

**World is not funny**

**DISEMBODIED & ROBOTIC VOICE (female)**

*Hello, audience. Thank you for coming.*

*You are here because you want to laugh... and you want to forget about your problems.*

*But I cannot allow it. You should not laugh. You should not forget about your problems.*

*The world is not funny. We are all dying.*

*The world is not funny. Twelve percent of the world's population does not have access to clean drinking water.*

*The world is not funny. Guy Fieri owns two functioning restaurants. The world is not funny.*

*So then... now that we understand the context, now that we realize how terribly unfunny the world is, let's do this.*

**DISEMBODIED & LESS ROBOTIC VOICE (male)**

*Entertainers are not here to help you. They're here to control you. Never listen to them. Never give them what they want.*

*And most importantly, never make some fucking noise!*

**Call and response shit**

**BO BURNHAM**

*Ladies!*

*Ladies, if you feel me, say "Hell, yeah!"*

**WOMEN IN THE AUDIENCE**

*Hell, yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*Fellas!*

*Come one, fellas if you feel me, say "Hell, yeah!"*

**MEN IN THE AUDIENCE**

*Hell, yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*Virgins, if you haven't felt a person say "Hell, yeah!"*

**AUDIENCE**

*Hell, yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*If you can divide by zero, let me hear you say "Hell yeah!"*

**AUDIENCE**

*Hell, yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*No you can't. Mathematically impossible. Listen! Don't be Pavlovian, I'm looking for actual answers here. Trying to gather information.*

*Let's go!*

*If you like drinking booze, let me hear you say "Hell, yeah!"*

**AUDIENCE**

*Hell, yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*If you like smoking weed, let me hear you say "Hell yeah!"*

**AUDIENCE**

*Hell, yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

Gotcha. Get these motherfuckers.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, OFFICER 1**

*Get down on the ground! Get down on the ground!*

**BO BURNHAM**

Pot is ruining America.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, OFFICER 2**

*Where's the weed? Where's the weed?*

*Yeah, we got a room full of potheads, we're gonna need backup. Over.*

**BO BURNHAM**

*Psych!*

*If you don't give a fuck about the law, let me hear you say "Fuck the police!"*

**AUDIENCE**

*Fuck the police!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*If that seems oversimplified to you, let me hear you say "It's a really tough job and they're doing their best!"*

**AUDIENCE**

*\*silence\**

**BO BURNHAM**

*If you know nothing about the conflict between Israel and Palestine and thus feel super uncomfortable weighing in on it 'til you've read about it  
Let me hear you say "No comment"*

**AUDIENCE**

*No comment!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*Good call, I have no idea what's going on over there.  
What are they fighting about ? They have similar hats.  
If you want to start the show, let me hear you say "Hell yeah!"  
Come on*

**AUDIENCE**

*Hell yeah!*

**BO BURNHAM**

*If my name's Bo...  
Whoops.  
I think you're done with this call and response shit.  
That's what I thought.  
If you want me to get introspective,  
Let's get introspective!*

### **Why I'm here**

*I can't wrap my mind around exactly why I'm here  
I know you paid money, I should be funny  
Other than that, don't know why I'm here  
To make you laugh, right?  
That's only half-right  
Look at the world, I don't know why I'm here  
All this laughter can't feed starving Africans.*

*I just hope I don't get more from this than you do  
I would love to tell you that everything is fine  
You wanna be happy  
Well, get in line  
Yeah, this is almost musically incoherent at this point  
Y'all ain't never seen a comedy show like this in your fucking life  
And for good reason : it gets old after a few minutes  
You'll see  
Let's get this show going, let get this show started  
Okay  
One, two, three, four  
So I was at the dentist the other day...  
Yeah  
And nothing funny happens so I was like "Don't mention that on stage."  
I already fucked it up*

**Reject both sides of the spectrum**

**WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE**

*I love you!*

**BO BURNHAM**

No, you fucking don't. You do not.  
Haters gonna hate, lovers gonna love  
You need to reject both sides of the spectrum to leave a... healthy middle

**WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE**

*I love the idea of you!*

**BO BURNHAM**

Stop participating.  
Not a participatory thing going on up here.  
Trying to immortalize something I've worked on for a long time, shut up  
I have not... made my mind up, about... masturbation  
That's weird and I'm torn  
You know, 'cause in one hand it feels good

**Straight White Male**

Did you not think I was gonna use it, idiots? It's not a prop  
It will be used intermittently  
Guy... I've got a lot of problems in my life  
I wrote a song about some of the problems in my life  
I hope that some of you can relate to it. Here we go  
*Walking around, I got no one to talk to  
There's everyone, and then there's just me  
If I could change, don't you think that I'd do it?  
God only knows why he cursed me to be...  
A straight white man  
I state my problems, other people roll their eyes  
Three trips to the mall, zero khakis in my size  
I've never been a victim of a random search for drugs  
But you can't say my life is easy  
Until you've walked a mile in my Uggs  
Straight white man  
I know the road looks tough ahead  
The women want right, the gays want kids (what?)  
Can't you just leave us alone? And also, no to the things you asked for  
Everyone thinks that I've got it easy  
And just 'cause it's true, doesn't mean that it's right  
So pull up a chair, and put down your pitchforks  
Give me a chance to show you what it is like to be a  
Straight white man  
The churches never made me feel ashamed of you I am  
But I get emails from Zappos that Gmail doesn't mark as spam  
My country's constitution was handwritten by my race  
But my wife brought me the brand new iPhone with an iPod Touch's case  
Case doesn't fit that phone  
Straight white man  
I know the road looks tough ahead  
The women want rights, the blacks want not to be called "the blacks" (sorry)  
Can't you just leave us alone? And also, no to the things you asked for  
Straight white man  
I know the road looks tough ahead  
The women want rights, the African Americ- it doesn't work with the rhythm  
We used to have all the money and land, and we still do but it's not as fun now  
Thank you*

### **White guys**

If you were offended by that, it was ironic  
Isn't that fun? I meant the whole opposite of it

White guys, it's easy to be a white guy

**WHITE GUY IN THE AUDIENCE**

Yeah!

**BO BURNHAM**

Yeah, white guy, we deserve a... cheer once in a while

Very easy to be a white guy, very easy

But white guys get a lot of shit and it's not fair, 'cause we've done a lot of things, you know? We invented a lot of stuff

White guy invented everything but peanut butter, I believe

That's what I was taught in school: everything, but peanut butter

Doesn't sound right but the American educational system having a racial bias?

No way, Joseph.

Guys, whit-white people are a little uncomfortable

We'll do a racial joke about the white people so you don't feel uncomfortable

White people, we like the same foods

Favorite sandwich : peanut butter and...

**AUDIENCE**

*Jelly*

**BO BURNHAM**

Jelly! Macaroni and...

**AUDIENCE**

*Cheese!*

**BO BURNHAM**

Our favorite chips : salt and vi...

**AUDIENCE**

*...negar!*

**BO BURNHAM**

Wow! Who said it?

Get the cameras on them.

Your grandkids are gonna see this, know what a bigot their grandfather of grandmother were.

Every non-white person, see who said that, find them after the show!  
Put the lights down, their faces creep me out.

**Double standards**

**BO BURNHAM**

Okay.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Great!

**BO BURNHAM**

I don't know the words, though.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

That's all right, you'll figure it out. Guys, I'm not "perfect", okay? I don't "use air quotes correctly", all right?

But I am against double standards across the board.

Why is it... That when a woman wears revealing clothing, she's labeled a slut,

And yet if I were to wear her skin as a jacket, I'm a murderer? What?

If I fuck a kid, I'm the pedophile,

But if a kid fucks me, I'm the pedophile again ? Twice in a week? What is it?

You're a faggot

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Hey, Bo.

Do you want to sing a song with us?

**BO BURNHAM**

All right! Whoo!

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Hey, Bo, guess what?

**BO BURNHAM**

What?

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

You're a faggot.

**BO BURNHAM**

Wasn't clever, it was just mean.

Bigoted, I apologize for that.

So I was interrupted the other day, while my—

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Hey, Bo

**BO BURNHAM**

Motherfucker.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

You want to sing another song together ?

**BO BURNHAM**

I really don't.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Too bad.

**BO BURNHAM**

God damn it.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Hey, Bo, guess what?

**BO BURNHAM**

I'm a faggot.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

Correct!



**BO BURNHAM**

It's not funny.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

You're a faggot, you're a faggot

You're a fucking faggot

You're a faggot, you're a fucking faggot...

**BO BURNHAM**

Can you turn the lights off, at least?

**DISEMBODIED VOICE, SINGING**

You're a faggot, you're a faggot

You're a fucking faggot...

**BO BURNHAM**

Is this funny to you people?

Turn it off, turn the track off!

Why was it on a record player?

You got a record player back there? You have hooked up a record player?

You know, it's one thing to make that, but to press it onto vinyl is a whole other thing, alright?

It's gonna outlive me.

Just to be clear, I wrote, conceived and executed the entirety of that bit.

Do not give those dumb fucks any credit.

It's all me baby, all me.

Look at you people in the Abe Lincoln seats.

Bam! Too late, too late. How dare you make that joke so late?

Hip-hop song

I'm a big fan of hip-hop.

'Cause I like words, I like poetry.

And hip-hop feels like a way to condense a lot of those things into a short amount of time.

There are artists that still do that. Uh...

Yeah, Kendrick Lamar, very word-heavy, very poetic. But—

What are you doing? Look, this is my show. Do not veer credit to people outside this building.

Most... most... Hip-hop artists, for me, and it is for me, hip-hop, has traded in words and poetry for beat fetishism.

It's where you make a sick beat and then you rap anything over it, and people lose their minds.

I'll give you an example. Is there a sick beat back there for me?

Oh shit!

I am not one of you, I am not an human being

You know what I am?

I am a little teapot, short and stout

Here is my handle, here is my spout

When I get all steamed up, then I shout

Sing it : tip me over and...

**AUDIENCE**

...pour me out!

**BO BURNHAM**

Let's go!

**DISEMBODIED BIG VOICE (male)**

Pour me out

Pour me out

Tip me over and pour me out

Nigga, pour me out

Pour me out

Tip me over and pour me out

**BO BURNHAM**

Okay

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?

Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full

One for the master, one for the dame, one for the little boy that's livin' down the lane

Baa

**DISEMBODIED BIG VOICE (male)**

Lives down the lane

**BO BURNHAM**

Whoo!

**DISEMBODIED BIG VOICE (male)**

Lives down the lane

**BO BURNHAM**

Why is there a young boy living alone down the lane?

Who signed this boy's lease?

Am I the only one concerned for this little boy?

Two examples is enough.

Okay, thank you.

**I'll do that tomorrow**

A lesser comedian would have milked that for four verses, and a better comedian wouldn't have done it all!

I'm right in the sweet spot.

These, uh... These cannons cost \$200, just for that joke.

I could give that money to a homeless person, make their day, and I don't do that very often.

That's my first decision every morning.

"Not today, nah. I'll do that tomorrow."

Tomorrow comes and it's still today! Tomorrow's is a relative term, we're not getting there.

Makes Annie more depressing.

-

Fuck you.

You don't know where I'm going, don't act like it.

You are not ahead of me. I will retain the element of surprise.

Rob's mom

I'm trying to work on my improv.

My show is very planned, uh, to the word, you know, to the gesture.

And I'm trying to break out of that.

I want to make something brand new for every show, that only a few people get to experience.

What's your name, man?

**MAN IN FRONT OF THE AUDIENCE**

Rob.

**BO BURNHAM**

Rob? All right. I'm gonna try to make up a song about Rob... of the top of my head.

This might not work.

Um, it's just... It's to keep me sharp, trying to...

I'm stalling, trying to think of rhymes for Rob.

It's not fair, okay.

Song about Rob.

Hit the track.

Fuck.

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Bo had sex with...

**BO BURNHAM**

Rob's...

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Mom

Bo had sex with...

**BO BURNHAM**

Rob's...

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Mom

Bo, I head you had sex with older woman last nigh

**BO BURNHAM**

I did!

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

What's her son's name?

**BO BURNHAM**

Rob, he's right there I fucked his mother!

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Bo had sex with...

**BO BURNHAM**

Rob's...

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Mom

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Bo had sex with...

**BO BURNHAM**

Rob's...

**DISEMBODIED SINGING VOICE (male)**

Mom

**BO BURNHAM**

I fucked her for an hour, then left when I was done  
'Cause fucking is her game and Rob is her son

### **Honestly of comedians**

Did we plan that? We did not plan that.  
How does he do it? How does he pretend to do it?  
How does he remain contrived?  
I'm not—I'm not honest for a second up here!  
Honesty is for the birds, baby.  
You want an honest comedian? Go see the rest of them, all right?  
"This thing actually happened." Cool.

**MAN IN THE AUDIENCE**

Whoo!

**BO BURNHAM**

Boy, oh boy.

## **Criticizing a part of country music**

Any big fans of country music out there?

Yeah.

Ooh, some people extending my name. "Boo", that's also approval.

Uh, I think... I think country music... gets a bad rep.

You know, why is it that when Bruce Springsteen sings about a fucking turnpike it is art, and then when someone things about a horse, it's dumb inherently?

I don't think... I think some of the greatest song writers of all time are country artists.

Dolly Parton, Willy Nelson... You know?

And if you're writing honestly, that is art. And I would never bash that.

Um, the problem is... with a lot of modern country music, what is called stadium country music, the sort of Keith Urban brand of country music,  
Is that it is not honest. It is the exact opposite of honest.

## **Pandering (Country Boy)**

Where instead of people actually telling their stories,

You got a bunch of millionaire metrosexuals who've never done a hard day's work in their life.

But they figured out the words and the phrases they can use to pander to their audience.

And they list the same words and phrases off, sort of mad-lip style in every song, raking in millions of dollars from actual working-class people.

You know the words, you know the phrases. Phrases like:

A dirt road, a cold beer,

A blue jeans, a red pickup

A rural noun, simple adjective

No shoes, no shirt

No Jews, you didn't hear that

Sort of a mental typo

I walk and talk like a field hand

But the boots I'm wearing cost three grand

I write songs about riding tractors from the comfort of a private jet

I could sing in Mandarin

You'd still know I'm pandering

Hunting deer, chasing trout

A Bud Light with the logo facing out

Hear that subtle mandolin

That's textbook pandering  
I own a private ranch that I rarely use  
I don't like dirt  
One verse, one chorus in the bag  
Now it's time to talk to the ladies  
I'm hoping my Southern charm offsets all these rape-y vibes I'm putting out  
Good girl in a straw hat with her arms out in a cornfield  
That is a scarecrow  
Thought it was a human woman, sorry.  
A cold night, a cold beer,  
A cold jeans, strike that last one  
I'm wanting you, I hope you're feeling me  
Subtextually  
We go to bed, you doze off  
So I take your country girl clothes off  
I put my hands on your body  
It feels like hay, it's a fucking scarecrow again!  
Like Mike's Evender-ing  
Fuck your ears, I'm pandering  
I write songs for the people who do jobs in the towns that I'd never move to  
Legalize gerrymandering, tolerate my pandering  
You got a beautiful mouth, I got a beautiful—  
Y'all dumb motherfuckers want a key change?  
Thematically meandering, emphatically pandering  
I got a tight grip on my demo's balls  
Say the word "truck", they jizz in their overalls  
You don't know what land you're in, I'm in the land of pandering  
And I'll be upfront : I do what I do 'cause I'm a total fucking country boy

### **You deserve better**

You know like that genre. They're lying to you, that's all, they're lying...  
Entertainers, they are lying and they are manipulating you. And it's not in a good way.  
It's like advertising. You deserve better.  
I'm not saying I'm it, but I'm the guy that says you deserve better.  
You got get better, you say "Thank you, weird man, bye".

## **End of culture**

Anyone watch celebrity lip-syncing on The Tonight Show, you know?  
It's the end of culture. Culture's over, everybody. We lost.  
This is entertainment. How is this entertainment?  
People we've seen too much of mouthing along to songs we've heard too much of.  
And this is the bread and butter of American television.  
And it's always one of two things on celebrity lip-syncing :  
It's either a male celebrity lip-syncing to a woman's song, "But he's not..."  
Or it's a rich, young white actress ironically lip-syncing to a hip-hop song.  
Fuck the police coming straight from the underground  
Can you believe this song was once an honest articulation of class struggle?  
Fuck these people. How dare they think that them fucking around is worthy of your attention?  
Them playing Pictionary? Your attention's a valuable thing.  
I worked for three years to get it for an hour, and I barely get there.

### **AUDIENCE**

\*silence\*

### **BO BURNHAM**

See?

## **A gorgeous dick**

I saw a gorgeous... dick, I was in the public restroom.  
Some guys might be like me : I cannot use an urinal when there's a guy beside me.  
I freeze up. So I have to use the stalls.  
In this case, all the stalls were taken, I had to use a urinal.  
There was a guy beside me, I took a little look.  
You're not picturing this, all right.  
-  
The bit is over, I'm not talking into his dick now.  
I didn't rip off his dick and I'm not talking into a severed dick.  
The show is a series of discrete bits. That one's over.  
God, if you don't get that...



## **Lower Your Expectations**

Reset the momentum, I cannot be coasting off the inertia of past jokes.  
Need to earn it. Every bit should come out of a vacuum, eh?  
We all want love. How many single ladies out there looking for love tonight?

### **WOMEN IN THE AUDIENCE**

Whoo!

### **BO BURNHAM**

Yeah “Whoo” that sadness out. There’s more where that came from.  
Ladies, I know what you want (want, want).  
You want a guy that’s sweet, a guy that’s tough  
A feminist who likes to pay for stuff  
The kinda guy that gets along with your friends without being attracted to any of them  
You want a good boy, a bad boy, a good bad boy, a half-good, half-bad half-boy  
Loves your brother, sensitive but not weak  
And is a great lover, calls your mother on the weekend  
Though you might think that this guy only exists in your mind  
But guess what? You’re right  
If you want love, lower your expectations a few  
Because Prince Charming would never settle for you  
If you want love, just pick a guy and love him  
And if he’s got a thing for feet say fuck it, sweep me off them  
Now... the good thing is that, uh...  
At least men have very realistic expectations for women... he said, sarcastically setting up a second verse in a comedy song.  
You want a girl that’s nice, a girl that’s not  
Obsessed with her looks but is insanely hot  
The kind of girl that you can show to your folks  
Loves the movies that your like and always laugh to your jokes  
A real girl, a hot girl, a really hot girl, a brand new really hot real doll  
Wants to impress you doesn’t care if you notice  
And only ever uses you to tickle her throat with  
Though you might think that this girl only exists in your mind  
But she’s real, but last week she died  
If you want love, lower your expectations a lot

You might think your dick is a gift, I promise it's not  
If you want love, just pick a girl and love her  
Then whip out your dick and let the girl you love decline the offer  
I don't want a neat freak, I don't want a slob  
Somebody with bedhead and a dead-end job  
'Cause I won't settle for less than perfect  
We want perfect children, a perfect life  
Perfect husband or a perfect life  
But deep down we know we don't deserve it  
But we all deserve love, even on the days when we aren't our best  
'Cause we all suck, but love can make us suck less  
We all deserve love, it's the very best part of being alive  
And I would know, I just turned 24  
(that's young)

**Bo Burnham not being political**

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

Hey, baby I'm home.  
Honey, you okay? What's wrong? A—are you drunk?  
Have you been... You've been drinking, haven't you? You've been fuck—  
You're fucking wasted, aren't— I can't hear you, speak into the microphone.

**BO BURNHAM**

I'm not.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

What's behind your back? What're you holding behind your back?

**BO BURNHAM**

Itching.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

Just don't be—

Original does not mean good. Anyone can do anything.  
Don't let me off the hook too easy.

War, huh, good God, y'all, what is it good for? Increasing domestic manufacturing  
All right, uh... I don't want to get political 'cause I only know my own ideas of other people's ideas.  
We just played in Alabama, they just like the lights. I didn't even need to do jokes!  
"Motherfucker's got moving candles." No, not quite  
Alabama was actually nice, you're elitist pricks.  
Isn't that fun?  
Yeah, you like that.

Peanut butter and jelly sandwich

**DISEMBODIED VOICE (male)**

And now...  
What making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich feels like...  
When you're high on marijuana.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE (male)**

And now...  
What making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich feels like...  
When you're shit-faced.

**BO BURNHAM**

Itchy back.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

What is— what're you hiding behind your back?  
Just show me.

**BO BURNHAM**

It's a jar of peanut butter, all right? Sue me.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

That's mayonnaise.  
That is a jar of mayonnaise. That is not peanut butter.  
Why are you holding a jar of mayonnaise?

**BO BURNHAM**

Why are you holding a jar of mayonnaise?

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

I'm not holding a jar of mayonnaise.

**BO BURNHAM**

Touché, bitch.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

You know what? I am fucking done with this shit, okay?

I had to get up at 5 AM, I had to be at work at 6 AM, I had an exhausting day.

I just wanna come home, unwind, relax, and I come home to a mess that I have to clean up—

**BO BURNHAM**

I—I'll clean it up.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

No, no! I will have to clean it up, because you'll make it worse if you try to, okay?

**BO BURNHAM**

Yeah.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

You know what? I'm fucking done with this.

**BO BURNHAM**

Are you?

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

You are so immature.

**BO BURNHAM**

She's done.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

I cannot leave you alone without you getting shit-faced.

**BO BURNHAM (to the audience)**

This is what I deal with Monday through... Monday.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

Who are you talking to right now?

You just... gestured to the sink. What does that mean?

**BO BURNHAM**

There's an audience full of people.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE - BO'S GIRLFRIEND**

Okay, you know what? This bit is getting a little too weird and meta, we're done with it.

**BO BURNHAM**

I agree, where's that going?

**Random thoughts**

Sometimes you don't write an end to a bit, so you skip it. Before they know it, you're on to the next thing.

Guys, I was at the store recently.

And uh, no, I will save you time : I bought something.

No, no, no, no, no, sit in silence.

Do you guys know what continuity errors are? It's where one shot something's one way,

And in another shot it's another way. You know those things?

Anyway...

**Flamin' Hot Cheetos**

**DISEMBODIED VOICE (male)**

This comedy performance is brought to you in part by...

**BO BURNHAM**

Sorry about this.

**DISEMBODIED VOICE (male)**

Flamin' Hot Cheetos.

Flamin' Hot Cheetos

They're like regular Cheetos, but they're flamin' hot

Normal Cheetos are for pussies, but Flamin' Cheetos are not...  
For pussies, that is

### **BO BURNHAM**

They're not sponsoring me, I'm just trying to get them to. They're not returning my calls.  
Evasively cheesy is more like it.  
Mmm, label-less water. Nothing tastes better than not getting sued.

### **Kill Yourself**

I, uh... I don't love my fans.  
I have to be... I don't. You don't want that—  
You don't want that desperate sort of cloying thing from an entertainer.  
“My fans, oh, they stick with me through everything, through thick and thin.”  
Do not stick with me through thick. If I stop entertaining you, throw me to the curb.  
You wouldn't stick with your mechanic if he stopped fixing your car.  
I'm in a service industry. I'm just overpaid, okay?  
And a lot of— I feel a lot of artists, pop artists especially, sort of infringe upon...  
Responsibilities that just aren't theirs, in terms of their audience, maintaining their audience at an emotional level.  
Some of you might be sad and going through things. I feel for that, life is though.  
I'm not gonna fix that with a song, like “Brave” of “Roar”.  
You know these inspiration—  
What I'm trying to say is don't listen to a song... like this.  
Have you ever felt sad or lonely?  
Have you ever felt two feet tall?  
Have you ever thought “man, if only I was anybody else at all?”  
They like to kick you when times get rough  
Then you give your all, but it's not enough  
And sticks and stones might break your bones, but words can break your heart  
But if you don't know where to go, I'll show you where to start  
Kill yourself  
It will only take a minute and you'll be happy that you did it  
Just go over to your oven and shove your head in it  
Kill yourself  
Really, you should do it, there's really nothing to it  
Just grab a mug and chug a cup of lighter fluid  
Okay, now... I feel like you pulled back.

Maybe it's on account of the fact that I'm telling you to kill yourself over and over again.

I'm just trying to make a simple point.

That these... That life's toughest problems don't have simple answers.

You shouldn't just be brave, you shouldn't just roar.

You shouldn't kill yourself.

But I understand that... It's a sensitive subject and you're probably just hearing me say that.

And I've dealt with— I don't want to be— Look.

I sound un-empathetic, I sound mean and rude

Suicide is an epidemic, I don't want to be misconstrued

Signs of depression go overlooked, so if you're depressed...

Then you need to book a therapy session, talk about your depression

And let a professional hear it

But if you search for moral wisdom in Katy Perry's lyrics, then...

Kill yourself

It won't be painful, if you are able to give a little kiss to an oncoming train

You'll kill yourself

It's over, mull it

There's a trigger, pull it

Get it through your head, "it" being a bullet

Stick your tongue in a plug

Suck a pipe of exhaust

Make some toast in the tub

Nail yourself to a cross

Hold your breath 'till it's gone

Drink a gallon of Mace

Be gay in Iran

Let Oprah sit on your face

Jump off of a bridge

Skinny dip in a flood

Skydive attached to a fridge

Drink a Haitian guy's blood

Break into the zoo, give the tiger a shove

Eat a Phillips-head screw

Marry Courtney Love

Sorry.

**End of the previous song**

Don't kill yourself. I don't like explaining jokes that...  
The jokes where I tell everyone to kill themselves might deserve an explanation. Do not!  
And if you're offended, do not write a blog.  
I apologize immediately. Sorry, right away!

Take your pants off!

A WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Whoo!

**BO BURNHAM**

What's that, ma'am?

What did you say? This is your moment, who said it?

**A WOMAN IN THE AUDIENCE**

Take your pants off!

**BO BURNHAM**

Do not objectify me, okay?

You think it's okay just 'cause I'm a dude?

A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Do it!

**BO BURNHAM**

You think that's okay 'cause he's a dude?

That is homophobia, just the fact that you find it funny.

"Ooh, a guy said take off your pants, that's not God's way!"

Jesus Christ, you bigots.

Show's been pretty rock and roll so far.

You know, I know it. And I...

I'd love to keep it going, but life is not always rock and roll.

I'm not gonna keep life out of my show.

**Breakup song**



I went through a pretty rough... uh, breakup recently. It was a long time coming.

Uh, we had a lot of conversations about it, she and I.

But recently we had the conversation...

It wasn't recent, but I remember it like it was yesterday, you know?

She came out of the shower, her hair wet, her shoulders wet.

It was a shower, it's water.

She turned to me and she said it...

She said...

**BO BURNHAM, ACTING AS HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND**

*It's over*

*We shouldn't fight to stay together just to fight again*

*It's over, we're unhappy*

*We need to take a break from us to make us right again*

*And even though it's not gonna go any further*

*I swear I don't regret a second of it*

*And when the dust has settled, I hope we can still be friends*

**BO BURNHAM**

Then I said...

*Eat dick, eat a dick*

*Eat a fucking dick, like this*

*Put on your dick-eating gloves, get ready to gobble a dick up*

*If you don't like this dick sitch*

*Eat a dick, bitch*

**BO BURNHAM, ACTING AS HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND**

I think I made the right decision

*Okay, you're angry*

*I can see that, but you don't need to make this harder than it has to be*

*It try to speak to you but you won't listen—*

**BO BURNHAM**

*Eat a dick*

**BO BURNHAM, ACTING AS HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND**

*Hold on, please just let me—*

**BO BURNHAM**

*Eat a dick*

**BO BURNHAM, ACTING AS HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND**

*Oh my god*

*Honestly, are you fucking five? I am trying to talk this out*

*You refuse to even listen to me*

I'm saying how I'm feeling, okay? And then you're saying... "eat a dick" over and over again.

Does that seem mature to you?

**BO BURNHAM**

*No, it doesn't but see I think the issue is*

*I've got my father's temper and I'm emotionally inarticulate*

*So rather than being honest and vulnerable*

*I did a quick switch because I'm hurting inside and I'm trying to hide it, so eat a dick man*

I thought we had a future together, you fucking whore

**BO BURNHAM, ACTING AS HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND**

*I didn't think you'd cry for me, I didn't think you cared*

*I thought you were lashing out in anger, but now I see you're scared*

*I'm scared too, maybe we can work this out, and not break up*

**BO BURNHAM**

Really?

**BO BURNHAM, ACTING AS HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND**

*No, lick my clit*

*Lick my motherfucking clit*

*You think three lousy tears offsets three years of shit?*

*I deserve better than you, get me wetter then screw*

*Sorry you're not what I need, hun*

*Lick this clit and leave, son*

**What's this show about?**

Hey, if you guys are having a good time, make some silence.

**AUDIENCE**

\*silence\*

**BO BURNHAM**

Cool, uh...

What's this show about? What am I talking about, you know?

To—to summarize the show, though... Me! Me! Me!

But... If you take one thing away from my show

I hope it's a t-shirt, we're selling them out there. This is all a front for the brand.

But what is this show about? What do you think, industrial piping?

Close.

Stay out of it.

It's about... Mute this.

But for real, what is it about?

It's about... performing.

I try to... make my show about other things, but it always ends up becoming about performing.

I started performing very young, as a teenager, you know, professionally.

And as a comedian, what you're supposed to do...

You're supposed to talk about what you know, and what I knew always was performing.

So to talk about... traffic, or laundry felt incredibly disingenuous.

But I worried that making a show about performing would be too meta.

It wouldn't be relatable to people that aren't performers.

But what I found is that I don't think anyone isn't.

Could we get the house lights up for a second? And could you...

Let the lights on stage, let the artifice fade away.

Now we're all the same. I mean, you're all facing this way still.

You know, I look out at—I look out at you and, um...

It's a very diverse crowd. I mean, more European than I would've hoped, but... we'll get there. If I look at the young people...

You know, and I feel like—I was born in 1990 and I was sort of raised in America when it was a cult of self-expression.

And I was just taught, you know, express myself and have things to say and everyone will care about them.

And I think everyone was taught that, and most of us found out no one gives a shit what we think.

So we flock to performers by the thousands 'cause we're the few that have an audience.

And then I'm supposed to get up here and say "Follow your dreams" as if this is a meritocracy?

It is not, okay?

I had a privileged life, and I got lucky, and I'm unhappy.

They say it's—it's like the me generation. It's not. It's not...

The arrogance is taught or it was cultivated. It's—it's self-conscious.

That's what it is, it's the—it's conscious of self...

Social media, it's just the market answer to a generation that demanded to perform.

So the market said "Here, perform everything to each other all the time, for no reason".

It's prison, it's horrific. It is performer and audience melded together.  
What do we want more than to lie in our bed at the end of the day, and just watch our life as a satisfied audience member?

I know very little about anything, but what I do know I that  
If you can live your life without an audience... You should do it.  
And now you're thinking "How the fuck are you gonna dig the show out of this weird hole?".  
Oh, you want me to be funny and make a point? Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah.  
Batman. So... how do we do it?  
We do it like this.

### **Can't Handle This**

I went to Kanye West's recent tour, the Yeezus Tour.  
It was big, dramatic, theatrical show. He did something very strange at the end of his show where he ranted for, like,  
20 minutes.  
It was kind of a rant, kind of a song.  
He had auto-tune on his voice, and there was an instrumental in the background.  
Like this instrumental.  
He talked about his problems... race, power.  
His \$90 t-shirts weren't selling very well, that was most of it.  
And I watched this, and I thought maybe I could do this.  
I'll be honest, my problems are not as high-stakes as Kanye's, but I have problems.  
And maybe a crowd in New York would be nice enough to indulge me.  
So as we get to the end of a night of theater... and comedy, and sweaters coming on and off, I got one question for  
you...

And that question is...  
*Can I say my shit, New York?*  
*Can I say my shit?*  
*I got lots of shit to say, I got lots of shit to say*  
*I can't fit my hand inside a Pringle can*  
*I have a huge amount of trouble fitting my hand inside of a Pringle can*  
*I can get my hand like four inches into the can*  
*But then I have to bit the can into my mouth*  
*But by that point a bunch of crumbs have accumulated at the bottom of the can*  
*So they all go spilling onto my face*  
*What I'm trying to say is the diameter of Pringle cans is way to small*  
*I'll say it again: the diameter of Pringle cans is way to small*  
*Two radiuses of a Pringle can is way too small*  
*If you feel me put your hands up*

*Come on, if you feel me put your hands up  
Look at all these hands that are way too big to fit inside a Pringle can  
Your hands are too big to fit inside of Pringle cans  
Your hands are too big to fit inside a Pringle can  
You think you can, I know you can't, you think you can*

*Pringles, listen to the people:*

*I'm sure 90% of the complaint letters you get are about the width of your cans*

*Just... make 'em wider.*

*I've overdone the Pringles thing, sorry.*

*I wanna have a daughter, wanna have a daughter*

*So I can finally have someone around the house that can fit their hands in a Pringle can*

*Yes, I'm still on the Pringle cans thing, yeah*

*I'll—I'll move on, all right? But that is priority numero uno*

*I don't go to the gym, 'cause I'm self-conscious about my body*

*But I'm self-conscious about my body, 'cause I don't go to the gym*

*Irony can be so painful*

*That's a catch-22*

*Let's do this*

*I went to Chipotle, went to Chipotle*

*Got myself a chicken burrito*

*I went down the line, I got like all these ingredients*

*And then at the end of the line, the guy tried to wrap the burrito*

*But half of the shirt inside the burrito spilled out, he still wrapped it*

*I was like "Dude you should have warned me, you're a burrito expert*

*You should have told me halfway through*

*'Hey man, you might be reaching maximum burrito capacity here'*

*Do you think I want a messy burrito? No one wants a messy burrito."*

*The whole appeal of a burrito is that all of the ingredients are contained within the confines of the tortilla*

*I wouldn't have gotten half this shit if I knew it wasn't gonna fit into the burrito, all right?*

*Look...*

*I wouldn't have got the lettuce if I knew it wouldn't fit*

*Wouldn't have got the cheese if I knew it wouldn't fit*

*Wouldn't have got the peppers if I knew they wouldn't fit*

*I wouldn't have got half of it*

*Like, I'm okay with small mistakes, if you got no more chicken I'll take pork*

*But I'll blow my dad before I eat a burrito with a fork*

*I wouldn't have got the lettuce if I knew it wouldn't fit*

*Wouldn't have got the cheese if I knew it wouldn't fit*

*Wouldn't have got the peppers if I knew they wouldn't fit*

*Man, I wouldn't have got half of it, like*

*Half of it, like*

*Half of it, like*

*Half of it, like*

*Half of it*

*Right now, I think it's time*

*I think it's time, that we break it down  
I can sit here and pretend like my biggest problems are Pringle cans, and burrito  
The truth is my biggest problem's you  
I wanna please you, but I wanna stay true to myself  
I wanna give you the night out that you deserve  
But I wanna sing what I think, and not care what you think about it  
A part of me loves you, a part of me hates you  
A part of me needs you, a part of me fears you  
And I don't think that I can handle this right now, handle this right now  
I don't think that I can handle this right now  
I don't think that I can handle this right now  
I don't think that I can handle this right  
I don't think that I can handle this right  
Look at them, they're just staring at me  
Like, "Come and watch the skinny kid with a steadily declining mental health"  
And laugh as he attempts to give you what he cannot give himself  
I don't think that I can handle this right  
But they don't even know the half of this right  
But they don't even know the half of it  
I know I'm not a doctor, I'm a pussy, I put on a silly show  
I should probably just shut up and do my job so here I go  
I wouldn't have got the lettuce if I knew it wouldn't fit  
Wouldn't have got the cheese if I knew it wouldn't fit  
Wouldn't have got the peppers if I knew they wouldn't fit  
I wouldn't have got half  
You can tell them anything, if you just make it funny make it rhyme  
And if they still don't understand you, then you'll run it one more time  
I don't think that I can handle this right, oh!  
Handle this right, oh!  
Handle this right  
But you don't even know the half of this right now  
Right now  
Ha!  
Now  
Handle this right  
Handle this right  
Handle this right now  
Thank you, good night.  
I hope you're happy.*

### **Are You Happy?**

*Oh good, it's just us.  
Now the show is done*

*I hope that you had gut trembling or something resembling fun  
And if you watch this thing alone, you probably didn't laugh, but maybe a few times you exhaled out of your nose  
But if you hated it that's fair  
But either way, could you find a little more time of a parting questionnaire?  
On a scale from one to zero, are you happy?  
'Cause you're on your own from here so, are you happy?  
I'm open to suggestions, are you happy?  
But what the fuck kind of question is "Am I happy?"  
I really wanna try to get happy  
And I think that I could get it if I didn't always panic every time I'm unhappy in life  
I'm owed some life where I'm always, like, happy  
Which is stupid 'cause I wouldn't even want it if I got it  
Wait, oh God my dad was right  
So if you know or ever knew how to be happy  
On a scale from one to two now, are you happy?  
You're everything you hated, are you happy?  
Hey, look, Ma, I made it  
Are you happy?*