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About Last Night

By Leslye Headland

So, tell me.

Tell you what?

About last night.

So, I go to that new spot
on Sixth and Main, right?

Right.

- Nice atmosphere, beautiful women, Danny.

- Shit.

Why are you saying "shit"?

I asked you to come.

I see this chick, cute girl, tight.

- Model tight?

- No. No, no, no, no.

I'm not fucking with them
anorexic girls no more, dude.

It's like fucking a 10-speed
bike with daddy issues.

True.

This girl, she's put together, man, I mean,
nice titties, nice ass, whole package.

But, I think I kind of know her.

Hey, my name is Bernie.

Good for you.

You know Angela.

- Yeah, I know Ang, too.

- Right, Bernie.

Yeah.

Yeah, you used to date Angela.

Date?

No, I was fucking the shit out
of Angela, that's what that was.

You got those edges nappy, huh?

So, at this point, I'm intrigued.

Nothing makes a guy sexier than if
he screwed over a chick you hate.

- It's like revenge by association.

- Exactly.

So, this Bernie's got a pair. It's
ladies' night, I'm down, we get drunk.

- You buy?

- Of course, I buy. What am I, a dick?

She gets drunk, I get drunk,
we go back to my place, right?

Listen to me, Danny,

this chick was insane.
But he gets too drunk.
See, you always let
them drink too much.
No. It is not my fault he got...
Whisky-dick? Shame on you.
Dude, I had to keep up with her
drinking or else I look like a pussy.
It's not my fault my friend
downstairs couldn't keep it together.
You got two ways to
look at whisky-dick.
The con is that your dick is
functionally dysfunctional.
The pro is that your dick gets extra special
attention for his extra special needs.
How much extra special attention
did she have to give you?
It was heaven. She was down
there at least 20 minutes.
Any longer than that and
you might as well charge.
So, I'm pulling out all the stops.
I'm talking dirty, I do handwork...
I put on a goddamn slow jam.
I mean, I am impressing myself.
I am like an EMT crew
reviving a car crash victim.
Do you know what I mean? I'm like a
hairdryer, I am blowing so hard.
But, I must admit, it was
well worth the wait.
Really?
Impressive, but not threatening.
It's like the John
Legend of penises.
- That is impressive.
- Very.
So I'm down there and it is the...
Best head this year.
What?
Thorough, paid attention to detail,
took pride in her work, Danny.
Did she do your taxes as well?

Snarky, but I'll allow it.
Only reason why is because
you been crying in your beer
since crazy Alison left
your ass over a year ago.
I'm taking my time.
You know what your problem is?
You're too damn good-looking, man.
What?
See, guys like me gotta work a
lot harder than guys like you.
Guys like you don't appreciate the
wealth of asses at their disposal.
Best thing that could happen to your
face is an industrial accident.
- Whatever.
- I'm serious.
Dude, you need to go meet
you a nice-looking female,
take her back to your
place, turn her out!
Make her feel things.
You made Joan feel things?
I made her feel like good and
evil hung in the balance,
like we were at peace talks and her
orgasms were the end of genocide.
I saved the world
last night, Danny.
- We appreciate it, brother.
- You're welcome.
Then she was like...
And I'm like...
Stop. Stop, stop.
Yeah, I'm okay. Never mind,
never mind, keep going.
Stop. Stop, stop. Stop, stop.
Motherfucker, I said stop!
Are you deaf, Negro?
And I'm like,
"Well, bitch, which is it?"
I got a charley horse.
Were your legs up around your...
Obviously, which is so annoying,

because I was just about to...

Come on.

I'm like, finish your yoga

so we can do it again.

- Right, but the headline there is "again."

- Yes.

We had to start all over.

So if it was bad sex, why are

we hanging out with this guy?

It wasn't bad, it was imperfect.

Isn't that the same thing?

Heads up, Little Miss Overachiever.

When it comes to sex, if you get it right

the first time, you got nowhere to go.

Come on.

- Wait, there he is.

- The other one's cute.

That must be his

"this isn't a date" friend.

Hey!

Come on.

- Hey.

- Hey.

What's going on?

All right, Well...

What do you think?

It's a nice place, right?

It's okay. It's a bar.

Hey, I mean, if it's a bar, that means

we supposed to be getting drunk.

As a matter of fact, this next

round is on you two ladies.

Charming. This is my

roommate, Debbie Sullivan.

How you doing? Bernie Litko.

- Good to meet you.

- Hi. Nice to meet you.

This is my guy, this is Danny

Martin. He works with me.

- Nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

Hi, Danny.

Shit. I'm sorry,

Joan, this is Danny.

This is who I was just
telling you about.

Yeah, I heard a lot about you.

So, what do you guys do?

Restaurant supply.

- Exactly.

- Wow.

That sounds like you guys are
either waiters or in the Mafia.

All right, sweetie, I'm gonna need you to
take these unsolicited attacks down a notch.

Save the crazy for later,
when I got use for that shit.

Okay.

Damn! Now, wait a minute.

Let me help you.

You see this shit?

- Got me one.

- Okay.

Thank you.

Okay. I'm gonna take it.

I want it! I want it!

- We gotta take another shot.

- It's here!

Hey, come on. You sure you
don't want another round?

- I'm fine, I got my drink.

- Come on, shots.

- She never goes out unless I drag her.

- That's not true.

It is true, baby. She only sleeps
with guys at her advertising firm.

- What?

- It's so sad.

- She has to get it in at work.

- Also not true.

You're not by yourself. Let me tell
you something. He just as sad.

Yawn-fest over here,

he ain't been out

since his ex-girlfriend Alison

broke up with him over a year ago.

Easy.

That's because he felt emasculated.

I mean, she left him.
That happens a lot,
don't be embarrassed.
Baby, he should hook up with Debbie,
so they could be boring together!
- Y'all should hook up and do this.
- He should hook up with Deb.
Oh, yeah. I wanna do that.
- You wanna do that?
- I wanna do that.
Let me tell you something,
we will never be boring.
Me and you will never be boring.
Public place. Get a room!
That's what I mean. Boring!
- I'm about to boo you.
- It's okay, fine.
Baby, I'm gonna go to
that place where you pee.
- Want me to go with you?
- No, I'm fine, I'm fine!
I'm about to go to that
place where she pees, too.
All right.
Here I go.
Shit, yeah, I am.
Hey, hey. I'm sorry I said
that shit about Alison.
- Just go.
- I shouldn't have said that.
- Please.
- I'm gonna beat this pussy up.
Go, please!
Wow.
I'm not really boring.
Yeah, me neither.
I just pretend to be, so that
she can be the crazy one.
This may be the worst date I've ever
been on, and it's not even my date.
I've definitely had worse.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- That's why I don't go out much.

- It's not worth it, right?
Why even try something when 95%
of the time it's just an epic failure?
Because that other 5% can
be pretty mind-blowing.
Turn around! Put your hand up here.
I don't feel like a lady!
Listen. Listen.
- I'm a flower.
- Okay, you're my flower.
Okay, you know what you're gonna do?
You're gonna sit on me.
- That's it!
- Okay.
- I'm going to sit on you, okay. Okay.
- Come here.
- Oh, my God, what is that?
- You flushed it!
You can turn that thing off.
It's work.
I should go. I have to get
up early in the morning.
Can I walk you out?
Yeah, sure.
Are you serious?
Yep.
So, you lived in L.A. six years and
you've never been to a Dodgers game?
Nope.
I have killer seats. I'll take you.
Are you asking me out?
Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Debbie?
Deborah Sullivan.
- Hello, Terrell. It's been a while.
- Six months.
You're too good to return my calls?
Bitch move, Deb.
It's okay. He's taken one too
many hits to the head, clearly.
- So, this you now?
- This is me.
Suit yourself. Life is short.

And so is he.

- He's corny.

- Yeah.

- Remember that 95% epic failure?

- Yeah.

- Exhibit A.

- Really?

Yep.

I'm sorry, was that weird?

No, I'll be your fake

boyfriend whenever you want.

But I wouldn't do this.

All right, so, what would you

do if you were my boyfriend?

- It's nice, right?

- Very, very.

What else?

Well...

I've wanted to put my

hand here all night.

Then what?

Then I'd probably lean

in, kind of like this.

You don't have to rush off.

Hi.

Hi.

I do, actually.

It's been a slice of heaven,
really, but I have to go home now.

- Let me turn the light on.

- No, no, no! No need to do that.

- Why?

- It's a rule of mine.

You got a lot of rules, lady.

You need this?

There it is, yeah.

Thanks for that.

Should I walk you out?

No, we both know what happened
the last time you did that.

That kind of makes me wanna
walk you out even more, though.

Great. Thanks!

I can't believe I slept

with him on the first date.
It wasn't even your date.
It was mine. Tell me everything.
His eyes, his body, his mouth.
He didn't!
You lucky bitch!
- Bernie doesn't?
- Of course not.
- Why not?
- Well, you ask him.
Joan, where the bathroom at, baby?
Bernie?
Why don't you like cunnilingus?
I don't even know who the bitch is.
What are you talking about?
Hey.
I should go in there right now and
force him to wear the thigh muffs.
Yeah.
Just remember, everything is covered
under a full service warranty.
Food handler and VIP branch.
Temperature and cut resistant.
Hey, can I call you
right back? Thanks.
Yo.
Hey. You cover for
me with the Hobbit?
Yeah, I told him you
went to the dentist.
You might want to actually brush
your teeth to make it believable.
That's funny, Danny.
That's real funny.
Hey! Let's start
this day off right.
'Sup, boy?
- I'm shaking your hand.
- Why?
'Cause I'm congratulating you
on growing your dick back.
You banged Debbie, man.
How do you know this?
'Cause she told me after I

banged her this morning.

You see I'm wearing the same stuff.

I'm lying, dude. Your girl,

my girl, they roommates.

- She's not my girl.

- You want her to be your girl.

She's not my girl!

I dare you to look at me with those
little icy, baby blue eyes of yours
and tell me that you don't

want her to be your girl.

I just met her. It was nothing
but about last night.

- Did you text her, Danny?

- I don't have her number.

You're gonna get it. After all that nasty
stuff you did last night, she gonna find you.

Hey, what do you think of her?

You just didn't care and now you
want to know what I think of her?

I think she looks good, I think she's
smart, dude, straight-up wife material.

Or she could be Alison
all over again.

Now, I'm gonna be a good friend and
pretend you didn't just say that.

I'm gonna act like I didn't see you check
your Facebook for friend requests.

Hey, buddies, dudes, compadres.

Bernie, corporate office guys are here.

They did not buy the dentist thing.

So should I tell them you were...

I was eating pussy
all night, Keller.

Wow, hey, nice.

- Why is corporate here?

- Asset review.

They just showed up. I was
like, "What, no phone call?"

They were like, "if you try to be funny
again, we're gonna rip your throat out."

Which is, like, so them, you know?

Anyway, Bernie, luckily,
you're prepared, right?

- Sure am, boss.

- Let's do it.

Follow you, my fearless leader.

Go get 'em.

Really?

Clean it up, bitch.

Stop, I'm playing.

Debbie, are you with us?

- Did you?

- Yeah.

Where you going, Danny?

Danny, what are you doing?

Are you gonna go see
your little fuck-buddy?

- Hey.

- I'm serious, don't go. Okay?

If you stay, I'll let
you see the taint.

- No.

- I wanna show it to you.

- Fuck, man, I gotta go!

- You gonna go look at Debbie's taint?

Yeah, it's much better than yours.

James has seen my taint!

You saw it.

Bernie!

- Well, it just depends on your monthly sales.

- Bernie...

- Where's Danny?

- I don't know, ask him.

I would if I could find the man.

Debbie, where are you?

I need one more teeth
cleaning for my log.

Hey, if you're with

Danny, don't brush after,

I need a challenge.

Okay, that's enough.

I will hurt you in this chair.

- There you go.

- Thank you, Case.

Thanks again for

covering my ass, Danny.

And I'll get you the last two

months next week. I promise.
Don't take this the wrong way, I'm just curious.
Why can't you pay your bill?
You got customers.
Yeah, Casey, everybody's inside drinking.
Yeah, but that doesn't mean they're paying.
Why? Are you running tabs?
What is this, 1978?
Look, what do you want me to do?
They're my regulars.
- Get 'em MasterCards.
- It's tough times right now.
That's not your problem.
It is my problem.
These are my friends.
Casey, you gotta start looking at these guys as your customers.
- Damn sure do, Case.
- That's your problem.
What is up with you? Did you get back together with Alison?
- He's fucking this new chick.
- Good, I'm real happy for you.
Not for nothing, when you were with Alison, you weren't the coolest guy in the world to hang around with.
Just saying.
Thanks again.
- Hey, you going to the movies tonight?
- I don't know.
Are you coming to the movies tonight, or are you gonna flake again?
I don't know.
Why? Is Danny coming?
You know, it would be good for you two to go out in public together instead of being vampires.
I've never done the serious relationship thing, but I smell not ready all over him.

Well, maybe you're not
sniffing in the right places.

Hello?

I'm sorry, I don't
mean to bother you.

You were the only house with the
lights on. I just lost control of my car.

Whooped your ass, boy.

And I gave you a head start.

- Why you bail on me on Saturday?

- I was busy.

Doing what? Writing in your diary?

If you don't want to

deal with Debbie,

why don't you just stop putting

parts of you in parts of her?

- Do you have a problem with that?

- Actually, I do.

Okay, you not the one that's getting
an earful from Joan, man. I am!

Nothing makes you more unattractive than
your best friend fucking over her friend.

I'm not fucking Debbie over!

You're doing the fuck-buddy
dance right now.

- What?

- The fuck-buddy dance.

When you do that dance,
somebody gets hurt.

Nine times out of 10, it's the person
with the vagina and I'm telling you,

I'm not gonna be

fraternizing with the enemy.

That's the stupidest thing

I've ever heard you say,

- and you've said some stupid shit.

- It's not stupid.

You know what this is?

It's the Lando Calrissian effect.

I'm out here getting pussy in Cloud City,
giving Han Solo a run for his money.

Now when they find out that

I'm friends with Darth Vader,

know what's gonna happen?

I'm gonna get stuck in
the Millennium Falcon
with a racially offensive co-pilot.
It's the Star Wars
equivalent to castration.
Dude, you either get
in or you get out.
Fine, but I'm not the bad guy.
You will be. You will be.
Danny!
Hey.
Hi, stranger.
Told you I had great seats.
Yeah, these are great.
For you.
- Thank you.
- Yeah.
- There you go. Now you're ready.
- Is that good?
Now you're ready. Look at that.
Can't we move closer?
We could, but these are my seats.
Yeah, but those can be our seats.
Well, it doesn't
really work like that.
Why, are there seat cops?
These are my dad's seats.
He inherited them from his
dad, so it's a thing.
Yeah. You get it, right?
Yeah, I get it. I do.
These are great seats.
Good.
Where's Joan?
She's gonna meet us here.
Where's Bernie?
He said he's gonna meet us here.
- Right.
- Right.
Wait, so do they
know we set them up?
Yeah, baby. I mean,
they ain't stupid.
I know they're not stupid. I just...

I want them to work it out.

- Are you serious, do we still need these?

- Yes.

When's the last time
you got tested?

Tested? I don't know.

I was in college.

College? I am tested every
year at my Pap smear.

Bernie, you need to get tested.

Okay, first of all, do I wanna
know what a Pap smear is?

No.

- Take the test, I'll take the test.

- Thank you.

- Wait a minute. Give me a second!

- I'm...

That's it, it's on.

Wait, wait, no, it's not.

- See, this is what happened last time...

- It's on.

- It's on!

- Are you sure?

I'm... I know when it's on!

Now that I got this big old gift wrapped,
let's get it going while the tree is still up.

All right. Get on top.

I'm not getting on top.

You gotta get on top.

I got on top the last time.

I'm not getting on top.

No, that shit be fucking with
my knees. I'm not doing it.

- But you know my back is bad.

- Rock, paper, scissors.

Rock, paper, scissors,
the loser gets on top.

- All right. Fine.

- On three.

- Okay.

- Ready?

- One, two, three.

- One, two, three.

That's a tie. We gotta go side.

Lift your cheek up.
There you go, there
you go, baby. There it is.
That's what I'm talking about, baby!
Good defence, boy!
Nice play, get him at third,
get him at third! Got him!
- Did they win?
- What?
- Did they win?
- No, it was just a great fucking play.
Didn't you see that?
No, I blinked and then something
happened that made you dance.
That's the thing about this game,
you gotta stay in the moment. Right?
You can't worry about what's gonna happen,
right, otherwise you're gonna miss...
Miss the best part.
You know, she just needs
a little... Wait, push!
- Move your leg!
- Push!
I'll make a deal with you. You can talk
if you put the pillow under your stomach.
- Okay.
- Put it under your stomach.
Right there. Right there.
Don't move, don't move.
I got it! I got it! That's it!
- That's it. Game over!
- That's it!
My father used to bring
me here after every game.
Your dad brought you to a bar?
Casey's is more than just a bar.
I mean, just look around. It's rich.
Is there another room?
Stop, stop. Stop.
This place is like a
second home to me.
I've been coming
here since I was...
Since you could wrap your chubby

little fingers around a baseball.

- You used to be chubby! So cute.

- No, he's just...

That's really cute.

See, that's an entirely different story.

All right, I gotta go. I'll be back.

Sorry, pal.

You and his dad still friends?

No, he fucked me over.

Died of bone cancer 20 years ago.

Were you guys close?

Yeah. My best friend.

Really?

What?

Nothing.

- What?

- Just interesting.

What's interesting?

Danny has never brought a lady into this bar before.

Really? I'm the first?

Swear on Jackie Robinson's grave.

Another first.

Well, that was good. I like that.

Wait. Wait, wait.

- You need to stretch or something?

- This isn't just sex, right?

Well, this is technically sex, babe. Yes.

There's a couple variants of this theme that we could do, but for the most part, it's sex.

I know, but we mean something to each other, right?

Yeah. What... Like, yes.

So, am I your girlfriend?

Damn!

Yeah, you my girlfriend!

- Really?

- Yes!

And you feel something for me?

Yes.

You do?

Yes.

You feel it?
I feel it.
- You feel it?
- Oh, God.
I feel something.
Hit me again, baby.
Bitch! What? Knock your damn
head off! That's my ear!
You told me to hit you again.
Yeah, I didn't say hit
me hard like that!
Did you have to call me a name?
You yelled at me.
I didn't mean to do it like that.
You hit me in my ear.
- I didn't know it was your ear...
- I can't hear you!
- I didn't know it was your fuckin' ear!
- Say it in the other fucking ear!
I'm sorry! I didn't mean
to hit you! I'm upset!
- Right. Goddamn!
- Okay.
- Call me your girlfriend again.
- All right. You're my girlfriend.
Give me a kiss!
You keep yelling at me.
- You're my girlfriend.
- I'm your...
I'm your girlfriend!
So, is it true?
Is what true?
You've never brought
a lady there before?
He told you that?
You're the first.
So, what now?
- When's your birthday?
- December fifth.
- Parents still together?
- Divorced when I was 13.
How about you?
It's just my mom.
She's in D.C. She's gonna retire

as a school teacher, so...

Only child?

Yeah.

Why do I feel like

I'm being quizzed,

and if I get something

wrong, we're gonna break up?

Did you just confirm

that we're dating?

Guess I let the cat out of the bag.

I think the cat's been out of the bag and

wandering the room for some time now.

I love this.

What annoys you most?

Amusement parks.

What? Do you also hate America?

I can't stand the concept

of organised fun.

You know, it's like, have fun now!

You know, do it now!

It's like New Year's Eve, you know?

Resolution now! Better life now!

Absolutely not. New Year's is

awesome. You're just stupid.

- What? You're stupid.

- Your face is stupid.

- Your penis is stupid.

- My what?

- Your penis...

- Is what?

Anytime I can give you a hand.

- I love this movie.

- Yeah, I love this movie, too.

You like chick-flicks?

It's not a chick-flick.

This is a dude's movie.

- Chick.

- Dude.

- Chick. Chick. Dude.

- Dude.

- Chick.

- See?

Shit. You fucking... Okay, okay.

I see.

I don't want this to end.
I hate Sunday afternoons.
It's like, countdown to reality.
I normally play marathon sessions
of All-Star Battle Royale.
I usually masturbate and
watch old episodes of House.
Yep.

- That's good.

- You like that?

I don't even want
to check my phone.

Fuck it. We'll do it together.

Count of three.

One, two, three.

- Shit.

- Shit.

Bernie Litko is an asshole!

And I liked him. I really liked him.

I was so into him.

And now I hope he gets hit by a car
and doesn't die, but his
dick gets paralysed.

And he can only have sex through
a series of hand signals.

Slow down. Slow down.

What happened?

Excuse me. You can't drink in here.

Alcohol only after 6:00 p.m.

Well, isn't it after

6:

I don't know. I'll call
my grandmother in China
and ask her if she
knows any Koreans.

Nice.

Bitch.

- Did she just call me a bitch?

- Stop it!

- He broke...

- Up with me.

- Get out of here.

- Here's the thing.

I explained to her, I said, technically, we're not even boyfriend and girlfriend, so, technically, you can't break up with me.

Did she give you a reason for not technically breaking up with you? She's a woman, Danny. I mean, she bitched about a few minor things. See, my parents...

Are coming to town and I'm like, "I want to meet them."

And he's like, "No way."

And I'm like, "Why not?" And he goes, "Because you're not Jewish."

- He's...

- Jewish? How did I not know that?

A, because I'm not.

And B, because when you and I were fucking, you never asked to meet my parents.

True.

And, so what?

I dropped the Jew-bomb.

She can't say anything about it.

If she does, she's racist.

Bernie, dropping the Jew-bomb after months of fucking her? Real mature.

Don't do that, Danny.

Don't judge me.

I like Joan. I think

Joan is great in bed.

I think the girl's ass should be worshipped by indigenous peoples.

But when you start talking about girlfriend and boyfriend, and meeting the parents, it's exit time for me.

Weren't you the one that said get in or get out?

Part of getting in, genius, is knowing when to get...

You're not listening.

I had to break up with him because I'm not Jewish.

What kind of weak-ass man...

Hold up, hold up, hold up. I thought
you said he broke up with you.
He did. Because
I did the only thing
a red-blooded woman can
do in that situation.
I forced an ultimatum. You choose me,
or you choose your family and heritage.
And he chose 3,000 years
of beautiful tradition.
Can you believe that asshole?
- How's Bernie?
- Fine. How's Joan?
- Fine. How's work?
- Good. You?
- Great.
- I'm hungry, woman. Let's go.
There it is.
You know, you could really use
a dining room table in here.
Oh, my God. Someone stole
my dining room table.
And a dining room. Holy shit.
I'm serious. What do you do
when you have people come over?
I don't have people over.
- Hello. What am I?
- Special.
Thank you.
Come here.
I thought about you all day.
- I thought about me all day, too.
- You're such a dick.
Been wearing that backpack for
longer than three weeks now.
You're officially a lesbian.
Some of us don't live here or
roll out of bed looking perfect.
You do.
- Thank you.
- Good morning.
Good morning.
Coming back tonight?
I gotta go by my place first, get

some more clothes for tomorrow.
You coming back tomorrow night?
And the night after that?
Yep. I am. Why? What's wrong?
Well, you're just always here.
Okay.
So, leave some stuff.
Take a drawer.
A drawer?
A whole drawer for little
old me? Really, Danny?
Yeah.
You sure? It's kind of a big deal.
Keys.
A drawer and keys?
Somebody pinch me. Really.
Keep talking that shit and I will
make sure you are late for work.
You know what?
I knew it. I knew it.
I knew this would happen. I knew
you would move in with this guy!
I just feel that adults
don't have roommates.
They live with their
significant others.
So, I am now suddenly a child because
you found a guy you think you like?
- No, but Danny and I talked about it...
- For what?
Five minutes in bed?
Joan, I'm giving you two months' extra
rent until you find someone else.
I didn't think you were one of
those girls who drops her friends
the second she gets regular dick.
Nice. So, let me get this straight.
I finally meet someone
that I really care about,
and you think that I
should force a breakup,
sit around stuffing my face
and complain constantly.
I'm down if you are.

If you want your 30s to
be a blur of parties,
punctuated by teeth cleanings,
that's great. That's your life.
I just want something different.
That means being spontaneous.
You know what?
You are such a wild card.
That's why you're packing a week
before the U-Haul gets here, huh, Deb?
Great. You know what?
Go, go! Just go!
I give it two months.
Three, tops! And this
is my shit, damn it!
When I said get in or get out, I didn't mean
go put a loaded gun to your damn head.
- There's nothing loaded gun about this.
- What are you talking about?
We're great together, all right?
This is just the next step.
Off a cliff? It's not funny, man.
Like you're laughing.
Dude, do you think it's about to be free
blowjobs for the rest of your life?
Is that what you're thinking?
That's not the case, man.
You don't even get it.
Your life is over.
No more going out all night.
You understand that? That's done.
One-night stands? Over.
Yo, do you hear that? I hear something.
Where's it coming from? I don't know...
It's coming from right here.
It's the nail hitting the damn coffin.
You don't even get it.
Your life is over, dude.
I know she just saw me.
Hey, sweet pea.
Excuse me?
Don't call me sweet pea.
And also... Fuck off.
All right, babe. I'll just...

You need to wipe that
damn smirk off your face.
You'll be me in T-minus
two months. You hear me?
- Right on.
- Will you stop with the hands?
What's your problem?
Hey, Joan, listen.
- I know this must suck for you...
- Bite me!
Blow me!
See what I'm saying? I ain't
never disrespect you like that.
Joan!
Miss that? Miss it like
having a growth removed!
I wanna talk to you, man.
All that stuff I was saying to you
about her potentially being Alison,
I didn't mean it, man.
I'm seeing a difference in you.
And I feel like it's
because of her.
I'm kind of, like, jealous.
A little bit.
- I'm really happy for you, Danny.
- Really?
Fuck, no! This is stupid!
"Really? Are you really happy?"
I think it looks pretty. Pillows are
pretty. And, you know, curtains and...
We don't really need curtains,
'cause, you know, we have shades.
- Yeah, no. Decorative. No, we do.
- I don't need this many pillows.
I just wanna get rid of all of them.
See? What are you doing?
Okay. All right.
Wow, what have you been up to?
Do you like it? I mean, if not, the
salesman said that I can send it back.
A dining room table?
Yeah. Just in time
for Thanksgiving.

- Thanksgiving?

- Yeah.

I was thinking we could invite some of our friends over for Thanksgiving dinner.

Since we're cohabitating now.

It's my favourite holiday.

So, what do you think?

Do you like it? Be honest.

- You did great.

- I did?

- You did really great.

- I did, didn't I?

Hope you're hungry. I ordered a large pizza. Pepperoni.

Okay.

How long ago did you order this pizza?

Why?

Wondering how much time we had.

Oh, my God. Where is he?

I'm starving.

- There he is.

- Perfect.

I'm hungry as a motherfucker. Let's go.

- Looking for these?

- Yeah.

Yeah.

- No, you don't need them.

- So I go to the door naked?

- Yeah, go to the door like that.

- Come on, the pizza's getting cold.

I won't answer the door naked.

Can I get my underwear, please?

Come on, I dare you.

- You what?

- I dare you.

- You dare me?

- I double dare you.

- You double dare me?

- Yeah.

- For real?

- Yeah.

Shit. All right, woman.

No, wait! Wait, wait. Let me see.

- Come on.

- I just like looking at you.

I appreciate it. Thank you.

Can we eat tonight?

Okay, fine.

You throw like a girl.

- I'll get the plates.

- Yeah.

What is it?

I forgot we have the same phone.

Listen.

She has a psycho antenna that tells her,

"Somewhere out there, Danny is happy.

"And I should swoop in and blow it
all to shit." I just ignore her.

Yeah, but you're not ignoring it.

You're letting it ring.

See, if I ignore it, it goes
straight to voice-mail, right?

And then she knows I ignored it.

Then she sticks a pin
in a voodoo doll.

Wait a minute. People know when
you hit the ignore button?

- Yeah.

- No one ever told me that!

You're such a fucking nerd.

We don't need to
make this about us.

This is just Alison being crazy.

I mean, we moved in together
after a 10-minute conversation.

You know what? We gave it our best shot.

You're right. We should just call U-Haul...

You never said you wanted this.

I just spent a week rearranging
my life and moving you in.

Does that not say

I want to do this?

Are we fighting right now?

Is this our first fight?

Yeah, and it's like we're coming
out of the gate pretty strong.

I need to hear you say it.

I wanna do this.

Why?

I want, like, a home.

I haven't had one in a long time, and you being here makes this place a home.

That's so amazing.

Yeah?

Can we always be honest like this?

Absolutely.

What level of honesty would you prefer?

"I don't like it when you play Rihanna music" honest?

Or "I imagine a threesome with you and Rihanna" honest? I'm good either way.

God, I love you.

I love you, too.

I'm gonna get those plates.

No, no, no, Danny!

- Who said it first?

- She did. But I don't think she meant to.

Women approach that phrase with a tactical strategy normally reserved for an anti-terrorist strike team.

- I think it was just an accident.

- This was no accident.

That was an ambush.

This was definitely...

The worst thing you could do.

- It's not like I planned it. It just came out.

- Well, it's a disaster.

Let's just go to his place, move your stuff out, start a new life in another state. Disappear.

Join Witness Protection because you're fucked.

Is it that bad to be the first one to say it?

Yes, it is! And you know why?

- Why?

- Because in every relationship everywhere,
there is a person who cares
more than the other person.
And whoever says
"I love you" first...
Cares more!
That other person's gotta
match that level of caring.
Which is impossible because
she will always care more!
Now you're saying things like,
"I don't know if I feel the same way."
So, you're saying
we should have just counted to three
and maybe said it at the same time?
That's not what I'm saying, Ike.
When you were with Alison,
who said "I love you" first?
Shit.
Exactomundo, man.
- Hey, daddio, we didn't order these.
- They did.
Them bitches over there?
Yep.
- I love Halloween.
- I love Halloween.
I hate Halloween.
Wait, who are you, by the way?
What's your costume?
Are you Rod Stewart in drag?
I'm Tina Turner. It makes more
sense when I stand next to Danny.
Right, like that's not a
metaphor for something.
There they are. My only regret is that
he didn't let me clean his teeth.
I bet that fucker's like the Sistine
Chapel of hardened plaque.
Divide and conquer?
Let's do it.
All right, so let me break it down
for you. The slutty angel, she likes anal.
All right? And the slutty nurse, she likes
to say "Daddy" while she's having sex.

- That's her thing.

- No shit.

And the slutty nun,

it's on with the slutty nun.

Well, here's to another night of sexual
perversity in Los Angeles, baby.

Wait. No, I'm not gonna do that.

I'm not toasting with you to that.

That's not your world no more.

You've been banished into the world
of couples' costumes, Danny.

That's right. I don't know anything
that's more emasculating than that.

Who the hell are you supposed to be?

I mean, aren't you cold?

I am Channing Tatum. Channing
Tatum never gets cold.

Church.

- Ike, baby.

- Hey, how's it going?

I gotta meet a client in the
morning, so I can't stay too long.

Baby. It's a holiday.

You gotta work tomorrow?

It's a kids' holiday and
grown-ups have to work tomorrow.

That's a great attitude to have.

Why don't you just tell him
that there's no Santa Claus?

Aren't you Jewish?

Who are you waving
those singles at?

There ain't no magic
in that mini-Mike.

- You see what I'm talking about?

- Take your little drink.

Get on the way. I have this.

What is she... Joan!

You better not... Hey, Joan!

What did you just say to them?

Nothing. I just told
them you gave me herpes.

That I have... I don't
have fucking herpes, Joan!

Promise me we'll never
end up like them.
All's fair, Bitchko. What are
you gonna do, cry about it?
Yo, you are sick.
You're gone, Joan.
If you didn't have a pussy, there
would be a bounty on your head!
- Can we go home now?
- Come on, little mama, let's split.
You are a psychopathic
social misfit
who's clearly in the middle
of a deep homosexual panic.
If I'm gay, it's only because after
fucking you for three months,
that seems like the next
logical step to take!
I would rather chase another man's
ass than fuck you again, Joan!
- Homosexual panic! Homosexual panic!
- That's a panic?
That's a panic? This is a panic!
You got no idea what
I'll do to you.
You better make it count, motherfucker,
'cause you won't get a second one!
You make me mad!
I hate your guts!
Get away. You get away!
You better lose my number.
You lose it!
I'm gonna lose the memory
that you ever lived!
Security!
Hey, dude, when I tell you
last night got crazy...
You remember the
slutty chicks, right?
We start doing shots. We do, like,
fucking 16 shots, back to back.
You should have stayed instead of leaving
like a little whipped punk bitch.
- Yeah, I'm super jealous of you right now.

- Tell you something,
if you're gonna scream
at me, don't talk to me.
I'm talking in a totally
normal voice right now.

- You know, I don't need to party.

- Okay.

I can have a perfectly
enjoyable night at home, man.
That's what you're gonna do, you're
gonna try to sell me on that shit?
Keep talking, sell me on it.

- Debbie has this thing with...

- Why don't you just shut the hell up?

I don't wanna hear it,
give a shit about that!
You and your life at home with Debbie.

I got a damn hangover!
Feel like a bunch of bees
stinging me in my face!

Daniel Martin, please come
to my office. Daniel Martin.
Am I a lost kid at Chuck E. Cheese?
Why does he insist on using that?

Hey, buddy.

This is Mr Savelson, Mr
Greenberg from corporate.
They're here to talk to
you about your accounts.
Specifically Casey's
and how he hasn't
paid us.

That's it. Should be one,
two, buckle my shoe.

So let's huddle up. We'll
have a nice little chat.

Mano-a-mano...

A-mano-a-mano.

There's four people
in this scenario.

They can't cut me off.

I've been giving them
business for years.

I always pay eventually.

- There's no more "eventually."
- I wanna talk to them.
- They can't do this to people.
- There is no "They"!

It's a gigantic company. I don't even know who my boss' boss is. They don't care about you or your bar.

What about you, Danny?

Do you care?

Hey.

Don't forget about the thing tonight.

Shit, Debbie.

Come on, you said you'd go. I want you to meet the people I work with.

Fine.

But I'm inviting Bernie!

Fine. Then I'm inviting Joan.

- Fine.

- Fine.

- Fine.

- Fine!

- Fine.

- Fine.

I heard that!

- Hey, man. Thanks for showing up.

- Anytime.

So, dude, what are you, like, auditioning for her co-workers right now?

You know, I'm supporting her.

Financially, is that what you're talking about?

Actually, no. I mean, she might make more money than me.

She might make more money than you?

What the hell are you talking...

You know damn well she makes more money than you.

Stop it, Danny. You know what you are in this picture?

Okay, let's say her life is like a bike, right?

Dude, you wouldn't be the tyre,

you wouldn't be the handlebar.
You wouldn't even be the damn seat.
Danny, you know what you would be?
You would be the little bell
on the front of the bike.
You know, the bell that people ring
to let people know they're coming.
Yeah.

"Here I come. Look how
perfect my life is."
That's what you would be.
A fucking bell.
Oh, my God. Hello.
Sweetie, I'm talk... Okay.

- Lesbian.

- I don't think so.

I can't stand coming
to stuff like this.

Everybody walking around with
their nose all up in the air.
Bunch of rich people
with attitudes.

You understand these are the type of
people that Debbie's hanging around with.
That means these are the type of people
that you have to hang around with
in order to continue to be that
little bell on her bike, man.
Ring, ring. Food for thought.
Hey, is that Joan right there?

Yeah, I'm gonna leave
you to it. Ring, ring.

You look good, Joan.

By good, I do mean tremendous.

- Listen, I was thinking...

- You were thinking?

You shouldn't do that,
you'll hurt yourself.

That's what I miss.

So damn feisty, Joan.

Why don't you go bother
some other girl?

Maybe I don't want to bother some
other girl. Maybe I want some feisty.

Here you go.

A rum and coke. Light ice,
though. I don't like a lot of ice.

Bernie, this is...

- Wow.

- I'm sorry.

Your name is escaping me
because I'm distracted
by how straight and
white your teeth are.

Derek, like Jeter.

- Right.

- Yeah.

Derek, this is Bernie,
like Madoff.

He has gingivitis as a result
of not flossing enough.

- Hey, what's up, man?

- The hell am I supposed to do with that?

- Well, normal people shake it.

- I'm not normal.

Bernie's gonna go to a shitty dive bar now
and pick up some chick with low self-esteem.

Nah, I'm gonna go home.

The only chick with low
self-esteem that I wanted tonight
is you.

Look, I'm telling you.

You wanna clear 400 K at the end of
the year without lifting a finger?

You invest. Passive income.

That's how you're
gonna pay your taxes.

Danny, what do you do?

Honey. He wants to
know what you do.

- Restaurant supply.

- Interesting.

- In what aspect?

- I work.

Active income.

It's kind of a cause
and effect thing.

You actually work, someone

actually pays you for the work.

It's an experimental thing a few companies are trying.

- Danny's a salesman.

- I can see.

I mean, he's really selling me on something.

- So how did you and Debbie meet?

- We're cousins.

Danny.

Hey, I'm just trying to make conversation.

Okay, chief. Don't let me stop you.

Excuse me for a second.

What the hell was that?

That was Steven, wiping his dick with money that could save people's businesses.

That's what that was.

- Why are you so angry?

- Who said I'm angry?

What do you call this? Calm?

My boss is not why you're mad, Danny.

- You're scared about something.

- I'm not scared.

Talk to me!

I hate my job.

It means I have to do things that I know aren't right, and I hate it.

- Then quit.

- I can't.

- Why not?

- Because I have you now.

I can't do that.

I appreciate you wanting me to follow my dream, baby, but it's just unrealistic.

Baby, if you're holding on to this job because of me, you're doing it for the wrong reasons.

- You say that, but you don't mean it.

- How do you know what I mean?

I know it because you're a
well put together person
and you want me to be
a part of all that.
This shit isn't pretty, all right!
You will run when I
cannot be what you want!
I'm not Alison!
Hey, buddy. You wanna sit down?
You know, I'm not really
good at communicating
except with my Japanese love-doll.
There goes my sense
of humour again.
Right, right. What's up, Keller?
So since...
Two weeks after our
meeting with corporate,
a delivery went out to Casey's.
It's probably a computer
glitch or something.
Nope. No, I actually
authorised that delivery.
Right. Okay.
Well, since you violated and
misappropriated company materials,
I'm gonna have to...
You know...
Because you... You leave
me no recourse, Danny.
Danny...
I'll tell you what.
I'll make it easier on you.
Come on, Danny!
Danny, don't be mad, man.
What're you doing? Are you mad at me?
Where you going, man?
I'm walking out. That's what
people do when they quit.
- You can't quit.
- Yeah? Watch me.
- Hey, can you hold that for a second?
- Yeah.
Shit!

What?

- Thanks, man. I'll see you later?

- Yeah.

All right, cool.

- You can't quit because you're fired!

- Go fuck yourself.

You're still on for the
company picnic, right?

Sure am. Yep.

There you are. Baby,
you were right.

Just screw that place. I quit.

Good for you.

What's going on?

- I thought we were being careful.

- We are.

- I just switched birth control...

- Wait.

We haven't had sex in forever.

- We had sex three days ago.

- Used to have sex every day.

It takes two people
to have sex, Danny.

- What is that supposed to mean, Debbie?

- Nothing. I'm not pregnant.

Thank God.

Wow.

Wait, are you disappointed?

Look, Debbie. I just quit
my job. I'm not...

I'm relieved. I'm relieved.

Yeah?

Good.

So now we got two reasons
to celebrate, right?

Yeah.

Yep.

You want a beer?

Love one.

Cranberry sauce,
onions for stuffing.

Is Bernie coming tomorrow?

Because I should warn Joan.

I'll ask. I'm gonna

see him tonight.
You going out tonight?
Yeah, it's Trent's birthday,
we always go out.
I didn't tell you that?
No, no. It's fine.
It's a tradition, you know?
I mean, we do it every year.
We can still see our friends
outside of each other, right?
Of course.
Why are you...
Are we arguing?
No, we're talking.
You don't want me to go out?
No, do what you wanna do.
You don't want me to go out the
night before Thanksgiving.
No, baby. I'm just confused. Okay?
You said that we were gonna make
Thanksgiving dinner together.
It's my favourite holiday.
This is not a problem at all.
Tomorrow morning we will wake up,
we will whip up something special.
I'll make sweet potato pie.
Okay? It's still gonna be
your favourite holiday.
We're gonna do it together.
- Okay?
- Thank you.
- Are we making up?
- We weren't fighting.
- Can we make up anyway?
- Lay it on me.
Look. Look at all the doggies!
- Can I hold it?
- Of course.
They need good homes.
Baby, isn't he cute?
Yeah, he's adorable. Look at you.
You're a little Chewbacca.
This is our dog.
You wanna be our doggie?

- Our dog?

- Wouldn't it be great?

Walks in the park, snuggles.

Baby, you know, they chew stuff
up, they poop on floors.

You're just gonna let him kiss you
in the mouth, huh? Just, wow.

It's a lot of responsibility, baby.

Thank you.

What's wrong?

- Nothing.

- What happened?

- Nothing.

- Come on. Just tell me.

No, I just feel ready, but
you don't, so we aren't.

- It's cute.

- It's cool.

Cool.

Now we are arguing.

Hey, should we get a dog?

You talking about
collectively, as a group?

- I'm allergic.

- I like Rottweilers.

I'm not getting a dog. You wouldn't take
care of it, Trent, you're irresponsible.

What do you mean I'm not gonna
take care of it? I love dogs.

I'd be stuck cleaning up shit.

And I'm not cleaning up dog shit.

Debbie, the woman I live with,
is interested in procuring
an animal for us to domesticate.

Isn't she too busy
domesticating you?

Is it that bad?

Yes, it's that bad. Dude, your balls
are in your goddamn vagina right now.

Dogs are practise babies.

Don't do it.

I have an idea. How about
you get out of there?

I can't get out of there.

I live there. It's my place.

Wait, I got it.

Fake your own death.

Drop the Jew-bomb.

I'm not Jewish.

Details. Everything with you is about details, Danny. Just lie.

Casey, put it on my tab.

Good night.

Hey, real quick. Before you go, sir.

Trent, that's your future.

Probably.

- Okay. Good night.

- Hey, be safe, man.

Danny, watch the bar for a sec.

I gotta put this highly functioning citizen into a cab.

Yep.

Casey! You see me right here, you couldn't choose me?

Putting Danny back there is like putting a fox in a hen house!

The fuck you assholes want?

- Let me get some 1800.

- Two beers.

I like that little towel over your shoulder. Looks like a matador.

I learned the tricks of the trade from the legendary drunks.

Hemingway, Bukowski, your dad.

My dad now.

Any job that lets me drink you guys under the table is fine with me.

- I'm sorry, what did you say, Isaac?

- Is that a challenge?

- Possibly.

- Well, you know what?

I might just meet you halfway, my friend.

Tomorrow's a holiday.

I don't have shit to do.

- Where do we hang these guys?

- Here, I got you.

Isaac, stop asking

dumb questions, man.
Let's do this.
Do it! You better fucking do it!
Fuck you!
Go, go, go, go, go!
All the way. All the way.
All the way!
- What time is it?
- Almost noon.
Shit, Deb, listen.
I'm really sorry.
Can you get the turkey out
of the oven? I think it's done.
What can I do to help?
You can take the turkey out
of the oven. I think it's done.
Okay.
And you can be unequivocally
supportive of everything I do
for the next 24 hours.
Oh, boy.
- Bernie!
- Hey.
Give me some. Happy holiday, boy.
Look at her ass.
Hey, this is my new love, Tracy.
I got you.
That bitch looks like Tracy Morgan.
I got you.
Does she have my fucking dress?
Let me get that. Gobble, gobble.
Did she just say, "Enchante"?
Come here, baby. Let me introduce
you to everybody else.
You didn't tell me she was coming.
Fellas, this is my new love, Tracy.
Tracy, meet the guys.
Nice to meet you.
She's not French. I can't take it.
Dude, how long y'all been here?
An hour.
- Thank you.
- Game's about to come on.
Go, boy! Go, boy!

This could be a good year for them.
This bitch is on my last nerve, Debbie.
I swear. Here, take this.
No, I'll just get paranoid.
Right now paranoid would
be relaxed for you. Here.
I think her butt is fake.
It looks like a pad.
Do I seem different?
- You just had one hit.
- No, no. I mean, in general.
Well, it is a little weird that
everyone's having a great time.
Especially Bernie. And you're
acting like a rodent on crack.
Danny said he'd help, but
he got drunk last night.
So I had to do this
entire goddamn spread.
I'm definitely prettier
than her, right?
And I'm overworking myself and
not expressing my feelings,
and officially becoming my mother.
If this bitch was any dumber,
you'd have to water her.
Oh, God, it's worse than that.
I've become the person who says things
like, "Officially becoming my mother."
Okay. Now you're officially high.
Give me that back.
I gotta go handle some shit now.
Danny. Can you make sure
people use the coasters?
Would you like me to enforce
this policy with an iron fist?
Whatever you think is fine.
Wait a minute. Baby?
Are you stoned?
No. Yes. A little. My forehead
weighs so much right now.
You know what? I gotta liven
this party up. Come here, baby.
Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to

take this time to make a toast
to Danny and Debbie.
Without them, we'd be celebrating this
holiday with binge drinking and weird sex.
Keep on drinking, people.
You could still get lucky.
Some of us have standards.
I'm sorry. What did you say, Joan?
Some of us have standards.
You know what's funny? Some of us are
living proof that if you get drunk enough,
those standards will
drop significantly.
- Obviously. I fucked you.
- You fucked what?
You called it fucking?
I didn't call it fucking.
- Don't treat me like some random chick!
- You better control it.
- No, you control it.
- Control it. You control it.
Stop it.
- You control it.
- Don't.
Excuse me, what is your name?
- I'm...
- Exactly.
No one cares. Because you are making a
brief cameo in a very tragic porno.
Joan.
You and I. We meant something.
You felt something, Bernie.
You cried during sex with me.
I challenge any man in this room not to
cry when they have sex with you, Joan.
Stop it. Okay? I don't
have time for this shit.
Happy Thanksgiving.
Sorry, baby.
Bring it over here.
Debbie, Danny, this is what
you have to look forward to.
- Joan, no, no, don't. Joan, no!
- I am leaving!

- I'm leaving!
- No, I am leaving!

Stop!

- You have a date here, Bernie!
- Kiss my ass!
- Leave me alone.
- Joan, don't go.

Tracy, can't you see I'm trying to storm out in dramatic fashion? Will you come on? Get your coat. Joan, I'm leaving!

You ain't gonna leave before I fucking leave!

- No, no, no!
- Yes, yes, yes!
- I am leaving!
- Get off the door!
- Get off the door, Joan!
- Not your door! I open my own door!

You don't even know how to open a fucking door!

- Don't you close it on me!
- I don't want you going... You get away!
- Fuck you, Joan!
- Fuck you, Bernie!
- Fuck you!
- Fuck you!
- Fuck you!
- Fuck you back!

Fine! Go! Go!

- Tracy, will you please?
- Shut up!
- You shut up!
- Shut up!

Hey, Danny. This was a great time, man. Thanks. All right?

Save me a plate!

Holy shit.

That's not good.

Frosting, anyone?

Hey.

What happened?

I had this horrible nightmare that we had friends over for Thanksgiving.

Yeah. It was a nightmare.

But you weren't dreaming.
Where are you going?
I gotta run out.
Oh, my God! Hi, puppy!
Danny. you got him!
- Yeah.
- Hi!
Hug Mommy! Hug me.
Baby.
He needs a good home,
and we have that now.
Yes, we do.
Yeah. Thanks to you.
Hi!
He's just like a little baby.
Yeah. He's awesome.
Why don't you just pick
the damn dog up, Danny?
I can't. He's gotta
learn how to walk.
Just tell him to sit so you
can at least look better.
You look stupid right now.
Pacino.
Thanks for your time.
You have my rsum.
You're doing good. Come here.
- Good luck out there.
- Yeah.
- What do you think?
- Oh, my God.
What a surprise. Hello,
beautiful. Come here.
He's adorable.
- What's his name?
- His name's Pacino. Pacino, this is Casey.
Hey, you talking to me?
You talking to me?
That's De Niro.
I'm De Niro talking to Pacino.
- Come on.
- Right.
Yeah. Casey, listen,
I could use a favour.

Name it.

Hey. How was your first
night bartending?

It's fine. Fine. I thought
you'd be sleeping.

Yeah, my flight's at 7:00. I figured
I'd stay up, sleep on the plane.

I wanted to see you.

Yeah.

You're only going to
Chicago for two days.

I think we can go two days
without seeing each other.

Yeah, but it's your first night.

You know what, Debbie?

It's just an in-between thing
until I find a better job, okay?

You don't need to make
a big deal out of it.

Okay.

What are we fighting about now?

I don't know. You tell me,
you're picking one.

No, no, no, no, no!

Bad dog!

Damn it! My best shoe.

Why are you packing those anyway?

Are you trying to look nice for Steven?

You don't need to throw that in my face
just to make yourself feel better.

All I wanted to do was come home,
watch Sports Center, drink a
beer and go the fuck to sleep.

So what, are you storming out now?

I'm going to Joan's!

I'll see you when I get back.

Why do you get to be
the one to walk out?

Because this is your
apartment, moron.

Did Mommy just call me a moron?

I don't know what to do.

Should I call him?

I don't wanna leave

angry, but I am angry.
And if I pretend like I'm
not, just so we get better,
this entire thing is gonna
start all over again.
Am I boring you?

It is 5:

Only Starbucks employees and
babies are up at this hour.
I am exhausted and, yes, you
are boring the shit out of me.
Just really want this to work,
and I feel like he's giving up!
Which only makes me work harder,
and then I become the bitch.
Who's texting you at this hour?
No, you don't want
to know. It's fine.
What should I do about Danny?
Why do you want my
advice all of a sudden?
You moved in with him, despite all
of my excellent advice not to.
You have my permission to move
out if that's what you want.
- Is somebody here?
- It's my new roommate.
- Is it a guy?
- Basically.
Basically?
After you abandoned me,
I had to replace you.
'Sup.
Hi.
That bitch just took
my last soy milk.
I hope she remembered to
lift the toilet seat.
Please come back, Deb.
Please.
So, whether in L.A.
or here in Chicago,
with Near Field Communication, you

can take the music from your phone
and, just like that, little
tap, right in your ear.

And just like that
from your phone to your speaker.

Three Olives on the rocks.

Hi.

Alison.

I just got back from Paris.

I was hoping I'd run into you.

Just not behind the bar.

What happened? I hope this
has nothing to do with me.

- You are the cause of all things.

- I know.

We can be friends,
though, can't we?

I could really use a friend
right now and a drink.

Put your money away.

You look great.

So, how have you been?

Living the dream.

Well, I can tell by your cold
and distant demeanour,

- you must be seeing someone.

- Yeah.

Yeah.

- Debbie.

- Debbie.

That's cute. It's so high school.

Are you guys going steady?

I got other customers, Alison.

I'll be right here.

Thanks for the drink.

Is your suite on this floor?

No.

Stop.

- He won't know.

- But I would.

You're acting like you have
a ring on your finger.

I don't need a ring on my finger.

Look at me. Don't I look different?

I'm crazy about this guy. I live with him. We have a life together.

Does he love you?

If he doesn't, he's an idiot.

Hey.

You talking to me?

I forgot what a nice guy you can be.

Yeah, I hate that about me.

- Good night.

- Night.

I don't know where she lives now. She won't tell me. Should I put her in a cab?

- You can't put her in a cab like that.

- Right. Okay, so what should I do?

Put her on a train.

Kidding.

We can't leave her here like that.

Okay. Yeah.

Yeah, I got you.

I love it when you take such good care of me.

- That's what I do.

- This reminds me of the old times.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Okay. Do me a favour.

Just sit right here.

Yes, I will sit.

That's how you want me?

- Don't start.

- You want it on the chair?

You want us sitting?

Okay. Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Damn.

Okay, all right. Yeah.

- I'm gonna go away right quick, okay?

- Okay.

- That's great, you just hold onto that.

- All right.

- Be right back. Stay right there.

- I'll be right here.

You have a puppy?

Hi, puppy. So cute.

Pacino.

Sorry about that.

Here's some water.

- Water?

- Drink that. L.A. tap.

Pacino, come here. Good boy.

- I'll be right back.

- Be right here.

It's all right, kid. I'll get her out of here. I'm gonna call her a cab.

Right? Then I'm gonna jerk-off like

I do when Mommy's not here.

And sometimes when Mommy is here.

Hi.

- You moved.

- Yeah.

- I just wanted to be more comfortable.

- Hey, okay.

It's a nice couch.

This Daisy girl really has changed you, Dan-Dan.

It's Debbie. And she

hasn't changed me.

She makes me wanna change myself, all right?

She pushes me. It's good.

- You like to be pushed, don't you?

- It's different with her, Alison.

Right. All right.

Oh, my God. No, this is not good.

Shit, fuck. Jeez.

You know what? You should go.

That would just be better.

Someone wants to play hard to get.

You're crawling. Okay.

Come on, Dan-Dan. Give me a chance to do right by you.

That's exactly what

I'm doing. Trust me.

Are you sure about that?

Yeah.

- Yeah?

- Yeah, I'm sure.

Well, somebody else is telling
me something very different.
Yeah, don't listen to him, 'cause
he gets me in trouble every time.
Here is your coat and purse.
Here's cab fare.
You're gonna regret this when you've got
two kids and you're living in the suburbs,
but I wish you well.
Call me when you're feeling horny.
What upsets me most is not
that I had Alison over,
or that she wanted my
junk like never before.
It was crazy, dude.
But, you know, I have now become that
guy who cares about the damn coaster.
On top of that, I'm gonna have
to hear Debbie's mouth about it.
Let me tell you something.
I'd rather lick Pacino's ass
before I heard a woman's mouth
over some damn coasters.
You wanna lick my dog's ass, you might
want to pet him first, homeboy.
Boom! Suck on that, StankbudNYC!
Right between your eyes, bitch.
What? What'd you say?
No, that's real funny.
You know what else is funny?
The fact that you haven't
seen a live actual vagina.
Yeah, I have. Sucks to be 13, doesn't it?
Whatever. Scoreboard, bitch.
Hey, what am I supposed to do?
- What you're gonna do is play your side!
- All right, I got it! Stop yelling at me.
- Get in the bunker, Danny!
- All right! I'm in! Just relax.
What you gonna do?
Shouldn't love handle all this?
I mean, love and
your practise baby.
Seriously, you're like a gay couple

staying together just for the damn dog.

Pause it. Seriously, my phone.

Pause it.

Who you texting?

So nasty. Nobody. I just gotta send something.

Hey, let me see, man.

What'd she send you?

Come on, man. Let me just live vicariously, man.

Come on. I know you got photos in there, man.

- She sent you pictures, didn't she?

- No. Dude, it's none of your business.

- Come on. Let me see.

- If I did...

- I can't let you see them.

- Come on. She got nice titties?

Yo, stop being weird. Seriously.

She got nice titties. I knew it, man.

Let me see the phone.

- Danny, you're freaking me out.

- Bernie, let me see your phone.

It's my phone! Stop.

I'm not letting you...

Danny, get off the phone, man!

The first picture's my dick.

- Where?

- Right there, man!

Give me my phone.

- Did you sleep with her?

- No.

- I'd rather you just tell me if you...

- I said, "No."

- Did you want to sleep with her?

- If I wanted to, I could have.

Bitch, did you just

send me to ignore?

Come on. I have earned a courtesy ring through to voice-mail.

I miss you. Come out! Call me.

Sorry.

Wow. Are you serious right now, Danny?

That was such an obvious
ignore button move.
Dude, where are you? Like,
you're officially MIA right now.
Come be a friend. Come get
shit-faced with your boy. Bye.
Fuck him. Merry Christmas, bitches.
To you and me. To us.
To a new year together.
Yeah?
You still grounded?
Tell the ball and chain to lighten
up and get your ass over here!
- Funny guy.
- It's New Year's, bitch!
Talk to you later.
- Bernie?
- What's left of him.
- Everyone at the Broadway?
- Sounded like it.
Let's go.
Go where?
To the Broadway. Let's go.
Are you sure? We have this...
Yeah. You know,
we should have some fun.
I need some fun.
I'll walk Pacino.
Here, boy.
Hey, Danny!
- Over here!
- Bernie!
Come over here! I got
shots for you over here!
Come on this side! Hey, mother...
Look, I got it. I'm good.
I'm all right!
- What's up, man?
- What up, baby?
Here. It'll make you
all right. Come on.
- Yes, sir!
- Hey, Bernie!
Hey.

Hey, Deb.

Happy new year!

Slow down, man! What're you doing?

- Today's a holiday, baby.

- No, no, no.

I only paid for one. Hey.

- Danny. Okay, okay.

- Happy new year!

All right. Okay, slow down.

- Danny, I'm going to the bathroom.

- What?

I'll be right back.

I love you, too.

Hey, cowboy, what's up?

What, did you just get out
of jail or something, man?

Basically, yeah!

All right, look, slow down! Okay?

No, Danny. For real, slow down.

Danny. Danny, look at me.

That's like four in a row, man!

Come on! One more round! Let's go!

- You didn't drive?

- No!

You ain't gonna go and get all
crazy in here. Take this.

There you go. Right there.

- What is that?

- It's a hangover patch!

- Awesome!

- Okay!

Happy new year!

Debbie! Oh, my God!

I can't believe you're here!

This is so great.

I can't do this.

No, listen. We'll go, we're
gonna find Danny and then...

Danny just wants to
be with his boys.

I don't even know why I'm here.

This isn't fun any more.

So, we'll make it fun, Deb.

I'm done. Okay?

I'm calling a cab.

- This is gonna be my year.

- Right. Yeah.

Stop that! I don't like that. Stop.

Danny, I'm going home.

Wow.

Joan, you were right.

Your friend is boring.

Hey, don't call my friend

boring, dick-breath.

- Joan.

- Damn it, Joan!

- I was just joking.

- Okay.

Shouldn't you be arguing

with Bernie anyway?

I mean, that's what

you guys do best.

- Don't disrespect me. I'm not doing...

- What?

You gonna throw me under the bus?

Gonna bring it right here.

- For no reason.

- My bad.

Deb, listen, we just got here.

It's a party. It's a celebration.

It's New Year's Eve!

Are you coming, or what?

I really don't wanna spend

tonight of all nights

doing what we're gonna

be doing all next year.

Fighting.

That's my cue.

No. No, Debbie, no!

Fuck. Fuck, I fucked that up.

Fucking wonderful, asshole!

You fucked that up, I'll be

the first to tell you that.

- I'll see you later.

- Yeah.

What was that?

They getting good at that

arguing shit, ain't they?

Yes, I mean, that was some legendary Olympic 100-metre hurdle shit!

- Hey, we gotta step our game up.

- Absolutely.

- We gonna have to after that.

- Yeah.

- Nine, eight, seven...

- Here we go.

- Six, five, four...

- Deb! Deb!

Three, two, one!

Happy new year!

Happy new year.

Listen to me. I can't stand your goddamn guts, girl.

It's the new year. Give me a wet kiss.

Let me get one. Come on.

That's what you do?

Was it wet enough?

It's just like your damn nasty tongue.

Jerk.

- Happy new year, motherfucker.

- Happy new year, asshole.

I'll be back tomorrow for the rest of my stuff.

Please don't be here.

Honestly?

For a stupid New Year's Eve party, Deb? Come on.

No. And you know it.

So why don't you just say it?

I'm not happy.

Yeah.

That's been completely obvious since Alison.

Stop acting like I cheated on you.

I never cheated on you.

I didn't realise it was such a sacrifice for you.

You think you're the only one who turned down sex from their ex?

So you're not happy either?

Why should we still

try and do this?
Because I love you,
and just because shit is fucked up right
now doesn't mean you stop trying.

- Deb.

- Did you ever love me?
Or was it just some really
long one-night stand?
I don't know.

God.

Let me see.

Is there anything else she
wanted me to pick up?
Dining room table, sorry
excuse for a man?

Nope. She specifically said she
didn't want that shit any more.

And by the way,
I know this sucks for you.
I feel really bad.

I bet you've been waiting
a long time to say that.

Way too long.

I'm so happy to have
my old roommate back.

Hey, don't floss after
you eat all that.

You want another one?

- What did you just say?

- You want another beer?

- What are you doing?

- I'm asking if you want a drink.

Why are you down here checking
on me? Why'd you leave them?

I'm working, they're good.

You want a drink?

- Do you see what's down there?

- Yes.

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

Let me see you look down there.

Are we looking in the
same damn direction?

- Yeah, we are.

- Tell me where. What are we looking at?

Five pieces of pussy.

That's what we're looking at. And you came down to check on me?

What the fuck do you want me to do?

They're my customers. I'm at work.

- You're Debbie-whipped!

- I'm not comfortable.

Dude, it's just like being pussy-whipped, except you're dealing with one specific piece of pussy!

- What do I want you to...

- Listen.

I want you to fuck these bitches, Danny! Damn it, man!

Dude, if you don't go down there and talk to these fucking women, Danny, I swear to God, we are no longer friends.

We are no longer friends!

Now either you talk to them, or you give me your face.

The only reason why I was promoted was because of this man right here.

He threw his job away on a dream and a prayer.

To Danny, for dropping out, so idiots like me can get ahead.

To Danny!

- Sorry about that.

- What a cute dog.

- Thanks.

- He must take after his daddy.

- I can't.

- What?

I'm thinking of someone else.

You're really...

Nice.

Have a good evening.

All I'm saying is you can't be so picky.

I mean, no one is gonna be Danny.

But you had Danny and

now you don't want him.

When you had it good, even if it went bad, you can't go back to faking it.

Honey, I get it. I get it.

- Are you seeing someone?

- No, why?

I don't know, it just looks like you gained some relationship weight.

So you didn't close? You leave a classy chick like that hanging?

No, man, classy? I picked her up at a dog park, man.

I'm sorry, Danny.

Real quick, did I miss the wealth of black-tie events you've been attending?

What are you talking about?

I don't know, I don't know.

I don't know what happened.

Look at me. You gotta move on, man. That's crazy.

Yeah. You know what, speaking of which, should I go before Keller gets back?

- No, stop it. You're fine.

- You sure?

Yes, you're fine.

Hey, you know I could probably get you your job back here.

Now that I've got major string-pulling abilities.

I'm good.

I can tell you're good. Passing up perfectly good dog park pussy!

Hey, you know what?

There is something you can do for me.

If you're willing to pull those, you know, strings.

What do you need?

What is that?

Puppets. Strings.

Puppet master. That's puppets...

Controlling it.

You need some ice, don't you?

No, I...

Amanda, be a doll, please, and bring a cup of ice in here and some napkins.

Thank you.

Moving up in the chain.

- You got something to say? Say it.

- All right.

You ever thought about doing a little something extra with this place?

Like what? You say karaoke night,

I'm gonna punch you in the face.

Okay. Like, turn the courtyard into a beer garden.

Maybe get some patio dining going.

Expand the menu just a smidge.

Of course I've thought about it.

You know what it costs to do something like that?

- I have some savings.

- Yeah.

I can get Bernie to help out on the supply side.

But why not take out a second mortgage on this place, put some real money in here?

Now you're talking like you're gonna stick around for a while.

And if I did?

I'd call the bank today.

- Call the bank.

- Yeah.

Bernie. Come on, man, we gotta get this stuff to the bar, baby.

Can't steal shit without the puppet master.

Bernie?

Shit.

Making that thing cluck, ain't you?

Sorry, man.

What you doing? Why you stopping?

Sorry.

Danny Boy. Fuck a baby!

Yo, is it 3:

- Hey, man! Close the door!

- Yeah, right. My bad.

On the other side, you asshole!

- Let me finish this off.

- No, we're not finishing anything!

What you mean we ain't going to?

We gonna finish.

- There it is. Erection's gone.

- Why didn't you lock the door?

You show up with a chicken mask!

Did you want people

to come up in here

while I'm wearing a chicken mask

and you're clucking and fucking?

Baby, calm down. Baby, calm down.

- You told me you wanted to fuck a chicken!

- Joan?

Hey, man! Close the damn door!

Are you gonna stop?

Are you gonna let me explain myself?

I'm serious. Can you stop?

Look, I didn't say anything to you

because this little situation

works for us, man.

Dude, you have no idea

how sexy this shit is.

We treat each other

like shit in public,

but then out of nowhere, we turn

around and we fucking like porn stars.

I mean, there's so much built-up

tension and energy, man.

Why do we have to do what

everybody else does?

I mean, I feel like we could have a

relationship without all that bullshit, man.

We didn't get it right the first time.

So what? Fuck it!

Honestly, fuck it.

Who says that we even gotta

get it right at all?

I mean, if you take away

all the conventions,

being in an honest

relationship is the most

freeing feeling in the world, man.
I can be me by just being me, and
she can be her by just being her.
And when I'm with her...
Oh, my God.
There's no place
else I'd rather be.
When I'm not with her, that's
the only place that I wanna be.
You get it? Like, do you
understand what I'm saying?
Yeah.
Yeah, I've been there, brother.
It's mind-blowing.
That's why I don't like to talk to
you, you get all sensitive and shit.
Hey, let me get two
Stranahan's. Neat, please.
I'm fine. I don't need no tap.
I'm good.
I'm Bernie, baby.
You know me.
I love you.
Yeah.
HDMI, right?
Hey, here we go.
Great play.
Not the same as being there.
No, it's not the same.
Nothing is.
Super casual.
Come on, Danny, relax.
Deborah Sullivan.
Hey, stranger. How's it going?
I really need an assistant.
What's that?
You know what,
I kind of can't hear you.
I guess I got bad
reception in here.
Let's just talk over lunch.
You're not serious.
Yeah, I am.
Okay, look...

These last few months
have just been miserable.
I can't stand going out
or being at home
because, you know,
that reminds me of you.
I can't sleep.
Pacino can't sleep.
Everything's just kind of
falling apart, Deb, and...
Because I miss you.
I need to see you.
Actually, I want to see you.
- If you just give me one more chance...
- Danny.
- I know I can...
- Danny.
Danny.
I gotta go. Bye.
No. No, no, don't...
- So the hemiparesis is on the affected side.
- That's correct, on the left side.
Which then is consistent with...
No! What are you doing?
This is your first vacation in three
years, and you spend it with Hugh Laurie.
He's the only person in the world who
understands me. He's really smart.
You know why, Deb?
Because Dr House knows something that
Debbie Sullivan has yet to discover.
What?
All the answers in the world
won't solve your problems.
Call him.
You know you want to.
And also,
I'm seeing Bernie again.
- I know.
- How?
Come on. I'm depressed,
I'm not stupid.
Yeah, baby!
Don't hurt it.

I got it.
Heaven.
Eureka.
Wow, this looks great.
You guys really went all out.
- Thank you.
- Well, it's a very special evening.
Are you pregnant?
What? Hell, no. Come on, don't you
say no shit like that. Come on, Deb.
I mean, if you wanna have a baby, baby,
you know, I'm for what you want to do.
So don't ever think
that's in question.
So, are you coming to my
birthday dinner next week?
Yeah. Is Danny coming?
- He won't be there, Deb.
- Invite him. It's his best friend.
Me? Friends? No,
I don't have no friends.
Deb, you don't even know that
about me. I don't believe in friends.
Only thing I believe in is Joan
and whatever undiscovered mystery's
lying between those legs of hers.
- My God.
- You look so good in this light.
Don't you mess around and get
into trouble on this table.
- Stop it. You better stop it.
- Don't get in trouble. I'll take it.
Anyway, it is my birthday
and what I say goes. Right?
Obviously. That's done. You already
know I'm on board with that.
It's the phone. I'll get it.
- You got it, baby?
- You guys start. Yep. It's fine.
- Girl, you look good! Real good.
- Bernie, stop it!
This looks so good.
- Shut up! Girl, look at me. Get the bag.
- What's this?

Listen to me. The food is vile.
You hear me? The bitch cannot cook.
Whatever you do, you do not
swallow the fucking food.
What you're gonna do is this.
You wait till she not looking,
spit it in the bag, get low.
Put it in the fucking bag. After you
do that, throw that shit in the trash.
Do it fast, 'cause if the food eat
through the bag, she'll smell it.
All right? You're not listening.
You don't give a shit
about what I'm saying.
Okay, I gotta die for it,
don't mean you have to.
You on your own.
I tried to tell you.
Here she comes. Put the bag down.
Telemarketers.
- Oh, God.
- Awful.
They just ring and ring...
Baby, you didn't eat anything.
Well, I'm waiting on you. I'm
not gonna eat without my baby.
Can you believe this one?
Here, take some.
Before we do that, let's do
the thing before we eat.
What thing?
- This is time for our special announcement.
- It is.
I would like to take this
time to propose a toast.
Now, I don't know to what extent
you and Joan have talked about
the magic that's been going
on in our relationship.
Magic?
Let him finish.
He wants to do this.
Baby, that's not true.
Okay, I don't want to do it.

I'm doing it because we
agreed that I'm better at it.

- No. We didn't.

- Yes, we did.

No.

Yes. You were worried about
how she was going to take it.

I said it's about the presentation.

No, I said that because

I'm the one with her,

that I see her upset and
crying all the time.

No, baby. That's a lie. You
were the one talking about
she gonna slit her wrists
and all this shit.

Hey, hey! I'm moving out.

- Okay?

- No.

- Yes.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- No. No. What?

I found a place. I'm moving
out end of the month.

- You're not mad?

- No! Of course not.

Thank you so much,
because if you were mad at me, you
know what, I would totally understand.

Because I gave you so much shit
about moving in with a guy.

And then, I turn around
and have Bernie move in.

Although, we were together longer
than you and what's-his-name.

- Even though we weren't technically...

- We were together a lot longer.

We were, we were.

It was on. It was magic.

Yes. And we were happier.

- Their shit was fucked up.

- It was fucked up!

And I said in the beginning

that wasn't gonna last.
No, no, no, remember
we had over and under.
You know, crash and burn. Crash
and burn. That's what we called them.
Oh, my God.
Okay, okay, okay. I get it.
It's cool, I just didn't think
you were one of those girls
that drop your friends the second
you get some regular dick.
You got me.
Back up. Regular dick? Ain't
nothing regular about my dick.
My dick is completely irregular.
Okay, let's set that record straight.
- You got him started.
- I give it two months.
Hey, before we drink, so, like, what are
we talking about with you being out?
- No rush.
- But let's put a number to it.
It's the 10th,
so you're talking 13...
- This month has 30 or 31...
- Thirty-one days.
- That's gonna be crazy.
- If it's 13, it's okay.
- To you guys!
- Thank you.
Man. Butt-naked, running
around the house.
It's on! It's on!
Your food should be
right up, all right?
How was he?
- Great.
- Hey, buddy. Hello.
He's getting really strong
and he pulls a lot.
Maybe you should get him
a harness or something.
Will do, will do. Thanks
for taking care of him.

Sure. I mean, it's my job.
So, I'll see you Tuesday.
Yeah. All right.
Nice dog walker.
Hey. Danny Martin,
professional friend.
Hey, what you gonna do, man?
You coming to the Broadway bar?
Yeah, I'm just right around the corner,
man. I gotta walk Pacino home.
Well, hurry up.
Tell him Scent of a Woman
came out on Blu-ray.
That always makes him take
a shit when I walk him.
Pacino!
Hey! Pacino! Pacino!
Out of the road, asshole!
Hey.
Hey.
He's so big.
Yeah, he's all grown up now.
Yeah. I'll say.
I hope to be just like him one day.
- Are you going to Joan's?
- Yeah.
You know, they told me you weren't
coming, so I wouldn't have...
No, it's cool. I'm sure
they couldn't resist.
- You think?
- Yeah.
I mean, old habits
die hard with them.
You look good.
You, too.
And Pacino looks
handsome and happy.
He's doing all right.
Good boy. Good boy.
Good boy.
I was just gonna take him
for a walk around the park.
You wanna... I mean, I'm sure Pacino

would want to spend some quality time.

Yeah, sure.

She's not responding.

I think he's gonna
flake on me, too.

Wait, do they know we
tried to set them up?

Yeah, baby. I mean,
they're not stupid.

Wait, no, I take that back,
because Danny is a little slow.

Debbie ain't no rocket scientist.

Danny might be in the top two dumbest
people I've ever met in my life.

That bitch barely thinks,
you know what I mean?

I think she spells her
name with one "B".

Dumbass couple.

Stupid as fuck. Right?

That's why I feel so bad, because
who else is gonna be with them?

- I mean, they're dumb.

- That's true.

When you got two people that
dumb, they gotta stay together.

That's true. You know what,
I think it takes us down,

hanging around them

the way that we were.

I felt that. I felt muted. My whole
time, I felt like I thought for her.

That's crazy, 'cause I swear I had the
same thing. I remember one time,
Danny was talking and I'm looking at
him while he talking and I'm like...

- I daydream when Debbie talks.

- It's like something else is going on.

- That's what I try to do.

- Ignorance.

And that is why I feel awful. I mean,
you know, they keep avoiding each other.

- Yeah.

- Dodging each other. They were so in love.

That's how it is sometimes,
though. You know that.

I know, I hate...

- Happy birthday!

- There we go.

Wait a minute, baby,
is this cake chocolate?
Chocolate cake, chocolate
icing, chocolate filling.
Yeah, but I'm allergic
to chocolate.

I know.

I fucking love you.

Did you just say, "I love you"?

No, I didn't finish my
sentence, is what I did.

Yes, you did.

I said I fucking love, and I was about
to say something on the back of it.

Bernie, you are such a girl.

- Whatever.

- I do love you.

Better love me.

You can break my heart if you
want to. Love you, too.

Listen.

I'm sorry
for everything.

Truly.

Me, too.

And I'm glad you're doing so well.

You, too.

I think we're just
gonna stay in tonight,
so you should go have a good
time with Bernie and Joan and...

I think I Will.

Do you wanna
go out sometime?

Yeah.

Yeah. We should catch up.

We're gonna do once
more around the block.

Do you wanna join us?

Yeah. I think I Will.

Yeah?

Yeah.

Pacino, let's go.

Let's make a toast.

What are we toasting to?

To Danny and Debbie.

Okay.

May we never end up like them.

Okay. I'm not trying to do that.

That shit is jacked up.

- I'd take you out.

- Yeah.

I'd cut off your oxygen, that shit happen. I'll make you suffer.

You gonna cut off my oxygen?

- Don't fuck with me, Bernie.

- I'll take your lips off, feed it to the dog.

I'm gonna take your teeth out one by one.

I'll cut your nipples off.

I bet I'd sew your balls together, like one. You're gonna have one nut.

You're gonna leave me with a punching bag?

One-nut Bernie.