON HIS WAY
TO THE NETHERWORLD.

Josh:

HERE HE COMES! SIT!
HEY!
HEY!

YOU MUST BE:

OUR NEW ROOMMATE.

NEED ANY HELP:

MOVING IN YOUR STUFF?
[BRITISH ACCENT]
I'M WEARING MY STUFF.
OH.
[PLAYING GUITAR]
?? MY WORDS ARE MY SPERM ??
?? SPEWING FORTH MY-- ??
[KNOCK ON DOOR]
WELL, WHAT THE FUCK
DO YOU TWO WANT?

ARE YOU:

A MUSICIAN?
ARE YOU IN A BAND?
KISS MY ASS.
WHAT?
WHAT?
THAT'S THE NAME
OF THE BLEEDIN' BAND.
OH.
YOU'RE GONNA PLAY
THE BIG PRE-FINALS
PARTY, RIGHT?
YEAH.

THAT'S RIGHT.
IF I'M STILL AROUND.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
AND WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?
FUCKING KURT LODER?
CAN YOU PISS OFF AND
SHUT MY FUCKING DOOR?
OH.
PISS OFF!
OH, PISS OFF.
COME ON.

WHAT THE HELL:

DOES "PISS OFF" MEAN?
1, 2, 3, 4.
?? MY WORDS ARE MY SPERM ??
?? SPEWING FORTH
MY TRAGIC GERM ??
?? I'M MR. PARIAH,
A SAD MESSIAH-- ??
STOP!
PLEASE, GUYS, COME ON!
MATT, THAT WAS
BITCHIN', MAN.
PRACTICE IS OVER BECAUSE
THIS MUSIC IS CRAP.
IT'S TOTAL CRAP.
WELL, WANT TO GE SOMETHING TO EAT?
NO. I'M NOT HUNGRY.
YOU CAN PISS OFF.
GO. THANK YOU. LOVELY.
THANK YOU FOR COMING.
LOVELY. OFF YOU GO.
[CLAPPING]
GOOD ONE.
YEAH, YOU GUYS
REALLY ROCK.
REALLY? MAYBE SOMEDAY
I'LL BE FORTUNATE ENOUGH
TO ENTERTAIN MILLIONS
OF SUBURBAN TEENY-BOPPERS.
MAKE MUSIC VIDEOS!
WON'T THAT BE "GROOVY"?
FUCK IT ALL.

TV:

[CARTOON NOISES]

TV:

COME OUT WITH CLUB SODA.

[LAUGHTER]

OOH! OUCH! CALL A DOCTOR.

I DON'T THINK HE KNEW

IT WAS COMING.

[LAUGHTER]

WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK

AFTER THIS.

[MATT CHUCKLING]

[CARTOON NOISES]

AHEM.

WHAT THE HELL?

WERE YOU JUST WATCHING TV?

NO!

I HEARD YOU LAUGHING.

LAUGHING?

YEAH. I'M A REAL BIG

LAUGHER. PISS OFF!

JOSH! JOSH!

JOSH! WAKE UP!

WHAT IS IT?

I'M WORRIED.

I DON'T THINK THIS GUY'S

WHO WE THINK HE IS.

WHAT? DIDN'T YOU HEAR

WHAT HE SAID BEFORE?

"IF I'M STILL AROUND."

THAT MEANS:

HE MIGHT NOT BE AROUND.

AROUND MEANING "ALIVE."

HE MIGHT NOT BE ALIVE.

BUT I DON'T THINK

HE'S THAT DEPRESSED.

THIS GUY HAS WHA IT TAKES, COOPER.

YOU KNOW, I'M THIS CLOSE TO

LETTING YOU GET YOUR OWN GUY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I NEED A BREATH:

OF FRESH AIR.

[INHALES DEEPLY]

THAT'S ENOUGH AIR.

I NEED MY BONG.

NO. WE HAVE 3 DAYS.

YOU NEED TO FOCUS.

YOU NEED TO FOCUS.

GIMME THAT.

ARE YOU INSANE?!

HEY! STAY BACK!

WHAT?

NO MORE DISTRACTIONS!

NO MORE DRINKS!

NO MORE BONG HITS!

COME ON, YOU IDIOT !

THIS IS FOR YOU,

COOPER!

UNH!

I'M DOING THIS

FOR YOU!

NO, JOSH, NO!

WHY?

IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

I SAY WE MURDER HIM.

[KNOCK ON DOOR]

HEY.

HELLO.

HEY, MAN.

DO YOU MIND:

IF I COME IN?

NO. COME ON IN.

THANK YOU.

Cooper:

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

I FEEL LIKE CRAP.

FEELS LIKE CRAP.

I'VE BEEN HAVING

THESE CREEPY DREAMS LATELY.

KISS MY ASS PLAYED

THE PRE-FINALS PARTY,

AND THEN AFTERWARD,

I PUT A GUN IN MY MOUTH...
AND I PULLED THE TRIGGER.
BAM!
BAM!
IT'S SO REALLY REAL.
IF IT'S SO REALLY REAL,
I DON'T THINK YOU'D GE THAT SECOND SHOT OFF.
NO, I SUPPOSE NOT.

I THINK I HEARD:

A CRY FOR HELP.
DIDN'T YOU?
WELL...I GUESS I DID.
ALL RIGHT THEN.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY!
YES! YES!
I'M GETTING STRAIGHT-As!
I'M GETTING STRAIGHT-As!
SEE YOU AT THE PARTY!
AND, PROFESSOR!
PROFESSOR, YOU'RE THE BEST!
HEY, GUYS. HEY!
OOH! OOH! YEAH!
PIZZA! HOW IS HE?
HE'S BEEN IN
HIS ROOM ALL DAY.
I HAVE A REALLY GOOD
FEELING ABOUT THIS.
MAYBE HE'S DEAD ALREADY.
HEY. WHAT ARE
YOU GUYS UP TO?
NOTHING.
NOTHING.
?? IN THE AFTERLIFE ??
?? YOU COULD BE HEADED
FOR THE SERIOUS STRIFE ??
?? NOW YOU MAKE THE SCENE
ALL DAY ??
?? BUT TOMORROW
THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY ??
BATHROOM.
?? IN THE AFTERLIFE ??
?? YOU COULD BE HEADED
FOR THE SERIOUS STRIFE... ??

NOW, REMEMBER, IF HE'S
HANGING FROM HIS NOOSE,
TRY TO ACT SURPRISED.
JESUS CHRIS ALMIGHTY.
WE'RE JUS CHECKING UP ON YOU.
HEARD YOU GUYS WERE
A COUPLE OF PERVERTS.
[BAND PLAYING]

THIS LAST ONE:

IS CALLEDSPERM.
?? MY WORDS ARE MY SPERM ??
?? SPEWING FORTH
MY TRAGIC GERM ??
?? I'M DYING TO KISS YOU ??
?? I SOIL THE TISSUE ??
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
KEEP ON EYE ON HIM.
?? AND EVERYTHING'S SWELL ??
?? SUICIDE'S FREE ??
?? NEARING THE END ??
?? SUICIDE'S FREE ??
?? NEARING THE END ??
HE'S SO INTENSE.

ENJOY HIM WHILE:

YOU STILL CAN.
WHAT'S THA SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
?? NEARING THE ??
END.
[GLASS BREAKS]
[APPLAUSE]
THAT WAS AMAZING.
FULLY.
I LOVED IT.
WHATEVER.
I LIKED THAT.
YEAH.
LUCY, YOUR WIG.
?? WHAT GOOD IS SITTING
ALONE IN YOUR ROOM? ??
??
?? COME HEAR THE MUSIC PLAY
?? LIFE IS A CABARET-- ??

OH, FUCK ME!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING?
WHAT? NOTHING!
DON'T TELL ME NOTHING!
YOU WERE SINGING A SHOWTUNE!
YOU'RE CRAZY.
I'D NEVER DO THAT.
YOU CAN'T BE SUICIDAL IF
YOU'RE SINGING SHOWTUNES!
WHAT?! I AM SUICIDAL!
YOU'RE NO EVEN DEPRESSED!
OF COURSE I'M DEPRESSED!
LOOK AT ME!
I'M VERY FUCKING DEPRESSED!
YOU FUCKING POSER!
[LOSES ACCENT]
HEY, MAN, I AM NOT--OH!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN BRITISH!
MMM!
OH, GOD!
HE'S NOT EVEN BRITISH!
[MUSIC BLARING]
EXCUSE ME.
COULD I TALK TO HER
FOR A SECOND?
IT'S OK.
PLEASE?
I'VE BEEN FLAKING OU ON YOU, AND I'M SORRY.
I'M NOT INTERESTED
IN YOUR EXCUSES.
DID YOU THINK I'D WAIT AROUND
TILL YOU FOUND TIME FOR ME?
WAIT!
RACHEL, COOPER AND I--
NO, JOSH, I LIKED YOU.
I REALLY DID.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
A REALLY GREAT GUY.
I WAS JUST WRONG.
NO. YOU WEREN'T WRONG.
I REALLY LIKE YOU,
AND I'M A GREAT GUY.

Buckley:

PEOPLE! I HAVE A RED ALERT!
ATTENTION!
THIS IS AN EVIL MAN!
HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED.
HE'S GOT FILES ON EVERYBODY.
HE'S TRYING TO CREATE
A ONE-WORLD GOVERNMENT.
HE'S BAD NEWS, BABY.
IF YOU SEE THAT GUY,
KICK HIM IN THE BALLS!
HEY, JOSH! JOSH!
I RAN BACK TO THE ROOM
AND GOT MATT'S YEARBOOK.
HERE'S MARILYN MANSON
IN HIGH SCHOOL.
I'M GONNA FUCKING
KILL HIM.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
HEY, FELLAS.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAT'S WRONG?
LONG STORY.
YOU GUYS, I KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON.
YOU DO?
YOU'RE HAVING
RELATIONSHIP PROBLEMS.
NO, IT'S MORE
COMPLICATED THAN THAT.
I GOT YOU. I'M REAL
TIGHT WITH MY UNCLE.
HE'S GAY LIKE YOU GUYS.
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW
I AM COOL WITH IT.
WE ALL ARE.
YEAH.
YEAH.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
YEAH.
IT'S COOL.
WELL, LOOKS LIKE I'M
A GAY TOILET CLEANER.
GUESS I'LL
GO HOME AND PACK.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR BONG.
AH, IT'S OK.

Josh:

LET'S GO TO PICKLE'S.
I'LL USE HIS BLENDER,
MAKE US SOME DRINKS.
PINA COLADA? MAI TAI?
MARGARITA.
MARGARITA IT IS.
[KNOCKING]
HEY, PICKLE, MIND IF WE MAKE
OURSELVES SOME MARGARITAS?
UM, NO, GO AHEAD.
IT'S IN THE BLENDER.
THANKS.
AHH, I'M GONNA MISS COLLEGE.
YEAH, ME, TOO.
WE HAD FUN,
DIDN'T WE?
YEAH, WE DID.
I WAS GONNA END UP BEING
A TOILET CLEANER ANYWAY.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO NOW?
WELL...
YOU CAN COME WORK
WITH ME AND FLUSHLES.
YOU CAN BE THIRD IN
THE SHIT-CLEANING COMMAND.
HMM. WHAT IS THIS?
"GOOD-BYE. CAN'T TAKE IT.
I'M SORRY"?
OH, SHIT.
OH, SHIT.
OH, SHIT!
SHIT!
WHAT? WHAT?
HE'S COMMITTED
SUICIDE.
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW
HE WAS DEPRESSED.
DON'T YOU SEE? THIS IS
THE HAND OF GOD HERE.
IT'S WHAT I'VE PRAYED FOR.

THIS IS A MIRACLE.
PICKLE...DEAD.
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST.
GO TO HOUSING.
FILE THE PAPERWORK.
JUST GET THE FILES WORKED OUT.
GO ON, JOSH, PLEASE!
IT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN
WORKING FOR! WE'RE SET!

WHAT THE HELL:

IS GOING ON?!
I LIVE HERE!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT? KYLE!
NO, NO, NO.
THEY MOVED YOU OUT.
SORRY, BUDDY, THEY MOVED
SOMEBODY ELSE IN
SO...SAYONARA.
[KNOCKING]
WHO IS IT?
WHERE ARE MY POSTERS
AND WHO ARE THOSE 2 PEOPLE
FUCKING IN MY ROOM?!
THERE'S PEOPLE FUCKING
IN YOUR ROOM?

Matt:

COME ON!
THOSE GUYS.

THEY THREW:

YOUR STUFF OU AND SAID TO TELL YOU
TO GO FUCK YOURSELF.
KELLY...
COULD YOU WAIT OUT HERE
FOR A COUPLE SECONDS?
I GOTTA...THANKS, BABY.
GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!

Matt:

THIS IS MY ROOM.
COOPER, TELL HIM

I'M YOUR ROOMMATE.

MY ROOMMATE IS:

A DEPRESSIVE ROCK STAR.
YOU ARE A CANDY ASS,
SHOWTUNE-SINGING CHEERLEADER.
YOU'RE DEAD.

Matt:

OFF WE GO.
LOVELY. LOVELY.
[GUITAR SMASHES]
[SCUFFLING]
COME ON, PICKLE.
COME ON. THROW UP FOR ME.
JOSH, WHA ARE YOU DOING?
COME ON.
LET'S GET THOSE PILLS UP.
[PICKLE COUGHS]

Medic:

WATCH IT.

Cooper:

COOPER, HE WAS ALIVE.
I COULDN'T LET HIM DIE.
THIS IS WHAT WE'VE
BEEN WORKING FOR, JOSH.
THIS WAS OUR LOOPHOLE.
DON'T YOU HAVE ENOUGH BRAINS
TO RECOGNIZE A LOOPHOLE?
THE ONLY LOOPHOLE
I EVER RECOGNIZED
WAS YOU GOT A RICH DADDY
WHO BUYS YOUR WAY THROUGH LIFE.
OH! OH!
CONGRATULATIONS, BUDDY.
NOW YOU CAN GO BACK
TO INDIANA AND SPEND
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
IN A BOWLING ALLY.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
PEOPLE WHO MAKE I IN THIS WORLD HAVE GUTS.

OBVIOUSLY:

YOU DON'T HAVE ANY.
?? MAMA GRIPPED ONTO
THE MILKMAN'S HAND ??
?? AND THEN
SHE FINALLY GAVE BIRTH ??
?? YEARS GO BY,
AND STILL I DON'T KNOW ??
?? WHO SHALL
INHERIT THIS EARTH ??
?? AND NO ONE
WILL KNOW MY NAME ??
?? UNTIL IT'S ON A STONE ??
?? WHOA-OA-OA ??
?? THIS COULD BE OUR... ??

Hank:

SOME GUY OUT ON THE BRIDGE!
IT'S THAT GUY JOSH!

Boy:

HE'S GONNA JUMP!
[SIREN]
SLOW DOWN! SLOW DOWN!
GET A LIGHT UP THERE!

Cooper:

JOSH, WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I'M JUST LOOKING
FOR A WAY OUT.
SERIOUSLY, COME DOWN.
WHAT'S THE POINT?
MY LIFE'S OVER.
WHY? BECAUSE YOU'RE
OFF YOUR TRACK?
OH, COME ON, JOSH.
WHO CARES?
THAT'S SO FUCKING STUPID.
ARE YOU AN IDIOT?
NO!
SHH!

Cooper:

LOOK, I UNDERSTAND.
MAYBE YOU WERE ON
THE WRONG TRACK, JOSH,
BUT IT'S OK, BECAUSE
NOW YOU CAN FIGURE OU WHAT YOU'RE
REALLY SUPPOSED TO DO.
WHAT? BECOME
A TOTAL FAILURE?
NO. NO.
YOU KNOW...
I SHOULD BE THE ONE
UP THERE.
MY FATHER'S RIGHT.
I'M A FUCKUP.
I'M A TOTAL FUCKUP.
YOU'RE ON THIS LITTLE HOLIDAY
IN FUCKUPLAND,
BUT I LIVE HERE PERMANENTLY!
JOSH,I MESSED UP.
I MESSED EVERYTHING UP.
YOU JUST DID THE RIGHT THING
AND THAT TOOK GUTS.
MORE GUTS THAN I HAVE.
YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND.
SO, PLEASE, JUST STEP BACK
FROM THE LEDGE.
[CROWD MURMURING]
[APPLAUSE]
YOU'RE GONNA BE OK, MAN.

YOU THINK:

THEY BOUGHT IT?
BOUGHT WHAT?
THAT I'M SUICIDAL.
WH-WHAT?
WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL
THROW SOMEBODY SUICIDAL
OUT OF SCHOOL, DO YOU?
NO.
NO, OF COURSE NOT.
YOU MAGNIFICENT BASTARD.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU MADE ME
SAY ALL THAT STUFF.

THINK HOW PROUD:

YOUR DAD'S GONNA BE
WHEN HE FINDS OU YOU'RE A HERO.
YOU ARE A GENIUS.
[CROWD CLAPPING]
OH, THEY MAKE SUCH
A CUTE COUPLE.
HUH?

Josh:

I LEARNED IN COLLEGE,
IT'S THINGS DON'T ALWAYS
TURN OUT LIKE YOU PLAN.

THE SCHOOL:

BENT THE RULES A LITTLE
AND GAVE ME ANOTHER SEMESTER
TO RAISE MY GRADES.

I WAS:

ABOUT 13...
BUT I HAD TO SPEND 6 MONTHS
IN INTENSIVE THERAPY
WITH PROFESSOR DURKHEIM,
AND I LEARNED I LIKED PSYCHOLOGY
MORE THAN MEDICINE
SO I CHANGED MY MAJOR.
BYE, BOB.
COOPER'S DAD WAS SO PROUD
HE PAID FOR HIM TO STAY
IN SCHOOL FOR ANOTHER YEAR.
HE STILL HAD TO SPEND VACATIONS
WORKING AT THE COMPANY
AND HE SAYS,
IF YOU'RE STONED ENOUGH,
SCRUBBING TOILETS CAN BE
A ZEN-LIKE EXPERIENCE.
DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR,
HE ALSO GOT A JOB
WORKING A THE SUICIDE HOT LINE.
THE MEZZANINE?

CAN I EVEN SEE:

THE BAND FROM THERE?
HOW MUCH ARE THEY?
150 BUCKS?!
ARE YOU INSANE?!
WHAT?!
OH, DROP DEAD!

Josh:

GOT BACK TOGETHER.
SHE LIKES HAVING A BOYFRIEND
WHO'S UNSTABLE
BECAUSE IT GIVES HER INSPIRATION
FOR HER CREATIVE WRITING.
BUCKLEY EVENTUALLY LEFT DALEMAN
AND WAS ARRESTED
FOR THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION
OF BILL GATES.
I'LL BE BACK!
COUNT ON IT!
KELLY BROKE UP WITH KYLE
AND HE SPENT THE REST OF
THE SEMESTER IN CONFESSION.

Kyle:

I HAD MY WAY WITH MYSELF
IN THE FRESHMAN FACEBOOK.
I'VE JUST BEEN,
LIKE--[SPITS]
JACKING OFF TO THIS THING,
FOR, LIKE, 3 WEEKS.
OH, YEAH!
OH, LITTLE KYLE!
[UPBEAT]
?? MY WORDS ARE MY SPERM ??
?? HIS WORDS
ARE HIS SPERM ??

Josh:

GOT FAMOUS,
AND HIS ALBUM WENT STRAIGH TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS.
HE EVEN GOT INTERVIEWED ON MTV
BY HIS HERO KURT LODER.
PICKLE RECOVERED
AND MOVED IN WITH US.

WE FELT SORRY FOR HIM,
PLUS WE FIGURED IF HE EVER
GOT REALLY DEPRESSED AGAIN,
WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL
COVER OUR BASES,
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
AS FOR CLIFF,
CLIFF WAS ABOARD A PARTY CRUISE
THAT TRAGICALLY CAUGHT ON FIRE
AND CAPSIZED.
HE REFUSED TO ABANDON SHIP,
AND HIS BODY WAS LOST AT SEA.
COOPER SEEMED TO TAKE IT HARDER THAN ANY OF US.
AAH! AAH!
AAH!
BUDDY!
COME ON DOWN!
NO! AAH!
HEY! OW!
GOD! YOU'RE KNEELING
ON MY JUNK!
AAH! AAH!
AAH! AAH!
HE'S ON ME!
HE'S ALIVE!
NO. IT WAS
JUST A BAD DREAM.
FELLAS!
AAH!
AAH!
NOW, THAT WAS
A FUCKING BOAT RIDE!
AN ADVENTURE LIKE THA MAKES ME FRICKIN' HORNY.
[WHIMPERING]
?? IN THE AFTERLIFE ??
?? YOU WILL BE HEADED
FOR THE SERIOUS STRIFE ??
?? NOW YOU MAKE THE SCENE
ALL DAY ??
?? BUT TOMORROW
THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY ??
?? IN THE AFTERLIFE ??
?? YOU WILL BE HEADED
FOR THE SERIOUS STRIFE ??

?? NOW YOU MAKE
THE SCENE ALL DAY ??
?? BUT TOMORROW
THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY ??
?? PEOPLE,
LISTEN ATTENTIVELY ??
?? I MEAN,
ABOUT FUTURE CALAMITY ??
?? I USED TO THINK
THE IDEA WAS OBSOLETE ??
?? UNTIL I HEARD THE OLD MAN
TAPPING HIS FEET ??
?? NOW THE "D" AND THE "A"
AND THE "M" AND THE "N" ??
?? AND THE "A" AND THE "T"
AND THE "I-O-N" ??
?? LOSE YOUR FACE,
LOSE YOUR NAME ??
?? THEN GET FITTED
FOR A TWO-TONE FLAME ??
?? "D" AND THE "A"
AND THE "M" AND THE "N" ??
?? AND THE "A" AND THE "T"
AND THE "I-O-N" ??
?? LOSE YOUR FACE,
LOSE YOUR NAME ??
?? THEN GET FITTED
FOR A TWO-TONE FLA-A-AME ??
[NEW SONG BEGINS]
?? A DUSTY HOUSE ??
?? THROUGH MY DIRTY CLOTHES
??
?? SEATED IN A TOWN ??
?? ON THE VERGE
OF EXTINCTION ??
?? STRUMMING UP THE TUNE ??
?? ALONE, I COMPOSE ??
?? A BITTERSWEET DITTY
ABOUT AN EX-GIRLFRIEND ??
?? SO FUCK HER ??
?? AND HER PAINFUL MEMORIES
??
?? WHY TEAR OUT MY HEART ??
?? FOR ALL THE WORLD

TO SEE? ??
?? WHY NOT GIVE OUR LOVE ??
?? A CATCHY MELODY? ??
?? BURNING UP THE CHARTS ??
?? SWEET SIMPLICITY ??
?? WE'LL DO IT IN THE END ??
?? GOTTA GET AWAY ??
?? MAYBE WE SHOULD STAY ??
?? SEATED IN A TOWN ??
?? ON THE VERGE
OF EXPLOSION ??
?? NEW YORK AND L.A. ??
?? NO ONE LISTENING ANYWAY ?
?
?? BUSY PREDICTING ??
?? THE NEXT BIG HIT ??
?? SO FUCK THAT ??
?? GET A CHANGE
OF SCENERY ??
?? I'LL PACK UP THE CAR ??
?? AND MOVE TO CALIFORNIA ??
?? FIND
A BETTER GIRLFRIEND ??
?? AND A CATCHY MELODY ??
?? PLAYING ALL THE CARDS ??
?? HAPPY HARMONY ??
[NEW SONG BEGINS]
?? SWEET, SWEET LOVE ??
?? AND MY BLISTERED FEET ??
?? IT AIN'T EASY ??
?? COME AWAY ??
?? I WAS FEELING FINE ??
?? I'M THE WATER'S FRIEND ??
?? I COULD STAY HERE ??
?? FOR THE DAY ??
?? WE CAN STAY HERE NOW ??
?? LIKE ANYONE, CAN'T YOU? ?
?
?? WE CAN STAY HERE NOW ??
?? 'CAUSE HERE IT COMES ??
?? HERE IT COMES ??
?? IT'S A MUSIC SHOW... ??
?? IN A DISTANT SOUND... ??
AAAH!

HOLY COW!
HE'S ON FIRE!
A LITTLE HELP HERE!
PILLOWS!
OH!
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S CLIFF.
ZEKE!
AAH!
COME ON, MAN!
WE WEREN'T DONE!
NO!
LET'S GO.
COME ON!
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
HE'S MINE, FELLAS!
COME ON!

Zeke: