TUG SIDE 2
You’re hanging out with Cassie, then all of a sudden you’re yo-yo’ing??? Harold loved two things: Cassie, and yo-yo. That’s... You’re desecrating Harold’s memory. You’re -- you’re like going to his funeral and eating out the pastor. Like... you’re sneaking into his house and stealing his underwear and selling it on the Internet and pretending it’s your underwear. Sell your own freaking underwear!!!! You’re -- it’s like you’re digging up his dead body and being like, “Stop hitting yourself,” you’re doing the thing that’s like you’re like “Stop hitting yourself” but really you’re hitting him and saying “Stop hitting yourself” --

DANNY
?? I’m not eating out the pastor --

TUG
Yes you are. (grasping to explain bad analogy) You’re eating out the pastor and then everyone’s like, “It’s so hot that Danny ate out the pastor,” and then everyone forgets they’re at a funeral at all.

(digging in) Harold said that he wished our school had dances so he would have an excuse to go up to her.

Who wishes for school dances???
You like Cassie, and you’re yo-yo’ing for the talent show --
You want to just slide in like he never --
Do you want to be like Harold?????? Awesome!!!! Awesome!!!!
(tossing DANNY’s backpack on the ground) Go get a Transformers backpack that looks terrible (messing up DANNY’s hair, slapping his head around) Get a lesbian haircut
Buy ten THOUSAND boxes of Lucky Charms, cause that’s all you get to eat now!! That’s all you eat!
Love someone who doesn’t love you back
Do you know what it’s like to love someone who doesn’t love you back??????
It’s the only thing you can think about!!!!!!! Your blood is throbbing in your face!!!!!!! You can’t think about anything else!!!!!!!
It destroys you!!!!!
It destroys you
For you to only be able to think about them and imagine what they’re doing alone, like
You’re in class and you’re in the car and you’re getting shuttled to places and you’re at the places but you’re never where you are cause your heart is beating in your face and you’re thinking about how they’re washing their hair and looking at their body, all you want is to know the thoughts they’re thinking, and their fears, and everything they have inside them --
But there’s nothing --
You’re wondering, you’re like, God, I need to know what they’re thinking, are they thinking about me, there must be so much inside them and I want to know all of it --
And they’re not even --

They’re off playing Halo or something.