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# **My Man Is a Loser**

By Mike Young

This, my friends, is New York City,  
the most populous city  
in the United States.  
8.2 million people,  
4.72 million of which are married.  
One of which is not me. Why?  
Because it's New York City and I own a bar,  
which is sort of like being, you know,  
my own episode of The Bachelor.  
Now there is my brother-in-law Paul.  
That look on his face is called  
"Married, lost and how did I get here?"  
Sorry. Hell-  
And that guy right there,  
that handsome kid, that's me, Mike.  
Why do my friends come to me for advice?  
Because when you're this single,  
trust me, you've seen it all.  
I'll get a hotel.  
What? No, come in. This is Amy.  
Laura.  
I gotta crash for the night.  
For sure. Come on.  
- You okay?  
- I don't know.  
I hate to say it,  
but the second  
some men put on a wedding ring,  
it cuts off all circulation to the brain.  
It's like... He pretends to listen,  
but then I could literally quiz him  
about what I just said  
and he would have no idea.  
Well, I'm not good at taking tests, okay,  
that's a real thing. You can google it.  
I don't have to, Paul.  
Well, you should, because it's real.  
There are three paths  
to a healthy relationship.  
There's the path she's on,  
which you need to respect,  
and then there's you, yourself...  
Okay, well, here's the problem.  
I don't know what my path is. Okay?

I lost sight of what my path was or is  
or where it was going.

- I've been path- fucked.

- Wow! See?

Okay, this is what I'm talking about.

- Who says that?

- I do.

There are these things  
that should stay inside your head,  
but instead they keep coming out  
into the outside world.

Oh, my God, well, we're in therapy  
so I figured, you know, call me crazy,  
I could speak my mind,  
but I guess I can't. I should be censored.

Do you have a gag for me? Okay?

You wanna hear

what really goes on with me?

You wanna know my inside voice?

If I may? If I'm allowed to?

My business is down 25%, okay?

I know, it's not your  
problem, I understand.

It doesn't stop her spending like wildfire,  
which I'd like to get to in a second.

But here's the bottom line.

I sent my daughter to private school.

I'll pay for that, I get it.

Education is important.

But now I have to pay for singing lessons,  
piano and dance!

And you know why?

Because apparently

my daughter is going to be the next Idol,

- or Voice or Duets at \$1,600 a month!

- We should nurture her gift.

- Nurture? We're not the Jackson 5!

- It is rare...

Okay, time out, time out! Time out.

Take a breath.

You, too, Paul.

Good. I hear your financial concerns, Paul,  
I really do.

And I hear you wanting to be heard.

I think you're making great progress,  
so we'll just take up where we left off  
next week at this time.  
Okay, well, just give me 30 more seconds,  
because I want to finish the point  
I started with in the beginning.  
I'm sorry.  
It doesn't work that way.  
See the secretary on the way out,  
and just stay positive all week,  
and really... I'm really pleased.  
Okay. Well, that's good news.  
All that laughing and all that stuff.  
I could have gotten to the fifth path.  
Well, fortunately for you,  
there's only three paths.  
Just three. Three.  
There's hers. Yours.  
And yours and hers, together.  
Now, Paul's not the only one  
who needs help.  
Meet Marty,  
Paul's business partner and my good friend.  
Did you make sure  
Alex got his chips in the bag?  
He's the CEO of a large marketing company.  
A big- shot in the business world,  
but at home,  
he's just another schmuck making PB&J.  
He's all chipped up. What are you doing?  
- And his Fruit Roll- Up?  
- All rolled up.  
We got all the food groups.  
I got the fruit group, the bread group  
and the peanut butter group. He's all set.  
Marty, my family wanted  
to have dinner with us later.  
So if you could make that happen,  
that'd be great.  
No, well, I got a hockey game, sweets.  
So now hockey's more important than  
dinner with my family?  
No, I didn't say that,  
it's just that the team needs me.

I wish they didn't, but they do.  
I mean, the squad can't win without me.  
Yeah. Okay. Well.  
Maybe after the scouts see you  
then you'll have some free time.  
Yeah, well, you know  
there was a time when I thought  
the pro scouts would be calling.  
And there was a time that  
I thought I'd be 5'9".  
Don't think I didn't notice  
you skipping out on the jelly  
on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.  
Taking lazy to a whole new level.  
No, no. It's just that  
Alex's taste buds are changing,  
he doesn't love jelly  
as much as he used to.  
Yeah, he told  
you that?  
- Who?  
- Excuse me?  
Fine, but it happens to boys.  
You know, it happened to me.  
I went through a heavy gefilte fish phase.  
I used to hate it, now I love it.  
Marty, jelly. Please.  
I wrote a song. Do you want to hear it?  
- Now?  
- Yeah.  
It's about getting roofied  
and waking up not that upset.  
I know it's a weird topic, but...  
You can't write a great song without pain.  
Well, that's not necessarily true.  
I mean,  
Madonna came from an upper- class family,  
McCartney had a very good relationship  
with his father,  
and Alice Cooper, nice Jewish boy,  
likes to play golf.  
- Golf is a...  
- Shut up. Just listen, okay?  
Sleeping through sex

Wasn't as bad as I thought  
He took me like a criminal  
And I was caught  
I'm asleep yet happy  
Unconscious, not sad  
Life can be happy  
Don't have to be sad  
So somebody call the cops  
Or not  
Very melodic. I like the  
words, the rhyme...  
Prostitution is a viable option  
As I ponder my thoughts  
Go deep into my psyche  
Do I really like me?  
Fuck the world as it stands today!  
You have a gift. You have a gift.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Do you think you can get me a record deal?  
Record deal?  
Who does she think she's fucking? CeeLo?  
- It's fucking hockey, not hopscotch, buddy!  
- Wheel! Wheel!  
Man, your sister's killing me.  
She thinks I don't care.  
She's got no idea  
how much is on my mind right now.  
See, you guys have like a combo platter  
going right now.  
You both care, but, you know, not enough.  
You gotta up the care.  
Give her a little attention.  
It's that simple.  
Yeah, up the care? What do you know?  
You haven't been in a relationship  
in over three years.  
Yeah. That's what makes me an expert.  
While you were getting married to  
my sister, losing half your manhood,  
I've been in trenches  
dating women of every culture.  
Banging here and there.  
- Can't believe you never got an STD.

- STD.

Listen, when you fuck Guatemalan twins  
in 10- degree weather without a shirt,  
a cold doesn't stand a chance.

- My immune system's on steroids.

- Did you really do that?

Yeah. I showed you the pictures.

- This guy doesn't hustle! Hustle, please!

- What have you got?

Hey listen to this, Lianne tried to get me  
to a parent's dinner the other night.

I felt bad, but I just couldn't stomach it.

Marty, it's getting  
embarrassing for all of us.

Grow a fucking  
backbone!

You know what,  
you give in to a parents dinner,  
next thing you know  
she's resting a drink on your head  
and you're giving her a foot rub.  
She's going to need a foot rub with  
all the working out she's doing.  
She's like the Jewish Flojo.

You know what it is with you?

You lost your...

You were a cool kid, you know that?

It's your fucking walk. That's what it is.

- What's wrong with my walk?

- It's like you're falling all the time.

- So, sometimes I feel like I'm falling.

- Yeah.

You know what I do?

I put a song in my head like...

Like The Stones, Sympathy for The Devil.

Or if I'm trying to appeal  
to a kind of a cooler crowd,  
Jay- Z, 99 Problems.

Okay, yeah. I like Jigga Man.

- Yeah.

- All right.

- Get out there and score.

- All right.

- Go.

- So I take this girl on a date,  
and the first thing out of her mouth is,  
what are my intentions?

- What the...

- End it.

- But it just started.

- End it!

If it starts that fast,  
it's gonna end that fast.

And you be the one to do it.

I don't need a broken- hearted center.

- Peter, get the fuck out there. Go.

- Come on! Let's go, blues!

What've you got for us?

Nobody's happy.

Life is an illusion,  
and part of life is to be unhappy.

- It's all a struggle.

- What the...

I'm telling you, it's all  
about fighting gravity.

Hey, Marty, it is what it is.

No, you can say it is what it is,  
but it's just not!

Not with me.

I'm confused. I'm overwhelmed.

I'm overburdened. I'm slightly overweight.

Like now, but I just don't know...

Hey boys. How are you?

- Hey.

- We're losers.

Tough loss today?

No, our wives think we're losers.

Our team likes us.

Guys, don't beat yourselves up.

You must be doing something right.

And to be honest, you both married up.

- What does that mean?

- Is that good?

No, it's not good.

It means your wives are better than you.

Clarissa, can you see

all those patrons staring into space  
wishing they had alcohol?

Fine, boss, but actually I  
just came here to let you know  
the building landlord called and you should  
call him as soon as possible.

- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- Bye, guys.
- Later.

Bye.

She's so hot!

She's so beautiful, she's so sexy,  
she makes my stomach sick.

I mean, she throws me off balance  
just looking at her.

It confuses me.

- In my head, I just slept with her twice.
- Me, too.

What was she wearing in your fantasy?

Coconut oil and a smile.

That's cool. We were married in mine.  
And we had a little dog, like a poodle.

Guys, stop it. She's my bartender.

I don't care who she is,  
I'll fight you for her right now, okay?  
I just want to swoop her up on a horse  
and ride off into the sunset.

And just have a bunch of babies,  
caramel-colored babies that scurry around.

The kind of kids that look like  
Halle Berry fucked a bar of gold.

What does that... I don't even know...

What does that mean?

- A what?
  - I don't know. Who cares?
- I'm sorry, were you talking about me?
- Yes, no.
  - Paul, I love gold bars.

He fucked her in the Goldbar!

You were right, Mike.

Vanessa, I told you.

Once a cheater, always a cheater.

Well, you're the best. Seriously.

Thank you.

You're my hero.

- "My hero"?

- What are you, a fireman?

"My hero"? Unbelievable!

I can't get the one woman I love  
to love me back,  
and this guy's  
the goddamn Pied Piper of pussy.

- It's incredible.

- It's a blessing and a curse.  
You're like a real cocksmith! No,  
fuck you with the blessing and the curse.  
Fuck your hair. Fuck your blue eyes.  
And fuck your fucking jawline.  
Guys, I'm just as God made me.

- Yeah, well...

- Punch him in the face for that.

Yeah, I'm gonna fucking twist your nose up  
and fuck your whole program up.  
What's this? I asked for a dog!  
Now, see, Married Saturday is the  
complete opposite of Single Saturday.  
Mine comes with a 26 year  
old stripper turned folk singer,  
and theirs comes with kids, neighbors  
and the pressure to make small talk.  
I asked for a lightning bolt!  
Why don't you go cry to your mama?  
Fuck you. I don't have one.

- Hey.

- Hi.

It's going good, Sweets.

- It's good, isn't it? You forgot something!

- Yeah.

- What?

- Film the party.

- Okay. I will film it.

- He's gonna film it.

- I will do that.

- I'll supervise.

- Okay, Paul.

- There it is. Two-fisted, baby.  
Getting something for your wife.

- Good stuff. Oh, look!

- Okay.

My wife, Liz, is giving me  
the international sign to mingle.  
- So we better mingle. Okay. There it is.  
- Yeah. Yep.  
All right, this is what 40 looks like,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Face paint. Liquor out of a plastic cup  
and couples therapy.  
Yeah, and grown men making sandwiches  
while their wives work out.  
I'm telling you,  
Lianne only works out that much  
so when I die she looks good single.  
She's getting into funeral shape.  
Let me explain something to you, my friend,  
and listen to me.  
We sell this company,  
and you can buy yourself your own gym  
and you can hire Lianne as  
your personal trainer.  
I hope. I hope.  
Oh, my goodness, look at Danny.  
All right, everybody take note.  
I'm going to break open the neck area,  
get things rolling around here.  
Jesus, he's not in a good way.  
The divorce has pushed him over the edge.  
Look at this guy!  
Hey, Marty, Paul, get over here.  
Help me out.  
- All right, Danny.  
- Okay.  
He's got a piata?  
Come on, each of you grab an end.  
Let's go. Let's go.  
Maybe let's let the kids  
start off with the first hit.  
- What do you think?  
- Yeah.  
Why don't you go back to  
making sandwiches, Marty?  
- Everybody knows.  
- Knows what?  
I don't mind making sandwiches.

Yeah, and I don't mind listening to

Barry Manilow and blowing dudes.

Dude, just watch your language,

please, with the kids.

- Fuck that!

- Jesus.

Man up! Both of you!

Shit, man, I like Barry Manilow.

He's cool,

and he's got the best hair in the business.

You sure you don't want to

let the kids take a crack?

- You're going to obliterate this thing?

- Yeah. I'm pretty sure.

Now listen up, my ex-wife made this thing.

She's half Mexican.

This little donkey is made of concrete.

These little drunk midgets

couldn't knock the balls off this thing.

So here we go. Raise it up!

- All right.

- All right.

Where are you going to hit?

- Would you just... Just stop talking, man!

- All right, okay.

Cover your eyes, kids.

Go, Danny, please. Be careful.

Come on! Do it!

Man, I can't do it.

- What?

- The thing is staring at me, man.

- What?

- Look at this thing.

It's some kind of...

These beautiful little eyes and its tail.

She put so much detail into it, you know?

All right, you gotta get

a soda or something.

Take the bat, Marty. Give the bat to Marty.

Give me the bat, Danny.

- There you go. - Come on, kids!

It is time for a talent show!

- Let's go inside for the talent show.

- Talent show!

Who wants to sing?  
Alex, I bet you have a song!  
How bout this one? My dad loves it.  
I told this bitch I was one...  
Talent show! This way. Come on, kids!  
Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!  
Okay. Australians lawyer.  
Hold my drink. Say a prayer.  
- Be good. Be good.  
- Hello?  
Yes. How are you?  
That sounds great. That's great news.  
We will not be late.  
Okay. Same to you.  
Friday. Yes, sir. Bye.  
- Meeting?  
- "Meeting"?  
Well, don't get too  
excited, but guess what?  
The Australians took a good hard look  
at our numbers,  
they want to meet with us on Friday.  
Are you free then?  
Yes, I'm free. I'm really free.  
Good, good, good, good.  
- Don't get excited. Just stay calm.  
- Okay.  
Marty!  
Getting some good footage?  
Yes. Yes. I'm videotaping everything.  
Good news for Marty Martin and Paul Gold,  
digital marketing pioneers  
and co- founders of Goldbam.  
Rumor has it  
Australian ad tech giant Ignition One  
is looking to purchase Goldbam  
for an undisclosed sum.  
You may remember Goldbam as  
the brains behind the marketing campaigns  
for both AmeriMerchant and Netmining,  
two companies that became industry  
behemoths after Goldbam got involved.  
Martin and Gold, real power players.  
- Look at my girls! Good morning!

- Perfect. Hello.

Don't bother waiting up.

I got a meeting with the Australians  
and I got drinks with the boys.

Tonight is parent- teacher  
conferences, Paul. Remember?

- Tonight?

- Tonight.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

Yeah. "Parent."

"Parents," I think that's too overwhelming.

I think the two of us as a team

put out too much power

and change the whole situation in the room.

Besides, I happen to know for a fact that

my daughter is dominating the third grade.

- Fourth grade.

- She's in fourth grade.

- Fourth grade.

- Yeah. I know.

But you know,

I like to keep her younger in my head

because she will always be my baby.

And I love you. Bye.

Next week, piano recital.

Please don't forget.

Piano. Yeah, duh. Practice.

Hey-

Wow, girls must love coming here.

They get laid and a free shirt.

- She's got something.

- Yeah, your wardrobe.

Funny.

Here are the keys.

Did you get the beverage numbers?

- Yeah, you're all good.

- Good.

20- somethings leaving your place

with your clothes during the day?

You need a girlfriend.

- A girlfriend's the last thing I need.

- If you say so.

Okay, now, less is more, right?

Less is more.

- Don't be frenetic, don't over- explain.

- Okay.

Stay focused.

They know exactly what we're about.

- We got this.

- I feel good. Are you sure?

Are you positive? Cause

these Australians are a different breed.

They're into a different

kind of animal here.

Hey, I don't care what they're into.

- You trust me on this, all right?

- Okay.

What is Parchment doing here?

Why are they here?

I mean, the Australians can't be buying out two companies. What are they doing here?

I don't know. It doesn't matter.

- Let's go do this. We're better than them.

- Okay.

- Okay. I'm ready.

- Button your jacket. Button your jacket.

We're more prepared, and we're better.

What time is it? It's game time!

Parchment showing up, kiss my ass.

I don't think

they have the capacity to improve.

They've maxed it out.

I swear, I look at Paul,

and sometimes

I love him like the day we were married

and other times

I have the exact opposite thought.

- I know.

- What can you do?

Lower your expectations,

more daytime drinking.

Mid- week masturbation,

do it on a Wednesday.

- It takes you through to Friday.

- Really?

I hit Paul with AmEx sex the other night.

AmEx sex? What is that?

Is that where you hang off the bed  
and blood rushes to your head  
and he chokes you a little bit,  
- and right before you pass out...  
- No!  
- It isn't?  
- When the AmEx bill comes, I hide it.  
Blow him till his eyes  
roll back in his head.  
The next day he's so happy,  
he doesn't even bring up the charges.  
Does that make me a bad person?  
No. That makes you a goddamn magician.  
See, loud music and women are  
a married man's kryptonite.  
They just, they don't have the  
skill set to deal with it.  
Married men in a club  
are like six- year- olds in a toy store,  
and they can't focus,  
they just want to touch everything.  
All right guys, hey... I love you guys.  
- I love that.  
- Here it is, huh?  
Hey ladies, do you want to join us  
for some good, clean fun?  
What do you mean, "'clean fun"?"  
Who are you, Mister Rogers?  
Girls don't want clean fun.  
Half these girls in this place  
are going to walk home barefoot tonight.  
They want it dirty.  
They like it edgy. Not clean.  
okay...  
Hey, listen, I gotta go talk to this DJ.  
I can't stand this music.  
It's making me loopy, you know.  
- I'm gonna go talk to this guy.  
- You're loopy!  
Hey, you know what's awesome, man?  
Just... Hey!  
Yeah, there it is. All  
right, do your thing.  
Do your thing.

- What's up, bro?  
- Hey, what's going on, dude- bro?  
Listen, I don't get this techno- trance,  
glow stick shit, man.  
I don't like this music, man.  
I'm a techno DJ, bro, it's what I do.  
You got some old school hip hop?  
You know,  
maybe play some De La Soul, Run DMC,  
maybe some Special Ed?  
What do you think?  
Who?  
Hey, you should be ashamed of yourself,  
you ain't no DJ, man!  
I used to DJ bar mitzvahs in Long Island.  
Old vinyl. Made a lot of money, man.  
Come on, play some hip hop.  
Bro, I've been doing this for 16 months!  
I take shits longer than that.  
Come on, this is... This  
is shit music, man.  
You know what I'm saying?  
Can I get some of this?  
That's my...  
Yeah! This music  
makes me fucking nuts, man.  
It'll make you jump off a building  
and think you like it,  
you know what I'm saying?  
Come on, man.  
Play some better music, man!  
Everybody's freaking out here, man.  
- Listen, I'm gonna finish this  
off, okay, bro? - That's mine.  
Nah, let me finish it, man.  
It makes me feel good.  
I'll see you later, man.  
High five! High five!  
Fist bump!  
Hey, listen, if they don't kill this noise,  
I want to go home.  
You better be careful with that stuff, man.  
- You're gonna be fucked for ten hours.  
- No, it says seven.

I don't care if it says one.  
You have a married system.  
You're weak and sensitive.  
Come on, man, let's go see some tits.  
You can't drop me in a club  
and think I'm going to be okay.  
I don't think that's a good idea.  
I wanna go home.  
I feel like I might catch Hep C in here.  
- Let's get out of here, all right?  
- Let's go. Let's go.  
- Let's go.  
- Go ahead. Go ahead.  
You know, something crazy happens  
in a cab in New York late at night.  
I mean, your intentions are to go here,  
but sometimes  
you always end up going there.  
- Look at this!  
- Be cool, be cool.  
- This is awesome!  
- This is what I need!  
How are you? How you doing?  
- Marty Martin.  
- All right, easy.  
Wow, look at her... She's great.  
Look at that.  
That's like... Is that bionic?  
That's like some Black Swan shit.  
- She must be classically trained!  
- So beautiful.  
- Hi.  
- Amber, hey.  
Who are these handsome men  
you brought with you?  
- This is Marty and Paul.  
- How you doing?  
Get a picture...  
Give her your camera. Give her your phone.  
- Sure.  
- Get a picture of us.  
Come on, guys,  
I never get you out of the house.  
Let's get a nice picture.

Is that the fucking Parchment guys?

- Guys, smile for the camera.

- Yeah, it is the Parchment guys.

- With the Australians?

- Guys, smile!

No, those are the fucking guys

we just had the presentation with!

Yeah, it is.

- How you doing? Marty Martin.

- Did you get it?

- Here you go.

- All right, good.

I think I just put it

back to the main screen.

- No problem.

- I'm Paul.

No, I leave Marty to his online porn.

If you want to watch two midgets

fuck an Asian clown,

go ahead, be my guest.

Is that a real fetish?

- Honey, that's nothing.

- Oh, my God!

I swear to God, I'm going to blow

my landscaper and record the whole thing.

Look at this idiot,

he looks like a giant fish out of water.

It looks like they don't even know

where the camera is.

Some business meeting!

Okay, Marty, you know what?

I'm gonna go down there,

and I'm gonna let the crowd

bounce quarters off my ass!

No shit! I can only

imagine the jumbled nonsensical bullshit

that is coming out of that mouth right now.

Branding basically

got its name from cattle branding,

a lot of people don't know that.

There's a misconception that

there's only one kind of branding,

like name branding

or psychological branding...

What's with all the talking?  
Do my boobs feel real?  
They... 100%.  
I could brand the shit outta these.  
These things should have  
their own TV show! That's...  
Order me a flank steak!  
All right, now, tell me again,  
when does your ex get paroled?  
Yeah, make it rain! Look at that!  
You see that? Look at that.  
Was that \$20? If that was \$20  
can I have that back, darling?  
Can you give me that back?  
Please, can I have that... Fuck!  
Look at you guys. The boys from  
Criminal Island are back again.  
You know, I don't like you guys.  
You guys come in here with  
your tough- guy attitudes  
and your beer bellies. Fuck that shit!  
What is wrong with you?  
What are you talking about?  
Calm down, mate.  
Fuck you, mate! Okay?  
This isn't some rugby field with kangaroos  
and broad- shouldered women.  
This is the United States of America.  
And for the record, rugby is not  
tougher than American football.  
Okay, you guys don't wear pads  
because you don't need em!  
You ever heard of Lawrence Taylor?  
Mark Gastineau? Dick Butkus?  
Mean Joe Greene will fuck you up!  
I'll jump over you, okay?  
I don't play that shit,  
I'll give you a forearm shiver!  
Is that coconut shrimp?  
- Yeah.  
- Hey! Fuck ears!  
- Hey!  
- What is your problem here?  
Fuck you, hooker lover!

I'm trying to make...  
Look at this beautiful lady,  
and you're fucking the whole shit up!  
What is wrong with you?  
Kiss my ass, easy rider!  
And kiss my ass, too,  
you fake Keanu Reeves!  
Take that howdy- doodie fucking hair  
and get back over there with  
the two Stooges!  
- You fuck- ass! Beat it!  
- Fuck you, mutton chops!  
Whispers in the marketing world are saying  
the sale of Goldbam to IgnitionOne  
may be in jeopardy.  
Reports from the grapevine suggest  
Parchment Branding is now in talks  
with IgnitionOne.  
This is getting very interesting.  
Who knows what could have provoked  
the change of heart?  
- What are you doing over there?  
- Revenge shopping.  
- What's your shoe size?  
- Six and a half.  
I just added a pair for you.  
Lianne, meet six- inch,  
burnt- persimmon pumps!  
Remind me to send this guy  
a case of Brut for Christmas.  
Let me just adjust here, hold on.  
Oh, put my... There we go.  
I think you're being a  
little hard on the guy.  
A biker gang really  
is just another form of family,  
when you stop and think about it.  
Look, it's jackass number one.  
I cannot wait to hear this.  
Please put him on speaker.  
I think theater classes are  
an amazing idea for you.  
You see, you're so flexible,  
and you're so strong, you can play like

a Latin female superhero or something.  
And, you know, got a gravelly,  
very unique quality to your voice,  
like a soda in your voice,  
you could do voice- overs easily!  
That's so crazy you said that.  
Theater classes? I didn't realize  
I was fucking Stanislavsky.  
I wish Stanislavsky were still alive  
so I could fuck him.  
And Shakespeare. Tag- team them.  
I bet they were good listeners.  
To fuck, or not to fuck,  
that's the real question.  
That was epic. I gotta thank you.  
- What's the damage?  
- \$1,500.  
\$1,500.  
Every song I have to charge you.  
Even if we're just talking.  
I didn't break all the windows.  
What do you mean, \$1,500?  
"\$1,500"?  
Good for her.  
I am so in the wrong business.  
I need to put this body to some real use.  
Amen, forget curling up  
on the couch reading,  
I should get these legs  
in the streets, earning.  
You should.  
You have some really good legs.  
- You have good legs!  
- Thank you.  
Don't be so testy! I gave you my real name.  
Well, I need an ATM.  
You know, this one is on me tonight.  
Nobody's ever nailed my relationship  
the way you just did.  
Well, girls love bad boys.  
I mean, I went through my phase.  
- You did? When?  
- Seventh grade.  
Send that picture back to them.

I said some crazy shit to the Aussies.

- Could this night get any worse!

- Shit!

- I said some crazy shit!

- Let's go.

What the fuck is this?

What... What is this?

What the fuck is this?

- How did they get that?

- This is gonna cost me a fortune.

Lianne's gonna fuck the landscaper.

You guys are gonna need my help.

I let my boys take a

picture in a strip club.

What the hell was I thinking?

All right, the reentry.

The most important part, all right?

And don't let her walk all over you.

Go in there and be a man.

Take care of your business, okay?

Go get her.

Balls!

Hi, Liz.

- Do you have something to say?

- I do.

Then say it.

Honey, I am way more popular

in the city than I am here.

Excuse me?

Honey, I love you very much,

but having hot girls

come up to my table at Sapphire

and telling me that

I'm the man is an amazing feeling.

And it's something

I don't get here at the house

but it is something I'd like more of.

Maybe even as much as once a month,

if that's negotiable with you.

Are you crazy?

You don't even know these people.

That may be true, but I had one girl

tell me that she really likes me

and then I had another girl tell me that

I have a dynamic personality.  
Those were her words, not mine.  
I had a really special night!  
You had a special night?  
Last night was a special night?  
Paul, our wedding night  
was a special night!  
This blew it away, believe it or not.  
Wow!  
Wow! Paul, what is going on with you?  
I don't know, but check it out,  
do you know that I can dance?  
- No.  
- Neither did I.  
I was like John Travolta in his heyday,  
you should have seen it.  
I'm doing that... I'm doing high kicks!  
I didn't know  
my hamstrings were that flexible.  
Oh, my God, I completely forgot.  
So, looking for a nanny, are you?  
Guess what, found one!  
- Paul...  
- I know.  
I met this fantastic cocktail waitress  
at Sapphire,  
her name is CCadillac with two "C's",  
which I think is awesome.  
- I will never forgive you.  
- You should.  
And I'll tell you why. Because I love you,  
and I was just having good, clean fun.  
- You love me?  
- Yes.  
You love me?  
- Well love this!  
- Okay...  
Yeah, well, of course that didn't happen,  
but 38% of the time  
a wife will go easy on the husband  
if his friend is there upon reentry.  
The reentry, very important. Okay?  
So just go in, be humble,  
be loving, listen.

Technically I did nothing wrong...  
You fucked up a little bit, all right?  
So be apologetic.  
And you know what, I won't say a word.  
Hey, Liz?  
Liz?  
I know there is be a really good reason  
I had to look at that photo shoot  
and the fact that you are coming home  
when the sun is coming up.  
And that conversation that I had to  
listen to between you and the stripper?  
Oh. my God!  
Well, let me start by saying  
the whole thing was my fault, sis.  
This has nothing to do with you, Mike.  
Please go.  
But before I leave, may I just say this.  
I have noticed a vast improvement in Paul  
as a human being,  
and the dancer, by the way,  
she was a friend of my...  
I will kill you.  
Okay, I'll go. I love you. Goodbye.  
- And on a closing note...  
- Mike! Out!  
- You're on your own.  
- Okay. She was a friend.  
You!  
I can't believe that  
I didn't fuck the concierge in Cabo.  
We were on the trip together.  
Why is that something you can't believe?  
I could be four pool boys deep by now.  
Is that a goal?  
Is that something you really wanna do?  
Because that kind of behavior  
can work against you.  
I can't get you to take  
a picture with friends,  
and then these hookers say "Cheese!"  
and you jump.  
I don't think they're actually hookers.  
I think they're professional dancers

who are struggling for work.  
You know,  
there's a financial crisis going on.  
People will do whatever they can  
to get work these days.  
Fine, Marty. Maybe I'll  
give dancing a shot.  
Wake up. Join the party.  
It is not that difficult.  
Hey, great face, by the way.  
Were you having a heart attack  
or an orgasm? I couldn't tell.  
Can I at least have my jersey back?  
You have three of my shirts!  
You have my button- down,  
you have my Henley...  
No. You're not returning,  
that's called stealing.  
If you don't return... Hello?  
Damn it!  
All right, guys, let's get to this!  
I feel responsible.  
I got my sister breathing down my neck,  
I got a bar to run, what have we got?  
Guys, I heard all about what's going on.  
We are gonna work this out.  
You know, I have yet to meet anyone  
who ignores customers more than this one.  
We are all on the same team here.  
If you need me, I'll be three feet away.  
- Thank you.  
- All right, give it to me.  
- Give it to me. What have you got?  
- It's not good. I don't feel good.  
My panic attacks are coming back.  
I'm starting to taste metal,  
and I have a sebaceous cyst  
growing in the back of my head.  
And my wife is threatening  
to fuck every pool boy we ever hired.  
Lianne is not going to fuck the pool boy.  
Have you seen my guy?  
He basically said "Fuck shirts."  
He is a good- looking, muscular guy.

He looks like  
one of those Telemundo soap stars.  
I don't know why you hire guys like that.  
- I'm not saying that...  
- Guys, stop.  
What are the top complaints  
from your wives?  
- You know...  
- Top five or top 10?  
- I don't even know where to start.  
- Start with one.  
What does she not like? What does she say?  
- She says I smell like...  
- Like me. She doesn't like me.  
She says I smell like mushrooms sometimes.  
All right, guys, I know I fucked up,  
but I'm gonna make this right. Okay?  
I got the fix. You listening?  
- Yeah.  
- Here's what I'm gonna do.  
I'm gonna take things  
I've learned in my single life  
and help you apply them  
to your married life.  
Yeah, but how long is something like this  
gonna take?  
I don't know, a week?  
No, no, Lianne's gonna be married to  
Jose Jr. by then.  
She's gonna have a whole Mexican family  
with little kids wearing sombreros,  
doing the cha- cha- cha,  
eating guacamole dip.  
- Marty!  
- What?  
How are you going to take  
what you learned in your single life  
and have us apply it to our married life?  
You have sex with beautiful strangers,  
and we make waffles at 7:00 a.m.  
Because everything I say,  
everything I do when it comes to women  
is about connection. You understand?  
You, my boys, have lost your ability

to connect with your wives.

You're right, you know,

I can't even connect the cable!

I hate my life.

Well, you won't hate yourself

after I'm done with you

because I'm gonna bring back

everything you lost.

- What, like my manhood?

- No!

Like, like being spontaneous.

Remember how spontaneous

you guys used to be?

You'd do special things for your wife,

you'd show up at her work,

you'd give her little special calls,

you'd leave little notes.

- Shock and awe?

- Shock and awe!

- Surprise them?

- Exactly.

Surprise them with something.

- Caress your woman, caress your woman!

- Yeah.

What are you doing?

I'm practicing my caress.

Don't be a baby about it.

Admire your wives. All right?

And I don't just mean

admire them with your eyes,

admire them with, with everything,

with your energy,

your ability to listen to them.

You know how much a girl gets turned on

if you're really listening to her?

You gotta be part of your wife's life,

you know?

You gotta be there. You have to...

You know, to put it very simply,

you have to just show up.

Show up? Show up where? Where we going,

the Copacabana? Where are we going?

- Wherever she is.

- No.

No, Lianne is like  
a cracked- out humming bird.  
It's exhausting just thinking about this.  
Now see, that's...  
Remember how funny you used to be?  
Like that. That sense of humor?  
Bring that into your relationship, man.  
Women love a guy with a sense of humor.  
Funny gets you laid.  
Personality's coming back, guys.  
It's coming back.  
Trust me, fellas, I got eight jokes  
and a Honda Accord, I'm fucking everybody.  
That's right, fun is the new money.  
Right? We had so much fun  
she forgot we didn't eat.  
She's just home, hungry and happy.  
I wish that was the case.  
But how do you make a relationship work?  
Here's what I say.  
I say embrace the flaws, love the flaws.  
Right, just do it. You gotta be like,  
"Oh, babe, that's so cute  
how you yelled at me  
"about shit that didn't happen. "  
That is so adorable  
how you left the lights on eight times,  
and we haven't even left yet.  
Come here, I wanna hold you.  
Hey, hey-  
- Good show tonight.  
- Thanks for coming.  
- That was good.  
- Thank you.  
What, do you just  
make this stuff up from real life?  
Yeah. I wish it wasn't real life.  
That's all based on my ex.  
Bad in life, great in bed.  
You know the type.  
Same with him.  
- Hey!  
- Hey, Clarissa.  
- How are you?

- Good.  
I didn't know you were coming here tonight.  
You don't know my schedule.  
You were hilarious tonight.  
What, you didn't think I was funny before?  
No. It's just that it's really good now.  
Timing, the material, the whole thing.  
It's just tight.  
It's tight. Things are getting tighter.  
- Very, very tight.  
- It's getting tight.  
Tight acts. Things are tightening up.  
It's getting tighter.  
Very, very, very tight.  
Look at this witty banter off stage.  
That's... He's funny.  
Fellas, I want to thank you,  
I gotta get back to my wife.  
You are married now?  
- Yeah. Five years.  
- A long time.  
Five? Okay.  
Because I slept with you three years ago.  
So did half the Giggle Hut in Santa Monica,  
I'm sorry.  
It's what comedians do.  
We travel, we try to get laid.  
We tell jokes, but at the end of the day  
we're just sad, alone  
crying in a hotel, randomly.  
It's not pretty. You look amazing.  
I got a gig. Later, fellas.  
- Good to see you, man.  
- Good luck.  
Go with God.  
God, I knew I should have slept  
with Chappelle that night.  
They were on the same bill.  
- Funny gets you laid.  
- Yeah. Funny gets you laid.  
- Two Jews walk into a bar...  
- Go fuck yourself.  
Love you.  
- Knock- knock.

- Fuck you.

A midget and a black guy...

Marty, really? Take the couch.

I'm serious. Take the couch.

Well hello, my little Albert Vagine- Stein.

Oh, my God.

There she is, naughty librarian.

My little Liz Scott Fitzgerald.

- Wow, have you been drinking?

- All studios and whatnot.

Whatcha reading? Not that it matters.

Let's say we take a little reading break.

Paul, really, no. I worked out  
and it's that time of the month.

Really? Like that stops me.

- Honey, please.

- I'm an animal.

- Wanna see how a bear reads?

- No.

No? You sure?

- Paul, come on!

- Paw swatted... Sorry.

- That's my bear strength.

- Paul, please.

Okay, then I'm gonna walk out of here  
real slow like this never happened.

Maybe take a shower

and try again in about 10 minutes.

Good luck. Good luck.

My little Liz- bian. Liz- bian.

Paul.

I mean, you know,

the guy ran four miles a day,

ate healthy, barely ever drank...

And he dies on the golf course,

at the seventh hole.

Midday. Right in front of us. Dead.

You know, the doctors say he threw a clot.

- Oh, that is so horrible.

- You know, his son's with me...

I don't know what to tell him. I just  
keep saying "Your father's sleeping."

- Oh, my God.

- Oh, my God. I'm so sorry, honey.

I suck at golf!

Who cares about golf?

- Who has time to be good at golf?

- Excuse me?

What?

You just laughed while he was telling you about his friend dying during golf.

- Yeah, no. It's funny.

- Funny?

- It's... You're such a fucking asshole!

- No, no... No.

- Paul, do you want to apologize?

- Yeah, yeah.

- Do you?

- Do I what?

Want to apologize for laughing at the death of his friend.

No, I'm not laughing.

I wasn't laughing at the death...

I'm laughing at the fragility of life on this planet.

Shares of Paul are said to be plummeting right now as his behavior is borderline unacceptable. Now they say that men love with their eyes, and women love with their ears.

Well, it's time to change that up.

I had to teach my boys how to listen.

Look at this shit, I like this place.

This is cool.

I feel like Katy Perry is going to jump on the bar and start a concert with lightning shooting out of her boobies. I feel like Justin Bieber is going to jump out of a keg and jerk me off. I wish.

What are we doing here?

All right,

your wives say you don't listen, right?

That you don't engage in conversation.

You're about to engage in a conversation you know or care nothing about.

Three "L's". Look, listen, and learn.

If you can listen to these girls ramble on,  
listening to your wife  
will be a cakewalk. Come on.

All right,  
boys, this is Jen, Jordan and Malea.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- How are you doing?

- How are you? I'm married with kids.

- Wow...

- Nice.

Welcome to the promised land of listening.

- All right.

- Malea, tell your story.

Okay, so I grew up in foster homes  
for the first seven years of my life,  
till I found a family that  
I really, really love.

I love them  
so much.

I have always dreamt about being a dancer,  
so what do you know,  
I got onto the Michael Buble tour,  
where I actually lost my virginity.

I'm not proud of it...

But that actually got me into  
the Backstreet Boys reunion tour,  
and I think I found my calling.

All right, good.

Now Marty, if you were really listening,  
you'll be able to repeat what she said.

- Give us some details.

- Nothing.

Your dad worked at Foster Grant,  
and you blew Michael Buble...

- Marty!

- When you were on a boat.

- She slept with Michael Bubl.

- No!

And then

you started dancing for Marky Mark  
and then had sex with the Funky Bunch?

- Right? And you grew up in Baltimore.

- Marty!

And you sing opera, right?

- Fail!

- Fail what?

You're not listening, Marty.

She slept with the Backstreet Boys,  
not with Marky Mark.

- Excuse me, you don't sing opera?

- No, I do not.

- Country?

- No.

- You figure skate?

- No!

- No.

- That's the point of this exercise.

You gotta listen. You gotta listen!

Darling, did you not just say  
you sing opera?

- No, I did not just say that.

- Let me show you how it's done.

- Stop, stop, stop!

- What is going on here?

- Stop!

- You don't listen.

- Exactly. I listen.

- Stop.

- Let's try this again.

- Okay.

- Jen, tell your story.

- Go ahead.

This is my story on how  
I lost my virginity.

- Virginity, I like that.

- All right.

Okay. So I was in the backseat of an SUV  
at a rock show in Atlanta.

The windows were all fogged up  
so I assumed that nobody could see in,  
but then I looked up and...

Needless to say, I have a reputation.

- Yeah.

- All right, Paul.

- Were you listening?

- Yes.

- So. Okay.

- Go.

You're in Atlanta,  
you lost your virginity in a car wash.  
There were six people in the car.  
And it's in the air.

No, no, no, Paul. A, you're getting creepy.  
Guys, guys. Listen, listen.

I used to babysit for my next door neighbor  
and he took me to a Knicks game,  
we sat front row, on the floor.

I had to move away, change my identity.  
My name's not really Jordan.

And go.

Your father founded the Black Panthers.  
Your mom's a Puerto Rican Jew, and...

Excuse me!

I think it's really cool  
how you hang out with older guys.  
They're not that much older.

- They're a little older than me.

- Really?

Yeah. Okay, bye. gulls-  
My wife is gonna call you  
about the babysitting.

Older? What do you mean, older?

Yeah, what are you talking about?

We're the same age.

They don't know that. Sometimes I lie.  
If they say early 20s, I say early 30s.  
They say mid- 20s, I say mid- 30s.  
The rest is sort of on a sliding scale.

Yeah. Well, again, fuck you, man.

Paul. Emily's piano recital  
is in a couple of days.

Emily's piano recital  
is in a couple of days.

I'm trying to be serious here.

She's playing for my dad's friends  
at the nursing home.

You are being serious.

She is playing for your dad's friends  
at the nursing home.

What are you doing?

Everything.

Is this your idea of turning me on?

Is this your idea of pretending

I'm not turning you on?

Wow, I can barely contain myself.

I just came twice.

Where has my husband gone?

I don't know where he's gone.

I do know where he's going.

I just spoke to our lawyers,

and apparently

the Australians are reconsidering.

Mommy!

- I love you.

- I love you, too.

Okay. I'll go make some money!

Oh, Paul.

- Hey, Maur, sorry.

- Hey, Paul.

- Good news.

- Yeah?

And I don't know how I did it,

but I managed to get the Australians

back into your good graces.

They're going to take another look

at your company.

- Okay. Do you want to use the bathroom?

- Damn this cold.

What? What for?

Shit! Okay. All right, thanks, Maur.

That's great news.

You're the best lawyer ever.

- Okay.

- No problem.

- That's what you pay me for.

- Yep.

Don't screw it up, that's my advice.

Okay, thanks, I won't.

Hey, Maury.

He just...

See ya.

Fuck, did you just blow Maury?

- Come on.

- What was that?

That thing looks like a dead baby bird!

No idea. It was just sitting out like that.  
He doesn't feel the air on it?  
He's g0in9-  
Great news, listen to me. Australians,  
they're giving us a second chance.  
- Oh, good!  
- They're coming back in six days.  
All right, good. We need that. That's huge.  
- I know, I know.  
- Okay, good.  
That's going to fuck me up  
for a long time, man.  
How long did it stay... What was that?  
He didn't feel the air on it?  
He was sitting on that chair.  
What am I going to do with the chair?  
- I gotta throw it away.  
- Get rid of it.  
Can somebody help me  
get this chair out of here?  
Get some bleach. Bleach it.  
I'm not touching it.  
The boys must have done something right.  
First came Martin and Lewis,  
now comes Martin and Gold.  
The boys are back in the game.  
Paul's idea of spontaneity is to put  
a hand on my breast, mid- sentence.  
It's cute.  
Marty's idea of spontaneity  
is getting something  
other than Chinese food on Sunday nights.  
Well, way to shake up the norm, babe.  
Thanks so much.  
And the listening!  
The listening has reached an all- time low.  
Listening? I sent Marty to the  
store to get orange juice,  
he came back with milk and M&Ms.  
Really?  
Paul thinks I don't notice with  
the fake- listen head- nod move.  
Fake- listen head- nod.  
Yeah, Marty perfected

that move years ago, so...

It is amazing to me, amazing to me,  
that they can be so smart in business  
and so stupid at home!

- I know.

- Maybe it's, like, a thing.

Do you think Bill Gates forgets  
what grade his daughter is in?

No, I doubt it. He owns the school.

That would help.

- This is, like, soaked in booze.

- Is it really?

It's so good.

They say that about the pineapple parts.

Where did my pineapple part go?

Hey!

- What's up?

- Sit down.

Hey, where's the fire? What is this?

I can believe this. I can't take it.

Don't ask, just watch.

And watch with your wives.

Oh, no, I stopped doing porn.

It's too intimidating.

It doesn't intimidate me.

It's not porn.

We got Beaches, Steel Magnolias  
and The Champ.

Oh, hell, no!

I'm not watching The Champ, man.

That's too much, man.

If I saw Ricky Schroder right now,  
I'd start crying.

Fucking kid's crying in the ring,

"Champ, wake up, Champ!"

And he had the blue eyes and the freckles.

- No, Marty, Marty...

- No, I can't watch that shit.

Marty, Marty, that's the point.

Women love that shit, okay?

Next to Brian's Song,

The Champ is one of the greatest man cries  
of all time.

Society tries to tell us that

women don't want sensitive men, right?  
I say fuck society. Cry your way back in.  
Make it a couple's cry.  
What about Rocky?  
Classic underdog tale, but doesn't get  
sensitive until Mickey dies in III.  
- That's true.  
- It's messed up when Apollo dies, too.  
That really killed me. And you know  
what else is a good one? Lassie.  
I can't even keep that film in the house.  
It's too overwhelming emotionally.  
Nothing sexy about a dead dog.  
- Lassie didn't die.  
- In real life, she did.  
- Like in real life?  
- Guys...  
Real Lassie died?  
Listen to me, a couple that  
cries together, stays together.  
Go do your work.  
I never thought it would end this way.  
Look at that hair.  
It's awful.  
If it's my last week on Earth,  
do not let me leave the house  
looking like that.  
I'll be dead in a week!  
Oh, God, I need sun.  
I'm like an albino, I'm so pale.  
Hey, babe, you know  
that bully parent, Calvin?  
Little guy? Napoleon complex?  
At Alex's practice?  
Yeah.  
The one that's always  
screaming and yelling.  
- He's scaring the kids.  
- Okay.  
Someone needs to say  
something to him, okay?  
Yeah, I'm sure somebody will talk to him.  
Someone like you, Marty.  
ok3Y-

ok3Y-

I know, but look at me.

I can't stop looking at you.

Stop looking at me like that.

My hair's gone.

The Little League loudmouth parent.

It's an epidemic.

It'll be my pleasure

to show Marty a few things.

Now, I don't condone violence,

but my boy here, he loves it.

So obviously your first choice in any  
confrontation is to defuse the situation,

but we all know that

sometimes that doesn't work.

- Right?

- Right.

Okay. So, sometimes

you got to throw a beating.

Look, I'm just putting this out there.

I had Osgood- Schlatters

and my doctor said it came back.

Marty, that's a children's ailment.

I don't make this shit up.

That's what the doctor said.

Marty, working out is sexy.

Women outlive men, but we don't want that.

We want you to be alive and strong

and on our side for the long haul.

This is all very touching,

but can we do some work here?

- Want to do some work?

- Yeah.

- You wanna show me your jab?

- Yeah.

- You wanna punch?

- Yeah.

Okay, now digs, let's see some work.

Let's go, Marty.

Be the man we know you are, Marty.

Jab it, yeah!

Keep your balance! Jab, right, jab!

- Get him, Marty!

- Again.

Hey, look at this guy.  
Hey, what'd you fuck,  
a Foot Locker mannequin?  
Hey, you look good. You look great.  
Hey Joey, Joey, show my boy...  
Show my boy the oldest trick in the book.  
Show him how to out- crazy a guy.  
- Oh, the threaten thing?  
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
I can do that. Okay.  
Say someone threatens you.  
You gotta come back with them  
with something crazier  
and then you throw in a stare.  
Okay, so, come at me. Threaten me.  
- Okay.  
- Give him something. Give him something.  
- Let's go, Marty.  
- You need to move outta the way,  
or I'm gonna fuck your sister at

## 5:

Wow. That was, that was too specific.  
After lunch?  
That's a little specific.  
Yeah. Let's try to be a  
little more general.  
Come at me again.  
All right. Hey, hey!  
I'll fuck your grandma,  
next month, a bunch of times,  
if you don't move out of my way.  
You fuck my grandmother,  
I'll rip your dick off,  
I'll shove it down your throat,  
I'll make you shit it out!  
And then I'll make you swallow it again!  
Do you understand me?  
No, I don't want to fuck her for real.  
I was just...  
All right, all right, all right.  
Tap, tap, tap.  
- See how that works? See how that works?  
- That's right.

You guys ready? Let's go!  
Come on, Marty.  
You're beasts! You guys are beasts!  
One, two, three. Red! Red! Red!  
Yeah! That's it.  
- Hi.  
- How are you?  
Wow, impressive!  
Why don't you bean the kid  
and force a double play?  
Now let's see what you got  
when my boy steps up!  
Let's see if you got anything  
for the slider here, you little shit.  
Okay, Junior, swing for it!  
Look at the ballerina! Nice throw!  
Come on!  
Look, he's throwing heat over here.  
He can't do that.  
I think this guy's kinda  
crazy in the head, Mom.  
All right, Junior.  
Swing for it, all the way.  
Take em yard!  
You better check yourself, playboy!  
Yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, run, run, run.  
Dig it, dig it, dig it.  
Go, go, go. 90!  
- You got it, you got it. Oh, come on.  
- Yes!  
What are you, a bad dad?  
You knocked him down,  
what's wrong with you?  
Who are you trying to impress?  
You got scouts watching?  
You going pro? What's up?  
What are you talking about?  
If I lob it in,  
everybody's gonna get on the base  
and no one's gonna learn.  
I see how it is.  
Well, why don't you give me the ball  
and I'll brush your kid off the plate?

Hey shit- dick, you wanna threaten me,  
that's one thing,  
you wanna threaten my kid  
that's another thing, okay?  
I'll make two phone calls  
and in the morning  
there will be a moving truck  
outside your house  
and you'll be crying like a little baby!  
What the hell does that mean?  
That means I'll suck the snot  
outta your nose and spit it in your mouth,  
okay, shit stain?  
Fuck him up, Dad!  
You got that? I'm the fucking Mike Tyson of  
this Little League shit.  
You understand me, pencil dick?  
- You understand, fuck nuts?  
- Yeah, yeah!  
Can I get help over here?  
Thank you for untucking those balls, baby.  
You did it!  
My teeth... Has my tooth fallen out?  
And here we go.  
- Is it loose?  
- No. You're fine.  
You did good. Honey? Honey? Two outs.  
Two outs. You gotta get back out there.  
Get back out there.  
Do it. Bring the fury! Yes!  
I'm gonna screw you on a cruise ship  
on a Thursday in bad weather!  
I'm gonna give it to you.  
Mama's gonna give it to you!  
Marty!  
That's some good shit, man!  
Danny?  
Hey, buddy, what do you think, man?  
It's pretty cool, right?  
Fuck a roof over your head, man.  
- It's awesome, what?  
- You can't camp out in the park.  
Run, Danny!  
- Hey, man, I pay taxes!

- Sir, sir.

- Don't, don't tase me, man!

- Yeah.

Yeah.

All right, two outs!

It was a good thing I wasn't there.

I go crazy with that kind of stuff.

Wow, you haven't been in a fight  
since high school, babe.

Not that you've seen. I go low pro.

- Low pro.

- I keep my skills concealed.

Concealed.

Talk about me, that's one thing.

Talk about my son,

that's a whole other thing.

Full-blown anxiety attack?

You saw me out there, sweetie.

The guy got lucky.

I'm surprised more guys

don't get the shit kicked out of them

at Little League games.

You should be a Little League super hero!

Run around beating up mean fathers.

That's not the worst idea.

Why are you doing that?

Don't encourage them.

Hey, guys. Sorry,

we're running a little slow tonight.

What can I get you to start?

You know what,

can I get a Rusty Spoon, please?

A what?

You know what, why don't we

start with four Midnight Nipples.

You know, I'm sorry, instead,

let me get a Bang Bang Neighbor.

I'll get a Communist Hooker Sprite,

on second thought.

Scratch that, let's get

two Ass To Mouths...

I don't want an Ass To Mouth,

but I do want a Detroit Working Girl.

That works for him,

but you know what, I want a rare vodka.

- It's called a Bieber- Bangs Stoli?

Straight. - You know what?

This is getting too complicated.

Why don't we just start with

High Country Crotch Rockets...

For everybody. Four, please.

Okay, enough. Enough.

Shots of sexual harassment for you.

You're welcome.

It's drink- lingo.

What's the matter,

we go too much swagger for the 'burbs?

You don't have

any of those drinks, sweetie?

Paul, the boys will have juice boxes,

and the two of us will enjoy

a very expensive bottle of Chardonnay.

Can you put some beer

in those juice boxes?

- Thank you so much.

- Thank you.

Marty, why don't you come with me

to yoga tomorrow?

Work on that thing

that's happening right now.

I don't wanna go to yoga.

I mean, if it was Crossfit or TRX,

or something like that,

maybe, but yoga, it's kinda easy.

Is it that super sexy yoga teacher

you were telling me about?

Why, yes, Liz, it is.

- The super sexy yoga teacher.

- Yes.

We're going to work on

the plow pose tomorrow.

- Plow pose.

- To do what?

He's going to plow me.

Who's going to plow what? Who?

And he is...Latino.

Reach your heart towards the sun

and give thanks.

Breathe in.  
Understand that we hold memories  
of our past in our bodies.  
So when you stretch,  
you may experience some emotions  
that are uncomfortable.  
Now, let's lift our leg to the sky.  
And breathe.  
Fuck the third grade!  
All right, everybody, if you're thinking  
you want to make your house  
more energy- efficient,  
you better make sure you can afford it.  
So I want you to  
go to suzeorman.com right now,  
tell me what it is that you want to do  
and I'll tell you if you  
can afford it or not!  
All right. I think somebody's out there.  
Hey, who's next. Hello?  
Are you out there? You on?  
Oh, God.  
Did somebody just say God is calling me?  
Listen, if you're God, I gotta tell you,  
I have been waiting  
my entire lifetime for you to call.  
Please don't tell me  
that you're broke, too.  
No. Suze, hey, this is  
Paul from New Jersey.  
Paul, I can barely hear you,  
so go ahead, Whispering Paul.  
Okay, here's the thing,  
my wife spends money like...  
\$1,000 on a pair of shoes,  
\$2,500 on a purse.  
She acts like they're investments.  
They're gonna outperform the SMB 500.  
Are these good purchases?  
Did you just ask me  
if these are good purchases?  
Are you kidding?  
But listen, boyfriend,  
I'm not here to judge

what you or your wife wants to buy.  
I'm here to tell you  
if you can afford it or not.  
So open up one of her purses  
and just simply show me the money, Paul.  
I make around about  
\$21,000 month in income.  
Good. I have to tell you,  
that's great income.  
Yeah, but I spend about \$25,000 month.  
Wait, excuse me? Did you just say that  
your income is \$21, 000,  
but you're spending \$25, 000,  
so you are already 34,  
000 a month in deficit?  
This is exactly why I'm calling you,  
I'm living in a madhouse!  
You know, I gotta wake up,  
I gotta make \$15,000 a month  
just to wake up, the way she spends.  
It's crazy! And it's scaring me!  
Well, it should be scaring you.  
Does your wife even have a clue that  
you don't have enough money  
to pay your bills every month?  
I don't think so.  
What do you mean you don't think so?  
Listen, boyfriend,  
you make really good money,  
but the fact that you make so much  
and you're spending  
more than you make is a travesty.  
You are so wrong  
and here is what you need to know.  
You are denied!  
In fact, your wife should  
take all the purses,  
all the shoes she has ever purchased  
and sell them on eBay.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
It's so good to hear a sane voice!  
I'll tell you something else she does...  
Are you discussing our relationship

with Suze Orman?

I don't... No. I don't think so.

- Paul!

- Okay.

Now, I figure

the next lesson should be spontaneity.

Women love it.

Men, they don't even know what it is.

All right, boys, class is

in session, all right?

Let's get into the issue.

Marty, what are you wearing?

These are my capris.

- It's comfortable.

- Well, it's not comfortable for us.

- I like it.

- None of my moves are working.

- Well, that's because they're moves.

- Right.

Moves are for amateurs.

I'm going to buy her

a really nice purse, I think.

- That's always worked in the past.

- Do that. Do that.

But buying a gift as an apology

went out years ago.

Yeah.

What women want is spontaneity.

- They want a surprise, right?

- Yeah.

No, my wife don't like surprises.

All women like surprises, Marty.

No, trust me, okay?

We threw a surprise party a few years ago.

She walked in, we said "Surprise."

She said "Fuck off,"

smacked my face and left!

Okay, she said I invited all her enemies.

I don't need that shit.

Clarissa, maybe if I, you know,

if! made out with you,

it'd make things a little better, you know.

- Help me through this?

- Paul?

- You're a dickhead.

- Okay.

Okay, okay. Here we go.

So, your wife is sitting on the couch,  
watching TV, or reading a book  
or having some ice cream, right?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

Let me tell you,  
this works in almost every country, too.  
I tried this on an Ecuadorian super model,  
she slept with me for six months.

She even moved in for awhile.

How'd you get her out of your house?

I had her deported on a visa loophole.

- Okay, stop talking.

- He's the best.

- Watch how this works, guys.

- Best.

- Watch.

- Okay, right?

So she's reading a book.

She's reading a book, right?

You kinda slide up behind her,  
move in and...

Boom! Right?

You go in for the kiss, you're kissing.

Boom, boom, boom, kissing.

She's not paying attention.

You slide down, grab the hand,  
look who's happy now.

And I'm so shocked by this move,  
that I don't even notice  
that I'm walking away.

God damn it!

Fucking shit...

All right, guys, write this down.

That's known as the Happy Kidnap.

- You got a pen?

- I don't have a pen.

Hello.

Wow. Those are... fitted.

Oh, no, this is just what happens  
when you're this muscular.

You just kinda bust out of your shirts.  
Is that a unitard?  
It is not a unitard, but I am going  
to take that as a compliment.  
I tucked my shirt in  
so I can show you what I'm working with.  
What's this?  
Just a little something  
to tell you that I love you.  
Baby, ouch!  
Those are my extensions!  
That's not my real hair.  
- Really?  
- No.  
- I mean it's partly my hair.  
- Whose hair is it?  
The hair of angels?  
What is up with the moves?  
And the pants, and...  
I'm just hanging out.  
I thought maybe you'd like to take a break.  
- Emily is right upstairs.  
- She is. Yeah, I know that.  
- She's sound asleep.  
- How do you know?  
Because I have sexual psychic powers.  
Well, do you think  
you could tell your sexual psychic powers  
maybe just to wait  
until I'm finished with this chapter?  
I can do that, but you know what?  
I'm checking your pulse  
and I don't think you're fit to read.  
I think you need to come upstairs  
and lie down.  
I don't have much more. I'm already on 201  
and the chapter ends on 204.  
So that's like three pages.  
- That must be a really good book, then.  
- It's good.  
I read fast, babe. I'll  
see you in a minute.  
I'll go upstairs, then.  
That's good. This is good...

Thank you, baby. Wow, wow.  
Those pants have really,  
efficient bun- cupping action.  
They're like man- Spanx.  
No, they're not. I just have  
a very well- developed lower body.  
- You do. They cup your buns.  
- Yeah, well. You're welcome.  
"To the most special person in my life.  
"The words on this page  
could never do justice. I love you.  
"Happy Kwanzaa,  
my African American queen."  
Paul...  
So close.  
You know, watching the boys  
fight for their relationships  
was a great thing to see.  
But it also made me realize that  
I hadn't fought for anyone in along time.  
My life was a hard habit to break.  
To masturbation!  
Hey. girls!  
- Oh my God!  
- Hi!  
Hon, oh, no, who died? Why are you here?  
Oh, stop it. I figured I'd just drop in  
and see how you're doing, you know.  
Catch up on everything. What's going on?  
Oh, my God, how cute. So cute!  
Look at that, see this is exactly,  
exactly what I'm talking about.  
It amazes me that you can be  
in business with my husband  
and yet none of this rubs off on him.  
But, girls... What's happening?  
Nothing. I just wanted to catch up,  
gossip it up a little bit.  
You know, hang out,  
spend some time with you.  
Hey, did you watch Mob Wives last night?  
- I totally did!  
- Did you see it?  
I used to love Drita, she was my favorite

but Big Ang, she's the best!

- I couldn't agree more!

- Is she not the best?

- She is so awesome.

- Absolutely, 100%. Oh, my God.

- Marty, here, this is for you!

- Thank you, thank you.

You know what, we're actually just finishing up, sweetie. So, you know.

All right,

so what are you guys doing after that?

Just a ladies day.

- All right! Great!

- Cheers.

I swear I needed this more than you could ever imagine!

Isn't it amazing how a simple pedicure will just brighten your whole day?

Sweetie, my toe has shriveled up like a prune!

It looks like E.T.

E.T. toe home. E.T. toe home.

Linda and her spiritual journey.

I'm thinking,

why not be spiritual when you're married?

You get a divorce and now you're meditating and taking trips to a vortex in New Mexico?

Come on, give me a break.

Yeah. I didn't trust her husband when I met him.

The guy had a weak handshake.

My gut said "cheater" from the get-go.

Sweets, why are my calves so sensitive?

It's the only part of my body

I can't take pain in.

Quiet time.

- It's just, I don't understand it...

- Babe!

All right, always cuddle according to the mood, right?

There are three stages of the cuddle.

First of all there's the "All in."

That is to be used after a perfect evening or a post-traumatic fight.

Then you have the "I'm Still Here," right?

A little touch indicating, you know,  
that you love them, you care about them,  
but you're tired, but you're still there.

And then, of course,  
you have "The Reverse Spoon,"  
to be avoided at all costs unless  
you're absolutely exhausted, all right?

Listen, I read on Google once  
that cuddling can cut off  
the circulation to your heart.  
So I'm not comfortable with all this.

- Clarissa?

- Yes, okay.

Here we go. Paul, get down here.

You wanna try this, don't you?

Yes! Yeah.

Wait, what the...

Why does he always get to go first?

Oh, man, that was...

Guys, you go home

and hold onto your wives, all right?

All right, I appreciate it.

I think this really helped.

But I'm a little sore,

but I think I'm good. Thank you.

- Okay, all right.

- You're welcome.

- Talk to you tomorrow. See you guys.

- Thanks. Awesome.

And Mike, she's gonna love this!

I think you're doing  
something really great here.

- We shall see.

- Yep.

Okay. Well, I will see you at the bar.

- Tomorrow. Yeah.

- Okay.

All right.

- Bye. Bye.

- Bye.

- I'll see you at work.

- Okay. See you at work.

- Bye. Don't be late.

- Bye. Yeah.

My beautiful wife...

- Paul! Spine! Jesus!

- Sorry.

God, you smell so damn good.

Paul, that is my jugular.

Please, baby, just go to sleep.

ok3Y-

I'm just a little tired.

Paul. Your penis is in my lower lumbar.

- It is?

- You're fucking my C7.

- Is that bad?

- Yes!

ok3Y-

Ass to ass? Paul, really?

- I'm doing my thing.

- Just do it further over there.

All right, okay, sorry.

I didn't know you were allergic to me.

Emily's recital is on Saturday.

Do not forget and do not make plans.

Is that... The recital, that's  
in the afternoon, right?

No.

Babe,

that's the night

we're taking the Australians out.

Somehow they let us back

in the race for this deal.

I'm sorry. This is the one  
night I cannot miss.

I know I can close this deal.

You reminded me about this a lot, right?

I'm gonna join you, sweets!

The new me is the old me,  
and the old me is back.

Marty, I don't need the old you.

- This you is fine.

- Well, maybe just a little bit of him.

- Yeah, maybe a dash.

- Okay.

Minus the whole vest thing.

- You can never be too careful.

- Hey, Marty!  
She got everything but the bike, man.  
The bike's all mine!  
She got everything  
but the bike in the settlement.

- Oh, wow.  
- Holy shit.  
She'll try and take this one from me,  
but I'm not gonna let her!

- Yeah, fuck em, Danny.  
- Really?  
- I love you guys.  
- Love you, too.  
I gotta go. I think  
somebody's following me.  
All right, Danny!  
Oh, poor Danny...  
All right, let's go.  
Seriously, babe, the vest?  
Hey, does Superman wear a cape? Let's go.  
What, are you helping  
kids cross the street? Come on!  
Let's get it in!  
Yeah, let's get it in, Marty. Come on.

- Give me the old Marty.  
- I'm here.  
Yeah! Put it in, baby!  
Shares of Marty went up today  
as he learned that  
just showing up in your wife's life  
means a lot.  
Things were looking up for Mike,  
but let's hope it's not too late.  
His stock was soaring,  
and took a downturn this afternoon,  
dropping eight points.  
Hey, baby. Sorry,  
I'm gonna be home pretty late, I think.

- I'll see you later. What's this?  
- Your bag.  
- For what? My bag?  
- I need you out of the house.  
What are you talking about? Why?  
It's not a yes or no, Paul.

I already talked to Emily.  
I want you out. I need some time.  
We're working this out. I'm fixing this.  
This isn't something  
that can be fixed right now.  
Look, I'm sorry  
I'm going to miss the recital, okay?  
But this is the biggest  
meeting of our lives.  
What do you think  
pays the bills around here?  
What do you think puts designer shoes  
and designer bags on you  
and all the other shit?  
All the other shit?  
See that's exactly what it is, it's shit.  
- I couldn't give a shit! Look at me!  
- What do you want from me?  
What do you want from me?  
I'm doing everything I can.  
Something so simple!  
Just turn around. Turn around.  
- Turn around?  
- Turn around!  
Just do it!  
What color am I wearing?  
Is my hair up or down?  
Did you see Emily  
before she left for school this morning?  
Yes.  
What did she have on?  
You know what, I'll make it easy for you.  
Was she wearing pants or shorts?  
Could you see her knees?  
Just come back when you can be here.  
Just...  
And that's how we got here.  
- Hey, what's up?  
- Hey.  
I'll get a hotel.  
What? No, come in. This is Amy.  
Laura.  
I gotta crash for the night.  
For sure. Come on.

You okay?  
Let me know if my package gets here.  
I had something overnighted.  
Maybe I'd be happier with that and this.  
Maybe I'd be a better father  
if I did what you do.  
Oh, no, no, no, no. I  
can't let you do this.  
The single life  
is not for you.  
Two weeks in the single life  
and you'd end up in the ER  
with all kinds of shit.  
You'd be limping for no reason.  
No way, my friend.  
This life is not for you.  
You got nobody to stress you out  
when you walk in the door.  
You know, you got nobody to point out  
your flaws on a daily basis.  
No one.  
Not for you, buddy.  
Not for you.  
Hey. How'd you sleep?  
I didn't.  
I don't know, Mike.  
Maybe I just need more time  
on this side of the fence.  
- Really?  
- I think so.  
No, maybe you're right.  
I mean, my life is great.  
You know, I have no one to nag me,  
no one to tell me where to be at any time.  
Exactly.  
I also don't have a beautiful  
little daughter to run into my arms  
and tell me how much she loves me  
at the end of a hard day's work.  
Or a wife who's going stand by my side,  
God forbid something happens to me.  
So when you say to me, "Mike,  
"your life is great, man,  
you don't have any strings.

"You have no one to hassle you,  
you have no one to worry about."  
You're right. I don't.  
Also in my crazy, frenetic life  
that you're so in awe of...  
I've been late on three payments to the bar  
and they're threatening to file suit  
if I don't pay six months in advance,  
which I don't have.  
- Whoa! I didn't know that.  
- No, no, no.  
It's fine. It's my life.  
I'll take care of it. But...  
Please don't leave my sister alone.  
You don't want my life.  
You look good.  
Yeah, I feel good.  
Today I peed standing up  
and remembered to take my pills.  
It was a big day around here.  
You look a little tired. Are you all right?  
- You and Mom had a good thing, right?  
- Yeah.  
How'd you make that work for so long?  
I kept my mouth shut,  
I agreed with everything she said  
and I slept around a little bit.  
- Dad!  
" "1 Joking  
I just think Paul is  
screwing up on purpose.  
Well, Carlin said it best, I think.  
"Men are stupid. Women are crazy."  
That's what you got for me?  
"Men are stupid, women are crazy"?  
Listen, sweetheart,  
I'm sure Paul's going  
to do the right thing.  
I'm sure he will.  
Mike, I'm telling you. I can't tell  
you how much I appreciate this.  
My pleasure, I got you covered.  
Your boys are gonna, they're going to  
pay double for your company

by the time I'm done with them.  
We got girls, we got alcohol,  
Clarissa is bringing some of her friends.  
Good, good, good, good. All right, good.  
- Yo, yo, yo, Mikey G.  
- Hey, how are you?  
- How you doing, guys?  
- Good, good, good, good.  
I'll give you some dough,  
give you some dough.  
Noah tells me you have  
some businessmen coming  
and we are to ensure their good time.  
Yeah. Every 24 minutes,  
send over a new girl to socialize.  
I want to keep them distracted yet focused.  
Damn, Tara, you look good.  
How's the ex and the dog situation going?  
- Lost the ex, kept the dog.  
- Good.  
Three bottles of vodka,  
and send over a bottle of Don Julio  
to step up the imagination.  
- All right? Good.  
- You got it.  
You're like an orchestra conductor.  
Yes. That I am.  
I think of you as someone to,  
Someone to  
Carry me through  
Hold me through  
That's Samuel's granddaughter.  
My grandson's a scientist,  
and his sister is a doctor.  
Who cares? When are you  
going to treat me like a bad girl?  
It takes a concert to get you  
to take me on a date?  
Who said this is a date?  
I'm a lesbian.  
Get over it. You're almost dead.  
Try something new.  
Excuse me, guys.  
You think flowers are going to fix this?

This is actually for Emily, not you. But...  
I'm going to do whatever  
it takes to fix this, and you know why?  
Because I love you.  
Hydraineas.  
Hydrangeas.  
Hydran... No, these are... Well.  
You say... That's the French way.  
I say it the Latin way.  
You see that? That's for you.  
You hold onto that for me.  
It's good to see you, Marty.  
You made quite the impression  
the other night.  
Well, I appreciate you guys coming out  
for a drink this evening.  
Well, it's not every day  
you get scolded in a strip club.  
I thought it was quite  
an original approach.  
As a matter of fact,  
it's the first time it's ever happened.  
Yeah, well a lot was going on that night.  
I was on antibiotics  
and I had an allergic reaction  
to something I drank.  
Plus those strobe lights.  
It's true that they make you crazy.  
I'm lucky  
the whole thing didn't turn into a seizure.  
This is my friend Mike,  
and he's going to hopefully make us feel  
like that night never even happened.  
How are you? Nice to see you guys.  
We're gonna have fun tonight.  
I'd like you to meet some of my friends.  
Janine, Elaina, Suzie and Sarah,  
each and every one a virgin.  
I like him already.  
Every bunch needs a wrangler.  
Cheers, Mike.  
Yeah, Mike's the best in the city.  
- That's right.  
- Sit down, guys, let's have some fun.

- What are you drinking?

- Vodka for me.

Hey, you ever have that shooting pain  
that starts in your neck  
and goes to your head?

Hey-

You brought a date.

- Josh.

- Hey, Josh, how are you?

Four girls not enough for you, player?  
Player?

We'll be out on the dance floor.

Sorry, we're... Champagne?

- Want some champagne?

- Yeah.

- No! Don't cork me! Don't cork me!

- Oh, oh, oh!

Look out, Marty! Look out, Marty!

Whoa! Here we go.

Let's get some glasses!

Listen, again,

I want to apologize about the other night.

I'm sorry about the rugby stuff,

and I know you guys

come from a tough culture.

I mean, look at me,

I'm just a Jew from Long Island.

Not a tough culture.

I was just blowing off some steam,

you know,

I had one too many happy drinks.

Don't sweat it, Marty. It's all business.

We're just going to figure out our next  
move and see if you' | | be part of it.

Well, I hope so. And for what it's worth,

I think we'd be a great fit.

I know we'd work hard by you guys

and try to do the best we can.

Yeah, for what it's worth,

I've known this guy since he was a kid.

He's a good man right here.

We're gonna switch him to decaf  
happy drinks, but he's a good man.

Cheers.

And now, Paul couldn't make it, no?  
Well, he might come,  
he might not come. I'm not sure yet.  
But I'm here. And Mike's here.  
- And you know, so is she.  
- And so is she.  
More champagne!  
- My granddaughter is a star.  
- Yes, she is.  
Emily, you were amazing.  
Thanks, Grandpa.  
Now don't be such strangers, you two.  
I know my son- in- law, Mr. Big Shot  
with the work and travel and...  
I got it.  
You got it? Or you get it?  
I get it.  
Babe, here. You take this.  
Go sell your company.  
- Really?  
- Go.  
Okay, only because you're telling me to.  
And duty calls.  
And I will see you guys...  
Love you, okay.  
Good job, you know, raising her.  
And you, you're my life.  
You know that, right?  
- And you were amazing, you know that.  
- Love you, Dad.  
And I take full credit for all your talent.  
- You know that as well. Bye. Okay.  
- I love you so much.  
Great! You gotta kind of...  
Even though...  
- But still, there's a whole...  
- I know. I know.  
Hey-  
Clarissa? Can I...  
Hi. Can I ask you a quick question?  
Is there any reason  
why you brought this asshole down here  
when you knew  
how important this meeting was?

Why would you call him an asshole  
and who is this important meeting for?

My friends.

Well, maybe you need to start  
doing things for yourself  
and not your friends as much.

Don't you think your life  
and your business could use a little help?  
Where is this coming from?

What are you talking about?

I simply called you,  
asked you to come down by yourself,  
maybe bring a couple of girls, you know,  
I wanted to have  
an impressive night for my boys.

Yeah, don't worry, your image of Cool Mike  
will not be tarnished.

You're still the player  
that everyone needs to live through.

Well, Clarissa, maybe,  
maybe I don't want to be that guy anymore.  
Really?

Because I came by to say hi the other day,  
and that same girl was leaving  
in the middle of the day!

What, Lexi?

She was just returning my jersey!

Is that what you call it?

Because you have a name for everything.

What is that, "The Jersey Return"?

Is that what it's called?

You got a problem?

Yeah, as a matter of fact,  
I do have a problem.

Yeah, obviously, I see you waving at me  
like some kind of pansy.

- Get the fuck outta my face.

- All right.

Look, I'm done! I'm outta here.

Goodbye. Go fuck yourselves.

Good one, Don Juan!

Real romantic, Casanova.

Fuck off!

Go make yourself a drink.

Excuse me? Young lady, excuse me?

- That's our drink.

- Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead.

- It's cool, right?

- No, actually, it's not cool.

This is our table, and this is our alcohol,  
so if you'd like to have a drink,  
maybe she should go to the bar, right?

Okay? Thanks. Got it?

I don't really think I got it.

Come here, let me explain it to you.

See, this is our table, right?

And we paid a lot of money for it,  
so if you want a drink

or your friends want a drink,

have them go to the bar.

It's just a drink, dog.

No, it's not just a drink.

It's our drinks, right?

And that's our table that we paid for.

So, if you and your guest want alcohol,  
go to the fucking bar.

That is weak, chief.

- Excuse me?

- Relax, captain.

All right, you know what, if you call me  
one more name that isn't mine,

- I'm gonna fuck you up.

- You're gonna fuck me up?

Yeah.

This fucking guy, huh?

What's going on?

What's up?

Hell. guys. Miss me?

- Paul, you made it!

- Yeah.

Looks like you got

all your girlfriends now, huh?

You know what,

you called me a lot of names today,  
but there's one that you forgot.

- What's that?

- It's...

I'm sorry, guys.

- They didn't say anything?  
- No, they didn't say anything.  
- They just walked out?  
- They just walked out.

Fuck.

Hello.

Hi.

ok3Y-

Wow.

You think you could pay attention to this?

I think for the rest of my life, yeah.

I love you.

I love you, too.

You're my fantasy.

Did I tell you that? No?

ok3Y-

- Babe?

- Yeah?

You just did something to your back,  
didn't you?

I've done a little something. Yes.

There is some Aleve right here  
in this drawer next to me.

Really?

- Do you want me to...

- No.

I'll get it as soon as  
I can make a full rotation.

In the mean time,

I think I'm just going to kiss you.

In this position.

Hey-

Listen, I'm sorry.

It's too late. I just came to  
get my check and that's that.

We don't need  
to discuss it.

Clarissa, listen to me, hear me out.

- I completely...

- Mike, stop!

Trust me, this is for the best.

We can't work together and have this  
tension and pretend that we don't...

It's too much. I'm sorry.

I admit it, Clarissa. I admit it.  
I was immature, what I did at the club.  
It was stupid.  
You're in your 40s.  
Who still fights in their 40s?  
Well, George Foreman made a comeback.  
It's not a joke to me! It's not. Okay?  
I'm outta here.  
And good luck with this place.  
I hope you save it.  
A lot of people will miss it if you don't.  
Hey, what's up? What's the emergency?  
- You ruined the deal, Mike.  
- You fucked us good, Mike.  
- I mean you fucked up!  
- Fuck.  
Damn, I'm sorry. You know what,  
I knew I shouldn't have taken...  
Mike, we're kidding.  
The Australians called this morning.  
The deal's done.  
We closed the deal!  
Your two best friends  
just sold their company for real money!  
Fuck, yeah!  
I told you the Australians like  
that rough- and- tumble stuff.  
And I told you they were maniacs.  
You wanna give it to him, or should I?  
You do it.  
No, let me do it. No, you do it.  
What?  
Hey, Mike...  
Thank you, for real.  
What is this, hush money?  
No.  
That's "We're fine,  
now go take care of your own life" money.  
Seriously, Mike, we're good.  
Go take your own advice.  
Everything's great at home with us.  
Lianne's cuddling me so much,  
I pulled my shoulder  
out of the socket the other night.

- Guys, I can't take your money.

- Mike.

- I'm all right. I'm all right.

- Mike.

Go handle your business. Seriously.

Thank you. gulls-

Thank you.

Sometimes immaturity can work for you.

Goldbam co- founders incite a riot in a club

and the result is

the biggest sale in marketing history.

I'm gonna buy, like, that section.

All right, that's cool.

I'm going to buy Tribeca and the Knicks.

Okay, that sounds good.

I'll take Soho and the Giants.

Fuck it. I'm gonna buy

the Bronx Zoo and free the monkeys.

Hey, that's good. Yeah, man.

- What am I gonna do?

- What are you gonna do, man?

I'm gonna have an eagle, and an entourage.

That's cool. I'm gonna have a helicopter.

- Yeah?

- And I'm gonna just fly into the city.

And I'm just gonna, like,

land on Sixth Avenue.

Fuck it. Every day.

Give me your helicopter phone number.

And I'm gonna buy

Derek Jeter's phone book.

I might start wearing a cape.

- Fuck it. Why not?

- Yeah.

Hi, Clarissa, it's me, Mike. And...

I'll try to make this brief because...

I'm not really good

at this type of thing, but...

Well, Clarissa you blindsided me.

And it's all your fault.

Shit, that didn't come out right.

I think what I mean to say is that...

That I have feelings for you,

and it's pissing me off.

Sorry, that's... That's not right either.  
I think... I just...  
I've never felt this before. And...  
I don't know how to react.  
I don't know what to do.  
I think what I'm trying to say is that I  
haven't had these feelings in a long time,  
and I'm trying to make sense out of it.  
But it's sort of throwing my game off.  
You know, I mean,  
not that I'm playing games, because  
that would be like, fuck, I mean, shit...  
I mean, fuck, sorry,  
I shouldn't cuss on your thing. But...  
All right, I guess,  
what I am trying to say is that...  
Listen, we're having this party,  
celebration at the bar tonight  
and things are going really well,  
and it's sort of like a grand re- opening.  
And I would love it if you would come,  
and if you don't come, I totally understand  
but it would be great if you come because  
I think that I'm falling  
in love with you...  
Fuck! I mean...  
Shit, fuck, sorry. I...  
This is Mike, bye.  
This is New York City,  
the most populous city  
in the United States.  
8.2 million people,  
4.72 million people of which are married.  
One of which is not me. Why?  
Ask somebody else.  
Well, I'm going to sing a song that  
I loved as a kid by REO Speedwagon, and...  
I guess, sis, this is for you.  
And for you, Lianne.  
And all my friends out there.  
And a little bit for myself.  
Can I just say something first, if! may?  
A few days ago we all went to a comedy club  
and this comic said something that...

It was so simple and so perfect,  
but I haven't been able to forget it.  
He said, "Love the flaws."  
Just love the flaws.  
And if you're lucky enough to find love,  
and you know when it hits you, because  
it knocks you on your ass,  
you have to respect it.  
You have to cherish it.  
And you have to fight for it.  
Fight through it.  
And maybe even have a  
little fun on the ride.  
I think that's what I learned.  
I hope it's not too late.  
So you figured that you've got it  
All figured out  
He's a sweet- talking stud  
who can melt a girl's heart with his pout  
All right, Mike.  
He's the kind of lover  
that the ladies dream about  
Oh, yes, he is  
He's got plenty of cash  
He's got plenty of friends  
He drives women wild  
And he drives off in a Mercedes- Benz  
He's got a long wick  
With a flame at both ends  
But don't let him go  
Just give him a chance to grow  
Take it easy, take it slow  
But don't let him go  
Shares of marriage went up this week  
as couples everywhere  
learned that loving the flaws  
may be the answer they  
were all looking for.  
Fortunately for you,  
there is only three, three paths.

Hers, yours.  
and yours and hers together.  
See? There, there it is!  
I've been path- fucked!  
What kind of thing is that to say out loud?  
Sorry.