

DIALOGLISTEN
WHAT'S UP? SPRACHPROGRAMM ENGLISCH

1. FIRST WORK, THEN PLAY

♪ *If you believe in your dreams* ♪

♪ *strong enough* ♪

♪ *it'll be hard work* ♪

♪ *but you can make it to the top!* ♪

-Am I even good enough for impostor syndrome?

♪ *You're so talented* ♪

♪ *You're so special* ♪

-Special?

-Special?

-Am I even good enough for impostor syndrome?

-Give yourself some credit, girl!

-Don't just slow down now!

-You need to strike while the iron is hot and publish your new album!

-It's not ready.

-Come on!

-Just one more song!

-The others aren't perfect either...

-Then let's get to work and make them perfect!

-A creative job requires:

-Passion.

-Dedication.

-Innovation.

-Creativity.

-A willingness to sacrifice absolutely anything!

-And I cannot stress this enough

-Self discipline!

-Relax. Let go of any pressure! Forget everything around you.

-Alright, now just play.

-No pressure!

-Think!

-Okay, stop thinking! Just play.

-Just Play.

-Just Play!

-JUST PLAY!

-Sorry, I'm...

-Alright, that's fine. No pressure.

♪ *You are wasting time.* ♪

-Next one!

-Come on!

-Up!

-Just a little bit more!

-Thanks! I'm glad you liked my portfolio.

-Yes, I'm available!

-Oh, it's a passion project..

-You're looking for someone who's able to work regularly

-at any given time...

-but still as a freelancer?!

-Exposure doesn't pay rent.

-Fuuuck.

-Okay.

-This is fine.

-I'm fine.

-I am fine!

-I can do this!

-I'm fine!

♪ *As your own boss you are independent* ♪

♪ *faster and way more effective* ♪

♪ *You won't survive if you
specialize in just one skill* ♪

-You just copied that from...

♪ *You have to be the orchestra,
conductor and composer in one* ♪

-Kinda tacky!

♪ *and constantly develop new skills* ♪

-You're just using the same three chords
over and over again!

-No, no, no - focus please!

-I'm just trying to help.

-You're being mean!

-I just don't like you!

-I mean...

-...it

-I mean, no pressure, but...

-If you say "no pressure" one more time..

-I just know you can do better!

♪ *Treat yourself* ♪

♪ *You deserve it!* ♪

♪ *Oh yeah!* ♪

-And you'll even get a Zero Hour Contract!

-BITCH, WTF?!

-Finally awake, loser?

♪ *Self discipline!* ♪

-Just play!

-Every 12-year-old could do this!

-like, on their smartphone!

-I bet...

-even AI's are more creative than you right now!

-Are you really trying hard enough?

-You used to be so full of energy and ideas!

-And girl...

-did you really think...

-an incense stick...

-would bring back your creativity?!

-Get a life!

-Get a grip!

-No, I'm not gonna let you fall into that downward spiral again!

-Can't you just give me a fucking break!

-"You're only as good as your last album"

-"Don't be a quitter"

-This better work.

-You've had a long day at work.

-You deserve to relax.

-It is okay to take a break.

-Let us try to concentrate on your breathing.

-Breathe in...

-And breathe out...

-Try to free yourself from negative thoughts

-and think positive!

-If you believe in your dreams

-strong enough

-you can make it

-to the top!

-I know you work very hard

-and you are so talented!

-You are special!

-Special?

-Look!

-Ew, have some self-respect!

-Don't you want to be a girl boss?

-You don't want to be a bag lady, do you?

-What's a bag lady?

-Or do you want to waste your life...

-at a boring office job?!

-You better work, bitch!

♪ *I'm way past my prime* ♪

♪ *I got lucky and peaked early* ♪

♪ *now I'm loosing my mind* ♪

♪ *why am I even in this industry* ♪

♪ *I know that I will be forgotten* ♪

♪ *by HIStory* ♪

-I can't do this anymore.

-Yes, you can!

-You're a girl boss!

-You just have to believe in your dreams-

-Yeah, they tell you that!

-I'm so fucking tired...

-exhausted and broke.

-I work 24/7 and I'm still broke!

- What are you doing?
- You can't just take a break you'll lose all your momentum!
- You'll never make it if you slow down now!
- What does that even mean?!
- Don't be such a whiney snowflake!
- People will stop caring if your next album isn't
- ABSOLUTE PERFECTION!
- No one will care about your awards!
- Everyone will think you're a loser and a lazy piece of shit!
- You're nothing without your work!
- You're just a boring shell of self-hate and your lame depressing memes
- that aren't even funny are just a ridiculous cry for help!

♪ *They ask you how you are
and you just have to say that you're fine* ♪

♪ *When you're not fine
but you just can't get into it* ♪

♪ *Because they would never understand* ♪

- What did you do to her?
- It's her own fault.
- You put her in that cage!
- You decorated it!
- You're just too weak to deal with your stupid first world problems!
- People are dying and you're whining about being too tired!
- Stop.

-No one will love us and we'll die alone with 30 cats!

-So that's what you want?

-Outside validation?

-I'm not getting any from you...

-What?

-You hate me!

-I don't hate you!

-But you don't love me either. You treat me like shit!

-Seriously?

-You're the one...

-Shh...

-Don't cry, my dear.

-I'm here for you and I love you so much!

-You do?

-Wow! You really buy this shit?

-You are so special! And I know exactly what you need right now!

-Get out!

-You deserve this!

-Get out!

-And so do you, my dear!

-Something to play with!

♪ *Treat yourself* ♪

♪ *You deserve it* ♪

♪ *Oh yeah* ♪

-No thanks.

-What?!

-Look!

-No thanks.

-I'm good.

-No, you're not!

-Look!

-Pathetic

-You better work, bitch!

-...I love you <3

-If you believe in your dreams...

-Oh my goddess... That looks so cool!

-You should sing about your depression.

-Commodify your burnout!

-OK boomer.

-Alright.

-You do you.

-We have to be nice to her!

-Bye.

-You'll regret this!

-No!

-She protects us.

-But...

-but...I can protect us!

-I'm here for you.

-I'm here for you no matter what!

-I...I love you.

2. DATSUN

ARTIE: Mum!

Mum!

JO: Matt! Can you get that?

- Mum!

-Mum!

JO: Answer it!

- Mum!

ARTIE: Mum!

-What?!

- Is that the man coming to buy the car?

- No, hon. That man's coming tomorrow.

-It's Barry.

- Hey, babe.

-Oh God. Just give me a minute.

- Don't. Wait!

- Dinner's on. Keep an ear out for the timer. I'll be back about 11.

- Why are you selling the car?

- You're the man of the house, Matt.

- HOWIE: Hey, shithead.
- ARTIE: You're not allowed to be here!
- HOWIE: Yo, Matt!
- MATT: Yo.
- Where you at?
- Going to get dressed.
- I can't find the keys.
- Hey.
- You sure? Huh?
- Yeah, come on.
- Here.
- Ohh. OK.
- This is your colour.
- Yeah, I'd say it's you.
- Fuck off, cuz.
- Nah, put it back.
- It's not cool.
- MATT: Yes! Found 'em.
- You like fishing?
- Hear about Sam's Dad? Apparently, he had a cancer too.

- Fuck.
- No way your mum's gonna sell this.
- ARTIE, MUFFLED: You're not allowed!

- Windows down.
- What?
- Windows down.
- ARTIE: You're not allowed!
- MATT: Come on!
- You're not allowed!
- Come on.
- For the last time, we're not allowed!
- Come on!
- We're not allowed!
- Get in the car.
- Get off me.
- We're not allowed!
- Come here.
- Come on.
- Stop!
- HOWIE: Hey, hey, hey.
- Get in the car!
- Hey, hey, hey.
- Keep off!
- Get in the car.
- HOWIE: Come on.
- MATT: Hurry up!

- ARTIE: Ha ha!
- MATT: I'm trying.
- ARTIE: You don't even know.
- HOWIE: Go harder.
- HOWIE: Fuck. Your dad had some whack-as music.
- Wait. What do you reckon? Do I look 20?
- About the same.
- Oh, yes.

♪ ...singin' my cattle call. ♪

- ARTIE: Come on!
- MATT: Dude.
- HOWIE: Go for a walk.
- MATT: Dude, go. Go.
- All right, you ready?

*♪ 'Roll along,
♪ 'silv'ry moon.
♪ 'Guide my lover
♪ 'on his way.' ♪*

- Go, Howie, go! Go!
- MAN: Come here!
- Come on! Get in the back. In the back.
- Come here, you little shits!
- Go. Get outta here!
- Too slow!
- You're too slow!
- Fuckin' badass.

- You're too slow!
- I know your faces!
- Seen you before!
- ARCHIE: You suck!

- Here's your Coke, shithead.
- You show your legs off more,
- but, like, fuck, one...
- ...one breeze -- whew!
- Like, holy shit.
- MATT: One breeze?

- Stay in the car, all right?
- OK.
- Yo, what's up brother? Hey, dim those lights.
- Hey.
- Hey.
- This your car?
- Yeah.
- ARTIE: This is my dad's car.
- It's-- It's mine.
- It's Dad's.
- Come on.
- It's Dad's!

- Can I get in?
- Uh...
- Get out.
- But I'm supposed to stay in--
- Get out.
- Hey, hey, hey. Uh, come with me, shithead.
- Hey!
- Hey, cutie.
- Come on, man.
- So cute!
- Get comfy, my man.
- How you doing?

- Windows.
- No.
- We'll get higher.
- Yours too.
- I like your nose.
- My nose?
- I dunno.
- That is nasty.
- Yeah, go on. That shit's good, bro.
- You relaxin'?
- It's just ...

- Do that again.
- Wait.
- Was this how they found him? When he... killed himself?
- MATT: Artie! Artie!
- ARTIE: I'm here! I'm here!
- What you doing, man?
- What you doing?
- Get up! Get outta here. Come on.
- ELISE: Matt!

- HOWIE: I think he only smoked a little bit.

*♪ ...and softly she sighed
♪ to the moon.
♪ Roll on,
♪ silv'ry moon.
♪ Guide my lover...*

- HOWIE: Oh, fuck.

- ♪ ...on his way.

- Shit!

-What are you doing?

- No, no, no!

- HOWIE: Fuck!

♪ ...is in tune...

- Slow, slow, slow.

- Go into the yard.

*♪ ...I never,
♪ never more...*

- Shit. Go!

- This is good. This is good.

♪ ...from my true love...

- Let's wait here.

♪ ...will stray. ♪

- Dim the lights!

-Oh, fuck.

- ARTIE: I can hear them.

- MATT: Shh. Shut up. Fuck.

- Fuck, fuck.

- Shit. Down!

- Go, go!

- Shit!

*♪ I don't care what the weather,
♪ my heart as light as a feather,
♪ singin' my cattle call.*

- Aargh! I don't wanna die!

- Shit!

- Fuck!

♪ I'm brown as a berry

♪ from ridin' the prairie...

- Go, go!

*♪...and I sing with an ol' western drawl.
♪ Singin' my cattle call.*

- Fuck.

-Fuck. Fuck!

JO: My boys are asleep in bed, OK?

- OFFICER: They've just stolen booze from the bottle store...

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- JO: Matt.

- HOWIE: Shit.

- Matt!

- You gonna fucking tell 'em what happened?

- Fuck you!

- Tell 'em! I fucking hate him!

- Oh-- No. No!

- I hate him!

- No!

- Back the fuck up! Let him finish.

- Fucking hate him!

- HOWIE: What're you doing?

- Matt, get down!

- Come back!

- OK?

- MAN: I'm here about the Datsun.

- Uh, sorry. It's... not for sale any more.

3. IT'S NICE IN HERE

-Imani? Is that how you say it?

-Yeah.

-Can you speak up a bit?

-Yeah.

-Great. That's perfect.

-Alright, it's important that you tell us everything you remember.

-I don't know where to start. I can't find the beginning.

-You can start anywhere.

-Don't worry about it, okay? Just go ahead.

-It was five o'clock. Or maybe it was six.

-I remember looking at them, looking at us.

-After a while you get so used to them, you don't even see them anymore.

-Used to our magnetic hands. And the fireworks...

-That were never fireworks.

-So, what exactly happened?

-Hmm?

-You said it was five o'clock.

-Or six. He was late. Crimson's never late.

-Crimson?

-That's what we call him.

-Crimson. It's a type of red.

-How did he get the nickname?

-I guess names will stick, if you wear something enough.

-Did he say something when you saw him?

-No.

-He doesn't talk a lot. He didn't talk until he was five.

-But he's a good listener. Like, really good.

-He can hear things that most people can't.

-Hear the inside of things. Sometimes I pretend I'm the only one who can hear him...

-like he can hear me. Hear him think. Hear what he feels.

-I always feel more powerful when I'm around him.

-Always feel so...

-Hey, you're doing a great job.

-Let's try to get back on track a little bit, okay?

-Where were you two headed?

-I don't know.

-You don't know?

-He wouldn't tell me. I always saw him go. Every Friday... Sometimes Saturday.

-And he didn't mind you coming along this time?

-No.

-He was fine with it.

-Would you say the two of you were close?

-Yeah.

-Best friends since first grade. We know everything about each other.

-His rhythm. His bass. The nosebleeds he gets when he's nervous.

-He once told me he looked it up and said it was normal.

-I wanted to tell him it wasn't, but I knew he wouldn't believe me.

-He was stubborn like that.

-I wonder how many blood stains he's hiding.

-Sometimes I swear I can feel them.

-One.

-Two.

-Three.

-Four.

-Do you know who gave him his sweater?

-It used to be his dad's.

-He told me about him once.

-How his voice was muffled...his skin felt like cold glass... and his eyes were the saddest he'd ever seen.

-He stopped going when he was six.

-His dad saw the world burn.

-Sometimes it feels like it never really stopped.

-Something hung in the air.

-You could feel it.

-David? David.

-Hey, I thought I lost you there for a second.

-I asked if you remembered how your day started.

-Grace had gotten used to the rhythm already. Honest to God, I don't know how she does it.

-Maybe I just wasn't built for this.

-Everything feels like... Forever.

-It was just a "forever" kind of day.

-David?

-Did you have a busy shift?

-Put your hands behind your back.

-It was fine.

-Nothing out of the ordinary.

-A drunk driver.

-A family affair.

-Some other stuff.

-It says here that you've been patrolling by yourself since March?

-Yeah. It's been a few months.

-I started off with Davis. And then you had Allister. And Rodriguez.

-But I just didn't have a connection with any of them.

-Did you know him?

-No. I mean... Yeah. But not personally.

-We've all seen him around.

-Always at night. Always that hoodie.

-Always... drawing something.

-What's a kid like that doing in a neighborhood like this? You know? All by himself.

-Did you ever find out?

-No.

-He always told me to...

-Can I curse?

-He always told me to mind my "fucking" business.

-Things can change so quickly.

-Burn up just like that.

-Fuck.

-Ten-four.

-You can do it.

-Black.

-Male.

-Teenager.

-Possibly armed.

-I'm ten-twenty three. Possible back-up needed.

-Ten-four.

-Officer Young is ten-seventy-eight on twenty-four and Melrose.

-Can we get some officers to assist?

-He was so loud.

-Everything was so loud.

-Don't move!

-Keep your hands where I can fucking see them!

-I don't know what... or who I was really expecting.

-Don't make any sudden movements.

-It all happened so fast.

-Don't talk back.

-Don't scare them.

-They said he had a gun.

-What is that?

- It looked like he had a gun.

-Is that a gun? It must be a gun.

-You never think it's gonna happen to you.

-And suddenly you're in the middle of it.

-Don't move!

-Everything happened so quickly.

- He was taunting me. Telling me to shoot.

-It was like: "Please don't shoot".

-Please, please, please.

-Or something like that.

-Stay calm.

-Why are we here?

-I was afraid.

-Fuck, where is my back-up?

-What are we doing here?

-I didn't know what to do.

- What am I doing here?

-He kept on saying something about a gun, but we didn't have one.

-He matched the description.

-Please.

-I told him not to move.

-He didn't move. He just got nervous.

-He always gets a nosebleed when he's nervous.

-He was just a kid. Buying candy and soft drinks at a corner store. Doing what kids do.

-But, apparently, even being a kid can get you killed these days. And that makes me wonder... is there anything these boys can do to return home safely?

-Should they...comply more? Follow the rules better?

-Hold their hands up higher? Seriously, answer me this... is there any way for them to win?

-Any way... for them to come out of it... in one piece?

- In one piece of the story... and it's an important piece, if you ask me, is still missing.

-We can speculate all we want, but at the end of the day we all know that he was up to no good, right?

-Because, let's face it... the police aren't just called for no reason.

-Look, I'm not saying that he deserved to die. I'm not saying that.

-But, ask yourself this... why isn't the media talking about the items they found in his pockets?

-Why are they choosing not to show you...these pictures?

-Not quite the little angel, is he?

-Can you honestly tell me that you're sure this guy wouldn't try to steal your wallet?

-Or grab your gun. Or take your life?

-I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the constitution against all enemies... foreign and domestic.

-Don't talk back...

-or make any sudden movements...

-or scare them.

-And she talked about loving our skin.

-Even when it doesn't feel like it...

-we need to know that...

-It's nice in here.

-I will always have the courage to hold myself and others accountable for our actions.

-And we will do everything in our power to keep reminding you of that.

-So help us God.

-So help me God.

-It's important that you tell us everything you remember.

4. TINASHÉ

-What is going on with you? You're not answering your phone or doing what's asked of you.

-You don't care about anyone but yourself Tinashé.

-That's just not true. I was just hanging out with my friends.

-I feel like we can never agree on anything anymore.

-I don't have to agree with my son, with my child in my own house. You can't just do whatever you want!

-I can't do this.

-That's fine. You don't have to. Feel free to live somewhere else, Tinashé.

-I'll do that. Tonight's my last night here.

-Hey Tinashé, I wish I had my own crib that you could stay at. But, you know how my parents are.

-Yeah I know. It's chill.

-Thanks so much for the lift by the way.

-You know I love you bro. But like you kinda put this on yourself.

-I just gotta do me. I just have to do me.

-Yeah I feel that. Let me know if you need anything yah?

-I'm good.

-See you soon?

-Yah.

-Yo, broke boy!

-That door!

-Nigga, you're broke too.

-You know you can stay here as long as you need though.

-I'm gonna make some food.

-No shit. Dumb motherfuckers left the keys in their whip?

-What?

-Nigga you crazy.

-Go.

-And that's why you gotta go to Berwick Skatepark bro. Hella fucking white people, not a single cop in sight.

-Bro, that's why you gotta love white people.

-This guy just said you gotta love white people? That's fucked.

-It's true.

-Yo, but my Heelflips are getting hella buttery.

-Fuck.

-Paper, scissors, rock.

-Got you.

-You're too good Mrs. M.

-Four out of five.

-I'll make it three by tomorrow.

-Don't you worry.

-How's your day been?

-Not too bad.

-Yeah?

-Bit of walking in the sun. It's very nice, for an old lady.

-Yea.

-Alright Mrs. M. See you tomorrow.

-Okay. Yea I'll see you tomorrow.

-Take care sweetheart.

-Yo what's up bro?

-Yo bro. Bro my uncle just hit me up.

-What did he say?

-Yea he's renting a spot in Northside.

-No shit.

-Yea bro for real.

-Damn. Imagine if we had our own proper crib (house).

-Bro I know, I know. It'd be fuckin' crazy. But I need to actually get paid like asap.

-Yeah. Straight up.

-Yeah.

-Imma put more hours in at the shop and then we'll get to it.

-Alright, bet.

-For sure.

-See you at home.

-Alright see you at home bro.

-Yo

-Yo, it's good.

-Guess what!

-What?

-Spoke to my manager today.

-Yeah?

-They're down to give you a trial.

-Say G?

-Swear!

-So we gonna be working together and shit?

-Hell yea, we are gonna be working together baby!

-Dope.

-Alright, which one of these should I post?

-No, nigga, no!

-What? Which one?

-Nigga...

-Alright boys. You're making me dinner.

-Ah sweet.

-Hey Mum.

-Hi.

-How are you?

-I'm fine, and you?

-I'm alright thanks.

-What's news?

-Nothing.

-Hey Mum

-Yeah?

-I really don't wanna ask this. But, maybe please

-Would I be able to borrow some money for a...

-Money for a bond?

-Does this belong to you?

-Yea.

-Right, I could do it for 250.

-I'll throw in an iPhone 4

-Yea whatever.

-Ok, so what's your full name?

- Tinashé Mufudzi.

-Alright Mr. Mufudzi, what's your current address?

-22 Reed Street, with me.

-22 Reed street.

-250 dollars for a fucking iPhone 10.

-That is bullshit.

-Imma go to Zarah's

-Catch you on the flipside cuz

-Laters

-You ok?

-Hey Tinashé, I'm taking you home

-I'm driving.

-You fucking wish.

-I got the keys.

-You are not driving my car

-Yo

-Are you fucking serious bro?

-Fuck bro. That's my bad. That's my bad.

-C'mon man. Like you got me sleeping out in the fucking hallway.

-I come inside and you got me sleeping on wet condoms, bro?

-You didn't sleep at Zarah's?

-No.

-Fuck Tinashé. That's mad selfish of me. I'm sorry.

-It's whatever.

-No, it's not bro. I'm sorry.

-Nah, I'm sorry man.

-Like I'm out here just talking up the half of the minimal space you got.

-I'm sorry man.

-Shut the fuck up. You're welcome here. You know that.

-Bro, when I was messaging you, I was like, I was fucking, I was fucked

-I was scared as fuck

-I'm losing it. I'm losing it. They're gonna get me.

-You have really nice hands.

-Thank you.

-Is it too soon, or?

-C'mon Tinashé, we're just friends.

-Friends?

-I'm alright being your friend.

-I'm your friend but I'm also a fucking idiot

-Yea true. You would have been a bad kisser anyways.

-I don't know who I am, man.

-You're my brother.

-Yea, I know.

-I know myself a little too much. I don't think I like it.

-You ever seen that scene from Cool Runnings?

-I see pride.

-I see power.

-What the fuck Zarah?

-Yo, you set up the electricity?

-Yea bro.

-Bet.

-Oh Zarah bought the pans by the way

-Yea that's sweet. We gonna need those, ey?

-No shit.

-Man. Cannot believe we did it man.

-I know bro. It's crazy.

-Fuck.

-What?

-I bought a bed and no bed sheets