

Groundhog Day Excerpt 001

►TIME: 1:00:40

Phil Connors is a weatherman in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania. He is trapped in a "time loop." He wakes up at 6 o'clock in the morning on the same day, in the same town—Punxatawney—in the same bed.

He's decided to try killing himself to escape from this situation. As a poetic touch, he kidnaps the groundhog and takes it with him.

They're at a limestone quarry; Phil is in the red truck.

Larry: What the hell's he doing?

Rita: I don't know.

Mayor of Punxatawney: If you've got to shoot, aim high: I don't want to hit the groundhog.

Phil: Well, we mustn't keep our public waiting, huh?

Groundhog Phil: <chirp! chirp! chirp!>

Phil: It's showtime, Phil! On me, Larry, in THREE...TWO...ONE...

The two Phils go over the edge, and crash.

Rita: Phil!

Larry: He might be OK...

The truck explodes in a fireball.

Larry: Well, no, probably not now.

►TIME: 1:01:57

Phil wakes up on the same day.

Phil: Ah, nuts.

Phil goes to the dining area of the bed and breakfast.

Mrs. Lancaster: Did you sleep well, Mr. Connors? Would you like some...uh...uh...toast?

Phil electrocutes himself with the toaster, in the bathtub.

Mrs. Lancaster: Oh my god!

Phil steps out in front of a speeding truck. He jumps from a tall building.

►TIME: 1:03:06

Larry and Rita go to the morgue to identify Phil's body.

Rita: That's him.

Larry: He was a...really, really great guy. I really, really liked him. A lot.

►TIME: 1:03:29

Rita and Phil are at the diner.

Rita: I'm sorry...? What was that again?

Phil: I'm a god.

Rita: You're a god.

Phil: I'm *a* god. I'm not *the* God. I don't think.

Rita: Because you survived a car wreck?

Doris: You folks ready to order?

Phil: I didn't just survive a wreck, I wasn't just blown up yesterday. I have been stabbed, shot, poisoned, frozen, hung, electrocuted, and burned.

Rita: Oh, really!

Phil: And every morning I wake up without a scratch on me, not a dent in the fender. I am an immortal!

Doris: Special today is blueberry waffles...?

Rita: Why are you telling me this?

Phil: Because I want you to believe in me.

Rita: You're not a god. You can take my word for it. This is twelve years of Catholic school talking!

Doris: I could come back if you're not ready!

Phil: How do you know I'm not a god?

Rita: Ha! Oh, please!

Phil: How do you know?!

Rita: Because it's not possible!

Doris: I'll come back!

Phil: Doris! ... This is Doris. Her brother-in-law, Carl, owns this diner. She's worked here since she was 17. More than anything else in her life she wants to see Paris before she dies.

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Doris: Oh! Boy, would I!

Rita: What are you doing?

Phil: This is Debbie Klieser, and her fiancée, Fred. They're supposed to be getting married this afternoon, but Debbie is having second thoughts.

Fred: What?!?!?

Rita: Lovely ring!

Phil: This is Bill. He's been a waiter for three years since he left Penn State, and he had to get work. He likes the town, he paints toy soldiers, and he's gay.

Bill: I am!

Phil: This is Gus. He hates his life here. He wishes he stayed in the Navy.

Gus: I could've retired on half-pay after 20 years.

Rita: Excuse me, is this some kind of trick?

Phil: Well, maybe the real god uses tricks. Maybe he's not omnipotent. He's just been around so long, he knows everything.

Rita: Oh, OK! Well, who's that?

Phil: This is Tom. He worked in the coal mine until they closed it down.

Rita: And her?

Phil: It's Alice. Came over here from Ireland when she was a baby. She lived in Erie most of her life.

Alice: He's right!

Rita: And her?

Phil: Nancy. She works in a dress shop...and makes noises like a chipmunk when she gets real excited.

Nancy: Hey!

Phil: It's true!

Rita: How do you know these people?

Phil: I told you. I know everything. In about five seconds, a waiter's going to drop a tray of dishes. Five...four...

Rita: ...this is nuts!...

Phil: ...three...two...one...

And, right on cue, the waiter drops the dishes.

Phil: OK?

Rita: OK, that's enough. What about me, Phil? Do you know me, too?

Phil: I know all about you. You like producing, but you hope for more than Channel Nine Pittsburgh.

Rita: Well, everyone knows *that!*

Phil: You like boats, but not the ocean. You go to a lake in the summer with your family up in the mountains. There's a long wooden dock and a boathouse with boards missing from the roof. And a place you used to crawl underneath to be alone. You're a sucker for French poetry and rhinestones. You're very generous. You're kind to strangers and children. And when you stand in the snow, you look like an angel.

Rita: How are you doing this?

Phil: I told you. I wake up, every day, right here, right in Punxatawney, and it's always February 2nd. And there's nothing I can do about it. If you still can't believe me, listen: In ten seconds, Larry is going to come through that door, and take you away from me. But you can't let him.

Rita: Larry?...

Phil: Please, believe me. You've got to believe me.

Larry: You guys ready? We'd better get going if we're going to stay ahead of the weather.

Rita reads the note that Phil just gave her. It says, "We'd better get going if we're going to stay ahead of the weather."

Larry: What's that?

Rita: "...if we're going to stay ahead of the weather."

► TIME: 1:06:59