



Scripts.com

Dorm Daze 2

By Patrick Casey

All students leaving
for the College at Sea program...
please meet at the student union.
Booker!
Hey, wait up!
Booker!
Booker!
- Booker.
- Heh.
I've been lookin' all over for you.
- Hey.
- Hi.
Rachel, I have something
I have to say to you before I leave.
Yeah, me, too.
OK, let me go first.
All right.
Listen, I'm gonna be away
for months on this cruise.
I know.
Rehearsing the play,
seeing the world.
I'm a young man.
I gotta be free.
You understand, right?
No.
I'm breaking up with you.
Now, what were you gonna say?
I just signed up to work backstage.
I'm going on the cruise, too.
So what does "X" equal?
Who's your daddy?
OK, everyone, let's take it
from the top of Act Two.
Look at them.
College cruise indeed.
More like an excuse to drink
themselves into oblivion...
and engage in lewd behavior.
Despite my best efforts...
I'm afraid our students are only
receiving an education in slacking.
Now, Dean Dryer,
they're only college students.

Kids'll be kids.
Personally I'm looking forward
to the student-written play competition.
Uhh! Ohh.
I don't expect there
to be much competition.
Woodson University
is a fine institution...
and they've sent us
some of their best students.
What about the students
from Billingsley University?
Those kids are a pack of drugged-out
sex-obsessed idiots.
They'll be lucky
if they can get through their play...
without killing someone.
That was awesome.
You know, that lamp's supposed
to be a prop for the play.
Oh. Does the play need a bong?
Hey.
See you there.
Ho ho. Rusty.
You're for abstinence?
Wait a minute.
"Abstinence Support Group"?
Heh. I thought I was signing up
for the Huge Penis Club.
Uh-huh.
'Cause I have a huge penis.
Bye-bye.
It's a burden, really.
"Yes, sir.
"We'll call an ambulance." Yeah!
"No, sir. It's not...
"Yes, sir."
No, sir.
- Ho! Oh!
- Ohh!
Oh! Violet!
Oh, I'm so sorry. Are you OK?
I'm OK, Newmar. Are you OK?
Oh, yeah, I'm fine.

- Ouch.
- Oh, so sorry.
I was just in the zone running my lines.
I'm so clumsy.
You're clumsy, but cute.
I'm so glad Robin cast you in the play...
and we got to meet.
It must have been fate, huh?
Hey...
I love you, Violet.
I love you, too, Newmar.
I called my mom at the last port,
and I told her that you may be the one.
You told your mom
that we were gonna have sex?
Marriage, Newmar.
Is sex all you ever think about?
What? No, I...
Anyway, Olga and I just finished
setting up our meeting...
for Abstinence Is Awesome.
Isn't that exciting?
Yeah. Super.
Aw, that's why I like you
so much, Newmar.
You're so supportive.
Anyway, I gotta go.
Uh, see you at rehearsals later.
Bye.
What's it been, man, two months?
Still no sex?
Three.
Hey, listen. She wants you.
It's in there hiding.
Yeah?
All girls want sex.
Rachel was a virgin
when we started dating...
but then it was like
lettin' a tiger out of the cage.
Move it, jerk.
All right, everyone,
let's complete the run-through.
Let's take it back from Marla's line again.

It was supposed to be mine
after the divorce...
but my husband's lawyers
are a slippery lot.
Booker!
What?
Oh. Sorry.
What about shoes?
Heh. We don't have any of those
in your size, big guy.
But I'll, uh... I'll definitely pick some up
when I go to port.
Do you know where my hat is?
Sorry.
That's not right.
More, more. Move it back more.
Brady, where's my hat?
How the hell should I know?
Now that's too far. Move it stage left.
Stage left? What the difference...
between stage left and left?
Gerri, I've hooked it up
with half the chicks on this boat.
It's getting boring.
When are you and me gonna happen?
I'll say never.
But, Stuky-Poo,
if I decide I want gonorrhoea...
you'll be the first guy I call.
I am an expert on
carbonaceous deposits...
which have crystallized...
into metastable dodedahecron...
or diamonds.
Five bucks says she drops it again.
Hmm.
I have...
Uhh.
Opsie.
I'll have a look.
Oops. Sorry.
Nice one!
I'm really sorry.
Oh, don't worry. After you broke

the first three, she got a whole box.
I am staring at the statue, Mike.
You are pointing it at the fireplace.
Fireplace?
Hey, Dante, did you move my hat again?
I wouldn't move it if you'd stop putting it
on the prop table.
It's not a prop. It's a costume.
I put it there so I know where it is.
Stop movin' my fuckin' hat!
Rusty, get off the stage.
Can we just start the scene over again?
You know what? Let's move on.
Rusty, stay right there.
We need to work on your problem scene,
so let's start with the big speech.
Oh, but, Robin,
I always mess that speech up.
That's why we need to work on it,
so you don't mess it up.
Can we just cut it?
Start the scene.
- Ohh!
- Oh, my God!
Sorry, everybody. My bad.
Jesus, that could've killed me!
Sorry, Marla. Didn't mean to kill ya.
Is everyone OK? Are you OK? Brady!
It was Mike. He's a dumbshit.
Deal with this.
Right. Mike, you're a dumbshit.
Shut up.
Find a safety chain or something
to keep these lights in place.
We perform for the judges tomorrow.
Everyone, remember
the other play performs tonight.
We should all be there.
Do you need us
to move anything off the stage?
No. Apparently they don't need a set.
It's po-mo, post-modern.
In the future?
God, I'm sick of this stupid play.

I thought that I'd get laid here.
I'm not a picky man, Booker.
I'll take anything with a vagina.
Last night, I tried to fuck a porthole.
Rusty.
I saw your name on the sign-up sheet.
That's great you support abstinence.
I didn't know you were a virgin.
Ahh! Keep it on the D.L., will ya?
- OK.
- You're right.
It's truly the one thing I keep sacred.
Rusty, you're a virgin?
Wow. What a shock.
You know, there is a difference...
between saving yourself for marriage...
and just being too lame to score.
I think the meeting is gonna be fun.
Abstinence Is Awesome.
Tweedleslut and Tweedledum,
you two ain't virgins.
If I didn't have a D.U.I. already...
I'd drive a bus through your v-jays.
Getting arrested last year...
was the best thing
that ever happened to us.
Yeah, the best.
It was in our court-mandated drug rehab...
that Lynne and I realized
we needed to change.
We've become born-again virgins.
We know you're not for abstinence, Rusty.
We're watching you.
Yeah, mister.
Eyes wide shut. Humph.
Why are you going
to Violet's support group?
Isn't that kind of, you know,
counterproductive to getting laid?
Are you kidding?
These girls are about
to snap at any second...
and I wanna make sure I'm around
when it happens.

God! Why is she hanging out with Stukas?
He's such an asshole.
What do you care? You dumped her.
I know. I can't stop thinking about her.
Ohh! You still like her!
No, I don't. Shut up.
Yeah, you do! You love her!
Ow! He loves you, Rachel!
- Ow!
- Dude, shut...
Ow!
Thank you for coming
to Abstinence Is Awesome.
- Whoo!
- Whoo-hoo!
Whoo, yeah!
Ah, wonderful!
Just great! Yeah!
Yes!
There's a lot of pressure
for us women to give it up.
You have movies, magazines, television...
music videos, the internet.
People are having cybersex.
I mean, we can't give in to temptation.
We have to stay strong.
- Yes!
- Whoo!
Yes!
Whoo!
Marla, Lynne, would you like to share?
- Yes.
- Thank you, ladies.
As you know, recently Lynne and I
became born-again virgins.
Hallelujah. Yes!
But it wasn't always easy.
I mean, there were times that we...
we gave in to temptation.
Yeah.
A lot.
It's so easy to lose control.
Yeah, like when you plan on
only giving a guy a blow job...

and it's just so much fun
that you end up sleeping with him.
We have to resist these male advances.
That's why from here on out...
I am carrying a rape horn.
Me, too!
OK. Thank you, ladies.
Now for a male perspective.
Rusty, why did you decide
to save yourself for marriage?
Well, Violet, I just want...
my first time...
to be, uh...
really, really special.
You know, like, uh...
on a cruise ship.
With, uh, the tropical breeze...
in cabin one hundred twenty-six...
where I'll be today from 6:00 to 7:00.
Thank you. Thank you, girls.
That is so sweet.
Rusty, is that why you're in this group...
so that you can try to score?
Rusty, is that what you're planning?
Well, now that you bring it up...
aren't any of you virgins as horny as I am?
I mean, I... I do.
I... I wanna do it.
I do, and I want it to be dirty.
And I mean, why shouldn't I?
Why shouldn't you when everyone else
on Earth is doing it?
I'm fallin' off the wagon here, girls.
I need some group support!
Let's have an orgy!
Rusty!
Uh...
look, this ship...
could hit an iceberg and sink tomorrow.
And then how would you feel...
knowing that you didn't live your life
to the fullest?
Now...
who wants to have sex with me?

All right, I've heard enough.
Let's put it to a vote.
All in favor of ejecting Rusty,
raise your hand.
- Yeah!
- Yeah!
Ejaculate him!
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
You cockblocking fascist.
This will not stand. Motion to strike...
- Wai... whoa!
- Raah!
This is a photograph I took
a mere nine months ago...
during my appraisal
of the famous Pharaoh's Heart...
the legendary jewel of Araby...
one of the largest
and most beautiful diamonds in the world.
Actually, this is
the last photograph taken of the jewel...
before it was stolen.
Now, I imagine the thief to be feeling...
pretty happy right now with his grab...
because I estimate that this jewel
is worth in excess of...
what should we say, Mr. Hanson?
Uh, uh...
twenty million?
I wonder, however,
if the thief is also aware...
that the diamond carries with it a curse.
I understand you were initially a suspect...
in the disappearance
of the Pharaoh's Heart.
Yes. Well, of course it's only natural...
that Interpol would follow any logical lead.
However, I don't imagine
I'd still be teaching here...
if I were an international jewel thief.
Did you need something, Dean Dryer?
Oh, no, no. Just passing by.
I like to keep an eye on things.
Well, since the diamond's rediscovery

eighty-six years ago...
it has been stolen
on no less than fourteen occasions...
and on every occasion, the thief
has turned up very dead soon thereafter.
Do you think the curse is real,
Professor Cavendish?
My dear students...
I have seen many wondrous,
strange things in my travels...
but a curse?
Black magic?
Well, at any rate, if there is a curse...
then the current thief should be
turning up dead soon enough.
Uhh.
Ah, tonight I'll be saying good-bye to you...
my beautiful Pharaoh's Heart.
But I'll be saying hello to twenty million.
Wow. So you, like, wrote this thing?
- Mm-hmm.
- That's awesome.
You know, I'm... I'm totally, totally, like,
into plays and shit.
Then you should definitely come
tomorrow night.
It's completely student-produced.
Robin, I have an emergency,
serious play business.
Whoa.
Man.
What, Dante? What's wrong?
Man, that was a close one.
I think that guy
might have been hitting on you.
You said there was
an emergency, Dante. What...
Yes. Uh, the candlesticks for the table...
which color do you want?
That's it?
Jesus, you scared me.
Ask Wang. He's the prop master.
Heh. Right.
Uh, way to delegate, Robin.

I-I'm totally committed to this play.
Man, Captain Bunkley's wife is hot as shit.
She looks familiar, too.
I feel like I know her from somewhere.
- Well, I know her.
- Yeah?
In the Biblical sense.
You telling me
you boned the captain's wife?
She's nasty, man, total slut for it.
You're so full of shit.
Ms. Daniels.
We missed you in class today.
Isn't there some way
I can make up the credit?
Oh, I'm, uh... I'm sure
we can work something out.
Please, why don't you come on in?
You know, some might consider it
a trifle inappropriate...
a student visiting a professor in his cabin.
Oh, yeah? Well, I wonder
what they would say about... this?
That's a good start on your extra credit.
This has been
the greatest semester of my life.
And when the cruise is over
we won't have to hide anymore.
We can explore Egypt and Rome.
I'll show you the world.
This is Captain Bunkley speaking.
There's been a change in our course.
Instead of stopping
at Desoro Negros tonight...
we'll be moving on
and docking at San Paradiso.
That is all.
Oh, I'm... I'm sorry, my dear...
but I'm afraid I have to be going.
Why? W-what's happening?
Vroom, vroom.
Vroom, vroom.
Bunkley!
Captain Bunkley, g... whoa.

Well, uh, pardon the interruption...
but I had specifically requested...
that we stop at Desoro Negros.
Well, there are
some very important ruins there...
that I would like to study.
Professor Cavendish, I appreciate...
this isn't just a teaching trip for you...
that you're making
an archeological tour of these islands...
but I've recently been informed...
that the ruins at Desoro Negros
are not very spectacular.
Apparently the only thing
of any real interest...
is a thriving black market for stolen goods.
Oh, really?
I had no idea.
Now, we don't want
to expose these students...
to a situation like that.
No, of course not.
Hmm.
Dude, I'm so dominating you right now.
Oh, really, dude?
Because you've been playing
by yourself for the last five minutes.
Really? Peter, don't you have
an interview with Dean Dryer?
Oh, damn.
I... I gotta take a shower a-and do my hair.
Just skip it. Gerri's a shoo-in for that grant.
She caught that criminal last year.
Dude, she's like a superhero.
Plus she's smokin' hot.
Yeah. If I'm gonna get this grant...
I am going to need to summon
all my powers!
To the bong, Batman.
In a few days...
I'll be making my recommendation
to the Billingsley board...
regarding the awarding of the grant.
Ms. Farber, you have executed...

one of the finest scholastic turnarounds...
I've seen in years.
Thank you. I take my, uh...
educational career...
very seriously.
As for you, Peter...
I'm not entirely sure why
you're up for this grant at all.
You went from a 3.8 average
to what I can only describe...
as an embarrassing personal nose dive.
To what do you attribute
this pathetic decline?
Well, Dean Dryer,
I-I've been asking myself...
that very question over and over and...
Mmm-hmm.
I mean, who is Peter Michael Hanson?
Is he a conservative Republican?
A liberal Democrat?
How about just a lazy moderate?
Just lazy.
Uh, rest assured, whoever he is...
if... if he doesn't get this grant...
then he is gonna be doomed...
to wander this planet that we call Earth...
just... just pondering...
His very existence.
I mean, you... you don't...
you don't want that
on your conscience, now, do you?
Plus my dog just died.
Patches.
She could do a back flip.
Hey!
Excuse me.
Oh. Hey, Pete. Heh.
Cliff? What the hell are you doin' here?
I work here. I'm the bartender...
the pirate bartender. Har.
No shit.
Wh-when'd you start?
I jumped onboard at San Quista.
But don't tell anybody...

because you might get subpoenaed.

Right. Heh.

So how you been, man?

I'm OK, you know, ever since...

you got me fired

from my work-study program.

Uh, I'm stoned a lot...

and it's been pretty much

a downward spiral since then.

- That's awesome. Me, too.

- Yeah.

Well, how about a drink

on the house, man?

Wait. Let me first check with the boss.

OK.

He says all right.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen...

and I use that term loosely.

Well, then, tonight we see the first...

of our two finalists

for the Dobmeyer Prize...

Womanizing Objects...

written by Sarah Beesik

of Woodson University.

Uh, I hear the choreography

is quite special.

So let's give them

a warm college cruise welcome.

Hello, man.

I am a...

vagina.

Why do you oppress me, man?

I long for...

freedom.

These are my...

breasts.

These are my...

bosoms.

- Those...

- Those...

- Are her...

- Are her...

- Cans.

- Cans.

No dancing!
That's just an excuse for boys
to put their hands all over you.
Oh, you two make
such a cute lesbian couple.
Listen, gaybo.
Just because we've sworn off men...
doesn't mean that we are...
you know.
Ooh. Did I strike a nerve?
Get out of our room.
Oh, you two are so obviously in love
with each other...
and here I thought it was a beautiful thing.
Come, Gerri.
Let's leave these two lovebirds alone.
Can you believe him?
Mmm.
OK, how do I look?
Great.
Thanks.
Ooh. Your bra's poking out.
Oh. Heh. Us...
a couple? Heh heh.
You know what?
I think we look great. Let's go.
OK. Heh.
Robin.
Robin.
OK, so we have a multipart plan
for the evening.
What's up, dude?
We're gonna find some local exotic drugs...
and then we're gonna take them.
Dante.
Whoa. Uh...
You comin' onshore, or what?
Maybe I'll catch you later.
I have an errand to run.
- Boo!
- Boo! Drugs.
Whoa ho! Baby, you almost took me out.
You smell like brandy. What's wrong?
Look, Ms. Daniels,

I'm afraid I don't have time...
for this right now.
I have to go make a phone call.
I thought we were gonna have dinner.
I said I don't have time for this.
Wh-wh...
You see? This is exactly...
why you shouldn't fraternize
with the students.
I get too attached.
What?!
Kiss my ass, Rex! I'm not some...
Don't just walk away from me.
Get your boney white ass
over here right now.
Hey, Mrs. Bunkley.
You're lookin' quite hot tonight.
Come back when you've grown
a few inches, junior.
Oh. I'm growin' a few inches right now.
Wait. Now I'm more like eight or nine.
Remember who you're speaking to.
I'm the captain's wife.
Stukas. What a fuckin' liar.
Gerri, I wanted to ask you
a question about men.
I know you've been with a lot of guys.
Uh, those guys don't really count.
That's when I was drinking a lot
freshman year.
But I've totally got my drinking
under control now.
Here's another kamikaze...
and your double rum and Coke.
Thanks.
What are you doing?
Trying to dance.
What are you doing?
Whoa. Hey.
Hey, Gerri.
Drunk enough to spread 'em for me yet?
I'll have another.
Zdorov'ye.
Da.

So they tell me you're the man to see
to, you know, get high.
What's that?
Is drugs.
Well, right, but I mean what kind?
Is it hash or what?
Yeah. Is drugs.
Is drugs.
You buy it.
It looks like tar.
Do you eat or or smoke it or what?
Yeah. Eat. Smoke. Is drugs.
You buy.
You buy.
Oh, finally. Some size fourteens.
I'll take the come-fuck-me pumps.
Oh, hey. I'm, uh...
I'm looking for something to, uh,
slip in girls' drinks...
make 'em wanna have sex with me.
So, uh, just give me
the strongest thing you got...
like, uh, ground-up rhino penis
or something like that.
No, man. No rhino penis.
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
Well, uh, what kind of penis do you have?
Man, that might have been
the best thing around here.
I mean, he said it was drugs.
Dude, I've seen a lot of drugs in my life...
and that shit did not look right.
Yeah.
You, Americans, you like gettin' high?
Fuck, yeah.
Native to this country...
is a monkey that feasts
on psychedelic molds...
that are poisonous to humans...
but if you grind up a monkey's bones...
the powder contain
all the psychedelic properties.
Dude, monkey bones.
Choo Choo, what have you got for Rolo?

Let's see.
What is this junk?
You stupid monkey.
You're supposed to steal me
jewelry and Rolexes.
You're useless, Choo Choo.
I should grind you up
and smoke you right now.
Two hundred dollars.
But we only have one hundred dollars.
Monkey bones are very valuable,
my friends.
One hundred dollars not enough.
Boys, you want monkey bones?
Come.
One hundred dollars,
I give you monkey bones.
This place keeps gettin' creepier.
But it is drugs.
True that.
Choo Choo.
Um, that's a whole live monkey.
With bones inside.
You can grind him up and smoke him.
This is a good deal.
We're gonna smoke
a little fuckin' monkey, dude.
Ho ho!
Wait. Wait.
Land ho, maties!
Oh, that's Yellowbeard's Island.
We'll surely find the treasure now.
Captain, I know it.
Under the cave in the center rock...
is a... there's a treasure!
Ah, we'll be rich. We'll all...
Dude. Dude! Break's over.
Get back to the bar.
Sure.
Maybe we should find some guys.
But wh-what about being born-again?
Well, we are. I mean, I don't know.
Look, leave me alone, OK? I want a guy.
I love guys!

Hey, Cavendish, your, uh...
your phone call's gone through.
You can take it over there at the table.
- Thanks.
- Right.
I don't know how you're still walking, Gerri.
You drink like a fish.
I can't believe the way
you were dancing with that guy.
Oh. Yummy.
That's not even your drink.
It is now.
Gerri, you know what'll happen
if you drink that, right?
You'll wake up tomorrow with a guy...
whose eyes are going
in two different directions.
That only happened once,
the whole eye thing...
and I've got my drinking under control.
Oops.
I need another buttery nipple.
Yes, well, of course I know we're docked...
at the wrong bloody island,
you blithering idiot.
Yeah, somebody must be onto me.
No. No, don't go anywhere.
I'll, um... look, I'll, uh...
I'll charter a little boat and come to you.
Yeah... you better not start getting cold feet
on me now.
Uh, Rex... I mean, Professor Cavendish.
Can I talk to you for a mo... ment?
Professor Cavendish!
Ah, hello. Hello there, ladies.
What's the suitcase for?
Uh, papers.
Um, so, look, we were wondering...
if maybe you wanted to have
a cocktail with us.
Ah.
I know that you're our teacher
and everything, but...
I'm afraid I'm in a bit of a hurry.

Besides, I really don't think I'm your type.
Ohh! What are you talking about?!
Of course you're our type!
We do it with guys all the time!
Yeah, all the time!
But not at the same time!
Well, no.
Except a couple times freshman year.
That was really fun.
- Never mind.
- Ohh! Ohh!
Ohh!
What?
You.
Ha ha. I should have known.
What, you... you want it, hmm?
Yeah?
You want the Pharaoh's Heart?
Plenty of people have killed for it before.
But I've been in tighter spots than this.
My favorite part of the play
was when you showed your boobs.
Oh, hi, Rachel.
These fine thespians and I
were just heading back to my cabin.
What's the matter?
You could only find one guy?
One hot guy.
Mush!
Let's go.
Packet full of shit I bought didn't do crap.
I slipped it into four different girls' drinks.
Hey, isn't that the archeology professor?
Yeah.
Aw, man, he's totally passed out drunk.
OK, we should write "Caven-douche"
on his forehead and, uh...
give him a Dirty Sanchez.
Wait. I have a better idea.
Oh, God! Ohh! Oh!
Let's get some of Marla's panties...
and throw 'em on him
and then put him in the shower.
Dean Dryer...

wh-what are you doing still up?
Well, as my maiden aunt used to say...
that is none of your beeswax.
What's all the commotion?
Oh, nothin'. Just, uh, headin' off to bed.
Well, do try to keep it down.
Night.
Oh, shit.
Well, good night.
We'll be in here...
fucking.
Yeah? Well...
we'll be in here fucking...
harder!
I figured you'd come by eventually.
Well, Rexford, I'm not only
here for your convenience, OK?
Go take a cold shower,
'cause you look like shit.
Come on, Booker.
Heh heh.
Uh, why don't you girls get...
you know, started without me?
Make out with each other or something.
Newmar, Rusty said something today
that got me thinking.
Don't listen to him. He's a numskull.
I think it's time we make love.
Rusty is a wise man.
What was that?
Jumping fish?
Hey...
maybe we should go back to my cabin.
Not tonight. Tomorrow.
I want everything to be perfect.
OK.
I will make everything perfect for you.
Tomorrow.
How about going back to my room
for a few drinks?
Sounds good to me.
I'm starting to have second thoughts.
Shh.
Hey, Brady.

Sorry.

Fellows. Don't stay up too late.

We open tomor...

- row.

- Mm-hmm.

What's in the bag?

- Shoes.

- Laundry.

- Laundry.

- Shoes.

- Shoes.

- Laundry.

- Laundry.

- Shoes.

- Laundry.

- Shoes.

- Laundry.

- Shoes.

- Laundry.

- Shoes.

Uh, dirty shoe laundry. Heh.

Heh.

So how do we kill it?

Kind of cute, don't you think?

Stay focused, Wang.

Do we have anything poisonous?

We can't poison Choo Choo.

We gotta kill it somehow.

Don't think of it as a monkey.

Think of him as drugs.

- Aww.

- Aww.

Look at that. He looks like a little stoner.

Puff, puff, pass, Choo Choo.

Hey, hey, hey.

Rise and shine, sugar crotch.

My God, Stukas.

We didn't do anything last night?

Other than humping, not really.

All right, come on.

Time for you to get out of here.

I got another girl wantin' a good Stukin'

comin' over here in ten minutes.

Where are my clothes?

Uh, how should I know?
You weren't wearing anything...
when you showed up at my door last night.
What?
- Anytime, Gerri.
- Wait.
You're welcome.
Morning, boys.
What's up?
What the hell is that thing?
His name is Choo Choo.
We were gonna kill him and smoke him.
Now we're teaching him how to play Xbox.
Yeah, and he totally sucks at it.
What's up, dude?
I just need to use Wang's computer
to download these photos.
You guys have got to see these.
Come on, follow me, Choo Choo.
Hey, where'd Choo Choo go?
I 'on't 'ow.
Wang, dude, monkey gone.
Oh, shit.
- Choo Choo!
- Here, monkey!
- Choo Choo!
- Choo Choo!
Here, Choo Choo.
- Choo Choo!
- Here, monkey.
Gerri, are you naked?
Ms. Farber! My word.
This girl appears to have lost her clothes.
Do I want to know
the explanation behind this?
Yes. I was in...
my friend's room, and, uh...
Well, good morning,
Dean Dryer, Captain Bunkley.
I was just on my way to the library.
You know, catch up on my studies
for next semester.
Uh, Gerri.
What happened to you? Did...

did you fall overboard?
Well, it seems I may have been wrong
about the two of you.
The problem is
is I gotta find the right mood...
but I don't know
what the right mood should be.
Get some candles, some soft music...
maybe some colored lights.
Porn.
Actually, that's not a bad idea.
You know, nothing hard-core.
Maybe some soft stuff.
Just get the images in her head.
Where am I gonna find porn on the ship?
Whoa.
That's a lot of porn.
Are you kidding me?
This is just my travel kit.
Um, OK, so something soft...
romantic...
no penetration shots, I'm assuming.
Oh.
Captain Bluebush.
Fuck, yeah, dude.
I might actually get that grant.
Gerri is gonna go down.
Choo Choo!
What is... what's up, dude?
What do you got?
What is this?
Holy shit.
Some sunglasses.
A thumb drive.
Dude, cash.
Did you steal this shit?
Bad Choo Choo. Bad klepto monkey.
No, no, no, no. Wait a minute.
I have wanted a thumb drive,
and these sunglasses are badass.
Good Choo Choo.
You know what? Go steal some more shit.
Come share my bath.
Come on.

After you.
You know, I have, uh...
wanted this... ah heh...
for so long.
So...
So...
- so...
- Ohh!
Jeez! Are you OK?!
I'm just a little nervous.
I'm sorry. I know. I'm a little nervous, too.
Um, wait.
I've got the perfect thing.
- A movie?
- Yeah.
This'll break the ice, huh?
One romantic movie coming right up.
OK.
OK.
- Ready?
- Mm-hmm.
Honey, come on.
Everyone's gettin' really hungry.
Ahoy there, matey.
I'm Captain Bluebush,
Slut of the Seven Seas.
I've come for your jewels...
family jewels.
Ooh.
Ohh! That's it now.
Ohh!
This isn't romantic. Oh, my God.
What are... eww. Uh...
This is disgusting, Newmar.
What kind of girl do you think I am?
No, no, no. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.
What the... what button is this?
God, he can be such an asshole.
I can't believe you did it with Stukas.
I thought you hated him.
Lynne, Gerri loses all self-control...
when she's got alcohol in her system.
It's like she's a maniac.
I feel like shit.

Ohh.

Don't tell anyone about this, you guys.

- Promise.

- Promise.

Hey, Gerri, ohh.

You poor thing. You look like crap.

Here. I thought you could use
a little hair of the dog.

There's booze in that?

Well...

uh, not so much.

I call it the Rusty remedy.

It's a morning drink.

Nice try.

Ohh!

Ohh!

There was Everclear in there!

Oh, my God! My eyes!

I'm sorry, OK?

Um, look. I know what we need to do.

We need to get you back in the mood, OK?

- OK.

- So lie back down...

and I work a little magic.

Where are you taking me, Booker?

The gym. It's the closest shower.

You need to wash out your eye.

Oh, thank you. You're so good to me.

Oh, my God, this hurt... what if I'm blind?

- What if I'm blind?!

- You're n...

The rest of my life as a blind man?!

You know what? You know what?

I'll... I'll catch up with you in a sec, bud.

Uh... uh...

I...

All right, people, I know you all want...

to stare at my impressive meat...

but try to show a little restraint, shall we?

Ah, ah, come on.

Hey!

How's it going?

Hey, asshole, remember me?

Aw, nah.

Aw, not you again.
Move it, bitch!
Don't do that!
Get outta here!
Move it!
Get him! Go!
Don't fuck with Olga.
Whoa, now. Down, girl.
Come to mama, you little dickless wonder.
Come on! Bring it on!
Stay out of here, you little prick!
Oh, my God. What was that?
No! Don't look!
That came from Violet's room.
Aah! Help, Booker!
What is going on in here?
Haven't you ever heard of knocking?
- We'll save you.
- Rape!
What are you guys doing?
What are you guys doing?
- Booker!
- Hold on.
Dude, pull me up. Help! Ohh.
- Eww.
- What is that?
Somebody help me!
Aah!
Would everyone just leave?
You two had better not be doing
what it is most obvious you were doing.
Did you guys hear a horn?
Oh, crap. Is that Rusty?
Don't let go. Is he naked?
What is all this screaming about?
- Hey, a butt.
- Ooh.
I'm getting the camera.
I can't get leverage.
We need more people!
No, don't call over more people!
What's going on here?
That looks dangerous.
Pull me up!

Who gave you permission?
Is that Rusty?
Would you just get out?
Oh! Oh, yeah!
What channel's this?
Newmar, tell them to leave.
What?! I can't hear anything!
Po-mo girls are comin' over.
We'll have you up in no time.
No! Not the po-mo girls!
What's with the candles and flowers?
Hey, wait a minute.
Were you and Newmar gonna do it?
- What?!
- Nice.
Just let me die. Let me die.
Pull! And pull!
And pull! And pull!
And pull!
And pull!
And pull! And pull!
And pull! And pull!
And pull! And pull!
And pull! And pull!
And pull! And pull!
And pull! And pull!
Professor Cavendish?
It's Robin.
I know you're in there, Rex.
Open up...
Ohh!
Looks like your boyfriend left the boat.
Dante, what are you doing here?
And wh-what do you mean,
"my boyfriend"?
I know about you and Cavendish...
and it's gross. He's old...
and he's such a pompous jackass.
What makes you think he left the boat?
Well, the door was unlocked,
but he wasn't here.
Looks like he packed and left in a hurry.
Forget about him, Robin.
You know I'm the one who really loves you.
I need to go. Yeah.

I love you, and with Cavendish
out of the way...
we can finally be together.
Kiss me, Robin.
Get off of me, Dante!
Why?! Why not me?!
I'll see you at rehearsal, OK?
We should, uh, concentrate on the play.
Whoo!
I'll concentrate on the play.
Missing, you say?
Yeah. I, uh, went to go look for him in his...
during his office hours...
and, um, he's never been late before.
Well, he said nothing to me.
But knowing him, it wouldn't surprise me...
if he didn't stay onshore.
I'll place some calls.
That's Rusty's hat. He likes leaving it there.
Hey, Wang,
your monkey's fucking with my shit.
Are you even allowed
to have that on the ship?
I mean, what if he starts...
shitting everywhere?
What if I start shitting everywhere?
Ah. Now he's got one of the diamonds.
Come here, buddy.
Now, Choo Choo,
please give me the diamond. Thank you.
See?
Robin, Robin, I am sorry...
but I just... I have to drop out the play.
Drop out? The play starts in a few hours.
Th-there are no understudies.
I'll help out any way I can...
but I'm just too embarrassed
to go onstage.
Violet, wait!
OK, this isn't happening. OK?
I'm gonna have to play her part.
No one else knows her lines.
I do.
I have the whole play memorized.

Ha ha ha ha!
Look, I'll buy the photos from you.
It's too late, Rusty.
They're already on my blog.
Come on, you guys!
This really isn't necessary.
Newmar, yes, it is.
How am I supposed to walk in these?
Well, that's what you get
for having such big feet.
It's all I could find in a size fourteen.
I look like a stripper.
Well, strip.
Hey... oh, I need you.
Mmm!
So Rachel is playing Violet's role?
Don't you have to kiss that character?
That'll be weird.
Hey...
this DVD is totally disgusting.
If Violet didn't find this romantic, Newmar...
it wasn't meant to be.
I'm gonna have to alter the entire costume.
Make it happen, foosball.
Violet, psst, we really need to talk.
No, Newmar.
What?!
Uhh!
Has Stukas showed up yet?
Uh, not yet, but I'll go check backstage.
Asshole.
After this drink...
what do you say we go back to my room?
Houselights down!
Mike, bring the house down.
Did you find a way to secure those lights?
Yeah, I did it this morning, chief.
Got it locked in there but good.
Let's complete the run-through.
Let's take it from the top without Stukas.
I am so frightened.
The murderer could still be amongst us.
Dios mo.
Oh, Colonel, I shall never feel safe again.

Fear not, miss. For I, Colonel Kroog...
will make sure that you are safe.
Oh, Colonel, you're so brave.
Come on, guys.
Whatever the two of you
are going through personally...
I don't care.
In less than an hour,
these seats will be filled.
So kiss already.
Go!
You must be enjoying this.
Can we just get this over with?
Rusty, the kiss is your cue.
Uh...
what's everyone just standin' around for...
when there's a mystery to solve?
Now, uh...
Constance, you were...
standin' by the fireplace with the fire poker.
No, Rusty. It's, "Constance...
"you were standing by the bay window...
"holding a candlestick."
Rusty, remember
when you're telling everyone...
where they were
and what they were holding...
you have to give 'em the item.
Robin, why do you insist
that we do this scene...
when you know that I don't know my lines?
You promised, Rusty.
If it makes you feel better, Robin...
I've been practicing carrying the jewel.
You wanna go run lines?
No. I'm gonna go rub one out.
Anybody see my catcher's mitt?
Booker, do I hand you the drink...
before or after you start telling me
about the war?
Oh. Um...
before, because you sit down...
during his line about the sinking ship.
Duh.

Thanks. Great.
That's pretty cool
you memorized the whole play.
It's great having a photographic memory.
Ahoy there, matey.
I'm Captain Bluebush,
Slut of the Seven Seas...
and I've come for your jewels,
family jewels.
Shove it harder. Yes.
Oh, yeah! Ohh!
Oh, yeah, that's it.
Spank me, you dirty pirate.
Oh, come on, yes.
And sink your ship in my treasure chest.
- Ohh!
- Yes!
Oh, yes. Ohh!
Ohh! Oh, God.
What is it?
Hi. I'd just like a word with you,
Mrs. Bunkley.
- I'm busy.
- Or should I call you...
Captain Bluebush?
Shit.
I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!
You're Summer Solstice, the porn star.
Wh-what do you want?
Well, if you don't want everyone
on this ship...
including your husband,
to know your little secret...
I will be requiring certain favors.
Like what?
Well, I... I saw you do this thing one time...
where you, uh, put your leg
behind your head...
Guatemalan face hat.
You're pushing it.
OK, OK, fine. Just, um, plain sex then...
missionary.
- You...
- Come on!

I mean, I'm a virgin here, for Christ's sake.
Nuns have had more sex than me!
OK! Look I mean,
I guess you're kind of cute.
All right, let's get this goin'.
Hello, my sweet.
My husband.
Honey.
Hi. I wasn't expecting you so soon.
Well, I really need to take a shower...
before I attend this evening's performance.
Oh, no. Heh heh. You smell just fine.
Find your own spot.
What the fuck are you doing here?
I was fucking the captain's wife
until your ass showed up.
Get the fuck out.
Why don't we, um... take me now, Captain!
I need you.
Uh, well, I suppose I have a... a little time.
- I...
- Yes.
How about we take a shower together?
Oh!
Oh! Why, this water is freezing.
I mean, my goodness, that's cold.
Ha ha. What a day, I tell you. I'm exhausted.
- Uh...
- Yeah.
Uh, I better get a fresh towel.
Thank you.
I caught a pervert!
Listen, she invited me.
How dare you accuse my wife
of such a thing?
You're in for the beating of your life,
young man.
I'll have you know I was champion...
of my weight class in the Navy
two years running.
Listen, old man, I don't wanna...
insult my wife, will you?

Come back at 8:

My husband will be at that stupid play.
But I'm in that stupid play.

It's 8:

Do I get some Guatemalan face hat?

Out.

Honey, you should probably call
the ship's doctor.

I'm almost done savaging
this Peeping Tom.

All right, here we go.

Yeah. OK.

Unh! Ow! It hurts.

Look, do you wanna look beautiful...

or do you wanna look like a cow?

OK, here we go.

Oh, God. I have to be back
to try on my costume.

No.

Put 'em back on. Put 'em back on.

Yeah. Yeah, I'm definitely looking at you.

Oh, yeah?

Well, I've always been the hot one.

Yeah. If anyone was in love with anyone...
it was definitely you with me.

Excuse me?!

If there is a hot one, I am the hot one.

You are the stupid one.

Girls, girls,

you are both the stupid one, OK?

Now, come on. I have to finish your hair.

Places, people. First places.

Mike, you ready up there?

Mike?

Mike!

What?

What are you doing?

We start in ten minutes.

Get in the light booth.

Everything's all set.

Now!

Are you wet?

Why are you wet, Rusty?

Dry! Dry! Now go! Go! Go!

Stukas! You weren't at run-through today.
Are you drinking?
Ah, don't spray your panties.
I got all my lines down.
Swig?
So can I expect another visit
from you tonight?
That is never happening again.
Never, ever. Never, ever.
Well, I'll always have the photos.
She's got blonde hair,
and she's sitting in the back row.
This stuff tastes weird.
Ha ha! That's because there's booze in it.
Let's see,
you were first caught naked in a hallway...
and now you'll be drunk onstage.
The grant's mine. Heh.
Good day, madam.
Fuck!
Yo, D-bag, what'd you do with my hat?
Mm, I guess someone stole it.
That's what you get for leaving it
on the prop table.
Oh, my God, you pud-whacker.
I know you did something with it.
Yo, hey, everyone, gather round. Come on.
Guys, let's gather round. Come on.
Come on.
Come on. Come on.
Come on.
Now, I know we've all worked really hard...
for the last few months, and at this point...
I really don't care
about winning the contest...
and neither should you.
The only thing that you guys
should be concentrating on...
is remembering your motherfucking lines
and your cues.
OK. So, um, break a leg.
Tonight we present our second finalist...
Death by Blackout...
written by Robin Daniels

of Billingsley University.
Let's give them a warm
college cruise welcome.
Ah, the first of the guests has arrived.
Hello, sir,
and welcome to the Hibbert estate.
Whom may I say has arrived?
Harvey Jadin, American capitalist,
at your service.
May I take your hat?
Uh, well, you could...
if some dickhole hadn't stolen it!
Ah, excuse me.
That must be another guest.
Ah.
I have coffee.
Oh, God, I love you. I was dying here.
All right, listen to me.
These have got to be set.
This is for Gerri, all right?
Do not let her put it away.
Somebody grab that monkey.
Leave my monkey alone.
- Hey!
- I swear to God...
"I swear to God." Whatever, psycho.
Excuse me.
He's touching my bag, my prop table.
Listen to me!
Oh, my G...
you two are disturbing my Wa.
Choo Choo, don't go onstage.
Son of a...
Eww.
Now, ladies and gentlemen,
I give to you your host...
Lewison Hibbert.
Lewison, darling...
who are all these people?
All in good time, my dear.
Uhh. The play's gonna be fine.
Can I get another one?
Your husband is quite bold...
to set it out in the middle

of the room as it is.

Oh ho! Yes!

Probably because it's a fake. Heh.

Well, I am an expert

on carbonaceous deposits...

which have crystallized

into metastable dodecahedra...

or diamonds.

Hmm.

I'll have a look.

Ah, ye...

yes.

Hey, it didn't break.

It's the Pharaoh's Heart.

Yes...

the many facets of the Heart of U'die...

so beautiful, like looking at the face of God!

Cadwell, I'd like that drink...

before my ascot goes out of style.

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. Here you go, sir.

Well, my guests...

As soon as I finish this drink we can dine.

And lights out.

What's the meaning of this, Hibbert?

It must be the storm.

What was that?

Everyone remain where you are.

Uh-oh.

Sir! Mr. Hibbert!

Please, give Mr. Hibbert some room.

Room isn't what he needs. He's dead.

Ohh! Mr. Niles! Call an ambulance.

Everyone just stay calm.

I can't find a pulse.

Help is on the way.

I'm serious.

Maybe for the time being,

everyone should retire to their rooms.

Hello. He isn't breathing.

Yes, thank you, Miss Constance.

I believe you already told us that.

Let me see him.

Wait. Don't touch him.

Um, Miss Constance, um...

please let Mrs. Hibbert see her husband.
You don't understand.
I think he might be dead for real.
No, no, I promise you we do understand...
because you've said that, like, fifty times...
so please step aside
and let me see my husband.
- Marla, I am dead serious.
- Gerri, he's only acting.
- Well, you take his pulse then.
- OK.
Newmar, shut the curtains now.
Constance, uh, did...
are you feeling well today?
Did you remember your medication?
Great ad-lib, Booker.
So now I'm crazy for the rest of the play?
Newmar, stall the audience.
Think of something. I don't care.
Ow!
What the fuck was that?
He's dead. Stukas is really dead.
Have you been drinking?
No. Well, yes.
It was Pete. He's trying to destroy me.
Yo.
Hi.
I'm Newmar, and, uh... you're not.
Stukas, get up.
Hey, is he OK?
Yeah. You know what? He's fine.
He's just passed out. He's drunk.
Hey, could we get this show
on the road, please?
Some of us have places to be.
No. He's dead.
Well, thank God
he's not in any more of the play.
Um, so...
Look, OK...
- Pete.
- Yeah? Yeah.
You wanna help me move Stukas?
Sure. Sure.

What we're doing here is something...
very, very... it's never been done before.
I don't think he's breathing.
That's because he's dead.
- What?
- Yeah.
He had a heart attack or something.
Whatever.
The guy in the...
in the... the colonel outfit, right...
let's pretend that this is him
just for a second.
I saw you going for that diamond.
You and I are the only ones
who know about it.
Are you sure?
You are the murderer.
Me?
Yes, you.
Couldn't be.
Then who?
Where'd it go?
Choo Choo!
Good monkey. Come here.
No. Come on, bring it to me.
No, no. Come to me.
I'm the one that really loves you.
No. I could have smoked you, and I didn't.
Give me the diamond.
Opening the curtains!
But all we have to do is run...
and love each other as much as possible.
Newmar, get off the stage.
All right. Well, thank you.
From the look of this body...
uh...
crime scene...
I suspect we have all been witnesses...
in a murder!
Ho!
Did anyone hear anything
after the blackout?
You guys wanna keep doing this play,
be my guest.

Yes.
Well, well...
I must excuse myself to the loo.
I will be back momentarily.
Don't you think we should stay...
and engage in some discussion...
about the murder?
Yes, I'd love to...
but I really do have to take
a gigantic dump. Peace out.
What are you doing?
We're in the middle of a scene.
Uh... oh, shit. What is that?
Oh, jeez. Uh...
Constance, don't you want to...
help... me...
in the... investigation?
I'm good.
I know. I'll do her part.
Of the investigation.
And I could do... be...
Mr. Aldrich's part, too...
while he's...
dumping.
Cliff. Cliff, dude...
look, I need a huge, huge favor right now.
Pete?
What are you doing here?
Oh. Um, well, I...
we broke some glasses,
and we needed some extras...
and Wang would've come, but he was...
Well, I really should...
get back to the play, now, shouldn't I?
Uh, Cliff, could you help me
carry some glasses?
Sure.
The play's going great.
I can tell that it was most assuredly...
not a heart attack.
Here, monkey, monkey.
Here, monkey, monkey.
I... have a theory.
I shall return.

Oh, shit.

Look, I have to step out for a second.

I have a, um... a family emergency.

Call me on this thing

when I'm due back onstage.

You want me to find your monkey?

Yeah.

But I didn't even know what it looks like.

It looks like a monkey, Cliff.

I'd look myself, but someone has to do my part in the play.

Dude, I'll do your part in the play...

a-and you could go find the monkey.

You don't even know my lines.

Well, I'm sure I could figure it out.

Violet, this is Cliff.

He's gonna be replacing me in the play.

- Get him a script. Thanks.

- But what about his costume?

Are you accusing me of something?

Maybe I am.

Would you two knock it off?

Hey, look! Mr. Aldrich became a pirate!

Kick-ass! Ow ow ow!

Yes, the pirate is right.

We need to work together.

All right, here's the deal.

Stukas isn't drunk.

I think someone poisoned him.

- What?

- Yeah, but you can't tell anybody.

And the diamond that Choo Choo...

stole off the stage is a real diamond.

Look, I'm gonna get it back,

and if you see Choo Choo...

you have to catch him. All right?

- All right.

- Later.

Ohh.

I would wager...

- Rusty, you're almost on.

- Fuck!

This foul crime...

Where are you?

- Shit.
- Rusty?
In some way...
involves this large diamond.
Yes!
Maybe I should hold on to it.
Or maybe I'm holding on to it...
already...
in my pocket.
Rusty, you're on in thirty seconds.
Yes!
Maybe I'll hold on to it.
Ohh!
Oh, Colonel!
Sorry.
Rusty, where are you?
Co... I'm coming.
Oh, Colonel, you're so brave.
Stretch it...
What's everyone just standing around for...
when there's a mystery to solve?
I'm with Mr. Jadin.
Now, perhaps if we recreate
the scene of the crime.
Constance, you were by the bay windows...
holding the candlesticks. Fact!
Colonel Kroog was by the fireplace...
and in his hands was
the antique fire poker. Fact!
Mr. Aldrich was in this chair. Fact!
Dr. Vassilisa was nearest the diamond.
Cadwell was closest to the door.
Mrs. Hibbert had in her hands
a bottle of scotch.
I, American capitalist Harry Jadin...
was here examining this painting.
Fact, fact, fact, fact, fact.
- He...
- got every...
- word.
- None of us...
was in position
to have caused that blackout.
Except for Mr. Hibbert's nurse, Lolly.

No! No, I swear!
No!
After her!
Rusty, that was really good.
Where's the serving tray?
Maybe someone's moved it.
Maybe someone's trying to ruin the play.
- Eli, you're on.
- What?
With all this talk of diamonds...
we should have ourselves a treasure hunt.
What the...
That's intermission.
Thank you. Ooh.
Eli, how many fingers am I holding up?
"W."
- Find Choo Choo?
- Nothing.
Marla. Marla, I...
Shh!
Ahh.
Why are you on my stage?
Ah, I'm fillin' in for Pete.
Oh.
Foosball.
Oh. I like your makeup.
Oh, thank you, sweetie weetie Peetie.
I need to ask you a question.
OK, you know how you said
that Marla and I...
are I-I... liked each other.
Oh.
Well, how do I find out if that's all true?
Oh, Lynne, she's just scared.
You have to lead her.
She wants you.
I can see the bond between you, and...
and it's beautiful.
Ms. Daniels.
What?! Oh, hi.
Rather interesting play
you're putting on here.
Yes, very interesting.
Everything going as it's supposed to?

- Yep.

- All right, then.

As to your earlier concern...

a deckhand found

Professor Cavendish's suitcase.

Looks like he did jump ship.

Go, go, go, go, go. Grab his feet.

Grab his feet. Hey, Dante...

help us move Stukas.

Dean Dryer's backstage...

and we can't let him find him,

so, uh, drunk.

Stukas isn't passed out drunk.

I put something in his drink.

Did Dante just confess to us

that he murdered Stukas?

Let's just pretend he didn't.

Come on. Under the table.

Come on. Shove him. Slide him.

I have to go check on something...

so you're in charge.

Start the second act...

and keep things running

until I get back, OK?

There you are.

Look... oh. We need to get out of here.

I... I can't tell you why.

It's for your own good...

but it is an... exploration.

So can we just forget about our little fight?

Yeah!

Let's get out of here and explore.

OK.

Crap, I can't let Marla find Choo Choo first.

Shouldn't we tell someone about Dante?

No. We gotta find that diamond first.

Let's split up. I'm gonna follow them.

How much time do you think we have?

I want you now.

You. You missed your window.

Fuck that, lady.

Look, I've been through...

a lot to be here, and I think I deserve...

a little Bluebush,

know what I'm talkin' about?
I make the rules!
Hide.
No. Hide.
Get. Go.
God.
- Man, shut the door.
- Oh, no.
- No!
- Move it!
Come on, buddy.
What are you doing over there?
Shh.
Hello, my sweet.
Hi.
I miss you every minute you're away.
So, uh...
how was the, um... the... the play?
Very strange.
I don't really understand
this modern theater.
Mm-hmm.
Whatever happened
to a good old-fashioned play?
Now they have to dress everything up...
by making it all conceptual and weird.
Well, the, uh... the play'll be starting again.
Won't they want you back?
Oh, there's always time for you...
my perfect...
loving, loyal wife.
Did you just grab my ass?
I don't know.
Did I?
Come on.
The Pharaoh's Heart.
Rex, you did steal it.
How sad.
He's gone, Robin.
Forget about him.
Dante, I seem to run into you
a lot in this room.
If you just paid me a little more attention...
none of this would have been necessary.

What did you do, Dante?
You should come back and watch the play.
It's quite a show.
Now.
Finally! Mmm!
Ohh!
Lynne, we did it.
W-we actually have the Pharaoh's Heart.
Yay!
What are you doing?
We're lesbians!
That's why you brought me out here...
to make out.
We are not lesbians.
I brought you out here...
so we could snag that huge diamond.
A diamond?
Come on, my darling.
Oh, Captain, you are so magnificent.
Oh, you're the only man for me.
What the devil?!
Don't care.
- Didn't you hear that?
- I didn't hear a thing.
Why don't you just kiss me,
you sexy beast?
I swear I heard something.
I think that pervert might be back again.
I can smell his cowardice.
No one can hide from me.
I have a sixth sense about these things.
Ay!
- Oh, Jesus.
- Quick.
What the devil?!
Homosexuals!
And more homosexuals!
All right, you queers!
You are gonna get the bashing of your life!
Bessie, darling, we've got a job to do.
Anyone... where's Janet?
I'll get it to hair and makeup.
Can't talk to you right now.
Ow! Whose shears?

I don't know.
It's cold out here.
Go! Go!
So mad, man.
- Run. Run.
- Killin' me with this shit.
Move it, man. Come on!
Wait. Rachel's playing my part.
I'm in charge!
Everyone's in the play now!
Including me.
Oh. Why would I be wearing a helmet...
and holding a broom?
'Cause, Newmar...
I can smell through time.
All right, man.
Finally some action.
Everyone, let's make art!
Come back here, you sodomite!
Fight like men!
Try to convert me, will you?!
Run, run, run.
I'll give you another hole
for your friends to enjoy, fatty!
Bagged one! Ha!
Now there are two dead.
There must be a murderer in this room.
It's not safe here anymore.
I can feel it.
I don't think it's safe for any of us
to wander off alone.
Uh, oh, I'll retrieve her.
Hey, I thought I was supposed
to go with that chick.
Man, is it hot in here.
Screw the script!
I'm solvin' this pirate-style, baby!
Yeah!
This is awesome!
Ha ha ha! Yeah!
Whoo!
I love this!
Here, Choo Choo. Here, monkey.
Wang, have you seen Dante?

Somewhere.
We gotta find the captain.
Dante basically told me...
- he killed someone.
- He told us that, too.
He told you he killed Professor Cavendish?
- No, Stukas.
- Stukas?
I...
shall return.
Fact!
So sexy.
What the...
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait.
Where are you guys going?
Come back! Come back!
Oh, Captain Buckley,
I have to talk to you.
I can't stop.
There's a gaggle of perverts...
in dire need of a good thrashing.
But I know what happened
to Professor Cavendish.
He was murdered, and his killer's...
right here in this room.
- Hello.
- There he is.
Finally brought the captain, huh?
Him? And what make you think
that this boy did it?
Because I did. It was worth it.
Why, Dante?
So you'd go out with me.
You thought killing Cavendish
would make me want to go out with you?
Kill Cavendish?
What about Stukas?
Yeah? Did you kill him as a bonus?
I didn't kill Stukas.
I drugged him.
I put monkey bone in the prop decanter.
It's a hilarious prank.
Stukas is dead, Dante. You killed him.
But they told me

monkey bone was harmless.
I-it's just supposed to mess you up.
Heh. It's hilarious.
How could this have happened?
That stupid monkey.
It's all his fault. He was touching my bag.
Oh, so Choo Choo made you kill
two people?
Where is the Pharaoh's Heart?
What?
Wait a minute.
Captain, I never mentioned anything
about the Pharaoh's Heart to you.
Wang, I found the diamond. Let's get out...
Yeah, I'll be taking that, young man.
Hand it here, son.
I found it first! Aah!
Oh! The diamond!
Leave her alone.
Where is it?
What the fuck are you guys doing?
Dude, one of these diamonds is real.
Treasure.
Aha! I knew you took it!
Don't move, young lady.
Where is it?
Are these all diamonds?
Oh, shit! I found it!
It's mine!
None of you even think about moving.
Damn it, it's my...
Correction.
Hand it over.
Look at that. He has a gun.
Hold it right there, Captain.
Oh. My... my pistol. I was looking for that.
Sure you were.
It's gone one bullet left in it...
with your name on it.
Everyone-body, stop!
And look at me.
I'm Peter Pan!
Peter Pan.
Go, me!

Newmar. Newmar.

It was him, the captain. He did it.

He did it for the diamond.

I-is the money you're getting
really worth killing someone over?

Money? I didn't do it for the money.

It's a present...

a present for my dear and devoted wife.

You killed someone just so you could give
Mrs. Bunkley a gift?

She deserves it.

She's just a perfect little princess.

What?! Dude, I hate to be the one
that breaks the news to you...

but your wife is a total whore.

- Fact!

- How dare you?!

No one talks about my wife that way.

Wait a minute.

You're one of those homosexuals
that was spying on her.

Why, you slimy little misc...

Audacious the way they worked in
the ship's captain.

Great special effects. It looked so real.

I kind of saw the ending coming.

All ship personnel, prepare for docking.

I am deeply disappointed...

in all of you.

Mr. Hanson...

Ahh. Ms. Farber...

I do not think I can award either of you...

a grant for graduate school...

since I have seen

nothing out of either of you...

but moral degeneracy.

Ms. Daniels, despite the judges...

awarding you the highest point total...

I'm afraid you cannot receive

the Dobmeyer Prize...

as I have learned that much

of what we saw onstage last night...

was not actually in your script.

And, Dante...

I don't know whether you
can be prosecuted for murder...
but I suspect that intentionally drugging...
and accidentally killing
the late Mr. Stukas...
is still a crime!
And the fact that some of you knew
that Mr. Stukas was dead...
and concealed that information...
in order to continue to pursue
this precious stone...
is too shameful for words!
I'm disgusted
with each and every one of you.
Heh. All for a diamond.
Needless to say...
we'll be handing over the Pharaoh's Heart...
to the proper authorities.
What?
Choo Choo, come here.
Where's the real diamond? Choo Choo!
Who's got the diamond?
Hey, Mrs. Bunkley.
I-I'm really, really sorry about your loss.
If there's anything
that I can do to comfort you...
in your time of need...
Sure.
And by the way...
it's just Summer now.
Summer Solstice.
Take a number.
OK, Summer.
What's up, dude?
Hey.
Oh. This is really, really great.
I'm finally gonna get to have sex...
after, uh, oh, I don't know...
like fifty other dudes. Wow!
Nice, nice, nice!
Newmar, the doctor said...
you have a concussion...
and your hearing
will come back eventually.

What?

He said you can't go to sleep...

or you may die.

Now, what can I do...

to keep you up all day?

Oh. Heh. Um...

Uh, eh...

Oh. Oh!

Ohh!

All obsessed...

with the taste of flesh.

Behold the secrets of

nature's deepest mysteries.

Man turns animal for

the erotic pleasures of women.

And men, tingling with excitement...

trembling with horror...

and throbbing with emotions.

A sanitized study of

a man and a woman.

You must find strength.

Too much...

too often.