

Transcript

Speaker 1

Can I hear the opening word? Here we go. One, two, three. Very good. Remember, the text is first. in the beginning was the word. So the text is what you're concentrating on. Make it part of the music. Let's all breathe in. Breathe out. Excellent. Now let's hear the opening chord. Good. Middle voice is a little bit more. Higher voices are excellent. Bass, a little more breath. Try again. Okay, let's run the first verse. One. O little town of Bethlehem How still we see thee light Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go high Yet in thy dark street shining The everlasting light The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight Really great, especially that T at the end all together. Very, very good. Excellent. Let me sleep In the slumber of the morning There's nowhere I need to be And my dreams are still our call Lay your troubles on the ground No need to worry about now Daylight shaking through the trees Do not disturb me Let me be If you need a place to land Or come down when you are real Phyllistes. Lazy, vulgar, rancid little phyllistes. Mr. My mom? I'm busy right now. Hi, Doctor. What are-- What does he want? I think it's about Christmas break. I'll see him presently. What's that? Christmas cookies. I made them for the faculty. Well, not all the faculty. Anyway, these are for you. Can't put it off, but look at what others say. They think we don't listen anyway. Time has come today. Kelly, what are you doing with women's underwear? It's the same swimsuit James Bond wears under Her Majesty's Secret Service. You can't get more masculine than that. Why don't you just wear cut-offs? Because I'm going to Saint Kitts. I'm not going to be the only ***** on the beach wearing cut-offs. Look out, everyone. Tully's going to Saint Kitts. They still look like panties. You're right, Crandall. You caught me. They're your mother's panties. Tell her thanks for the good times. Hey, Tully. Hey, where are my cigarettes? Your cigarettes? You stole my ***** cigarettes. I resent that baseless accusation. Cut the ****. I have no cigarettes now. And Briggs says you suddenly have five of them to trade for a skin mag. I don't indulge in *****. I get enough of the real thing. Especially with Crandall's mom. Hey, Coots. \$10 for this? Looks more like a nickelback. Don't buy that, Harem. He's ripping you off. Plus, it's ditch weed. **** you, Tolly. This shit's premium weed, right? And unlike you, I'm stuck here. He's got to last me through Christmas. Take pity on him, Harem. He's a poor little Christmas orphan with nowhere to go. Little Christmas orphan needs his pot and ****. Ten minutes, ladies. Ten minutes. Let me sleep in the slumber of tomorrow. There's nowhere that we need to be that will not be there. Daylight shaking through the trees. Do not stir. Let me be. Keep me with you on the ground. I love my words. I can't believe you got out of it. Luckily, Irish, I thought this was your year. It was. I told Woodrup my mother has lupus. Does she? I don't know. Probably. We don't talk about those things. So who got stuck with it? Who do you think? That poor wall-eyed *****. Remy Martin,

Louis Trez. Christmas gift from the Board of Trustees. Oh, how generous of them. Thank you again for doing this, Honum. I wouldn't have asked if it weren't an emergency. Oh, Mr. Endicott's mother, right. What A tragedy. It's not as though you had plans to leave campus anyway. And of course, there's a nice little bonus in it for you. Well, non nobi solo naughty sumos, I suppose. Not for ourselves alone are we born. I'm guessing that's Cicero. Cicero, yes. Very good, Hardy. You remember it. There'll be just four boys holding over this year. Oh, yes, I know a couple of these reprobates. Let's be a little more. elastic in our assessment, shall we? It's hard enough for them to be away from home on the holidays. Latitude is the last thing these boys need. Paul, at your core, you're an excellent teacher. But your approach to the students is rather traditional. The school was founded in 1797. I thought tradition was our stock and trade. Then let's call it hidebound. You know, unwavering, resistant to. Yes, I know what hidebound means. I get it. You're still angry that I failed Jordan Osgood? Senator Osgood was very upset when Princeton rescinded Jordan's acceptance, yes. And I've continued to have to deal with the fallout. Hardy, are we really supposed to let these boys just skate by as long as Daddy builds a new gymnasium? Of course not. That's not who we are. But we can't be ignorant of politics. That boy is too dumb to pour **** out of a boot. A genuine troglodyte. Jesus Christ, Paul. He was a legacy and the son of one of our biggest donors. Ever think his dad might be expecting a little consideration for his dollar? And he got it. A first-class education for his son. Oh, come on, Hardy. As Dr. Green used to say, our one true purpose is to produce young men of good character. I don't care what Dr. Green used to say. And we cannot sacrifice our integrity on the altar of their entitlement. I'm just trying to instill basic academic discipline. That's my job. Isn't it yours? It was. until I became headmaster and saw that it's not so simple to keep the damn school afloat. I begged you, begged you to give the kid a C minus. There are instructors here who will do that. I am not one of them. Here's the manual and a full set of keys. Everything you need to know is in there. Your only task is to ensure the boy's absolute safety in good condition. And at least pretend to be a human being. Please. It's Christmas. **** this half-day *****. Where the hell is Walleye? He's probably jerking off in the Cobb salad. Why would he do that? Because he's Walleye. Who knows what that foul-smelling freak does. But you went straight to the Cobb salad. I mean, do you know something? Because I eat that Cobb salad. Salivate, gentlemen. Your final exams. I can tell by your faces that many of you are shocked at the outcome. I, on the other hand, am not, because I have had the misfortune of teaching you this semester, and even with my Ocular limitations, I witness firsthand your glazed, uncomprehending expressions. Sir, I don't understand. That's glaringly apparent. No, it's... I can't fail this class. Oh, don't sell yourself short, Mr. Coates. I truly believe that you can. I'm supposed to go to Cornell. Unlikely. Please, sir, my test's gonna flip out. All right. All right, in the spirit of the season, I suppose the most constructive way of dealing with your shortcomings is to offer a makeup exam. You'll all get a second run at this after break. Of course, it will not be the same exam. You will now be responsible for new material as well. Your grade will

be average of the two. Please open your books to chapter 6. The Peloponnesian War, gentlemen. We've already met Pericles. Now prepare yourselves to meet Demosthenes. No offense, sir, but is this really the best time to be starting a new chapter? I mean, we all appreciate the makeup exam gesture, but our families are here. You know, most teachers have already canceled class. We have chapel in 40 minutes, and then we're out of here. I mean, our heads are elsewhere. And where exactly is your head, Mr. Tully? I don't know. St. Kitts? Yes, indeed. I see you've brought your valise. Spot on, sir. It's just that it's been a really exhausting semester. Getting into new material now right before break? Honestly, it's a little absurd. Sir. Well, I would hate to be absurd. So let's just scuttle the whole thing, shall we? Let the original grades stand. Excuse me, sir. I think we all like the first option better. Would you say the guy's name was... Of course, I still expect you to be familiar with Chapter 6 upon your return, so pack those textbooks, boys. And if displeased, take it up with your champion, Mr. Tully. Dismissed. Got us out early, didn't I? Please be seated. Welcome, our students, faculty, and parents. I know you're all anxious to start the holidays. I can see the boys shifting in their seats. But before we release you to your bountiful tables and the blessings of family, let us pray for those less fortunate than me. Let us remember the poor and the helpless, the cold, the hungry, and the oppressed. Extra reading of our vacation and no makeup test. Are you ***** kidding me? Nice work, ****. Can you not talk, please? I'm trying to pray. You better pray. I don't catch you alone because I will fool on nut punch you. Tone it down. Jesus can hear you. To all those who know not the loving kindness of God. Sorry to hear about your mother, Endica. What? Oh, yes. Thank you. Yeah. We're all pulling for her. And finally, let us pray for the soul of Curtis Land, Barton class of 1969. Just this year, Curtis gave his life valiantly in the service of his country. And let us once again extend our deepest condolences to one of the most cherished members of the Barton family, his mother, Mary. Mary, we remember Curtis as such an outstanding and promising young man, and we know this holiday season will be especially difficult without him. Please know that we accompany you in your grief. May the all-powerful God who protected Abraham when he left his native land protect all our brave soldiers until they are delivered safely home to us. We ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen. Amen. I wish you all a very, merry Christmas, or as the case may be, a very happy Hanukkah. Congressman, Merry Christmas to you. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, everyone. Merry Christmas. Thank you. Nice to see you. Nice to see you. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. Angus Tully. You have a phone call. You're telling me this now? Sweetheart, listen, I know it's last minute and I am absolutely heartbroken. But could you please see your way to staying at school over break just this once? Stanley has been working so hard and we've had no time for a honeymoon. You guys have been married since July. You've had all these months. Something's always come up. I know it's a lot to ask, but... You know how lonely I've been. You've only two. And what about Boston? You promised on the way we'd spend some time in Boston. Angus, listen to me. This is our new family, okay? I know you miss your father. I do too.

But there's someone new in my life. It's just this one darling. We'll be together at spring break and we'll have the whole summer. **** the summer and **** Stanley. Angus. Are you kidding me? I'm just supposed to stay here. Mom, please don't do this. Please. I suspect that like me, this is not how you wanted to spend your holidays. But such are the vicissitudes of life. And as Barton men, we learn to confront our challenges with heads held high and with a spirit of courage and good fellowship. In strict accordance with the dictates of the manual, of course. Mr. Tully, are you joining us as well? What happened to Saint Kitts? Something came out. So for the next two weeks, we will be following a standard school schedule. Sir? Sir, we're on vacation. Which means we will be taking our meals together and you will observe regular hours of study. Study? Are you kidding me? The Peloponnesian War awaits, Mr. *****. You and Mr. Tully, the rest of you can get a jump on the next semester. It'll pay off. You'll see. We're already holding over and now we're being punished for it. You will be afforded limited windows for recreation and supervised physical activity. The gym's not even open yet. Yeah, they only lacquered half the floor. Fresh air will do you good. It's like 15 degrees outside. And the Romans bathed naked in the freezing Tiber. Adversity builds character, Mr. Tully. speaking of which, the school will be cutting heat to dormitories and faculty housing, so we'll all be bunking in the infirmary. This is the most ***** ever. We have to stay. Why do we have to draw Wallach? Yeah, you know, he used to be a student, right? Yeah, that's why he knows how to inflict maximum pain on us. The sadistic *****. At least we didn't draw Decker. I mean, he'd be perving all over us. Hey, guys, hold up for a second. Want one? No, I got something else. Who that? Don't smoke that out of here. I want to get busted by walleye. Don't be such a *****. I'm not a *****. I just don't want to end up at Fort Union paying for your mistake. Teddy *****. Jason Smith. I know who you are. Want to hit this? Yeah. You got a great arm, man. Yeah, it's just football. Glad you get stuck holding over. I'm supposed to be skiing with my folks up at Haystack. Well, my dad put his foot down and said I can't come home unless I cut my hair. So why don't you just cut your hair? Civil disobedience, man. Yeah, right. No, he's cool. It's just a battle of wills. Still, I was kind of hoping he'd cave first because the powder up at Haystack is so sweet right now. What about you, Mr. Moto? Why are you here? No, my name is Yajun. My family is in Korea and they think it's too far for me to travel alone. I figured it was because your rickshaw was broken. What's A rickshaw? You're an ***** Coots. Your mind's A cesspool and a shallow one at that. Who's the ***** Tully? You're the one who blew up history. Hey. What's your story, man? Alex Solerman. I'm here because my parents are on mission in Paraguay. We're LDS. Mormons, right? Don't you guys wear some kind of like magic underwear? That's a common misconception. Actually, it's called a temple garment, and we're only supposed to wear it when we... Hey, what's up with the townies? Hey, what are you doing with our Christmas tree? Who sold it back to us? Scotch pine, still fresh. Yeah, I'm gonna put it back on the line. Do it every year. This is the most ***** ever. Hello, Mary. Mr. Hunnam. I had you got stuck with babysitting duty this year. How'd you manage that? I don't know. I suppose I failed someone who

richly deserved it. Oh, the Osgoode kid? Yeah, he was a real *****. Rich and dumb, popular combination around here. It's a plague. And you? You'll be here too? All by my lonesome. My little sister Peggy and her husband invited me to go visit them in Roxbury, but I feel like it's too soon. Like Curtis will think that I'm abandoning him, you know? This is the last place that my baby and I were together. Not including the bus station. Well, I look forward to your fine cooking. Oh, no, no, don't do that. All we've got is whatever's in that walk-in. No new deliveries till January. You mind if I, um... You want some of that? All right. Thank you. this is a necessity. Oh, yes. Where's my photo? What photo? I think you know what photo and you stole it. I resent that baseless accusation. Give me my ***** picture. Hey, what's your problem, Tolly? You homesick? Gonna cry? Little boy misses his mommy? **** you, Koontz. Why are you even here anyway? Where's your family? We're renovating our house, right? And it's all torn up. They're storing the tools and stuff in my room. That's what they told you? It's winter, idiot. Nobody renovates their house in the winter. Your parents don't want you around because you're a ***** insecure sociopath. Hey, take it easy, guys. What? I mean, who'd want you for a son? That's why you grind everybody, because deep down, you know you're an *****. Plus, academically, you're a disaster. I mean, If I were your parents, I'd never want you home again. The only tool in your room is you. Ow! Come on! Come on! Hey, hey, I'm right! I'm right! Hey, get up! They weren't fighting. I see. And who started it to the not fighting? Mr. Tully? Perhaps you could shed some light on the subject? Mr. Coates? Mr. Smith? Mr. Oleman? Mr. Park? All right, then we'll do it like the Roman Legion. Absent A confession, one man's sin is every man's suffering. For every minute the truth is withheld, you will all receive a detention. I thought all the Nazis were hiding in Argentina. Stifle it, Tully. Now, in the first of said detentions, you will clean the library, top to bottom, scraping the underside of the desks, which are caked with snot and gum and all manner of ancient, unspeakable proteins. On your hands and knees, down in the dust, breathing in the dead skin of generations of students. Desiccated cockroach *****. It was *****. ***** started it. Bravo, Mr. Oldman. Bravo. And. Thank you, Mary. Didn't we already have this for lunch? And it was crappy then. Consider yourselves lucky. During the Third Punic Campaign, 149 to 146 BC, the Romans laid siege to Carthage for three entire years. By the time it ended, the Carthaginians were reduced to eating sand and drinking their own urine. Hence the term punitive. Mary, maybe you would, maybe you would care to join us? No, I'm all right. Thank you. I mean, I know she's sad about her son and everything, but still, she's getting paid to do a job. And she should do it well, right? But I guess no matter how bad a cook she is, now they can never fire her. Will you shut up? You have no idea what that woman has been through. You know, Mr. Koontz, for most people, life is like a henhouse ladder, ***** and short. You were born lucky. Maybe someday you entitled little degenerates will appreciate that. If you don't, I feel sorry for you. And we will have failed to do our jobs. Now eat. Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas. Who save us or from satisfying? Who tidings of comfort and joy and joy? Who tidings of the car you drive

most? And that means with by length. Dimensions of the car, you drive both. Jerry? Pretty long. Oh, let's see, maybe 8 by 80. What's the name of your car? Oh, good evening. Good evening. What's this? You don't know the newlywed game? What planet have you been living on? I don't really watch television. Well, it's a show where they ask couples questions to see how well they know each other. That sounds like courting disaster. Yeah, that's the whole damn point. Sit down. Come on. Browdy your horizons. This is a rerun from July, which is why they're playing for Weber barbecues and picnic utensils. Fascinating. Thank you. So, how are the boys? Broken in body and spirit. Okay, well, it is the holidays, so, you know, go easy on them. Oh, please. They've had it easy their whole lives. You don't know that. Did you? Besides, everybody should be with their people on Christmas. He says he's gonna send you to Santa Ana and he's going to Las Vegas. Nobody can watch you in Siberia. Where are you going? To Vegas. Las Vegas? Yeah. Those 2 are gonna get a divorce. How do you know? I recognize that look of stale disappointment. She hates him. How long were you married? I was engaged to Curtis's father, but he died before I gave birth. Harold. He worked in the shipyard. And one day they was carrying this big cargo pallet and the cable snapped. Hit him right across the head. They were good men. Both of them. And neither of them made it to 25. My baby wasn't even 20. I'm so sorry. I took this job. when Curtis was small because I wanted to ensure that he was gonna have a good education. You know he flourished here. Yes. No, he was a great kid. I had him one semester. Very insightful. Mm-hmm. He hated you. He said you were a real *****. Well, like I said, sharp kid, insightful. He had his heart set on Smarthmore. And he had the grades, but I didn't have the money. Even with financial aid, it wasn't enough. So when he got called up and no student affairment, off he went. Do you know what he said to me? He said, hey, Ma, look at the upside. When I get discharged, I can go to college on a GI Bill. College. And here we are. With Mike Curtis and the cold ground and those boys safe and warm in their beds. It's like you said. How'd you say it? Life is like a hen house letter. That's right. I can hear everything you're saying from the kitchen. Especially that Koontz kid. Crown prince of all the little *****. All right, you fetid layabouts. Stay late in the swamp. Arise! Speed, gentlemen. Speed! Without sufficient exercise, the body devours itself. That's it! What about your car? We could take it, go somewhere. Boston maybe? Nah, we get in so much trouble. Face it, we're stuck. We just have some way to get out of here. Split. Well, you can put a chopper down right in the quad. What? Get a helicopter, *****. His old man's the CEO of Pratt and Whitney. He's got his own bird. Takes from Stanford to the city every morning, lands right in the backyard. Pilot's name? Wild Bill. Wild Bill. Yeah. I flipped a haystack with it. Took the presents and everything, minus me. Flying with presents, like Santa Claus. Yeah. Just like Santa Claus. Hey! Let's go! You know, if I were back home right now in Provo, it would be really warm inside. And my mom, she'd be making me baked apples. And the whole house would smell like cinnamon and brown sugar. That sounds so nice. Hey! That's what you get for riding me out, you little Mormon! Let's go! What's Fork Union? Before, you said you don't want to end up at Fork Union. It's a

military academy in Virginia. That's where I'm going if I get kicked out of school again. How many schools have you been kicked out of? Three. That's why I'm still a junior. Give or take a semester. It's gone. My glove's gone. Twisted ***** orphan that glove on purpose. Left you with one so the loss would sting that much more. Hey. You all right? Have you had a nightmare? I get nightmares still. I'm always falling, drowning. Also... I had an accident. Yeah, you did. Stop crying. If they hear you, they'll crucify you. Which would be ironic since you're Buddhist. I know this is an excellent school. And my brothers went here. But I miss my family. And I have no friends. Yeah, well, friends are overrated. I'll help you hide the sheets in the morning, all right? In the meantime, find a dry spot and try to get some sleep. Thank you. ***** asparagus. Are you kidding me? It's only 11 and he's already lit. I can smell the whiskey on him. Can you blame him? It's freezing in here. It's ***** Greenland in here. What the hell is that? I knew it. He finally chafed. Big softy. Hey, any of you guys like to ski? Yes! Well, good news, gentlemen. I was able to reach Dr. Woodrup and your parents. Most of them, anyway. Try calling again. Just one more time, please. There's no point. The front desk says they're not answering. He says they're away on some excursion. Excursion? You know, I'm as disappointed as you are, if not more so. I could have been spending the rest of my vacation reading mystery novels. Okay, maybe they're back now. Just call again. Please. Okay. Happy holidays. Same to you. Take care, Tony. Guess that just leaves you, huh? Be sure to do all your homework. I almost forgot. I found that picture you were looking for. Merry Christmas, Mr. Tully. Goodbye, Angus. let's make the best of it, shall we? Oh, I suppose, Stan Laurel maybe. Stan Laurel, all right. Your husband says his favorite silent movie star is Rudolph Valentino. Oh, he is good. How about you? ever been married? Though I did get close once, right after college. And? We came to our senses. This is not exactly a face forged for romance, Mary. Yeah, and you know. What? Nothing. I don't know. I like being alone. I've always found myself drawn to the aesthetic. Like a monk. The foregoing of sensual pleasures for the achievement of spiritual goals. Spiritual goals? You? What spiritual goals are we talking about? You go to church? Only when required. Exactly. When's the last time you even left campus? I go into town all the time. Oh. For groceries and various errands and appointments. Okay, yes. I don't leave campus often. I don't really feel the need. Let me ask you something. If you could go anywhere on Earth, where would you go? Greece. Italy. Egypt, Peru, Carthage. Tunisia now, of course. In college, I started a monograph on Carthage. I'd like to finish that someday. Monograph is like a book, only shorter. I know what a monograph is. Why not just read a book? I'm not sure I have an entire book in me. You can't even dream a whole dream, can you? Has the world's blankest what? Picasso. Crying Crying never did nobody no good no high That's why I I don't cry Laughing Laughing sometimes does somebody some good somehow That's why I'm laughing now That's why I'm laughing now I have a surprise. These were a gift to me, and I would like to share them with both of you. Look at them. Look at all the festive shapes. Snowflakes and gingerbread men, a tree, this little mitten. May I go to the bathroom?

Sir. You may. Well, I'm trying. If you don't have a single room, I'll take a junior suite. They're the equivalent. I fully understand it's the holidays, but it's kind of an emergency. Yeah, sure. Mr. Tully, what are you doing? No, credit card. I'll pay cash or travelership. I didn't say you could use the phone. Okay, I see. Is there anywhere else you could recommend? Maybe downtown? Was that a hotel? None of your business. It is absolutely my business. I'm looking after you. Looking after me. Really? Like what? Like my warden? Like my butler? There's nobody here, okay? Just us two losers and a grieving mom. So let's cut the ****. You stay out of my way, and I'll stay out of yours. That's a detention. Dom. You just earned yourself a detention, sir. Now get back here! Being here with you is already one big ***** detention! *** ** * *****! That's another detention! Fine! I don't know what you're wearing man, Mr. Tillipan, to according to disaster! Without exercise, the body devours itself. You are careening toward suspension. Don't even think about it, Mr. Tully. You are a hair's breadth from suspension. I'll wash my hands of you. hear me? Wash my hands. Stop right there. You know the gym is strictly off limits. This is your Rubicon. Do not cross the Rubicon. Aliyah yak the est. Help! Help! Stop! Go! *****! Out! Jesus! Hurry! I am hurrying! I was on thin ice already. If Woodrow finds out the facts won't matter, he'll make it my fault. It is your fault. You were supposed to be looking after me. I told you to stop. You said you washed your hands of me. No, I meant it metaphorically. Of course you meant it metaphorically. What were you going to do? Actually, don't wash your hands. This is the end. They'll inform the school, who will inform your parents, and then its curtains. You're going to get me fired. You. No one that might lose an arm, and all you can think about is yourself. If you could fill this out, please. Admissions and insurance. Excuse me? Is there any way we could skip this whole insurance thing? It's just standard procedure. I understand, but look, we were over at Squants Pond playing hockey, and I slipped on the ice. Fingus, what are you doing? My mom told him not to take me, but I made him. My folks are divorced. We don't get to see each other very often. She'll be mad as a hornet if she finds out. Okay, that's your business, but we just have certain protocols. Yeah, protocols. Please, I never get to see my dad. It was my fault, all mine. I don't want to get him in any trouble. I don't want her dragging you into court again. We can skip the insurance thing. We can pay cash. Right, Dad? So the good news is nothing's broken, but you did dislocate your shoulder pretty badly. What does that mean? Well, that means that your arm has popped out of the socket and we just need to pop it back in. I'm gonna have you lie down. Nice and easy. Is this gonna hurt? Any more than it does now? Not if you relax. The key is just to relax as best as you can. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. On the count of three. One, two, three. Jesus! Barton men don't do that. Do what? Barton men don't lie. Yeah, well, I had momentum. Hello? We have this prescription. Percadet. Okay, give me a couple minutes. Thank you. Look, he said if Woodyard finds out, you're screwed, so now he won't find out. What happens if your parents inquire? Never going to happen. Trust me. Okay, then this all remains entrenu. Got it? You know what entrenu means? Oui, monsieur. Now you owe me. Owe you? Oh,

do not try to leverage me, Mr. Tully. All I'm looking for is a little thank you that I did something nice for you. That's all. I think I'll start with a beer. How about you? Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Tully. Get your cheeseburger. I got Miller High Life. The champagne of beers. Hey, you ready to order? Oh. Miss Crane, as I live and breathe. What are you doing? Oh, hi, guys. Yeah, I always pick up a little extra work over Thanksgiving and Christmas. Oh. Well, this is Mr. Tully. Oh, sure, I know you. Angus Tulley. We met outside Dr. Woodruff's office. I was wrongly accused of blowing up a toilet. I didn't know about the wrongly part. He'll have a cheeseburger. Okay. And a Miller High Life, please. No, you will not. Where do you stand on Miller High Life, Miss Crane? Well, like they say, it's the champagne of beers. She's a professional. Okay. one cheeseburger. And A Coke. Okay. I will have a cheeseburger as well. And Jim Beam. On the rocks. Please. Okay. You got it, guys. Thank you. Ouch. You two have chemistry. Okay. That's the Percodan talking. Oh, seeing her like this, I think she's pretty attractive. Listen, you hormonal Vulgarian, that woman deserves your respect, not your ***** speculation. Well, may I at least go to the bathroom? Sir? You mean the payphone? Coke, double jam, charged for a single. Thank you. Ginger. So, how'd you get stuck holding over? I thought it was Mr. Endicott's ear. No, I know. I'm being punished. Dr. Woodruff is A pompous *** with a dictator complex. Oops. What I meant to say was, he's a lovely, compassionate educator with a really groovy beard. Yeah, you know, I've had a lot of former students ascend to positions of authority. He's the only one I've ever had to report to. He was your student. Oh, yes. My first year teaching. And he was an ***** even then. Oh. Well, listen, if you and Angus are really all alone up there, I'm having a little Christmas Eve party. In case, you know, you guys want to stop by. Sorry kid, next game's taken. But I just put a dime down. I don't care. My buddy's up next. That's not how it works. That's how it works in here. Why don't you go shoot the other ***** machine? Because I don't want to shoot the other ***** machine. I want to use this one. ****. Thanks for ***** up my mojo. Hey, Kenny, you're up. ***** . I put my dime down. I'm up next. What was that? Oh. Hey, sport. My eyes are up here. Look at this ***** kid. Spoiled little ***** Biden boy. Yeah, he's a fancy little prick, isn't he? You know what? You can just take my dime. You want me to take your dime? Like it's, like it's charity? No. What I meant was, we could play together. Yeah, you could be my left arm. The **** did you just say to me? Hey, Mister Cunham. Yes, Mister Cunham, can we go, please? Why? I've just been called a fancy little prick. We should go. Hey, why'd you run off? We were just talking to you. I let you do manners of that school. No, Kenneth, Kenneth, leave him alone. They just came in for some food. Kenneth, Kenneth, is that right? I don't doubt he did something to offend you. It's his specialty. Now, perhaps I can purchase you gentlemen something to imbibe, and we could let whatever this unfortunate incident is Go the way of the dodo. The what? The dodo. It's an extinct bird. What he's trying to say is he'd like to buy you guys a beer. Yeah, yeah, okay. Right. Yeah, yeah, I love them, Miller. Champagne of beers. Why'd you buy those guys beers? They're ***** . That's one way to look at it. Hey. Catch. How many boys do you know

have had their hands blown off? Barton boys don't go to Vietnam. Oh, they go to Yale or Dartmouth or Cornell, whether they deserve to or not. Except for Curtis Lamb. Except for Curtis Lamb. Were you ever in the military? Yes, I tried to enlist in 41, but was rejected. I have to get in over there. They made me an air raid warden. Give me a whistle and everything. Helmets, armband. Before we get going, can I be candid with you? You smell. Like fish. And it's really noticeable towards the end of the day. I can even smell it on your coat. Mind if I crack the window? Trimethylaminuria. Trimethylaminuria. Means my body can't break down trimethylamine. That's the smell. And yes, more toward the end of the day. Well, your whole life? No wonder you're afraid of women. I am not afraid of women. Jesus. I shouldn't have said anything. Dr. Gertler says I don't always give consideration to my audience. And who is Dr. Gertler? I'm a shrink. Has Dr. Gertler ever tried a good swift kick in the ***? Okay. Now your turn. Go ahead. Tell me something about me. Something negative. Something negative about you. Sure. Just one thing. Just one. Why'd you two miss dinner last night? Oh, we went into town on some school-related business. And you couldn't call? Sorry. Good morning, everybody. Hi, Danny. Good morning. You can go on there and fix yourself a plate. I just saw something funny. I walked into the gym and someone had vomited in there. You don't say I don't know anything about that. Yeah, me neither. No, I'll look into that right away. Thank you. Mm-hmm. I see how it is. Child your mind. I appreciate you pitching in. No, I should be thanking you. This is very therapeutic. Try it when you're stuck serving 300 little ***** and all they do is complain. Then you tell me how therapeutic it is. Fair enough. Speaking of. Brownies? God yes, I want all of these. Just take one. The rest is for the Christmas party tonight. What Christmas party? There's A Christmas party? Yeah, Miss Crane's house. I'm only gonna go for a little bit, show my face, and say I was there. You know, Miss Crane said she invited you too. I want to go to the party. She didn't mean it. We were just making small talk. If you don't want to go, don't go. I'll take them. Mary can take me. No, that's not how it works. You're under my supervision. Okay, maybe it's fine for you to sit around here and read books all day, but I'm losing my ***** mind. Jesus! Hey! Watch your mouth, young man. Not on Christmas Eve. You see? I can't trust him in a social situation. Mr. Hunter, if you are too ***** **** to go to this party, then just say that. Don't **** it up for the little *****. What's wrong with you? It's just a party. What are you afraid of? **** now you got me nervous. Hi! Oh, you made it! Welcome! Hi! Oh, I am so glad you're here. Well, happy to be here. Where should I put these? Those I'll be putting on my bedside table. You're a wicked woman. You have no idea. There's certainly a lot of people here. Yeah, some family, friends from town. Only you guys from work. That's my mom on the couch. That's my sister Kathy and her son Marvin. Oh, and that's my friend Tom. Of course. Yeah, and his son. Angus. This is Angus Tully. He's one of our students at Barton. This is my niece, Elise. Niece Elise. Nice. And this is Mr. Hunums. He's one of our finest teachers. Oh. History, right? Ancient civilizations. And this is Mary Lamb. She is the manager of the cafeteria. Hi. Hey, why don't you take Angus down into the basement, introduce him to our family tradition. Okay, and why

don't I get you guys some drinks? A Jim Beam for you, right? Correct. Okay, and what about you, Mary? I'll take a whiskey. Okay. He's the darling that'll tell us all Santa Claus will be round on 15th. This is what you wanted to show me? I grew up playing down here during my aunt's parties. I think it's kind of cool. There's a purity to it. I mean, every child is an artist. Problem is remaining an artist when we grow up. Picasso said that. Picasso's cool. Yeah, I saw your article once, you know, the big mural with the horse. Yeah, I know Guernica. You really saw it? Yeah, at the Museum of Lantern Art in New York. It's huge. My dad took me. There you go. Hey, how you doing? I'm doing all right. Okay. They put me in charge of the music. Who put you in charge of the music? I did. You're so crazy. Oh, I got you something. Long Danny. Yeah. I can do anything but pay taxes and die. I wanted to. Here. This is lovely. Thank you. You're welcome. But Danny, I didn't get you anything. Yes, you did. You got me that beautiful smile. There it is. There it is. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. Am I doing this right? There's no way to wrong. Are you trying to look down my shirt? No. Yes. You know, I'm not going to do this if you're not going to take it seriously. I am taking it seriously. As seriously as one can take finger painting. No, you're not. This is whole area, right here. Like Christmas every day for me. Mistletoe. Oh, yes, of course, that's right. You know, it's interesting, Aeneas carried mistletoe with him when he descended into Hades in search of his father. Oh, Anyway, I like your tree. It's very space age. I bought it to commemorate the moon landing. Really? So where's your family this Christmas? Nowhere. I'm an only child. My mother died when I was young. Oh. And your father? Let's just say I left home when I was 15. You ran away? Worse. I got a scholarship to Barton. And from there I went to college and never looked back. Oh, but you did a little. I mean, you came back here. Ah. Feels kind of like home, yes. And I guess I thought I could make a difference. I mean, I used to think I could prepare them for the world, even a little. Provide standards and grounding like Dr. Green always drilled into us, but the world doesn't make sense anymore. It's on fire. The rich don't give a ****. Poor kids are cannon fodder, integrity's a punchline. Trust is just a name on a bank. Well, look, if that's all true, then now is when they most need someone like you. Danny, did you know that Curtis used to love Audie Shaw? You know, we used to dance to this. What teenage kids listens to Artie Sharp? You're killing me. Can't you play something a little HIPAA? Don't touch that ***** record. Okay, wait, hey, Mary, come on, would you sit down? Oh, I'm okay. All right. No, DB, I'm okay. I know, please. Okay, but I said I'm okay. And I'll be fine in the summer But then I gotta have you To cuddle up to when winter comes Go get me another drink. So are you planning anything special for tomorrow? No. Why? Are you having, um... Oh, no, no. I just thought maybe you were doing something special for Angus. Oh. You should. Help preserve some of the magic. I mean, he may be a little difficult, but he still is just a kid. Life catches up to them so fast. Them. Ha. Us. You're a very sweet person, Miss Crane. Oh. So are you. When you want to be. And it's Lydia. Lydia. Excuse me for a minute. Hey. Hi. Mister Hunnam. Mr. Palm, could you come with me, please? Yeah, what is it? Come on, I'm serious. Come on. Mary? You all right? Just leave me alone. You want me

to take you alone? Back. I was right. This is why I hate parties. That was a disaster. Total disaster. Speak for yourself. I was having fun. Let's take Mary home, make sure she's okay, and we'll come back. Out of the question. Come on, would you give me a break? God, I was hitting it off with Elise. No, Denise, are you kidding me? This poor woman is bereft, and all you can think about is some silly girl. I don't need you feeling sorry for me. See? I'm just saying, this was the first good thing that came with being in this prison with you. Need I remind you that it is not my fault that you are stuck here? Do you think I want to be babysitting you? no, I was praying to the God I don't even believe in that your mother would pick up the phone or your father would arrive in a helicopter or a submarine or a flying ***** saucer. My father's dead. I thought your father... This was some rich guy my mom married. Give me your keys. It's unlocked. You don't tell a boy that's been left behind at Christmas that you're aching to cut him loose. That nobody wants him? What the **** is wrong with you? Let's go. Cold. O little crowd rocked Heavenly heavenly light Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. What can I do for you, Chief? I'm looking for a tree. You came to the right place. Big fire sale on all remaining inventory. Mr. Tully. Mr. Tully? Mr. Tully! Angus Tully! Good morning. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, of course. How are you? Well, I got a case of the cocktail flu. Have you seen the boy? *** **** it, where the hell can he be? Angus! Mr. Tully? Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas. Where the hell have you been? I don't know, just here. Come on, I have something to show you. No ornaments? Oh, I'm sure we can round up some ornaments somewhere. Ah, now, this is for you. Meditations by Marcus Aurelius. For my money, it's like the Bible, the Koran, and the Bhagavad Gita all rolled up into one. And the best part is not one mention of God. Okay. Thanks. And Mary, this is for you. So you just get this for everybody? And? Now, how'd you guess? How indeed? Oh, and this came in the mail for you. Thank you, Mary. That was just lovely. Oh, is that an actual compliment? Oh, come on. You know, I don't think I've ever had a real family Christmas like this before. Christmas dinner, I mean, family style. out of the oven, all the trimmings. My mom always just orders in from Delmonico's. Well, she's got the right idea. Next year, I'm ordering from Delmonico's. Anyway, thank you, Mary. You're welcome. I'd like to propose a toast to my two unlikely companions on this snowy island and to our absent friends and family. And I realize that none of us is here because he wants to be. So if there's any way that I could make the holidays a little cheerier for either one of you, just say the word. Okay. I want to go to Boston. Boston? Why? not? I want a real Christmas. I want to go ice skating. I want to see a real Christmas tree with real ornaments. Not that stupid thing. You said it was nice. It is nice. Come on, let's get out of here. I want a real holiday. We're not going to Boston. It's out of the question. You told the boy anything, so take the kid to Boston. Mary, we're not allowed to leave campus or the immediate environs. I suppose we could call it a field trip. Field trips would fall under the ambit of additional academic pursuits. There's even a fund set aside for additional academic pursuits. I'll go pack. I'm going to need you to take me to Roxbury. All right. Here we are. Boy, that's an awful lot of stairs. And probably icy too.

Mr. Tully. Right. Mary, can I help you with your bags? Yes, please. Hey, be careful with the box. Yeah. You know you're more than welcome to a room at the hotel. We've got the money. Are you out of your mind? I need a break from you two and all your damn bickering. Besides, I'm looking forward to visiting my little sister. She's pregnant. Oh, that's wonderful. Yeah. Oh. Mr. Hunnam. Oh, I'm sorry. My hands sweat. It's hyperhidrosis. I'm sorry. Okay, Mary. One more flight up. One more flight up. Yep. So you two are gonna be all right? Yes, the little monster will be well under control. Mary! Bye. Bye. Bye, Mary. Uh-uh, where are you going? You're not done yet. You have to help me up there. Yeah, sure thing. Come on. I just have a bite to it. Hey there, handsome, you got a cigarette? Nope, sorry, I smoked a bag. How about a date, though? You want a date? No, thank you. Oh, come on. Let's go somewhere warm. Go ahead. I can wait here. See? You can wait here. Read some books. He doesn't mind if Daddy gets a little candy cane. Thank you, but I never really liked candy canes. Plus, I'm pre-diabetic. if you do want a little candy cane, I won't tell anyone. Mr. Tully, for most people, sex is 99% friction and 1% goodwill. Call me old-fashioned, but I place value on physical intimacy. So should you. You've never had sex, have you? Believe it or not, Mr. Tully, there was a time when the fire in my loins burned white hot. You're full of ****. No, the details would curl your toes. Okay, we're finally getting to the good stuff. Let's hear it. Maybe when you're 18. Curl your toes! Are we almost done? What's your hurry? I thought you liked antiquity. In class, maybe, but I never think about it unless I need to. Well, here. What do you see? I don't know. Bunch of pottery. Look at that one. It's candy cane. Yes. There's nothing new in human experience, Mr. Tully. Each generation thinks it invented debauchery or suffering or rebellion, but man's every impulse and appetite, from the disgusting to the sublime, is on display right here. All around you. So before you dismiss something as boring or irrelevant, remember, if you truly want to understand the present or yourself, you must begin in the past. You see, history is not simply the study of the past. It is an explanation of the present. See, when you say it that way and throw in some ***** it's a lot easier to understand. Okay. You should try doing more of that in class and less yelling. most of the kids dislike you, pretty much hate you. Teachers, too. You know that, right? I listen to the wind, to the wind of my soul Where I'll end up, well, I think only God really knows I've sat upon the setting sun But never, never, never, never I never wanted water once No, never, never, never I never wanted water once Never, never, never, never... I thought they do, like, ice cream in there. Where? Paul, hunt up. Is that you? It's Hugh. Hugh Cavanagh. Oh, yes, of course. Wow, Hugh Cavanagh. Wow. Oh, how are you, Hugh? God, what's it been, 30 years? This is my wife, Karen. Hi, this is Paul Hunnam. We went to Harvard together, right? Hi, Paul. Yes, we did. Yes, we did. Wow. What have you been up to, Hugh? Still in the area? Oh, yes, I'm still in Boston. Cambridge. Harvard. You just got tenure. Statistics. He won't blow it on Horn. I have to blow it for him. Okay, well, what about you, Paul? Oh, still teaching. We have that in common. History, ancient history. That's great. That's great. Where? Oh, um, abroad, mostly. Oh, on fellowships, privately

funded fellowships, universities and private academies, mostly on fellowships. You know, I'm currently posted in, um, Antwerp. Uh, just back here for the holidays. Ah, so, uh, is this your son? Well, um... I'm his nephew, Leonard. Nice to meet you, Leonard. And he's writing a book right now. Tell him about your book, Uncle Paul. My book? That's not a book, really. More of a monograph. It's nothing special. Don't be so modest. It's about cameras, right? Ancient cameras? Yes. No, what he means, of course, is the camera obscura. You know, the optical and astronomical tool that dates back to the time of Anaxagoras. Tell him the title, Uncle Paul. He's not interested, Leonard. Sure I am. Lights and magic in the ancient world. Okay, well, um... Paul, I'm just so glad you landed on your feet. You look swell. You, too. So swell. And, uh, we'll keep an eye out for your book, won't we, honey? Merry Christmas, Paul. Merry Christmas. Bye, Liv. Merry Christmas. What the **** just happened? I thought Barton men don't lie. Don't get me wrong, that was fun, but you just lied to your teeth. What I say during a private conversation is none of your ***** business. You are not to judge me. It wasn't a private conversation. The wife and I were there. And I helped you. Why did he ask if you landed on your feet? What is this, Nuremberg? You're the ***** constantly telling everybody not to lie and going on and on about the honor code. There was an incident when I was at Harvard with my roommate. And? He accused me of copying from his senior thesis. Plagiarizing. Well, did you? No, he stole from me. The blue-blooded Prex family had allies on the faculty. I mean, their last name is on a library, for Christ's sake. So he accused me in order to sanitize his treachery, and they threw me out. So you got kicked out of Harvard for cheating? No, I got kicked out of Harvard for hitting him. You hit him? What, like punched him out? No, I hit him with a car. You got kicked out of Harvard for hitting a guy with a car? By accident. Pint of Jim Beam, please. But he broke 3 ribs, which was technically his fault because he shouldn't have been in the road. Two dollars, please. Also, he shot himself, which was the greater indignity. Here you go, killer. So Mr. Hunnam never even graduated college? Holy **** you didn't finish up somewhere else? Who else knows? Well, Dr. Green knew. Only Dr. Green. He always believed in me, so he gave me a job. Adjunct faculty. Zero respect and even less pay. So nobody batted an eye, and I'd been at the school ever since. Are you ashamed of how things turned out? Not at all. Oh, I'm proud of my work. I love history. I love Barton. Barton is my life. I don't know what I would do without Barton. Why'd you lie to that guy? because I knew he'd relish the fact that I'm a washout and never left my own high school, and he'd probably repeat that story to everybody we used to know, so I figured he's not entitled to my story. I am. Yeah. **** that guy. Yeah, exactly. **** that guy. Statistics. Now, you'll keep this quiet, right? No one is to know. I mean, no one, Angus. Entre nu, sir. Entre nu. Ancient cameras. Where the hell did you come up with that? Just trying to keep you on your toes, sir. Get up, kid. It's daylight in the swamp. I ordered breakfast. Great. Oh, you dropped something. Those are my vitamins. Librium? Yeah. It's just something I'm supposed to take for low energy. You mean depression? Is that rye toast? How'd you know I like rye toast? See? You're welcome. That's not bad. Pretty

good teacher, kid. Too bad everybody dislikes you. Pretty much hates you, but you must know that. Right? touché, sir. touché. By the way, what eye do you aim with anyway? You know, I'm the meaner to ask. When we're talking, which one should I look at? Sometimes I look at one, but then I think I'm wrong, so I look at the other. Yes, everybody does that. So which eye is it? People don't understand. This isn't a tentpin. Oh, see, it's much harder. All these tentpin ***** coming in here like they're slumming it. What the hell with them? Yeah, **** them. Excuse me. Here's something I bet you didn't know. Your uniform, festive as it is, historically inaccurate. Saint Nicholas of Myra was actually a 4th century Greek bishop from what is now Turkey. So a robe and sandals would be closer to the mark. But I guess that would be impractical, given the weather and all the silly but lucrative mythology about Santa and elves and reindeer and chimneys and whatnot. What can you do? As Democritus said, O cosmos heleosis, o vios epolypsis. World is decay, life is perception. My son, to see you again causes my heart to soar like a hawk. Grandfather, I brought you this present. Is this the hat I used to own? Except grown softer. This is not only amusing, but for a movie, it's a fairly accurate depiction of life among the Cheyenne. Shh. **** *. I saw you in a dream. I'm going to go use the bathroom. You were drinking from a spring that came from the long nose of an animal. I did not recognize the animal. Alongside his nose, he grew 2 horns. I smoked on this matter. My decision is, little big man has returned. Hey! Get out. I just need to do something. I was going to come back. I'll meet you at the hotel. It won't take long. It's nothing bad. Get out, you conniving little ****. Were you planning this the whole time? Just counting the minutes until I turned my back? I wasn't running away. There's just something I need to do before we go back to school. Please. You can come with me. Just come with me, okay? Come with you where? To see my dad. Your dad? That's what this is about? Why didn't you just ask me? Because of course we can visit a cemetery. Excuse me. Look who's here to see you. Hi, Dad. Hello, sweetheart. You want to go sit down for a little? No. Seated right here. There you go. All right. missed you. I've missed you a lot. A whole lot. You know, I'm still at school. At Barton. And it's Christmas time now, so I thought you might like a visit. Guess what? I'm actually keeping my grades up. I consistently get the highest grades in the class in ancient civ. I'm pretty much third or fourth in pre-calc. And I'm in the chess club, too. But I don't really like the other kids. And in the spring, I think I want to try tennis. Just JV. Probably only doubles, if the coach could just forget about my, uh... Anyway, it's not important. Listen. I have to tell you something. I think they're putting something in my food. He used to be fine. He was better than fine. He was great. He lost my dad. Then about four years ago, he started acting strange. Erratic, forgetful scene of this weird ****. My mom took him to a bunch of doctors and put him on medication, but that just made it worse. He got more confused. Then he got angry. And then he got physical. That was the last strong. They put him away. And she divorced him. I'm even realizing it. That's why she wants a whole new life. It's easy to just stash me away in boarding school. Like half of us are just stashed away there. I get it. She never has to look at me. Because maybe when she

looks at me, she sees him. No, That can't be true. You're her son. Maybe she's right. I can't keep it together. I lie. I steal. I **** people off. I don't have any friends, real friends. I'll probably get kicked out of Barton Two, and when I do, it'll be my own fault. Get sent to fork union, and maybe to you know where. And nobody will care. The funny thing is, I wanted to seem so bad this whole time. But I have some opinion, So I'm afraid that's what's gonna happen to me one day. No, Angus, Angus, Angus, listen. You're not your father. How do you know? Because no one is his own father. I'm not my dad, no matter how hard he tried to beat that idea into me. I find the world a bitter and complicated place, and it seems to feel the same way about me. I think you and I have this in common. But don't get me wrong, you have your challenges. You're erratic and belligerent and a gigantic pan in the balls, but you are not your father. You're your own man. Man, no. You're just a kid. You're just beginning. And you're smart. You've got time to turn things around. Yes, I know the Greeks had the idea that the steps you take to avoid your fate are the very steps that lead you to it, but that's just a literary conceit. In real life, your history does not have to dictate your destiny. Oh, there's Mary. Can you not tell Mary or anybody? Entre nu. This whole ***** trip is entre nu. Stand up. What? Stand up for the lady, you bore. Cretin. Mary. Well, hello. Hi. Hello. Sorry I'm late. We're just happy to see you. I'm done. Your menu. Oh, thank you. Hello, ma'am. Would you like a cocktail to start? no, I'll just take a cup of tea. Oh, come on, have a cocktail. No, a cup of tea is fine. I've eaten already. And you gentlemen, did you save room for dessert? Yeah, what's that? That's our signature dessert, Cherries Jubilee. Sounds great. Bring the young vandal here, Cherries Jubilee. I'm afraid I can't. The dish contains brandy. Same deal with the bananas foster. Yeah, but doesn't the alcohol just burn off? It's still against the rules, ma'am. I'll order the Cherry Jubilee. We can share it. I can't allow that either. Can we say it's his birthday? It's my birthday. Well, happy birthday, young man. Let's get you a slice of cake or some other age-appropriate dessert. Christ on a crutch. What kind of a fascist hash foundry are you running here? Excuse me, ma'am. Do you by chance have cherries? Yes. Great. And do you have ice cream? Yes. Fantastic. Can we please get cherries and ice cream to go? And the check. Right away. *****. And James Bean. All right. All right. Oh! Presto! Cherries Jubilee. Ooh! Shouldn't it just go out? ****. ****. What did you put on there? Man, I sure do wish we had some noise makers. I've got a noise maker. Where the hell did you get that? I don't know. Found it. Well, you're not deploying that in here. You know, you weren't this uptight in Boston. Oh. Danny, where do you stand on indoor fireworks? About as far away as I can. That's very wide. we're going to miss it. Come on. Up on your feet. Up on your feet. Up on your feet. Five, 4, three, two, one. Happy New Year. Happy New Year. Yes. Good. Very good. Congratulations, Mr. Talia. Congratulations, Danny. Mary, congratulations. Now, as I say, we're not deploying this in here. No. I'm gonna light this sucker off in the kitchen. What? Come on, baby. This is good. For Ruby. For old Lang's eye There's too much paprika. Why'd you put in all that paprika? Follow the recipe. Now you have to add in a third cup of water. Come on, ladies. Hey, Koons, does it hurt? **** yeah, it hurts. Clear

off the slopes, man. Burn me to a crisp. You think that's funny, Tolly? No, man. Just glad you had a good vacation. Welcome back. Snarling physical arts. I trust you all enjoyed a refreshing holiday. Oh, hello, Mr. Collins. Or should I say Icarus? Flied a little too close to the sun, did we? Yeah. All right. Along with your skiing and swimming, I hope you've found time to enlighten yourselves about the Peloponnesian War and its implications for today. Just to check, we're going to start with a short pop quiz on the reading before we retake the final from last semester. Only ex gonius praetestelum. Excuse me, Mr. Hunnam. Oh, Miss Crane. Lydia, come in. Happy New Year. Oh, same to you. Happy New Year. Forgive me. I'm A clot. I never called to thank you for inviting the boy and me to your party. And Mary, it meant A lot. Oh, you're so welcome. It was fun. Dr. Woodrup is asking to see you. He says it's urgent. Oh. Mr. Hunnam, meet Judy and Stanley Clotfelter. Angus Tully's mother and father. Stepfather. Hello. Good morning. They've brought something very important to my attention. We understand you took Angus to Boston over the holidays. I explained to Mr. Clotfelter that you went on a field trip for academic reasons. That's right. A field trip. Yes, as per my instructions in the manual, it fell within the ambit of my responsibility. Well, if it was a school trip, then how do you explain this? The people at the sanitarium confiscated it from my ex-husband. Apparently, Angus had given it to him. My mom and Stanley are here. Lydia told me. I think I'm gonna get kicked out. That means military school. Angus knows he's not supposed to visit his father. He suffers from debilitating mental illness, paranoid schizophrenia, early onset dementia. And Angus's visit created an expectation. Now Tom wants to come home, which is clearly impossible. They tried to tell him, and he just... He got violent. He tried to brain one of the orderlies with this ***** thing. You people know the boy has a discipline problem. Hall, the Klutfelters want to withdraw Angus from Barton and enroll him at Fork Union Military Academy. Set him straight once and for all. Do a lot worse than a career in the military. Stanley, look, Angus has defied me lots of times about a lot of things, including this. So however he manipulated your sympathies or slipped a leash, just tell us. It was my idea. No, he didn't trick me or slip the leash. I took him to see his father. In fact, I convinced him to do so. This is a family matter, and you had no right to interfere. I don't give a ****. I said I don't give a ****. You two were unreachable. He was all alone at Christmas. I thought the kid should see his father. Do you understand what you've done? I have to move Tom now. It was hard even finding a facility that would take him, and now... I have to move him. That is deeply unfortunate. But why compound the misery by ruining the boy? I have just spent two solid weeks with him. He is a pain in the *** sure, but he's also very smart. Brilliant, I don't know, but very smart. You must know that. He's got enormous potential. It would be devastating if you pulled him out now. You did this to yourself, Honam, not me. I want you to remember that. Hardy, I have known you since you were a boy. So I think I have the requisite experience and insight to aver that you are and always have been penis cancer in human form. It's this one. This is the one you should look at. Angus, step inside, please. Oh. Hello. I missed you at breakfast. I was, I was busy. So did you

decide where you're gonna go? Yes or no. First I'm gonna stash my stuff at a friend's in Syracuse, and then... I don't know. Maybe I'll start in Carthage. I was hoping you were going to see that. For your monograph. I don't know, Mary. There's a lot of empty pages in here. Yeah, well, that's your problem, man. All you got to do is write one word after another. Can't be that high, can it? What about you? What about me what? Oh no, I'm not going anywhere. I'm not like you. I like having a job. Plus I'm saving up for college. My sister's baby. What is the word from Penny? Peggy. Peggy. Only that if it's a boy. His male name is gonna be Curtis. I heard he got booted for eating feces. What? Apparently he got caught in the locker room and in the commode burgling dirts. That's not what I heard. What did you hear? Doesn't matter. Either way, he's history. The ***** taught history, now is history. Right, Tully? Hi. Oh, hi. Look, I don't know what you said to my mom and Stanley and Woodrup, but all I know is I'm not getting kicked out. And you got fired. I just told the truth. Mostly. Barton man. Barton man. Fifth period. it's only PE. Maybe I could skip, we could head over the winning ticket, grab a burger and a beer. Miller High Life, no doubt. You never give up, do you? Well, I already fired you, so I figured it was worth a shot. Your logic is flawless, but no. Keep your head up, all right? You can do this. Yeah, I was gonna tell you the same thing. See ya. See you. Crying Crying never did nobody no good no how That's why I I don't A mild-mannered family man on the outside, but on the inside a deadly and laser-focused avenger. Bob Odenkirk stars in Nobody tomorrow night at 9 here on Film 4. Next tonight, Clayne Crawford plays a salesman who heads to the woods. The integrity of Joseph Chambers and the state of modern masculinity are examined. That's why I I'm laughing now That's why I I'm laughing now Loving Loving never did me no good No how, no how That's why I can love you now That's why I can love you now Lying Lying never did nobody no good No how, no how So why am I Lying now