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MOVIES

MICKEY 17 (2025) | TRANSCRIPT

June 17, 2025

During a human expedition to colonize space, Mickey 17, a so-called "expendable" employee, is sent to explore an ice planet.



Mickey 17 (2025)

Genre: Science Fiction, Black Comedy, Satire

Director: Bong Joon Ho

Writers: Bong Joon Ho, Edward Ashton



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replacement with retained memories—to help colonize the icy world Niflheim. When his 17th iteration (Mickey 17) unexpectedly survives a lethal mission and ends up coexisting alongside his replacement (Mickey 18), the two face dangerous legal and ethical minefields. Against a backdrop of native alien life forms, corrupt leadership, and existential questions about identity and humanity, Mickey must navigate survival—and self—in a chilling, satirical sci-fi adventure.

Adapted from the novel *Mickey 7* by Edward Ashton.

* * *

[groans]

[shallow breathing, exhales]

[shivering, exhales]

[Mickey 17, VO] *How did I survive that?*

[groans] *It was some damn fall.*

[beeping] *Oh, shit. My comm's busted.*

[gasping] *My thermal's busted too.*

I should have got snapped in half and died on the way down, instead of slowly turning into a meat popsicle.

[vehicle whirring]

Timo?

Timo!

Timo, I'm down here.

Ow. [grunting]

[coughing] Timo.

[echoing] Mickey?

T-Timo!

Timo, I'm down here.

Mickey. Whoa.

No.

Hold on.

[groans]

[Timo humming]

[gasping, chuckles]

[Timo gasps]

Oh, shit.

Your flamethrower's still good.

[chuckles]

Not a single scratch.

It's a good thing I thought to come down here.

Weapons will be happy to see this.

Hey, I'm gonna turn this in, okay?

I can take it.

You're not mad, right? That I'm just taking this?

I mean, it's not looking very good for you, right?

Also, line only goes this far.

Uh-huh.

Yeah, no, we-we're cool.

You shouldn't have to take the risk.

[Timo] Yeah, that's what I'm saying.

Plus, they're gonna reprint you back out tomorrow anyway.

Yeah.



What's it feel like to die?

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I'm sure you're used to it by now. Still... [chuckles]

[scoffs]

[winch whirring]

How many times is this?

You're Mickey... 16?

[Mickey 17] 17. Jerk.

18 after this one.

Well, it was nice knowing you, have a nice death.

See you tomorrow.

[creature chittering]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Oh, great.*

[scoffs] *Why not?*

[creatures continue chittering]

That's a pretty big one.

Hopefully, I'll just get swallowed in one go.

It's got to be better than slowly freezing to death.

I guess.



[roars]

[rumbles]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Or maybe not.*

[wet drip]

[whirring]

[thudding]

[Mickey 17, VO] *But they just printed me out again every time I died.*

All my data is saved, and I just get a whole new body.

They do all this, kind of, regular uploads of memories and my personality traits...

[group laughing]

...and re-implant it back in my brain.

That's some crazy technology, man.

Let's just say it's-it's advanced.

It's very advanced.

[object rattles]

[group cheers]

[man] Yes.

[machine beeping]

[man 2] Oh, come on, come on.

Wait. Would you just hold on a second?

Just like-Calm down. Calm down.

Just relax, breathe. That's right, breathe.

[group] Oh!



banned on Earth, and they only allow it now in outer space for Expendables.

Like me. [chuckles]

So, from the second we left the atmosphere, they made me work my ass off all the way to this planet.

Gave me one mission after another.

Uh, Tech, what's going on? The extra cable's here already.

[male tech] *Um, the thing is, Mickey...*

Hey, Medical, you wanna tell him?

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Tell me what?

[female tech] *Hi, Mickey. How're you doing?*

Are you experiencing any vertigo, nausea or dizziness?

Uh, I-I guess I am feeling a little dizzy.

[man] *It's only gonna get worse from here, Mickey, with a nice fever too.*

Truth is, you're exposed to unthinkable levels of radiation right now, which is why we sent you out in the first place.

Okay.

[man] *If you could give us a full description of your symptoms.*

So, a couple things I wanna go through on our cosmic radiation checklist first.

How long until your skin starts to burn?

Then, how long until you go blind?



[Mickey 17, VO] *There was this one time in my fourth grade science class,*

I messed with a lab frog.

I just figured this all must be my punishment.

[man] *Mickey, take off your glove, so I can see what's happening under your space suit.*

[grunting]

[air hisses]

Oh! Oh! Wow! Did you see that?

[inaudible]

[printer whirring, rattling]

[shallow breathing]

Good morning.

Keep yourself hydrated, Mickey.

You'll start to feel extremely parched.

Arkady, I think the dose was too high.

Who cares, Dorothy? He's gonna be dead in ten minutes.

Just focus on getting all the blood samples.

He's gonna bleed through his eyes, nose, mouth, ears, and rectum.

Make sure to collect separate samples from every hole. Okay?

And keep the memory upload going at the same time.

[computer whirs]

This Mickey's special, you know that, right?

Out of all the Mickeys, you will have the shortest lifespan.

I heard. Ten minutes.



Much better, isn't it?

[chuckles]

[Mickey 17, VO] *I would have been filthy rich by now*

with life insurance, except...

[chuckles] *...obviously, Expendables are uninsurable.*

There's no workers' comp, no unions, no pension benefits.

Now, I wouldn't be surprised if you were thinking at this point, "Well then, why-why did you do this to yourself?"

Well, because I had a friend who told me that one day macarons would sell better than burgers.

And because I trusted this shitty friend, and I got an enormous loan from a wonderful gentleman to open a macaron store.

[gasping]

[train horn in distance]

[both grunting]

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[straining]

[beeping]

[Mickey] Oh, shit.

[both gasping]

[beeping]

[electricity zaps]



[yelps, grunts]

[grunting]

All right, all right,

calm down.

I'm well aware that you have four weeks left.

Just think of this as a little field trip.

A taste of what may unfold

should you fail to reimburse us in a timely manner.

Besides, you two have a lot of time on your hands,

with your little macaron shop gone under.

This is quite a show you got on here for me, quite a show.

The message is clear, I hear you. I hear it loud and clear,

"I'm late. I'm late. The money is late."

It's coming. Two people behind...

[Mickey 17, VO] *Darius Blank. A name I wish I'd never heard.*

Mr. Blank isn't all that concerned with money.

He has plenty.

This building's just one of his many assets.

Watching his delinquent borrowers die, savoring the details of death... that, he truly enjoys.

The message is clear. You can stop now. We can stop, you know?

It's-It's... I hear you.

You know, two weeks, two weeks is all it takes.

All it takes now. A-A-And more is coming, there's more coming, more money is...



[saw continues revving]

[screams]

We caught that gentleman four days ago in Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia.

Looks expensive.

Rest assured, anyone who misses the deadline, we chase them to the ends of the Earth.

[Mickey 17, VO] *So we decided to get off of Earth.*

Nothing was working out, and I got no family relying on me.

So, I applied to the colony expedition, but there's, like, a million other people with the same idea.

Seems like the whole of this rotten planet was running away from something.

I guess everybody's got money problems.

But anyway, we had to get on this ship, because it was the last one of the season.

[switch clicks]

Waves upon waves of people desperate to leave Earth.

It's clear anti-migrationists are talking to a brick wall when they insist on fixing up the Earth, instead of risking lives by migrating to another planet.

It feels like these passionate applicants are already off in space.

More importantly, this is the expedition led by former congressman, Kenneth Marshall, who lost his last two elections.

Is this failed politician now trying to establish a kingdom beyond the stars?

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Ler's go and talk to the crowd.

Excuse me, are you a Kenneth Marshall supporter?

I am. I am, big time.

I am a full-on supporter.

I basically am the one and only.

Are you from M-Marshall's official channel?

I'm from EC 20-

No way.

So Marshall's watching this right now?

Oh, my God!

You need to pick me.

I swear, please pick me.

[woman] You need people young and healthy for the expedition.

[announcer] *Ladies and gentlemen, we have another mild sandstorm today.*

Access is now restricted to gate three.

Please visit our stand for discounted goggles and masks.

Additional five percent off with Marshall Pay, as always.

The other expeditions wouldn't take me, but they're wrong, I promise.

I can fix toilets. I make gingerbread. You gotta take me, give me a shot.

[woman] Take us to the clean star, Marshall and Ylfa.

Take me with you!

[storm rumbles]

Expendable.



You read through the whole application?

[exhales] Yeah. [sighs]

[Mickey 17, VO] *I should have read through it.*

I mean, I didn't have too much of a choice.

I don't have any bona fide certifications.

I don't really have any skills whatsoever.

Then I find out Timo's already called dibs on a position for himself, as a flitter pilot.

He only just got his learner's permit a couple of weeks before.

No idea what he had to come up with to pull that off, but you gotta give it to him.

Excuse me.

[chain saw revving]

Is there, like, some construction going on?

Sorry, what?

You don't hear like a...

...like a ch-chain saw?

Uh, no.

[Mickey 17, VO] *I wanted to get the hell outta there.*

Somewhere where the sound couldn't follow me.

Far out into space.

You read through the paperwork?

Yes.

You read it, so you know, right?

This is gonna be a pretty extreme job.



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But it's also gonna be fun.

I'll explain all the details.

[Mickey 17, VO] *I got so distracted by that smell, uh, the smell of this woman's hair.*

It was like it brought back some far away memory, or something.

That giant tank downstairs is called a cyclor.

It takes organic waste produced in the spaceship, apple peels, chicken bones, rotten eggs, dead bodies, human waste, you name it... then it combines, refines, and recycles them and sends a portion to this printer.

Raw materials for a human body.

Once you die, and the Committee approves, it'll print a new version of your body within 20 hours.

Take your clothes off, change into this.

[Mickey 17, VO] *I couldn't even hear anything she was saying.*

It was like all of my senses were focused on my nose.

Like, real déjà vu, but for a smell.

We're going to do a full scan of your biodata.

That means you'll be reprinted exactly as you are right now.

Forever.

I better pop this.

Otherwise, it will be there every time.

[Mickey 17, VO] *Well, I'm glad she didn't know about the one on my butt.*

Called it a "personality backup."

And I gotta do this once a week, so I don't have any big gaps every time they print me out.

[red haired woman] In the past, you would have needed a hard drive the size of a commercial refrigerator to copy an adult brain.

Now, this little brick. Clever, right?

[Mickey 17, VO] *So, I was injected with some special solution.*

It brought back a flood of old memories.

Too many memories.

We were heading home from the supermarket.

I asked to sit in the front seat.

I said, "I'm big enough."

And that's when I saw the red button.

I just pressed it and she crashed.

[sobbing]

Put it to your head and pull the trigger.

This is the final requirement to become an Expendable.

[gasping]

Prove to me you have faith in the system.

From now on, you need to get used to dying.

This is your job.

[wincing]

[grunting]

[hammer clicks]

[fire roars]



[alarm blares]

[male voice] *Warning, Mickey 1.*

Seven calories over the current ration allocation.

[Mickey 17, VO] *On that first day in the cafeteria,*

I think I might have started thinking, "What have I done?" a little.

The whole room was full of people eating this crappy food, and there's total silence, like, you could hear a pin drop.

Until, Kenneth Marshall and his wife, Ylfa, walk in.

[cheers and applause]

And a whole bunch of people just started going nuts.

[cheering]

[scattered praise]

[Mickey 17, VO] *I was thinking, "What the hell am I doing here?"*

[cheers and applause continues]

[Mickey 17, VO] *But that's when I saw her.*

Nasha.

[cheering continues muffled]

[Mickey 17, VO] *That was the first time I saw Nasha Barridge.*

On day one in this long journey.



[inaudible speech]

[inaudible speech]

[cheering continues]

Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!

All right, enough. Enough.

Keep that up for one minute and you waste five calories.

That's two percent of the precious meal you're eating right now.

As you know, our number one priority is to conserve food resources until our arrival at Niflheim, so that we maximize our survival rate.

So, listen up.

Sexual intercourse, for example.

Each...

Session.

...session consumes a whopping 100 calories.

At least.

At least.

Depending on the participants, duration times friction equals...

The point is, Kenneth is talking to the Committee about banning all sexual activity on the ship.

[woman] What?

Well, I don't have a problem with that.

[exhales]

Darling, are you sure this is the right time to bring that up?

Honey, I'm sorry. I was just trying to help you.

No. It's okay.



All right.

[inhales]

Fellow pioneers, once we've arrived in Niflheim and we've secured our food production, we will launch the greatest sex encouragement campaign in history.

[cheering roars]

[Nasha laughs]

You will spread your seed across the planet.

[gasping]

[cheering echoes]

First we survive! Then we thrive!

Then we go forth and multiply!

Propagate the species!

We shall infest the land!

[cheering] Marshall! Marshall! Marshall!

[Mickey 17, VO] *And so we started infesting.*

[chuckles] *With love.*

[murmuring]

[chuckling]

And then, unfortunately, this is...



[Mickey] Oh, yeah.

Come on, it's not that big.

[laughing]

[Nasha] I'm sorry.

[Mickey 17, VO] *Those four years would have felt like 40*

if it weren't for Nasha.

[giggles]

She stayed with me in the best of times...

[beeping]

...and kept by my side in the worst of times.

[breathing shakily]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Not everyone gets lucky enough to find a soulmate like this.*

None of this would have happened

if I'd never boarded this spaceship, so all hail the great loan shark, Darius Blank.

Thanks, Darius.

But it wasn't like I was slacking, though.

I was super busy every day, taking care of Nasha, and she's an all-in-one elite agent.

And it's not easy supporting someone who's a soldier, a police officer, and a firefighter.

But what she sees in me, I got no idea.

I'm just grateful.

But as soon as I step out the door, the ship was filled with mostly... dickheads.

Hey! Mickey, right?

[scoffs] Can we just ask...



Yeah, how does that feel?

Come on, just tell us. We really want to know.

[Mickey 17, VO] *Imagine spending years, elbow-to-elbow with these bozos.*

He won't tell us.

It was enough to push anyone over the edge.

"You'd have to kill me first!"

"Over my dead body!"

Sometimes even Nasha, who is a model citizen...

Over your dead body?

...would have to step in and remind us...

Over your dead body?

...that we were all one big happy family.

Where do you think you're going?

[Mickey 17, VO] *There to help one another.*

There to have each other's backs.

A tight-knit harmonious community.

What do you say?

[announcer] *And the Committee has reduced Mickey 9's rations by half and assigned him to manual cycler cleaning until further notice.*



You must be hungry. Have some more.

Uh, thanks, Kai. Um—

Do you change your shampoo?

[Nasha] Shampoo?

There's only one shampoo in this entire spaceship.

Thank you.

[Timo] Okay.

[Mickey 17, VO] *It was a very long trip in a beautiful community.*

Hi.

But, uh, Nasha was obviously my one and only, you know.

For real.

And as for my one and only job, I was proud of it.

[printer warbles]

Felt like I was part of the team.

Matthew! Matthew!

I'm on the last level! [groans]

Come on, hurry up!

[groans] Quickly!

[Marshall] *My brother travelers...*

[Ylfa] *And sisters.*

[Marshall] *And sisters.*

It is long that we have come, four years together in this ship.

And I, we, love you like our very own family.



What the fuck is wrong with him? He's so annoying.

Maybe he has the flu or something?

Like a virgin vanilla ice cream.

Touched for the very first time.

It's gonna be really cold.

Whoever's going down there first is gonna freeze to death.

[Arkady] *That's it, Mickey. Deep breaths. Fill your lungs.*

Imagine there's an unknown virus in the air and you're sucking in every single microscopic particle floating around.

All the viruses fill every alveoli.

[inhales]

[inhales, exhales]

So good!

[all exhale]

[vomits]

[Matthew] So good! Brilliant.

[Mickey 17, VO] *There really was an unknown virus in the air.*

A lethal one.

[printer thudding, whirring]

[all groaning]

[grunting]

[groans]

[groans, sighs]

[printer warbles]



[soldier] So fucking what?

I'm fine.

Thank you.

[Mickey 17, VO] *In the end, thanks to the lab rats, Mickey 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16, getting stabbed, gassed, dumped and burned, we got the vaccine.*

My great gift to mankind.

And so, we didn't need oxygen masks, and we could see our breath as much as we wanted.

Look at that, Jennifer. Ridiculous.

I can't believe we still live in that thing.

[Jennifer] I know, right?

Landfall was ages ago, and we're still eating the same crappy in-flight TV dinner.

[Kai chuckles]

Precisely why we ought to build residential complexes.

You know, grow crops as soon as possible.

[Jennifer] Yeah, sure.

You know, spread the seed, infest the land, propagate the species.

[women chuckle]

[Mickey 17] It's freezing.

Whoa. Look at that color.

Yeah.

It's beautiful—

[groans]

[women laugh]

[soldier] He's such a klutz. You should learn some breakfall moves.

[soldier] Come on.

[chirping]

[Mickey 17] What's breakfall?

[soldier] Look at Kai. Textbook perfect breakfall.

[Mickey] Yeah?

[Jennifer] Shut up.

Kai. What is it?

[chirps]

[soldier] Oh, God! What is that?

[Jennifer] Oh, my God!

[creature chirps]

[Kai screams] Get it off! Get it off!

[soldier] Mickey!

[machine gun fire]

[creature chirps]

[Jennifer] What the fuck, man? What the fuck? What the fuck?

[Mickey 17, VO] What was that? What the heck was that?

[Kai] I don't know, but there are more in the hole.

[chitters echoing]

[Mickey 17] What—

Let's get the fuck out of here.

[soldier] Come on, Mickey, let's go!

[growsls] Go, go, go. Move! Move!



[machine gun fire]

[loud rumbling]

Jennifer!

[rocks rumbling]

Thank you.

[computer beeps]

Mickey. Mickey, it's Marshall.

You fucking useless little asshole!

You're an Expendable!

You're here to be expended, damn it!

And why is Jennifer Chilton, a precious, fertile female, dead and not you?

[soldier] Come to my room.

[Ylfa] *Honey, try this.*

[Kai] Leave me alone.

[chattering]

That's what I want to know. Disgusting.

[Ylfa] *Really? You don't like my sauce?*

No, no, no, no, darling.

Those things, look at them.

The fuck's going on?

They're vicious, aren't they?

[sobbing in distance] *Hungry's more like it.*

Hey, you! Stand still. Don't move.



Oh, honey, that's perfect.

You should call them "creepers".

I'll call them "creepers". I'm calling them "creepers".

Preston, are you listening?

Expendable, I've decided, and the Committee,

that going forward, your rations will be halved.

[Mickey 17, VO] *So, my shift doubled.*

Fourteen hours every day, seven days a week, until I brought home a creeper sample. [panting]

Timo! Timo!

[vehicle whirs]

[panting, grunting]

[grunts]

[microphone clicks]

[Timo] *Mickey, sexy chewy, your favorite.*

Chose it myself. Enjoy!

[ice cracking]

[shouts]

[shallow breathing]

[groans]

[Mickey 17, VO] *How did I survive that?*

[vehicle whirs]

[exhales]

Mickey! Whoa.



What's it feel like to die?

[creeper grunts]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Even on my 17th go-around, I really hate dying.*

[creeper grunts]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Still.*

Always.

[rumbles] *Every time.*

[wet drip] *Bon appétit.*

[gong rings]

[bell dings]

[groaning]

[creeper grunting]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Where am I? What's going on?*

[panting] *I'm not coming out of the printer?*

[exhales] *I'm still 17.* [sighs]

Why didn't that thing eat me? I was passed out.

[baby creepers chirping]

Did I not look tasty enough?

[chirps, chitters]

Oh, God. It—

It was saving me for the kiddos.

[sighs] *What a great mom.*

Oh, please just make it quick.



Ow.

Where are you taking me now?

Has my meat gone bad after all that reprinting?

[grunting, groaning]

[creepers squealing, groaning]

[grunts]

Oh! [grunting]

[chirping]

[spits]

Hey.

[creeper rumbles]

I'm still good meat.

I'm perfectly good meat.

[voice breaks] I taste fine.

[deep chittering]

[imitates deep chittering]

Ditching me out here in the middle of nowhere.

It's not cool!

[creeper rumbles quietly]

[shivering, exhales]

[music plays in distance]

Hey! Hey!

Stop!



Hey. Hey!

[grunting]

Whoa!

[marshaller] Keep it coming!

Hey wait! Stop!

[marshaller] Bring it in!

No, stop! You can't come through.

What?

I said stop.

What's wrong?

[driver] What is it now? Shit!

Hey, look how big that rock is. Are you blind?

You can't just have the authority to bring something like that in.

[coughing]

You think you can jam something that huge through here?

Science requested it, so don't give me shit about it.

You try to jam it in, and scratch anywhere on this gate, my gate, it's on you.

On me? How? Blame the guys in Science.

They cut into the site, but I got specific orders to bring it as is.

[quartermaster] Well, I don't fucking care, okay?

They're in a meeting over there, I can't reach them.

I'm not taking the fall for this.

Every time you come in here, my gate, gate three, you act like you own the place.



[driver] You know what? You need to get laid.

Fuck you!

[shivering]

Oh, damn, Mickey!

Didn't expect to see you out there today.

[shivering]

Wait. Is that the time?

It's 3:30? That doesn't make any sense.

That's right, that's it.

Straight down, hold your line. Hold your line.

Do you remember-Do you remember when I left?

What did you say?

Hold your line.

[quartermaster] No. No, no, wait, Buzzard. That's not how you do it. Jeez!

Shut it off at the mains. The switch. Hey!

[marshaller] No, no, don't. Stop! Stop!

[quartermaster, shouting] Shit! What did I tell you?

Fucking shitbrain.

Coming through. Line out.

[whispers] Hi, Steve.

[sighs]

[male announcer] *It's that time again.*

The dinner of your dreams with Kenneth Marshall.



Hang on to your ship, because the dove of luck just might come fluttering its wings with an invitation for you.

From dove, with love, over and out.

[radio tone dings]

[sighs]

[exhales]

[gasps]

[screams]

[gasping] What is this?

[sighs] Why aren't you dead?

Oh, no. Oh, God. Oh, God.

No, no, no.

[stammering] You're 18? They printed you out today?

What the fuck is going on? According to Timo, you should be sliding out of one of those creeper's assholes right about now.

[sighs] Do you have to put it like that?

Oh, God. I'm completely fucked.

What do you mean?

We're Multiples.

[Mickey 18 grunts]

[sighs]

[sighs] I gotta kill you.

Kill me? [chuckles]

I mean, you should probably kill yourself if one of us has to die.

[sighs] It's been, like, two hours since I was printed.



Go back to the cyclist!

[grunts]

[weight clanks]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Multiples. Where do I even begin?*

Mankind is not equipped to deal with the legal and ethical implications of adopting this human printing technology.

[flashbulb pops]

Please tell me,

can any of you honestly guarantee

that the technology will not be abused?

[Mickey 17, VO] *No one in their R and D department could come up with a convincing answer.*

But the real problem was that one of the brains behind human printing turned out to be a certified psychopath, Alan Manikova.

I think it's him. [sighs]

Are you sure?

[Mickey 17, VO] *There was this series of particularly brutal murders targeting homeless people, and only one eyewitness account.*

But it matched Alan Manikova's appearance to a tee.

The cops thought they had their man, except Manikova had a sure-fire alibi.

[kids clamoring] *At the time of the murder, he was getting his make-up done for a children's science show.*

...come and help me with the red blood cells and the white blood cells, please?

[Mickey 17, VO] *But the cops had his number.*

When they raided Manikova's house, they brought two sets of handcuffs and warrants.

They were on to him. Or rather, they were on to them.

Which one's Manikova Prime?



[Mickey 17, VO] *Yep, there were two.*

One for the murder and one for the alibi.

Manikova had printed another Manikova without the company knowing.

[sniffing]

[Mickey 17, VO] *And so here's a question for you, are they accomplices or did one act under the other's orders?*

Are these separate, independent crimes, or were they one person from the get-go?

They only get half portions in jail, or do they get a full meal each?

Police, legal experts, philosophers, everyone was stumped.

But while Manikova 1 and 2 were both locked up in an interrogation room, another homeless man was brutally murdered.

Lo and behold, Manikova 3.

[metallic scrape]

[thunder rumbles]

[stabbing]

[man grunting]

[Mickey 17, VO] *I think it was some cheap tabloid reporter who called them Multiples, or some professor or something.*

Whoever came up with it, it stuck.

[camera shutter clicks]

[beeps]

And pretty soon the word "Multiples" spread fear and contempt.

So Multiples are an abomination. They destroy the natural order.

Each soul shall only have one body. Right?

One soul, one body.

It would be a shame not to explore the potential application of this advanced technology.

I was happy to receive an invitation from this committee.

You were subpoenaed, Mr. Marshall.

Sure, sure. In any case,

I want to take this opportunity to speak as an Expedition Commander.

Human printing is a sin.

Multiples are Satan's work.

[shutters clicking]

However, I've been contemplating how can we use this abomination for our common economic benefit.

I propose... a trial run of human printing far from Earth under the strictest oversight.

Limiting such individuals to one per expedition, per planet, under the designation, "Expendable."

Multiples, in the case of Multiples, we exterminate every offending individual *in totality, mind and body, all for the sake of public service.*

[speaker] On this Niflheim expedition, all Multiples will immediately be arrested, executed, and permanently deleted.

[bangs gavel]

[Mickey 17 groans] *My head.*

What the hell is this guy?

Nasha told me that Mickey 3 was whiny and clingy.

5 was, uh, indecisive.

And apparently, 8 was pretty annoying and kinda stupid, but none of them were complete nutjobs.

Even this lunatic is scared of being a Multiple though.

That's permanent deletion.

Trying to trash me in the cypher.

[sighs] ...it ain't gonna be me.

[fire roaring]

[liquid bubbling]

[sighs]

[weight clanks]

[quiet inhale]

[gasps]

[grunts]

[yelping]

[gasping]

Half it! Half it!

Half, half, half!

What?

Half it. Half!

I'll half it with you.

I'll half the rations. We could split the workload, too.

And we can take turns dying. [shouts]

[grunts]

And you're 18, so you can take all even numbers and I-I'll just cover, like, 19, 21, and the odd numbers.

Are you afraid to die?

Kinda, yeah.

You died plenty of times. What are you so scared of?

Until now, I died and...



But now... once I die... it'll be over for me.

It'll be you living on.

You get what I mean?

[Mickey 18 exhales]

I don't like you.

You're such a little bitch.

But I'm you.

I'm not you.

I'm not gonna live like you.

I'm gonna kill you.

[shouts]

[gasping]

[whistling "Yankee Doodle"]

[yelps]

[whistling continues]

What the fuck, man? Are you trying to get noticed?

They don't even have cameras. Take that off, dumbass.

Amateur. Your first time?

[man] No, no.

This is the pure stuff, right? Undiluted?

[Timo scoffs] Who do you think you're talking to?

This is pure, uncut Oxy.

It's fucking rare.



[inhales]

[Timo] What is that?

[man sighs] I feel it.

[Timo] What are you doing?

That's not a thing. Open it.

Should we just kill that son of a bitch?

[man] I was just joking around.

What?

Don't act surprised. Your memories are my memories.

The money he blew.

That bastard put most of the loans under our name.

In Darius Blank's ledger, we're the ones on the hook.

That needs fact checking.

[Timo] Have fun, man.

[footsteps recede]

Let's kill him.

Are you crazy? He-He's, like, my only friend.

Friend? Same orphanage doesn't mean shit.

Wait, wait.

[whistling]

[chuckles] Timo.

Mickey, what...?

Looks like business is blowing up, huh?



[grunting]

[Timo screams]

[Mickey 18 grunting]

[Mickey 17] Timo!

Hey! Are you mental? [grunting]

Wait until I get out of here. I'm gonna kill you!

The fuck is this? [grunts]

Come down lower! You fucking idiot.

[grunts]

[Timo grunts]

[grunting]

[gasping]

[metal clanking]

[Timo] Okay.

Okay. Come on.

[metal scrapes]

Mickey, help me. [panting]

What is that? Why is it so red? That looks hot.

What are you doing?

[Mickey 18] I want you to have a go at dying,

you son of a bitch.

[Timo] What?

[sizzling]



Stop. Stop!

[shushes]

[metal banging]

[Mickey 17 gasps]

[man] Oh.

Is that Mickey? Hey, what's going on?

[Nasha] Mickey, what are you doing here?

Uh, Timo accidentally fell in, but, uh, he's all right now.

You wanna keep dealing, motherfucker?

Watch what you say.

[gasps, groans]

What happened? You okay?

What's up with your hand?

[Timo groans]

Just taking out the trash, and I tripped into the hole.

I would've been a goner if not for Mickey.

I almost became cyclor dust. [chuckles]

[Nasha] Hey.

You all right?

Told you to stay in bed. It's only been a few hours since you were printed.

[Mickey 18] Yeah, I should've done.

[man] You heard the rumors?

Huh?



Between us, Timo,

a drop here and there before bed to take the edge off, I get it.

But the pure, uncut stuff is crossing the line.

Oh, yeah, absolutely. That's bad.

Nasha, take Mickey home. I'll wrap up here.

Yes. Thank you. I'll see you tomorrow.

[scoffs]

Well, today I feel like B6.

B6?

Yes. [giggles]

Flying Nasha?

[imitates bird, laughs]

It's definitely the right place for that one.

[Nasha] What's going on with you?

[Mickey 18] Mm! [kisses]

[giggling] This isn't like you.

B6? [exhales]

[gasps] B6 was ours, Nasha.

[Nasha laughing]

Mickey?

[gasps]

Hey, brother.

I was just headed to your room to get you, but here you are.



You stand there. Arm around, please.

Great. Good. Uh, big smile, Mickey, would you?

Hold that.

Yeah, big smile. Great.

Sorry. Could you just stand-Great, thank you.

Okay, and action.

Congratulations.

This month's lucky winner, the fortunate soul

who'll have the privilege of a private dinner-

At the camera-who'll have a private dinner

with the one and only Kenneth Marshall is...

Down the barrel.

[grunts]

It's Mickey.

[exhales]

Great. Big smile.

Smile.

[exhales]

There. Amazing. Okay, cut.

Now, Marshall wants you to come ASAP, okay?

He's got a whole feast prepared just for you.

The Lord is truly blessing you today, Mickey.

First, I need to go back to my room.



all over my beautiful Nasha already.

It's disgusting. [gasping]

What's even more disgusting is that I'm drooling

at the thought of the tenderloin steak

I ordered for Marshall's dinner.

This is so wrong!

[Ylfa] So glad you seem to be enjoying it.

[Ylfa, Marshall chuckle]

[Ylfa] How's the sauce?

Oh. [muffled speech]

Oh, sorry, sorry. [chuckles] Please, continue.

Yeah, yeah, Mickey. Uh-

Listen, going back to everything that happened with, uh-

Jennifer.

Yes, Jennifer.

Jennifer...

Chilton.

I know, I know. [chuckles]

When we lost our dear Jennifer Chilton,

I may have gotten a little angry and said some terribly unkind things.

I know it's late, and I want to apologize.

[chuckles] He's always like this.

Such an adorable man and then suddenly he's all cutthroat.



Sorry. You're still squishy, fresh out of the printer.

Continue feeding yourself.

[door whooshes]

Oh. Anyway, we have another special guest here.

Hi, Kai.

Sorry, I'm late.

[Marshall] You look very nice.

Thank you.

[Marshall] Come. Come.

[Ylfa] It's good to see you.

[Marshall] Sit.

You okay? Emotionally?

Yeah, I feel fine, sir. Thank you.

I'm glad to hear it, Kai. I'm so sorry about Jennifer.

I hear you were extremely close. Your best friend.

[whispers] But I knew you'd stay strong throughout it all.

Thank you, ma'am.

But we didn't invite you here simply to comfort you.

We've had our eyes on you, Katz.

On me, sir?

[Marshall] Mmm.

May I ask why?

You're one of us.



[chuckles]

Well, thank you, sir.

That's why the church, I mean, um, company,

has chosen me to lead this expedition.

The Earth's beyond saving with all its muddy people.

But you, you're something special,

and I'm creating a world

on a pure white planet full of superior people.

Like you. And us. Isn't that right, darling?

Yes. Mmm. It's his vision.

My vision.

His sensibilities.

Sensibility.

But let's be honest, with your medical records in hand,

you ran to join our expedition

instead of one of those pathetic planets

where they plant microchips

in their artificially inseminated baby embryos.

You really are the perfect candidate

for Niflheim's natural child birthing program,

aren't you, dear?

[scoffs]

Mr. Marshall, am I just a uterus to you?



All my husband means to say is he has very high standards.

His only dream is of a planet exclusively

for a pure human race.

That consumes real crops, and real meat,

and dinners with delicate, delicious sauces.

Oh, sauce is the true litmus test of civilization.

People who devour burnt meat are barbarians.

Do try the sauce, Kai. Here, I made it myself.

Oh. Thank you.

But first, I'd like to say a few words in Jennifer's memory.

A prayer.

Always ready for a prayer.

Jennifer, when I first met you at the cafeteria

four years ago...

[sniffles]

You were...

Dear Lord...

Jennifer Chilton's one and only soul

was taken from her wonderful friend, Kai.

Dear Lord...

Jennifer Chi-

♪ *Rejoice in the Lord* ♪

♪ *Our one and only* ♪



♪ *We're going to the Promised Land* ♪

♪ *A sea of white in your light* ♪

♪ *Your Kingdom in front of our eyes* ♪

♪ *Hallelujah, hallelujah* ♪

Oh!

♪ *We serve with our chosen hearts* ♪

[retches]

Medical.

♪ *Right here right now Forever and ever* ♪

♪ *Amen* ♪

♪ *Amen* ♪

[Mickey 17 gasping]

Apologies, sir. This is embarrassing.

The cultured meat that he just ate

includes an experimental growth hormone.

Obviously, it's still risky. I'm so very sorry, sir.

[gasping continues]

You're sure it's not because he was eating so much?

He was stuffing his friggin' pie hole.

No, not quite, sir. You see the red rash on his neck.

It's a side effect of the growth hormone.

Ah.

[Arkady] I'm so ashamed.



How are we supposed to improve it

unless we fail upward to perfection?

No. Arkady...

[Mickey 17 gasping]

...stand tall in your failures like me, my friend.

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

[Kai] Commander.

So you are testing out your in-flight TV dinner on him?

In-flight TV dinner?

[Mickey 17 screaming]

Is that what the young troops are calling it now?

Excuse me.

[Mickey 17 screaming, grunting]

Are you in a lot of pain?

[grunts] I'm being punished. [gasping]

What?

[Mickey 17] It's my punishment.

I should've gone to Nasha and not come here.

[scoffs]

[Mickey 17 groans]

Ew.

Dorothy, bring me Purple Joe.

Sir, you remember the special painkiller



Yeah, Purple Joe.

It's a quick fix for injured agents, right?

Yeah. Since Mickey here is in such awful pain,

it's a perfect opportunity to try a little test, so...

Give it to him.

Great, all right.

[gasping]

[quiets]

[Arkady] Come on, Purple Joe.

[whispers] Okay, here we go.

[bangs table]

[groans]

Don't touch him, please.

Mickey, can you see me?

[grunting]

Mickey? Mickey!

[man] Oh, sorry.

Get back down there.

[Dorothy] Mickey? Mickey?

[glasses clattering]

[Ylfa] Oh, God. Oh, God.

[women scream]

[strained shouting]



[continues shouting]

Oh. What do we do?

[shouting continues]

[screams]

Apologies, sir. The painkiller's not working.

Oh.

[groaning]

[Arkady] Don't film this, Preston. Please, turn it off.

[gasping]

[Marshall] This is better, right? More humane.

[Arkady] Yes, sir. More humane.

No, no, no. What are you doing?

Huh?

You can't tear a hole in my fucking carpet.

[gasping]

Well, we'll just shoot him from the side.

But what about the blood?

This is a Persian Tabriz!

Honey, calm down.

Shoot now.

What the hell is going on?

This was supposed to be a fucking dinner!

He's your guest.



An Expendable.

He signed up for this.

Yes, sir.

[Marshall] This is for our planet, agent.

I'm sorry, sir.

[Mickey 17] Commander.

[panting]

Please don't shoot.

I'm okay now.

[Marshall] I don't think so.

He still seems like he's in a lot of pain.

Of course he is.

[grunting]

Are you really okay?

Just... thank you for dinner.

[gags]

[Marshall sighs]

My room's just there. You need to clean up and rest, Mickey.

[panting]

Don't worry about me. I can walk.

I just need to get back to my room. Nasha's about to—

Actually, we're going to mine.

[exhales]



It's from Earth. It's precious. So I've been saving it.

But I made some for you.

Thanks.

Sit.

You know, Mickey, I didn't want to ask you this.

But just this once, okay? And I'm so sorry.

What's it like... dying?

You asking because of Jennifer?

Yeah.

We locked eyes in the last moment.

What did she feel as all that ice came crashing down on her?

I can't stop thinking about it.

Um...

I don't think it's what I-what I usually feel. It's-

Well, I die so often...

Because you know you're going to wake up again, right?

Because you die knowing that.

No...

I always feel scared.

It's terrible, dying. I hate it.

No matter how many times I go through it, it's scary.

Still. Always, every time.

But you're here.



The entire universe.

She's nowhere.

You don't look like you were printed out.

You're just a person.

Are you and Nasha open?

I have to go.

Nasha, please forgive me.

The guy that you're having sex with...

[gasping] ...that's not me.

[gasping]

That's not me!

You motherfucker. How dare you touch her!

[grunts]

[gasps]

17!

[door thuds]

I knew this would happen at some point.

Wait, wait, wait. Stand-stand-Stand next to each other.

Wait, take this off.

[chuckles]

What?

Yeah, I want you to look the same.

[Mickey 18] Mmm.



[chuckles] Oh, my God.

[snorts]

[laughs]

Nasha, uh, h-how can you laugh right now?

This is a Multiples violation. I'm-I'm as good as dead.

Oh, come on! [chuckles]

When else am I gonna get this chance? I mean, think about it.

You would be so psyched if there were two of me.

[laughs]

This is "Mild Mickey." And this is "Habanero Mickey."

[Nasha, Mickey 18 chuckle]

This is so exciting!

It's so different.

Nasha, you're different, too. You don't seem like yourself.

[sniffs]

Oh, Jesus.

You just did Oxzofol with him?

Just a teeny tiny bit, with a ton of water.

Do you want some?

Yeah, yeah, relax.

Just take it easy.

Nasha!

This piece of shit just tried to kill me earlier.



I saw you sneaking up behind me!

Hey, hey, hey, shut up. Shut up.

Now sit down.

Okay, attention.

From now on, I'm gonna feed you both as often as I can,

so be good boys, and don't fight.

Now, 18 tells me you guys have sorted it out already.

Eat half, work half.

Alternating deaths, evens and odds.

[chuckles] It's a great system.

Negotiation done, so everyone just chill.

Okay?

[kisses]

[inhales]

Can you leave us alone for a second?

Why? What's the problem?

[giggles]

God damn it, I'm leaving.

Oh, you're such a baby. This guy needs some Oxyzofol.

[Nasha] You can relax.

[sighs]

[door thuds]

Is that the door?



[gasping]

Kai!

Wait up, let's talk.

And talk about what?

I don't care about your private life.

Okay. Fine. But what's up?

What's the rush? Where are you going?

I just witnessed a Multiples violation with my own eyes.

As an agent, I have a duty to report it.

Okay, fine.

But since when have you been coming to Mickey's room?

This is your first time, right?

What's up with you and Kai, bro? Why was she here?

Oh, man. What are we supposed to do now?

She's gonna go straight to Marshall

and report us, isn't she?

[music plays]

You need to relax. Nasha's handling it.

She can convince anybody of anything.

[whistles] Oh, my God. Besides...

this moron is busy with his clown show.

...who wander in the dust and lay them

on this beautiful, manly, handsome, bunking...



And what did that asshole serve for dinner?

Was it good at least?

You really wanna know what went down at that dinner?

So, the one with 17 on his chest,

that's the Mickey that was in my room just before?

Mm-hmm.

And the one you were grabbing?

[snorts]

He's 18, right?

Yeah.

Okay.

You can have 18, and I'll take 17.

What?

There's two of them. Why not share?

♪ *One and only* ♪

[Mickey 18 grunts]

So, let me get this straight.

You were shitting your pants on the floor,

and he comes up and stabs you in the neck with a syringe?

[off-key singing on tv]

That's what happened?

I wasn't, like, shitting my pants.

I was just puking up a little bit.



You know, I've always wanted to kick the living shit out of you.

Nasha, come on, I'm trying to be considerate.

Mickey 17 was about to double-dip,

if you know what I mean.

[inhales]

Move on from you to me. In fact, we almost—

Double-dip? Shut up!

Oh.

Mickey is not some cookie you can split in half.

17 and 18 are both Mickey. Both my Mickey.

So, then after Marshall fucks you sideways,

you really let him have it, right? Right?

[off-key singing on tv continues]

What did you say?

[stammering] I just said, "Thank you for dinner."

[tv chatter continues]

You said what?

"Thank you for dinner."

Thank you for fucking what?

For putting... [stammering] ...a gun to your head

before he blows your brains out?

God, you're such a little bitch!

Fucking loser! [growls]



I guess-I guess I am kind of a loser.

What?

Is that what you are?

Huh? Is it?

♪ *Free at last* ♪

♪ *We're going to the Promised Land* ♪

[music continues, indistinct]

[strained shriek, groans]

[on tv] ♪ *Hallelujah, hallelujah* ♪

It's not your fault.

♪ *Amen!* ♪

[cheering]

[Mickey 18] Let's kill that fucker.

This guy with the killing.

"Kill this, kill that. Why don't we kill everybody?"

You can stay here and watch TV if you want.

Wait, wait, wait. [grunts]

You can't negotiate shit with that attitude.

I mean, Jesus.

You're high on Oxyzofof.

[footsteps]

[Nasha] Mickey?

Hey, what the-?



He-He has your gun.

[Nasha] Gun?

We have to stop him. [grunts]

What? Where's he going?

[cheering]

Why? Why, why is Commander Marshall

cutting into that big, beautiful, handsome rock?

[laser buzzing]

[sputters]

[yelps]

[grunts loudly]

[all groan]

Ooh!

[all groan]

Ooh.

[cracks]

Beautiful. It's sleek, hot, exquisite.

Exquisite.

[cheering]

This is where our names will be etched.

Mine and yours. And you!

[cheers and applause]

And you! And you! And you!



will be remembered throughout history

as the proud founders of Nifflheim's first generation.

Yes!

[cheering]

Our cornerstone black diamond.

[hooting]

Beautiful, shimmering purity.

This rock will become the symbolic monument of Nifflheim,

the one and only pure colony planet.

The one and only...

One and only.

Nifflheim!

[together] The one and only

Nifflheim.

The one and only!

[inaudible]

[chitters]

[shouts]

[chitters]

[Preston] No, don't touch it, sir.

Maybe it's contagious.

[Marshall] It's contagious!

[scattered screaming]



Everyone run!

Stop! Stop!

Mickey!

Stop! Go back!

Mickey!

Seal the exit! Isolate the chamber!

[alarm ringing]

[screams]

[Marshall] Stay calm, God damn it.

Sterilization.

Initiate stage one. Agents!

Into your hazmat suit!

Arkady.

[Arkady] Yes!

Move your ass.

[Arkady] Okay!

[Marshall] Capture it!

Capture it alive!

It's here! It's here! That's it!

That's it.

[chittering]

Get it, get it, get it.

Get-Get-God damn it!



[imitates creeper chirping, chittering]

[Dorothy chirps]

[creeper chitters]

Catch that thing now, you idiot!

Grab it!

Mickey!

Where's the other Mickey?

[grunts] I don't know!

Mickey, in here! In here. Come on!

[creeper thuds]

Come on, we got it! We got it!

[straining]

[Nasha] No, no, no. Take the gun!

[grunting]

[Nasha] Mickey, no!

[bullet whizzes]

Multiples.

[Nasha] Don't shoot. I've got him under control.

Don't shoot.

[Marshall] Yes. Calm down. Calm down.

We have everything under control.

[Preston] You rock, Marshall! Bravo!

Those lowlife Multiples have ruined our precious symbol of-



[chittering]

[squeals]

Kill it!

[Preston] Get down, sir.

[chirping]

Open fire!

[squealing]

Sterilize me!

[squealing]

[squealing]

Arrest him. Fucking Multiples.

[gasping]

[squeals]

[deep grumble]

[wind howling]

[creeper grumbling]

Tell the Committee you were aiming at the creeper

behind Marshall.

Otherwise, you could get permanently deleted.

[sighs] Fuck that shit.

You really think Captain Creampie's gonna let us live?

He's probably gonna shoot us himself.

[sighs] He's a nutjob.



And that's saying something.

[scoffs] He screwed my entire life up.

[Mickey 18] Oh, really?

We all got fucked the minute you decided not to die

and came crawling home to mummy.

That wasn't my fault. That was a creeper's fault.

Creeper?

Well, if that creeper's eaten me like it was supposed to,

then we wouldn't be in this situation,

but they all kicked me out

and now I'm a goddamn Multiple.

They kicked you out?

Yeah.

They were all pushing me and pulling me,

and I mean, they all threw me back into the snow.

Maybe I don't look tasty enough or I smell off.

I don't know.

Maybe if I was in some kind of sauce.

[Nasha] Hold on.

You're telling me they saved you?

Think about it.

You should have died in that crevasse.

The creepers saved you.



Maybe I should have said thank you.

Yeah.

I don't think they were gonna eat you.

Right?

[chuckles]

[Nasha] Oh, my God. [chuckles]

We have to report this to Science. They save humans.

Yeah. People need to know this.

They saved me.

[man grunting]

[grunting]

[clanks]

Hey. Where's the fucking ladder?

You were supposed to bring a fucking ladder.

I don't know—

[grunting]

Look, here. Let me help.

Stop. Stop, stop, stop. Stop. I'll do it myself.

I'm coming down myself. Get the fuck off.

Come on.

[Mickey 17] Hey, Timo.

What are you doing here?

Oh, wow.



You're the one who gave me this. Right?

[Mickey 18] Oopsie.

[scoffs]

Here you go, guys. You guys must be starving.

Thanks, man. I knew you'd be coming for us.

[food clatters]

What are you up to?

What's all that?

[Timo sighs] So, um,

here's the thing.

I need to shoot a video and send it to Earth, ASAP.

Video? To Earth?

Yeah. Um...

It's for... [scoffs]

...Darius Blank.

Darius Blank. Who's that?

Found this at my door today.

It's written by hand.

It's beautiful handwriting.

This is from Darius Blank's associate?

Yeah. His associate. [chuckling]

Fucking, his associate.

You know what I mean? Like, of course.



to follow us all the way here,

to Niflheim, to where we are, right now!

That's like a million fucking miles from Ulaanbaatar.

You know what I'm talking about? Do you know how far that is?

“No matter what pittance you managed to scrape together, we found

that sending it to Earth will cost you an intergalactic transfer fee.

More than... half the total sum.”

The fucking associate! I have no idea who that is!

I don't know who that is. Isn't that fucking crazy?

“Send a visual work of art.

A video file that captures the details of death.”

[sighs] Read the back.

It says chop up into a minimum of 13 pieces.

Chop up? What the fuck is this?

Hey! What did I say about the close-up?

Close-up is more important, okay?

So, take the 32K camera,

and put it over here for Mr. Darius Blank.

You understand?

[chain saw revs]

I'm sorry, Mickey.

Now, you see, it's all there. Right? In the letter.

If I shoot this video, and I send it to him,



If I don't, they're gonna send their guy,

and he's gonna kill me first.

What am I supposed to do?

Come on, dude. If I die, that's it for me.

But you're an Expendable.

They'll just print you right back out.

Please, Mickey, I'm your friend.

Okay, please, do this for your friend. One time.

You gotta do this for me, man, I'm your brother.

[sighs]

I'm sorry. [sobs]

I'm sorry.

[voice breaks] I'm so sorry.

I'm so sorry.

Oh, shit.

Should have killed this guy when we had the chance.

[sobs] You gotta just do this for me this one time.

That's all I'm asking, I'm so sorry.

Stop crying, you prick! Getting on my fucking nerves!

[sniffs]

Why don't you guys do Rock, Paper, Scissors, okay?

And then we'll just shoot the loser, yeah?

No? All right. Shoot him.



I wasn't expecting that. Thought you'd choose him.

Yeah, you'd think so, but the soft one is easier. Come on.

Okay.

[taser zaps]

[grunting]

[body thuds]

[gate opens]

You're a dumb fucking bitch, Timo.

If you do this, and what's-his-face lets you live,

you think that'll be the end of it?

You don't think I'll tear you to fucking pieces myself?

[Mickey 18] Oh, my God. What is the big deal?

Aw, just take me instead.

Tie him up.

What?

Just chop me up, not him. [sniffs]

Look at him.

Shot him one time with the Taser, it's like he just

boofed a fucking electric eel, man.

But you can chop my whole body up into ten Mickey chunks,

and I'll still be fresh as the freshest sashimi.

Head held high.

Darius will love that.



Um...

I kinda need more of that... Oxyzofol.

[both laugh]

Yeah, I got some Oxy.

But undiluted.

[scoffs]

You want—

You want undiluted Oxy right now?

Yeah.

Just think of it as the...

Think of it as the final...

cigarette before execution.

It's the least you could do for a friend.

Give him yours.

What?

Come on.

No.

I'll give you a freebie next time. You know me.

This was expensive.

[grunts]

[bangs cage]

[taser shoots, zaps]

[Mickey 18] The keys.



[chain saw revs]

[Mickey 17] Nasha.

Don't.

Do it. [sniffs]

[gasping]

[man] Nasha, what are you doing?

What's going on here?

Nasha. Stay put.

[revving slows]

[sighs]

[Mickey 17, VO] *That did kind of shock me a bit.*

I mean, she literally was gonna cut his head off

with a chain saw.

Uh, but then, I thought about it, and I was so... touched.

She's the only person who'd ever lose it like that over me.

And it wasn't the first time either.

[knocks on glass]

[Arkady] Hello? Can we help you?

[whispers] Nasha, just go.

Take it off.

Hey, hey, hey.

I need to go in there.

What are you doing?



[Arkady] But that's his job.

[coughs]

[Nasha] I don't care if it's his job.

[Arkady] Okay, look, I'm gonna call security.

I don't know what else—

[Nasha] I am security! Give me the suit!

[chuckles] Threes, threes, threes.

Arkady 3.0.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

[chuckles]

[whispers] You're okay.

Shh.

[quiet gasping]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Nasha, she's the only one*

who's always been there for me.

She's always loved me.

Every me.

Even him.

The me I don't understand at all.

[Nasha] What is this?

[man] Oh, you don't know about this.

They've been circling the whole night.

And still more coming in.



Imagine if they all come for this ship. Terrifying.

But it couldn't even tear through the sack

at the cafeteria.

[squealing]

You hear that? It's coming from the one we captured yesterday.

Keep going, keep going.

Wait, what-You mean, the baby?

Well, yeah, it's been screaming and crying like one.

And that's when they all started gathering.

[Mickey 17] Wait.

Hey.

Mickey, don't stop.

That was-That was the one that I...

Keep moving.

Never mind.

Hi! How ya doing?

[Arkady] Excuse me.

Come on.

Sorry, passing through.

Hey. Why did they set up the Situation Room there?

Beats me. I was just told to bring the prisoner.

[Arkady] Apparently, Ylfa made a big scene.

She wants the creeper now.



Mickey needs to file an official report with the head of Science.

Oh, wait. [imitates creeper chirping]

[imitates creeper chirping]

[chirps]

[chirps]

Yes. I knew it.

Yesterday, at the cafeteria,

when you held onto the baby, I saw it.

You saw that?

I don't know what it means, though.

Oh. So, you're just imitating.

Well, originally, I-

[Arkady] Dorothy, look alive!

It's really hectic right now. Let's talk later.

We're recording their sounds

to see if we can analyze any kind of pattern.

[announcer] *The Committee is declaring a level three emergency.*

Sole commanding control has been granted

to Commander Marshall by a vote of...

...36 to 21.

[baby groans]

Thank you.

Oh.



[screams]

This opens up a whole new world of potential sauces.

Mm. It's such a great... How should I put it?

Opportunity, ma'am. Yes, quite the opportunity. Just super.

Yes, it is a super opportunity.

[creepers screeching]

Oh, wow.

It's such a godsend, too.

It is free from harmful pathogens, correct?

Yes, ma'am, sure.

[coughing]

[footsteps continue]

Which dickhead is it? Mickey 18?

Keep his head still.

Now, I can tell you two apart. Filthy Multiples.

Oh, yeah. That does seem fair.

Oh, goodness. Burnt meat.

Well, that's nothing, honey.

Wait until these two are scorched sausages in the cyclor.

How are you gonna handle that stench?

I'm going as fast as I can.

[whispers] Mickey. I'm so sorry.

You two. This brick stores your memories, right?



That way you'll understand the meaning and terror of finality.

No more reprints!

That's what you both should be thinking when you die.

Dead forever!

Now that the memory is gone, which body goes first?

One at a time is twice the fun.

Creepy.

[Nasha] Commander Marshall, sir.

May I say a few words?

Regardless of who burns first, a simple fact is,

we currently have two Mickeys here before us.

Due to no fault on their part, I might add.

One of them is being falsely accused

of firing his gun at you.

But the truth is, he was concerned for your safety.

He was the first to notice the second creeper

coming out of the stone behind you,

and as you are well aware

the day an Expendable is printed—

Enough.

You defending these idiots.

Should be mopping up your own shit.

Illegal possession of Oxyzofol.



And attempted murder with a fucking chain saw?

[creepers chittering]

I mean, it's quite the colorful rap sheet,

don't you think, Miss. Barridge?

[Marshall] Mmm. The clouds of war are billowing.

Look at those vermin swarm.

Mankind must unite at this critical juncture.

Why are we wasting our time with these dregs of society?

Spoken like a true wartime commander, sir. Very impressive.

[stammers] And a fine entry

to add to your collection of battle quotes, if I may.

[Marshall] You like that?

I do.

More of that?

Please.

You keep mentioning that we're in a state of war.

May I be so bold as to offer two observations, sir?

Be my guest.

Firstly, fighting a war requires a huge amount

of energy and calories.

Seeing as we're in the early stages of settlement,

and our survival is in the balance,

I wonder whether this expenditure is prudent.



For hours they've been swirling in circles doing nothing but waiting.

My God, Agent Barridge.

You used to be a five time Marshall Cup champion.

"Agent of the Month."

And now, you're sweating over these alien insects?

How far you've fallen. [chuckles]

What are you gonna do

when they tear a hole in the ship and tear off your ass?

These grotesque shit-gibbons.

Grotesque or not,

they are the native inhabitants of this planet.

And we have proof that they saved one of us.

They didn't eat him or attack him.

Saved and not eaten whom?

Uh, me.

They saved me.

[laughs]

Of course they didn't eat you. You're crap food.

You're recycled Spam baby.

You get chewed up and shit out over and over and over again.

Well, I guess they aren't just stupid bugs, honey.

I mean, they knew to pass on crap, junk.

They must have some cognitive ability.



They may be able to engage in meaningful conversation.

And we're analyzing this, and...

Sir, you must try communicating with them yourself.

We're developing a-a, um, a sort of translator.

[clicking]

Like that, you mean? You think I'm an idiot?

Uh.

[low chitter]

[grunts, spits]

[gasps]

[creeper laughs]

[chuckling]

[groans]

[Dorothy gasps]

Four and a half years across the fucking galaxy,

just to hear these goddamn aliens squawk?

Tell me how the fuck that makes any sense! Somebody!

[Nasha] How does this make any sense?

How does your bullshit make any sense?

Your fucking fuckface

is what really doesn't make any fucking sense

you fucking idiot!

You call them aliens. We're the aliens, dumbass.



Do you even understand what that means?

They were just living their lives.

Before you came in with your bullshit!

And you think you get to decide who lives and who dies.

You are a dumb fuck!

No wonder you blew the elections,

you fucking moron.

[baby chitters]

[Nasha] No! No, no, no. No, stop!

[squealing]

[Nasha] What the fuck is wrong with you? You're hurting a baby!

[creepers grumbling angrily]

Bite.

What?

Falling in three, two, one.

[grunts]

[squeals]

Finally, she shut the fuck up.

[muffled speech, panting]

This is clearly abuse, one case after the other.

Rolling.

[Nasha panting]

[man in glasses] In 32K.



[Marshall] Yeah.

We need more of our guys.

Sir, now might be the prime time to initiate Total Extermination.

The ones out there alone would be more than enough.

What are you talking about?

We're gonna gas 'em, we're gonna gas 'em all.

[coughs]

What's that look for? Still not confident in your failures?

No. No. Sir, Arkady 3.0

has gone through several meticulous stages of testing.

Arkady 3.0 is the ultimate nerve gas.

I have every confidence in it, sir.

As you should, Arkady. This has to succeed.

I'll put it in my prayers.

This is the day we've been waiting for, sir.

Future historians will mark today as era-defining

for cleansing dangerous species on colony planets.

Why don't you board the fitter yourself later?

You mean when we spray the gas?

Yeah.

I pull the trigger?

Exactly, sir.

If you ride the lead fitter



And the members, the church members back on Earth...

Huh?

They will adore.

[Marshall] Yes, yes, the company.

All right. It's time we initiate Operation Total Extermination.

Honey, can I have a word with you?

Yes, my love.

I've got an idea.

I hope you both can appreciate what a great honor my wife

is bestowing on you shit stains.

And so I can press both buttons simultaneously?

Yes, sir. Press them, and they'll go off at the same time.

They'll also explode automatically

if they exit the range of the remote control.

[Marshall] You hear that? I have you by the balls,

so don't even think of running off.

You'll each be given a primitive weapon as you head out.

You cut off as many creeper tails as you can

and the first Mickey to bring back 100 tails is the winner.

And the winner doesn't die, but the loser goes...

[humming]

Boom!

Boom!



Your job is to make them scream so loudly

that every last creeper comes running in to save them.

We'll kill two birds with one stone, right honey?

Absolutely. A hundred tails is enough

to make enough sauce to last a couple years.

[Marshall] Better be on your toes.

One false move, and you're man-burger.

[thud]

I get it.

It's all punishment.

What was that?

Our entire life's a goddamn punishment.

All for pressing that button when I was five.

Oh. This again! [scoffs]

Accident was caused by a car defect, you know that.

I don't know.

Well, it wasn't pressing that stupid button.

It wasn't Mom's driving either.

[creepers shrieking]

How many times I gotta tell you?

[snorting]

Sorry, Mickey-Mickeys. You need to move, like now.

Can you at least put the ramp down?



Whoa!

[Dorothy] Mickey!

Mickey!

Wait, Mickey.

Take this.

It's not finished, but it might help you

communicate with the creepers.

Let's go!

It's like a-It's like a translator thing?

Yes. Good luck.

For what it's worth, I doubt Marshall will kill both of you.

Come on.

Come.

Let's go.

Well, I...

Uh, anyway, with this device, I got a job to do.

All right. They saved me, now I save them.

What are those fuckers doing?

Even I can count dozens of fresh tails they're leaving behind.

Are they out of their minds?

Oh, honey. [chuckles]

Should I just press the button?

Mmm.



one of them has to outlive the other.

[creeper grunts]

[Mickey 17] Hey!

It's me! Wait!

You gotta run away. You gotta get them all outta here.

You gotta go back to your cave.

Go back to your cave.

[stammering]

Or you're all gonna die.

[chittering]

[through translator] *What?*

Oh, hello.

Um...

Yes, I just, I wanted... About last time, I...

I wanted to say thank you.

Um...

You remember me, right?

[grumbles]

Mickey.

How do you know my name?

[grumbles]

Secret.

Wait, are they having a conversation?



Well, it's still a prototype,

but it's like a translator device.

Dorothy? Oh, no. Where's Dorothy?

I can't hear a thing with all this static.

I mean, even the video is shit.

Apologies, sir. The snowstorm is exacerbating the absorption—

What about this? Will this detonator work?

Yes, sir. That is a special shortwave signal,

so it'll be fine.

[Marshall] And who's that big one there?

Is that the queen bee of the bunch?

Mmm. Looks like a croissant dipped in shit.

[laughs] Uh, official reports are still being finalized,

but we think everything revolves around that one,

the Mama Creeper.

So, that one's the boss. Like you.

[grumbles]

Say what?

You gotta get outta here, or they're gonna kill you all with this death gas.

That gas, Arkady 3.0, I got blasted with that.

It's seriously, insanely painful.

Do you know what gas is? Gas. Like...

[coughing] Like gas?



[Mickey 18] Mind my own business? What about you?

Why'd you save him at the cave?

[grumbles]

Should kill him?

No. No.

I'm-We're very grateful. That's all.

Then why?

Why kill Luco?

Uh, Luco?

[grumbles]

Baby Luco.

Oh.

You group. Shattered.

Blood.

Yeah...

Oh, that's...

That's Luco.

[grumbles]

We save you.

[grumbles]

[slowly] *You kill Luco.*

[chittering]

So, what's the name of the other baby? The one in the ship.



What if Zoco dies? What will you do?

[low growl]

Death.

All.

You mean all humans.

[screeches]

Extinction.

How?

[roars] *Easy.*

[deep pulsing roar]

[all creepers screeching]

[screeching continues]

[pulsing roar continues]

[Mama Creeper] *Cover your ear.*

[pained groaning]

But eyeball explode.

Brain explode.

All of you.

[screeching continues]

[grunts]

Nasha!

Nasha!

[chittering, screeching]



Look at my mouth.

[Marshall] What's wrong with them? What's wrong with him?

And they're saying something. What is that idiot saying?

It's not sign language.

C3!

C3!

C... 3?

3?

C3? What's C3?

[muffled] C3?

[gong rings]

Bring the baby.

[Mickey 17] *Bring the baby.*

Bring the baby. [gasps]

If we don't bring her back, we're all gonna die.

Honey, this doesn't sit well with me.

Why are those two losers chatting with the boss of the bugs?

They think they're negotiating on behalf of mankind-humankind?

You should be standing out there, sir, ushering in this historic moment.

You're seeing two bosses meeting face to face in a climactic snowstorm?

A moment of destiny?

[Preston] All you have to do is go out there.

I know I can create an iconic scene.



[Ylfa] I can picture it now.

Adorning the ceiling and the walls of the grand chapel.

[Preston] Yes, ma'am, yes.

And one final touch, sir.

I think it would be great if you give them a message before spraying the gas.

[Marshall] A message?

Without such poignancy, today would be a third-rate carnival where we spray cheap pesticide over cockroaches.

Yes, they are disgusting, filthy, evil insects, but it will be their last moment, and you could offer them a few merciful words as a proper farewell, like a wise, benevolent priest.

Get me a camera crew.

Tell the first squad to meet me fully armed.

Yes, sir.

My love, the Situation Room is yours. Till we meet again.

[gasping]

C3. Nasha will know what it means.

It's a whole thing.

I'm gonna get Zoco back safe. I mean it.

[grumbling]

Not enough.

What else?

[grumbles]

We lose Luco.

[grumbles]

One.



Yes.

Fair.

One of yours. Die.

So, if we bring back Zoco safe, and a human dies...

[grumbles] *Peace.*

Drive.

[Preston] You hear me?

Camera crew, unit three, do you copy?

Okay, the radio signal's a little patchy right now, so the car speaker will be our direct line of comms.

Unit two, do you copy?

Our orders are to safely escort Commander Marshall—

No one told you to shoot! Do not agitate the creepers!

Pipe down. We're not here to film you.

Really great.

Okay, right after your speech, sir, we'll close the canopy at once, and that'll be the signal for the air squad to spray that gas.

Glorious annihilation, sir.

[panting]

You. Yes, you. Come here, what's your name? Matthew?

Oh, Matthew, you have the face of an angel. Here, try my sauce.

There you go. Tell me what you think.

[man] Oh! Nasha!

[Ylfa screams]

[man] No! No! Stop!



No, no, no. Take it easy. Take it easy.

One snap and it's instant death.

[strained grunts]

Nasha Barridge, what do you want?

[groans] The baby. We have to take it to the mama.

That's all?

Yes.

Guarantee us a safe exit.

Unless you wanna see me break her neck.

[Ylfa chokes]

[man] No. Nasha, please don't.

[groaning]

Look, we secure Nasha's exit, as negotiated.

Nasha, can you release her carefully?

[Nasha] I'm gonna get the baby. Be careful.

[man] Nasha, are you okay?

[Nasha] I need to hurry. Can I get a fitter?

[man] I doubt it. You'll have to run.

Arrest that fucking bitch!

Ma'am, today you and the commander have displayed an impressive range of verbal and physical abuse and acts of cruelty that far exceed your granted authority.

You wanna be executed for mutiny?

All video evidence of abuse will be presented to the Committee for review. [strains]

I suggest you have answers prepared for your hearing. ✓

Maintain control onsite.

[warbling]

When we're within 100 feet of the Mama Creeper, sir, we'll start slowly circling the creature.

That'll be the cue to begin your final speech.

Yes.

The other camera will track alongside you from the outside, making the scene absolutely spectacular, sir.

I'll keep my speech short and tight.

A marvelous address. No need to edit.

And then I blow up the Mickeys.

Un bouquet final.

You can do this, Nasha.

We'll get things under control inside.

Open the gate.

Okay.

[Nasha] See ya.

[Zeke] Good luck!

[grunts]

[Mickey 17] Nasha's gonna figure this all out.

Zoco will be back safe.

Who is that?

Who's coming?

Oh, shit.

[screeching]



[Marshall] Wait.

What is this bullshit?

[roaring]

[Marshall] Which one's the mama?

What the fuck am I supposed to be looking at when I make my speech?

I was gonna send them off with some dignity.

Now those barbarians can fuck off!

Is that bazooka ready?

Yes, sir. Loading now.

We're gonna blast that mama bitch into oblivion.

Who needs a fucking speech?

I'll go hard, honey.

That's the mama there, sir, can you see it?

It has a different shape.

[Marshall] Yes, it's her. Aim!

It's not her, dumbass!

[grunts]

[soldier] Sorry, sir.

[chittering]

[gasps]

Mickey!

Nasha! Nasha!

[stampede rumbling]



[grunts]

[roaring, chittering]

Time to say goodbye.

What?

Blast at the nearest pile!

Tear through them all until we get to the mama. Smash them!

Camera, make sure to get the blood and guts.

Wait. That one there.

Shoot that one first. It's bigger.

Fire!

Fire now!

[soldier] Yes, sir.

[low rumble]

Fire!

No, sir, the bomb vest!

Head shot, you fucking idiot!

No! No, sir. It's too close!

[shots exploding]

[gunfire echoes]

[soldier] Wait, sir! Stop, wait!

[shouts]

[gasps] No, where-Oh, my God.

[Nasha] Mickey!



[gasping]

[Marshall] No, no, no.

What's going on?

Look!

[Mickey 17] We have Zoco! Nasha brought her back.

Look.

[grumbles]

Uh, Nasha, Zoco's okay, right?

[Mickey 18] Hey!

Are you seeing this?

One human! [grunting]

[gasps]

[Mickey 18, Marshall, grunting]

You're also afraid.

We're both afraid.

[exhales] Yeah, I'm afraid.

[Marshall] It means you're human.

You're important.

Come to me, my boy.

[click]

[creepers shrieking]

[sobs]

[sobs]



[mama grumbles softly]

[pigeon man] *Okay, guys...*

Guys, don't be shy. If you could sit down. Take your seats.

The groundbreaking ceremony will come later,

but we'll start with the Expendable stuff.

Mickey. Mickey, come up to the front, mate.

Could someone please sit in the front row, you fucking introverts?

Hello, everyone.

I'm Nasha Barridge, member of the Committee.

[cheers and applause]

[chirps]

[Nasha] After weeks of debate, we have finally come to this momentous day.

The day we abolish the Expendables program.

I would like to thank my fellow Committee members for their support.

I've been really feeling the love.

And especially, for fighting right to the end, and persuading the Committee to permanently abolish human printing...

I would like to thank our very own Mickey Barnes.

[light cheers and applause]

And to be fair, I'm just so fucking happy

I get to grow old with Mickey.

It was really sucking getting old by myself. Okay.

[scattered chuckles]

Despite the hours of peaceful discussion...



Mm-hmm.

Wait.

Nasha will give the signal. You hit the button.

Wait. And then over there, boom.

Do I get up and press it or-No, in my seat, right?

I honestly couldn't give a fuck.

[Nasha] Henceforth, on Niflheim as on Earth, human printing is now permanently abolished.

[cheers and applause]

Here today, the human printer will be burnt to ashes and erased from memory.

[Mickey 17, VO] *Nasha's such a natural.*

I think she could even run for Committee chair next election.

Blows my mind still to think that this amazing woman just six months ago was rotting with the rest of us in that shitty prison.

[inaudible dialogue]

[Mickey 17, VO] *The day Marshall got blown to dust, Ylfa went into shock and was taken to the psych ward.*

Rumors went around that she slit her wrists there.

Everyone else involved was shoved into jail.

And somehow lucky Timo squeezes out on parole.

But as soon as he got out, he spent every day dreading the moment he'd come face to face with the man who delivered the letter.

The associate of Darius Blank, who one day finally jumped him.

[groans]

[Mickey 17, VO] *It was a fight to the death.*

In the end, the associate became, uh, cycler soup.

[Timo laughs]

As he had his grip on me, he brought his knife around to my mid-section right here, and he sliced...

[Mickey 17, VO] *And he got released on self-defense.*

Classic Timo.

But our trials on the other hand, were never-ending.

Damien, sit down! Sit down!

[crowd clamoring]

Became a whole political fight between all the pro-Marshalls and the anti-Marshalls.

But by then, Nasha had made up her mind.

She'd overhaul the Committee, and change it herself.

So after she got out, she really did run in the election.

And she won in a landslide.

On her first day in the assembly,

Nasha was so cool about the whole thing.

I was very, very nervous.

I don't think she really noticed, though.

Mickey. I've got the upgraded translator. Just came out.

[beeping]

Okay, let's be fair, can I ask you a question?

[translator chattering]

Go.

[Mickey 17] What you said before, about extinction and all that, when you were all like...

[imitates rapid chattering]



Would that really make our brains explode?

From like the pitch?

[grumbles]

Explode.

[babies chirping]

[Mickey 17] But you said...

...that our eyeballs would explode.

Mmm. Why not our eardrums?

'Cause it's like sound.

[grumbles]

All explode.

[babies chirping]

Really?

Well, can you try it right here? Right now?

[baby creeper chittering]

[screeching]

[grumbles]

[laughing]

[scattered chuckles]

[baby burps]

[Mickey 17, VO] *Who said bluffing was only for humans?*

Gotta love that, uh, poker face.

Yeah and nice burp, too.



Uh, hello.

What are you doing here? In the middle of the night.

Well, I just...

I thought you were in the hospital all this time.

Hey, watch it. Look down.

Don't step on it.

It's a priceless delicacy, that.

Go on. Take a dab.

Have a taste.

Oh, what? Now you're too good for sauce off the floor?

You think anyone else would allow scum like you to taste something so refined?

What is-What is it made of?

Rude! Not how it works.

A taste of faith comes first, then I tell you what's in it.

Mickey, you don't think I'm letting you taste this out of some high regard for your palate, do you?

It's the opposite.

A true masterpiece would be a sauce that could appeal to even an ignorant cretin like you.

[scoffs] Whatever. Fuck it.

Taste it, waste it, I don't care.

You're worthless now.

Much better to bring back my usual taster,

the supreme one with an actually refined palate.

[machine rumbles]



Not this. It can't be.

[coughing]

Of course it can.

Admit it, it's what you want.

[gasping]

It's what everyone wants.

[coughing]

Hey Ylfa.

I just remembered.

You died the day after Marshall.

Go ahead, touch me.

See if I'm ghost or human.

[Mickey 17, VO] *Ever since I was a kid, I've had scary dreams.*

This time I wasn't scared.

I just thought to myself, "What would 18 do?"

Fuck off.

[cheering]

What are you doing? Press the button.

Mickey. Press it.

Do it.

[beeps]

[Mickey 17, VO] *I am glad the printer's gone, but a part of me can't help feeling guilty that I didn't let all the other Mickeys have a chance at life.*

But I have to stop feeling guilty.



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