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Jim Jefferies: I Swear to God

By Jim Jefferies

Ladies and gentlemen,
Mr. Jim Jefferies.
Hey.
How are you doing?
What a nice little start.
My name's Jim,
I'm from Australia,
but I've been living in the UK
for like, the past 7 or 8 years
and now I've moved out to
America, it's a big move for me,
but because
I've moved out to America,
I've had to leave a girl I've
been dating
It's probably for the best
we're heading
in separate directions in our
lives, to come over here
and she wanted to stay back in
England and fuck other men.
Worked out pretty good.
For her.
And me brother.
Oh, yeah.
I bet he really get back to...
in, like, a couple of weeks
for the first time in ages.
And every time I got back there
I always go see my family doctor
'cause this is the doctor
I've had my whole life,
I really trust this guy,
and my doctor in London is shit,
he's no good.
Last time I was there
I got a physical checkup,
and he's doing my blood
pressure, to go to Australia
and he's like, "Jim, your blood
pressure's really high, mate,
you're gonna have to go on
medication, you know. "
"I wanna go on medication"

And he went,
"Well, you fucking have to"
'Cause that's how
doctors in Australia talk,
and then he goes,
"Okay, you two,
go back to London,
get your blood pressure
checked again
but if you get the same readout
or higher you're on medication",
so I go back
to me doctor in London,
get my blood pressure
checked again,
get exactly the same readout
I got in Australia,
and my doctor goes,
"Oh, are you good!"
And I go, "The doctor in the
strayer said that was too high"
And he went "Australians,
with their salads and sport,
"Their standards are too high. "
"By British standards
you're good, so...
I'm in an unhealthy Australian,
but I'm a healthy
British person.
I think if my health
gets worse,
I'm gonna move
to shittier countries
until eventually I'm the
healthiest man in Rwanda.
And there's gotta be
some doctor going
"You've only got HIV,
it's not even AIDS yet. "
Stop your bitchin'
and join the soccer team.
I'm not afraid of dying if I do
get AIDS or something like that,
I don't give a fuck.

I hate life.
I've never enjoyed
one moment on this planet.
I don't wanna live forever,
the only people who wanna-
I'm not worried about dying,
because I'm an atheist, right?
Now, acknowledging this is a
Christian country,
and I stand up for your right
to be religious,
but please know
that you're wrong, eh?
Please know-
that you're living
in a fantasy land,
and after you die
nothing happens,
stop being a fucking child.
I'm not scared of dying
because I'm an atheist,
I know I'll just
rot in the ground, right?
I won't even know I'm dead,
you all know why?
'Cause I'll be fucking dead.
Religious people worry
because I believe in heaven,
if there's a heaven
there has to be a hell,
and everyone
who's read that book
knows that you've done
enough shit to go to hell.
And that makes it very stressful
on your deathbed, doesn't it,
knowing what a prick you are,
you go,
"Aw, this isn't gonna be good".
Right?
I don't wanna go to heaven,
I don't even want
the option of Heaven,
I don't want to exist

in a conscious state
for the rest of eternity
constantly thinking,
I don't even like thinking
as it is,
"Where's me passport?
Can't punch women in the face".
The Bible calls heaven
"eternal bliss",
I don't get how blissful it is,
it's eternal,
you'll get used to it,
and then you'll be
fucking bored.
And what's hell
meant to be like,
fire and brimstone
and eternal agony.
That's what's written
in the Bible.
That's God's book.
As far as I know,
the devil hasn't
brought out a book.
We don't know his side
of the argument, right?
If you ask me, if the devil
and God are having an argument,
the devil's being
a bigger fucking man.
'Cause God's just writing shit
about him,
and the devil's going,
"I'm not even gonna fucking
comment,
Let's- Let's think about this
rationally.
Right? Which isn't a good point
for the Christians,
rational thought.
Fire and brimstone
and eternal agony,
that's what hell's meant to be,
that's written in the Bible.

Now, God runs
the entire universe
except for one place
which is run by hell
and the devil,
and now, the devil
is his biggest enemy
and they don't get along
whatsoever, right?
Now, if you act bad
you go to hell, right?
Now, you've lied,
you've cheated, you've stolen,
you've been a prick
your entire life.
Why would the devil punish you?
You're one of his boys.
He's gotta fucking dig you.
That's where all the hookers
and drugs are gonna be,
I don't think they're gonna
make their way into heaven.
I don't think God's gonna
open the gate and go,
"Jimmy, you've been
such a good guy,
see this big-titted whore
with the line of coke on her?"
"Knock yourself out, son. "
What's meant to happen
when you die and go to heaven,
you see a big bright light,
you walk towards the light.
What's at the end of the light?
All your dead relatives.
Well, whoop-dee-fuckin-doo.
You ever spent a weekend
at your grandparents' house?
It's fucking shit.
If you're out there for an hour
you'll go,
"I wish that all me friends
would die. "
You'll be out there meeting

everybody,
"Hi, Aunt Neda.
How are you, Granddad?"
"Hello, Uncle
You-used-to-touch-me".
"How did you get up here?"
"Oh, that's right, you used to
work for the Church. "
You hear that little groan
when I said that,
"You work for the Church"?
It's because religious people
are in the crowd,
and they don't like
hearing facts.
That's a fact,
there's been pedophiles
fucking fact.
But all they're saying is like,
Because religious people
will forgive God
In their mind
he does good things,
rainbows, children's laughter,
shit like that, right?
When he does bad things
like hurricanes, AIDS,
cancer, child molestation,
then they just go,
"Oh, well. God works
in mysterious ways. "
What sort of an excuse is that?
What- What is-
What is mysterious
That is like,
the least mysterious activity
since the dawn of time.
If- If I ever date
a religious girl
she's gonna come home and
I'm gonna be raping her mom.
Right?
And she's gonna look at me
and go, "What are you doing?"

And I'm gonna go,
"I'm mysterious. "
"I've always been mysterious. "
See, religious people
are just fucking stupid.
There's how the world was
created which everyone,
and that's the big bang theory,
and then evolution kicked in
and there's little
microorganisms, then a tadpole,
that tadpole learned how to walk
or something,
and then there were
some animals in between,
and then fucking monkeys,
and then us.
And that's science.
Then there's how religious
people believe we was created
They believe that God put
two white people in the jungle
without sunscreen,
and they fucked,
and there we go, people.
There we go, black people,
Arab people, oriental people,
and for the amount of inbreeding
very few retards.
It seems so plausible!
See, the fact is that
there's evolution in the Bible.
Right? Jesus was 4'7".
Four foot seven.
He was a normal-sized guy,
everyone was short back then.
We're all taller now
because of evolution.
That's how Jesus could
feed the people with two fish,
little fucking people,
big fucking fish.
So this is Jesus here, right?
He's a little tiny Arab Jew.

He looks like Super Mario.
Now,
if Jesus is this big,
that means his cross was maybe,
maybe that big.
Now, I'm not saying
I'm better than Jesus.
But if I was
on that little cross
my feet would be on the ground
and I'd fucking live.
So what killed Jesus could not
kill me, I'm way more powerful.
Not only would I leave,
but I would lift the cross
out of the ground
and beat up all the little
Roman bastards.
And History would be
very different.
Thousands of years before Jesus
there was a guy called Noah.
And Noah built a boat
and Noah lived to be
950 years old.
But I'd never mention that
in sermons,
'cause we might think
its bullshit.
And Noah was thousands of years
before Jesus
so Noah was about this big.
There's little Noah
with his long hair
and his gray big beard.
He looks like
a glorified chess piece.
And he built a boat,
and they put all the animals
in the boat.
And we had two of each animal,
and he lived in, like,
Afghanistan,
back when it was

a god-loving place.
And all the animals came
and they all
swam there and shit,
they all mated there like a
week.
All the kangaroos and all that
type of stuff.
Then he worked out some type of
refrigeration system
to keep the polar bears cold
and the lions hot,
and he made the door
on the ark very small
so the dinosaurs couldn't get in
'cause he was a thinker.
Then he had storage areas
for all their delicate diets
'cause we all know what picky,
fucking eaters pandas are.
Aren't pandas a bunch of cunts.
I'm done with pandas.
I'll tell you why,
every fucking living creature
loves pandas.
The panda doesn't have
a natural predator on the planet
and they're dying out
because they're fucking dicks.
Fuck'em. Let'em die out.
The pandas don't fuck each
other, they don't have babies,
therefore we've got
no fucking pandas,
they're dead, why,
let's lose the fucking pandas.
We've tried.
We have fucking tried.
We at the Human Rights
put pandas in cages together,
and try to help them fuck.
We go,
"there's a panda. "
"Go fuck the panda. "

And they just look
at each other.
You put me in a cage
with anything,
anything,
and after a week I'll fuck it.
You'd think pandas
know the Chinese
that's all I'm gonna say
about Christianity.
To be honest with you, it's just
a glorified panda joke.
It's how comedy works, right?
You start with a funny bit,
you work backwards,
so I start panda, and I go
all the way back to small Jesus,
very logical.
But I know I'm in America,
and all you people love God,
and all that, eh?
So let's pick out a few more
religions and make it fair.
All right?
Jews.
What's all that about?
What's with the curly sideburns?
Where in the Bible does it say,
"If thou loves me,
thou shall look lie a dick?"
Next religion.
Isn't Buddha a fat bastard?
That's all I've got on Buddha.
One more.
Muslims.
Can you feel that?
Can you fucking feel that?
One word,
one fucking word,
and all your assholes
shrunk up and went...
Oh, make it good, Australia,
man. Don't fuck this up.
'Cause you think when I say

Muslims I'm about to be racist,
don't ya?
I'm not racist, I'm a bigot.
It's completely different.
And being Muslim isn't a race.
I'm not talking about
Arab people,
I have no problems
with Arab people,
I like to eat food
late at night.
I'm talking about Muslims.
I'm not talking about
terrorists,
every comic who has a Muslim
joke does a terrorist joke.
Obviously most of them
aren't terrorists,
I'm talking about the things
that we know, and shit,
the fact that women have very
few rights in their culture.
Now, it sounds good in theory,
but-
In our society
it should be frowned upon.
I don't think I could be
a Muslim
because they can't eat bacon
or drink beer.
And they're the two greatest
fucking things in the world.
You take bacon and beer
away from me
and I'll fly a plane
into a fucking building.
I love drinking.
I hate people who don't drink.
Never met an interesting person
in my life who didn't drink.
If you don't drink
you're a boring cunt
and all your story sucks.
All your stories

end the same way with
"And then I got home. "
No one gives a shit that you've
been promoted at work,
and no one gives a fuck that
your kids don't have bruises.
Ever asked a non-drinker
why they don't drink?
Same fucking answer every time,
you go, "Why don't you drink?"
They go, "I don't like
the taste of it. "
Nobody does!
No one likes the taste of it,
we drink 'cause we
fucking have to.
No one's ever had
a shot of tequila and gone,
"Oooh, that's lovely!"
"Next time I'll have that
instead of pudding.
We drink 'cause life's shit.
And you gotta do
whatever you can
I- I honestly didn't mean
to time it like that.
That's like a magic trick,
ain't it?
I've decided I'm gonna
punch people in the head
if they say the next sentence.
I encourage you to do the same
because they think they're
better than you.
Anyone who says the sentence:
"I don't need to drink
or take drugs
to have a good time,
I'm high on life. "
Punch that cunt in the head
till your hand breaks.
Really...
Well, I'm, angry on alcohol.
Now drive me home.

Smoking's a weird one, man.
Smoking's like...
I appreciate with smoking that
you can't smoke indoors anymore.
I think that's the right law.
I think if people
are working there
I think it's fair enough.
And it's the same law
all across the world.
But in Australia now,
But you can't smoke
in front of a hooker.
'Cause this might be
detrimental to her health.
Is this really the worst thing
that's happening
to this woman's body
on a day-to-day basis?
If you pay her enough money
you can bone her.
I'm not saying pour petrol
on her and light her up,
I'm saying,
let people know you were there.
Now, while I'm on the subject
of burn victims,
I wouldn't wish it
upon my worst enemy,
it's an awful thing
to happen to anyone,
but I do laugh whenever
there's like, a house fire
or a car accident,
or something like that,
and someone gets
really badly burned,
and the news read'll be like,
"They're alive,
but they have been burned
"Burned beyond recognition. "
You ever seen a burn victim?
Most recognizable person
in a room.

The term should be,
"Burned to recognition. "
This is my mate Steve, no one
used to notice him at parties.
Since the accident,
you go,
he's gone from plain
to extra crispy.
But back to smoking.
Why do we still have
no-smoking signs out?
That makes no sense,
we used to have to have
no-smoking signs.
We used to have to know where
we could or could not smoke.
Now, we can't fucking smoke
anywhere,
so why the signs?
It's the law.
I understand the law.
We don't have signs
for every other law
to remind us all the time.
We're meant to understand this.
Right? So every place you
walk in has a no-smoking sign
but it also should have above
it, "And don't touch kids. "
Because,
I feel like
that's the worst crime.
You'll see me in the court
of a nightclub
fisting a small animal, going
"That don't have a sign. "
"I think I can do this. "
Obviously that wouldn't happen,
'cause I don't go to nightclubs.
My nightclub days are over,
I'm 32, I'm a pub guy,
that's it.
Pub and comedy club,
that's all I do.

I don't go to nightclubs
And if you're over 25
and you still go to nightclubs,
you're a dick.
You're a dick,
and you look like a loser,
and if you drive around a car
that goes, pff, pff,
you're a fucking dick.
If you've ever wanted to be a DJ
that mixes songs- dick.
Nightclubs treat you
like you're a child.
I hate being told
I'm not good enough
to get into a building
by some guy.
I hate going to the toilet and
not be able to wash my own hands
because I have a man there
that I'm meant to tip
a couple of dollars.
Like, and he's there with a bit
of stuff and a hand towel,
and I'm like,
"Can you fuck off, mate?"
I've washed my hands before.
I'm very good at it,
it's one of my skills.
I'm not the most hygienic man
in the world,
I was just sniffing coke
off a toilet seat.
Do you really think
the cleanliness of my hands
is of a paramount concern
at the present moment?
You ever walked out of there
and not washed your hands?
He looks at you
like you're scum.
I'm scum?
You work in a
fucking toilet, man.

I don't even wash my hands,
fuck washing my hands.
I do so many filthy things,
that's fucking-
People get obsessed with germs.
Every time I have a one-night
stand, afterwards I go,
"Can I use your toothbrush?"
And she'll just be like:
You've just sucked my cock,
give me your fucking toothbrush.
I'm gonna tell you some stories
about my family.
We'll start with my dad,
all right?
My dad's a cool guy,
he's a bit of a dick,
he's like all dads,
he thinks he's funny,
and he's funny
for other reasons.
Anyway, so me
and my older brother Scott,
Scott was about nine years old,
I was about five years old,
we're in the garage,
and we're loading up the car
to take things
down to the junkyard,
So we're going through
these old boxes in the garage
and my brother pulls
a vibrator out of the box,

just like this:

And my dad does that
he's-concerned-
but-he-doesn't-want-us-
"Hey, what you got there?"
And then he takes the vibrator,
and me and my brother,
we know that run,
we know what's happened.
This is something good. Eh?

We're fucking transfixed,
"What is that, dad,
what, what, what?"
"What is that?"
And dad turns around
with the full knowledge
that we have no idea,
and he's like,
"What, uh... What...
This, this is a...
Women... Women, uh...
Women use this to mas-
It's a massager. "
And then my dad turns it on
and goes,
"Whoa, I'm having a great time. "
He turns it off,
he puts it back in the box,
he puts the box back
on the top shelf, and he goes,
"Now, we're not to look at that
anymore. "
A week later, me and my brother,
it's like,
the middle of summer in Sydney,
it's blistering heat,
we're just rocking around
in our underwear,
as kids do, you know.
My brother Scott walks out
to me, and Scott, he goes,
"Jim. Garage. "
We go out to the garage,
he gets up on all these boxes,
he pulls the vibrator out
from the top shelf,
and he looks at me and goes,
"Now, you massage me,
then I'll massage you.
I go first. "
Now, anyone who knows
an older brother,
or has an older brother,
knows this is a fucking trick.

You're never gonna get a go.
Older brothers always go first.
You never go first.
You push him on the swing
for six fucking minutes
and then they fuck off.
So I turn the vibrator on,
"I'm gonna get a go",
"Yeah, you're gonna get
a fucking go",
"All right", "Okay. "
I start working
me brother's back, just,
And my brother gives it these
ones-
Then it's my turn, right?
I stand in front, my brother
turns the vibrator on,
he drops it on the ground,
he fucks off.
Now, I'm five years old,
what do I do?
Five-years-old, you cry.
Right?
So I'm sitting
in the dark of the garage,
in me underwear,
crying,
there's a fucking vibrator
kicking off on the ground,
I pick up the vibrator
and start working me back.
And then my dad walks in.
To find his five-year-old son
in the garage, in his underwear,
rubbing a vibrator
all over his back.
crying.
And my dad walks up
and he looks me in the eye,
and this is when he says,
he goes,
"Has Scotty fucked you over
again?"

Then my dad takes the vibrator
off me and looks at me and goes,
"Now, you're not to play
with this, all right?
You're not to play with this.
This is Dad's. "
Now, that sentence
has haunted me.
This is tense.
That raises more questions
than I ever fucking need
answered.
He retired from work,
my old man,
And as a retirement gift
I paid for him
then paid for me and him
to go out to Germany
in the Soccer World Cup.
It literally cost me
10,000 pounds,
which is like
200,000 American dollars.
So, we're going out, we're gonna
see Australia vs. Brazil,
now, this is the biggest game
in Australia's soccer history,
that's in Munich, it's a great
fucking soccer country, Germany,
he's loving it, right?
The stadium's about 20 miles
out of the city,
it was like 34 degrees Celsius,
which is, I don't know,
300 Fahrenheit, or something.
And they piled us onto these
un-air-conditioned trains
like fucking sardines,
I've never felt
so crammed up in my life,
like, so uncomfortable,
I'd never felt so uncomfortable
While we were in the train
there's Brazilian fans chanting,

On the other end of the train
there's Australian fans
trying to chant back, but it's
really like our first World Cup
so it's just like one bloke
going,
Ronaldo's got big teeth.
And the singing dies down
for just a second, right?
Enough time for my dad
to go,
"This is how they used
to transport the Jews. "
There are very few sentences
on this planet
that can make any train
of soccer hooligans go,
"Fucking Jesus, mate. "
"That's a bit uncalled-for. "
Well, my dad thought maybe they
didn't hear him, right?
So he said it again
slightly louder.
"But some of them didn't make it
to the camps, you know. "
We get off the train,
I'm fucking mortified,
I have never been so embarrassed
in my life,
and I'm with my dad,
I'm going,
"Are you fucking kidding me,
what is fucking wrong with you",
and he's like, "What?
What have I done now? What?"
And I'm like,
"The Jew comment"
and he went, "Oh, the fucking-
They was saying things,
I said some things,
I said something. "
"We're at the football. "
You can't argue with that.
I'm very excited about America.

I am looking forward
to living here.
Now, I get to travel a bit
with this job.
Three years ago I was in, uh...
South Africa for the
Cape Town Comedy Festival,
I was out there for six weeks
doing gigs.
I was out there with a comedian,
a very good friend of mine,
I won't say his name, but he's
gay as fuck this guy, right?
And so every day, what we'd do
is we go like,
we have a heterosexual day,
try to pick up girls,
and then we go to a gay
nightclub the other day.
So we go into this gay nightclub
in South Africa called Bronco.
Let's face it,
gay nightclub in Africa,
should have been called AIDS.
We're taking two ecstasy tablets
each, right?
And he's off on the dance floor
trying to get some dick
and I'm standing
at the end of the bar
chatting with a couple of lads
I've never met before,
and one of them goes,
"You're wasted, aren't you?"
And I go, "Yep",
and he goes,
"Do you want to come
to the bathroom with me?"
Now, as a drug taker,
I think he's offering me
a lot of coke.

So I went:

I put my arm around him,

dragged him off to the toilet,
"Man, this is gonna be
fucking awesome, man!"
I went into the stall
first to wipe the seat down,
then I went out
and beckoned him in.
Now I don't know about
all the men in the room
but I know these days when you
get me all fellow zocked off,
it takes a little while
to stand to attention.
But he must have
really liked me,
'cause he walked in with
what I can only describe
as a great big black cock.
He shut the door to the stall.
There are now three
people in the stall:
me, him and the
great big black cock.
Just to give the
dimentions of the man,
he's this tall, he's
this wide, the cock's erect,
it's poking into my stomach.
I look up at him and I go...
"I thought we were
gonna do some coke".

And he went:

want some coke first?"
"I only want coke".
"But I can see
how with your accent
you may have
mistaken that for cock?"
Now I'd like to say that
something funny happened
after that but, uh, no.
No, he was actually
a really good guy,

I told him I was wasn't
gay and he apologized,
we went out and
he bought me a drink.
Um, but for the sake
of comedy, he raped me!
'Cause that makes
the joke more fun.
He raped me.
I um, my mother- we'll
talk about my mum a bit.
My mum is a very nice lady,
big fat woman. Can take a punch.
She- she- uh she's
over 300 pounds, right?
When- when me and
Scotty were young,
when- same ages,
nine and five, big year,
Mum took me and Scotty out
to see the Moscow Circus
when it came to uh, Sydney.
Now their was an elephant in
the Moscow Circus called Gunter,
and the Circus Master used to
and the elephant used
to rise into it's legs.
I- i- it
was a great show
Anyway, from that moment on
me and my brothers would
refer to my mum as Gunter.
Never to her face,
never to her face,
but with such sentences as:
"When's Gunter coming home?"
"What's Gunter
making for dinner?"
"Don't do that,
Gunter will catch you!"
Now this still
goes on to this day
but we never once said it to her
face except for this one time

when my brother's
about seventeen
and I'm about thirteen,
we're at home
watching a mid-day movie.
Now my brother's on the
couch, arm laid on the floor,
my mum's in a chair.
Now did anyone have a parent
that had their own chair?
They were always
the cunt parent.
They were never the good one.
If you're a parent
that has their own chair,
you're a fascist piece of shit.
If you come home and
someone's sitting in your chair,
there's plenty of
other seats, you nazi cunt.
You don't fucking
rule the world.
Now she had this chair
or as we called it:
The Throne of Misery,
the Throne of Misery
was a lazyboy chair
that had given up all hope and
the springs were all indented.
Now the movie we
are watching is the Blob,
the original Blob
with Steve McQueen,
the old film, mid-day movie.
We're watching the Blob,
and the scene were the Blob
is oozing out of the cinema,

my brother goes:

"That's you, mum! That's you. "
And me and my brother laugh
like it's the funniest
joke that's ever been said,
because at the time

there's a good chance it was.
My mother on the other hand
did not find this joke funny.
She looks over
at my brother and goes:
You think you're too old
for a smack across the head,
you little fucking bastard?
I brought you into this world
and I'll fucking take you out!
And then she goes
to get out of the chair
but she's so fat and so angry,
she can't get any leverage.
So she's just rocking
from side to side:
"You fucking kids!
I used to have a life",
and her head slash neck
which was all the same to me
is getting
redder and veinier!
My brother knows he has
so much time to run away,
that he
casually walks over,
stands in front of her,
turns to me and winks,

and goes:

And that's the funniest
fucking thing I've ever seen.
I've got a theory.
Every single time a man
sleeps with a lot of women,
he's called a stud.
But if a woman sleeps with a
lot of men, she's called a slut.
And people
think this is unfair.
Not!
It's completely fair.
And I'll tell
you why, right?

'Cause it's fucking
easy to be a slut.
It's fucking
hard to be a stud.
To be a stud you have to be
witty, charming, well-dressed,
have nice shoes and a fab job.
To be a slut you
just have to be there.
There are fat
ugly sluts out there.
There are no fat ugly studs.
I've met slutty dwarfs,
I've never met a stud dwarf.
Maybe in their own realm,
but none that have crossed over
to our world.
I will say realm
when I mention dwarfs.
Realm is the
right- right word
because
if fantasy movies and
science fiction films
have taught me anything
is that dwarfs are the
only socially acceptable
form of disability
to put in a movie,
without anyone questioning
what the fuck you're doing.
You think of another disability
that's been dressed
up as something else.
Nothing.
Dwarfs, we'll paint 'em
orange, make 'em dance,
call 'em Oompa Loompa.
George Lucas can ring
up a dwarf farm, and go:
"I need a hundred dwarfs",
"put 'em in bear outfits".
"We'll call 'em ewocks,
let's make this movie happen!".

Try doing that with Cerebral
Palsy and see were it gets ya!
"I need fifteen spastics",
"Cover 'em in fur, we'll
call 'em Wonky Donky Monsters".
"They protect the emperor".
"Let's make
this movie happen!"
sluts and studs before and...
when I say sluts I don't
mean that as a bad word.
I love sluts. I fucking-
I need 'em in my life, sluts.
They're the best.
I- I want what
everyone wants in this world.
I wanna fall in
love, I wanta get married,
I wanta have kids,
I wanta be happy ever after,
but the problem is,
I've done this job for so
long and fucked so many sluts,
that I can't
go back to nice girls.
'Cause nice girls
are shit in bed.
Now I know there are
a lot of nice girls
in the room right
now. They're going:
"You don't know me".
"I'm dirty".
No you're fucking not,
you're shit in bed.
But it's not your
fault, it's not your fault.
It's that everything is
worked out for you in your life.
I'm not blaming you,
nothing bad has happened,
and therefore you
wouldn't do disgusting things.
I appreciate that.

Now I know you're
thinking you're dirty,
I- let me see if
I got you right here.
All the girls that think they're
dirty but they're nice girls,
I can see you out there.
Y- You think
you're dirty because
you have a nurse's
outfit or a schoolgirl outfit
You uh, deep throat a cock
because you saw someone doing it
in a porn once and you think
"Oh my boyfriend will dig that".
Ah, you take it up the ass four
times a year, am I correct?
Now please don't think that
I don't appreciate the effort.
Because I do, I-
thank you so much for trying.
But I'll tell you
what the difference is,
when you deep throat a cock,
you're doing it because
you've seen it in a porn
and you think your
boyfriend will enjoy it.
When a slut deep throats a cock,
she's doing it because she
can't last another second
without having a cock
bruising the back of her throat.
When you've got a cock in
your ass, you're thinking:
"This isn't so bad. I hope
he's enjoyed his birthday".
When a slut's got a cock
in her ass she's thinking:
"You know what'd be good?
Two cocks in my ass!"
And you can't learn this.
That has to be in your system,
that has to be part of you.

But the thing is
you can't marry the slut,
you can't have a
relationship with the slut,
because slut's
are fucking mental!
Mental! That's what makes them
good, they've got some power.
I fucked this girl five
months ago for four months.
All right? For four
months I fucked her,
and then a couple weeks ago,
she walks up,
four and a half months
from the moment I met her,
she walks up at my
house with a baby, going:
"This is your baby!".
Now I'm not great
at maths, all right?
And the baby's Chinese,
and there's a Chinese family

crying:

Fucking mental.
See the thing is,
now I'm saying,
sluts, there might be
some women in the audience
I'm gonna do some
cunt jokes now.
I'm gonna do
some jokes about cunts.
Now the thing is
with doing cunt jokes,
I know- and also the word
"cunt" you don't like it,
do you America?
You're not comfortable with it
There's women that every
time I say the word "cunt",
they're like Aw, Jesus!
You just don't like it

and- and you accept it from me
because "Oh he's foreign,
he doesn't know better".
I do know better
I just don't give a fuck.
The thing is you've got
worse words in America,
like- like you haven't
heard me say "mother fucker",
Have you?
It's ridiculous that word.
I think it just sounds
terrible in my accent,
The word "mother fucker" is
much more offensive than "cunt".
It's, "cunt" is, it's-
it's- it's it's in Shakespeare,
in Chaucer, it's the oldest
swear word in the world.
It's lovely.
But mother fucker is so brash.
Let's break down
the word mother fucker, right?
It's a boy fucking his mum.
In the cunt. It's horrible.
Now I'm gonna do some
jokes about female genitalia.
Now I don't feel bad about
doing this anyway because
I haven't been
to many comedy clubs
where I haven't
seen a female comic
And not being able
to get their dick up,
and what's wrong with men, when
you fuck 'em, a, b, c and d...
And I- I've never seen
a man at the end of the show
walk up to the manager and go
"well I enjoyed it,
but I feel that penis
stuff was unnecessary".
Men just fucking, "Aw,

I got a small dick what
are you gonna do about it?"
See, women always
go for the dick,
they think that's men's Achilles
Heel, they always go after you.
"It's not funny, it's funny... "
Every time
you shag a bird,
and you're not good to her,
and then like a week later,
all the friends will
walk past you and do that.
And women think that's
the funniest joke
in the world, right?
That's not funny,
that's hurtful.
Next time you think about doing
that, imagine you fuck a guy,
the next day all of his
mates walk past you and go:
You never do that again!
And you think by doing this
you're teaching me something I
don't already fucking know?
I'm well aware I've got a
small dick, I've measured it.
I know how big my dick
is to the millimeter.
But does any woman in this room
truly know the
size of their cunt?
None of you, and none of
you will ever know for sure
because no man's gonna tell
you because we're good people.
I know what you're thinking.
He's not talking about my cunt
'cause it gets
a bit sore during sex.
That means fuckle.
I've been down on
a woman for twenty minutes,

it's wide open, it's
flowing like the Mary River,
I put the tip
of my cock in there,
they go "Gentle,
gentle, gentle".
"I could shove my
fucking head in that".
Sometimes fat chicks
have really tight cunts.
That's a bloody mystery eh?
I think it's 'cause all
the fat's pushing inwards,
and when you're fucking 'em,
and you never
actually reach the cunt.
That's why doctor's say
fat women have to
lose weight to get pregnant.
That's a good joke.
I- I'll tell
you a bit about me,
I- as I'm getting older,
I'm finding it harder
and harder to- to come.
I used to be able
to come like that,
I was like an
orgasming ninja.
I could come whenever I-
And now I can't come so much
because each day that goes by...
I- I can come if I'm
masturbating because I know me.
But if there's a chick involved
and it's not really nasty and
everything, I can't really...
So what I do is I fake orgasm
now because I wear condoms.
And if you wear condoms the girl
doesn't know that you're faking
and I can't come with a condom
on. Those days are long gone.
and I fake orgasm

with a condom on,
eh, and women don't
think that men can fake orgasm
but we can
fucking fake orgasm.
You think
that's your only domain.
The weird thing is that men...
I have to fake orgasm
because if I don't come,
a girl will
take that personally,
like she hasn't
done a good job, right?
And women fake orgasms
because, I don't know why.
I don't give a shit.
I have done my best.
What do you want from me?
I'm a- I'm trying, I- I-
if I haven't made you come,
I've made girls come before.
Don't blame me. Your
cunt's broken. All right?
And- and- and female orgasm's
all wailing and jiggly legs
like I'll never crack
that code or something.
But my fake orgasm
as a man is a piece of piss.
This is me fake
orgasming with a condom on.
Now what I do is
I put 'em in doggy style,
and then I just go like this:
There you go! Uh!
And then I take the
condom off really quickly
and run to the bin.
"Oh just put this over here",
which is very similar
to how my dad runs.
Eh! "Don't come over here!" You
know, you put tissues over...

"Don't come near the bin!
You'll get pregnant!"
"There's so much come here".
"Be careful!"
Which leaves me
to ask the next question:
If I come like this,
When retarded people come,
do they look
normal for a second?
Is there a little
window of time where...?
Uh, let's finish
up on a story,
we've got, you know...
Now, uh, a few years back,
maybe four years ago now,
I was performing in
the Amsterdam Hilton,
now the base of the Amsterdam
Hilton have a comedy club,
and I was there for two weeks.
I had two days off
from my two weeks,
and I found out that on
the outskirts of Amsterdam
there's a great big place
called the Porn Warehouse,
which is like
a great big Walmart.
So on my day off I thought:
"Fuck Ann Frank's place".
And- I went out to
the Porn Warehouse.
Now when I go grocery shopping,
Porn warehouse, took a trolley.
It still had the kid seat,
which I thought was odd.
Now I'm lining my trolley
full of every little bit of porn
and paraphernalia I can get,
I get up
towards the till and
there's a massive wall

covered in dildo's.
Now if you're with your
mates, what would you do?
Sword fight!
But I was by myself so I just
do that scene from Star Wars
where there's like the
floating wall with the...
Now there's a smaller
wall but just as impressive,
covered in rubber vibrating
vaginas.
Now whenever you're with
your mates and see one of those,
you go "Who the fuck
would use one of those eh?"
There's always a bit
of your brain that goes:
"Wouldn't mind
trying that just once".
So, I got myself
the Jimmy Jammers
and rubber vibrating vagina
and the side of the box said:
"Vibrates so as to give
realistic sensation. "
Realistic if your fucking
a chick with Parkinson,
but not realistic
in the full sense.
Now I'm going back
to my hotel and decided
if I'm gonna have this
wank, it'll be the wank.
It's gotta be the wank
that when I've got dementia
I'll be sitting in
a nursing home going:
I fucked a rubber cunt!
I f- I fucked it!
Wednesday's pudding day!
So I put on me porn
on one side of the bed,
I put porn on the telly,

I got the rubber cunt,
it had a vibrating
egg that went on the end
with a cord
to a remote control.
I uh, lubed up my cock
and I proceeded to fuck it.
Now, it felt okay but
I couldn't really enjoy meself
because the only thought
going through me head was:
"If you die right now",
this is how they'll tell
your mum they found you".
Now as I've already mentioned,
I don't have a big cock.
I think the
rubber cunt was faulty.
'Cause as I'm fucking it,
the latex on the top
just sort of tears,
and I'm pretty upset 'cause
it's not like I can
take it back to the shop,
slap it on
the counter and go:
"Look at that".
"I bought that an hour ago",
"went home and fucked it",
"now that cunt's broken".
Now, I still had a lot of
lube, I still had a lot of porn,
and I still had
a vibrating egg.
So I did what anyone
in this room would do:
I lubed that egg up
and shoved it up me ass!
It's now sitting
up against the gland
The male g spot.
It felt terrific.
I was enjoying myself so much
I was already thinking of

other things to shove up me ass
once I got back to London.
I slapped me cock
a couple of times
and I gizzed all over me chest.
so now I've got gizzle all
over me chest, lube on me cock,
egg hanging out me ass,
broken cunt in the corner.
I gotta tell you,
I've looked better.
Now you know that bit of pain
that goes through your soul
after you've had a wank and you
got a bit of come on your hand?

and you go:

"What did you do that for?"
"You're a grown man. "
Well I still had an egg
hanging out of my ass.
Safe to say
I wanted to kill meself,
so I started slapping
the porn off the bed,
turn the porn off the telly.
I go to whip the egg outta me
ass, the fucking cord snaps off!
Not only does it snap off,
but the two plastic shells of
the egg slightly break apart,
and are now pinching
against me colon!
Now you're first thought is:
"Well don't worry about this
Jim, you can shit this out".
But your ass hole
knows what shit is
and it knows
what plastic egg is,
and it don't play
cricket in this situation.
Now, I don't know if you all
know a lot about your colon,

and know should 'ya,
But they're made up of several
channels that pump poo through.
Now I've lubed up
this finger and this thumb.
And I've gone up
me ass after the egg.
With every grab
I've pushed it further,
and further
and further up my colon.
It's now up to channel five.
My next thought was to get a
whole lot of high fiber food,
make my poo really solid, push
the egg out through pressure,
very similar to when
Augustus Gloop got stuck
in the chocolate chute in
I was working on
one method at a time.
I could've done with an
Oompa Loompa with a plunger.
Now as many of you
may have already realized,
I'm not a doctor.
I didn't know that high fiber
food made you poo sloppy.
I thought the grains
and stuff held together
to make some type of super poo.
Turns out that protein
makes you poo hard.
Ironically, I should've
been eating boiled eggs.
Insted, I had to shit
the way around the egg.
I don't feel like you're
all getting into this story.
So let's jump forward
to day number three.
I decided that if it
was up my ass for another day,
I was gonna go to hospital.

My biggest fear was going to
hospital in a foreign country
"You'll never guess
what's happened to me".
But being Holland there's
a good chance he could go:
"You have an egg up your ass?"
"Go join the cue
with the other australians".
On day number three
I had a chinese dinner.
And I kept my chopsticks.
Now I've gone
back to the hotel.
I've bent over
At this moment
I've thought to myself:
"You probably should've
gone to the Ann Frank museum".
I put one chopstick
on top of the egg,
in a crow bearing fashion.
The other chopstick
I used to widen the hole.
In one motion I snapped
this egg outta my ass.
Followed by two feet of shit.
It was at this
moment I thought to meself:
Shoulda done that
in the bathroom!
Ladies and gentlemen,
thank you so much!