

Stranger Than Fiction

Trivia

- [Emma Thompson](#) wore no makeup.
- The movie Harold watches at the theater is [The Meaning of Life](#) (1983).
- The watch featured in the movie is a Timex Men's Watch #T56371 - Ironman Triathlon 42 Lap Combo Dual Tech, though in the film, the watches LCD display is CG enhanced to present clearer graphics. The actual watch is a simple 9 segment per character LCD alphanumeric mode display with three lines and some special-indicators.
- The guitar chosen by Harold is a Fender Stratocaster.
- While filming, Will Ferrell had an earpiece that fed him Emma Thompson's narrative line in order to assist the other actors react more naturally to Ferrell's seemingly non-sequitur lines.
- The name of Ana Pascal's bakery is "The Uprising".
- When Harold is asked the product of 67 and 453, he actually gives the correct answer, 30351, the first time. His second answer of 31305 is incorrect.
- The guitar that the narrator describes as saying "Why yes, these pants are Lycra" is a Gibson Flying V
- The guitar that the narrator describes as saying "I'm compensating for something. Guess what?" is a Cherry Gibson EDS-1275, the guitar made famous by Jimmy Page.
- The last names of all the characters (and the bus line and publishing firm names) are the names of mathematicians, scientists, engineers, artists, etc. (Harold) Francis Crick: with Watson and Wilkins found the structure of DNA; (Ana) Blaise Pascal: French mathematician and philosopher; (Karen) Gustave Eiffel: engineer and designer of the Eiffel Tower; (Penny) M.C. Escher: Dutch graphic artist; (Dr.) Magnus Gustaf Mittag-Leffler: Swedish mathematician; (Professor Jules) David Hilbert: German mathematician; (Doctor) Gerardus Mercator: 16th century Flemish cartographer; (Kronecker Bus Line) Leopold Kronecker: German-born mathematician and logician; (Baneker Press) Benjamin Baneker: free African American mathematician, astronomer, clockmaker, and publisher; (Dr. Cayly) Arthur Cayley, 19th century British mathematician. Even Dave (no last name) seems to be a reference to the main character from 2001: a Space Odyssey. Could these be the 'heroes' of the writer? The book that Professor Hibert is reading on the lifeguard stand is Sue Grafton's "I is for Innocent."
- The movie that Will and Maggie are watching the night before Harold's fateful encounter with the bus is "A Man and a Woman"

- Other small math and science references are slipped in, such as references to "Euclid Street" - a reference to Euclidian Geometry, and the Spoon Song "My Mathematical Mind," which plays during a sequence near the end of the film.
- In an early scene, on-screen graphics appear that resemble an image used to illustrate the golden ratio. In mathematics and the arts, two quantities are in the golden ratio if the ratio between the sum of those quantities and the larger one is the same as the ratio between the larger one and the smaller. This ratio can be expressed as a mathematical constant, usually denoted by the Greek letter Phi.
- The movie makes several references to [René Magritte's](#) painting "Son of Man". Once when he is running to the bus stop with the green apple in his mouth, and again when he is talking to the doctor at the office sitting in front of a wall painted with clouds.
- In the ending, where the Karen Eiffel is leaning on Professor's Hilbert book case you can see that there are several books about cooking, like "Plain Cooking", "Electric Blender Recipes", "A Year of Diet Desserts", "Cooking and Brownies" and "The Slim Gourmet Book".

Goofs

- **Continuity:** Toward the end of the bakery scene where Harold refuses to accept the gift of the box of cookies, the box disappears from the counter top between shots.
- **Continuity:** At the beginning when Harold is brushing his teeth, there is toothpaste shown around his mouth. The camera angle changes and the toothpaste is gone, and he is still brushing his teeth.
- **Continuity:** During the scene when Harold first meets Ana in the bakery, a handprint in flour appears and disappears on her apron and tank top.
- **Continuity:** A little before the time that Harold and Professor Hilbert are talking about pancakes, you can see the same man (with a dark denim jacket) walk by in the same direction twice. Then during the pancake scene, you can see a woman with a zip up brown sweatshirt walk towards them and pass them, twice.
- **Continuity:** When Harold and Professor Hilbert start going over Hilbert's checklist of tragic heroes, Hilbert is eating a cup of yogurt. A moment after Hilbert takes his first spoon of yogurt, the camera cuts away. When it comes back again, there's a spot of yogurt on his tie. When the camera cuts away and later returns, it is gone, and moments later, it is back on the tie again.
- **Continuity:** Just before Professor Hilbert and Harold start going over Hilbert's checklist of tragic heroes, Hilbert asks Harold to be seated. Harold clearly sits on a jacket that is thrown on the chair. In later moments of the scene the jacket is neatly placed on the back of the couch next to Harold.
- **Errors made by characters (possibly deliberate errors by the filmmakers):** Harold's apartment is partially destroyed by a front-end loader with hydraulic forks

hooked to it. When Professor Hilbert talks to Harold in the next scene he mentions it being hit by a wrecking ball.

- **Factual errors:** There are a number of inconsistencies in the apartment demolition scene. After seeing a man appear in the apartment partially wrecked by their front-end loader, the demo crew foreman shouts "stop the crane," which would only be appropriate if they were using a wrecking ball instead. Demo crews would never start work at an incorrect address -- the site was obviously not prepared for wrecking, there were no permits posted, and the demo plan would not have matched the configuration of the "wrong" building (OK, so this is a conceit of the movie, we can suspend the disbelief for this one.) Also, the front end loader would not have been stopped for so long after tearing out the first chunks of the apartment. Yes, after seeing an occupant, work would stop immediately, but there was an overly long stop period before they see Harold Crick. (This can also be the writer's conceit, but it truly doesn't fit the situation.)
- **Errors made by characters (possibly deliberate errors by the filmmakers):** Early in the movie Ms. Eiffel dictates that Harold always ties his tie in the movie in a single-bow Windsor knot. That is not always the case. The bow is in a double bow at least once after that. When it is in a single bow, the bow is not always tied on the same side - which is usually the case.
- **Continuity:** When Harold runs up to Ana with the flours, the front of the cardboard box he is holding is creased. The box is uncreased moments later in a close-up.
- **Crew or equipment visible:** Near the end, when Dr. Hilbert meets with Harold in his office after reading the book, in a shot of Hilbert you can see a crew member in the reflection of the window.
- **Continuity:** When Harold and Ana are talking in the bakery and she has made him cookies, one scene camera is on Ana and there are approximately 5 cookies on the tray; the camera flashes to Harold, then back to Ana, and there are only 3 cookies on the tray.
- **Continuity:** When Harold and Prof. Hilbert are in Hilbert's office talking about being the 'king' of anything, there is a shot when Harold is seen with his arms on his legs. In the next shot, he is seen with his arms resting on the arms of the chair. In following shot, he is seen with his arms on his legs again.
- **Continuity:** In the scene where Harold and Dave eat dinner and discuss what one would do if they knew they were going to die, as the camera cuts back and forth there appears to be a piece of melon in the middle of the table or on one of the plates and it comes and goes depending on the shot.
- **Miscellaneous:** In the intro talking about Harold's life they say he counts the stroke of brushing his teeth each direction to 38 times. Then when the movie actually shows him brushing his teeth he only does it 24 times per up and down. In addition, when trying to provide his own narration, he appears to give a total of 72 (not 76).
- **Continuity:** When Harold picks up the apple it had no bruises. After he got hit, it had a bruise on it. While yes, this may be seen as an error in continuity; another reading of

it is that of symbolism. Before the accident and before all of this happened, Harold was shiny and unscathed. After the accident, he was 'bruised' or more true to life.

- **Continuity:** In the scene where Harold realizes who the voice is, Professor Hilbert's left shirt collar switches from being tucked in his vest, and sticking out of it.
- **Incorrectly regarded as goofs:** Near the beginning, Ms. Eifel dictates "When asked by a co-worker for the product of 67 and 453, Harold drew a blank. He quickly answered 30,351 despite the answer really being 31,305." The product of 67 and 453 actually is 30,351. This was meant to get viewers to question who was dictating Harold's life. Was it the narrator or Harold himself? It wouldn't be a coincidence that the "incorrect" number given by Harold would in fact be the correct answer.
- **Continuity:** When Ana Pascal and Harold Crick are kissing on the couch, after she says "I want you too," he slips her jacket down to her elbows. When the shot changes, her jacket sleeve is only on one arm, but when the camera changes angles, her jacket is on both arms again.
- **Continuity:** As Harold rides the bus reading the "Death and Taxes" manuscript, an Asian woman is seated behind him. Her arm/sleeve is visible in shots involving only Harold. Alternating shots of Harold and the back of the bus inconsistently show the woman -- she vanishes and reappears. Her sleeve remains consistently visible.
- **Errors made by characters (possibly deliberate errors by the filmmakers):** In his counseling of Harold, Hilbert defines comedy and tragedy as prose fiction when they are, in fact, dramatic genres.

Quotes

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Have you met anyone recently who might loathe the very core of you?

Harold Crick: I just started auditing a woman who told me to get bent.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Well, that sounds like a comedy. Try to develop that.

Kay Eifel: As Harold took a bite of Bavarian sugar cookie, he finally felt as if everything was going to be ok. Sometimes, when we lose ourselves in fear and despair, in routine and constancy, in hopelessness and tragedy, we can thank God for Bavarian sugar cookies. And, fortunately, when there aren't any cookies, we can still find reassurance in a familiar hand on our skin, or a kind and loving gesture, or subtle encouragement, or a loving embrace, or an offer of comfort, not to mention hospital gurneys and nose plugs, an uneaten Danish, soft-spoken secrets, and Fender Stratocasters, and maybe the occasional piece of fiction. And we must remember that all these things, the nuances, the anomalies, the subtleties, which we assume only accessorize our days, are effective for a much larger and nobler cause. They are here to save our lives. I know the idea seems strange, but I also know that it just so happens to be true. And, so it was, a wristwatch saved Harold Crick.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: I've devised a test. How exciting is that? Composed of 23 questions which I think might help uncover more truths about this narrator. Now Howard... Harold, these may seem silly but your candor is paramount.

Harold Crick: Harold. Ok.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: So. We know it's a woman's voice. The story involves your death. It's modern. It's in English and I'm assuming the author has a cursory knowledge of the city.

Harold Crick: Sure.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: O.k. good. Question one. Has anyone recently left any gifts outside your home? Anything. Gum, money, a large wooden horse.

Harold Crick: I'm sorry?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Just answer the question.

Harold Crick: No.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Do you find yourself inclined to solve murder mysteries in large luxurious homes to which you, let me finish, to which you may or may not have been invited?

Harold Crick: No. No, no, no.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Alright. On a scale of one to ten, what would you consider the likelihood you might be assassinated?

Harold Crick: Assassinated?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: One being very unlikely ten being expecting it around every corner.

Harold Crick: I have no idea.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: O.k. let me rephrase.

[takes a deep breath]

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Are you the king of anything?

Harold Crick: Like what?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Anything. King of the lanes at the local bowling alley.

Harold Crick: King of the lanes?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: King of the lanes, king of the trolls,

Harold Crick: King of the Trolls?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Yes, uh uh uh a clandestine land found underneath your floor boards.

Harold Crick: No.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Huh?

Harold Crick: No. That's ridiculous.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Agreed. Let's start with ridiculous and move backwards. Now, was any part of you at one time part of something else?

Harold Crick: Like do I have someone else's arms?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Well is it possible at one time that you were made of stone, wood, lye, varied corpse parts? Or, earth made holy by rabbinical elders?

Harold Crick: No. Look, look. I'm sorry, but what do these questions have to do with anything?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Nothing. The only way to find out what story you're in is to determine what stories you're not in. Odd as it may seem, I've just ruled out half of Greek literature, seven fairy tales, ten Chinese fables, and determined conclusively that you are not King Hamlet, Scout Finch, Miss Marple, Frankenstein's Monster, or a golem. Hmm? Aren't you relieved to know you're not a golem?

Harold Crick: Yes. I am relieved to know that I am not a golem.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Good. Do you have magical powers?

Dr. Mittag-Leffler: I'm afraid what you're describing is schizophrenia.

Harold Crick: No, no. It's not schizophrenia. It's just a voice in my head. I mean, the voice isn't telling me to do anything. It's telling me what I've already done... accurately, and with a better vocabulary.

Dr. Mittag-Leffler: Mr. Crick, you have a voice speaking to you.

Harold Crick: No, not TO me. ABOUT me. I'm somehow involved in some sort of story. Like I'm a character in my own life. But the problem is that the voice comes and goes...

Dr. Mittag-Leffler: Mr. Crick, I hate to sound like a broken record, but that's schizophrenia.

Harold Crick: Am I OK?

Doctor Mercator: [*with facial indifference*] Well, you're not dead. On the other hand, it looks like you cracked your head, you broke three bones in your leg and foot, you suffered four broken ribs, fractured your left arm, and severed an artery in your right arm, which should've killed you in a matter of minutes, but amazingly, a shard of metal from your watch obstructed the artery, keeping the blood loss low enough to keep you alive... which is pretty cool.

Harold Crick: Wow.

Harold Crick: [*after his wall has just been demolished by construction workers*] Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey hey hey hey hey! What're you doing?

Construction Worker #1: Holy crap and hell!

Construction Worker #2: What the hell is that?

Construction Worker #1, Construction Worker #2, Construction Worker #3,

Construction Worker #4: [*repeating after each other*] Stop the crane!

Construction Worker #1: Hey!

Harold Crick: Hey, what are you doing?

Construction Worker #1: Us? What are YOU doing?

Harold Crick: I was watching TV!

Construction Worker #1: Well, we're demolishing this place.

Harold Crick: Are you nuts? I live here!

Construction Worker #1: Is that a TV?

Harold Crick: Yes, that's a TV! It's MY TV!

Construction Worker #1: Well, what's your TV doing in there?

Harold Crick: I said I live here, stupid! It's where I keep my stuff! My name's on the goddamn buzzer! Harold Crick, Apartment 2B eighteen ninety-three, McCarthy!

Construction Worker #1: [*pause*] Did you say eighteen NINETY-three?

Harold Crick: Yes!

Construction Worker #1: [*another pause*] Oh. Woops.

Kay Eiffel: [*narrating Harold's thoughts on the guitars in the shop*] Unfortunately, THIS guitar said, 'When I get back to Georgia, that woman gonna feel my pain.' THIS one said something along the lines of, 'Why yes, these pants ARE lycra.' THESE said, 'I'm very sensitive, very caring, and I have absolutely no idea how to play the guitar.'

Kay Eiffel: The phone rang

[*the telephone in her room rings. She looks at it curiously*]

Kay Eiffel: It rang again.

[*the phone rings again. Penny moves to answer it*]

Kay Eiffel: Don't touch it! It rang a third time.

[*the phone rings again. She leaps up and answers it*]

Harold Crick: [*Ana has just brought out a huge box totally stuffed with a mess of papers*] What's this?

Ana Pascal: [*Very pleased with herself*] My tax files and receipts for the last three years.

Harold Crick: [*Horried*] You keep your files like this?

Ana Pascal: No. Actually I'm quite fastidious. I put them in this box just to screw with you.

Ana Pascal: [*Hurt and annoyed that Harold refuses to just take the cookies and has offered to buy them*] Go home Harold.

Harold Crick: Okay.

[starts for the door and realizes he's disappointed her]

Harold Crick: Did- You made those cookies for me, didn't you.

[She looks at him sadly]

Harold Crick: You were just trying to be nice, and I blew it.

[reaches into his briefcase and retrieves the little black book where he's tracking his comedy vs tragedy tallies, and there are a lot of marks under tragedy. Sadly]

Harold Crick: This may sound like gibberish to you, but I think I'm in a tragedy.

Penny Escher: [They are in a hospital ward surround by lots of sick and injured people]

What are we doing here? I don't even think we're supposed to *be* in here.

Kay Eiffel: You told me I needed visual stimulation.

Penny Escher: Yeah, I meant a museum or something.

Kay Eiffel: I don't *need* a museum. I need the infirm.

Penny Escher: [slightly under her breath] You *are* the infirm.

Harold Crick: [Runs to Ana the baker with a box of 10 paper bags in it] I'm glad I caught you. I wanted to give you these

Ana Pascal: Wait, you can give presents, but not receive them? That sounds awfully inconsistent, Mr. Crick.

Harold Crick: Yes, but...

Ana Pascal: Wait, I know, I'll purchase them! Yeah, I'll purchase them.

[Reaches into her bag to grab her wallet]

Harold Crick: No, no, no, no.

Ana Pascal: [With wallet in hand, stops to actually look at the box] What are they?

Harold Crick: [quietly] Flours.

Ana Pascal: What?

Harold Crick: I brought you flours.

Ana Pascal: [See the sweetness of the gesture, then realizing he's carried 10 bags of flours] Wait, you carried them all the way here?

Harold Crick: Miss Pascal, I've been odd. I know I've been odd, and I know that there are many forces at work telling me to bring these down here to you, but I brought these for you because... I want you.

Ana Pascal: [a bit taken aback, and ready to be really offended] Excuse me?

Harold Crick: I want you.

Ana Pascal: You want me?

Harold Crick: In no uncertain terms.

Ana Pascal: [realizing that he's really not being a creep and just a guy who's not used to saying what he feels] But isn't there some... I don't rule about fraternization...

Harold Crick: Auditor / Auditee protocols, yes, but I don't care.

Ana Pascal: Why not?

Harold Crick: Because I want you.

Ana Pascal: [Contemplates him for a second, and looks back at the box] Can you carry those a little bit further.

Harold Crick: Okay.

Ana Pascal: [as their walking with Harold carrying the box of color flagged bags of flour] So did you make a key?

Harold Crick: Uh no I just committed it to memory. The blue, that-that's barley flour.

Ana Pascal: What's that one?

Harold Crick: The orange?

Ana Pascal: Yeah.

Harold Crick: I forget.

[Ana laughs, and they stop in front of a building]

Ana Pascal: Right here.

Harold Crick: *[he looks up at the building]* Oh.

Ana Pascal: Do you wanna come up?

Harold Crick: To your place?

Ana Pascal: Yeah.

Harold Crick: Uh, I guess. I could.

Ana Pascal: Wasn't that the idea, with the flours and everything?

Harold Crick: Honestly, I had only figured it out up to, 'I want you.'

Ana Pascal: Listen, Mr. Crick, I think I like you. And before I do anything rash, I'd like to make sure. I'd like you to come up.

Harold Crick: I'd be honored.

Ana Pascal: Great.

[they head up the stairs]

Ana Pascal: *[Ana bursts into the hospital room that is housing Harold who is pretty much in a full body cast]* Howard! Oh my god!

Harold Crick: *[as she's kissing him]* It's okay, I'm fine.

Ana Pascal: Harold you're not fine! You're seriously injured!

Ana Pascal: *[to cast-covered Harold]* So what happened?

Harold Crick: I stepped in front of a bus.

Ana Pascal: What? Why?

Harold Crick: There was a boy I had to pull out of the way?

Ana Pascal: What?

Harold Crick: There was this boy, I had to...

Ana Pascal: You stepped in front of a bus to save a boy?

Harold Crick: I had to. I didn't have a choice.

Book Channel Host: So, can you tell us the title of the book you haven't written yet?

Kay Eiffel: *[Who has had just about enough of this host]* I'm calling it Death and Taxes.

Book Channel Host: Death and Texas? Hey! I'm from Texas!

Kay Eiffel: Wha?

Book Channel Host: Yep! San Antone.

Kay Eiffel: No, no, no, no. Death and Taxes. Taxes. TAXEs.

Book Channel Host: Oh! Death and TAXES! Like the Ben Franklin quote.

Kay Eiffel: Yes.

Book Channel Host: Oh now I feel really silly.

Kay Eiffel: *[under her breath]* You should.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Because he's real?

Kay Eiffel: Because it's a book about a man who doesn't know he's about to die. And then dies. But if a man does know he's about to die and dies anyway. Dies- dies willingly, knowing that he could stop it, then- I mean, isn't that the type of man who you want to keep alive?

Harold Crick: *[on bus, and sees Ana get on the same bus]* Miss Pascal! Miss Pascal!

Ana Pascal: *[she sees him and moves away so that she is standing in the aisle]*

Harold Crick: It's Harold Crick from the IRS.

Ana Pascal: [*embarrassed*] Hi.

Harold Crick: Hey, do you want a seat?

Ana Pascal: No.

Harold Crick: Because there are 11 empty ones.

Ana Pascal: No. I'm fine.

Ana Pascal: [*Ana tries to fit, hanging onto a pole that is already full of people. The bus jolts, and she is flung into a seat that is next to, Harold. Embarrassed, she stays there and tries to ignore him*]

Harold Crick: So, how are you?

Ana Pascal: I'm lousy. I'm getting audited! By a real *creep*, too.

Harold Crick: Miss Pascal, I think I owe you an apology. IRS agents... we're given rigorous aptitude tests before we can work. Unfortunately for you, we aren't tested on tact or good manners. So... I-I... I apologize. I o-ogled you. Sorry.

Ana Pascal: Apology accepted. But only because you stammered.

Harold Crick: So, are you a frequenter of the Metropolitan Transit Authority too?

Ana Pascal: No. I'm just late.

Harold Crick: Big flag burning to get to?

Ana Pascal: Actually, it's my weekly evil-conspiracy and needlepoint group. You wanna come?

Harold Crick: I left my thimbles and socialist reading material at home.

Kay Eiffel: [*narrating*] So Harold began to engage in small talk.

Harold Crick: [*to Ana*] You have very straight teeth.

Ana Pascal: Thanks.

Kay Eiffel: [*narrating*] *Very* small talk.

Kay Eiffel: [*narrating*] This is a story about a man named Harold Crick and his wristwatch. Harold Crick was a man of infinite numbers, endless calculations, and remarkably few words. And his wristwatch said even less. Every weekday, for twelve years, Harold would brush each of his thirty-two teeth seventy-six times. Thirty-eight times back and forth, thirty-eight times up and down. Every weekday, for twelve years, Harold would tie his tie in a single Windsor knot instead of the double, thereby saving up to forty-three seconds. His wristwatch thought the single Windsor made his neck look fat, but said nothing.

Ana Pascal: Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! You miscreant!

Harold Crick: I understand.

Ana Pascal: Oh, get bent, TAXMAN!

[*Ana's customers boo and jeer Harold mercilessly*]

Harold Crick: It says, in the file, that you only paid part of your taxes for last year.

Ana Pascal: That's right.

Harold Crick: Looks like only 78 percent.

Ana Pascal: Yep.

Harold Crick: So you did it on purpose?

Ana Pascal: Yep.

Harold Crick: So you must've been expecting an audit.

Ana Pascal: Um, I was expecting a fine, or a sharp reprimand.

Harold Crick: A reprimand? This isn't boarding school, Miss Pascal. You stole from the government.

Ana Pascal: No I didn't steal from the government. I just didn't pay you *entirely*.

Harold Crick: Miss Pascal, you can't just not pay your taxes.

Ana Pascal: Yes, I can.

Harold Crick: You can if you want to get audited.

Ana Pascal: Only if I recognize your right to audit me, Mr. Crick.

Harold Crick: Miss Pascal, I'm right here auditing you.

Ana Pascal: Listen, I'm a big supporter of fixing potholes and erecting swing sets and building shelters. I am *more* than happy to pay those taxes. I'm just not such a big fan of the percentage that the government uses for national defense, corporate bailouts, and campaign discretionary funds. So, I didn't pay those taxes. I think I sent a letter to that effect with my return.

Harold Crick: Would it be the letter that beings "Dear Imperialist Swine"?

Harold Crick: Miss Pascal, what you're describing is anarchy. Are you an anarchist?

Ana Pascal: You mean, am I a member of...

Harold Crick: An anarchist group, yes.

Ana Pascal: Anarchists have a group?

Harold Crick: I believe so, sure.

Ana Pascal: They assemble?

Harold Crick: I don't know.

Ana Pascal: Wouldn't that completely defeat the purpose?

Kay Eiffel: I read this, in this fantastically depressing book, that when you jump from a building, it's rarely the impact that actually kills you.

Penny Escher: Well, I'm sure it doesn't help.

Harold Crick: How are you?

Ana Pascal: I'm lousy. I'm being audited.

Harold Crick: Of course.

Ana Pascal: By a real creep, too.

Harold Crick: Dave, can I pose a somewhat abstract, purely hypothetical question?

Dave: Sure.

Harold Crick: If you knew you were gonna die, possibly soon, what would you do?

Dave: Wow, I don't know. Am I the richest man in the world?

Harold Crick: No, you're you.

Dave: Do I have a superpower?

Harold Crick: No, you're *you*.

Dave: I know I'm me, but do I have a superpower?

Harold Crick: No, why would you have a superpower?

Dave: I don't know, you said it was hypothetical.

Harold Crick: Fine, yes, you're really good at math.

Dave: That's not a power, that's a skill.

Harold Crick: Okay, you're good at math and you're invisible. And you know you're gonna die.

Dave: Okay, okay. That's easy, I'd go to space camp.

Harold Crick: Space camp?

Dave: Yeah, it's in Alabama. It's where kids go to learn how to become astronauts. I've always wanted to go since I was nine.

Harold Crick: You're invisible and you'd go to space camp?

Dave: I didn't pick invisible, you picked invisible.

Harold Crick: Aren't you too old to go to space camp?

Dave: You're *never* too old to go to space camp, dude.

Penny Escher: I'm Penny, I'm Kay's assistant.

Harold Crick: Oh, I'm Harold. Her main character.

Harold Crick: Harold frantically grabs his lamp! He shook the hell out of it for no apparent reason!

Harold Crick: You don't understand that this isn't a story to me, it's my life! I want to live!

Kay Eiffel: [*narrating*] Little did he know that this simple seemingly innocuous act would result in his imminent death.

Harold Crick: What? What? Hey! HELLOOO! What? Why? Why MY death? HELLO? Excuse me? WHEN?

Kay Eiffel: Everyone thinks about leaping off a building.

Penny Escher: I will gladly and quietly help you kill Harold Crick.

Kay Eiffel: And this coming from someone who's never thought about leaping off a building.

Kay Eiffel: [*narrating*] And so he did what countless punk-rock songs had told him to do so many times before: he lived his life.

Ana Pascal: It was a really awful day. I know, I made sure of it. So pick up the cookie, dip it in the milk, and eat it.

Harold Crick: It's not schizophrenia! I just hear a voice in my head

Dr. Mittag-Leffler: It's schizophrenia

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Little did he know. That means there's something he doesn't know, which means there's something you don't know, did you know that?

Harold Crick: I may already be dead, just not typed.

Ana Pascal: Did you like the cookies?

Harold Crick: Yes. Thank you for forcing me to eat them.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Let me ask you this. On a scale of one to ten, what are the chances that you'll be assassinated - one being highly unlikely, ten being you're expecting it around every corner?

Penny Escher: And I suppose you smoked all these cigarettes?

Kay Eiffel: No, they came pre-smoked.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: It's been a very revealing ten seconds.

Kay Eiffel: *[narrating]* Why was Harold talking to this man? This man... was an idiot; this man used words like "wibbly-wobbly" and "convo," and explained that trees were trees. Of course trees were trees; Harold knew that trees were trees.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Hell Harold, you could just eat nothing but pancakes if you wanted.

Harold Crick: What is wrong with you? Hey, I don't want to eat nothing but pancakes, I want to live! I mean, who in their right mind in a choice between pancakes and living chooses pancakes?

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Harold, if you pause to think, you'd realize that that answer is inextricably contingent upon the type of life being led... and, of course, the quality of the pancakes.

Kay Eiffel: I went out... to buy cigarettes and I figured out how to kill Harold Crick.

Penny Escher: Buying cigarettes?

Kay Eiffel: As I was... when I came out of the store I... it came to me.

Penny Escher: How?

Kay Eiffel: Well, Penny, like anything worth writing, it came inexplicably and without method.

Penny Escher: *[seeing Eiffel smoking a lot of cigarettes]* You know there's something called a nicotine patch.

Kay Eiffel: I don't need a nicotine patch. I smoke cigarettes.

Doctor Mercator: You'll be all right. You'll just have a shard of wristwatch embedded in your arm for the rest of your life.

[outside, Harold gets very exasperated by the voice]

Harold Crick: SHUT UP!

Kay Eiffel: *[voice only]* Cursing the heavens in futility.

Harold Crick: *[extremely annoyed]* No I'm not! I cursing you, you stupid voice so SHUT UP AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

Dr. Jules Hilbert: What is your favorite word?

Harold Crick: Integer.

Dr. Jules Hilbert: Well let's start from ridiculous and go from there.