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God Bless America

By Bobcat Goldthwait

in order to get outside
and get this guy in a rear naked choke,
and he passes out.
- Oh, fuck. Really?
- Yeah.
- That's terrible.
- No, it was awesome.
I'm Robbie Barkley, and you're
watching "Hollywood Extreme."
And another young man
comes forward with allegations
that he was sexually molested
by Michael Jackson
while visiting the Neverland Ranch.
His parents claimed
to keep the secret under wraps
because they loved his music.
Why don't they
just leave him alone?
All Michael ever wanted to do
was make people happy.
That's all he wanted to do.
You know, people don't know
what happened
between him and those kids.
They weren't there.
They're just a bunch of jealous haters.
I hate people who say bad things
about Michael Jackson.
I fucking hate haters!
I hate my neighbors.
The constant cacophony of stupidity
that pours from their apartment
is absolutely soul-crushing.
And you know what?
And I looked him right in the eye.
I go, "You're retarded," and then I
punched him right in the face.
It doesn't matter
how politely I ask them
to practice some common courtesy.
They're incapable of comprehending
that their actions affect other people.
They have a complete lack

of consideration for anyone else
and an overly developed sense
of entitlement.

They have no decency,
no concern, no shame.

They do not care that I suffer
from debilitating migraines
and insomnia.

They do not care
that I have to go to work
or that I want to kill them.

I know it's not normal to want to kill.

But I also know
that I am no longer normal.

I hate that baby.

I hate that baby's fat, stupid face.

Hey, buddy.

What's wrong?

A lot.

I'm Robbie Barkley,
and this has been "Hollywood"...

Take it easy, bro.

I'm not your bro.

Oh, God!

Please don't shoot!

I have a baby!

Look at this, look at this.

This is just tragic.

Oh, God.

What is wrong with Lindsay Lohan?

She used to have a lot of potential.

I don't know what happened.

It's the most
hilarious ringtone ever!

Just text P-I-G-F-A-R...

Controversial Reverend

Artemus Goran

and his supporters
are back in the news.

This time protesting
at a cancer victim's funeral.

God hates fags!

God hates fags!

God hates fags!

- VELOCitea.
- VELOCitea.
It's in your face.
Coming up on "Tuff Gurlz"...
Listen, you skank,
don't you
Did you poop in my food?!
What? What?
You bitch!
I think she's a traitor
and should be tried for treason.
Look, just because
she lost her son in the war
does not give her the right
to disrespect
all of our brave sons and daughters
who are serving our country right now.
Frankly, I think
her son's better off dead,
because now he doesn't have
to see the jerk
that his mother has turned into.
And, now, I know, I know.
Before you all start
flying off the handle with,
"Oh, Mike, how can you be
so heartless?"
let me remind you,
there's three things I love...
my mother, my country,
and the men and women
who fight the fight over there
so we don't have to fight it here.
That's it for "Fuller Talk."
You've heard the end of the statement.
Remember to order
all your "Fuller Talk" products
at the 800 number
at the bottom of the screen.
We've still got plenty
of T-shirts available.
Remember, two for...
The boys were caught
after setting the homeless man on fire

and then posting video footage
of the attack online.

Dumb Nutz!

Dumb Nutz!

Oh

Dude, are you all right?

Dumb Nutz!

We have a press
that just gives him a free pass
because he's black
so he doesn't have to work hard
like the rest of us
who play by the rules.

That... is the world we live in,
ladies and gentlemen.

- What's your name?

- Steven Clark.

What are you singing for us,
Steven Clark?

Do you know

where you're going to? #

What?

Do you... like the things
that life is showing you? #

Where are you going to?

Do you know?

Do you get what you're hoping for?

When you look behind you,
there's no open door #

I'm stopping you.

- # What are you hoping for? #

- Okay, okay, stop.

I'm hoping that you'll stop.

Stop, please.

You are kidding me, right?

You're wasting our time, Steven.

What are you doing?

Stop bowing.

Just stop everything and listen to me.

Do...

Do you have a mental problem?

No.

Go get some psychiatric help.

I'll see you in Hollywood.

Uh, I can't answer that question.
He also killed
his wife and mother,
bringing the total
to 16 dead and 33 wounded,
all in one tragic afternoon.
A former altar boy and Eagle Scout,
he climbed the University of Texas
clock tower in 1966
and, using his high-powered
rifles and Marine training,
he became America's first spree killer.
Meet Steven Clark,
the newest star
from last night's "American Superstarz."
Now, if you missed the show,
you might want
to plug your ears for this one.
Do you know
where you're going to? #
What are you hoping for? #
Okay, okay, stop.
I'm hoping that you'll stop.
That's my favorite part of the show,
when they have the crazies on.
I know.
I feel so guilty for laughing,
but it is so funny.
Wake up!
This is ridicu...
- Good morning.
- Yeah?
- Who is it?
- You blocked me in again.
You blocked yourself in, bro.
Okay.
Could you move your car?
I'm running kind of late.
Now?
Yeah.
Tell him to park his car
away from us.
Fine.
Do you know

where the remote is?
Dude, you need
to leave yourself more room.
Right.
In fact,
cannot read
above a fourth-grade level.
When high schoolers were asked
what living American
they would want to be,
the majority of girls
answered Kim Kardashian,
and the majority of boys
answered any male cast member
on the "Jersey Shore."
We are listener-supported radio.
We can only stay on the air with...
I'm really late, Ed.
How about you remember
how to park your fucking car?
Hey, if he plays this well
with one testicle,
maybe the whole team should get cancer.
Oh!
Send all angry letters
and cards to the E-Man here.
What?
Okay, well, I'm the bad guy, all right?
What? I'm just saying
what you're all thinking.
This ain't your daddy's sports show.
The mucho macho grande
burrito machismo experience.
It's extreme.
This is my favorite part
of "American Superstarz,"
when they have the retards on.
- I know what you mean.
- This thing is great!
We're giving you
backstage passes, and all you have to do
is touch her on the tit
and then maybe box a little bit.
Jesus, how long have you

worked on this show,
and you don't know
how to screen the dirty girls?
We want to see blood,
we want to see tears,
we want to see one
of you whores get knocked out.
Hit her in her defective tit.
Hi.
What's up? You called.
I was just trying to figure out
what time to pick up Ava tomorrow.
Ava says she doesn't want to visit you.
Yeah, well, she's going to.
Frank, I can't make her.
Yes, you can.
You're the adult.
Put her on the phone.
All right.
Hey, Ava, honey...
It's your dad.
I'm doing something important.
Well, maybe you can press "pause"?
But I'm almost to the next level!
Hit "pause."
Hi, Daddy.
Hey, kid!
You excited to come see me tomorrow?
I want to stay with mommy.
Why?
Because there's nothing to do
at your house.
What do you mean there's nothing to do?
We do lots of stuff.
We play in the park, we go to the zoo,
we make art.
Your house is boring!
Well, you're coming to see me.
Do you have a present for me?
No.
Hey.
Where'd she go?
She just handed the phone back.
You know, I should have never let you

move her out of town.
Frank, she didn't like to come visit you
even when we lived in Syracuse.
All right, well, Alison,
see what you can do
about changing her mind, okay?
Bye.
So, we're done talking?
No, Brad.
Oh, hey, listen, um...
I'm not sure I remembered to tell you,
but, um...
Brad and I are getting married.
Well, tell Brad, uh...
when he's down there
to smell my balls, all right?
Frank says hi.
Tell him hi back.
Bye, Ava!
Alison, get her to come, okay?
It means everything to me.
God, Frank, I'll try, all right?
You are such a drama queen.
Drama queen!
Drama queen!
Daddy is a drama queen!
Yeah, thanks.
Hi, Karen.
Hi.
Oh, uh...
here's that book
I was telling you about.
Thanks.
True, true.
But you know what I was thinking?
If he plays that good
with only one testicle,
maybe the whole team should get cancer.
Oh, killed it, boss!
I can't believe you said that!
Oh, come on, I'm just saying
what you're all thinking.
Oh, my God!
I feel so bad for him. Is he for real?

Yes, he's for real.
He was on "Fat Boy" this morning.
That's real all right... real bad!
Oh! You're real bad!
I think he's good.
Not!
You scared me.
You had me.
I think I hurt my back
on that one!
You probably like him secretly.
See? Right there.
Do you like the things
that life is... #
Here comes his pitchy part.
Yeah.
Where are you going to? #
Oh!
...what you're hoping for? #
When you look behind you,
there's no open door #
What are you hoping for? #
So, what about you, Frank?
Did you see that freak
on "American Superstarz" last night?
What?
Last night, the freak
on "American Superstarz"?
No.
I mean, yes,
I saw that guy accidentally.
I don't watch "American Superstarz."
You don't watch it, but you saw him.
Yeah, right.
What, are you too good for the show?
Yeah, I'm too good for a karaoke contest
that makes stars
out of people with no talent.
You can't say that, dude!
Some of those kids have real talent.
No, they don't.
They have good pitch.
They're relatively clean.
They're non-threatening

to little girls and old ladies.
They have the ability to stand in line
with a stadium full of other
desperate and confused people.
But I assure you, they are talent-free.
Yeah, well, I bet 32 million people
would disagree with you, bro,
'cause that's how many people called in
to vote last year on the finale.
I wish I was a super-genius inventor
and could come up with a way
to make a telephone
into an explosive device
that was triggered
by the "American Superstarz"
voting number.
The battery could explode
and leave a mark on the face
so I could know who to avoid talking to
before they even talked.
Yeah, I could look and say,
"Mm, no, you're not gonna be
saying anything
that's gonna add any value to my life."
Yeah, but it's funny.
I mean, you gotta admit that.
Steven Clark, that's funny shit, Frank.
It's not nice to laugh
at someone who's not all there.
It's the same type
of freak-show distraction
that comes along every time
a mighty empire starts collapsing.
"American Superstarz"
is the new Colosseum.
And I won't participate
in watching a show
where the weak are torn apart
every week for our entertainment.
I'm done, really.
Everything is so cruel now.
I just want it all to stop.
I feel sorry
for Jennifer Aniston.

Oh, yeah, it's tragic.
You know, and I don't care
how many foreigners she adopts,
I do not like Angelina Jolie.
Me either!
I mean, nobody talks
about anything anymore.
They just regurgitate
everything they see on TV
or hear on the radio
or watch on the web.
When was the last time you had
a real conversation with someone
without somebody texting
or looking at a screen
or a monitor over your head?
You know, a conversation
about something
that wasn't celebrities, gossip, sports,
or pop politics?
You know, something...
something important
or something personal?
You know what?
"Tate and Jeff" were talking
about that this morning.
They were saying how their freedom
of speech is in jeopardy.
What, you don't listen to them, either?
No, I don't.
What, are you more of
a "K.T. and the Snake Pit" type of guy?
'Cause those guys are pussies,
Frank, all right?
And they stole everything they got
from "Tate and Jeff."
I really don't like any of them.
How can you say that, bro?
So, maybe they're not
"politically correct,"
but it's funny, Frank.
Well, seeing how as I'm not afraid
of foreigners or people with vaginas,
I guess I'm just not

their target audience.
You don't get it.
If you got it,
you wouldn't be so offended.
Oh, I get it, and I am offended.
Not because I got a problem
with bitter, predictable,
whiny millionaire disc jockeys
complaining about celebrities
or how tough their life is,
while I live in an apartment
with paper-thin walls
next to a couple of Neanderthals
who, instead of a baby,
decided to give birth
to some kind of nocturnal
civil defense air-raid siren
that goes off every fucking night
like it's Pearl Harbor.
I'm not offended that they act
like it's my responsibility
to protect their rights to pick
on the weak like pack animals
or that we're supposed to support
their freedom of speech
when they don't give a fuck
about yours or mine.
So you're against freedom of speech now?
That's in the Bill of Rights, man.
I would defend their freedom of speech
if I thought it was in jeopardy.
I would defend their freedom of speech
to tell uninspired, bigoted blow-job,
gay-bashing racist and rape jokes
all under the guise of being edgy,
but that's not the edge.
That's what sells.
They couldn't possibly pander any harder
or be more commercially mainstream,
because this is the "Oh, no,
you didn't say that" generation,
where a shocking comment
has more weight than the truth.
No one has any shame anymore,

and we're supposed to celebrate it.
I saw a woman throw a used tampon
at another woman last night
on network television,
a network that bills itself
as "Today's Woman's" channel.
Kids beat each other blind
and post it on YouTube.
I mean, do you remember
when eating rats and maggots
on "Survivor" was shocking?
It all seems so quaint now.
I'm sure the girls
from "Two Girls, One Cup"
are gonna have their own
dating show on VH1 any day now.
I mean, why have a civilization anymore
if we no longer are interested
in being civilized?
Frank...
Can I see you in my office?
Uh, yeah, sure.
Come on in.
Have a seat.
- You know Ronald from HR.
- Yeah, yeah.
- Hello.
- Hi.
Frank, there's no easy way
to bring this up,
so... let's just cut to the chase.
What is your relationship
to Karen in reception?
Frank, what is your relationship
to Karen in reception?
Oh, well, uh, I just started
talking to her recently.
She's very nice.
We sit together at lunch.
Is something wrong?
What is she accused of?
I find it hard to believe
that she would ever do anything
to hurt the company.

I see.

Did you send Karen
flowers to her home?

Yeah.

Yeah, I did.

Why?

Well, she said
she was having a bad day,
and I thought it would
make her feel better.

How did you get her address?

I looked it up.

I went in the records.

You understand that's a huge violation
of company policy, right?

Well, yeah, but I didn't want
to have them delivered to the office.

I didn't want to embarrass...

Frank, I'm going to have to let you go.

You're kidding, right?

No, Frank, I'm not kidding.

This company has
a strict no-tolerance policy
about harassment
in the workplace, and...

Well, Karen doesn't feel safe
with you employed here.

She's never said anything
like that to me.

Why don't I go talk to her,
and then we'll...

Frank, listen to me for a second.

Now...

I want you to leave quietly.

Don't harass Karen or anyone else
on the staff as you leave.

Your severance checks
will be mailed to you.

This is ridiculous.

I've been here 11 years.

I know, Frank.

I know it's ridiculous.

But it's not me.

It's the higher-ups.

Let me know if you need
a recommendation.
Would you ask her for my book back?
He wants his book back.
Thank you, Danny.
A tumor this size
is very dangerous.
Unfortunately, surgery to remove it
can be just as dangerous as leaving it.
I advise you to discuss this
with your family.
I'm sorry.
Oh, gotta take this.
Yeah.
What?
I wanted the one with the moon roof.
The... The... The...
No, like the one we test-drove.
I'm going to fuck you.
I'm gonna come down to the dealership
and I'm gonna fuck you in the ass,
you understand?
I'm gonna come down there,
I'm gonna rip your cock off,
I'm gonna shove it right up...
No, you know what?
I'm gonna tear the cock off
of that giant purple gorilla
and shove that up your ass.
Yes, maybe then you should look
into a moon roof.
Yeah, that'd be great.
Thank you!
Do you have any family?
No, not really.
Sir?
You can't be here.
This Tuesday,
forget everything you know
about bowling.
This is bowling on steroids!
Bowling Beatdown Raw!
You think you know bowling?
Suck it!

All right, people, make me happy.
What do you got? Give me something.
We got this dude Steven Clark
from "American Superstarz."
He is a freak, right?!
It's ridiculous!
Very funny!
Do you like the things
that life is showing you? #
I heard he lives with his mom.
Oh, shock! Whoa!
You're wasting our time, Steven.
What are you doing?
Stop bowing.
Just stop everything.
That guy is a freak.
Find out as much about
that weirdo as you can, okay?
Do you get
what you're hoping for? #
Hi, my name is Chloe.
I live in Virginia Beach,
and I rule Holy Cross.
I love Chloe.
She's my bestest friend ever,
and I feel really blessed
to have her in my life.
Like, I don't know
what I would do without her.
She's, like, my best friend.
She's so pretty, she's so beautiful,
and she's so rich!
I love her!
This party is gonna be amazing! Yeah!
We love you, Chloe!
We love you, Chloe!
I only wear labels,
and since I live in Virginia,
of course I couldn't find a dress
good enough for my party.
So I told daddy we had to go to Paris.
I'm all about couture.
We can be twinsies!
Mother, you look like a whore!

This is about me.
God, I hate you!
You ruin everything!
Use it in good health.
- Happy birthday, sweetheart!
- Remember, no boys in the back.
Baby?
Say something, honey.
Come on.
- The camera's on.
- I wanted an Escalade.
- You said...
- Take it back then!
I wanted an Escalade!
- Daddy can take it ba...
- Get away from me!
It's my job as a parent
to make her happy,
so I screwed up this time,
because she's not happy.
That's the evidence of it.
If she's not happy, I screwed up.
So, tell us all about Chloe!
Chloe is not just my daughter,
she is my best friend.
Mother!
They're asking me.
I'm very popular.
Everyone loves me
because my family's rich
and because I'm so pretty.
This is the biggest day of my life,
and you're it up!
Are you serious?!
You're so stupid!
You're not even doing anything!
I'm doing all the work!
What the is that, Dad?!
What the is that?!
You know what?
Let's do this without them around.
No, you can stay.
I don't care about you, okay?
All I...

- Hey.
- I hate mommy!
I hate mommy!
What are you talking about?
She got me a Blackberry,
and I wanted an iPhone.
Okay. Okay, honey.
Let me talk to your mommy.
Hello?
You got her a Blackberry?
Look, Frank, I don't want to hear it.
I feel bad enough as it is.
I thought it's what she really wanted.
No, I mean, why would you get her
a Blackberry or an iPhone?
I don't need this right now.
Did you talk to her
about me picking her up?
Ava, princess, do you want
to go see your dad?
I want an iPhone!
I don't want my dad!
I hate going there!
I never want to see him again!
I want an iPhone!
I want an iPhone! I want an iPhone!
Frank, I gotta go.
No, you can stay.
You can stay.
I don't care about you, okay?
All I care about is my party.
- Turn that off.
- Dad, listen to me!
This is the biggest day of my life,
and you're it up!
Are you serious?!
You're so stupid!
You're not even doing anything!
I'm doing all the work!
What the is that, Dad?!
What the is that?!
Dad, listen to me!
You're not listening to me!
You're just talking

to the cameras!
I don't care about gift bags...
You have forsaken
all the love you've taken #
Sleepin' on a razor,
there's nowhere left to fall #
Your body's achin',
every bone is breakin' #
Nothin' seems to shake it,
it just keeps holdin' on #
Your soul is able,
death is all you cradle #
Sleepin' on the nails,
there's nowhere left to fall #
You have admired,
every man desires #
Everyone is king
when there's no one left to pawn #
I thread the needle through #
You beat the devil's tattoo #
I thread the needle through #
You beat the devil's tattoo #
I thread the needle through #
You beat the devil's tattoo #
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You beat the devil's tattoo #
I thread the needle through #
You beat the devil's tattoo #
I thread the needle through

Hey, creepy.

Isn't the schoolgirl thing
a little played out?

Goddamn it!

No, I don't want that!

Mom, it's against the law

to talk on the phone when I'm driving.

I'm going, okay? Bye!

Don't move and don't make a sound.

If you want the car, just take it.

My parents got me the wrong one anyway.

Yeah, that's a fucking tragedy.

- What are you doing?!

- Nothing.
Help!
School's out for summer #
School's out forever #
Shit! Shit! Fuck! God!
Fuck! God damn it!
Help!
- Fuck!
- Chloe?
- Ow! Ow!
- Help!
Hel...
School's out forever #
Did you just kill Chloe?
Awesome.
No more pencils #
No more books #
No more teacher's... #
Hello?!
Weird drifter guy?
Look, I know you're in there!
Hi.
What are you doing?
Nothing.
Great! Me too.
I'm Roxy.
What's your name?
Frank.
Great! It's really excellent
to meet you, Frank.
Tell me all about it.
About what?
Did the bitch cry?
Yeah.
That is... fantastic!
Oh, God, I wish I could have
seen it up close!
Whoo!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
Somebody just made that.
Jumping Jesus Christ, Frank!
Live it up!
This is the best day ever!
Who are you killing next?

Do you take requests?
'Cause I was thinking
maybe some Kardashians.
My gym coach.
People who give high fives.
Really any jock.
Twhards.
People who talk about "punk rock."
- Who else really rips my cock off?
- Get off the bed.
Oh, Mormons
and other religious assholes
who won't let gay people be married.
And adult women
who call their tits "the girls."
- Ew, like...
- Stop it!
Just, please, be quiet.
Get off the bed, huh?
I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.
I... I'm kind of busy right now.
Awesome.
Uh, be careful with that.
- Wait.
- No, don't do that.
That's kind of personal.
"Dear Ava,
your life will be better without me.
I'm sorry.
Love, Dad."
A suicide note?
Are you fucking kidding me?
God, the greatest thing
that ever happened around here,
and you're just some sad-sack pussy?
Goddamn it.
Well, do it, then.
I want to watch.
Let's go!
How do you know I won't kill you?
I don't.
And, frankly, Frank,
I don't fucking care.
Frank?

What?

I got an idea.

Okay, go ahead.

You sure you're ready now?

Yup. All systems go.

Wait again!

Sorry.

Can I say something first?

Go ahead.

You know, it's just that...

you really had the chance
to do something awesome here.

But you're blowing it, Frank.

Now you're just gonna be remembered
as some creepy, old stalker dude
who was in love

with some young twat
on a television show.

Just a pervy old dude
that killed that girl
and then himself

when he couldn't have her.

Wah.

I didn't kill her
because I couldn't have her.

I killed her...

because she wasn't nice.

And that was a fantastic start, Frank!

Your instincts were right on.

She was a class-A cunt.

But with so many horrible people
in the world
who should be taking the big dirt nap...
why quit now?

You kill yourself, Frank,
and you're killing
the wrong person, which...

would be a shame when there are
so many other Chloes out there
who need to die.

Like who?

NASCAR fans.

Country fans.

People who dress their babies

in band T-shirts.
No, no, no, no.
People who deserve to die.
All those people do deserve to die.
No.
Chloe's parents.
If anybody comes, you honk the horn.
But no matter what you don't get out
of the car, you got it?
Aye-aye, captain.
I'm not kidding around.
- Frank...
- What?
This is more fun
than killing yourself, right?
I don't know.
Yeah, I guess.
Frank...
Yeah.
Yeah?
- Get in the house and shut the fuck up.
- Jesus.
Get over here.
Get over here.
- Go! Go!
- Honey?
Get over there by the couch.
Get over there.
Do what he says.
What do you want?
We could give you money.
Listen, I'm a very rich man.
Don't you know who we are?
W-We're Chloe's parents!
We were all on TV!
Yeah, I know exactly who you are.
I'm the man that killed your daughter.
Goddamn it!
Oh, God!
- Yes, we did it!
- Hey, hey, hey, get off me!
I told you to stay in the car!
Frank, she was getting away.
You mean "thanks"?

Yeah. Let's go.
That was fucking crazy, right?
Yeah.
I feel...
Good?
Yeah.
I feel good. It's weird.
Thanks. Perfect.
You guys need some extra napkins?
Look, I'm sorry.
I really thought this would work.
All right, my turn.
Try me again.
We're definitely gonna need
some new clothes.
So, where are we going next?
What do you mean "we"?
There's no we.
Frank, you have to take me with you.
No way.
Come on, please?
No. What about your family?
My family?
Well, my mother is what you
would call a crack whore.
I live in a trailer
with her and her boyfriend,
and every night after she passes out
he comes into my room and rapes me.
I don't know what to say.
Well, let's kill them.
Yes!
Wait, no.
No, no, we can't keep killing
people we know.
That's how people get caught.
We have to keep it random.
That's a good idea.
See? I'm already helping.
So, please, Frank?
Can I please come with you?
What about your friends?
I mean, don't you got
any friends you can stay with?

Frank...

I have no friends.

All right.

Really? Oh, thank you!

Hey, listen, you know,
when I say something, it goes.

No more of this shit.

No more acting on your own.

All right. Thank you.

The washing machine's broken.

What?

What are you doing?

Seeing if there's anything
in the news about us or the murders.

- Is there?

- Yeah.

On the murders.

Nothing about us.

"Murdered family
of reality star found"...

Hey, let me see that.

See ya!

Oh, my God!

I had this shirt.

It's still ugly.

What do you think?

I think that might be
a little small on the belly.

So, do you have a girlfriend?

I'm not gonna answer that question.

Why not?

'Cause you're a kid.

I don't want to have
an inappropriately mature
conversation with you, all right?

I was only asking
because I thought you were gay.

Well, I'm not gay.

You seem gay.

- Really?

- Yes.

Wow.

So, do you?

Have a girlfriend?

- No.
- A wife?
I did. Not anymore.
Oh.
Are you attracted to me?
Don't be weird.
You don't like me
because you think I'm ugly?
I'm not attracted to you
because you're a child.
And you think I'm ugly.
I'm not gonna answer that question.
Well, what if we were the same age?
I'm not gonna answer
that question, either.
Oh, so you can kill a teenager,
just not fuck one?
Yeah.
But you do think I'm mature for my age.
Not particularly.
You're seriously not interested
in me at all as a girlfriend?
What the hell are you talking about?
I'm not a pedophile.
What, so we're platonic spree killers?
Yeah, and that's all.
Because you think I'm ugly.
It's unethical for me
to answer that question,
because I refuse to objectify a child.
I mean, that's part
of what's wrong with everything.
I'm not American Apparel.
I'm not the creep that came up
with those Bratz dolls.
All men like young girls.
Oh, that's what society's
trying to sell ya,
but, you know,
maybe it's time for adult males
to aim a little bit higher
than raping kids.
I mean, fuck R. Kelly,
fuck Vladimir Nabokov,

and fuck Mary Kay Letourneau,
while we're at it.
Fuck Woody Allen
and his whole "the heart wants
what it wants" bullshit.
You know, apparently
that erudite genius's heart
wants the same thing
that every run-of-the-mill
pedophile wants...
a young, hairless Asian.
Nobody cares
that they damage other people.
I was just wondering
if you thought I was pretty.
I won't be responsible
for the self-esteem of a teenager.
If you don't like it, you can cram it.
Fuck you, Frank.
Frank?
Hey.
Oh.
I thought you left.
I thought about it.
I got you something.
Oh, yeah, yeah.
I get it.
Bonnie and Clyde, huh?
Well, fine,
you don't have to wear it.
I just don't usually wear hats.
My head looks kind of weird in them.
Although that one
looks pretty good, huh?
Thanks. Thanks a lot.
Yours looks good.
Patty Hearst, right?
Thank you for choosing our theater.
As a courtesy to your fellow patrons,
please refrain from talking
and please turn off your cell phones.
And now enjoy our feature presentation.
War is an atrocity.
I mean, it takes young kids...

good kids, for the most part...
turns them into animals...
Hey, bitch.
No, I'm not doing anything.
I'm in a movie.
...stuff you never thought you'd do.
- Oh, hey, look.
- Shh.
- How cute, right?
- Shh.
Okay, mom.
Oh, oh. Shh, shh.
Hello?
We're in the middle.
We're in the middle!
Sad face!
Is that Matt?
Oh, he's bringing food.
Hey, did this really happen?
Munchies!
Thank you!
Some of the guys
start raping their mothers!
Let's go.
We go out, get a smoke...
Sit down.
No place to hide,
because the villages
were supporting these bastards.
So, um...
Hey, hey.
No, I can't get...
I'm at work.
I can't. You're gonna have
to pick her up today.
I can't get there.
I'm... I'm working.
Yeah. So...
What can I tell you?
I'm swamped.
God.
What are you looking at, old man?
Shh, shh #
It's oh so quiet

Frank, don't.
Take your hat off.
Let me.
Whoa!
You're all alone #
Shh, shh #
And so peaceful until #
Goddamn it!
Give me that!
You fall in love #
Zing boom #
The sky up above #
Zing boom #
Is caving in #
Wow bam! #
You've never been
so nuts about a guy #
You wanna laugh,
you wanna cry #
You cross your heart
and hope to die #
I'm recording this.
Shh #
Shh, shh #
It's oh so quiet #
Shh, shh #
Thanks for not talking
during the feature.
Thanks for turning off
your cellphone.
You're welcome.
Shh #
Here.
You can use this thing as a pillow.
Thanks.
- Good night, Frank.
- Good night.
You folks shouldn't be sleeping
out here.
Can I see your license and registration?
Of course, Officer.
My dad keeps everything in here.
I'm, uh...
I'm her uncle.

This is my brother-in-law's car
'cause I'm taking her down
to see some colleges.
Go, big... blue!
You have any ID?
Yes, I do, sir.
All right, I'll be right there.
No more sleeping
on the side of the road.
Do you still need to see my ID?
No, that's fine, honey.
You just stay safe.
Lot of crazy people out there.
Tell me about it.
Thank you, Officer.
What the hell was that about?
Hey, at least I don't steal cars.
What makes you think it's stolen?
All right, I stole it.
But from a jerk.
What is this?
Don't get too attached.
Now you go.
All right,
I'm a little bit bigger than you.
You don't gotta "Dirty Harry" it.
Wrap your other hand around here.
Feel a little stability there, huh?
All right, now do it.
Pretty good.
Just concentrate on that far sight.
You're aiming at the bear, right?
Don't anticipate the recoil.
Just squeeze it and let it go.
That's all bear there.
I think Elvis would be proud.
Pretty good.
Thanks.
Six!
- Yay!
- Yay.
- Good?
- Yeah.
Ooh.

Migraine?

Yeah.

Well, we could stop shooting.

Yeah, thanks.

You did a good job.

Well, I have a good coach.

That, and I was pretending the targets were the cast of "Glee."

What's wrong with "Glee"?

It stereotypes and homogenizes homosexuals.

Plus, it ruined "Rocky Horror" forever.

That's true.

You want my money?

I'll pay for all your healthcare!

Tea Party members

continued to taunt

the Parkinson's sufferer

after he was shoved to the ground.

Parkinson's is what God

gives socialists!

Parkinson's is what God

gives socialists!

God, I'm so depressed.

I mean, I can't believe

there's nothing on about us.

That's one of the problems

of your generation.

You can't enjoy anything

unless it was recorded.

You were there.

You lived it.

Isn't that enough of an experience?

I mean, next time you want

to remember something,

instead of taking out your cellphone,

why don't you take a picture of it

with your brain camera?

I mean, when I was your age,

nobody tweeted,

and we managed to have experiences.

You know, the phone was attached

to a wall back at the house.

It didn't have a camera.

What are you, Jeff Foxworthy?
"And a 'cell' phone was the phone
you called your pappy on
to get you outta jail.
A-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot."
Some people are blaming
the movie itself for the murders.
Is this violent documentary too violent?
Do you believe that?
I know!
We made the news!
No, what they're saying.
Nobody can take personal responsibility
for anything anymore.
But that's not what
the lone survivor believes.
- What's the point?
- Everybody was talking...
...goofing around, making noise.
I believe they did this
because we were all being so rude.
How about that?
Unbelievable.
The truth, and on this channel.
The suspects are
a Caucasian male
in his mid- to late-50s...
- Late 50s?
...and a young woman...
...in her early to mid 20s,
also Caucasian.
They are considered armed
and very dangerous.
- See? They think I'm mature for my age.
- Mm-hmm.
We're famous!
Hey, high five.
Come on,
don't leave me hanging, Rock-o.
No, I don't high five.
Mental high five?
Yeah, mental high five.
Steven Clark.
He wasn't the winner

on "American Superstarz,"
but I think he's a winner.
He's back with a new hit single.
We want to hear what you think.
Give us a tweet.
Do you know where you're going to? #
Do you like the things that... #
There they go, making fun of the guy
who rides the short bus.
Yay, America.
Do you know? #
- Ready?
- Your turn.
Okay.
Just think about blowing your head off.
Come on.
Okay. Ready?
Completely random.
Could happen at any time.
- Ready? Am I going?
- Yeah. You're going.
- That's good.
- Okay.
- You know what I hate?
- What?
I hate guys that say "actually"
all the time.
Like, "You actually got a gun
to your head."
- That's a good one.
- You're actually... Oh.
You're actually still alive.
You know what else I hate?
People who misuse the term "literally."
Okay, ready?
Literal people, I guess.
- Ooh.
- Okay.
- We're getting close.
- Uh-huh.
I hate guys that buy \$100,000 cars
and then drive them around
Pow! Ooh.
I hate guys who wear lady pants.

Lady pants?
- Ugh.
- Whoa.
Okay.
I'm no mathematician,
but my odds are not good.
Well, Pythagoras, it may be time to die.
How'd that feel?
It felt good.
It's a good night to die.
VELOCitea Energy Drink.
It's in your face.
Frank, let me sleep in the chair.
No, I'm all right.
Come on.
Sleep in the bed.
You're the one
with the fucked-up headaches.
No, this is good.
Behold, the walls of Jericho!
No, I'm fine.
Jesus, Frank, get in bed
or I'm sleeping on the floor.
I'm sleeping on the floor.
Here I go.
Do you see this?
I'm going down.
Ugh, Frank, it smells!
I wouldn't trust that floor.
Come on, Frank.
What are we gonna do now?
Well...
What's our prime directive?
I didn't have you pegged
as a "Star Trek" fan.
What's that supposed to mean?
I don't know.
I figured you more for...
the new "Battlestar Galactica."
Maybe some graphic novels.
Bands like Fall Out Boy
and the Green Days.
Oh, fuck you, Frank!
I happen to like classic

and Next Gen "Star Trek."
And I'm actually able to read
a book without pictures,
thank you,
and I prefer the classics.
I'm not ashamed to admit
to the occasional Anne Rice
or "Harry Potter."
Fall Out Boy and Green Day
suck shit through 10 bricks.
Musically I'm all about Alice Cooper.
I like Alice Cooper.
You don't like Alice Cooper, Frank.
That's... That's like a Muslim
saying that he likes Muhammad.
You...
accept Alice Cooper.
You accept that Alice came down
and gave us rock
that upset authority figures
and made the outcasts
not feel so all alone.
You accept that there would be
no goth movement without Alice,
no Trent Reznor,
no Marilyn Manson,
not even shitty soft cock-rockers
like Poison or Bon Jovi
because not only did he introduce
macabre theatrics into rock,
he also invented the power ballad
with a little song called
"Only Women Bleed."
Okay, I get it.
I promise I won't kill Alice Cooper.
Hey, don't even joke about it, Frank.
Do you realize that he was
the first rock star to wear makeup?
And he was wearing dresses
long before Bowie
stole his first pair of culottes
from his mother's clothesline.
And he was screaming about death
and frustration way before punk,

so I guess you have to accept
that Alice Cooper invented that, too.
Are you A.D.D., Juno?
Yes, I have A.D.D.,
and don't you ever call me
fucking Juno again.
Sorry.
That's who we should kill next.
A fictitious character?
No, Diablo Cody.
You know, fuck her
for writing that movie.
She's the only stripper who suffers
from too much self-esteem.
I don't want to kill people
just because
you don't like their movies.
Why not?
She's encouraging teen pregnancy,
her storylines and characters
are for shit,
and she's just so excited
to throw any funny line she's heard
into the scene
that she makes girls my age
look like cutesy assholes
from a dirty Dr. Seuss book.
"Horton Hears a Star-Bellied Queef.
Blah."
I only want to kill people
who deserve to die.
You know who we should kill?
Mm?
People who use "rock-star"
as an adjective.
As in "rock-star parking"?
Or people that pound
energy drinks all day.
People who use the term "edgy,"
"in-your-face," or "extreme."
No, no, no, wait.
That would rule out a lot
of the chalupas that I love.
Anyone who wears crystals

or calls themselves "spiritual."
Or people who say "Namaste."
What's that?
It's an Indian greeting
the hippies stole.
Aw, hippies!
Anyone who buys an anarchy T-shirt.
Or people that use the term "the man"
in a positive or negative light,
as in, "The man is always
sticking it to us,"
or "You're the man!"
- Anyone who's ever been "pumped."
- Or "stoked."
Anyone who gives and receives
physical high fives.
- Agreed.
- Oh, really?
Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no!
Not gonna let you play the freedom
of speech here on my show, okay?
Okay? Let me explain
something to you.
I would much rather lose
my rights to freedom of speech
than ever have the A.C.L.U.
defend my right to freedom of speech.
And another thing, you pinhead.
The A.C.L.U...
take heed, America...
I think is more dangerous
to the United States than al-Qaeda.
I'll give you a chance to respond
if you have anything articulate to say
right after this.
More of the full story...
Anyone who makes a living
spreading fear to the masses.
Or is just plain mean.
Mm.
So... our prime directive
is to interfere
with the cultural evolution
of a pre-warp civilization.

I got to go to sleep.
My head is killing me.
Stop it.

What? I was trying
to help your headache.
It's a pressure point.
I wasn't being sensual.
Yeah, people who use
the term "sensual."

Gross.

You said it.

Hey, Frank?

Mm-hmm?

Thanks for letting me
come along with you.

Good night, Juno.

Fuck you, Frank.

Hello

Hooray

Let the show begin

I've been ready

Hello

Hooray

Let the lights grow dim

I've been ready

Ready as this audience

that's coming here to dream #

Loving every second,
every moment, every scream #

I've been waiting so long

To sing my song

And I've been waiting so long

For this thing to come

And I've been thinking so long

I was the only one

God, I feel so strong...

I feel so strong

I'm so strong

I feel so strong

We gonna do this or what?

What do you think?

Looks good.

Jesus, Frank,

you look like fuck pie.

Oh, there he is.
Ladies.
I gotta get back to working out.
Did we get him?
No, I think we just winged him.
Is he breathing?
I don't know.
Whoa.
You stop moving or I shoot her.
You don't have the balls.
Really? I don't?
Fuck you,
you condescending prick!
Why do you got to be so rude
all the time?
Is that what this is all about?
Huh? My show?
Shit.
You must really hate my politics, huh?
Look, you kill me,
you just turn me into a martyr.
I don't hate your politics.
In fact, I agree with you
on some things.
- You do?
- Yeah.
Then, what is this about?
Why do you go to be
so mean all the time?
Are you really willing to die
just because you don't think I'm nice?
Do you have it in you, Fuller?
How long has it been since you
actually had to shoot someone?
Oh, wait.
You never have.
I forgot.
You never served in the military.
You had your parents
help you dodge the draft
just like every other rich blowhard
who makes a living
off of American xenophobes.
It seems like you guys

just exploited some tragedies
to further your agenda.
In fact, it seems like
it's always been about
protecting big oil companies' right
to keep boiling the whole world alive
just because some
court-appointed, hillbilly president
started taking orders
from Jesus or the Easter Bunny
or some other
make-'em-up play-friend of his.

Please!

That is just your typical uneducated,
left-wing, "femonazi" point of view.
Feminazi.

Again, why do you got to be so mean?

He just wishes
everyone would act nice.

I, on the other hand,
think your politics are shit.

Well...

You bitch!

Yep.

Exactly what part of his politics
do you agree with?

Less gun control, of course.

But, Frank...

then every nut will have a gun.

Wow.

Look at all these people.

Yeah, I wish I had an AK-47.

Bam.

Supporters of Michael Fuller
are calling him a hero,
believing that his homicide is tied
to the outspoken support of the war
and possibly the work
of a terrorist sleeper cell
within our own borders.

Fuller was right.

He's a fucking martyr.

Fucking morons.

I don't care.

I'm just glad he's dead.
Is that your ex-wife?
Yeah.
She's pretty.
Yep.
I don't care if we're late.
I hate school!
I thought that was you, Frank.
Oh, hi, Brad.
New wheels?
Yeah.
You want to come say hi?
School sucks!
Nah.
They look kind of busy.
Who's your friend?
A friend.
Ohh...
Well, uh... give us a call
if you decide to stay in town.
I'm sure the girls
would love to see ya.
Yeah, thanks.
Hey... don't tell 'em we were here,
alright?
Oh, roger that.
Will you get Ava's backpack
from the house?
Sure thing!
I want my backpack.
You're killing me, honey.
You're killing me!
So, are we gonna kill him?
No! Not that one!
I hate that one!
I want my other one!
Just... Just get the blue one.
Get the blue one.
Nah.
I want him to suffer.
Isn't it early for beer?
This doesn't seem like the type of place
to order the Cognac.
Have you been to a doctor?

Yeah. I'm fine.
Give me your hand.
It's not gonna work.
Is this some kind
of new-age bullshi...
Aah, aah, aah, aah!
Shh...
Can't believe that's actually working.
Shut up and give me your other hand.
Gentle.
Aah, aah!
You know what you need, Frank?
A straw?
You need a vacation.
Let's take a boat to Bermuda #
Let's take a plane to St. Paul #
Let's take a kayak
to Quincy or Nyack... #
Because you're all Commies!
Pinko Commies!
Here, take all my money.
What, are we in Russia?
Are we in Russia?
Is that what's going on here?
Run, man!
...We'll travel around
from town to town #
We'll visit every state #
And I'll repeat, "I love you, sweet" #
In all the 48 #
Let's go again to Niagara... #
You really got to take both those spots?
Yeah. Fuck you.
No, fuck you.
...Let's leave our hut, dear #
Get out of our rut, dear #
Let's get away from it all #
Let's motor down to Miami #
Let's climb the Grand Canyon wall #
Let's catch a tuna way out in Laguna #
Let's get away from it all #
Let's travel south of the border #
Find me a real Spanish shawl,
ha ha #

Let's eat tamales
in downtown Nogales #
Let's get away from it all #
We'll charter boats
and airplanes, too #
To far-off spots unknown... #
Back in! Back in!
Get back in!
...To find somewhere
where we can be alone... #
That's beautiful.
Yeah. That's God's country.
...Then off to Reno,
but just to play Keno... #
Let's breeze to Buckingham palace #
We'll tell 'em we dropped by to call #
And be socially busy
with Philip and Lizzy #
Let's get away from it all #
Come on, Frank.
Let's dance.
Oh, I don't dance.
Oh, come on! I'll lead!
I doubt that.
All of Europe is waiting to greet us #
Lots of good friends said to call #
Then, after our roamin',
good old home-sweet-homin' #
Let's get away #
Won't you please take me away? #
Come on, everybody!
Let's get away from it all #
Want to get away?
So do I.
Let's get away #
Thank you.
I know.
Everybody on board.
We're getting away, aren't we?
Thank you.
Oh, stop it!
Thank you so much.
No, it's always my pleasure.
I loved doing that,

but next I'm gonna do a little rap song
you're gonna like.
"Fuck the Police."
No, I'm kidding!
I'm not gonna do that one.
Thank you all.
Where'd you hide 'em
after you killed 'em?
I told you the truth, Sheriff.
I didn't kill them.
I just wanted to scare them...
I've been thinking.
Let's go legit.
What do you mean?
Turn ourselves in?
No.
Like, let's move to France
or some other country
that hates Americans.
Well, if we get caught later,
France wouldn't extradite us.
And we could have
a cute, little French farm
and raise cute, little French goats
and make cute, little French cheeses,
and have a bunch of other
adorable, little French animals.
Sounds nice.
Here, give me your hand.
I still can't believe that works.
Do you know
where you're going to?
Well, we know where
Steven Clark is going to.
The "American Superstarz"
performer
has been asked to perform
on the live finale of the show
after last week's failed attempt
to take his own life.
Good news.
We should kill all those people.
They make fun of that guy
till he's ready to kill himself.

Then, they exploit him
so everybody can feel better
about laughing at him
and pushing him over the edge
in the first place.
I really hate this country.
That's why we're moving to France.
Hello.
Hey, Doc, it's Frank Murdoch.
You left a message.
Yes, I did, Frank.
Uh, I have some bad news.
Uh, you don't have a brain tumor.
What?!
You're not gonna die.
I don't understand.
I mean, I saw the tumor.
You showed it to me.
Yes, there was a tumor in an M RI,
but that was Frank Burdoch with a "B",
not Frank Murdoch with an "M".
Wait, what is the bad news, then?
Because this cocksucker Burdoch's
probably gonna sue me.
He's a real ball-buster.
You know what I mean?
But how come my head hurts
all the time, then?
I don't fucking know, Frank.
I mean, maybe you sit
too close to the computer.
Maybe you got high blood pressure.
Maybe you don't exercise enough.
Maybe it's, uh, too much Viagra,
too much caffeine.
What the fuck do I know?
Hey, uh, you're not gonna sue me,
are ya?
Ah, no, no.
No, I wouldn't do that, Doc.
Well, that's a relief, Frank.
Well, hey,
thanks for the good news, Doc.
Well, I got to go call

that cocksucker Burdoch now
and tell him the bad news.
You take care, Frank.
Let's sell the car
and move to France.
Really?
Oh, I think it would be
trs magnifique.
I know a lot of French.
I know a lot of wines.
I know how to ask where the library is.
I know how to bum a cigarette.
I know Oh l l, but that's about it.
I know Oui.
What else could we need?
Speaking of which, I have to wee.
Oh, snap.
Hey, buddy.
What's up with the girl?
Pardon?
I know she's not your daughter.
I can tell by the way
she makes you smile.
She's my niece.
Yeah, I got a lot of nieces.
How much for a date?
I think you got the wrong idea, sir.
Yeah, you stick to that story.
I don't think I do.
You have a good one.
I know you're gonna have a good day.
God bless.
Hey, don't use up
all the hot water this time.
I won't!
God, you better not be
this uptight in France.
You don't have to shower in France.
We'd like to take this chance
to thank everybody in our community
and the media
for helping us in our search
for Roxanne.
We pray that she's still alive

and that she makes it home to us.
Roxanne, we miss you
and we love you.
Anyone with any information on the...
God fuckin' damn it!
You son of a bitch!
Get off me!
Frank?
Is that you?
What happened?
- Your parents!
- What?
Yeah, I just saw 'em on the TV.
You lied to me!
Well, would you have taken me along
if I told you
that I lived in a normal house
with a set of normal parents
who didn't abuse me
but also didn't even try
and understand me?
That every day in my normal life
felt like a million years?
And that I spent all day, every day,
being told what to do and what to think
by people who I'm
a million times smarter than,
but since it's not polite
to acknowledge that,
I just had to pretend to listen to?
That every single morning,
I just woke up and wished
that anything not normal
would happen?
Here are the keys to that car.
Where am I supposed to go?
I don't care!
Go back to your parents.
Just stay out of my life.
I don't got time for you!
You're just like everybody else.
I don't got time for liars!
Oh, fuck you, Frank!
You're just a pathetic, broken man!

Cocksucker!

I was running

I was running with wolves

And I knew I was cold

But I didn't know how cold

And I knew I was fast

But I wasn't fast enough

...And, thankfully, that's helping.

I was running

We are concerned

that the perpetrator is still out there.

We couldn't be happier at this moment.

Everything that we've been through.

Now we're reunited as a family.

Planning a family vacation.

We're going to Disneyland!

...I knew I was fast

I wasn't fast enough

You Frank?

Frank, you didn't really tell me
exactly what you were looking for
when you called,

so I brought you kind of
a gun pupu platter.

We got your .357 Magnum.

Nickel finish, six shots,
eight-inch barrel.

It's .357, so you know
it's got some punch to it.

You put this to the back
of some nigger's head,
all you're gonna see is pink mist.

No, maybe not.

Maybe not for you.

Old school.

Walther P38.

German, nine-millimeter,
made during the second World War.

I mean, who knows how to kill people
better than Germans, right?

You know it's got to be good.

You're not a Jew, Frank, are you?

I'm just asking 'cause, you know,
I brought up a German gun.

Um, okay, hey, maybe,
maybe you're looking for something
that's a little bigger.
Little more firepower.
See what we got
that may strike your fancy here.
Huh?
Is that a honey or what?
AK-47.
When you absolutely, positively
have to waste
every single motherfucker
in the room,
accept no substitute.
I can see you like this.
Definitely.
It's an assault rifle,
but it's still light.
And talk about reliable?
Frank, I could throw this off the roof.
I could run this over with my car.
I could bury it in the dirt
and dig it up, and it'll still fire.
That's how reliable that is.
Best mass-produced
combat weapon ever made.
Look at this.
That fits you.
Look at this.
You're friggin' Rambo, man!
Look at that. Look.
I love it!
You know what?
You don't even have to aim this thing.
It's a spray-and-pray
kind of weapon.
I mean, what's better than that, right?
Now, the one thing is
this is not a cheap weapon.
This is an assault rifle,
so we're looking
around two grand for this.
So, I don't know
if that's in your budget,

but what I will do,
I got three fully loaded
that I will throw in for that \$2,000.
That's a steal.
For a weapon of that quality, you know.
This something you can afford?
Yeah, I want the case, too.
Oh, grea... Hey, great!
You know what?
Is there anything else I can get you
while we're talking about the gun?
Blow? Meth?
I won't take all
that they hand me down #
And make out a smile
though I wear a frown #
And I'm not gonna take it all
lying down #
'Cause once I get started,
I go to town #
'Cause I'm not like everybody else #
Oh, no #
I'm not like everybody else #
I'm not like everybody else, no #
I'm not like everybody else #
And I don't want to live my life
like everybody else #
And I don't want to be destroyed
like everybody else #
And I don't want to get a job
like everybody else #
'Cause I'm not like everybody else #
Just isn't what I am #
I'm not like everybody else, baby #
But, darling, you know
that I love you true #
And I'd do anything
that you want me to #
I'd even confess all my sins
like you want me to #
But there's one thing
that I can't do for you #
'Cause I'm not like everybody else #
What did I say?

I'm not like everybody else #
How did I say it? #
I'm not like everybody else #
One more time #
I'm not like everybody else #
Like everybody else #
And I don't want to live my life
like everybody else #
And I don't want to be destroyed
like everybody else #
And I don't want to get a job
like everybody else #
'Cause I'm not like everybody else #
What did I say?
I'm not #
Like everybody else #
Like everybody else #
Everybody else #
Everybody else #
Everybody else #
Live!
"American Superstarz" finale!
Ladies and gentlemen,
the moment we've all been waiting for.
Welcome to the stage my man,
Steven Clark!
Do you know where you're going to? #
Do you... Do you like the things? #
Do you know where you're going to? #
Do you like the things
that life is showing you? #
Yeah. Yeah.
Please, just go around.
Look at me.
I've killed many people.
I'll kill you, too.
The question is, do you want to die
for this shitty television show?
Hey, man, I'm just trying
to make a living here.
I don't even watch the show.
That's the right answer.
I'll give you five.
One... two...

three... four...
Do you know? #
Yeah!
Do you know? #
All right!
Oh, do you know?
Do you know? #
All my ladies!
Do you know? #
In other news,
Lindsay Lohan maintains
that she is still sober and happy.
Yeah! Right!
But she does look great
in that new jewelry, right?
Oh, and speaking
of the Hollywood wildlife,
is that sasquatch
by the marquee pool?
Oh, no, it's Robin Williams.
He got a gun!
Everybody run!
Yeah! All my people!
Put your hands in the air!
Now wave it like you care!
Yeah!
Do you know? #
Ah ha ha!
Yeah!
Do you know? #
Yeah!
When I say "do," you say "don't."
- Do!
- Don't!
Do you know? #
Hey, man, you can't be there.
Do you know? #
Hey, are you deaf?
Do you like to know
where you're going to? #
Do you like the things
that life is showing you? #
Where are you going to? #
Do you know?

Do you know? #
Yeah.
Oh, hell, yeah!
Dancing time!
Yeah!
- Yeah! All right, do you know?
- Boo!
Do you know
where you're going to? #
Do you like the things
that life is showing you? #
You suck!
- # Do you know? #
- Boo!
Do you know where you're going to? #
Nobody move!
Sit down!
I said nobody move!
Next time anybody moves,
I'm bringing the roof down!
Can I go?
No, stay here, Steven.
Okay.
Get up.
I said get up!
You're kidding me, right?
You two, get up here.
No, sir. Please. Please!
You don't want to do this.
How do you know what I want to do?
Just take it easy.
Yeah, come on.
Both of you, get up here!
Freeze, Officer!
I'll put a bullet right in her head.
So, you think Steven's funny, huh?
I saw you laughing.
I'm gonna ask you again.
You think he's funny?
Yes.
Why don't you dance?
Come on, play the song.
Come on, dance.
I said dance! Come on!

And sing!
Sing it!
Do you know... #
You, too!
You used to sing.
#...is showing you #
Where are you going to? #
And you all boo and laugh
like you were.
Come on, louder than that!

Frank! 9:

What the hell was that?
You try anything stupid again,
I swear, I will bring the roof in!
What are you doing here?
I'm sorry I lied to you, Frank.
What do you want?
I want you to put your guns down.
You know we can't do that.
Well, I'm gonna keep shooting judges
until you do.
That wasn't a policeman
that came up behind ya.
That was a security guard
acting on his own.
So, just calm down.
Would you tell me who you are?
Who I am?
Sure.
Is that thing on?
My name is Frank.
But that's not important.
The important question is,
who are you?
America...
has become a cruel and vicious place.
We reward the shallowest, the dumbest,
the meanest, and the loudest.
No longer have
any common sense of decency.
No sense of shame.
There's no right and wrong.
The worst qualities in people are...

looked up to and celebrated.
Lying? Spreading fear? Fine.
As long as you make money doing it.
We've become a nation
of slogan-saying,
bile-spewing hatemongers.
We've lost our kindness.
We've lost our soul.
What have we become
when we take
the weakest in our society
and we hold them up to be ridiculed?
Laughed at
for our sport and entertainment.
Laughed at to the point
where they would literally
rather kill themselves
than live with us anymore.
Frank?
Yeah, Steven?
I didn't try to kill myself
because people were making fun of me.
I tried to kill myself
because they weren't gonna
put me on TV anymore.
You are a pretty girl.
Thank you, Frank.
If there's a tear on my face #
It makes me shiver to the bone #
It shakes me, babe #
It's just a heartache
got caught in my eye #
And you know #
I never cry #
Sometimes I drink more than I need #
Until the TV's dead and gone #
I may be lonely, but I'm never alone #
And the night #
May pass me by #
But I'll never cry #
Take away #
Take away my eyes #
Sometimes I'd rather be blind #
Break a heart

Break a heart of stone #
Open it up #
But don't you leave it alone #
'Cause that's all I got to give you #
Believe me, babe, it ain't been used #
My heart's a virgin #
It ain't never been tried #
And you know #
I'll never cry #
And you know #
I'll never cry #
Well, you know, you know,
you know, you know #
I'll never cry #
Break a heart #
Break a heart of stone #
Open it up #
But don't you leave it alone #
Because that's all I've got
to give to you #
Believe me, babe, it ain't been used #
My heart's a virgin #
It ain't never been tried #
And you know #
I'll never cry #
I'll never cry #