

Joining the Cult

Adam Sandler

[Sounds of Basketball being shot around]

Sandler: "Hey man, I'm joining a religious cult."

Allen: "Now, that's ridiculous."

Sandler: "Well, I'm joining it, so you gotta sign up too."

Allen: "What are you talking about?"

Sandler: "Hey, don't fuck me on this, man, just sign up."

Allen: "No, I'm not going to join a cult!"

Sandler: "I can't believe you're pulling this shit on me after Monday night --"

Allen: "What?"

Sandler: "-- I wanted to watch Monday Night Football and you wanted to watch that other show and we watched your show -- I did that for you!"

Allen: "Yeah, well, you kept flippin' back to the game."

Sandler: "I WANTED TO SEE THE FUCKIN' SCORE! Whadda you gotta do that's so fucking importnat you can't join the religious cult with me?"

Allen: "Well, I was gonna go sunbathing."

Sandler: "Oh, boy, no no, I don't think you should do that. Because this guy, Russell -- he's the leader-guy of the cult --"

Allen: "-- yeah --"

Sandler: "-- he was rambling on during one of the speeches about the sun being bad, like the beast can't come out because the sun's too bright and the sun hurts his eyes or something -- you show up all sunburned and that guy's gonna get pissed at you and me!"

Allen: "Well, I'm not in the cult, so I don't have to worry about pissing the leader guy off!"

Sandler: "Look, I'm -- starting to believe in some of the stuff the cult guy's been saying -- some of it makes a lot of sense!"

Allen: "Well, good, but I don't want to join the cult. We can still hang out; I just won't be in it with you."

Sandler: "The point is, I'm not gonna have time to hang out with you because I'm gonna be fuckin' busy with this fuckin' cult!"

Allen: "So I'll visit on weekends -- we'll work it out."

Sandler: "No, the weekends are like the busiest time -- that's when we go to flea malls and fuckin' malls and talk people into joining, man!"

Allen: "Can I join for just a little while? I told my dad I'd go visit him in Florida in three weeks."

Sandler: "Well, just, we'll ask then, but we gotta join now."

Allen: "What's the hurry?"

Sandler: "There's a girl I wanna meet there, what the fuck's your

problem?"

Allen: "Well, I mean I don't really have to believe in this stuff, do I?"

Sandler: "No, no, just fuckin' tell everybody you believe in this shit -- when they say the sun sucks, go, "Yeah, fuck the sun, I fuckin' hate it too, long live the fuckin' beast."

Allen: "I don't know, man. This is crazy."

Sandler: "Look, they're gonna give you clothers, a free haircut, you're gonna get food --"

Allen: "-- it's not gonna be one of those weird haircuts, is it?"

Sandler: "It's gonna be a haircut, all right? You said you need a haircut, they're gonna fuckin' cut your hair. You're going in, saving twelve bucks, just fuckin' do it!"

Allen: "Do you think the hot girl has a friend for me?"

Sandler: "Yeah, sure, and if she doesn't, she'll go out and recruit one for you!"

Allen: "Well, all right. But, hey, if I don't like it, I'm going to escape, man."

Sandler: "OK, that's up to you."

"Three weeks later!"

[Chanting repeatedly] "The night time is the right time! The night time is the right time!"

Sandler: "Hey buddy, are you glad you did this?"

Allen: "Oh, this is the best thing I ever did. Thank you."

Sandler: "You're not mad at them making you, uh, kill your father, are you?"

Allen: "You know, it's like they said. It was the only way to save him."

Sandler: "You're a good guy."

Allen: "You're a better one."

[Chanting resumes]

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