The Peeper

Adam Sandler

Singers: The Peeper, the peeper, what's going through his head? (Whoa!)
[Leaves rustling]Peeper: Climbin' the tree. Slowly, quietly. Lookin' for next branch. Found it. Got it. Window high. Great view. Settlin' in. Keepin' it quiet. Hidden. Heart pounding through chest. Waiting. Lookin' around. Nervous. Lights on, jackpot, there she is. Ohh my. New pants. Classy- not too tight. Walkin' around the room. No idea I'm here. Lovin' it. Rubbin' her feet. Tough day. Relaxin'. Hops off bed, goin' towards bathroom. Shuttin' the door. Alone again. Waiting. Lookin' around. Bored. Pullin' out nipple clips. Painful! ow... but deserve it.
[Door opening]Bathroom door opens- Lovin' it. Ohh my.... Hair's in a ponytail. She picks up the tv clicker. Click.
[Tv makes noises]
Sittin' back, Watchin. Watchin' her watch. Lovin' it.
[Giggling]She laughs. ha ha ha. I laugh. Oh yeah. Sharin' a moment.
[Dog panting]Theres a dog- Not good.
[Sniffing]He can smell me. Shoulda showered.
[Barking]Barkin'. Won't leave. Oh no, Here she comes. Stayin' motionless. Fuckin' dog's loosin' it.
[window open]Girl: Bud! You be quiet and go home like a good boy.
[Dog stops barking and walks off]
Peeper: doesn't see me. She's gorgeous. I'm grotesque.
[Knock]
Peeper: Knock at the front door! She goes to answer.
[Door opens]Peeper: It's HIM. Chiseled features. They kiss. I'm fuming. Also hard. Hatin' myself. Sniffin' fingers.
[Girl moans]Peeper: She moans. aww. I moan. He looks up. Busted. Should not have moaned...
[Footsteps]Peeper: He walks toward window. Muscular
Man: Look at this guy. You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me!
Peeper: Full of rage. Looking right at me.
Man: There's a guy in the tree out here.
Peeper: Full of shame.
Woman: Are you serious?

Peeper: Completely worthless. Hard as a rock.
Man: I see you shithead! Well the cops are comin' you sick fuck! And if you even think of runnin' away I'll bash your fuckin' skull in with a lead pipe!
Peeper: Stayin' still. Motionless. Pretending to be a squirrel.
[Squirrel noises][Dialing]Peeper: Not working. She's calling. Dreams shattered.
[Talking]Peeper: Ultimate humiliation.
[Squirt]Peeper: Ejaculation.
Man: Aww! You gross pig! You're a piece of shit, ya know that?!
Peeper: Yes I do. Can't help myself.

[Car pulling up and door opening]Cop: L.A.P.D. Get down from the tree buddy.
[Squirrel noises]Peeper: Trying the squirrel thing again. Looking for a nut.
Cop: I said get down from there!
Peeper: Down I go.
[Slam, slam, slam, slam]Peeper: Ohh.
Woman: I hope they put you im for a long time! You need some serious help, you asshole!
Peeper walking away: I know I do... It's an addiction.
Cop: Let's go big guy. Come on.
Peeper: Wife's gonna kill me.
Cop: You can't be doing this shit, Mr... Nipple clips.
[Peeper slamming into cop car seat]
Peeper: Handcuffed. Can't sniff fingers.
[Door slams and engine revs]
Peeper: Please piss on me.
Cop: Yeah, this is officer Tyler. Everything's under control.
Peeper: Please piss on me? If somebody could piss on me, that would be great.
Singers: The peeper, bl-eeper, he's goin off to jail (Whoa!)

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