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Louis C.K. : Oh My God

By Louis C.K.

Fade the music out.
Let's roll.
Hold there.
Lights.
Do the lights.
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
I appreciate that.
I don't necessarily agree with
you, but I appreciate very much.
Well, this is a nice place.
This is easily the nicest place
For many miles
in every direction.
That's how you
compliment a building
And shit on a town
with one sentence.
It is odd around here,
as I was driving here.
There doesn't seem to be
any difference
Between the sidewalk and
the street for pedestrians here.
People just kind of walk
in the middle of the road.
I love traveling
And seeing all the different
parts of the country.
I live in new york.
I live in a--
There's no value
to your doing that at all.
I live--
I live in new york.
I always--
Like, there's this old lady
in my neighborhood,
And she's always
walking her dog.
She's always just--
she's very old.
She just stands there
just being old,

And the dog just fights gravity
every day, just--
The two of them, it's really--
The dog's got a cloudy eye,
and she's got a cloudy eye,
And they just stand there
looking at the street
In two dimensions together,
and--
And she's always wearing, like,
this old sweater dress.
I guess it was a sweater
when she was, like, 5'10",
But now it's just,
like, this sweater
And her legs are--
her legs are a nightmare.
They're just white with green
streaks and bones sticking out.
Her legs are awful.
I saw a guy with no legs
wheeling by,
And he was like,
"yecch, no thank you.
"I do not want those.
"I'd rather just have air
down here like I have
Than to look down at that shit."
I see these two all the time,
and I always look at them,
And I always think,
"god, I hope she dies first."
I do.
I hope she dies first,
for her sake,
Because I don't want her
to lose the dog.
I don't think she'll
be able to handle it.
If she dies--
If the old lady dies first,
I'm not worried about the dog
Because the dog doesn't even
know about the old lady.

This dog is aware of
three inches around his head.
He's living
in two-second increments.
The second he's in
and the one he just left
Is all he knows about,
But if he dies, this lady,
she's gonna be destroyed
Because this dog is all she has,
And I know he's all she has
because she has him.
There's no--
If she had one person
in her life,
She would not keep
this piece of shit little dog.
Even if just some young woman
in her building one morning
Were to say,
"good morning, gladys,"
She'd be like, "good,"
And just flush him
down the toilet, just--
Poom! Poom!
The dog just keeps
bumping on the drain.
Poom!
" " she gives up.
Ends up just shitting on her dog
for the rest of her life.
P-p-p!
Poom!
You ever flush a pet
down the toilet?
I had to flush my daughter's
fish down the toilet.
I came home, the fish was dead.
She wasn't home from school yet,
so I just flushed the fish,
And that's a weird moment, too,
'cause fish live in water.
So you put it in the toilet,
floats to the bottom,

Like, "yeah, he's dead,"
And then you flush,
and it looks like he goes,
"wait a second! Aw, shit!"
"I was taking a nap! Jesus!"
"you gotta be in constant motion
To get any respect
in this house."
And then my daughter comes home.
"why did he die, da--"
Come on. What am I gonna say?
Why did he die?
Because who gives a shit?
That's the reason.
That's the actual reason,
is because didn't matter
That he was alive.
That's why he's dead.
He didn't know his name,
and he didn't love you back.
These are the facts
about that fish's life.
My daughter likes fish.
We took her to the aquarium.
I took both my kids
to the aquarium in boston,
And we were looking
at this seal, or sea lion.
I don't know which one.
I don't care.
I don't think they need
to be separate things.
I really don't.
They don't care,
and we don't care.
There's, like, three scientists
Who give a shit
what we call all those things.
The scientists could
go on tv tomorrow
And say, "ok, everybody."
"from now on, seals
and sea lions and walruses,
And--you know what?--Penguins

are all seals now,"
And we would all be like,
"yeah, all right. Fine. Yes.
Whatever, man."
Anyway, so we're looking
at this seal/sea lion thing,
And he's looking back at us
through the plexiglas,
And he's going--
They're really disgusting
in person.
Most animals are
when you really see them.
You ever go to a farm?
You think you're gonna see
little, white sheep
Going, "baa," but they're
all fat and shit-colored,
And they're like--
Jesus.
That thing is awful.
Anyway, seals don't go--
They go--
My daughter's like,
"what is he saying?"
I don't know!
"I'm a slave!
Kill me!"
Must be awful to be
other kinds of stuff,
You know?
I'm glad I'm this.
This is a pretty good deal when
you consider the alternatives.
Anything else, any other kind of
thing, you're in the food chain.
You're in the food--
we are out of the food chain.
I don't know if we
fully appreciate the fact
That we got
out of the food chain.
That is a massive upgrade
Because for every other

living thing,
Life ends by being eaten.
That's how all life ends, is--
Every single life
except human life,
Every life ends like this.
Aah! Aah! Aah!
We're the only ones that get
to just die old in a bed,
Just "I love you. Bye."
I mean, imagine if we were
still in the food chain
On top of everything else.
Imagine if we were
in the food chain.
It would just be another thing
you gotta deal with.
You're already having a bad day.
You wake in up in the morning.
You're making breakfast.
You burn your toast,
and it's too late to try again,
And your kid comes in and says,
"beh," and you're like, "fine,"
And it's just, "why?"
You get a thing in the mail
That says that
your phone's different,
And your mortgage
is another company now.
What? I don't get it!
Then you're walking to work
like, "why do I even bother?"
"shit! Goddamn it!"
"there's always fucking cheetahs
at the train station!
Stop it!"
You think that sharks--
Do you think that sharks
would be embarrassed
If they knew that we could all
see their fins
Sticking out
the top of the water?

I think they'd be bummed
'cause I don't think sharks
are aware of that at all.
I think sharks think
they're slick.
They swim around like,
"hey, nobody has any idea
what's down here,"
And we're all up here like,
"there's totally a shark
right there."
It wouldn't be fun
being a predator, either.
If you're a predator, imagine
if every time you're hungry,
You gotta chase a guy
Who's running for his life.
You gotta-- "come on, dude!
Shit, get over here!"
And just hold him down
and bite his neck
Till he shuts the fuck up
for a minute
So you can just sit there
and eat his stomach
Before you go to work.
That would really suck.
That's why animals just--
They go, "let's do this
together, man."
"you chase the parents away.
I am gonna eat the kid,
and you circle back."
That's why they do it like that.
"fuck it. I'm eating babies.
This is bullshit."
"grownups ain't worth
the meat."
Whoops, all right.
All right.
shit.
Goddamn it.
Idiot.
This isn't a gay voice,

by the way.
It's not.
Shut up.
yeah.
I live in new york city,
and it's ok there.
I live in a nice building.
I never lived
in a nice place before.
When I was growing up,
I had no money.
I mean, my mom didn't.
Didn't matter. I was a child.
But I'm not used to it
'cause it's nice.
There's, like,
a pretty courtyard
With flowers and a fountain
with little marble boys pissing.
I don't know.
What is it with fountains?
Like, all fountain sculptors
are pedophiles, basically.
You can't get a fountain
made without--
"can you make me a fountain?"
"yes, I'll get started
right away!"
"Yes!"
Yes!
It's finished!"
And it's just little boys
pissing on the face
Of a greek god
that looks like him a lot.
"just piss on me forever!"
Anyway, there's one of those
in the courtyard of my building,
And my first week in
the building about a year ago,
I went down to the courtyard
for the first time,
And I didn't look
too good, you know?

It was a Sunday morning.
That's my
least presentable hour.
There's a lot of, you know,
just stains,
Just like, you know,
food and me and whatever...
And so I'm sitting there.
So? Shut up.
Ha ha ha!
Anyway, but so there I was.
I'm sitting on the stone bench
of this courtyard
And feeling a little
out of place.
You know, there's
these fancy doormen and stuff,
And then there's this guy
looking at me.
I notice he's looking at me
from across the courtyard,
And he's all spiffy-looking.
He's got brown shoes, and he's
looking at me like, ""
I can tell he was thinking
I don't live in the building.
He thinks I just wandered in
off the streets
And sat in the courtyard.
I can tell he's thinking
of coming over
And dealing with me on his own,
and I'm sitting there thinking,
Like, "please do that. Yes.
Please, come on, come on.
Come on, come on, come on,"
And I'm trying to look
even more gross,
And I'm, like,
pulling up my shirt, ""
And then I see him go, "no.
That's not gonna do at all,"
And he comes over to me,
"" and I'm like,

"Num num num!"
I'm so excited to have
this thing, a confrontation
Where I'm not wrong at all
and he thinks I am.
"rrgh!"
So he comes over, says,
"excuse me,
"do you live in this building?"
And I said, "no,"
'cause why not start there?
I said, "no."
He goes, "well then,
what are you doing here?"
And I said, "I just need
to rest.
I'm having a hard time."
He says,
"this is private property,"
And I said, "well, I don't
really believe in that."
You know, just the worst things
I could say
From his point of view
Is basically all the things
I was saying,
And he goes,
"well, if you don't leave,
I'm gonna talk to the doorman."
I was like, "can I just stay,
like, five more hours?"
So he's--"no,"
and he goes over to the doorman
And I see him talking about me
to the doorman like this,
And then I see the doorman
going, "no.
That guy lives here. It's ok,"
And the look on his face--
mwah mwah! Num num!--
It was just so--
It was this beautiful cocktail
of anger and confusion.
It's like I had invented a new

way to hurt somebody's feelings.
That's how excited I was.
I'm 45 now,
So I'm either halfway through
a healthy life
Or almost done
with a not-so-healthy life.
I don't know which one.
I won't know till it's over
where this was.
I don't know how long
I'm gonna live.
I don't know.
Nobody knows, I guess.
I think human life expectancy
is pretty good.
We get a good run, you know?
Some people die early, you know?
If I die now, people will be
like, "that's too bad."
If I die five years from now,
they'll be like,
"well, all right,"
like it's not even--
It's--
Like, as soon as you're 50,
you're a candidate.
You know, there's
no candlelight vigils
For 50-year-old guys that die,
And you start pushing--
You know, some people get to be
like, 80s, 90s.
You know, there are people
that get to, like, 114,
And then they're in the news,
and it's always some old guy,
"I met napoleon."
No, you didn't, you liar,
You oldest liar in the world.
But 45, you know,
you're not old yet,
But you start having moments
Where you kind of start getting

what old is,
Especially if you didn't
take care of yourself, you know?
I have moments where I'm like,
"wow, this seems early
for this."
Like, this is something
that happens to me a lot.
I'll be sitting watching tv
or doing nothing,
And all of a sudden,
I'll realize,
"I need to wipe my ass
right now."
"I mean, nothing happened,
But I really gotta
wipe my ass right now.
Right now."
Gotta make trips to the bathroom
just to wipe my ass.
How does this happen already?
I'm 45.
Already, my asshole's just like,
"Just-- "
My asshole--
My asshole's like the waistband
on old pajama bottoms,
Just kinda...
Loose and ineffectual.
My asshole's like a bag
of leaves that nobody tied up.
It's just sitting on the lawn,
full and open,
Puking leaves onto the grass
with every wisp of wind.
Some kid kicks it over
on his way home
From a tough day
at middle school.
"rats."
That's a pretty accurate
description of my asshole.
Here's another thing
about my age right now.

If I'm--
ok. Say I'm sitting down.
If I'm sitting anywhere,
which--ha ha ha!--
I love sitting so much--
I would take sitting
and doing nothing
To standing and fucking any day.
This is way better than coming.
This is way better.
This is what--
At my age, if I'm sitting down
and somebody tells me
I need to get up
and go to another room,
I need to be told
all the information why first.
You gotta explain
all that shit to me.
"what? Why do I--
no. Why, though?"
"your car is being towed
right now!"
"well, that's what happens
to me, then. That's--
I accept that."
'cause getting up
is a whole thing.
It means first,
I have to decide,
"do I really want
to be alive anymore?"
Like, let's start with that,
And then I gotta, "" start
kind of rocking to get momentum,
"" like I'm trying to get
an old honda out of a snow bank.
"shit."
The worst part of my day,
worst part of every day
Of my life, is when
I have to put on my socks.
Putting on my socks
is the worst part

Of every day,
and it always will be.
Even if I have a terrible day
in the future
Where my grandmother is murdered
by my other grandmother,
If that ever happened to me,
the worst part of that day
Will be when I put on
my socks because--
Putting on my socks,
that means I have to--
Here's what I have to do.
I have to get my hands
past my pointed toe.
I don't even know how I do it.
I'm sitting here.
I don't know how I do that.
It's 'cause you have to--
It's like folding
a bowling ball in half.
Soon as I start, I can feel--
I'm pushing all the fat up
into my vital organs,
And I just feel
all the systems failing.
"beep, beep, beep!"
And I have to, like, lay on
my back like an eight-year-old
And go like this,
and I start passing out.
And I know
other people's lives are hard.
Ha ha ha!
I know.
I saw an interview on tv
with michael j. Fox,
And he has parkinson's,
and he was describing
Brushing his teeth, and he said
It takes him two hours a day,
and he said it's agony,
And I saw this and I thought,
"ok. That's hard."

That is hard,
And so is putting on my socks.
Sorry, michael.
Doesn't make it easier to know
about your thing.
Tell you what.
I'll help you brush your teeth,
you help me with the socks.
I don't know.
I like getting older, though.
Life is an education, and
if you're older, you're smarter.
I just believe that.
If you're in an argument
with somebody
And they're older than you,
you should listen to them.
It doesn't mean they're right.
It means that
even if they're wrong,
Their wrongness is rooted in
more information than you have.
They've been there longer.
If you're older, you're smarter.
How many people here,
by applause, are 45 or older?
Ok.
That's about 60 people
out of 2,400.
Here's the interesting thing.
There's way more. I can see you.
There's so many more.
This is arizona.
There are way more people
in that demographic,
But they didn't clap.
Why? 'cause they're smart.
They're sitting in the dark
going, "I don't have to clap.
I don't have to do anything."
They're not doing it,
and they're right.
You know why?
'cause never identify yourself.

Never. Are you crazy?
You don't know why I'm asking.
How do you know what--
Ok. Burn them all.
Burn everybody over 45.
How do you know
I'm not gonna do that?
How many people here,
by applause, are 40 or younger?
That's every time.
"whoo! Whoo!" every time.
That is a weird thing
to celebrate
In a room where you're
not the only people here.
That's like going
to a cancer ward--
"not me! Whoo!
I don't have it!
I don't have it!"
If you're older, you're smarter.
A 55-year-old garbage man
is a million times smarter
Than a 28-year-old
with three ph.D.S,
Especially smarter than him,
'cause this idiot
Has been thinking about three
things for, like, 15 years.
He's worthless.
The garbage man is 55.
He's had some experience.
Things have happened to him.
He went to cape cod one summer.
He saw a dead guy
floating in the motel pool.
He took a bus to montreal.
He got a hand job at a fair...
From a miner.
I mean a miner.
Not a minor, a miner.
You understand? A miner.
A grown man who works in a mine
With dirty hands

jacked him off at a county fair.
That's what I'm saying happened
to the 55-year-old.
You see?
He's had some experience.
He knows more.
More has happened to him.
He's seen more.
He's seen history.
He's witnessed history,
Even if it's not
ancient history.
He saw nixon resign
on live television.
Me and those few people
that clapped,
We saw
the president of america cry
And then quit being
the president.
That shit was crazy
'cause none of us knew
what was gonna happen next.
Today people are like,
"the president's
kind of disappointing."
Really?
Our president wept
like an insane person
And then got on a helicopter
and flew away...
And the whole nation
just watched him go.
I like getting older, though,
because for me,
The kind of guy I am,
getting older
Makes my life better, you know,
Like, my sex life,
way better at 45,
Look, 'cause this situation
is ok at 45.
This is not a fun kind
of a 17-year-old to be.

And some people, their life
is better when they're younger.
You know, young dudes,
young, skinny dudes,
Best life in the world
is being a young, skinny dude.
They don't have to do anything.
They just show up
With a big adam's apple
and a smelly t-shirt.
"hey, I'm here for the easy
pussy for the rest of my life."
"so where do I--
everywhere? Ok. Cool."
But for guys like me,
this is not a fun youth.
It gets better.
I'd like to make one of those
"it gets better" ads
For just dumpy, young guys.
We could use a little help,
a little encouragement,
Just somebody on tv,
"listen, man.
"I know it's tough right now.
"you're vaguely heavy
with no face.
"you have zero value
on the sexual marketplace.
"you feel invisible to the girls
in school because you are,
"but it gets better
because you'll all grow up,
"and you pretty much look
just like this your whole life,
"and they don't.
"their options start running out
really fast,
"and you're gonna be there.
"as long as you stay
relatively employed and washed,
"you're gonna be amazing
in your 40s.
"you're gonna be--

"you're gonna be the branch
that she can grab
"before she hits the ground.
"it's gonna be so great.
"it just takes time
for her circumstances
"to match your looks,
but it's gonna happen.
"it's gonna happen.
"when real shit matters,
You're gonna be the sexiest
motherfucker in the world."
It's just time.
That's all it takes.
There's a formula to this.
It's pussy plus time
over income squared.
Everybody has their time.
Everybody has their time.
I mean, not everybody.
There are people out there who
there's just nobody for them.
Yep.
People like to say things like,
"there's someone for everyone."
Nope!
Not at all true,
and stop saying it
'cause it's mean to people
who never find anybody.
There are millions
of people out there
Who we've all
unanimously decided,
They are light speed ugly
And nobody kisses them
on the lips, even.
Nobody touches their genitals
their entire life.
They just wash it,
and then they die.
That's all that happens,
"aww," and if you're
feeling bad for them,

You can go find one
and fuck one tomorrow,
You can just solve the problem
right there
With all that kindness
in your heart.
"aww." well, go fuck one.
"nah." I didn't think so.
That's the one way
we're all mean.
Nobody does that.
Nobody fucks down, nobody.
People fuck up or across.
Some women fuck down
because a guy
Talked them into that it was up.
Some guy, "yeah. No. You should.
I'm totally up. Yeah."
It's a weird selection process
that we have.
Dating really is--
It's how we evolve, is dating.
It's how we
choose each other,
And dating is a real drag
for a lot of people,
But I always think
it's a nice thing.
You know, when I see a date,
I'm always happy when I see
a couple on a date
'cause it means people
are still trying, you know?
You see a couple on a date,
It means there's still
courage out there.
That takes courage, to go
on a date, for both sides,
Two very different kinds
of courage.
The male courage,
traditionally speaking,
Is that he decided to ask.
He went up to a random woman

who he has no idea
If she's gonna like him or not
And he walked up to her
terrified.
Everything in your body
is telling you,
"just go the fuck home
and jerk off.
Don't do this!"
But he walked up and said,
"hi. Yes,"
And she's like, ""
"no, no, no. A second.
Give me a second,"
And you try to get through
this membrane of, you know--
And then, if it works
And you say,
"you wanna go out sometime?"
Sometimes she'll say yes,
and if she says yes,
That's her courage,
and the courage it takes
For a woman to say yes is
beyond anything I can imagine.
A woman saying yes to a date
with a man is literally insane
And ill-advised,
and the whole species' existence
Counts on them doing it,
and I don't know how they--
How do women still go out with
guys when you consider the fact
That there is no greater threat
to women than men?
We're the number-one
threat to women.
Globally and historically,
we're the number-one cause
Of injury and mayhem to women.
We're the worst thing
that ever happens to them.
That's true.
You know what

our number-one threat is?
Heart disease.
That's the whole thing.
That's it, just our own heart
going, "dude, I can't--
"you can't keep doing this.
I told you three strokes ago
that this is not smart,"
But women still--
"yeah. I'll go out with you
alone at night."
What are you, nuts?
"I'll get in your car with you
with my little shoulders.
Hi. Where are we going?"
"to your death, statistically."
How do they still do it?
If you're a guy, try to imagine
that you could only date
A half-bear, half-lion,
And you're like,
"I hope this one's nice.
I hope he doesn't do
what he's going to do."
I always--
I love when I see a date.
You know, when you see a date,
you can tell it's the first date
'cause of the way they're
walking together
And she's looking up at his face
trying to figure him out,
And he's just a mess.
A guy on a first date
just has no actual personality.
He's just a mishmash
Of different kinds of dudes
for a couple of seconds each,
Just anything, no cohesive--
Just like a ransom note
cut out of a lot of magazines,
Just, you know, "well...
"ha ha!
"well, yes. I think so, too.

Ha ha! Rrgh..."
Whatever, just like
a blind dick in space
Just thrusting
in infinite directions
Hoping to find pay dirt
at someplace,
And then sometimes
you see a date
That's later down the line
and something has happened.
There's something
that happens in a date
That I never get to witness
'cause women do this.
They get to do it inside.
They get to just decide quietly,
"I'm gonna let him fuck me."
They just get to decide.
Something he says,
and she's like,
"that was good."
He's gonna fuck me later,"
And he has no idea.
He's still, like,
trying all this shit.
He still has no idea
he's already in there.
Guys are--
We love women a lot--
all men do--
And we just look at you.
That's what I do.
I just look at women.
I just--"
Like they're, you know,
cakes in windows.
I just--"
I was walking in new york once,
And there's these two very cute
women walking behind me,
And I was trying to walk slowly
so I could hear
What they were saying

to each other, you know,
'cause they were cute,
so I wanted to hear them,
Like that's gonna help me
in any way, to hear their--
"don't you wish the guy
walking in front of us
Would squeeze our tits
for, like, one second?"
Ok.
Here.
Here I go. Thank you.
It's really a flaw in men
that we would all do that.
If you're a woman, you could ask
any guy on planet earth,
"could you squeeze my tit
for one second?"
And 100% of us will go,
"yes, of course."
That doesn't matter.
I could be doing
open heart surgery.
"yeah. Ok."
Beep! "don't worry.
He's not your tits.
Don't worry about it."
I don't know why
we love tits so much.
Some people say it's because
we breastfeed, but so do women,
Or, you know, baby women.
Not grown-up women,
don't usually--
You don't see, like,
a 68-year-old woman,
Like, a stately look--
You know, like sigourney weaver,
Like, sucking milk
out of a young woman's tit.
"thank you, deborah.
I'll see you tomorrow at 2:00."
It's not usually the thing,
Is the elderly breastfeeding

from the young,
Except for at the end
of "the grapes of wrath,"
Which I don't mean
to ruin that book for you,
But you should have read it
by now.
I don't know if you read
"the grapes of wrath,"
But that's how it ends,
with an old, dying man
Sucking milk
out of a young girl's tits,
And then the book is over,
and you're like,
"jesus! What happened
at the end there?
That's crazy."
There's no other book
in that genre.
There's no dense,
historic classic
That ends with a weird,
porny paragraph at the very--
"and then anna karenina
shat on his chest."
"holy moly with that!"
"the end."
"my god!"
"that is a violent shift in tone
at the end of that book.
I've been reading this book
for three months."
But we do, we love tits,
And you always know a tit.
You always know a tit.
You know, like you ever been
in a crowded place--
Like a subway or like,
you know, a sports stadium--
And you're smooshed in
with other people
And your elbow touches a tit
behind you, you're like,

"that's a tit.
I just touched it.
I know that was a tit.
I know it!"
Because the sensitivity
of the male elbow
To tit flesh specifically
is unbelievable, just to tits,
'cause you could drive a tack
in there, I'm not gonna feel it,
But a tit--
Through a shirt and a sweater
and a jacket
And her jacket, sweater,
shirt and bra, somehow...
"it's a tit! I touched a tit!
"I touched a tit!
I touched one tit. One tit."
That's rare, to touch one tit.
It's like a four-leaf clover.
Usually, you touch two.
The only time you touch one tit
is when it was an accident
Or you didn't have permission,
But otherwise...
When tit access is granted,
It's usually good
for two tits at a time.
It's, once you're on one--
You really have to screw up
really badly and quickly
To lose tit access
between tits one and two.
You must have said something
really dumb on the first tit
That you didn't get
the second one.
"yeah, it's like your mom's
dirty whore tit."
"why? What? I said I liked it.
"that's what I meant,
is that I like it.
"I like your mom's
dirty whore tit,

And I like yours,"
And if it's up to the guy,
we're gonna touch both tits.
No guy touches a tit
and then goes, "you know what?
"I'm good with the one.
That's fine for me.
Everything in moderation."
We're gonna touch both,
Even if something terrible
happens in the middle of--
"yeah--"
"there's a bomb!"
"shit! Come on, let's get--"
"come on!"
Let's get your tits
out of here!"
I've seen a few tits.
I've seen--I don't know--
I don't know.
I had my history
in my life, you know?
I've been divorced
for five years,
And it's been the best part
of my life, being divorced,
Easily my favorite part
of my life.
I love being divorced.
Every year has been
better than the last.
That is the only time
I can say that about,
And by the way, I'm not saying
don't get married.
If you meet somebody,
fall in love and get married,
And then get divorced
because that's the best part.
It's the best part.
Marriage is just like a larva
stage for true happiness,
Which is divorce,
Because you just let go

and everything's fine now.
Divorce is forever.
It really actually is.
Marriage is for how long
you can hack it,
But divorce just gets stronger
like a piece of oak.
Nobody ever says, "
my divorce is falling apart.
It's over. I can't take it."
And again, if you're
in a good marriage, stay in it.
If you're in the best marriage
ever, stay in it.
I'm just saying, if you got out,
it would be better.
That's just a fact. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, but it's true.
Everything's better.
My ex-wife and I,
This is the best part
of our knowing each other.
We're good co-parents because
we live apart and we're friends.
Our kids go to her
half the week,
They come to me half the week,
and I'm a good father.
I'm an attentive, focused,
and responsible father.
Do you know why?
'cause I get to say good-bye
to these kids every week.
Are you shitting me?
It's like every parent's
fantasy.
Who can't be a good father
for half of every week?
No matter how bad it gets,
every Wednesday,
I get to go, "good-bye, girls."
"daddy's gonna go upstairs
and pour whiskey
All over his naked body

right now."
"I'm gonna lay in my own filth
Until two seconds
before you come back here."
That's why I'm such a good dad.
My daughter was having
a dance thing at her school.
They had this big dance.
Anyway, we all went,
all the parents,
And everybody's there,
and everybody's got their phone,
Every single parent.
It was an amazing thing to watch
'cause kids are dancing
And every parent
is standing there like this.
Every single person
was blocking their vision
Of their actual child
with their phone, and the kids--
I went over by the stage
and the kids--
There's people holding ipads
in front of their faces.
It looked like we're all in
the witness protection program.
Like, the kids can't see
their parents,
And everybody's watching
a shitty movie
Of something
that's happening ten feet--
Like, look at your fucking kid.
The resolution on the kid is
unbelievable if you just look.
It's totally hd.
Why are you taping this?
You're never gonna watch it.
In a million years,
you're not gonna watch videos
Of your kids doing shit
you missed
The first time it happened.

You don't watch it.
You just put it on facebook.
"here, you watch it.
I wanna take a nap now."
And then you get to read
all the comments.
"my god!
"it's so cute!
Ngaah!"
And guess what?
They're not watching it, either.
They're not watching the video.
These kids are dancing
for no one.
Nobody watches the videos
on your facebook.
They see the first frame
of a kid and they go,
"that's very nice.
Ok. Back to this."
Nobody's watching your kids'
videos on facebook,
I promise you.
I'll prove it to you.
Next time you tape
your kid's dance,
Tape one second of it
and then add
of just your own asshole.
Just go in the bathroom
and just record your own anus
Opening and closing
for 20 minutes.
Tack it onto your kid dancing
for a second.
Put that on facebook.
Everybody will write
the same thing.
"that's adorable!
I think I see a future star!"
Don't tape shit on your--
Life is short.
Life is very short.
I like life. I like it.

I feel like even if it ends up
being short,
I got lucky to have it 'cause
life is an amazing gift
When you think about what
you get with a basic life,
Not even a particularly
lucky life or a healthy life.
If you have a life,
that's an ama--
Here's your boilerplate deal
with life.
This is basic cable,
what you get when you get life.
You get to be on earth.
First of all--my god--
what a location.
This is earth, and for trillions
of miles in every direction,
It fucking sucks so bad.
It's so shitty that your eyes
bolt out of your head
'cause it sucks so bad.
You get to be on earth
and look at shit,
As long as you're not blind
or whatever it is.
You get to be here.
You get to eat food.
You get to put bacon
in your mouth.
I mean, when you have bacon
in your mouth,
It doesn't matter
who's president or anything,
You just--""
Every time I'm eating bacon,
I think,
"I could die right now,"
and I mean it!
That's how good life is.
You get to--
you get to fuck.
That's free if you're smart.

That comes with.
That's part of the deal.
Where else are you gonna get
that deal?
You get to put your dick
in there and go in and out,
Pretty good,
And if you're a woman,
you get to just lay back
And just have a dick
Just shoving
in and out of you awkwardly
Anytime you want,
anytime you want.
If you're a gay man, you get to
just fill your boyfriend's ass
With your dick, just fill it
all the way to the balls,
And it's nice and warm
and tight in there,
And he's your buddy.
If you're a lesbian,
You get to do all the stuff
they're doing, and...
It's a great deal.
You get to eat. You get to fuck.
You get to read
"to kill a mockingbird."
It's a great life.
So, you know, I'm not worried
about it ending.
It's pretty good,
and I've wasted a lot of time
Just being angry at people
I don't know.
You know, it's amazing how nasty
we can get as people,
Depending on the situation.
Like, most people are ok
as long as they're ok,
But if you put people in certain
contexts, they just change.
Like, when I'm in my car, I have
a different set of values.

I am the worst person I can be
when I'm behind the wheel,
Which is when I'm
at my most dangerous.
When you're driving,
That's when you need to be
the most compassionate
And responsible of any other
time in your life
'cause you are fucking driving
a weapon amongst weapons,
And yet it's the worst
people get, and I am the worst.
One time, I was driving,
and there was a guy ahead of me,
And he kind of--I don't know--
sorta drifted into my lane
For a second,
and this came out of my mouth.
I said,
"worthless piece of shit."
I mean, what an indictment.
What kind of a way is that to
feel about another human being?
"worthless piece of shit"?
That's somebody's son.
And things I've said
to other people.
I was once driving, and some guy
in a pickup truck did--
I don't remember, even--
And I yelled out my window,
I said, "hey, fuck you!"
Where outside of a car
is that even nearly ok?
If you were in an elevator
And you were, like, right next
to a person's body
And, whatever, like, he leaned
into you a little bit,
Would you ever turn
right to their face
And go, "hey, fuck you!"?
"worthless piece of shit!"

No.

Literally zero people
would ever do that,
But put a couple of pieces of
glass and some road between you,
There's nothing you would not
say to them.

"I hope you die!"

I said that to a person.

"I hope you die!"

Why? 'cause you made me
go like this
For half a second of my life.
You tested my reflexes,
and it worked out fine!
So now I hope your kids
grow up motherless!"

I mean, what am I capable of?

I'd like to think

that I'm a nice person,
But I don't know, man.

A lot of it is context.

There's a lot of things I wonder
if the world was different.

Like, if murder was legal, I
might have killed a few people.

I don't know.

I'd love to think,

"I would never do that,"

But we really need the law
against murder

For one simple reason.

The law against murder
Is the number-one thing
preventing murder.

We'd like to think it's 'cause,
Like, "I would never
do that."

No. It's 'cause it really sucks
getting caught murdering, a lot.

If murder was legal,
or just a misdemeanor--

Like you get a thing
in the mail--

"shit, they had
a camera there.
Well."
If murder was legal,
there would be so much murder.
Regular people would murder.
Murderers would murder
even more,
And then really nice,
sweet people
Would murder a few people,
But nobody would murder
no people.
You wouldn't trust somebody
who didn't murder
If murder was legal.
You wouldn't like them.
"I never killed anybody."
"ok. Nice meeting you.
Yecch, what a creep.
"I mean, not even a hooker?
Live a life.
"what's wrong with that guy?
He's like a mormon or some shit.
I hate those guys."
"I think he's nice."
"shut up, janet."
They would just--
If murder was legal,
there would be a lot of murder.
Children would behave
very differently
Because mostly parents would be
murdering their own kids,
That's mostly what would happen
if murder was legal.
You know, you'd go to a mall,
there'd be,
Like eight, different moms
in the mall just--
"I told you to stop it!
You didn't listen to me!"
Just--pbbt!
There'd be just--

You'd be stepping
over dead kids.
There'd be, like, a new problem.
"you have to clean up your kids
"when you kill them
'cause it's gross.
"it's bad for the environment.
"if you murder your child
in a public place,
"please use one of the red bags
that are in the dispensers
"every three feet of america.
"put your murdered child
in the red bag
"with a logo
of a murdered kid on it
"next to the other logo
that tells you
"not to let your alive kid play
with the plastic bag
"because they might suffocate,
In which case you could just
leave them in the bag."
That is a whole bunch
of horrible thoughts
Right in a row, right in a row.
That is a compressed area
of bad thought.
You know, you have
your bad thoughts.
Hopefully you do good things.
Everybody has a competition
in their brain
Of good thoughts
and bad thoughts.
Hopefully,
the good thoughts win.
For me, I always have both.
I have, like, the thing I
believe, the good thing--
That's the thing I believe--
and then there's this thing,
And I don't believe it,
but it is there.

It's always this thing
and then this thing.
It's become a category
in my brain
That I call, "of course...
But maybe..."
I'll give you an example, ok?
Like, of course children
who have nut allergies
Need to be protected, of course.
We have to segregate
their food from nuts,
Have their medication available
at all times,
And anybody who manufactures
or serves food
Needs to be aware of deadly
nut allergies, of course,
But maybe...
Maybe if touching a nut
kills you,
You're supposed to die.
Of course not.
Of course not. Of course not.
Jesus.
I have a nephew who has that.
I'd be devastated if something
happened to him,
But maybe...
Maybe if we all just do this
for one year,
We're done with nut allergies
forever.
No. Of course not.
Of course, if you're fighting
for your country
And you get shot or hurt,
it's a terrible tragedy,
Of course, of course...
But maybe...
Maybe if you pick up a gun
and go to another country
And you get shot,
it's not that weird.

Maybe if you get shot by the
dude you were just shooting at,
It's a tiny bit your fault.
Of course, of course slavery
Is the worst thing
that ever happened.
Listen, listen.
You all clapped for dead kids
with the nuts.
For kids dying from nuts,
you applauded,
So you're in this with me now.
Do you understand?
You don't get to cherry-pick.
Those kids did nothing to you.
Of course, of course slavery
Is the worst thing
that ever happened.
Of course it is,
every time it's happened--
Black people in america,
jews in egypt.
Every time a whole race
of people has been enslaved,
It's a terrible, horrible thing,
of course...
But maybe...
Maybe every incredible
human achievement in history
Was done with slaves.
Every single thing where you go,
"how did they build those
pyramids?"
They just threw human death
and suffering at them
Until they were finished.
How did we traverse the nation
with the railroad so quickly?
We just threw chinese people
in caves and blew 'em up
And didn't give a shit
what happened to them.
There's no end
to what you can do

When you don't give a fuck
about particular people.
You can do anything.
That's where human greatness
comes from,
Is that we're shitty people,
that we fuck others over.
Even today, how do we have
this amazing microtechnology?
Because the factory
where they're making these,
They jump off the fucking roof
'cause it's a nightmare
in there.
You really have a choice.
You can have candles and horses
And be a little kinder
to each other
Or let someone
suffer immeasurably far away
Just so you can leave
a mean comment on youtube
While you're taking a shit.
Thanks a lot, folks.
You guys were great.
Thank you very, very much.
Thank you.