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A Good Man Is Hard to Find

By Leslie Small

Just pick something
and close the door.
Guys, guys!
Look what happened.
I have peach fuzz on my face.
Peach fuzz! See?
Congratulations, Ubuntu.
This is your first step
into manhood.
The other steps
are a lot more fun
and usually
involve strippers.
You are becoming a man.
In your native Africa,
there would be a wonderful
culturally relative
scarification
or body mutilation ritual.
But we're stuck
here in America,
so a first shave
is a perfect way
to commemorate
your transition.
Shave me, daddy!
I'd better handle
this one.
If he needs help shaving
his legs, he'll come to you.
We've got
a problem out here.
People were honking at me,
but I figured they just agreed
with our bumper stickers.
I'll call
the tow company.
What kind of man doesn't know
how to change a tire?
Dad, changing a tire
doesn't make you a man.
Now, changing the world...
Yeah, yeah. Bottom line is,
your boy is becoming a man,

- and I'm the one who needs to show him the way. - Ubuntu's becoming a man? What exactly did you see? Peach fuzz. Feel it!

- You sure you weren't kissing bunnies at the pet store again? - It's for real. Good thing grandpa Charlie's here to teach him the ropes. I don't want my dad teaching our son about manhood. Shaving is the trojan horse he's going to use to sneak in and corrupt Ubuntu. Remember when dad took care of Che? Get it while it's bloody! What? It took nearly a week of soy enemas for Che to come back to his senses. And now he's more committed to a vegan lifestyle than ever. Done. Thanks for fixing the tire, Trish. It's so good to have a friend in the biz. Oh, hi, mo! Are you working here now, too? No, I'm more of a fan. I just love the smell. Hey, Ma!

- What?

- No, Ma, not Mom.

- What?

- Got any money?

I need to hit the drugstore for some peroxide. My girlfriend says my tongue ring's infected again. Oh, God! Get away from me, Kevin!

Pig.
Get a room, you two.
It's like they never broke up.
They grow up so fast.
That's why, well...
We haven't told
anyone else this, but...
We're gonna have
another baby!
I had a feeling
when I saw you,
but I didn't want
to say anything
in case you weren't pregnant.
- That would be so embarrass.
- I'm not pregnant.
I was talking about Trish.
I'm not either.
See, Gerald?
We're still trying
to get up the courage
to ask a sperm donor.
It's kind of an awkward
subject to broach.
What about
Kevin's biological father?
Kevin was an accident.
- How is that possible...
- You guys are great parents.
I'm sure you'll have
no trouble finding a donor.
We'd like it to be
someone we feel close to.
I am so happy!
Now, do you accept
competitors' coupons,
and do you consider
a dry cleaner a competitor?
So, Gerald,
what do you think about
Mo and Trish's proposition?
Great, just great.
You know, I always say,
more gay couples

should have children.
Yeah. If I were Kevin's moms,
I'd want a do-over, too.
I'm so proud of you,
Gerald Goode.
Well, thank you, but...
Oh, my God!
Mo and Trish want my sperm!
I'm so excited!
Giving a baby
to a gay couple
is one of the greatest things
any human being can do.
Margo's gonna crap herself
when I tell her.
Oh, God!
This is a nightmare!
My ex-boyfriend is going
to be my half brother?
Are you trying
to screw me up?
We haven't really
decided yet.
Are you kidding?
This is the kind of thing
you guys live for.
Look at Mom right now!
I'd better find a way
to deal with Kevin.
Let's keep this
between us.
Mo and Trish might not want
the whole neighborhood to know.
What do Mo and Trish not want
the whole neighborhood to know?
Gerald is donating sperm
to our lesbian friends
- so they could have a baby.
- Please, Helen!
I know a place that gives you
70 bucks a visit.
Paid for my truck and the
boat that's hitched to it.
- That's a lot of visits.

- 70 dollars?

Did I hear you say you're
giving Mo and Trish a baby?

- We're not sure...

- Yes!

If you give it to them, Gerald,
you can't take it back,
like the watering can.

Hey, if you guys
are just giving out babies,
I'll take one. A child
will solve all my problems.

Go, go! Ubuntu needs
a new pair of clogs!

I win!

- Grampa, call our bookie!

- I'm on it.

Mom, dad, grampa's teaching me
how to invest in horses.

Gambling on animals?

Real men will gamble
on anything.

Charlie, I never gamble.

My point exactly.

A real man grabs life
by the jabordnicks.

He starts the day on the floor
of the drunk tank
and ends it on a bed
in a bordello.

He gets a hernia,
and he doesn't get it treated

- until his stomach drops
out of his thigh. - Cool.

A real man gives lesbians his
seed to father a child for them,

- like Gerald is doing for
Mo and Trish. - Helen!

That's so awesome!

No, it isn't!

Strippers are awesome!

I'm gonna have
a little half brother!

I need to make him a card.

Are you sure that being
a donor for Mo and Trish
is the right thing to do?
Gerald, this is the perfect
way to show Ubuntu
that real manhood
is not about selfishness
but about selflessness.
You'll get absolutely
no pleasure,
but potential
responsibilities.
Talk about leading
by example, huh?
- Well, that does sound right.
- Helen! This should interest you.
The Greenville Art council
just tapped me to curate
this year's irreverent
and courageous...
Gerald is giving his sperm
to our lesbian friends
so they can have a baby!
Damn it, Kent!
I can't do everything!
Kevin, we need to talk.
I just wanted to say
some things have changed,
and I think we should try
to be, like, friends,
You know, in case we ever
become related or something.
- So you want to marry me?
- No!
How about you get
the hell out of here
before I bust you up?
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Fight! Kiss!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Look!
Nitro-burning funny cars!
Hey, guys!
Mo, put on some pants.

Gerald and Helen are here,
and they brought booze!
Mo, Trish,
we have good news.
Helen and I have
discussed it, and, well,
our answer is... Yes!
Yes to what?
To what?
Well, to giving you a baby.
Gerald, no offense,
but we may not want
to have a girl.
No, we're looking for
a man's man. No offense.
Well, I appreciate that
you keep saying "no offense",
but it might be easier if you
just stopped insulting me.
I'm confused.
You said it was awkward to ask.
And gettin' more
awkward by the minute.
Not a man's man?
I get hit on by men
all the time.
They're talking nonsense,
Gerald. They're lesbians.
Their view of masculinity
is skewed.
The important thing is
that Ubuntu can't find out,
or we'll lose him
to Charlie forever.
Find out what?
Nothing.
Mo and Trish don't think
I'm manly enough
to give them a baby.
Isn't that crazy?
- Isn't it?
- I don't know, Gerald.
You do wear women's jeans.
Well, I have a wide pelvis.

Gerald, you carry
pepper spray in your bag.
So no one thinks I'm manly?
Penny?
Well, you always treat me
with respect and equality...
You know, like a sissy.
Hi, mom! Hi, dad!
Were Mo and Trish super happy
about having your baby?
Well, Ubuntu,
let's just say...
Yes! They were
downright giddy.
So, Ubuntu,
ready to get shaving?
Because your father
is ready to teach you.
- Yes. Let's go!
- He can't shave yet!
He has to wait till the beard
and mustache connect.
Every guy knows that.
Women are like underwear.
You should change them
every three days.
Gerald, this is terrible.
We can't let this happen.
Can you imagine
if that old buzzard
gets his talons
into our Ubuntu?
Sell! Buy! Sell! Buy!
Sell, buy, sell, buy!
Oh, God!
What do we do?
There's only one thing
that's gonna trump Charlie,
and we know what that is.
You have to father
Mo and Trish's baby.
- But they don't want to
have my baby. - Oh, they will.
I feel silly, Helen.

Listen, Gerald, your job
is to stay silent and nod.
And put this
down your pants.
Helen, size doesn't matter.
You explained that to me
on our fourth date.
I know that, and you know that,
but lesbians don't know that.
Now do it! For Ubuntu.
Hey, Helen!
Gerald, is that you?
Is everything okay
with the tires?
The tires are fine.
But after we got home
last night,
Gerald and I kind of
ruined the shocks,
if you know what I mean.
We had car sex.
That's his mating call.
Not now, big guy.
He's probably gonna see
if the vending machine
has beer or tools.
Men and their tools...
Is that a squash?
Yo, Ubuntu, I think
your sister's still into me.
Really? You should date her.
She's a wonderful person.
Yeah, but I'm still
chilling with Amber.
She buys me stuff.
My grampa says a real man can
have as many girls as he wants.
God put them on Earth
to make men happy.
I do deserve to be happy.
See you, daddy!
Grampa's taking me
to the newsstand.
So I can decide what

my gentlemen's magazine
of choice is going to be.
I like "Dwell", but...
We're talking about
nude magazines, Gerald.
Bye, dad.
I used to get
"Chocolate Nurse" magazine,
but they heavily edited
my letters,
so I canceled
my subscription.
I feel so lost, Helen.
I know Charlie
isn't the answer
to showing Ubuntu
how to be a man,
but now I'm not sure
I am, either.
I'm gonna
go draw a bath.
Stop right there, Gerald!
You are a man.
You've just lost
your confidence.
But I know how
you're gonna get it back.
A drum circle?
At the learning annex!
"Reawaken your manhood
with the ancient native american
art of drum circling."
They teach you how to summon
the mighty eagle inside of you.
You're always saying
how you want to do that.
Oh, that does sound good.
Is this everybody?
This is it. You ready
to unleash your inner man?
Okay, let's go back in time,
when men sat in circles
and told tales of the hunt.
And if you need to go

to the bathroom,
you don't need
to raise your hand.
Oh, easy, friend.
You want to leave yourself
somewhere to go.
Wow, I'm really digging this.
It's so raw, so tribal.
- Who are we?
- We are men!
Yes. Yes, I am a man!
Good news, Bliss.
- We're back on. - What?
I'm not interested in you.
But are you interested in
taking a shower with me?
You're not listening
to me, Kevin.
I hate you.
There's a fine line
between love and hate.
No, there's not.
You are so vile.
And now we kiss.
Bliss? Bliss!
Hey, Amber!
I guess we'll just keep it
you and me for now.
It was amazing, Helen.
I felt so alive
in that circle.
You seem different.
You even smell different.
I'd say musky.
Gerald, Ubuntu needs to see you
drum in all your primal glory.
Charlie can never
compete with that.
You're right.
Gambling and pornography
have nothing on the ancient
rhythms of the forest.
Nice face paint, Chad.
Hey, did you finally tell your

boss how you feel, Timothy?
You will.
Hey, Franklin, we have to
hit the skins hard today.
My son's coming straight from
football practice to watch us.
Damn. And my carpal
tunnel acting up.
Drum it away, Franklin.
Drum it away.
Okay, men, let's hit it!
Step it up, boys.
Drum like thunder!
Now we're hittin' it.
Ladies!
We're in the spreadsheet
class next door,
and we can't hear
ourselves think.
So bring down the tippy-tappy
to a pitter-patter. You got it?
Sorry!
It won't happen again.
Wait.
We're in a drum circle class.
We shouldn't
have to keep it down.
Oh, yeah? I say you do.
So I'm gonna adjust
your volume control.
He done knocked
a hole in your drum.
What do you say? Your inner man
want to do something about it?
Huh? Does it?
No.
No, I'm sorry.
We'll keep it down.
Thought so.
Oh, God! You guys are gonna
"eyes wide shut" me, aren't you?
Dad! I'm connected.
I'm ready to shave.
Teach me. Teach me!

Go with your grandfather.
He can teach you
what you need to know.
So how did it go?
Did Ubuntu like it?
I'm sure he was...
What happened?
Some spreadsheet bullies
broke my drum,
and I didn't
do anything about it.
Well, restraint and pacifism
- are manly attributes...
- Don't, Helen!
Now, in a few years,
you'll need to learn
how to shave drunk.
Mo? Trish? What are
you guys doing here?
Sorry, Gerald. Kevin climbed up
your tree and won't come down.
And I'm not coming down
until Bliss takes me back!
Or Amber.
We've never seen him like this.
We don't know what to do.
We can't burn him out.
Can we?
Ubuntu!
You said I could have
as many girls as I wanted.
- Now I have none!
- You said that?
That's what grampa told me.
Right, grampa?
Damn straight.
Now, I may not know
everything about women,
but I do know that
that is dead wrong.
You should always treat women
with respect and as individuals.
Now come on down.
I'm not coming down!

My heart is broke
over Bliss... Or Amber.
Kevin, I know you think you're
angry, but you really aren't.
What you're feeling
is sad and rejected.
But those are scarier
feelings to let out,
aren't they?

Yes.

It's okay, Kevin.

I always tell Ubuntu that
it takes real courage to cry,
- especially for a man.

- Oh, God!

Go ahead. Let it out.

I want to come down.

I don't want to be alone.

I want to be with Bliss...

Or Amber.

Kevin, if you learn how to
make a girl feel special,
you will never need to
worry about being alone.
But you really do need to
decide between Amber or Bliss.

What? No.

I strongly suggest Amber.

Amber!

Wow, Gerald,

that was... Impressive.

Manly, even?

In a weird way, yes.

You know, we realize we have
our hands full with Kevin,
and we'll probably be
raising a baby of his anyway,
so we're not gonna have
another of our own.

But if we did,

you'd be the type of man
we'd want to be the donor.

- Really? - Would you two
mind telling Margo that?

Come on, Ubuntu,
let's leave these crybabies.
It's time to shave.
No, Charlie!
Ubuntu is my son.
I'll shave him.
Now, the first step
when shaving is to exfoliate.
Exfoliate. Got it.
With what?
Well, chamomile
is not just for tea, son.
Let's turn it up a notch!
What about
the spreadsheet guys?
Oh, I'm not worried
about them.
They come on Wednesdays
and Fridays.
Then I'm taking my shirt off.