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My Dead Boyfriend

By Billy Morrissette

Oh. Hi, Mary.
You okay?
Rough day, huh?
Look, if it... if it helps,
uh, you look really hot.
Who can turn the world on
with her smile
Who can take
a nothing day
And suddenly
make it all seem worthwhile
Well it's you girl
And you should know it
With each glance and every
little movement you show it
Love is all around
no need to fake it
You can have the town
why don't you take it
You're gonna make it
after all
How will you
make it on your own
This world is awfully big
Girl this time
You are all alone
But it's time
you started living
It's time you let someone
else do some giving
Love is all around
no need to fake it
You can have the town
why don't you take it
You're gonna make it
after all
You're gonna
make it af...
How'd the job search go today?
I only ask you because
I have some wonderful news.
I'm gonna be joining you
in that search myself tomorrow.
Hey, how old is

this vermicelli, Primo?
You know, you really
should've come with me
to that hot Vinyasa Yoga class
this morning,
because that scary
teacher was back.
I am convinced
that she sat in her car
for 15 minutes
prior to the class,
holding a gun in her mouth,
trying to get up the nerve
to pull the trigger.
And then I think she thought:
Fuck it,
I'll wait till after lunch.
And then she chain-smoked
three cigarettes
and came in to teach us yoga
in the most monotone,
unenthused voice
you can imagine.
I could tell she couldn't wait
for the class to be over,
"When this is over,
I'm getting
a double whiskey sour,
and then I'm gonna taste
that gun again."
Sweated over a hot microwave
for two and a half minutes.
Ah...
Ugh.
Hmm.
That's disgusting.
Primo?
So this was your husband?
No, my... I mean,
he was just a boyfriend.
Uh, can I, um-
Careful,
those things are killers.
They're probably

what killed him.
So you lived together?
No. I mean, yes.
He lived here with me and his
dog, but just for six months.
I kinda wanted him
to stick around till New Year's,
'cause that's a hard one
to be alone.
Mm-hmm. I hear that.
I mean, he caught me
on the rebound
and it never really
went anywhere.
He couldn't get it together.
I had bigger expectations,
of course,
but it never really rallied
past the first stage.
I liked him, but he was more
of a temp boyfriend.
You probably don't need
to know all this.
No, uh, a temp boyfriend?
Go on.
Well...
it's like I was between gigs.
Yeah, I've been there.
Right?
And you were at work
when the victim died?
Yeah, well,
I don't work there anymore.
I was fired today
for being "late."
Wow. You are having a bad day.
Right?
And, uh, what job was that?
I was a temp.
Mm-hmm.
Officer Parker?
Were there any
yoga-teacher shootings today?
Uh, not that I'm aware.

Shoot!
Oh, hey, Paul.
Dead Caucasian watching TV.
Thanks, Parker.
Medical examiner.
Officer Parker.
Sorry, I just want to be sure
this is the dead Caucasian
you're talking about.
You know, right here, right
in this general, uh, vicinity?
Take it easy, Paul.
No, you take it easy, Parker!
How many times
do I have to tell you,
I do not need you to tell me
where the dead body is
when we're in an apartment
the size of my bathroom!
Hey!
Officer Brady?
Yeah?
You want me to get you
a soda, anything?
No, thanks. I'm cool.
Huh. Okay.
Then get the fuck away
from the dead body!
Miss?
Miss...
McCrawley, Mary.
McCrawley, Mary.
Was the deceased sick in anyway?
Nope.
On medication?
Not that I knew of.
Do you dress him?
Not today.
His shirt's on inside out.
Mm. He was probably
trying on a new style.
He had a lot of time
on his hands.
When was the last time you had

relations with the deceased?
He wasn't deceased
the last time we had relations.
Primo, that's your name?
And that's all you do?
You write poetry?
Mm-hmm.
That's great.
So, what,
do you have last name, Primo?
Or is that like a
one-name-poet kinda thing?
Schultz?
German-Jewish.
Mm-mm.
German-German.
Mm-hmm.
Jewish-Jewish.
Sorry. My mother
would drive her car
off the George Washington Bridge
if I brought home a German.
Seriously, I'm not kidding.
But it was very nice
to meet you.
Mare! Here.
Oh, my God.
What?
Greg's here.
Who's Greg?
And he brought that little
fuckin' whore, too.
I don't remember a Greg.
Yeah, you do.
Lazy eye, big dick?
Oh, Greg.
That Greg, yeah.
Is he looking over this way?
How can you tell?
Alright, I have to go talk to him.
Zoe.
Mm. I just want to talk
to him, okay? Alright?
Oh, and kinda cute German poet

right behind me.
Come on, you need
to meet him. Come on.
Hey, Primo, honey.
Primo. Achtung.
And that's how
I met Primo Schultz.
A man who should've disappear
into the forgotten wastelands
of "Thanks for the drinks,
here's my fake phone number."
A man who drank grasshoppers,
which, if I recall
from my short stint
working at the old folks' home,
is pretty much the combination
of Crme de menthe
and half-and-half.
And a man who,
if I had had the time
and ability to meet them
all that night,
- would've come in seventeenth.
- Hey, babe.
And yet, in the course
of that first evening,
the seventeenth man's
tortured-poet routine
and his world-weary
artist shtick
somehow seemed to turn
from just plain unattractive
to an oddly interesting,
seen-it-all, done-it-all charm.
There was a distinct success
to Primo's failure.
"No doctor can calm the pain.
"Not even soothing balm
has been discovered
"to relieve
the inflamed affections
of a brusquarily
uncoupled lover."
I was positive "brusquarily"

wasn't a real word,
but by the end of the evening,
none of it mattered.
I was crashing and burning.
Primo was a man
I was essentially drawn to
because of the strange disdain
I had for him.
Freud was right.
Desire lies on the other side
of repugnance.
And then there was the kiss.
On that night alone
six months ago
in the Double Down Saloon,
Primo Schultz gave 110%
and was a great kisser.
Six months of sloth, selfishness
and channel surfing would follow
as I waited
for one more perfect kiss.
But that was it.
His finest hour
in the first few minutes.
It would never come again.
The terrific con
of a typical man
who left me
with only one great evening.
Mary! I'll take that.
Mary, come here.
Take that.
Why do they keep the wine so
far in the back of these things?
Honey, that's easy. To keep
the freeloaders like us away.
Wait a second.
What happened?
You sounded so crazy serious
on the phone.
I had
the worst date last night.
Super cute, but beyond dull.
I had to self-roofie myself

with vodka shots just so I can
fuck him. Okay, tell me.
Guess what I have in common
with 65% of New York
and 40% of America.
Oh, this was in Cosmo, right?
You're... you're unemployed.
Forty percent of America?
That would be
a Third World country.
Actually I am unemployed,
so you get half a point.
But guess again.
You're severely depressed.
That's six percent of America.
You're illiterate
and suffer voter apathy.
What, you never floss?
I don't know.
I'm single.
You dumped Primo?
Not exactly.
Primo dumped you?
Sort of.
Hey, what kind of lipstick
were you wearing
the other day at Mars Bar?
Uh, it was
Righteous Raspberry.
Wait a second. What happened?
He died.
What?! Who?
Primo. Primo Schultz.
Do you want his dog?
I'm allergic.
Excusez-moi.
Did I hear you mention
the name Primo Schultz?
Yeah.
Oh!
What a beautiful man.
How is he?
Less beautiful.
He was mon amour

nearly 20 years ago.
Twenty years?
Mm. Did you go to prom together?
We studied at Columbia,
but we met abroad
in Bologna for a semester.
Primo had a formal education?
It must be a different
Primo Schultz.
Well, he did drop out
after a year, but...
Ah, well,
that sounds like our boy.
He couldn't have been in
Columbia in the '70s because...
Yeah, he's like 39 and a half.
Primo?
I thought he was 37.
Non, c'est pas possible.
He has to be less than
a year of 45.
Ooh, Merde, I've got to run.
I've got two minutes
to get the Koons
at Mary Boone. Oh! I rhymed.
When you see Primo, tell him
his Helne forgives him,
and I just opened up
my own art gallery
on Twenty-fourth
and Eleventh Avenue,
and I would love to show
his work. Hmm? D'accord?
I never heard the word "work"
associated with Primo.
I never heard there was
an Eleventh Avenue.
I... I've walked
a thousand miles
Yeah I've walked
a thousand steps
To be embraced
by your lovin' arms
To feel the shake

of your loving bell
Every step I take
I take toward you
You take one
in the other way
"The Cumming Attractions
by Primo Schultz."
What can I do
What can I say
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Ugh. Hey! Hey,
what are you thinking?
Hello?
What the hell is this?
This is Primo's mother.
Hello, Mrs. Schultz.
I guess I must have the wrong number.
Hello?
We spoke last night.
Oh, my God.
I can't believe this.
Don't you know I love ya
Can't you see
what this is all about
Ugh.
Mrs. Schultz.
Who is this?
We spoke yesterday.
I told you about Primo.
My name is Mary.
I never heard of you.
I live with him.
Whatever.
He's going to be cremated,
and I'd like you to come by
to pick up the ashes
here in New Rochelle.
Um, already? New Rochelle?
Well, I thought it would be
nice to have them scattered
down there in that filthy city
he loved so much.
Well, wouldn't you like

to do that?

I'm going to have
the ashes on Monday,
but, uh, I have to have
some work done on my face,
so would you please come
at 11 a.m. sharp?

Uh...

On Thursday the 23rd.

Eleven a.m.,

Thursday the 23rd.

Poor Primo.

So young,

just like his poor father.

How young?

Oh, God. There.

Tomorrow we'll take

a much longer walk

to the doggy death camp.

One quick little shot

and you'll never know

what happened.

Hey, pick up the poop!

It's not my poop!

You're holding

the fucking leash.

Okay.

This band sucks.

Just...

I got it.

Joey.

You're actually walking a dog?

It turns out

if you don't walk him,

he uses your living room

as a urinal.

He's a she.

What?

Your dog, it's a she.

Oh.

Oh, we have dinner tonight.

Right.

Um, I'm just gonna

run up and change.

Ah. Really?
You got fired
from your temp job?
Excuse me, my boyfriend just died.
That doesn't strike you
as a bigger news story?
You never introduced me,
so it's not like I have
an emotional attachment.
Neither did I.
Can I get this
out of your way?
Can I get that in a body bag?
Uh, a doggy bag? Thanks.
Joey Lucas
and his credit card
appeared in my life out
of nowhere about a year ago.
Zoe and I had started a band
a few months before
when we got tired of hearing
everyone else's sucky music.
We decided to create
our own special brand of suck.
We actually weren't that bad,
although Zoe began to take it
a bit more seriously
than I had ever intended.
We're Mommy's Little Whore!
And our drummer
was a total disaster.
Thank you! Good night.
So, of course,
I had to date him.
Because he wasn't just
a bad drummer.
Hey, you looked
really hot tonight.
He was a real firestorm
of stimulating conversation.
Mary? Mary?
Little Mary McCrawley?
Uh... thanks for the
compliment. Do I know you?

I'm Joey Lucas
from Hoboken, New Jersey.
Um, I was your old neighbor.
Friend of your parents?
Uh-huh.
The last time
I had seen Joey Lucas
of Hoboken, New Jersey,
was the day he left forever.
This was a historic pattern
in Hoboken,
and Joey Lucas,
like Frank Sinatra before him,
joined a long list of Hobokians
who left and never returned.
My own father was on that list.
He left my mother and me
when I was a year old,
and he never returned.
My mother, on the other hand,
never went anywhere else.
Remember?
Oh, it doesn't matter.
Anyway... two days ago,
I see your name on a flyer,
and I think, you know,
it can't be.
I mean, what are the odds?
So... I just thought I'd come
by and see the band and you,
and, uh...
You... you were awesome.
Yeah, yeah. That's right.
I remember.
I totally saw you, dude.
I thought you were
like a manager or...
Huh.
Somethin'.
Um... Oh, listen. Wait
a minute. I had... Yes. I...
That's my card,
if you ever want to, uh,
you know, have dinner

or... catch up.
Sounds great.
I'll call you tomorrow.
I know a really nice place.
It's on First and Third.
Now? Great.
I mean, it looks nice,
but I've never been
actually in it.
Bye.
Mm-hmm. And that's where
we're going?
It's probably really expensive.
Happily, that evening
turned into a glorious
bimonthly tradition
of free food and drink,
which I'm proud to say
continues today.
So are you gonna start looking
for a new job?
I guess. Unfortunately,
I donated my pumps
as part of an art installation
before Primo died.
It's hard to explain.
You need a roommate?
Are you offering?
I just, um...
I work in this
collection agency,
so, you know,
I know a lot of people
who can't pay their bills,
and they're always looking
for a place to live.
That sounds great.
Why don't you send
one of those losers my way?
Alright, never mind.
Bad idea. Okay.
No, it's okay, thanks.
I put an ad in The Voice...
Do you want to come up?

That's right, um, you...
you write for them
sometimes, right?
Well, sometimes is strong.
I mean, they rarely call,
but that's okay,
'cause I decided
to write a novel
about a homeless,
barefoot ex-temp
living off the fat of the land.
Okay, tell me the truth.
Did you look up my name at your
collection agency? Don't lie.
No comment.
Oh, my God. I have
the worst credit, don't I?
Not the worst... technically.
Oh. Oh, my God.
No. It's really
not that bad.
Plus, uh, you...
you play the bass,
and you paint
and you write songs.
A girl like you,
you got a lot of options.
All of which pay me handsomely.
No, no, you're lucky.
I never...
I don't know,
I never had any creative talent.
I'm sure you have something.
No, I don't. I swear.
I've always been like a...
a numbers guy.
Pretty boring.
I don't think you're boring.
Oh, I gotta go.
Uh, I have an early morning.
Mwah.
See ya.
She is such a drama queen.
And she looks at me

like I'm supposed
to feel sorry for her.
That's when I said to her,
"Annie, I don't know
what you're doing.
You've got your head
up your ass.
Nobody cares
if you're a goddamn diabetic."
Ma.
Mary?
I just got home.
Who is Annie?
Oh, this little 10-year-old
who lives next door.
Where have you been? It's late.
Um, well, Primo died,
and I just had dinner
with Joey Lucas.
You're still having dinners
with Joey Lucas?
Uh, yeah.
Are you sleeping with him?
No, I have a boyfriend.
I mean, I had a boyfriend.
Anyway, no, we just have dinner.
Liar.
Why do you think I sleep
with every guy
who's even remotely nice to me?
Because you do, honey.
He's, like, 60.
Don't be ridiculous. Joey
Lucas can't even be 55 yet.
Mm.
And, frankly,
have you looked
in the mirror lately?
You're not getting any younger.
Thanks, Ma.
What?
Do you want me
to start sugar-coating
everything I say

all of a sudden?

No, because that would be really sweet and nurturing, and that would really confuse me.

Exactly.

I always liked Joey Lucas.

Please don't do anything awful to him.

Who did you say died, honey?

Spike!

Hi, girl.

How are you? Mwah.

You know him? Her?

She's a client. I walk her sometimes when Primo's busy.

When was Primo busy?

Are you working for him now?

Working for him?

Are you his new dog-walker?

Oh, God, no.

I mean, it's cool. I...

No, I can assure you

I'm not a dog-walker.

I'm not even a dog-liker.

Oh.

Here, babe.

Go on, babe.

Where is Primo?

He's dead.

What?

He died a few days ago.

Oh... no.

Primo. Man, no.

Man, yes.

Would you like his dog?

No, I can't.

I have four already.

Oh, my God.

How'd his girlfriend take it?

I'm sorry?

What was her name?

Uh, she was with him

the last time I saw him.

I think it was his girlfriend.
Why do you think that?
They were making out.
Well, that's usually a giveaway.
Josie. That's it. No,
was that it? No, that's not it.
When was this?
I'm so bad with names.
When did this...
Someone once told me
that when you're being
introduced to someone,
you listen to your own name
instead of the one
being said to you,
because we're all
just egomaniacs
and consequently bad listeners.
I don't really know
if that's true or not.
Tell me something. Are you
listening to me right now?
Uh-huh.
When was this
Primo-Josie make out session?
When did it occur?
Couple weeks ago.
Yeah. God,
I can't believe Primo's dead.
Primo, the man who...
met everyone and did everything.
That's for sure.
Nice meeting you.
Hi.
Your place sounds amazing!
I'm 23, studying to
be a model...
Hi, my name's Rhonda.
I'm calling about the ad
for a roommate.
I'm a non-smoker...
Hey, how you doin'? Saw
your ad. My name's Freddy.
I'm a lawyer,

5' 10", 155 pounds.
Eight inches uncut...
Jesus Christ.
Ah.
Quelle concidence.
I'm sorry?
This is Marius Magdalin,
a protg of Primo's.
I-I-I just brought it
out of the basement
after speaking to you.
Primo had a protg?
Did you bring him along?
Oh, God, no.
See, here's the thing.
He's dead.
Primo est Mort?
Quand?
A few days ago.
God, my high-school French
is really paying off.
Vous aimez un chat?
Oh, no, wait, that's cat.
Dog is chien.
Would you like a chien?
How did he die?
Bad heart.
How true.
Were you his lover?
He lived with me.
a doit tre
catastrophique pour toi.
Well, I wouldn't say
it was catastrophic.
What a loss.
Just thinking about him, uh,
brings me back to the time
that this town was full
of \$300 apartments
and all the galleries
were full of Primo's work.
I know he did some writing,
but I don't remember anything
about painting.

Oh, he was a gifted artist.
Some say a genius.
Genius? Where is it now?
Je Ne sais pas.
What a crazy, fascinating man.
I'm sure you've heard
the story millions of times
about when Primo finally
defecated, after seven days,
and Rauschenberg made
that bronze sculpture out of it.
Oh, to this day,
it still brings me joy.
Robert Rauschenberg, the artist?
Mm.
See, while Primo was working
at Warhol's Factory,
Andy came up with an idea,
and it was a good one.
It sold last year
at Christie's for 120,000.
Mon Dieu...
I loved that man.
And then he left me
that New Year's Eve
for that... little
17-year-old Asian trollop.
Tu devriez Lui parler.
I'm sorry, I don't understand.
You should call her.
Her name is Sue Watt.
She and Primo
were married for a while.
Married?
Mm.
Last I heard, she was making
these little films
and stripping downtown.
Keep your eyes peeled for
Asian strippers. Gotcha.
Zoe?
Frankie?
Get the fuck up here.
Oh, my God.

Zoe.
What?
I can see Asian strippers better
from the stage anyway.
Asian stripper, twelve o'clock.
Twelve o'clock.
Hi!
Hey, sweetheart.
You want a lap dance?
Uh, no, thank you.
Are you Sue Watt?
Sue Watt?! Fuck off!
Did you say Sue Watt?
She wasn't very popular.
Do you know her?
I knew her.
She hasn't stripped in years.
Not since she had the kid.
The kid?
Yeah.
"Boo-hoo,
I can't strip. I have a kid."
Please, I got three kids.
Still strippin'.
Good for you.
I know, right?
Your friend would make
a good stripper.
Yeah, or even a hooker. Do you
know how I can get a hold of her?
Sue? I... Oh, you know
who you should talk to?
Miss Vicki.
Miss Vicki?
Yeah. She and Ted have
a show over at the Lava Lamp.
It's probably still
goin' on now.
Thanks.
Oh, yeah, sure.
Hey, and if you find Sue,
can you tell her
Minnie said she was
a real cunt sandwich?

Got it.
Give me horseback rides
and you can feed me hay
I want to crank Liberace
and dance all day
Burn the spaghetti
and throw around confetti
Give me a dozen of those
Give me a case of these
Oh where are my manners
I forgot to say please
Say please
Well say please
Say please...
Oh, if I could love,
I'd love you all.
That was her number
last time I talked to her.
She's in a band,
so she may be out of town.
Beautiful Cock.
Excuse me?
Sue's band.
Oh.
So you knew Primo?
Oh, while he dated Sue,
I was a parallel lover.
Of course you were.
Wait, wait, wait.
What does that mean?
It means he cheated
on her with...
With him?
I am right here
in front of you, bitch.
Sorry.
You have to understand.
It was the early '80s,
and we were all out,
just trying to grab
the big brass cock ring.
That was Primo's expression.
I doubt it.
Sue didn't have

the kid back then.
We were all just out tryin'
to discover ourselves
through our sexuality until
that crazy AIDS came along
and scared
the bejesus out of us.
Now all anyone fears is this
ridiculous Y2K business.
Kids nowadays
are just chomping at the bit
for a little excitement,
a little tragedy,
a little something to survive.
Mm. But we were the
real survivors.
Those little fuckers.
Now look at us,
all wrapped up in latex,
both literally and emotionally,
which Teddy here enjoys,
but, mmm, what about the rest?
So is Primo the father?
You'd have to ask Sue.
She was already juggling
two men when Primo bounced back
into her life.
A chance encounter
at an AA meeting,
a little sake during dinner,
and - pfft - out pops
baby Herman.
Herman?
AA?
If Ted and I have learned
anything in all our years,
it's to not have a cocktail
within 24 hours
of your AA meeting.
But Primo was one of
the real free radicals.
He was really... mm.
An asshole.
You know what?

I can accept that.
But also an intuitive artist.
I still have some of
the videos he made with Sue.
I scored them with music
from A Chorus Line.
I think Primo
would've loved the irony.
He made films?
He mostly choreographed.
Was it a heroic death?
He was watching TV.
That's how Ted's mother died.
Hello?
Did you...
did you just call me
and hang up?
It's fucking two in the morning.
Wow. You said you
wanted to borrow money.
I do, but I thought you'd write
me a check or something.
No, this is easier.
Uh... Alright.
Thanks for the
late-night speedy service.
I promise I'll pay it
all back, I swear.
Don't worry about it.
Hello? I said
put your jacket on, Herman.
Hello? Who is it?!
Hi.
Hi. Come in.
I guess you, uh, saw my flyer.
Yeah, thanks for coming over.
Do you want to get that?
I can wait.
No, thanks.
I don't know
who the fuck you are,
but I'm gettin'
pretty fucking sick of it.
One more fucking time,

and I'm calling
the fucking police, asshole!
Thanks.
Sure.
You a writer?
Sometimes. Really? I'm a...
I'm a reader.
That's nice.
Nah. No, I'm...
uh, I mean,
I do part-time work
for Scholastic,
the publishing house.
I read manuscripts
and short-story submissions.
Really?
Do they need anybody else?
I don't think so,
but, uh... Oh!
Oh, it's too bad.
There's a... a short-story
competition going on right now.
The winner gets \$5,000
and... and tons of press.
Well, why is that too bad?
Well, the deadline's
in six days.
Wednesday, the 29th.
Well, I can make that.
I have a lot of stuff
I've been working on.
It's just a short story, right?
Yeah.
Well, um, definitely,
if you could get me in.
Or have you read
any of the other ones?
Yeah, and...
they all suck. Trust me.
Really? Hmm.
Oh, shit. Wednesday
is the 29th, today's the 23rd,
I have to be in New Rochelle
in, like, 45 minutes.

Oh, well, you should be fine.
It's the opposite commute.
Well, I don't have a car.
Well, that...
will definitely take
a little longer.
Jesus.
So this Sue Watt was a stripper
when Primo was married to her?
I'm not sure.
Howard, how do you own a car
on a part-time-reader
and dog-walker salary?
Oh, well,
it wasn't very expensive.
So the Helne woman, the French
one, he dated her... in college?
Right.
So then who's Josie?
I don't know. You're the one
that brought up Josie.
She's the make-out queen
of the dog run.
Do you sell drugs?
No.
No, I-I'm currently investing
in an online dating website
with a few friends.
It doesn't really pay yet.
You know,
it's kind of a slow process.
So, wait, when did he date
the drag queen, then?
Late '80s.
Late '80s.
You think people
are really gonna wanna
date off of the Internet?
I mean,
that sounds extra-creepy.
Oh, yeah, definitely.
And make friends on it, as well.
Ugh.
That's even more pathetic.

But that said, Howard,
I am an occasional
professional writer,
so if you ever need any help...

Mary McCrawley.

That's it. You...

I read your article
in The Voice,
the one about the state
of the music scene.

Really? That was a while ago.

I've always remembered it.

It was... hysterical.

Thanks, Howard.

Actually, it wasn't supposed
to be funny.

Oh.

Are you sure?

Do I have too much makeup on?

I wouldn't go so crazy
with the blush next time.

Oh. Thanks.

Come on in.

I'm watching my stories.

Would you give me a push?

Primo's room is straight ahead.

He's on the bed.

There in the box
are some of his poems.

Maybe you'd like
to read one of them
at, uh... at the,
uh... uh...

Ash blow?

Mm, sure.

You can take any of
the stuff that you want.

"Go ahead.

Kiss to your heart's content.

It won't make you any younger
or any more in love.

And I can laugh much longer
while thinking
how the both of you...

can't believe either hasn't
or will ever kiss another
to wilt and wither this one."
It has two titles:
"For Sue" or "Fuck You, Fuck."
I like the second one.
Um, are you Mary?
We spoke on the phone.
I came to look at the apartment.
Well, this is it.
Uh... is there an...
a bedroom?
Hey. How's the short story
coming along?
Great.
Do you need me to get you
some food or somethin'?
No, thanks.
Hey, Spike.
How are you?
These all yours?
Yeah, mostly.
I really like 'em.
Thanks.
What's this?
Uh... oh, you know,
I used to work
for this big catering company,
and they fired me
for being lazy,
so I wrote them this nasty
letter. And then they sent me
these fucking photos
as fucking evidence.
"Oh, she's lazy." Huh.
Okay. Well,
we'll be back in a jiff.
Mary, hi. It's Joey.
So I guess
we aren't doin' dinner
since I haven't heard from you.
Everything okay?
Call me?
Mare, what the fuck?

Where are you? Call me.

One

Singular sensation

Every little step

she takes

One

Thrilling combination

Every move that she makes

One smile and suddenly

nobody else will do

You know

you'll never be lonely

With you know who

One moment in her presence

And you can forget

the rest

For the girl

is second best to none

Son

Ah...

Hi.

Hi, Joey.

You okay? I been worried.

Oh, I'm sorry, I know.

I've just been really busy.

Ah. Can I come in?

Um...

I brought donuts.

It's okay,

I'm not gonna be long.

Jesus.

Wow.

Sorry.

Oh, it's kind of messy

'cause I've been working

on a short story for a contest,

and the deadline is soon.

Huh.

"Cumming Attractions,

by Primo Schultz."

This was his poetry?

One man's poetry...

"She pressed her creamy thighs

against his hard,

throbbing member."
That doesn't rhyme.
Hi.
Hi, Howard. Um... Joey,
Howard. Howard, Joey.
Hey, how are ya?
Good.
Just... Ahem.
Hey, Spike.
How are you?
Well, I gotta go. Okay.
I'll, uh...
I'll just, um...
Okay, I'll just see you later.
See ya.
So I'll have her back in a few.
Okay. Thanks, Howard.
Yeah. Come on.
Hey, this is Zoe.
Leave a message.
If you want Sue,
leave a message.
If this is Chet Mazur,
you're an asshole.
If this is the fucker that
keeps hanging up on me,
fuck you, you fucking fuck.
Anyone else,
the auditions are being held at
Context Studios, 550 Avenue A,

today from 10:

Only come if you're talented.
Didn't you play bass
for Mommy's Little Whore?
How old are you?
Twenty-one.
I saw you guys five years ago
at the Pyramid.
Wow.
Yeah, you guys were great.
Except your drummer
kinda sucked.
I know.

Why...

why'd you guys break up?

Well, he was nice,

but he was really stupid.

I meant the band.

Oh, well... we just started

it for a lark.

I mean, my best friend Zoe,

the lead singer,

I mean, she would've continued,

but, you know, for me,

it was just a lark.

You said that.

Do you have any rolling papers?

- Yeah.

- Are you fucking deaf?

I mean, there's no future.

People that I know

that end up in bands,

they all become drunken losers,

which is really where

most of them end up.

I mean, believe me,

I write about it, so I know,

and being in a band can

lead to a disastrous,

drug-induced, pathetic end.

- Really, I consider myself lucky.

- I don't give a fuck

how you wanna play it!

This is my band!

The day you start a band

and I come for tryouts,

that's when you can tell

me how to do it! Fuck off!

Oh, try the Village Vanguard!

They love jazz!

Don't waste my time, and don't

waste Beautiful Cock's time.

If you got a problem with that,

door's over there. Next!

Good luck.

Who the hell are you?

I'm Mary McCrawley.

Where's your bass?
Plannin' to fucking hum?
I actually, uh...
Here, use this.
I wanted to tell you, um...
Here.
Well, I have played bass before.
I guess I could give it a whirl.
Yeah, let's do it.
It's in E.
Do it against the drums.
Okay?
Alright.
One, two!
One, two, three, four!
Alright, alright, alright!
Look who's up.
That's Herman.
Hi.
Babe, you can...
you can go back and play, love.
Were you in Mommy's
Little Whore?
I can't believe anybody knew us.
If you joined us, you'd have
to dress a bit sexier.
Yeah? I mean, uh,
you know that.
Yeah, of course.
Alright.
Well, we'll let you know.
I mean, it is a group decision.
Ahem.
Oh, fuck this. You're in.
What?
Another fine group decision.
Aren't there
some other girls out there?
I think Sue
scared them all away.
Well, fuck them.
They're all children anyway,
10 times worse than you.
Really?

Rehearsal tomorrow at 4:00.
Right here.
Great.
Thanks.
Yeah. Oh, Christ. What the
fuck you carry in this thing?
Uh... Thanks.
Joey?
Mary. Uh, one sec.
Uh... nah.
How are ya?
What are you doin'?
I was, uh, you know, shopping.
Uh... are we on
for dinner tomorrow...
or not?
Sure.
Okay, then.
I'll see you then.
Fuck.
Shit.
Hi, this is Zoe.
How can I help you save
hundreds of dollars
on your car insurance today?
Oh, my God. That's how
you have to answer the phone?
Hi. I know. Can you
believe it? New management.
Takes everything in my power
not to say,
"Hi, this is Zoe. How would you
like to titty-fuck me today?"
And where the hell
have you been?
You've got to meet
this new guy I'm seeing.
I've been writing.
Um, I need to talk to you.
I have kind of
a serious guy problem.
Oh, Christ, get in line.
Okay, um...
Arrow Bar Happy Hour,

ladies drink for free till 7:00.
And that bitch better let me out
for happy hour. Can you make it?
I think I could be there
in, like, 30 minutes.
I should be writing.
Yeah, we got those invoices
out to you on Monday.
Zoe?
Yeah, of course. Absolutely.
Have a wonderful day.
Zoe?
Hmm.
Hey.
Hi! Howard, hi!
Oh, hi.
Hi, Howard!
How'd you know I was here?
You, uh, you called me
from the payphone.
I did?
I should not smoke pot.
Pedro Almodovar.
Why did I call?
Uh, you didn't say.
I- I just thought
you were concerned about Spike.
That is impossible.
I'm just havin' a drink
with my Primo.
Pedro Almodovar.
Why do you keep saying that?
What?
Pedro Almodovar.
Hmm. He's a
film director.
Hmm?
I know.
It's a drunk test I do.
As long as I can say Pedro
Almodovar, then I'm not drunk.
I'm not drunk.
Look, where is Zoe? I've been
waiting for her for hours.

Zoe?

My dearest,

dearest friend, Howard.

But she's not gonna be

my dearest,

dearest friend anymore,

because I'm in a band.

She's not gonna like it.

What do you listen to, Howard?

Listen to?

Oh, you mean for music.

Um, well,

right now I'm listening

to "Try Me One Time"

by Delores Johnson.

"Try Me One Time."

By Delores Johnson, yeah.

So that's it?

Just the one song?

As far as music goes, yeah,

pretty much right now, yeah.

Nurse!

Oh, you know what?

How... how about I, uh,

how about I take you home?

I- I don't think

your friend's comin'.

You wouldn't cheat on me,

would you, Howard?

No, I wouldn't.

'Cause you're an honest man.

You're the most honest man

I've ever met.

But you're young

and it's all gonna change,

and soon you'll just be another

leaving, cheating, lying,

porno-writing,

painting, dying man.

But for now...

you're good people.

Thank you.

You know, I had a question

for Zoe about breaking up,

'cause she's a professional
breaker-upper,
but she doesn't seem to be
here, so can you help me?
Um, sure. Yeah, I-I didn't
know you were seeing anyone.
Was it that guy I met
at your apartment, Joey?
Bingo.
Oh.
Did... did Primo know?
I wasn't cheating on Primo.
Primo was cheating on me
with Josie.
So you've only been seeing
this guy since Primo died?
Well, technically,
we're not seeing each other,
because I've always been
dating someone
since we've been together,
but I don't know,
it's just an awkward
break-up because...
Pedro Almodovar.
It's awkward, Howard, because
I've flirted with him so much.
I mean,
he's not officially my type,
but I don't know,
I'm an asshole.
I always knew he wasn't my type.
Well, are you sure?
I am sure,
'cause this is my type.
Well, I mean, then I would think
that if you aren't
seeing each other,
then it would be easier
to, you know...
break up with him.
You would think that.
But I think he really likes me.
I mean, I know he likes me.

I know the look.
The look?
The look. You know,
it's like these eyes,
like, little sweet eyes,
and this crooked smile,
like he wants to just
hug me or something.
You know, the look?
Anyway, he's just
a really, really nice guy,
and free dinners
are just fantastic.
Aren't free dinners
just fantastic?
Uh, Pedro Almodovar.
Thanks.
Do you think I flirt too much?
No, I don't.
Thank you.
I have to go
to the ladies' room.
Okay.
Hey.
Hey, Zoe.
Zoe, Howard.
Howard, Zoe.
Howard is the most
honest man in town.
Hi.
You missed the free drinks.
I know.
Mamie Eisenhower
wouldn't let me leave.
Well, let's go somewhere else.
Come on, Howard.
No, actually, I'm gonna...
I'm gonna get goin'.
But if you want to pick up
Spike, here's my address.
Nice meeting you.
Same to you.
You scared away my dog-walker.
Oh, who cares? Come on.

I need a drink. Jeff said
he'd meet us at the Double Down.
Hi!
Hey-hey-hey.
This is Mary.
Hi.
Cute top.
Thanks. Right back at ya.
Zozo's told me so much
about you.
Did she tell you
we had an opening at the store?
Yeah, that's great.
Can we have some girl talk
for just a second?
Sure.
Alright, one second.
What's up?
Your new guy Jeff is wearing
a Kopy Kopy Kopy shirt.
Yeah, I know. He just got
off work. He's a manager.
Well, am I to assume that
the job opening he's speaking of
is in a Kopy Kopy Kopy store?
Because have you ever been
in a Kopy Kopy Kopy store?
They're like Nazis in there,
and the workers
have to get the copies out
in two minutes flat,
or else they're like
tortured in the back room,
and their fingers are
all covered with paper cuts.
And I'm not fucking kidding you,
some of them have gone missing.
You're not exactly
loaded with options, Mare.
Well, I am loaded with
the option
never to work
at a Kopy Kopy Kopy store.
And he's gay.

Ugh.

I knew you'd say that. I know
that you think everybody's gay.

No, I don't.

I think your new boyfriend,
who wants me to work
at Kopy Kopy Kopy, is gay.

Mary.

Mary?

Mary.

Mary?

Oh, God.

Oh my God.

Hi. Uh, the door was open.

Sorry, I-I, uh, didn't know
if you were, um...

It's okay. It's okay.

Um, what time is it?

Uh, it's, um,

quarter after 3:

Mm. I guess I was
catching up on some sleep.

Well, I was worried
because you didn't, uh...
you didn't pick up Spike
and, uh...

I didn't know if you got home
okay last night. You know?

Thanks.

Do you want a Pop Tart?

Uh...

do you have any ice cream?

Chocolate-chip.

What kind of Pop Tart?

Frosted cinnamon.

Wow, perfect.

Yes, I would. Thank you.

I've got a story
and I could tell

It's in pieces

for right now

But it'll come again soon

If you only knew

all the facts
Only knew all the facts
I've been in love with you
for quite some time
Stands still for me each
and every day after day...
You almost done
with the short story?
Shit. What time
did you say it was?
Uh, well,
it's a little after 3:15 now.
Shit. Um, I'll be back later
to pick up Spike, I promise.
Oh, alright. That's fine.
Do you...?
Um... the bedroom's
back to the left.
There's only one bathroom.
Call me if you're interested.
Ice cream?
Where's Sue?
Oh, hey. She's not here.
Do you wanna get a drink?
Absolutely.
Well, what if Sue comes back?
We'll leave her a note.
I've been screwing the bartender
at that place across the street,
so drinks should be a bargain.
So how long was Sue
married to that guy?
What's his name again?
Primo.
Mm.
Primo, right.
Sue never married him.
Oh, I just assumed that...
Norma did.
Somebody had to.
Why? What do you mean?
He just needed
a lot of attention.
You know the type.

I don't understand.
Why did you marry him?
That was Sue's bright idea.
I had a job at the time
that had health insurance,
and she thought it would be
a good idea for him to marry me,
and then he could have
my insurance
and then... go to rehab.
Until they started fucking.
There's Sue.
She doesn't know anything.
Ix-nay on the imo-Pre.
No oblem-pre.
Just got fucking evicted.
Can you believe it?
I got a fucking kid.
You're kidding.
Why?
Well, I didn't pay the rent.
Oh, how unreasonable.
Did you rehearse?
Yes, we did, Sue.
And you were sorely missed.
Mary here is quite impressive.
Didn't you wear that yesterday?
So you're in this girl's band?
Yeah, you've seen me
in a band before.
It's not that strange.
But it's the ex-wife's...
of your dead boyfriend's band.
Can we change
the subject? Waiter?
How long was Primo
married to this woman?
He wasn't.
He just had her kid.
He married her friend instead.
She's in the band, too.
Jeez.
You know, you asked me
how I'm doing,

and then you get all judgy.
I-I'm not...
Can we get another one of these?
I'm not... I'm not judging you.
Are you okay?
Why doesn't everyone keep
asking me that? I am terrific.
It turns out
that my ex-dead boyfriend
was the most exciting man
that I have ever met.
Of course, while he was with me,
he was pretending to be a
total loser, which is of course
why I was attracted to him
in the first place,
which,
now that I think about it,
just adds
to his fucking brilliance.
Fucking falling in love
with him.
But he's dead, Mary.
You just never understood him.
Look, of course
I don't understand him.
I never even met him.
Joey, Primo. Primo, Joey.
Are you happy now?
You-you keep his urn
in your purse?
Judge, judge, judge.
I just don't understand.
I mean, did I...
did I do something wrong?
And why are you
drinking so much?
Judgy, judgy, judgy.
Stop saying that. Judgy, judgy, judgy.
Stop it. I...
Look, I'm just...
Primo, I love you.
Oh, don't.
Uh, that's... not... clean.

Look, I'm worried about you.
I love ya. I can't help it.
I know. I'm sorry.
I have to go.
Where? Come on, Mare,
don't do that...
Hey, lady.
You're gonna have to dump that.
No open containers.
The other one, too.
This is my boyfriend.
Although I do think
he would be flattered
that an officer of the law
mistook him
for a decanter of Jim Beam,
'cause he was an alcoholic.
"Courtesy, Professionalism,
Respect."
That's all I ever wanted
from a man.
Mary?
Hola.
Hey.
Hi.
Sorry.
No, no, it's okay.
Excuse me. What's going on?
Oh, dear. Where are
you from, New Jersey?
Well, actually...
Tomorrow's Wigstock,
a celebration
of our beautiful righteousness.
Oh, is it Wigstock already?
I totally forgot.
Oh, Lord.
Can I get a hit of that?
It's my boyfriend!
Alright!
No need to bite my head off.
Go ahead and drink him up.
Goodbye, Primo.
We had some good times.

I counted them, actually. Three.
Goodbye, Primo.
We had three good times.
Primo?
Primo Schultz?!
I guess it's more dramatic
if the wind's blowing.
Oh, my God.
Zoe?
He's cheating on me.
Who?
Jeff!
With a girl?
Was it one of the workers?
I had such a bad feeling.
I knew it.
It was going so well,
and then I had to give him
the... 1-2-3.
The 1-2-3?
Yeah, the 1-2-3.
He was asleep in my bed and
it was so... perfect, I swear.
Then I had this little feeling
that I just...
I had to do this
one little check,
so... I dialed his number...
and when the machine came on,
I hit 1-2-3, right?
'Cause almost everyone I know
never changes the code
from the original
when you buy the fuckin' thing,
because who else is gonna check
your messages but you?
And you.
And me.
But, I swear,
it's just a quick check.
Just a quick check.
Just to make sure
that his friends
aren't discussing me

as a conquest,
or his mother
isn't calling too much,
and then... it was Debbie.
Three loving calls
from that Kopy slut. And...
I wish I'd just left it alone,
because ignorance is such bliss.
You said it, sister.
Oh, my life sucks.
No, it doesn't.
Yeah, it does.
I miss Mommy's Little Whore.
No, you don't.
Yeah, I do.
You never cared about it.
Zoe...
I'm sorry, Mary.
I'm so sorry.
Zoe...
Zoe.
Zoe?
Hello?
Hello?
Mrs. Schultz?
Have you scattered my Primo yet?
Uh... well...
Good. Those fuckers
gave us the wrong ashes.
You've got
some dentist from Queens.
His son was here.
He's got Primo,
and he's gonna stop by
at your place this morning
to get his father.
What? When?
This morning. Are you deaf?
Well, does it really matter?
I mean, they're just ashes.
I said the same thing,
but, you know, this guy...
Uh, can you hold on a minute?
What the hell is that?

Um... Hello.
Hello, this is Carl Bernstein.
I believe you have my father?
Um... does it really matter?
I mean, they're just ashes.
I don't think so, asshole!
Excuse me?
I'm on the FDR. I should
be there in about 20 minutes.
Yeah? Yeah,
you want some of this?!
Mary?
Oh, hey, Howard.
Hi.
Why are you vacuuming the dog run?
I'm not.
It's a dentist from Queens.
I thought it was Primo,
but it's not.
It's somebody's father,
whose son just called me
from the FDR,
and he sounds like
a fast driver, so I better go.
Hello.
Hello.
I just went out
for a pack of cigarettes
and I thought I'd bring
your father along.
Was he a smoker?
Here.
So good to have my Primo.
Whoops.
Goodbye.
Drive carefully.
Oh, God.
Mary, it's Joey.
Give me a call.
Do you wanna
get a cup of coffee?
Yeah?
Oh, shit.
Do they really believe

that the whole body is in there?
I mean, the amount of ashes
in here, it seems like it's...
at most a burnt head.
Mary? Ma-Mary?
Oh...
Primo's little porno manuscript
is a book!
He's fucking published!
Hey, hey! Hey, ma'am.
What do you think you're doin'?
Ma'am?! What do I think
I'm doing?! This is trash.
Perhaps you've heard
of the First Amendment?
This is not
a First Amendment issue.
This is a bad-writing issue!
He was not that talented.
Otherwise,
I never would've dated him!
Oh... I think you guys
need to leave!
Pay for the ripped book in cash
and leave, please!
The books you have here
are very bad!
Uh. sorry. Yeah. Yeah,
I would imagine!
Are you gonna pay for that?
I'll, uh...
That's 6.99.
We don't take credit cards.
Uh...
I'm, uh...
It's seven.
And you knocked over my signs.
Norma, can you tell Sue that I
can't make it to rehearsal ever?
Yes, ever.
And if you want to know why,
meet me at the Tomkins Square
Dog Park at noon.
Nice to talk to you, too.

Bonsoir to you, too.
Hey, this is Zoe.
Leave a message.
Zoe, if you get this
before noon,
it's time to send
our beloved Primo
into the winds
of Tomkins Square Park.
Mary, it's your mother.
I had the strangest
conversation yesterday.
Oh, Christ, I dropped
the phone. Anyway, I was
at the Greenwoods Mall,
which is much nicer these days,
with the open-air thing
that they're doing now,
and they just put in
a Supercuts.
So I ran into Louise Marcetti.
You, of course,
would have no idea who that is,
because Marcetti
is her new husband's name.
By the way, I thought it was
so nice to hear
that a woman is still taking
her man's name,
not like you kids nowadays,
having to prove your
independence left and right,
which is...
it's just exhausting, Mary.
It actually wasn't
such a surprise
when I found out
she was remarried in 1979,
when women
still their heads on straight.
The thing is her name
before Marcetti was Lucas.
Louise Lucas,
Joey Lucas's wife, Mary.

Now, she looked wonderful
and she seemed
to have all her faculties,
so imagine my surprise
when she tells me her Joey -
Joey Lucas, that is -
was killed
in a car accident in 1978.
You remember that ice storm
in January that year.
The poor thing went
into the median
on the Jersey Turnpike.
He was decapitated.
Now, I'm assuming the man
you've been having dinner with
for almost a year
does have a head, so it's
either a different Joey Lucas,
or a homicidal maniac, dear.
Okay, call me.
Mary, it's Joey.
Please give me a call.
Hey, it's me. Leave a message.
Hey, it's me.
Leave a message.
You have two more
messages.
Hi, Nick. It's Janie.
Call me. Kiss-kiss.
Hey, McCrawley,
it's Jimmy. Call me!
I'm up to my ears in paperwork
and I wanna talk to you
about this claim.
I'm here all day, so call me, Nick.
Hey, it's me. Leave a message.
Hi, Joey.
Uh, I mean Nick.
I mean... Dad?
It's your daughter... Mary.
Okay, everybody,
welcome to Wigstock 1999!
Put your hands together for

the lovely Schuyler Versailles.
Come on, girl,
let 'em have it! Whoo!
One of her nuts just popped out,
but that was a hot move.
Oh, there she is.
Hey, Mary! Hey.
What the hell's goin' on?
My dad's in town.
Christ, Norma.
Did you give her something?
Fuck you, Sue. I haven't
done drugs in weeks.
I wanna reintroduce you
before I...
Mary, I'm so sorry.
Oh, my God. Is that Primo?
Primo? Where?
Who the fuck are you?
Listen, you gotta believe me.
It just happened,
I swear to God.
He would flirt with me
and he'd call me
when you were at work,
and... and it was
that fucking Primo.
He just gave me all this attention
and I couldn't get away from him.
But it was just sex.
I swear to God, it was only sex.
And then... we started
going on walks together and...
I didn't know what I was doing,
Mary. He was such a shit,
and I started to like him.
Then I met that fucker Howard
at the dog park
one day with Primo,
and I knew he'd tell you
about me, and I'm so sorry.
So you're Josie?
I thought her name was Zoe.
Howard couldn't

remember your name.
Wh-what the fuck's
goin' on here, huh?
Howard didn't tell you about me?
No.
So this morning
outside of your apartment,
he didn't...
Oh, shit.
You were fucking Primo
while I was living with him?!
Wait, wh-what is this? Hello?
Looks like I'm the only one here
who hasn't gotten me some Primo.
Marilyn.
Whoops. Sorry.
Wait, when the hell was this?
It's just a couple times...
at the beginning.
Are you fucking kidding me?
You told me to marry him!
I didn't tell you to fuck him!
He came on to me.
Ask her.
She knows what it's like.
Shit, I thought
he married an Asian stripper.
What did you fucking say?
Who are these people?
Mary's in our band.
You're in a band?
Oh, my...
God, you're in a band?!
Wait, did...
did you date Primo?
Yes.
Yeah.
And you're the Asian stripper.
There you are.
Say that one more fucking time,
I'ma fucking...
Did I miss the ash blow?
This Sue Watt.
- Sue Watt?

- And you're in her band.
Who is this?
Sue... Watt.
Who the fuck is this woman?
It has been quite a while,
but I have been meaning to say
something to you, Sue Twat!
Oh, shit.
What the fuck is going on here?!
Primo tait le mien.
Fuck!
And, uh, tu l'as vraiment vol!
He was mine and you took him.
You took him for you,
took him like, uh, you take a...
Like you take a dump.
Oui.
Is this Primo?
You do not touch him!
Today, Primo belongs
to no one... but the earth...
and the sky and the wind.
This is such a lovely tribute.
So many beautiful
dancing trannies
and colorful wigs and balloons.
So did everybody here
sleep with Primo?
Huh. My goodness.
Wait, Mary.
What about the ash blow?
Allo?
Mary, please.
Mary, please,
there's one more thing
I have to tell you.
I killed Primo!
It was... it was the last time
I was with him.
Primo!
Oh, yeah, that's it.
Oh, great.
It's coming!
Oh!!

Ah...
And he just stopped.
I didn't know what to do.
Primo.
Ooh, shit.
I thought
he would look more real
if it was in front of the TV,
but nothing looked real,
so then I figured
if I added some music to that,
it would look like some crazy,
over-stimulated heart attack.
I never killed anyone before.
I'm so sorry.
I wanted to tell you.
You know, I forgot about you.
I know you did.
No, I didn't forget about you
in my life. I never knew you
to forget about you.
I forgot about you today.
I forgot the man I've been
having dinner with for a year...
Mary.
Who I was about
to break up with...
Mary.
Is actually my father.
I was just... I was...
I forgot. That's the day
I've been having.
You have to listen to me.
I don't want to.
I wasn't ready.
I was... not ready,
for your mother or... you.
I was 18 when she got pregnant
and I-I guess I was just...
Gutless?
Well, I was gonna say
very young, but...
Hey.
Uh...

do you wanna come in?
Why didn't you tell me?
You have really nice taste.
Thank you.
Why didn't you tell me
about Zoe?
I didn't know.
Not until after I saw her
with you last night,
and then...
after that, I just...
I didn't wanna be
the guy that...
told you that your best friend
slept with your boyfriend.
It just d-didn't seem
like a great way to start.
Howard?
Yeah?
I'm having
a really fucked-up day.
Oh, okay. Um...
do you not want me to...
Mm...
Try
Just try me one time
Mm...
If your love
should leave you
And you're all alone
Don't worry, don't worry
Just pick up the phone
I promise that
I'll be there
Whenever you wish
to call...
For any of you
who wanna try this at home,
let this be a warning.
If your father leaves you
when you're a year old,
and then comes back as an
imposter for almost a year,
and you just happen

to have the remains
of your cheating
boyfriend available
to crack your newfound
parent's skull,
although you would think there's
a mountain of just cause,
they nevertheless will still
arrest you for assault.

The good news is,
hookers not only dish out
surprisingly helpful
relationship advice,
but they also reward you
with a standing ovation
if you're bailed out
by a cute male friend.

The bad news is, you may become
one of those freaky
New York celebrities.

I will hold you
so close to me
I'll love you so tenderly
Just try,
please try me one time

Hi.

Hi.

Here's my short story.

It's about Primo.

Oh, great!

Two hundred pages.

Yes, it is.

Uh, you wanna come inside?

I have to go. Maybe later.

Okay.

It's remarkable
how an incredibly
brilliant, sexy, alive man
could be standing in front
of you for so long
and you just don't know it.
And even more remarkable
is how particularly unflirtable
a person can all

of a sudden appear
when they turn out
to be your father.
Joey Lucas had a bigger nose.
I know.
Mom threw away
all the pictures of you.
I always sent you money.
Did your mother tell you that?
Can you blame her?
No.
Are you gonna press charges?
Ow.
Maybe.
When my mother got wind
of all the events of that day,
and who Joey Lucas
turned out to be,
"How did he look?"
I told her that,
like the rest of us,
he looked a lot better
before Primo got a hold of him.
Nevertheless,
I insisted that the father
formerly known as Joey Lucas
up the ante
to even nicer restaurants
at least once a week.
Howard and I, along
with the rest of the world,
heroically survived Y2K.
And now, together,
we are ready to face
a simpler, new millennium...
despite the fact
that I've begun to smell
like a Golden Retriever.
Sadly, I didn't end up winning
the Scholastic writing contest,
and, more importantly,
the five grand.
But I did finally
figure out a way

to get Howard to move on
to a new song.
And my newfound
New York Post celebrity status
landed me a variety
of writing jobs.
Eventually my Primo story
ended up in the New York Times.
And after much debate
and about 300 voicemails
from the apartment-searching
creeps
who obviously love
a good tabloid story,
I finally acquired
a new roommate.
Actually, two.
Sue had read about me
in the Post
and called immediately
with the sentence:
No wonder
you're so fucked up.
Mmm.
Hello, hello. Alright, mwah.
See you in a bit.
How we doin', guy?
Good.
Good.
You two gonna be okay?
What, we gonna be okay?
Yes.
Yes, we're gonna be just fine.
We are Beautiful Cock!
You're the one
most likely to succeed
Just be sure
to keep your head
'Cause girl you know
that's all you need
Everyone around you
adores you
Don't give up the world
is waitin' for you

Love is all around,
no need to waste it
You can have the town,
why don't you take it
You're gonna
make it after all
You're gonna
make it after all
And as for Primo,
it took us exactly 4 months,
12 days and about 500 beers,
but we knew
it was bound to happen.
Like the 20th century
now officially behind us,
things just
couldn't last forever.
And on one fateful night,
following hours and hours
of senseless conversation,
Primo's name...
just never came up.
You can have the town,
why don't you take it
You're gonna
make it after all
You're gonna
make it after all
You're gonna
make it after all
I... I've got a story
I'd like to tell
It's in pieces
for right now
But it'll come
together soon
If you want a new one faxed
I've been in love with you
for quite some time
Stands still for me
each and every day after day
I'm constantly amazed,
I'm amazed
That I get to be with you

Oh I get to be
with you all alone
I... I've got a story
I'd like to tell
It's in pieces
for right now
But it'll come
together soon
If you want a new one faxed
If you want
a new one faxed
Yeah a new one faxed
Oh a new one faxed
Ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh
I feel so lonely
standing here
No one to root for
and plum out of cheers
The bleachers are empty,
nobody here to tempt me
What I could use right now
is a good massage
Or a piggyback ride
or a nice hot bath
There's no cure for extinction
no one to pay attention
No gossip no invention
Oh. Oh.
Oh, but you're here for me,
aren't you, boys?
Ha!
Hey.
I tied a rope to my waist
and around this town
Rounded the earth
its massive girth and found
A letter of living
I recognized my writing
Bunny rabbits teddy bears
martinis and a funny noise

I wanna cuddle with Bonnie
and all those boys
Lightning rod tie-up
in a rainstorm
And honk
my little bike horn
Ho!
Ha.
I love to go shopping
for days on end
For decor liquor
and patent pen
The walk I've developed
while toting an umbrella
A very little fella
I could scream I could cry
I could laugh and pout
Rubber ducky don't talk back
I'll drown you out
Immerse you in bubbles
to play with my pee-pee
Like my poodle Viti
Oh.
Give me horseback rides
and you can feed me hay
I wanna crank Liberace and
dance all day
Burn the spaghetti
and throw around confetti
Give me a dozen of those
Give me a case of these
Oh where are my manners
I forgot to say please
Say please, say please
Say
Please