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Girls Gone Dead

By Meghan Jones

Ungrateful...
unholy...
without self-control.
Brutal.
Not lovers of good...
conceited...
Have nothing
to do with them.
Nothing.
There will be terrible times
in the last days.
People will become...
lovers of themselves,
lovers of money...
boastful...
proud...
having a form of godliness,
but denying its power.
And another upsetting thing
about these days of ours
is the lack of respect
that young people have
for their bodies.
We must take
control of that.
We must teach our children
that God has not placed
them here
just to
pleasure themselves.
Amen.
And that unclean thoughts
are just as much a sin
in the eyes of God
as the acts themselves.
Isn't that right,
Rebecca?
Shall we show everyone
what happens to those
with unclean thoughts?
Those who have given in
to the temptation?
Those who put their
needs above God's will?

Come, my dear.
Let us show them.
What?
Isn't somebody
gonna help her?!
It's all right, Rebecca.
You're still pure.
You have failed yourself
and you have
failed God.
May he have
mercy on your soul.
Packing, dear?
Yes, Mother.
Mandy should
be here any minute.
Is something wrong,
Mother?
No, of course not.
It's just that I'm gonna
miss you this weekend.
I'm only going to
be gone for two nights.
I know, but, Rebecca,
you just got home
from school and...
I really thought we'd spend
some quality time together.
I'll be home
all next week.
Well, come here a minute.
I really
have to get going.
Now, for your trip,
I got you some things
that no young lady should
be without.
Oh, Mother,
you shouldn't have.
But I did!
This isn't another
Tabernacle Chorus CD, is it?
- Because I-
- Open it!

Thanks.

You may be away
from me this weekend,
but God will always
be with you.

It's for your vigils;
plus to help you
read at night.

I think the house we're
staying at has electricity.
There's one more thing,
keep looking.

Oh.

Wow.

I knew you'd like it.
Well, it's definitely
something.

Well, now that you have
all of your essentials,
it's time to send you off
on your journey.

Let us pray.

May it be your will, God,
that You lead us
toward peace,
and make us reach
our desired destination
in life, gladness and peace.

May You rescue us from...
the hand of every foe,
ambush, bandits and evil.

Mom, I really got
to get this.

- Yo, bitch.

- Hey, Mandy.

I'm kind of in
the middle of something.

- Can I-

- Well, your ass better be
in the middle of
fucking packing.

- I'll be there in ten.

- All right.

- I'll see you when I get-

- Ooh.

And Missy scored
the fake IDs,
so we should look
nice and legal this weekend.

All right,
really gotta run.

Whatever.

- May we continue?

- Mm-hmm.

Dear Lord, may thy word be
a lamp unto our feet
and a light
unto our path.

Amen.

Mom, I've really
gotta go.

I know.

And yet again, the most
disgusting company
in the country,
Crazy Girls Unlimited,
are throwing their
annual orgy
in Daytona Beach, Florida.
Every year, we here at HBN
try to protect our youth
from this
collection of perverts,
and every year, the response
is the same.

Just take a look
at their past behavior!
You can become an HBN angel
by showing
your support here today.

What kind of angel
are you?

I'm a nasty angel.

Your souls are
in danger.

These girls holes...

Now that's what's in danger!

And Moses, with the tablet in

his mighty hand,
approached
the mountain and said-
Show me your tits!
We came across this,
obviously, pirated footage
from the Crazy Girls website
on the Internet.
And, to make
matters worse,
Daytona will become this year's
Gomorrah when pornographer
Ronald Jeremy becomes
the master of ceremonies,
and Nicko McBrain will play his
hard rock music.
Big surprise.
When questioned, here is what
their local sheriff
had to say...
Well, Holly, I've spoken
with Mr. Governor at length
and we've come to
an understanding.
As long as they
follow the rules,
I don't anticipate
any problems.
Such filth.
Oh, Mandy's here.
Oh.
Becky!
Long time no see!
You look great!
Thanks, Todd.
- Why are you-
- Hello, Mrs. Foster.
You look younger
every time I see you.
You sure the two
of you aren't sisters?
Oh, Todd,
you're too much.
And I told you a million

times, it's Rosemarie.
So what brings you
here on this glorious day?
Well, when a little birdie
told me that Becky here
would be in town,
I went straight out
and got us...
...two tickets to see
"The Amazing
Technicolor Dreamcoat"
at the Surfside Amphitheater.
Um, I can't,
you see, I-
But Willie Aames
is touring with them.
Rebecca, it sounds like such
a wonderful time!
Then why don't
you go with him... sis?
Rebecca,
don't be ridiculous.
Come on, bitch!
- Oh, sorry, Todd.
- Bec- Becky-
I got plans
this weekend.
- Gotta run!
- Rebecca!
Bye, Mom!
Well, be safe
this weekend!
Please don't do anything that
I wouldn't approve of!
Just drive.
What's up your ass?
My mom strikes again
with the "Almighty Todd. "
Yeah, I saw that creep
in your driveway.
Seriously, when is
she gonna stop with
that arranged marriage
bullshit?

I know.

She's been trying to set us
up since we were, like, five.

Uh...

Ooh, ooh, I know.

If it works out,
can I come to the wedding?

Please?

I already have the perfect
gift picked out for you.

A key to your
chastity belt.

Hey, hey, hey,
pull over, pull over!

What, you want to
register there?

Shut up and pull over.

Fine... Mrs. Todd.

Eww.

- I'll be right back.

- Okay.

Unleaded?

Yeah, that would
be great.

- 20 bucks worth.

- 20 buckos.

Hey, what's up?

Yes, I retrieved
the Virgin Mary.

No, her mom's not with her.

God, you're such
a bitch!

So how's the house?

Does it suck or...

Oh, really, so what?

Oh, my God.

No, I don't carry

that shit on me

and don't ask me that

on the fucking phone!

God!

So where

are we going now?

Oh, that's right,

Manatee Creek.

Mm-hmm.

We'll see you in 30.

Manatee Creek?

Yeah?

You sure you want to be
going over there?

Yeah, why?

Don't really think you
belong in a place like that.

I'll keep that
in mind.

Holy shit!

- Ready?

- Yeah.

This is going to be
one hell of a weekend!

Peace.

Hey, what about
my 20 bucks?

Hey, come back,
you bitches!

Hey!

Son of a bitch!

So did Missy actually get
permission to use this house
or is this another one
of her schemes

that involves us
climbing through a window?

Would you relax for once?

We're staying at a kick-ass
house on the beach,
unchaperoned.

Great, unchaperoned.

- Go, Hammerheads!

- Go, Hammerheads!

Whoo!

Oh, this is so pretty.

Fuck, yeah,
ready to party?

This place fucking rocks.

Welcome to Casa De Beer.

The party's inside,

bitches.

- Follow me.

- Let's go inside...

Asses up, bitches,
party time.

Sluts are here!

Hey!

I'm so happy to
see you guys.

Me too!

I know,
it's been forever.

I'll show you
to the kitchen.

Fuck, yeah.

Yeah!

Even the kitchen
in this place is huge.
We could cook for, like,
an army of men in here.

I know.

At least one day
while we're here,
we should totally try to
make a real meal.

No offense, Kel,
but we've all had your cooking
and I'd like to be the first to
cast my vote as a no.

Second.

Anybody else remember that
cheerleading camp potluck?

Oh, I remember that.

What was that you made,
sweetie?

Cheeseburger souffl?

Oh, what were
you thinking?

Chocolate mousse
should not be layered

- with ground beef.

- Right.

I didn't mean to
make everybody sick,

but the recipes,
they got mixed up.
Blech!
God, Missy, I'm hurt.
I've known you for
how many years
and yet I've never
been here before.
Neither have I,
dumb-ass.
Dad usually rents it.
It just happened to be
empty this weekend,
so he offered it to me.
Fuck, yeah.
I mean, this place
is amazing and everything,
but does anybody wonder why
our town's former sheriff
would have us stay here,
at party central?
Who cares?
Party...
It's her mother.
Hello, Mother.
I'm amazed it
took this long.
Yes, everything is fine.
What?
No, I already told you, boys
aren't staying at the house.
"Mommie Dearest. "
I'll use them tonight,
I promise.
No, I haven't
tried it on yet,
but I'm sure
it fits fine.
Mom, I really have to go.
I'll call you on Sunday
when we're on our way home.
Love you, too, Mom.
Bye.
What is that?

- Drop it in.
- What?
You heard me.
I'm not giving
you my phone.
It's not just you,
Becky- everyone.
Come on,
hand them over.
Hell, no.
Missy and I decided
that this weekend
there'd be
no interruptions.
Mm-hmm.
No parents,
no boyfriends.
And in Missy's case,
no booty calls.
Uh, what happens if there's,
like, an emergency?
Like Kelly
sets her hair on fire?
Hey!
We'll just have to dunk
her in the pool.
Isn't there a landline?
My dad shut
that off a year ago.
Ever since some fucking
French assholes
rang up the bill
calling Canada.
France isn't in Canada.
- Huh?
- Well?
We'll use my phone.
It will be for emergencies
and deliveries only.
Well, I'm in.
Rebecca?
Fine.
Seriously?
Good girl.

Do it.

Whatever.

Anything happens to that, and
you're buying me a new one.

Don't be such a bitch.

I'm putting them
in a safe place.

If you'll excuse me,
I'm going to go upstairs,
put on my new bikini
and go for a swim.

- Who's with me?

- Fuck yeah!

Girls, I'll show you
to your rooms.

Grab our shit.

Cannonball!

Whoo!

Whoo!

If you wanted to see them that
bad all you had to do was ask.

Hell, who hasn't
seen them?

Watch it.

Look, I got one!

- Kelly!

- Oh, my God.

Uh, guys?

I think we
may have company.

Oh, sweetie, lack of sex will
do that to you.

- Do what?

- Screw with your head.

Baby, you're starting to see
guys hiding in bushes.

But don't worry,
the girls and I will
take care of that tonight.

That's right!

Yeah, Becky,
we'll help you out.

Are we still going to that
bar you told me about?

Wy Uh-huh. 's!
Daddy says it's crazy
this time of year.
He actually compared it
to Mardi Gras on crack.
So I say we go.
Fuck yeah, I'm in!
- Me, too.
- Me, too.
Mardi Gras, I'll go!
We need one more.
Well?
Come on, come on.
What are we waiting for?
Go, Hammerheads!
Oh, fuck!
God!
Learn to drive much?
Mud?
Why am I in mud?
It is mud, right?
I hope that's mud.
Where the fuck are we?
This is Wyld Wylee's?
Who knew I'd need
a Malaria shot
to come out tonight?
Look, I say we still go in
and check it out.
What have
we got to lose?
Our lives, wallets.
Ladies?
Everyone have their IDs
with them?
Uh-huh.
Good.
Now follow me.
Nice asses!
Welcome to Wyld Wylee's Oasis.
I'll be your tour guide
for tonight.
Could I get you girls
some of our

famous monkey margaritas?

Um, yeah, hi.

There's not another Wyld Wylee's
around here, is there?

Nope, this is
the one and only.

World famous!

Is there a mortician's
convention in town?

Because this
place... is dead.

Cute.

How old are you,
Sheila?

I'm 26.

Says here you're
born in 1968.

Um, the guy at
the DMV was dyslexic.

Oh, crikey!

No worries, no worries.

Come on, girls,
don't be shy.

Take a table
and I'm going to
bring you some Congo Coladas.

Come on.

There is something really
wrong with this place.

I like it.

It makes me think of,
like, an Irish pub.

What else can I get you?

Um...

I guess we'll
take some nachos.

Would that be small, medium,
or gorilla-sized?

Um, gorilla-sized,
I guess.

Oh, nice choice,
mate, nice choice.

One more round!

Okay?

Two rounds, two rounds!
Becky, Becky, Becky,
Becky, Becky...
Oh, my God, watch out for
the fucking gorilla!
What are you
supposed to be?
I'm just a helpful primate
bringing you your order.
Well, Dr. Zaius,
you forgot the plates.
I'll get right
on that, ma'am.
Let me swing on over
to the kitchen.
- You do that.
- Whatever.
Something
is very wrong here.
I know what you mean.
That Sasquatch
could talk.
Not what I was
going for, Kel...
but thank you.
No, I'm referring
to the fact that
this place is
called an oasis,
but our bartender is dressed
like Panama Jack,
and this whole place
has a Hawaiian theme,
yet a gorilla just served
us nachos.
Sasquatch.
What?
Thank you.
I didn't order this.
I know you didn't.
He did... for you.
Is he cute?
I can't tell,
I'm seeing two of him.

That's one of him.
On two stools.
You guys are so mean.
I bet he's
a really nice guy.
Well, I am going to
go find out.
- If she were-
- Oh!
If she were at the drive-in,
he'd be the double feature.
Oh, I need a shot.
Here.
Cheers.
Oh...
Oh, why are you so green?
Oh, I don't
feel so good.
I'm going to go to
the bathroom.
I know what will
make you feel better.
I'll get you
another shot.
Speaking of shots...
- Oh, my God.
- What?
You know Becky's
a lightweight.
No.
That.
Eww!
It's like a car accident.
I know I should
look away, but I can't.
Eww...
How much you want to bet
that she does it with
"tons of fun" over there?
I'm in,
I'm fucking in.
That sounds like
a carnival ride.
Uh, he looks

like a carnival ride.
Hey, cool it, cool it, they're
coming back to the table.
Hey, where's Becky?
I wanted to say
good night.
Go Yeah. t?
Jare- Sorry.
This is Jared.
We are gonna go
for a little drive.
Mm-hmm.
Don't wait up.
Mm-mmm.
Lisa, can I talk
to you for a minute?
No!
We've gotta get going.
Well, how long should
we wait for you two?
Um, he says he's going to take me back to
the house.
I am.
In the morning.
Let's roll!
- Bye.
- Did that just happen?
Are we just gonna let her run
off with some random dude?
She'll be fine,
he seemed really nice.
I mean, he did buy
her a drink.
I'm sure Ted Bundy bought
a few drinks back in his day.
Didn't make him
a good date.
Up next is Wylee singing
"Forever Wasted. "
Come on, handsome.
I can't wait to see
what you're packing.
Ahh!
How about

we go to your place?
I don't know how my landlords
are going to feel about that.
What?
You live with
your landlords?
I kind of, sort of...
live with my parents.
Is there
any place we can go?
I got an idea.
Come on, come on!
- What are we waiting for, then? - Hurry up!
Go, go, go!
Forever wasted by you #
Every time
you call my name #
It's music to my ears #
But I'll admit sometimes
I run away in fear... #
Oh...
#... my word's sincere #
I'm so
wasted by you #
Forever wasted by you ##
Fuck my life.
Ooga, ooga, ooga.
Please welcome
Ronald singing "Hammersmash. "
- Hammersmash!
- Whoo!
Hi.
You so have
a crush on him.
He's my friend.
Damn this.
Can't get this
thing off.
Hammersmash #
Oh, my God, girls.
Do you remember
this song?
Hell, yeah.
Junior year, baby.

This is DC Hammer #
And I'm so good #
I think of all the rhymes that
you wish you could #
Up, come on,
you're dancing...
Come on, Miss.
And I'll move you
out of your seat #
With the baseline
of my funky beat #
And I'll make
you shake your ass #
Because this here song's
a Hammersmash #
Oh...
A front-see!
It's been a while since
I've seen one of those.
Man this shit's a hit #
Hammersmash #
Yeah let's
get down to it #
Every time you hear me #
You want to
dance around #
To my dope-ass record
and my fresh new sound... #
Boys.
When I start spittin'
rhymes like this... #
I told you,
it'd be right there.
Is a number-one hit #
Dude, get this right
here, get this, film it.
Right here, right here.
Zack, are you
a fucking homo, dude?
There's fucking hot chicks
right there, look.
You want me
to shoot that?
Look, Zack.

I'll get the one in pink to
let you put it in her pooper.
Dirk, but there's
none in pink.
Exactly.
I love this shit.
I don't know what
to say right here but #
Hammersmash #
This is so much better
than D&D!
My shit don't stink #
Or maybe
sometime it do #
Everybody else's stinks but
Hammer's don't stink at all #
I'll be back
in one second.
I was going to tell you
take a picture
'cause it'll last longer,
but looks like you're
already doing that.
You look like someone
who should be in the movies.
Mm-hmm.
Serious, you interested?
Why don't you bring your people,
come meet my people,
and maybe we can
reach an agreement.
Smack me, smack me #
Smack me
like a monkey ##
Get ready, girls!
Go...
Hammerheads!
Whoo!
Give me Yeah. second.
Ahh!
Easy on the teeth,
Lisa!
You guys can't be locals.
Why is that?

Call it a hunch.
No, actually we're passing
through on our way to Daytona.
Greg here wants to
be a cameraman
for Crazy Girls Unlimited.
Right there!
Hey, this is Sal.
Come party with me,
and my main man Beetlejuice
this weekend at the Crazy Girls Mansion in
Daytona.
Crazy girls!
Whoo!
It's gonna be wild.
It's gonna be crazy.
You're gonna love it.
You're going to be
followed around
by the one and only,
exclusive Beetle Cam!
Beetle Cam!
See it my way!
You'll be having pillow fights
with the main man.
The biggest schlong
in the world, Ron Jeremy.
Well, I used to like
Crazy Girls Unlimited.
Show up to this event
or drop dead.
You guys know that Crazy Girls
is one of the fastest-growing
Fortune 500 topless video
companies in the world, right?
You're the only one
that knows that.
Why would I know that?
All you are is one of them
damn camera pervs, man.
That's right,
you handsome bastard.
I'm going to be
a famous one soon.

Oh, good for you.
We should try out.
- You want to audition?
- Yes.
Okay, what should I sing?
Kelly, Crazy Girls Unlimited
is not a talent contest.
We just saw
the commercial.
It's a "who can get drunk
and take their top off
the fastest" show.
That takes talent.
I can do that, too.
Awesome.
Rolling.
I don't think so.
Hey, could you guys
excuse me for a second?
I need to go check
on our friend.
Oh, there's another one?
Uh-huh.
Actually, there's two of us
missing right now.
Sweet.
- The more the merrier.
- Hell, yeah.
Let's get some more of them
"tig" ol' "bitties" up in here.
Is your friend here
retarded?
Which one?
Probably.
He's from Belle Glade or some
other fucking redneck town.
I ain't from
no Belle Glade, fuck.
I'm from Pahokee,
man, shit.
Oh, oh, oh.
That is right
on Lake Okeechobee.
The birthplace of

Mel Tillis.
Who the fuck is Mel Tillis?
I am geography major.
I like rocks.
Especially the shiny ones.
Kelly, I think
you're confused.
Geo-graphists don't
study rocks.
Geologists do.
Yeah, Kelly,
geo-graphists do.
Uh-oh.
So what brought
you guys here?
Was it the, uh,
karaoke or fine wines?
Greg here runs a video blog
and this month's topic
is "Roadside bars and the
patrons who love them. "
Mm-hmm.
Interesting.
Look who I found
in the toilet!
Can we go home now?
Open wide, sweetie.
In a sec, Becky.
Come on, meet our
new friends here.
This is Eric, Zack, Bob.
My friends call me, Bo.
Hello, Bob or Bo.
Finishing off the group is,
uh, Greg on camera,
and, uh... Dirk.
Charmed.
Do you need any help
getting her to the car?
Oh, my God,
that would be great.
- She's getting really heavy.
- Yes, oh, wow.
Do you get

a merit badge for that?
Okay, Missy,
playtime is over.
In a sec... I gotta get
some numbers.
I thought you confiscated
all of our phones?
Well, at least
I got rid of one of them.
You're such a bitch!
Come on, Kelly.
Say tomorrow, around 4:00.
Definitely.
We actually have to
go to Daytona.
Dude...
Tomorrow and we'll
all give you...
something to film.
You guys, Crazy Girls
happens all weekend,
so we'll just get a room
down at the motel?
Yep.
Yeah, we'll see you there.
See you, boys...
tomorrow.
Yeah, you will.
All right,
let's get you in here.
Stay, stay, stay.
You're cute.
Do I smell like vomit?
Ew.
Thanks for
all your help.
So I guess I'll see
you around.
Count on it.
Hey.
So what about Lisa?
Should we call her?
She'll be fine,
she's a big girl.

Besides, we don't want to interrupt anything.

All right, see you guys.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Have a good night.

Bye.

Hello, and welcome to another episode of

"Fairways And Greens. "

My name is Montgomery Keybutter, though everybody on

the tour called me "Monk. "

Instructing professional golfers is quite different than pulling

the average man...

Pendulum stroke.

Watch the ball to the hole.

It's that simple.

And we will be joining Paul on the green right after this.

Crazy Girls Unlimited, the company that brought you

"Ho, Ho, Ho's Christmas Dreams"...

Merry Christmas!

Ha-ha-ha!

I've got a boner.

And "Irish Lasses with the Hottest Asses. "

Top o' the morning to you!

Happy St. Patrick's Day!

Invites you to be the star of our latest video...

Mandy!

...with the annual Spring Break Or Bust blowout...

at our Mansion in Daytona Beach, Florida.

The party begins at noon today with our celebrity emcee,

Ron Jeremy!

Plus, at 7:

there will be a special performance by Nicko McBrain, singing hits from his debut country album.

Yeah!

Beetlejuice will be on hand with the infamous Beetle Cam.

- Beetle Cam!

- Okay, I'm up.

- Please, turn it off.

- Fine.

As always, if you're crazy enough...

Well, good, now get up and get ready.

We're going to the beach in 20!

Okay.

- The beach?

- Mm-hmm.

Swimming.

Hey, Mandy, did, uh,

Lisa get back yet?

Uh, no, not yet.

And I think I know why.

Someone called her and warned her that Kelly was making breakfast, blech.

- Funny.

- Mmmm.

Now get up or else I'm going to have Kelly come up here with the plate she saved you.

Ummm...

Let's go!

Whoo!

Whoo!

Don't forget the booze!

Let's go, hurry up.

I hope there's really cute

guys at this beach.
Yahoo!
Here we come!
So much fun!
Just like high school!
Whoo!
Oh...
Okay, Missy,
what the fuck?
We put up with this shit bar,
but this?
This completely blows.
I thought we were going to
a beach, not a cemetery.
This fucking place is
where people come to die!
What, who died?
I just don't get it.
Dad said this was
supposed to be a hip town,
not a hip-replacement town.
What... the hell?
Phone.
You'll fit right in,
Grandma.
Oh, my God.
- She's calling Lisa.
- Who cares?
- I don't.
- Hey, Lisa.
It's Jessie again.
Um, we're at the beach,
and...
Are we going to stay or...
Well, that explains it.
- What?
- That.
Fuck me!
Not likely
in this town.
Now what?
Oh, great.
Hmm...
- Hello, Melissa.

- Hello, Darren.
Gee, Deputy,
what did I do wrong?
Well, for starters,
going 65 in a 40.
What are you gonna do?
- Arrest me?
- Missy?
What are you doing?
Shut up.
Oh, don't worry.
Deputy Dickhead here
can't touch us.
Or at least not anymore.
Melissa, that
was a long time ago.
I thought we settled that.
Hello, everybody,
this is Ron Jeremy
and I'm calling all hot ladies
in the Space Coast area
- to Crazy Girls Unlimited...
- Oh!
- Is that where you're going? - Where?
Daytona, to strip for
the cameras.
Who I strip for and why
is none of your damn business.
So either give me a ticket
or let us get
the fuck out of here.
How many people do you got
staying at your dad's house?
- Excuse me?
- Aren't you missing someone?
Well, yeah, actually,
our friend-
How would you know how many
people I have with me?
- So you are missing someone?
- Sort of.
Our friend, Lisa, left the bar
last night with this fat kid
and she

hasn't come back yet.

I keep calling her phone, but now it's going straight to voice-mail.

- Interesting.

- What?

She pulls this shit all the time.

Last night when I was at Wylee's, I thought that I-

Last night at Wylee's?

Are you spying on me again?

Do restraining orders mean nothing to you?

Look, I was just trying to make sure-

I'm not sure what you're trying to make sure of.

We're fine, Lisa's fine, she'll come back.

- Don't worry about us.

- But- but-

I said everything will be fine, Darren.

Can I go now?

Bye.

Uh, are you going to explain that one?

Yeah, who was that?

A mistake.

Let's go, Beet, get in there.

I want that helmet so deep up that twat,

you can see their uterus.

Let's go, come on.

Dive in, Beet, dive in, come on!

There you go.

You're the Jacques Cousteau of pussy, let's go!

Craziest Girls Unlimited go crazy!

Any girl that can

roll like a carpet,
ride like a Harley,
flip like
a cheese omelet
goes upstairs to Sal's
private quarters,
and you get
shot by Beetle Cam!
And you know that's a good
career move for any girl.
Dance your asses off!
Come on!
Whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa.
Are your tits
on this list?
Good, then make like
Michael and beat it.
You have a beautiful face.
You should see my ass.
Whoa.
Sorry, sweetheart,
no one's allowed upstairs.
Check it again,
meathead.
I'm on the A-list.
What's your name?
Destiny.
I'm here for my close-up.
Get them clothes off...
Sal, you there, over?
Yeah, it's Sal,
what's up?
Sal, I got a girl down here
named Destiny.
Oh, the one
with the little boy tits?
Tits like a little boy?
Yep, that'd be the one.
- Send her up.
- All right.
Tony?
Yeah, over here.
Yeah, make sure you

get these, uh, fish buckets.
Get the release for them.
- You got it.
- Beet, come on.
Come on, come on,
come on!
Ah-ha, way to go, Beet!
Let's get one of those
dumb twat's drunk tonight
- and get you some pussy.
- Oh, yes!
Tony, enough with the bullshit,
bring the meat holes in.
This other idiot here.
To the hot tub!
Ye You're dead. d.
Yeah, work on the ass.
Beet, you got bigger tits
than this one.
Keep moving please,
you're wasting-
Ugh, no comment.
Yeah, give yourself
a pap smear with that one.
Here you go, hide your
crack pipe in it, sweetheart.
Way to go.
Put that over your face,
make everyone happy.
- Dy-no-mite, there you go.
- Diamond rings!
Camera time!
Whoo!
Woo-hoo!
Very nice.
Check out this
piece of ass, baby.
Check out that
piece of parm.
Yeah.
It looked like somebody-
Look at that,
Beet, hit it.
Touch it, rub it.

Get Rub it down... man.
That a boy!
Let me get
a whiff of that.
Woo-wee!
Come on, get hot, baby.
Give me the lines,
give me the lines.
I love
Crazy Girls Unlimited.
I'm barely 18.
And you barely have
any tits.
You're lucky you got a job.
Beet, zoom in on that.
I'm just a freshman.
That's the only thing that's
fresh about you.
Come on, baby.
My dick's dying of cancer here,
looking at this garbage.
Come on!
Yeah.
Just a little bit more, come on,
let's see those piss flaps.
Come on, put them forward.
Come on,
baby, work it.
You got to get me hot,
you got to get me stiff.
Work it.
All right, cut.
Beet, put the camera down, that's enough of
this shit.
That a boy.
I said cut.
Here, take your T-shirt.
Go downstairs, suck a dick,
make yourself useful.
I thought that was part of
the deal anyway.
Shut up.
Hold on, there's
somebody at the door.

Hang out, Beet.
What's up?
I'm busy.
Jesus Christ!
What the fuck?
I'll see you later,
sweetheart.
Beet, let's get
the hell out of here!
What, huh?
Save yourself, B!
Don't worry about me,
man, don't worry about him!
Jesus Christ, what the fuck's
going on in here?
Get behind me, man,
get behind!
So anything else
you want to do for me?
Yeah.
You and me later.
Fuck, fuck, fuck!
Please, Jesus...
What about
a little head?
God, stop, no!
Fuck this!
You motherfucker!
See you later...
shit head!
Is that Lisa?
I don't know, Einstein.
I haven't
answered it yet.
Well, if it's her, could you please ask her
where our cell phones are?
I haven't updated
my status in, like, two days.
People are going to
think I'm dead.
Oh, hi, Daddy.
Just the person
I wanted to talk to.
Hello, pumpkin.

How's the house?
The house is fine.
How's Vegas?
It's just another
real-estate convention,
but it's going well.
So you girls
having fun?
Oh, did you
go to Wylee's?
Sure, did.
Even met Wylee herself.
Really?
I'll take it you're taking in
the local culture.
That depends, Daddy.
Do you consider culture to be
shuffleboard tournaments
and early bird specials?
Because that's
what's going on here.
I mean, come on.
A retirement community?
What, are you
punishing me?
Of course not, pumpkin.
I bought that place
for peace and quiet.
I figured that's
what you girls wanted, too.
You know, after your
midterms.
Right.
- Thanks a bunch.
- You're welcome.
So what else is going on?
Well, guess who had the nerve
to pull me over today?
What, no idea?
Fucking Darren!
- Darren?
- Yeah, Darren.
Oh, and this place just
gets better and better.

Not only did I run into
psycho-stalker
but Lisa disappeared
last night with some dough boy
from your favorite bar.
- And she hasn't shown up, yet? - No.
Her phone keeps going
straight to voice-mail.
If it makes you feel better,
I'll put a call into
the station.
You remember what
kind of vehicle she left in
or the name of the, uh...
friend she, um,
might have been with?
No idea on both counts.
Well, I'll take care
of it, all right?
And don't you
worry about Darren,
you will not be seeing him
again, okay?
Thanks, Daddy.
And look, you girls
want to have a fun evening?
I left some supplies in
the garage for you.
Supplies?
What kind of supplies?
Bingo?
Canasta?
No, you little wise guy.
Some party favors
from a shindig
I had just
a little while ago.
Party supplies?
Great.
Thanks, Daddy.
- I love you.
- I love you, too.
Oh, I got to go, my-
my seminar starts

in a few minutes.

- I'll talk to you tomorrow.

- Bye.

Oh, wait, wait, hold on.

You don't go anywhere,
you little minx.

I got something for you.

You don't go anywhere.

And don't forget, you owe me
that rub and tug.

- Well?

- Well, what?

What did he say

to do about Lisa?

He didn't say to do

anything about Lisa,

but he said he'll put a call
into his old station.

I'm sure she'll be fine.

Oh...

Kel, could you come with me?

I could use

your help for a sec.

- Okay.

- Thank you.

Ooh, I wonder what

kind of party supplies.

So?

Is this the one?

You look great.

Perfect.

Thanks,

but I don't know,

I feel like I'm just

going to fall out.

If you want to wear something

more conservative,

you can borrow mine.

I've brought extras.

Uh...

Uh, where are

you going?

It's just us in the house,

and we've

seen them before.
Well...
All right.
What's with
the hula gear?
Is somebody having a luau?
Apparently we are.
My dad mentioned
something about
leftover party supplies.
I thought it was booze,
but, uh, we got this.
So I guess you put
these in the backyard.
Yeah, and the three of us will
take these out front.
Bottoms up.
Thanks, I'll try not
to drink it.
You do that.
One down.
Kelly...
Yeah?
Don't you think that'd
work better
if we put
fuel in there first?
Oh, right.
I get it.
What?
Is that the same
cop car from before?
Hey!
Oh, shit!
I see you, asshole!
Get off my property!
Hey, I'm more
than 100 feet away.
There's nothing
you can do!

- **man:**
- Ahh!
I know

you can hear me!
That's right, bitch!
Go for Darren.
Get your ass to
1302 Beachside Road,
Daytona Beach, ASAP!
And don't come back!
- Fuck!
- Should we be concerned?
He never hit you
or anything, right?
No, it wasn't
anything like that.
All lit out back.
Is everything okay?
What did we miss?
Everything's fine.
Just another visit
from Deputy Douche Bag.
Next time your little
policeman friend shows up,
I'm calling the real cops.
Look, I told you,
my dad's taking care of it.
He's gone, drop it.
Showtime.
Shit!
Oh, my God!
Whoa, get out of my way.
What's up, boys?
Glad you
could make it.
Someone recovers quickly.
- Hey, Rebecca.
- Hey, Rebecca.
I like the one in blue.
Look at that donkey, man.
Why do you say, donkey?
It's an ass, man.
- What in the fuck?
- Oh, ass, okay, okay.
Drink your beer, man.
Come on,
you dirty girl.

Yeah...
Come on, drink up.
Okay, now for that
audition.
Drink up,
it's a party.
Hold on a second.
I wanna go for a ride!
If you're going to kiss me,
kiss me for real.
What, do I have bad breath
or something?
Whoo!
That would look
so cute on you!
What are you doing?
Yeah, right.
Did you witness
the beheading?
No.
The whole thing happened
upstairs,
but the head
fell right into my shot.
And I was thinking,
whoa, this footage has got to be
worth something.
I'm telling you, Sheriff.
There's got to be
a connection.
Look, I'm not going
through this again.
I'm not.
We have two
missing teenagers,
a murder in the same county.
Oh, and what about
the guy hanging around
Missy Pratt's house?
The missing teenagers have been
gone for less than 24 hours.
They're probably
sleeping it off somewhere.
They'll come staggering back.

Hell, they're probably
around here somewhere.
Oh, thanks, Tommy.
Let me take
a look at that.
Well, I'd say your theory is
pretty much a shit piece.
Oh?
Well, unless that
perp you say you saw
was dressed like a monk
and carrying a sword.
That's a war hammer.
A what?
A medieval weapon used by
religious zealots
for purification reasons.
And you learned
this where?
A local
Renaissance festival?
Have any of these
witnesses reported
what make of
vehicle the suspect left in?
I don't think anyone
was paying attention.
Too many other things to
look at around here.
Sheriff...
I have a really bad
feeling about this.
And you've obviously
got a disability, right?
Huh?
You know, that
hearing-impairment thing?
Come on, it's either that or
you're just not listening.
I mean, do you realize that
you're in direct violation
of the restraining order
the former
sheriff put against you?

I never touched her, I just-
It doesn't matter,
he's pissed
and he's threatening
to go to the city council.
They're questioning
my sanity.
- But you're-
- Shut up.
Here's the deal.
You stay away from
Melissa Pratt.
You're going to
stay away from Manatee Creek.
As a matter of fact...
you're off-duty
for the next 24 hours.
So just beat it.
Go.
But what about the guy
at Missy Pratt's house?
The guy at Missy Pratt's house
was probably a peeper
or some ex-boyfriend
with nothing better to do.
Do you realize, you're putting your entire
career
on the line
here for an ex-flame?
Get over it, get past it.
Those things
never end well.
And usually somebody winds up
getting hurt.
Okay?
Now listen, I got a dead
celebrity here.
I got 50 airheads
wrangling for an interview.
So let me do
my job.
Get out of here.

man:

you want to do for me?
Yeah, you and me later.
Actually, I got
a girlfriend already.
Well, it's not like we
have to fuck or anything.
But what about
a little head?
Wait, wait!
God, stop, no!
Jeez, fuck this!
- Oh!
- Oh, my God, did you see that?
Tha Horrible. ual.
Good God.
Headless.
Looks like someone's hormones
got the better of them.
Not that I would know
what that looks like!
Hey, guys!
Hello!
Why would you do that?
Okay, I like porno
as much as the next person,
but your live show sucks.
Fine.
Sorry about that.
Maybe we should go somewhere
a little more private.
What do you guys think?
Tha What? sie.
I could not stand
the sounds of them...
...for another
goddamn second.
Here, here.
All right.
Uh-huh.
What are you doing?
That's so bad.
Oh, this is going to
look so good on my reel.
Who's up for

a game of chicken, huh?
Come on, boys.
Whoo!
Follow the titties.
Ran out.
Who wants
another one?
Yeah.
Okay, I guess I'll just
bring the whole fridge.
What?
Ah, that's beautiful...
This is movie magic.
Uh-huh.
What are you doing?
What?
That's just bad.
That's just bad,
that's what that is.
Come on, Dirk.
Aren't you
going to get in?
I'm in the middle
of something here, okay?
Becky?
Um, I'm fine.
You guys have fun.
- How about you?
- No, I'm cool.
Oh, come on, don't be
like these two lame asses.
Come on, let's go
have fun.
Yeah,
have fun, Eric.
So what do you say we continue this
conversation
in the hot tub, huh?
- Come on, we'll just talk.
- Okay.
I won't make you do anything
you're not cool with.
Come on.
What are you

doing out there?
Uh, just give me a second.
Just...
Hey!
Aren't you our ref?
Pay attention!
God!
The beer's all gone.
Asshole!
There's more
in the cooler, no?
What the fuck?
Nope.
All gone.
Well, somebody
needs to take the run.
Whoo!
I Can't you go?!
Bo and I were
just about to win.
In your dreams, bitch.
- Oh!
- In your dreams, bitch.
Come on, fuck.
Fuck, fuck!
You got to be
fucking kidding me!
Come on, man,
I can do this.
Wait.
Wait, I feel movement.
Ahh...
It's showtime, folks.
Mood lighting.
Nice.
You started without me?
It's cool, baby,
I'll take over.
You're so wet.
Jesus.
What the fuck?!
What the fuck is...
Oh!
Y'all need me to pick up

anything else while I'm out?

Yeah, how about

a bottle of rum

and some hotter guys.

Better stuff

that mouth before I do.

Fuck you.

Oh beer

How I love you

Don't you ever

Leave me dry

What the fuck you

looking at?

See how that works?

Fuck me.

Shit.

Is that you, Greg?

Hey, Eric, you want to

go smoke a bowl?

Uh, no, I'm good.

Maybe later.

Come on,

let's go upstairs.

Fucking dick.

Do you guys

want to smoke?

Yeah, maybe

when we come back down.

You trying to scare me,

put me on that fucking

Internet of yours?

Think you're big?

Big old pile of shit.

Splatter you

all over the fucking-

Holy fuck!

Goddamn it, you just cut

my fucking arm off!

Fucking leg!

No, goddamn it!

Get away from me,

you fucker!

Goddamn it, fuck!

I'll kill you!

Fuck...

man:

possible as a parent,
to make sure that they only
interact with
other good
Christian children?
Or are there parents lacking
in moral value?
What is ingrained in them
when you are not around
to control what they
see or what they hear?
And that is why we are having
a telethon.

But we need your help,
your kindness,
your gifts from the heart to
help us, your donations.

Wait a minute.

Can we just
slow down for a sec?

What's the problem?

- I said give me a second.

- What's the problem?

I thought

you were into it.

I'm- I'm...

I'm just nervous.

Oh, I understand.

I'm a little nervous, too.

You're nervous?

Sure, I'm just an average
guy, but you...

you are an
absolute knockout.

Listen, I don't want to
make you do anything
you're not cool with.

- Really?

- Really.

I just- I can't.

I'm sorry.

I knew I was wasting
my time with the wrong one.
- What?
- Yeah, you heard me.
I- I could be
downstairs right now
fucking that slut, Missy.
But stupid me.
See, I thought it would be more
fun to go for the challenge.
You know what?
You prudes
are all the same.
Oh, you act like you're
all about it,
but, really, you're
just a scared little girl.
Oh, sweetie, don't cry.
Save the water works for
someone who gives a fuck.
Yeah, I'm going to get
the hell out of here now,
and go get a blow job from
your friend, okay?
You wouldn't do that.
Yeah, we'll see.
Fucking tease.
Come on, Zack,
let's roll.
No, I'm cool.
Plus, Bo's not back yet.
- Why, what's up?
- What's wrong?
Did you have
a little problem upstairs?
I'm not the one with
the problem.
Don't waste your time, dude.
You're not going
to get anything anyway.
This house is full of
cock teases.
Fuck you, asshole.
You're not even

worth teasing.
Fuck you, cunts.
Whoa, Dirk, cool it, man,
go chill.
You know what, I'm going to get my ass a
cab
and go to Daytona,
"Crazy Girls" or not.
At least those bitches
know how to party.
Have fun, loser.
- Whoa!
- I need to go check on Becky
and see what your
asshole friend did to her.
No, no, no,
I'll go check on her.
I think I know what happened
up there, all right?
- Seriously?
- Yeah.
Go away.
God, what?
Does "no" mean "yes"
to all of you?
I come in peace.
Do you want
to talk about it?
What's there to
talk about?
I'm just some uptight prude
who led your friend on.
Whoa, hey.
Do you really think that
about yourself
or is that
something Dirk told you?
Let me tell you
something about Dirk.
He's been giving
the same speech
three times a week since
high school.
He calls it

his "Mount Gushmore. "
How could
I be so stupid?
You're not stupid.
Everyone makes mistakes.
You're smart enough not to
let it go too far, right?
Is, uh...
is that your mom?
Yeah.
Uh, she gave this to me
when I was, like, seven.
It makes me sound
like such a little girl,
but sometimes...
when I look at it,
it just seems like everything
will be okay.
Like she's there to
lead me down the right path.
Sounds stupid, but-
You're not stupid.
Stop.
It seems like she really cares
about you and loves you.
Seems like you're growing
into quite the young woman,
not a little girl.
That was bad.
No...
That was-
that's horrible.
That's so bad.
That's a horrible line.
- Thank you.
- No problem.
What is this?!
Oh, I get it, you get bored
with one and go for another?
- Missy, you don't understand.
- Sure I do.
Your drama is ruining this
whole fucking weekend.
First, we have

to leave the bar early
'cause you puke on yourself.
Now, you run off
the best-looking guy in town
because you're scared
to put out?
Oh... what is this?
Who are you kidding
with this shit, Becca?
You pretend to be
holier than thou,
but actually,
you're just a selfish bitch!
Really?
I'm going to
get out of the pool,
I'm going to flatiron
my hair
and I'm going put on makeup
and I'm going to come up
here and yell at you.
Fucking prude-ass bitch.
Beer wagon's back, bitches!
All right,
I'm going to go help him.
Whoo!
Hey, who ordered
the monk?
- What was that?
- I don't know.
Zack probably
pulled down his pants.
He's crazy.
Okay.
I'll get
Becky and Eric!
You get your phone
and call 9-1-1!
And get Kelly!
Wait in her room!
Missy, are you
listening?
Missy?
Where is

the keys and phone?
In- in my purse.
On- on the bed!
Fore, motherfucker!
I'll get my phone.
Wait in my room, okay?
Go!
Get the phone and go!
Did you come for
the radio this time?
What is it?
Okay...
Okay, okay...
What do we do now?
I say we make
a break for it.
What?
Are you crazy?
No, I say we wait for
the police to come.
If Mandy called them, who
knows what happened to her?
I'm with Eric.
Okay.
All right, look,
you two stay here
and lock the door
behind me.
What... fuck!
Fuck!
Shh...
Lock the door,
lock the door.
It's okay.
Oh, my God,
what's going on out there?
What the fuck is
going on?
I don't know.?
Fuck.
Mandy?
And Kelly?
Look, we've only
got one shot

and it's down that hall.
We can do this.
We have to go...
Let's do it.
Shh...
Go, go, go!
Come on,
come on, come on!
Let's go!
Oh, my God!
This way, come on!
Fuck this!
Get the fuck
out of my way!
No, no, it's going to
be all right!
Look at me, look at me!
No, it's going to
be all right!
It'll be okay,
it'll be okay!
Look, she's going to
go down fine!
Missy's fine, look,
she's making it down just fine.
Look, she's going to
be all right!
You have to go now!
Rebecca, fucking jump!
- You have to go now!
- I can't, I'm afraid!
You gotta go!
- I'll be right behind you.
- Go, jump!
Becca, fucking jump!
He's going to
fucking kill you!
Jump!
- Holy shit!
- Ow!
Oh, my- Becca!
Get the fuck up,
get the fuck up!
Run, Becca, run, run!

Go, go, go, go!
Run!
Oh, Darren!
There's somebody
in the house!
What?
Slow down.
Who's in the house?
What are you doing here?
Why are you holding that?
Come on, I got to get you
out of here.
Where's the backup?
All our friends are
dead inside.
Shouldn't you
be doing something?
What, what...
wait, all dead?
- Are you sure?
- Yes, I'm fucking sure, Darren!
Do your fucking job!
Well, I just- I just
got to get you out of here.
- Come on!
- Wait!
What's going on here?
And why haven't you
calling anybody?
I'll tell you why
he hasn't called anyone.
He's not even supposed
to be here.
I have a restraining order
on this fucking pedophile!
Melissa, you know damn well
I never laid a finger on you!
Your friend here is
a fucking liar!
What?
I loved her and I was waiting
'til she turned 18.
Yeah, well,
that was the problem.

You know, you brought this
on yourself.
I didn't.
Whatever's actually
going on here tonight,
I know damn well
it's your fault.
Your slutty ways
have clouded your judgment.
Fucking don't...
Now, I need to get you
someplace safe!
Are you okay?
Did he hurt you?
Who the fuck
is this guy?!
What the fuck is going on
around here?!
Whoa!
Golly gee, somebody's
got a potty mouth.
What the fuck?
And to answer your question,
I'm Becky's boyfriend.
Ex-boyfriend!
And how did
you know where I was staying?
Well, when you didn't
answer your phone,
Rosemarie asked if I would
come and check up on you.
She's very worried.
Do you- do you
have a phone on you?
We have to call
the police.
Yes.
Looks like
someone already did.
Fucking yes or no,
douche canoe?
Well, duh.
Miss Manners.
It's- it's in my car

and it's just around-
around the corner.
You tw Yes, thank you. ith me.
- No, he's not!
- I promise, it's gonna be okay!
Stop, he's
gonna fucking help us!
Is there a problem?
Todd?
Did you
follow me here?
Sorry to say that I did.
And what I've observed has
been very disappointing.
Oh, what's this?
What the fuck is that,
what is that?
Becky!
Hmm...
It's probably
one of the weapons
that God bestowed upon me
to kill all your
slutty-ass friends
who were trying to turn
you into a whore!
We have to get
the fuck out of here.
You know, for such
a sweet girl, Rebecca,
you hang out with some people
with very questionable
morals and values.
Like you.
Come on, Eric!
Gosh... darn...
sinner!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh, my God, get up,
come on, get up!
Jezebel!
Oh, God...
I knew I should have

went to see Willie Aames.
What... what the fuck
is he talking about?
She's going to be so
disappointed in me...
It's all right.
It's over now.
It's not quite over...
...yet.
I've been wanting
to do that for so long.
Mother!
Dear...
can you get away from
the pervert so I can finish?
Finish what?
Clearing your path.
Oh, come now, dear.
Did you really think that
I wouldn't notice?
I know.
Mothers always know.
No...
Oh, my poor sweet Rebecca.
The way your face lit up
when they announced
that flesh-fest was
being filmed not far from here.
These girls holes.
Now that's what's in danger.
Luke chapter 13,
verse three.
"I tell you no,
but unless you repent,
you will all perish
in the same way. "
Don't you see now?
Todd and I knew you that
you were being influenced
by your friends
and the media.
It was the devil's work.
We had to make you
see the light

while your soul
was still pure.
That's when I asked God what
my next step had to be.
Remove the temptation.
Eliminate any possibility of
your being forced
to commit
unspeakable acts.
Oh, my God!
First, the bodyguard.
He was easily swayed by
the promise of sin.
Next was a girl
who had already given in
to otherworldly pleasures.
Followed by that pint-sized
minion of Satan.
- Crazy Girls!
- Whoo!
Oh!
Who was given to me
as a sacrifice
by that despicable man...
Fuck this!
...who then took his
own life!
See you later...
shithead!
That was you?
Oh, my God!
Beet and Sal are dead...
Great.
There goes my fucking check.
"Then the lust,
when it conceives, bears sin
"and the sin when it is
full grown
brings forth death. "
James chapter one,
verse 15.
So you see.
He simply must die.
Oh, God...

Die, you psycho bitch!
God, why hast
thou forsaken me?!
Why don't you
ask him yourself?!
Hey, come on, come on,
we need to go get help, okay?
Eat dirt, bitch!
Holy shit.
Darren, what the hell
has happened here?
I'll put it in
my report.
About that move.
You've been
holding out on me.
I wrestled a little bit
in college.
Yeah.
I guess I never seen it done
on a woman before.
You can ask my ex-wife
about that sometime.
We got a multiple
homicide at...
Manatee Creek, 16301 Johnston.
We're going to need EVAC.
Four ambulances.
A couple of body bags.
Look at this thing,
Darren.
It's been modified.
Modified?
Yeah, modified for a woman.
This is hollowed-out
aluminum,
like a baseball bat
with a sharp edge.
Look at this.
Please help...
my mother.
I know what
what she did was wrong...
Damn you, harlot!

Ashes to ashes, bitch!
Whoa!
Whoa, forget the ambulances,
we need a fire truck.
I'm so happy to be in
Crazy Girls Unlimited.
I'm a crazy girl.
Crazy girls!
I love
Crazy Girls Unlimited.
Ladies, step in and
give him a belly rub.
Hey!
I can rub some.

man:

to talk.
Crazy Girls!
Unlimited.
Whoo!
Tell me Sheriff, do you
watch Crazy Girls videos?
Well, you know
what they say, Holly.
One man's trash is
another man's treasure.
As you can plainly see,
these three gorgeous girls
are throwing down on me.
I'd rather them
going down on me.
Our savior rose
from the dead...
And these girls could
raise anything,
including the dead.
I am praying
for a \$1,000 angel.
What kind of angel
are you?
I'm the angel of the tits.
And then in
the Garden of Eden,
the snake said...

Put your ass in the air
and touch your toes.
Hallelujah!
Open your wallet.
Pick up the phone
and call the number
below and say...
Fuck you, Dominic!
Jesus saves and-
Jesus does save.
He's saving all that money
you're sending to me
and I'm spending it
probably on little boys,
if you know what
I'm saying.
I've got a boner.
Sound rolling.
107D, take one,
soft sticks.
Action.
Action...
happy leprechaun.
Now look at
their tits.
Look at your tits.
No, look at them, really look at their
tits.
Oh, look at those.
Whoo, whoa!
- I got a lot of hos.
- Oh, I got a lot of hos.
- Merry Christmas!
- Merry Christmas!
- We're Crazy Girls!
- We're the Crazy Girls!
Girls say that.
- Trick or treat.
- Trick or treat.
Oh, tits.
Bless the America.
All right, Beetlejuice,
now be nasty.
Ooh, nasty!

Excuse me,
I need a piss.
Can we get those body bags
over here?
I think I love you.
Oh...
It's good to be
the King.
Is this serious?
You pile-drive
people and you take my girl?
What is this?
Shut up.
Show me your tits!