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What Love Is

By Mars Callahan

Okay.
You taking off?
Yeah.
Mysterious.
All right.
Happy Valentine's day.
Say, hey, my man.
Hey, what's up, tom?
Thanks, tom.
Happy Valentine's day.
What do you mean you're
leaving me? You're not here.
Technically, you can't leave me
until you're here to leave.
Well, hell, yes,
I'm gonna argue semantics, Sara.
It's the least I can do.
I come home on Valentine's day
with two bags ready to go
by the front door
and a dear John telling me
how you need your space?
Come on, what is that?
That is totally unoriginal
and completely devoid
of any real information
that would give me some insight
to why you're doing this.
Hell, yes, I want to know.
I'm asking you, right?
I'm not yelling.
I'm just speaking pointedly
to make my point.
Fuck the neighbors.

It's 2:

on a Saturday night.
Fuck 'em if they don't have
a social life. No, no, no.
Sara, listen, don't leave me.
You can't leave me. I mean,
I've done everything
I know how to do.
I've given you every ounce

of my heart and soul.
I've given more of myself to you
than I've ever given
anybody else.
After three years,
you're gonna walk out.
You're gonna throw me away
like that
and not even tell me why?
Yeah, yeah,
I'm gonna be here.
I invited half the bar over
to help us
celebrate Valentine's day,
remember?
Okay, all right.
Well, then I'll see you
when you get here.
Bye.
Fuck.
Christ, Tommy, you left about
five minutes too soon.
Seriously, five minutes.
Unbelievable.
Where are the girls?
What?
Didn't you invite chicks?
That's not what this
is supposed to be about.
Oh, Christ, Tommy.
Thank god I did, huh?
What?
Yeah, broads, skirts.
I got a gang of girls
coming over in 15 minutes,
so be prepared.
No, you don't understand.
No, you don't understand.
After what happened,
I'm not gonna
sit around here with guys sword
fighting on Valentine's day.
I need chicks,
and I need 'em now.

Why? What happened?
Oh, you remember Charlotte,
right?
Charlotte?
The dancer. With the thing.
What thing?
The fucked-up Peter Falk eye.
Oh, yeah, sure, she was nice.
I threw her out.
You threw her out. Why?
It got embarrassing taking
her out, showing her around,
always that eye
looming out at you.
I'm telling you, that thing
had a mind of its own.
Anyways, it made me
feel self-conscious.
Something made you
feel self-conscious?
You believe that?
Chocolates, you shouldn't have.
Anyway,
you cannot be with someone
you're ashamed to be seen with.
It's not practical.
You spend so much time
going to places
that you never go,
trying not to run into people
that you do know.
It doesn't make any sense.
Besides, she wasn't exactly
sending rockets to the moon.
What'd she say?
She informed me
that the world
does not evolve around me.
She said "evolve"?
Evolve.
You didn't redeem yourself
by telling her
your theory of revolution?
No, I just cut her off.

You cut her off.
She was starting
to get too clingy.
Who you trying to convince?
You know how they get
with "honey this,"
and "honey that. " I thought
I was turning into a bee.
I cut her off this morning
on the phone.
On the phone?
On the phone.
How'd she take it?
What'd she say?
Don't know.
I asked if she'd met tone,
she said no.
You know the rest. Click.
That's horrible, Sal. I thought
you said this girl was nice.
My dog's nice. You don't
see me talking dirty to her.
If you did,
I wouldn't tell anybody.
Butch ain't the spitting image
of Columbo.
True. Give me a beer.
Anyway, so that was today.
Tonight, knowing
I'm gonna be at the bar,
she comes in with this big,
muscle-bound beach guy,
trying to make me jealous.
Me. Ha.
Gino points 'em out, and I'm
a bit sauced up at this point,
and I walk over
and I say, "hey,
you're not really with this
hippie-fied fag, are you?"
He stands up and says,
"what'd you say?"
I pulled back my jacket
just enough

so he can see my piece
and I said,
"I just called you
a cockeyed-loving,
"biscuit-lipped,
hippie-fied-looking fag.
Now what are you gonna do?"
Holy shit. What did he do?
What can he do? His tanned ass
turned white as a ghost
and made like Ralph Kramden...
homina-homina-homina. Heh.
So I go back
to drinking.
Gino comes over later and says,
"will you look at that?"
And there is Fabio making out
with Columbo all over my bar.
Whatever. So I finish up
my whiskey and I walk over.
I slap Tarzan, and I say...
Holy shit.
"Antonio Banderas, you know,
you're kissing my old girl. "
And he says, "yeah?"
I say, "yeah.
How's my cock taste?"
Holy shit.
So I strolled up out of there,
I grabbed myself a bottle
of maker's and here I am.
Ha-ha-ha. Holy shit.
And she was kissing
that Fabio guy
right there in front of you?
Yeah.
The two of you broke up
this morning?
I broke up with her.
Now, why they do that?
Women are supposed
to be sensitive.
Women fucking suck.
You think so?

No, some suck,
but few suck well.
I cannot tell you the last time
I had a halfway-decent blowjob.
Must admit, it is a lost art.
I stop 'em half the time.
I'm, like, "yo, yo, yo."
It ain't a fucking artichoke,
all right?"
Totally.
And the funny thing is...
These women think
they're so fantastic at it.
I cannot tell you how many times
in my life I've heard,
"oh, baby, you cannot handle me.
I will rock your world. "
Then it comes time
to close the deal,
and it's like flipper
on Prozac.
Have you ever had
a dead-fish fuck?
I would rather have
a root canal.
These women think
that just being present
is all it takes
for bedroom artistry.
Maybe that works
for a guy that gets laid
every other leap year,
but for a guy like me,
a dead-fish fuck
could have severe ramifications.
I can't believe she pulled
a high-school move like that
and brought a date to your bar.
I know.
That violates
two of the classic "nevers"
in the Geneva convention
of breaking up.
The first of which

is that you never,
under any circumstances, ever
are you supposed to hang out
in your ex's stomping grounds
after you break up!
Never!
It's a big city, right?
Right.
Why does she have to start
hanging out in our bar?
Never used to hang there before.
You're goddamn right.
What, there's not, like,
a million other bars in the city? No.
We don't want her there.
She's not welcome.
Hell, no.
You don't see us hanging out
at the lens crafters.
No.
And that is only second
to the most heinous
of violations
with the fact the two of you
just broke up this morning.
I broke up with her!
You dumped that Sandy-Duncan-
ass-cyclops this morning
and she comes into
our lens crafters on a date?
I mean, isn't there some kind
of statute of limitations
or time variable
or something
that makes
that unconstitutional?
It is fucking bullshit, Tommy!
Fucking bullshit, Sal!
Will you keep it down?
You're gonna wake Karen.
She'll be down here
with her Frankenstein gear on.
Kenny. Speaking of Frankenstein,
how is your wife?

Sal broke up with Charlotte.
Which one's Charlotte?
The black fellow
that used to perform
with Dean Martin
and Sinatra.
Oh, yeah. She was nice.
You two not see eye to eye?
Does Karen wear that
green mud shit on her face?
Yes.
How is it you don't take
one look and get the shit
scared out of you?
Are you kidding? That's how
she keeps her skin young.
If that's true, I wish
she'd put some on her ass.
I love my wife, but there should
be some vow in the wedding
which covers ass size
after "I do. "
Like an insurance policy.
Brilliant, ass insurance.
Exactly.
There's more of her
for you to love.
That's easy for you to say.
Sara works out five days a week.
What?
W-what'd I say?
What happened?
Well, apparently...
She'll be working
on her arms this evening
when she carries
those two suitcases
out that door any minute.
What? Say "I swear to god. "
No.
It's true.
Three years, and I come home
to a dear John
and those two suitcases

sitting by the front door.
She's on her way over here.
I have no idea
what I'm gonna do.
Dear John.
Dumped on Valentine's day.
Unbelievable.
I'm sick.
I gave Sara three years
of my life. Three good years.
I mean, sure, we had
our problems, everybody does.
But, uh,
it was mostly good times.
That's how you're
supposed to tell.
I mean, nobody's perfect,
but as long as the good times
outweigh the bad,
that's what's supposed
to count, right?
Unless she didn't
see it that way.
Unless I really
didn't make her happy.
Bullshit, Tommy.
You're a man.
Since when is it a man's job
to make a woman happy?
Want this one?
I don't think so.
My point is,
you were happy, right?
For three years,
you were happy.
You know what I'd give for that?
This here, my right arm.
Look at me. I'm a lonely,
drunken, misogynistic asshole
who goes from one empty
relationship to another,
whose only solace is found
completely obliterated
at the bottom

of a bottle of whiskey.
I can't remember
a single time in my life
when I was happy
for three consecutive days,
let alone three years.
Are you kidding me?
You know whose fault
that is? Mine.
'Cause I am responsible
for my own happiness.
If Sara wasn't happy,
that is her own fucking problem.
She didn't do the things
that she needed to do
to make sure she was happy.
You're not Dionne Warwick.
You're not a mind reader. You're
not a psychic best friend.
You are tom Reilly,
one of the best people I know.
And if she can't see that,
then she needs to go
to lens crafters.
Why does it hurt
so bad, huh?
Why do I feel like
I wanna die inside?
'Cause you're beautiful, tom.
He's right, you're beautiful.
Not a fag or nothing,
but you're like a real person.
You are a man.
You don't think if I knew Karen
was gonna leave me,
I wouldn't be down here crying,
asking you two geniuses
how I could get her back?
Christ, Sal, too.
You had me until
you brought Sal into it.
Ha-ha. Very funny.
You don't think I got feelings?
You don't think I'm sensitive?

Let me tell you something.
I got more feelings
in my left nut
than you two schoolgirls
put together.
Ooh. Come on now.
Here we go again.
Ooh. I know.
I know what they say about me.
I know what they say
about guys like me.
They say that we're pigs,
right? That we're dogs.
Uh, in your defense,
they don't exclude.
I been married five years,
my wife still says it.
Oh, that's right. They don't
exclude. They say "all. "
"All men are pigs.
All men are dogs.
All men are scum. "
They talk and talk and talk
their little asses off
about what monsters we are.
They don't understand
that they're the very ones
that created the Frankenstein's
they abhor.
Frankenstein was a whore?
Leave my wife out of this.
Laugh all you want,
but I'm serious.
Every womanizer, every player,
every guy juggling three broads
at the same time
is only doing so out of fear.
Fear of being crushed
by a woman.
'Cause one day, back in the day,
they weren't a player.
They liked one girl, just one.
They gave it up to her,
didn't they?

And they gave it up to her.
They gave it up
'cause they were romantics.
And they gave it up to the girl
they loved, and what happened?
They got rocked or they got
crushed or they got destroyed.
They got cheated on
or laughed at or something.
When they're finished
picking up the pieces
of what was once their heart,
know what they said?
They all, every single
one of them, made a vow.
Never to give it up again.
That's right.
Never to give it up again.
Now we're talking about
the real bastards.
Guys that break hearts
occupationally.
Believe it or not, originally,
those cats were
the most beautiful
and the most romantic of all.
You know what happened?
They're the ones that got hurt
worst of all.
'Cause you never get over it.
No, god, no!
You never get over it.
Yes, you recover,
but you never get over it.
And what happened?
When they all recovered...
You know what they all said?
They all said...
"Okay, I see. All right.
If that's how it's gonna be,
I can play that way, too. "
So you see that
we are all responsible
for the cycle

of the vicious circle.
So you're saying you're afraid?
Absolutely.
I ain't never getting
my heart broken again
like I did when I was 16.
But why? Why do people
hurt each other like that?
Why don't they just take care
of each other's feelings?
It's so easy.
Because people are selfish
and they don't care.
I mean, look,
we've all done it, right?
We've all been in that situation
where we're with another woman,
and we know what
we're about to do is wrong.
We know that if we do
this thing,
it's gonna hurt somebody
we care for so badly.
And it'll ruin everything,
I mean, everything.
All the years of work
that we put into it,
in some cases children,
entire families,
and yet we look,
we've got this
young, hot piece of ass
in front of us.
And at that moment,
we just throw everything away,
and we do it anyway.
We fucking do it anyway.
We know it's gonna kill our wife
or our girlfriend or whatever,
but we do it anyway.
And that, my friends...
Is why we're all so fucked up.
Because we do it anyway.
We're thinking the grass

is greener somewhere else,
that the better deal
is around the corner
ready to present itself.
And we forget what good friends
we have right here,
and that the grass is pretty
fucking nice right here.
But we're not kind,
for the most part, are we?
We're not strong,
and we're certainly not wise,
so we throw away people
who are most valuable to us.
We waste them, like we have 'em
to waste. And you know, Sal...
If you keep doing it,
you're gonna wake up one day,
and you're gonna be old.
You're gonna be alone,
or worse,
stuck with some vacuous,
one-eyed stripper in bed
who you can't talk to.
So you wanna put
a bullet in your head,
'cause you missed the couple
truly great ones you once had
and that you, uh, threw away.
That's horrible.
Frightening.
It's almost enough
to make you wanna turn gay.
Oh, my god, I'm so excited,
I'm harder than Chinese math.
Someone get me a red bull.
Wayne!
Hey, dawg.
You got my message.
Didn't tell me she was coming.
Where you been?
I've been calling you all week.
In Hawaii,
planning a wedding.

They're legalizing gay marriages
down there now.
They're so smart.
It's gonna boom their economy.
Just what the world needs,
Samoan fags.
Wow, a wedding. Who's
getting married? Anyone we know?
Yeah, silly. Me.
Get out of here.
What are you talking about?
I'm serious. His name's Kwame...
And he's from
the Virgin Islands.
Let me tell you, sweetheart,
after this weekend,
that boy is definitely not
a virgin, mm-Kay? Heh-heh.
Anyway, he's on his way
over here right now
because I wanted you all
to meet him.
Are you out of your mind?
You are so fucked up.
Oh, so you're getting married.
That's terrific.
I don't know what to say.
Say you'll come to Hawaii
and be my best man.
Are you serious?
Yes, I'm serious.
Who else would I choose?
Bring Sara down with you...
And the four of us
will have a blast.
What? What did I say?
You said plenty, asshole.
Our boy got dumped tonight.
What? Why?
She said
she needed her space.
And that ho didn't think
she had enough between her legs?
Wayne.

I'm sorry,
but nobody breaks Tommy's heart
and gets away with it.
I never liked her, anyway.
She's an actress.
"Oh, hi, Sara,
how are you?"
"Oh, me, me, me, me, me,
me, me, me, me, me, me, me. "
I swear to god, I'd ask her
how she was doing,
and she'd tell me how she once
got a callback for Matlock.
That's a woman who thinks
her entire self-worth
is determined by her rsum.
You can't be dealing with that.
You need someone
that thinks about you,
somebody that'll take
care of you.
Someone who's nurturing.
Yeah, man,
nurturing bitches.
I love me nurturing bitches.
They are the best.
Don't get me wrong,
they gotta be good-looking.
I can't be dealing with
no ugly-ass nurturing bitches.
Know what I'm saying?
I'm telling you...
This is god's way
of trying to tell you
you're supposed
to date men.
Oh, sure,
that's what I need.
A nice hairy ass.
That'll solve everything.
Don't start with that
faggot shit tonight, Wayne.
I don't wanna hear it.
It was a joke. I was kidding.

Bullshit.

You do it all the time.

It's all part of the subliminal
mind meld, faggot shit

you fags pull all the time.

Only I can see the shit coming
all the way from Cleveland.

Sal.

Don't think I'm not on to you.

You throw something here,
say something there.

You drop a line about this
and an innuendo about that.

You fuckos plant the seed,
and next thing,

everyone's sucking dick.

Come on, Sal.

Oh, come on, my ass.

Oh, I'd love to,

but I'm engaged.

You see what I mean?

You fags are like

Jehovah witnesses

or vampires or something.

As soon as one of you

thinks you're gay,

you want everyone else

in the world to be gay, too.

Think they're gay? Uh, no.

First of all, I don't think

I'm gay, Sal, I am gay.

And secondly, I don't want you
to convert, okay?

I wouldn't wish that

on any man.

I was simply trying to get tom's
mind off the subject of women.

You guys are so pathetic,

I'll bet you before I got here,

that's all you were

talking about.

Of course it was.

Look at yourselves.

You guys are worse

than a bunch of girls.
Every other straight man
I know
spends their time
talking about sports or cars
or their careers,
where they want to travel to,
the last fight they got into.
Something. Even if it's mundane
and prehistoric,
it's something other than women.
Have you ever overheard
a conversation between women?
What is it always about?
Men. That's it.
That's all they ever talk about.
And you guys
are worse than them.
I'm actually
starting to wonder
if there's a set of balls
between you three.
All right, I can only handle
being chastised by a fag
for so long.
At least as long as my father's
on this earth.
Oh, well, that's really clever.
Hey, why don't you just go
gay bashing
with some
of your hoodlum friends
and save us the subtlety
of your innuendo.
If I do, I'm gonna start with
you, you big fucking queen.
I mean, who in the hell
are you, anyways,
you confused, fucked up,
backwards cocksucker?
You think you know who you are
'cause you can express yourself?
'Cause you're out of the closet
and you can be the real you?

Come on, Sal.
No, fuck that, Tommy.
I know I'm not supposed
to say anything here,
'cause as a white,
heterosexual male,
by definition, I'm wrong about
everything from jump street.
I know that. I know I can't win.
But you see this kid here?
This kid used to be
one of my best friends.
And all of a sudden,
he turns swish on me? Okay?
Now he tells me
he's gonna marry a fucking man.
And I gotta sit here
and pretend like I dig that?
I don't even know how
to fucking deal with that, okay?
And maybe I've had a little
too much to drink tonight,
and maybe I'll apologize
to Wayne-o in the morning,
but for right now, I'm gonna
rip him a new fucking asshole.
Ooh, that sounds fun.
Verbally, you pervert.
Let me explain something
to you, all right?
You are not gay, okay?
You understand?
You were born a man. And unless
you're a hermaphrodite,
mother nature does not fuck up.
Being gay's not physical.
It's a mental thing,
it's a psychological situation.
You were probably molested
as a little kid.
You got fucked up and insecure
about your sexuality
when you hit puberty,
and you thought to yourself,

"my gosh, I must be gay. "
Well, you're not.
You were born a little boy.
You didn't speak
with that lisp,
that fucking...
pfft... thing, either.
You're putting that on like an
accent. That is an affectation.
When you were a kid, you didn't
act all fruity like you do now.
Don't forget, Wayne-o.
Motherfucker...
I've known you
since elementary school.
It is a proven fact
that some people are born gay.
It's not psychological,
it's physical.
A certain portion of the brain...
which portion?
I don't know,
the thalamus or something.
The thalamus or something?
The hypothalamus.
The hypothalamus?
I don't know!
Just some certain stem thing
in the brain
grows different in the brain
of gay men. It's a proven fact.
Says who?
Says doctors.
Which doctors?
Medical doctors.
You're still being vague.
No, I'm not.
Medical doctors have proven...
do you know their names?
What?
You heard me, motherfucker.
Don't stall for time.
Do you know their names or
did you hear it's a proven fact?

I heard about it, okay?
But everybody knows...
ah, ah! You heard about it,
but everybody knows.
I see. Very interesting. Hmm.
You heard about it,
but everybody knows
it's a proven fact.
That sounds like
a rumor to me.
See, I happen to know
the name of the doctor
that said he proved that theory.
I know the names of doctors
that corroborated the story.
Can I tell you something?
Can I hip you to a bit...
Of potentially
earth-shattering information?
They're all gay.
All of 'em.
Dr. lipshits, dipshits
and motherfucking mipshits
are all faggot motherfuckers
who unethically used
their status as doctors
to further their own
anally suggestive ends.
He's actually right.
They did a, ahem, whole expos
on those three doctors.
I read the article about it
in the times.
Can you believe that shit?
Motherfuckers telling people
they got some weird stem shit
growing in their brain
so they start sucking dick.
I mean, I don't care
if a motherfucker told me
I had a tree growing in my head.
Ain't no way this motherfucker's
ever gonna start sucking dick.
You imagine that conversation?

"Uh, excuse me, Mr. Johnson?
"We have some bad news
and some good news. Ah.
"The bad news is we found
some weird growth
"in your cerebral cortex.
"The good news is,
you can start
sucking dick immediately. "
All right, that's enough.
Fuck that, Tommy.
That's enough. Guys, come on.
We're supposed to be happy
for Wayne tonight.
He's getting married.
And it's a big deal.
I don't care
if he's marrying a goat,
we're supposed to be
supportive.
You had me until the goat.
It's a metaphor, Ken.
Yeah, but with Wayne,
you never know.
Look, we get enough shit
from the rest of the world
out there.
Last thing we need
is getting dumped on
by people who are supposed to
be getting our backs.
Do you want this one?
Getting dumped on?
Someone's back?
I don't think so.
He's happy, all right?
Look, Wayne is...
smile for me. He's happy!
That's a lot more
than I can say
for the rest of the world
out there.
It's definitely more than
I can say for you and I, Sal.

Of course, he's happy,
tom. He's gay.
I'm done.
He doesn't have to deal with
chick drama all the time.
Do you know how happy
I would be
if I didn't have to deal with
chick drama all the time?
Do you know how happy I'd be
if I had someone
I could shoot hoops with,
watch a game with,
go drinking with,
play poker with, and would
blow me six times a day?
Are you kidding me?
I wish I could be gay.
I would be the biggest
and the best fag of them all.
I'd be king of the fags.
I just can't seem to get in
that good of shape.
I got no problem...
With the whole being-gay
aspect of it, Wayne.
All right?
I really don't.
You want to ass-fuck a man,
that is your own business.
I got no problem with that.
I like ass fucking
as much as the next guy.
I don't think you need to parade
it down the middle of the street
and tell everybody
you're into that.
Hey, if it's your thing,
you want to be left alone
to do your thing,
then shut the fuck up
and keep it your thing.
I'm not talking about hiding
in the back of the closet.

Just don't shove it
in my face.
Are you done?
Probably not, but I'm tired
of talking, so go ahead.
You know what? You're right.
My gregariousness does make me
a target. I know that.
But whether you think
you're right or wrong
about all your psychoanalytical
bullshit about me,
I did not come here tonight
to be beat up
or put under a microscope.
I came here tonight
to share my joy with you,
not to be berated by the people
who are supposedly my friends.
I mean, I knew you were gonna
be here tonight, Sal,
and I knew you were gonna
bust my balls about this,
but I really thought that,
underneath it all,
you'd be happy for me.
I never thought
you'd be so vicious.
If I'd known that,
I never would have come.
I wouldn't have invited the man
I'm going to marry
over to a place
where he would be ridiculed.
I mean, I might be into
some kinky shit,
but I am not a masochist,
and I'm certainly not stupid.
Good night, everyone.
Come on. Go.
Go.
Wayne.
What?
All right, all right already.

Don't go.

"Don't go"?

Well, that's a joke.

Give me one good reason why not.

All right, all right.

I don't know how to say this,
okay, so I'm just gonna say it.

Uh...

My girl dumped me today.

I'm sorry I lied to you,

Tommy.

I came here acting like a stud,
like I gave her the Heisman,
but truth of the matter is,
she fucking dumped me.

I saw her out tonight with some
gq fucking jawbone guy,
and he was

way better-looking than me,
and it hurt a little bit.

You know, maybe more than
just a little bit.

Pulled some Bogart move
on the motherfucker.

I made him look like a bitch
in front of everyone,
but the truth of the matter is,
she still went home with him.

So...

Now I'm drunk
and I'm pissed, and...

I come in here,
and I take it out on you guys.

The truth of the matter is,
I'm just jealous.

Not that I wanna be
a fag or nothing,
but you're always up,
always doing good,
and you don't fucking need me
being an asshole to ya.

So, uh, don't go.

And, uh...

I wanna meet your, uh...

Friend.

...friend.

Oh, Sal.

Jesus Christ.

Just get it over with.

Oh...

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Oh, my god, Sal's gay.

God!

You see what happens

when you try to be nice?

Your friends think you're a fag.

So much for fucking Karma.

Now don't say that.

I was kidding.

I was watching through

the window. You were very sweet.

Don't even start.

I'm serious, Sal.

I've never seen

that side of you before.

You were amazing. I mean,

you were kind and vulnerable.

Not only did you

physically embrace Wayne,

but you were open

emotionally as well.

I think that's... that's

a tremendous step for you.

I'm gonna put a tremendous step

upside your head

you don't shut up

with the treehugger bullshit.

He's a treehugger, Sal.

That's his thing.

I know, but it's fucking lame,

with the tie-dyes and the vibes

and the Birkenstocks.

Always trying to get me...

To change and grow

and take it to the next level.

Does that shit ever work?

What do you mean?

With chicks. Ever get any chicks
with a lame-ass angle like that?
'Cause I got a dozen chicks
coming through that door
in, like, two seconds.
And if you fucking cock-block
and pull out a Ouija board,
I'm telling you right now,
I'm gonna fucking shoot you.
It's not an angle.
I know it's not.
It's a non-angle.
As it should be. I mean,
it's not about getting over.
It's about being real,
about communication.
How come I never see you
having any real communication
with any real chicks,
like, ever?
Maybe that's 'cause I don't
look at women the way you do.
I think women are beautiful.
I think they're amazing.
They're the most magical
of all of god's creations.
I am enamored with them.
And, frankly, I don't know how
to pretend like I'm not.
What the fuck
are you talking about?
I'm talking about
the 11th-man theory.
Come on, everybody knows
the 11th-man theory.
No, stupid. Nobody knows
the 11th-man theory but you.
No, I know a little something
about the 11-man theory.
Ha-ha-ha. Shut up. What...
what are you talking about?
Say there's a woman
in a room with 10 men,
and all 10 men are telling her

how beautiful she is
and how amazing she is.
They're lighting her cigarette,
buying her drinks
and just treating her
like gold.
Then, all of a sudden,
in walks the 11th man.
He takes one look at her
and says, "how you doing?"
Turns his back on her
and starts talking to his boys.
That's the guy she wants
to be with, the 11th man,
not any of the 10 men
who were treating her well,
but the one guy
who couldn't care less.
And why? Because, for some
reason, women don't want nice.
They don't want real. They
don't wanna be treated well.
I mean, not at first,
and sometimes not ever,
and I think that's crazy,
and I refuse to play that game.
I mean, you?
You are a master at it, Sal,
but it's just not me,
it's not who I am.
I don't want to play
that game,
get a girl by pretending
that I don't like her.
I wanna be with a woman
who's real,
who-who digs it
when I'm nice to her,
who doesn't see that
as weakness,
or take me for granted
when I tell her
that I think she's more amazing
than anything else

in the entire world,
but unfortunately,
most women aren't like that.
They say they are, and
deep down inside they wanna be,
but they're not.
You know what? He's right.
I never could understand that.
When I was a kid, every girl
I liked had a boyfriend.
And I'd have to
hear about it all the time.
How he'd, you know,
fuck their best friends,
cheat on 'em, spend their money,
wreck their car...
A-and, of course, they'd come
crying on my shoulder
'cause I was a good "friend. "
And I'd ask 'em why,
"why don't you just dump the guy
that's treating you like shit
and be with me?"
I mean, I was right there.
I'd lay the world at their feet
if they'd let me,
but they'd always say
the same thing...
"I can't because I love him.
I just love him. "
Yeah.
How would you know?
Believe me, being gay
doesn't exclude you
from the neurosis
of relationships.
I wish it did.
But it's the same all over.
Everybody's playing the "I like
you, but you don't like me,
then when you do like me,
I don't like you" game.
It's insane.
Insanity.

Well, I hate to admit it,
but I think I actually have
to agree with him.
When I was a little kid,
I used to bring girls flowers.
I'd write 'em poems and shit,
fucking songs.
I even gave that one girl...
remember Molly Gere...
I gave her that locket necklace
for Valentine's day.
Sal, you wrote songs?
Shut up. My point is this...
you remember what she did to me?
She kicked me in the shin,
threw the locket on the ground
and ran around telling the whole
school I had fucking cooties.
I remember that. You went home
in tears that day.
Those weren't tears, tom.
She threw sand in my eyes, too.
We were
in the first grade.
No, no, no, my point is this...
it was like that for years...
Until, ahem, I discovered
the pattern to "Pac-man. "
You got chicks because you
could play "Pac-man"?
No, stupid, I'm making
an analogy here.
Chicks got a pattern.
See? Like "Pac-man. "
You remember "Pac-man," right?
"Pac-man," motherfucker,
had a pattern.
You played the pattern right,
you could never lose.
George is right. For chicks,
it's the 11th-man theory.
As soon as you figure out
how to be the 11th man,
you got no problem

banging any chick you want.
 Only problem you do have
 is now you have to deal
 with some manipulative
 little freak
 you're stuck with
 'cause you hooked her.
 Which is why, gentlemen,
 I resigned myself
 a long time ago
 to being a rich motherfucker.
 That way, I can afford
 to have some young, hot,
 gold-digging arm piece,
 works out six,
 eight hours a day
 just to take care
 of my physical needs.
 Mm.
 Well, that's limiting.
 What about intellectually,
 emotionally?
 What about emotionally
 or intellectually?
 Now, most women think monogamy
 is a type of wood.
 They don't know how to be it.
 They certainly don't know
 how to spell it.
 And they say men cheat?
 Who the fuck do you think
 we're cheating with?
 Certainly not you, Wayne.
 You think I'm getting...
 Emotionally connected to a woman
 like that? I don't think so.
 And if I want
 intellectual stimulation,
 motherfucker, I'll read a book.
 You're gonna go
 the rest of your life
 just willing to settle
 for having to compartmentalize?
 I don't even fucking understand

what you said,
but, yeah, sure, I'll do that.
No, I'm serious.
At this point in my life,
my idea of synergy
is getting a blowjob
from Pamela Anderson
while reading, uh, Doskeyevsky.
I'm telling you, George,
you gotta stop putting chicks
on a pedestal.
They'll just shit on you
from up there.
Tom, too. Christ, me, too.
Hey, George, hey, if you
want real, that's great.
Go deal with them
Portland bitches
with the braided armpit hair
and 3-pounds-a-day
granola-eating habit,
sporting that fucking bendy.
Hey, George!
Hey, I'm talking to you.
Hey. Hello? Is that real?
Seriously, if I...
I have a question.
If I listen to Deepak Chopra
and I read
that Celestine prophecy
and I "no-hom-ro-yoren-kyo"
my fucking ass off all day
while I reek of Bo
and sandalwood
and I got 10 different kinds
of incense
coming out my fucking butthole,
does that make me real?
Hey, motherfucker.
Am I a real motherfucker?
I'll tell you right now.
Motherfucker,
I may bullshit women,
but I never bullshit myself.

Lesson over.
Let me tell you, that is
the biggest crock of shit
I've ever heard
in my entire life, seriously.
How the fuck would you...
no, no, no.
No, please.
Mr. tough guy.
Got the whole fucking wide world
sewn up in a tight little box
and you ain't even 40.
Well, I love you, but you ain't
doing nothing but bullshitting.
What are you talking about?
Sal, you're the biggest romantic
I know. More than any of us.
Who do you think you're fooling?
Come on,
we've all known you
since elementary school, too.
Big, tough buddy boy
running around playing gangster,
but you didn't
start out like that.
You wear your heart
on your sleeve.
It's the biggest heart
in the world.
Tough as you wanna be,
you still can't figure out
how to keep people
from taking their shots at it.
You talk about indoctrination,
look at yourself.
I didn't say shit
about indoctri...
sure, you did. When you
tried to sell Wayne
on that line of crap
about how
he's not really
a homosexual
'cause he didn't come out

of the womb like that.
What about you?
Think you came out
of your mother
with all that attitude
and shit that makes you you?
You didn't start out that way.
You gave a girl
a locket necklace, man,
and wrote her a fucking song.
You wanna talk about that?
Or you guys wanna talk about
the 11th man theory,
game-playing, the vicious circle
and shit about how
you're never gonna get hurt
like you did when you were 16?
Well, I think
you can't help it.
I think you do have feelings,
in spite of yourself sometimes.
I think that is
what you wrestle with.
I mean, look at yourself,
my man.
You were affected tonight
by a woman
with a glass fucking eye
who thought
the word "prima Donna"
meant "before Madonna. "
Come on,
you're better than that.
You could have been
with any girl.
But instead, you thought
you'd go safe
and hook up with a girl
so far beneath your standards
that she'd never have
to hurt you.
You wanna know what?
She still hurt you.
So, what's the point?

Why not just hold out
for the one that spins your top
and make it great with her?
How? If they're all
so fucked up, you tell me how.
You gotta teach 'em.
You gotta teach 'em, man.
But that takes being
a responsible member
of the planet, Sal.
And I don't mean
you gotta be a treehugger...
no offense, Georgie.
...But everybody's so out
for the fucking "me" these days.
It's not the x generation
or the y generation.
It's the brand-new
me generation.
Everybody's so busy doing
their fucking dance
in the end zone,
they forget to notice
the bigger picture...
the scoreboard that reads that
we're down by nine touchdowns.
If you meet a girl who doesn't
know how to be monogamous
or how to even spell the word,
you can either say,
"oh, this girl's
so fucking stupid, "
and you can dump her
or you can say,
"baby, come here.
Check this out.
M-o-n-o-g-a-m-y. "
And you can show her
how to be monogamous
by being monogamous yourself.
You want good people, man,
make 'em good.
Anybody can be an asshole.
It takes strength to be a man.

Is that what you taught Karen?
Are you kidding me?
That's what she taught me.
You remember how I was
before I met her.
Heh-heh. Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah, so do I.
It seems to me that we saw
a lot more of you back then,
but I understand,
you're pussy-whipped.
No, I'm not pussy-whipped, man.
She's just my best friend,
that's all.
I'd rather hang out with her
than anybody, even you.
Then what are you doing
down here,
sneaking off as soon
as she falls asleep,
when you know damn well
she's gonna wake up
and drag your ass back upstairs
faster than you can say
"codependent"?
Yeah, but what you don't
understand is when that happens,
she's gonna be taking me
where I wanna be.
Man.
You're living
in a fucking fantasyland.
I mean, I can't believe
I'm hearing this.
Since when did this
start happening to you?
I mean, look at you.
Karen is a ballbuster, man.
She's a fucking ballbuster.
She is such a ballbuster,
she's got you fucked up
and delusional and shit.
Kenny, you're a man.

How can you live like that?
It's not a delusion, Sal.
It's just you and I see things
differently, that's all.
You see it as ballbusting,
I see it as passionate.
Do you see?
You see it as...
"I gotta pick her up
from the airport. "
I see it as,
"I get to pick her up. "
It's all about
how you look at it.
Well, I'm looking at you like
you're out of your fucking mind.
If that's what being married's
about, you can keep that shit.
Ain't no way this motherfucker
is ever getting married,
you heard?
Why don't you tell that crock
of shit to Tommy here?
I'm sure
he'll appreciate it.
For three years,
he's cashing his chips in early,
going home to a girl who up
and clotheslines his ass
and leaves him staggering
in the street, his guts out,
wondering what he did wrong.
Ha! What he did wrong.
How about that for a mindfuck?
What? Tell me.
Come on, fuckers, tell me.
He didn't love her enough?
He didn't treat her well enough?
I don't think so.
We all agree to a man
that Tommy
is the best person we know.
Seems to me I recall,
somewhere back in the day,

him holding out for one
that spun his top
and doing whatever he could
to make it work,
but it didn't work...
all right.
...Because she dumped him,
she fucking dumped his ass.
The best guy we know
does everything right.
She still fucking dumps him.
So your theory is shit.
I mean, it is fucking
a bunch of shit.
You wanna know why?
There's two people
in a relationship... two...
and they're both
always changing.
So no matter what you do,
how the fuck are you ever able
to tell what the other person's
gonna do tomorrow?
All right, Sal.
No, fuck...
no, all right! Fuck, Sal!
Fuck!
Sal, please.
No, no, no, Wayne,
you shut up too for a second.
I mean, you guys
are all so fucking selfish.
All of you, man.
You're talking about me
like I'm not even here.
Tommy, look,
I was just...
no! Fuck that!
That's fucking bullshit, Sal!
I mean, you come into my home
and all you guys talk about
is your problems, your feelings,
your relationships.
Ever stop to think

what I was going through?
I mean, I'm fucking
dying over here, man.
It's not tomorrow
or the next day
or in the first fucking grade,
Sal.
It's happening right now.
I got the love of my life
walking through
that door any minute,
and she's gonna leave me,
and I have no idea
what I'm gonna do.
All I know is...
I can't let that happen.
I gotta get her back.
Now, either you guys help me
figure this out right now,
or you get the hell out of here
and let me do it on my own,
because whether
you think so or not,
Sara's the best thing
that ever happened to me,
and I'm gonna do whatever
it takes to get her back.
What if you don't?
What?
I was just... um...
look, I was just being
devil's advocate, all right?
What if you don't?
What if you don't get her back?
What then?
Well, then I guess
I'll just be like you, Sal.
A man without love.
Very dramatic.
What kind of man is that, huh?
Angry? Vindictive? A monster?
Oh-ho-ho-ho, but I'll be way
worse than you, Sal,
'cause you never had

what I have.

The kind of love I have
in my heart for Sara?

You lose that, heh, well,
I'd hate to be any girl
that crosses my path
any time soon.

Aw...

shut the fuck up, George.

I don't wanna hear it.

If Sara wants to leave me,
then I'll start

a new chapter of an old club.

The he-man woman-haters club.

Remember that? Huh?

Remember that shit?

With, uh, spanky and alfalfa
and buckwheat?

They had this thing,

the he-man woman-haters club.

They didn't take shit from Darla
or any of them bitches.

He's lost his mind.

Oh, they had the right idea
back then.

I mean, you didn't see Darla
or any of them other chicks
putting on shows, did you?

No. Spanky and alfalfa
ran the show,

and if them bitches wanted to be
a part of what was going on,
they did what they were told!

Starsky and Hutch?

No chicks. Successful.

Baretta? Lived with
an old man and a bird.

No chick drama, no problem.

Batman? Gay.

But only when he ever gets
tempted by catwoman

did he have any real problems.

Han solo?

With Chewie, he was fine.

He hooks up
with Princess Leia,
his ass gets thrown
in the carbonite.
Chicks are the downfall of every
great man that ever lived.
Mark Antony, Othello,
Bill Clinton, all of 'em.
And he who does not learn
from history
is doomed to repeat
its mistakes.
What the fuck was I thinking?
I don't wanna be with Sara.
I want nothing to do with her.
In fact, if she walked
through that door now,
the best thing I could do
is throw her sorry ass on out.
I mean, this is
still my house, right?
I don't care
how much I love her.
She can come,
she can get her shit,
and she can get the fuck out!
I-I never wanna see Sara again.
I never wanna see another woman.
Masturbation
the key to the universe be.
And if I never see
another woman again,
it'll be too damn soon
in this motherfucker!
I'll handle this.
Is this where
the Valentine's thing is?
You gonna invite us in,
or what?
Did you see the looks
on those guys' faces
when we walked in?
I felt like a steak dinner
in a sea of piranha.

Laura,
it was not that bad.
At least these guys are cute.
More than I can say for the
last party Rachel took us to.
What, 20 hot girls
and two fat, ugly, gross guys?
What's wrong with that?
What you get
when you work in porn.
I don't work
in the porn industry.
- I just do their hair.
- Whatever!
What's that guy Sal
doing here?
Isn't he some gangster?
A wannabe gangster.
A wannabe? Katherine,
the man carries a gun.
For show, Laura.
He flashes it around.
He'd never use it.
How would you know?
Katherine used to
go out with him.
Is this true?
No, it is not true. Never.
I slept with him once,
but I never went out with him.
And?
He was a perfect gentleman.
Terrible lover but a gentleman.
Terrible lover?
What do you mean?
He thinks he's such a stud.
Exactly.
He doth protest too much.
He didn't know how
to do it right?
Are you kidding?
He did not know how at all.
I couldn't get this man
to go down on me

- if we were on the Titanic.
- Oh!
Shit. Why?
I don't know.
I think he said he had
some sort of germ thing.
A germ thing?
Like what? A phobia?
Like, a germ phobia?
I hate when guys say that.
It makes me feel
so unsanitary.
Because you are unsanitary.
Oh, go fuck yourselves.
But what about the penis, Kat?
I mean, was the penis bad, too?
Yeah, what's with the dick?
Katherine says he's got a cock
the size of Florida.
Is this true?
No, it is not true. It...
It's what? It's what?
Like the cape of good hope?
Like Cape Canaveral?
No.
Like the cape
that superman used to wear?
Have you ever seen
a Sunday paper rolled up?
Yes. No! Double that.
How bad could that be?
Unless the guy came in seconds.
Oh, my god. Quick draw McGraw's
are the worst.
Actually, he was the exact
opposite. He took forever.
I just got so frustrated
riding that monster so long
without any foreplay
that I went home.
You went home?
Went home.
What, in an ambulance?
No, in my car.

But I did have
such incredible blue balls
from the whole experience
that I had to call up
one of my zerves
to finish the job.
A "zerves"? What's a zerves?
Reserves, Amy,
as in the army reserves.
Always have a couple zerves
in your stable
to call any time
to rectify such a situation.
The kind of guys that
fix your car, help you move,
come over in the middle
of the night
when you hear scary noises.
Don't you have any reserves?
No.
You mean to tell me
there is nobody you can call
when you need to get over
a breakup?
I can call my mom.
That's really not the same,
now, is it?
Oh, honey, you are missing out.
You gotta try it sometime.
You use 'em like painkillers.
They tell you all the things
that you wanna hear,
like how great you are,
how beautiful you are...
what a fucking idiot
your boyfriend is.
And you get to be
totally selfish in bed.
Because that's what
they're for.
They know they'll
never be Mr. right.
They're just happy
with being Mr. right-now!

It sure beats crying
in your pillow.
Like my mother always says,
the best way
to get over someone
is to get underneath
someone else.
Amen, sister.
I just can't come from a cock
the size of Florida.
I need a tongue
the size of Florida, too.
You need gene Simmons in there.
Exactly.
Enough! Jesus Christ,
I've heard enough.
That's disgusting,
you two are disgusting.
I... I can't believe I'm hearing
this. What happened to you?
You sound like men, I mean,
with the blue balls and zerves.
I mean, whatever happened
to closeness and intimacy?
Since when did you two become
so desensitized?
Oh, please, Laura,
you have to have sex
at least once every millennium
before you can lecture us.
Rachel, I might be
the only woman left on earth
who can lecture you
on the subject.
I-I mean, listen to yourselves.
Where are your priorities?
Instead of getting some
random guy to rub out an orgasm
and repair your fridge,
don't you want somebody
who will always be there
for you in the middle
of the night
to protect you

from those scary noises?
Are you fucking delusional?
You sound like a hallmark card.
You can't argue with me.
You just used a word
that does not exist.
Really? And what word is that?
You used the word "always. "
"Always" is the key to heartbreak. Why?
Because we expect
that he will always be there.
We expect that we will
always be loved,
no matter what we do
or what we look like.
That is clearly not
the case, now, is it?
Because we get fat.
We get old.
We get traded in
for younger models every day.
So the simple truth is
the only "always"
is that everything changes.
In my experience, men's whims
are the most changeable of all.
So "no," I guess,
is the answer to your question.
No, I do not want some guy
to tell me
that he is always
gonna be there
to protect me
from the scary noises,
'cause then I'm gonna know
he's a liar.
I can protect myself, thank you.
With what, your vibrator?
Are you gonna massage 'em
to death?
I don't need no vibrator.
Oh, I know.
You've got the entire population
of Uruguay on speed dial,

just in case the Boston Celtics
don't work out.

You know, you are
such a fucking hypocrite, Laura.
You're one of those girls
who sucks a million cocks
but only slept with three guys,
so think you're some Saint.
You're not.

Blowjobs are exactly
the same thing as having sex.
In fact, to some men,
probably worse.

That is so not true. Blowjobs
are different than having sex.
It's not even the same thing.

Oh, it's not, is it?

It's not the same thing
to take

some strange man's dick out
of his pants

when you don't know where
it's been or if he's showered,
put it in your mouth,
suck on it

and then swallow his come
when you've only known the guy
for, like, a few hours?

You're right.

Not the same thing.

Oh, come on, Rachel,
a couple hours?

Oh, what is it, then, precious?

A-a few days at the very most?

I mean,

when you add it all up,
what is the total amount of time
you need to spend with a guy
before you're down on your knees
getting a throat culture?

What, six hours
on the first date,
four on the next?

Ooh, the time the two of you

had some "coffee"?
Why are you picking
on me?
I thought we were friends.
We are friends.
But I also know
you're full of shit,
and I wouldn't be
any real friend
if I didn't call you on
that nice-girl bullshit you sell
to every guy
you go out with.
What's that supposed to mean?
You know exactly what.
It means, when you
first start seeing a guy,
do you tell him about
the 8000 blowjobs you've given,
or do you try
to sell him on the fact
that you've only slept
with three guys?
That's what I thought. So don't
try selling it to me either,
because then you're not being
a very good friend to me.
You want
a real relationship?
Fine. Be honest.
If the man can't handle
the truth about who you are,
he can just go fuck himself.
You can't handle the truth!
Remember that?
With the guy
from the Lakers game?
Rachel, since when
are you anyone
to tell anybody
about relationships?
Since I'm the one woman
in this room
who sees things

the way they are
instead of seeing them
the way we want 'em to be.
Laura, you have stuffed animals
on your bed, bunny magnets
and ceramic my secret garden
crap all around your house.
Tell me you have
a firm grip on reality.
Relationships end, ladies,
and they all end badly.
Otherwise,
they wouldn't end.
And the only "always" is,
is that they always end badly.
So you'd better change
your perspective.
I'm sorry. I don't choose
to see it that way.
Exactly.
That's exactly my point.
But the reality is, they do.
Think about it.
The best-case scenario
in a relationship
is that one of you dies.
And that's the best
it ever gets.
Is that a fucking design flaw
or what?
You meet the love of your life.
You're together 50, 60 years.
Then one of you dies, leaving
the other heartbroken and alone.
Alone to live out
the last few geriatric years
of your miserable life,
trying not to die from pain,
and your only solace
is bingo and applesauce.
You go, girl.
And down from that,
getting dumped.
Which I used to think

was worse than dumping.
Because you feel so out
of control, ugly, worthless,
unworthy, self-conscious
and just fucking lame.
I mean, Jesus.
I used to think
getting dumped
was worse
than dumping someone else,
until finally
I dumped someone myself.
And let me tell you something,
ladies.
It is way, way, way, way worse
than getting dumped yourself,
because now you have to deal
with the fact
that it is your idea.
And it was your action,
so you're constantly
second-guessing yourself.
"Did I do the right thing?
Is he the best I'm gonna find?
"Am I gonna be alone
for the rest of my life
"because I threw away
the best fucking thing
that's ever gonna happen
to me?"
Oh, and that comes before you
have to try to turn that person
into someone you could hate,
so you could try to find a way
to live with that decision.
Oh, no.
I think it's pretty clear.
I would rather get dumped
than dump someone else.
But then, I really don't ever
have to worry about that again.
Ladies.
Can I have a bushmills,
straight? Yeah, you got it.

Uh, hi. Uh, my name is tom,
and this is my place.
And the thing is
that I'm going through a lot
of unexpected things,
and I really, really would...
tom, don't worry about it.
We're gonna have one drink,
and then we'll go.
I kinda got the picture
when we walked in the door.
Oh, you did.
Well, I'm sorry... you did?
I don't mean
to make you feel uncomfortable,
but, uh, what kind of picture
is that, exactly?
That your girlfriend
broke up with you
and she's on her way here
right now
to pick up those suitcases
by the door.
You got all that
from walking in here?
No, I got that from the letter
I found on the table.
We were all reading it
in the bathroom.
Tom, it is absolutely horrible.
Oh, my god.
Are you kidding me?
What just got into her?
No one yet, that's the problem.
Relax, Rachel's fine.
Fine, sure. Fucked up, insecure
and emotional. Sure, she's fine.
Do you know how hard it is
to do what she does?
Yes, scheduling
can be a problem.
No, Laura, Rachel tells men
where they stand.
Behind her

while she's bent over.
No, Rachel tells men
the truth.
Not what they wanna hear
but the actual truth.
That's admirable,
considering that, as women,
we're conditioned to lie.
What are you talking about?
Yeah, I got to hear this.
You know how a man, if he
has sex with a hundred women,
he's a stud?
But if a woman sleeps
with 10 guys, she's a whore.
So how the hell does a woman
not feel she has to lie
with that ridiculous
double standard?
That's not lying, that's just
not giving all the information.
No, that's justification.
If men weren't so infantile
about confronting their women's
history, we wouldn't lie.
Know how easy my relationship
would've been
if I didn't have to deal with
"did you fuck him?" Questions?
Amen.
"Did you fuck him?
Did you fuck him?"
"Who was that guy?
Did you fuck him?"
"Who you on the phone with?
Huh? Who?"
"Why's there a guy's voice
on your machine? You fuck him?"
The younger the guy is,
the worse it is. Or latino.
Heaven forbid they meet anyone
you have been with.
And then it's sulking for days.
Or attitude.

Then they never stop
bringing the shit up.
"Why don't you fuck so-and-so?"
That's when you're dealing
with their insecurities
about other men.
Don't even get me started
on the bedroom.
Do you know how patient
I have to be
with these oversized babies?
Like my mother always says,
"I already got two children,
I don't need a third. "
You admit that lying is part and
parcel to your relationships?
Deb, is it lying to tell a child
that there is a Santa Claus
if it makes him feel better?
Is it lying not to tell a man
about fucking the raiders
if it makes him feel better
about marrying you?
Know what, fine.
As far as I can see,
we don't have any choice.
If I have to choose between
not telling a man every detail
about my life
so that things can go smoothly
or being completely honest and
staying up all night fighting,
there really ain't no choice,
you know?
I do. And, Amy, you're right.
Men can't handle the truth.
And the sooner we learn that,
the smoother things will be.
Excuse me.
I'm sorry, I can't believe
things have gotten that bad,
that relationships have turned
into one big coping contest
that we're trying to endure

like Chinese water torture.
See, sweetie, that's why
I only date married men.
'Cause I know
they're unavailable,
and there's a limit
to the torture.
Oh, that is so wrong
on so many levels,
I don't even know
what to say.
Wait, you went out with Sal.
He was never married.
Uh, yeah, I know that now,
but I didn't know that then.
The man used to wear
a wedding ring.
He later told me that he wore it
to attract women.
Why, did it?
Well, hell, it attracted me.
Oh, my god, Katherine. Why?
Because, Deb, I figure
if a man is married,
there's gotta be
something good about him.
I mean, at least he can commit.
But then you make him cheat.
The commitment
goes out the window.
But by that time, I'm over him.
Don't you understand what
I'm trying to tell you here?
No.
It's not about the sex, sweetie.
It never is.
Anybody can have sex.
It's about
the walk up the stairs.
Okay.
Is it me, or is everybody else
on this planet
just absolutely crazy?
Oh, no,

we're all definitely crazy.
It's just the ones who think
that they're not
that you have to
worry about.
What do I know?
I don't know anything.
This is bad. This is bad.
This is really, really,
really bad.
Relax, tom.
Relax?
There are girls in my apartment,
hot girls, drinking.
When Sara gets here, she's gonna
think I'm being totally blas.
No, she's not.
Yes, she is.
She's not gonna think
you're blas.
The girls here could work out
to your advantage.
How? Chicks see you with other chicks...
It seems to make 'em
want you more.
I'm not out with these chicks.
She doesn't know that.
You really think I want her
to think that?
Sal, I'd be done for sure.
You're broken up.
Do whatever you want.
It's been an hour. So?
So? So?
You're either broken up or not,
no gray area.
People get fucked up
in the in-between stage.
You're not together, but not
supposed to fuck anyone else.
Yeah, the one who fools around
first is the bad guy.
"I can't believe
you're with someone else.

It's only been two weeks. "

Whoever doesn't move on
always feels like
they got hit by a truck.
Yeah, but I don't
wanna move on.
You may not want to feel like
you got hit by a truck.
I already do
feel like I got hit.
You may wanna have
another drink.
Whoo, let me have
one of those, too.
Scotch, rocks.
Hello. I'm Katherine.
Hi. Ken. Uh, of course
you know Sal. And this is tom.
When's she getting here?
Great, everybody knows.
Any second.
Really?
Do you want us to go?
No, no, no. I'm still trying
to think out my strategy.
You ever think about using us?
See?
Maybe.
Well, feel free, honey.
Women always want
what they can't have.
Believe me,
if she walks up in here
thinking she has the upper hand
and instead finds you with us
looking like a pimp, oh,
she might just decide to stay.
You think so?
Honey, I know so.
Ambivalence
is a powerful aphrodisiac.
I see someone
who's actually hot.
Let's get extroverted.

Unless you're Sal...
In which case, you come off
looking like a fool.
Ah, yes, Sal the fool.
But I do understand
he has ways of making up for it.
I wouldn't know about that.
Don't play coy with me.
I know you were
practically engaged.
I wouldn't say all that.
Yes, but you did meet
uncle Miltie.
Can I take the fifth?
Please, I've been trying
to crack this bottle open
for years.
Ah! Oh, my god, don't move,
those shoes are incredible.
Don't you love them?
More than life itself.
What I'd give to be a size 5.
Charles David?
Prada. Oh, my god, they're adorable.
Do they do custom orders?
Oh, my god, are you kidding?
They're my design.
I work for the manufacturer.
Oh, my god, are you serious?
Like, totally.
Oh, my god. Because
I'm getting married in June.
I would love if those
exquisite works of art
could be part of my ensemble.
Are you serious?
My god, like, totally.
Oh, my god, I'm so flattered.
I'll totally make it happen.
Tell me everything.
Is he just to die for?
Oh, honey, to die for this man
is easy.
It's living for him that's hard.

Oh, my god.
You can't pull
the 11th-man theory on Debbie,
she's a friend of mine.
You can't fuck your friends,
who can you fuck? How you doing?
Hi, I'm George.
Hi, George. I'm Amy.
Hey, what do you got there?
I think it's an etch a sketch.
I love how tom always leaves it
out to see what people do.
So you did know what it was
when you asked me?
Yeah, but, you know...
then why did you say,
"oh, hey,
what do you got there?"
Like you didn't know
what it was?
No, no, no, no,
I... I didn't say,
"hey, uh,
what do you got there?"
Like, "I don't know
what that is. "
I said, "hey, what do
you got there?"
"Hey, what do you got there?"
Like, "I know what that is,
but for some reason,
I still want you to tell me. "
What is that, like some sort
of game for you or something?
Okay, I have no idea
what to say right now.
You don't need to say anything,
silly. I'm kidding. Sit.
Wow. Okay.
I'm making a picture.
Wow, look,
you did a whole thing.
It's two people holding hands.
Holding hands. Of course.

Yeah. I thought it was
the symbol for united way.
It stands for unity.
Unity?
And friendship.
Friendship?
Do you know
how to make origami?
Random segues aside, no, I...
sadly, I don't.
But if you give me paper
and a pen,
I can show you something
slightly origami-esque.
God, are you serious?
My god. Totally.
Excuse me, are you Sal?
Depends. You a bill collector? No.
Were you once a man?
No.
You over 18?
Oh, yeah.
Then, yeah, I'm Sal.
How you doing? You know tom?
Yes, tom, sorry,
it's taking us longer to get out
than I thought.
I'm gonna gather the girls.
We're gonna go.
No, no, don't go.
Right, tom?
I-I think I just heard George
break out his Ouija board.
I can't do this.
I'm gonna go see if she's here.
Don't. She's not here.
If she was,
then she'd be here, right?
No, not if she's trying
to find parking. Tom...
I'm gonna go outside and check.
Don't go.
Wow, he's got it bad.
No shit.

I hope I never get that way.
Me neither.
What'd you say your name was?
Rachel.
That's right, Rachel.
You're Kat's friend, huh?
Mm-hm. Apparently, so are you.
A long time ago.
Hope she didn't have too many
bad things to say about me.
Actually, no, only thing
I remember her saying
is that you didn't feel well
the night you went out.
Really?
Said you were a little hoarse.
Really?
Yes, he's on his way over.
Oh, my god, what's his name?
Kwame Damfu.
But I like to call him
chocolate thunder.
Oh, my god, is he black?
Girlfriend, is he ever.
He's, like, from the islands,
so he smells like the ocean.
If you put your ear to his
chest, you can hear the waves.
Do your parents know?
They wouldn't know
a bowling ball
if it hit 'em in the head.
The world can keep
their opinions to themselves.
But what about the sex?
You gotta talk about the sex.
How else will you learn?
Learn?
You are talking to a man
who could suck
a baby through a bench.
But do you think
I got that way on my own?
Oh, my god, I can't even

believe I'm hearing this.
Will you teach me?
For Prada shoes? Anything.
Anything?
Yeah.
Any one thing about yourself
you could change.
Five.
One, two, three, four, five.
I think I would like to change
the way I look at the world.
Green.
Really? How so? G-r-e-e-n.
I think that I'd like to look
at the world
as though every single person
on earth
was totally and completely
enlightened except me.
You don't say.
That way,
I'd always learn something new
from everyone I meet.
Oh. Interesting.
Blue.
There's no blue.
Red.
R-e-d. Basically, no experience
would ever be lost.
No matter how much adversity
you're faced with,
you'd always continue to grow.
Pick an environmental
organization. Greenpeace.
Good. Just look under the,
uh, flap for Greenpeace.
Oh, my god.
What do you think that means?
What do you do with your hands?
Just twist it on the stroke?
Or do you just go handsfree?
Oh, my god.
I am so glad you asked me
that question.

Whoever's down there for you
couldn't possibly know
what you need them to know.
Yeah, yeah.
It's the same with us.
I know men who make women stop.
"It's not a fucking artichoke. "
Are you kidding?
Oh, no, girlfriend, I so am not.
Do you think that's me?
I thought I was so good.
Oh, honey, every woman does.
It takes a man to know a man.
Frankly, I am like
the Shaolin fucking master.
My god. Are you serious?
Totally.
What do I do?
Well, first you gotta love it.
If you don't,
you shouldn't be there.
You have to get in there
and just kinda "yeeow!"
I cannot tell you
what a positive attitude
will do for a blowjob.
Got it.
Next, you gotta take it all.
All?
You want perfection, don't you?
But what if he's like Shaq?
I mean, I'm a small girl.
Then, honey, you have to learn
to unhinge
like a fucking python.
You will never be the queen
until you learn to swallow
the king.
Oh, my god.
You gotta work that taint.
Use a lot of saliva,
absolutely no teeth. Yeah.
Last but certainly not least,
the quintessential move.

The keys to the kingdom.

Yes? Yes?

The way to fucking bang cock
in Bangkok is...

yeah?

... You gotta lick that ass.
And don't even be shy about it,
sweetheart.

You gotta get all up in there.

What?

Ask any man who's had it done
well, and they will tell you,
"it ain't truly a blowjob
until you've tapped that ass. "

- Oh, my god!

- I cringe to think
what else she had to say.

She didn't say much.

Compared to what?

Girls like to talk.

You know this.

I guess that rules out
you and me, then.

Why?

Don't you girls have a code?

I've been with Katherine,
a friend of yours, so...

If I met a girl
who'd been with a friend,
she'd be off-limits
till the end of time.

Don't you girls have
that same rule?

Some do, but women are
much more competitive,
so once word gets out on a man
with potential,
women have been known to do
some pretty outlandish shit.

Really?

Mm-hm.

Nothing so overt
as the 11th-man theory.

But women have to make

everything seem
like the man's idea.
You know about the 11th man?
Doesn't everybody?
George told you, didn't he?
Yep, at the bar.
Bastard.
You see, women are more subtle.
They circle.
Like sharks.
Exactly. They get
a man in their sights
and put themselves in close
physical proximity to him
so he's forced to make a move,
thus making him think
that he is the aggressor.
You go through all that just
to get a guy to talk to you?
You have no idea
what we go through.
You guys are like the fucking
godfather or something.
Hm-hm. If you're so smart
and you know so much,
what am I supposed to do now?
Now you're supposed to ask me
to go outside with you
to help you bring
that thing in from the car,
and somehow,
we never seem to make it back.
Really?
Really.
Remind me never to piss you off.
Don't worry, sweetheart.
I'll make sure you get
all the right instructions.
What instructions? You take,
uh, two parts h, one part o.
Then pour 'em both
down the drain.
You never water down
a 40-year-old scotch.

I'm glad to see tom has you
around to stay on these things.
I'm trying to get
as numb as possible
before tom's girl gets here.
Believe me, this is gonna
hurt me almost as bad him.
You really think
she's that over him?
Women don't make a move
unless they're ready.
They could be with a guy
and spend the last six months
trying to get over the guy
so when they're ready
to move on, they move on.
Guys are totally different.
When they break up,
they do it fast,
but they could spend years
trying to get over the girl,
'cause usually,
they don't think it through.
So I take it you don't have
any huge love problems
walking through that door.
No problems for me.
I'm married.
So that's why you're out

at 3:

drinking with the boys.
Uh, no, I'm not exactly
out drinking. I live upstairs.
Uh-huh. What,
your wife doesn't drink?
No, I don't sleep.
I'm an architect.
I do most of my drawing
at night,
and, uh,
when my wife nods off,
I sometimes come down here
to procrastinate.

Okay, so are you gonna
stick with that one,
or do you want some time
to come up with something else?
Man, I ain't got time
to think of nothing else.
But she's not here now.
But she's gonna be.
The anticipation
is giving me a panic attack.
Can you please just calm down?
Just relax and breathe.
Uh, yeah, right.
Ugh. Breathe, breathe.
People say "breathe"
when you can't breathe.
But if you could, you'd be
breathing. It makes no sense.
A lot of things don't make
sense, like waiting outside
for a woman
who doesn't appreciate you
and has no idea who you are.
What are you talking about?
How long have you been together?
What, like three years?
Yeah.
Did you ever once think
about cheating? No.
Ever lie to her? Ever hit her?
No. No.
Treat her badly?
Tsk, no.
Tell her she was beautiful?
Every day.
Remember her birthday?
'Course.
You bought her flowers?
All the time.
Even for no apparent
reason at all? Yeah.
Then that is exactly
what I'm talking about.
You are a good man.

You are a decent human being.
If she doesn't know what kind of
man you are after three years,
then I am sorry, she doesn't
deserve to be with you.
So now you're out here,
freaking out for no good reason.
No, Deb. I think
there's a pretty good reason.
Oh, yeah? What's that?
Booyah.
I was gonna ask Sara
to marry me tonight.
What?
I went to the bar to knock back
a couple of shots
of that liquid courage
just so I can come home
and have the nerve to ask her.
Never got the chance.
And she still doesn't know?
No.
But wait a sec. No, no, no.
What about this party and all of
these people in there?
Sal invited you guys, didn't he?
I mean, I didn't.
I only invited him,
Ken and George.
I thought it would be cool if
they were here when I asked her.
Surprise 'em all, you know,
it being Valentine's day.
You're telling me that Sal
all those guys don't know?
No. I think
it's actually ironic
that all Sara ever talked about
was us getting married,
and now when I'm finally ready
to do it, she's gone.
Do you think maybe
she got sick of waiting?
I don't know.

You have to tell her.
You know that, tom.
I mean, I know it's gonna
seem like really bad timing
and everything,
but I mean,
you know you have
to tell her.
It's not too late.
I don't know, Deb.
I mean,
it just doesn't seem right.
A girl not wanting
to be with you
because you don't ask her
to marry you
within the time frame
she feels is appropriate?
What about love?
Doesn't that have anything
to do with it? Tom...
I always wanted
to marry Sara, Deb. Always.
I just wanted it
to be my idea, you know,
and not feel like
I'm being pressured into
doing something I was gonna do
in the first place.
If-if two people really love
each other,
that's what should matter.
And all this necessity
to get married and stuff
is just insecurity.
I hate to break it to you, tom,
but women need security.
Everybody does, Deb.
Don't they?
What are you trying to say?
I'm not trying to say anything.
I just know men, that's all.
You do?
Especially the married kind.

And I know that if you're off
sneaking out of the house

at 3:

while your wife's
still in bed sleeping,
well, then you're not just
down here drinking, baby.

You're down here
looking for something.
And what do you suppose
that is?

Probably yesterday.

Yesterday?

Mm-hmm.

You can't just go out and win
the Kentucky derby every year.

Eventually they gotta
put you out to stud.

But I bet you used to be
the man back in the day...

Didn't you?

Okay. Hold on...

W-what's all this "yesterday"
and "used to be" business?

Oh, now, sugar, don't go getting
any more gray hairs over it.

It happens to every man,
and I can tell

by looking at you,

I bet right

before you hung it up,
you left a trail behind you,
didn't you?

Probably had
their panties all wet,
lungs breathing hard,
"ooh, baby..."

"Can I come by your house
and pick up that thing
I accidentally left
over your house on purpose?"

But then I bet you got
real bored with all that

and thought you'd settle with
a woman who'd settle you down,
but what you didn't realize
is that sort of shit
got to happen
from the inside.
Ain't no woman on earth
that can do that for you.
But now you're married,
with that wolf running around
in your head,
screaming, "oh, I got
to get out and run. "
And so that's why,
on restless nights like this,
when you can't sleep,
you still feel the need
to come here
and rub up against it.
You know why, Kenny?
'Cause deep down inside,
you are still the man.
Thank you.
Good night.
I'll be right there.
Excuse me, tom,
I'll say good night.
Whoa. Where you going?
I'm gonna show Rachel
that thing in my car.
What thing?
You know, that thing in my car.
No, Sal, I don't know.
What thing?
That thing, the thing,
the thing in my car,
the can't-get-lost system.
Oh, the can't-get-lost system.
Can't-get-lost-system.
Hmm.
Also known as
the northstar system.
Oh, the northstar system.
Northstar.

Man, I thought you were
gonna stay and help me out.
You know I'm not good with
the boy-girl thing.
Anything I say
is just gonna make it worse.
I don't think
that's necessarily true.
Well, tom, I'm dealing with
a force greater than my own.
So if you'll excuse me,
I'm gonna go show Rachel
the northstar system in my car.
Good night, tom.
I never thought I'd say this,
but I think Sal may have
met his match.
Believe me, you don't even
know the half of it.
Hey, hey!
What do you think you're doing?
What? I'm about to open
the door,
what does it look like
I'm doing?
With me, you don't touch
a door, you understand?
Not that you can't,
'cause of course I know you can.
It would just be my honor
if you let me do that for you.
Are you gonna walk on the
outside of the sidewalk, too?
Yeah, behind you up the stairs,
in front when you go down.
Really?
I know my Emily post.
Huh, I'm impressed.
No need, really,
it's what every man
should know
and no man really does.
Will you let me pick up
the check now and then?

You can pretend to reach
just so I can say,
"baby, don't be ridiculous. "
As I recall, Katherine did
say you were a gentleman.
Oh, I can be
gentle sometimes...
Till it's time
to be not so gentle.
- Oof.
- Excuse me.
I'm looking
for 3356 commonwealth.
Do you know
where I might find this?
It's right there.
I just came out.
Thank you. Wait.
Do you by chance know
my friend Wayne Krenser,
for whom I am looking?
I am Kwame Damfu.
Yeah, I know your friend.
He's a friend of mine, too.
I'm Sal.
Ah, Sal. I'm so very blessed
to meet you.
Wayne has told me so many
wonderful things about you.
That's 'cause
he's a good person.
You should remember that.
Oh, I will always.
That's good.
'Cause I'd hate
to have to remind you,
you understand?
Yes. I understand.
That's good, because
right now he may be your boy,
but he's always been my boy.
Nice to meet you, Kwame.
Have a good night.
Say I'm wrong.

Say I'm wrong
and I will finish my drink,
gather up my girls and I will
leave, but if I'm right,
oh, baby, if I'm right, then do
yourself a favor, Kenny.
Cut yourself a break.
Live a little.
Come with me now
because life is too short
and you only live once,
but if you live it right,
once can be enough.
You really think so?
Oh, yes.
And you honestly
mean that?
Yes.
Then you know what?
What, Kenny?
That is the most
cheesiest-ass bullshit
I have ever heard
in my entire life.
Ha-ha. What?
But I bet the speech
probably works
on a lot of married men,
doesn't it?
Backed-up fools who are tired
of fucking their wives
and hate their marriage
and so when they hear you
repeat that weak-ass shit,
they can't wait to go run off
and get freaky with you,
playing "glory days"
on the radio, thinking
they still got it, right?
I-I don't think you...
no, no,
I-I know, you don't think.
And, sweetie,
you probably should

because I know you're out there
fucking breaking
a lot of people's hearts
and hurting a lot of people
that you don't even realize.
And that
ain't fucking cool.
So now go gather up
your girls and go,
and the next time,
try being original
and having respect
for people's relationships
'cause nowadays,
not a lot of people do.
Kenneth Albert Anderson!
Why are you down here drinking

at 3:

Kenny, your wife's here.
Thank you, tom.
Sorry-ass motherfucker.
I mean, are you kidding me
with this? Again?
Come on, girls, let's go.
Oh, don't leave without me!
Where's everybody go...? Oh!
If I come here looking for you
one more time...
if you make me get out of bed
and come looking for you
one more time,
just one more time...
oh, yeah, what are you
gonna do?
Then you'd better
have one of these for me.
Vodka gimlet?
Yes, it is.
Kwame!
Wayne!
Oh, my god,
I'm so glad you're here!
You see what I did,

that irate-wife thing?
Very convincing.
Let me introduce you
to my friends.
Oh, my god, tom. Tom.
Sara's outside.
On second thought, maybe not.
Come on, Kwame,
let's evaporate.
What's she doing?
Looking for parking!
Shit, she can't find parking!
Ooh, good, Sara's coming out?
George! George!
Yeah, but we're leaving.
Yes, can't you see?
You have a green complexion.
Are you flushed?
Seeing spots?
No, but if we go upstairs,
will you take my temperature?
George! She can't find parking!
Be strong, Tommy!
And remember,
you have to tell her!
Please tell me you're
gonna tell her, okay?
Tell her, don't forget!
Um, would you maybe wanna
go out with me sometime
and get an ice-cream cone
or something?
An ice-cream cone?
Yeah,
or the observatory
or color me mine.
Course I would, George.
I think that would be fun.
Wow, great.
George, the booze.
The booze, George!
She'll think I'm celebrating!
Yeah, I got it.
Need help?

No, I got it.
I put my number under yellow
in the thing,
so if you want to call me,
or if late at night
there's ever a scary noise
and you don't have anyone
to call, then you can call me.
Thanks, George.
Yeah.
George! Come on, man!
I better get going.
Yeah, okay, well, goodbye.
Bye.
Bye.
Oh, shit.
And thanks for having us, tom.
Oh.
I really had a good time.
No problem, Amy.
No problem, thanks for coming.
You figured out
what you're gonna do yet?
Hm. Wanna know the truth?
Not a clue.
Then I think that you should
probably close this door...
No.
... And not really open it
until you've thought
of what you'll say.
You don't understand.
She's outside right now,
she's trying to find parking
and she's gonna
come in here and...
how about "I love you"?
Excuse me?
What about telling her
you love her, tom?
Well, that's great
and everything.
It is, Amy, it is,
but, uh,

you know, it's...
it's not that simple.
I mean... I mean,
it isn't like
we haven't said that
a million times before,
you know?
I just, uh, I...
I just don't think that means
anything to anybody right now.
What are you talking about?
I mean, it's true, isn't it?
Either people
say it too much,
or they don't
really mean it.
I mean, it's just words
to me now.
Well, maybe that's because
you don't really know
what those words mean yourself.
Oh, yeah.
Do you know what love
really is, tom?
Love is a one-way street
going from you out.
And you give it because
it makes you feel good.
'Cause when you give it,
it makes you strong.
And that crazy, vulnerable,
out-of-control,
scary feeling,
the feeling that
most people think is love?
It's not really love at all.
It's just the need to be loved.
And believe me,
it's a very different thing.
Real love isn't, "I love you,"
hoping the other person's
gonna say, "I love you, too. "
It's just, "I love you. "
It's like giving someone

a gift at Christmas
and if you get anything back,
that's a bonus, that's extra.
But you shouldn't need
to receive it
'cause the true strength
is in the giving of it.
But then again,
that's just what I think.
But what do I know? Heh.
I don't know anything.
Hi.
Hi.
Looks like you had
a few people over tonight.
Yeah, well,
it's Valentine's day, remember?
You know, as hard as I tried,
I couldn't figure out a way
to get those two bags
into my car.
You want a drink
or something?
Look, okay, Sara, look,
look at me for a second,
all right? For a second.
I know you got
a lot on your mind.
I know you got a lot of things
to figure out.
And, uh, heh,
up until very recently,
I thought...
I thought I needed you here
with me in my life
for me to feel the way
I feel about you.
But just all of a sudden,
I just...
I suddenly realize I don't.
I mean, I-I want us
to be together and everything.
But I just realized I don't
need you here with me

in order for me
to love you
'cause I'm always
gonna love you.
And if you were to leave
and go to China for six months,
I'm still gonna love you.
And if you gain 50 pounds,
I'm still gonna love you.
And you know what?
After this moment,
if I never see you again,
I'm still gonna love you.
And if you don't feel
that way about me,
I know it's gotta be
tough on you 'cause...
It's... it's been
hell on me as it is,
and I know you're the greatest
thing that ever was.
And I'm just lucky
to have spent
the last three years
of my life with you.
But I do love you, tom.
I know.
Maybe I should stay
and we can talk.
No, no, no,
I think you should go.
I think you should go
and figure out
whatever it is
you got to figure out.
And if you want to come back,
come back. Heh.
And if you don't,
that's cool, too.
But whatever happens,
you gotta know
that you're the love
of my life,
and I'm just lucky

to have known you.
Good night, Sara.
Hey, tom.
Kitchen's clean.
Good.
Snap on the stereo.
We're gonna make
two more dirty glasses.
What exactly is the story
with that guy?
Hmm.
Strange you should ask.
Hmm?
He's got a cock
the size of Florida.
That's what I hear.
But his tongue.
What does he do
with his tongue?
I hear he can part his hair
with his tongue.
Really?
Must be the yoga.
Ah.
Downward-facing
doggy style.
Yeah. He told me he could
lick his asshole.
He did.
He did, I swear to god.
Cut.
Didn't you say that earlier?
I had... hey, I had no part
in the whole...
you spend so much of your time
going to places you never go,
trying not to run into
people you do know,
it's just...
it's not practical.
Besides...
Rockets to the moon.
This chocolate looks good.
Cut.

We're ready to rock.
Let's do it.
Everybody ready?
You're goddamn right.
Let's roll.
And... Action.
Come on!
Because...
You only live once...
And, you know, life is...
So short.
And if you do it right
and you live it right,
once...
Can be enough.
Wow.
What?
I didn't expect that the scene
was gonna go that way.
Can be enough.
You can't lean in that close
to give me a...
why?! You told me to!
Because...
no, but not that close.
Okay!
Because then
I'm pulling away.
I-I gotta lean into you.
You said get up
in your face.
I'm... you know.
All right, let's do it.
To the best ensemble
in a bathroom.
The best potty performance
you'll ever see.
Oh, please.
Are you getting this
over there?
Yeah, don't worry.
Fuck!
All right, listen up, people.
I have one thing

to say about this last take.
I loved it,
but I'll never use it.
Oh, my god, Sal's gay.
Hey! Hey! God!
See what happens
when you try to be nice?
Pervert grabs your ass,
friends think you're a fag.
So much for fucking Karma.
You got to get down there
and just kind of argh!
Kind of argh!
Kind of argh!
Gotta get in there
and just waa!
I cannot tell you
the positive a...
I cannot tell you
what a positive a...
I mean, really, you gotta
get in there and...
"Waa!"
"Waa!"
Kind of "whaaa!"
Just kind of "yeow!"
I cannot tell you
what a positive attitude
will do for a blowjob.
Got it.
Got to be able to take it all.
Take it all?
Want perfection, don't you?
What if he's like Shaq?
I mean, I'm a small girl.
You have to learn
to unhinge.
Unhinge-unhinge
like a fucking python,
because you'll never be queen
unless you learn
to swallow the king!
Goddamn it, you have got
to learn to unhinge

like a motherfucking python.
You will never be
the queen
unless you learn
to swallow the king!
You've got to unhinge
like a fucking python!
Let me tell you something.
You have got to learn
to unhinge like a fucking py...
well...
well, then, honey,
you have got to unhinge
like a fucking python
because you will never
be the queen
unless you learn
to swallow the king!
Oh, my god!
Becky,
look at his butt!
It is so big!
You're bullshit!
You know what? That's bullshit.
This is
a little bullshit.
Ha-ha.
Okay, good.
They're the ones who created
the Frankenstein's they abhor.
Frankenstein was a whore?
Leave my wife out of this.
Imagine that conversation?
"Mr. Johnson, we have some
bad news and some good news.
"The bad news is,
we've found some growth
"in the cerebral cortex
of your brain.
"The good news is,
uh-h-h-h,
you can start sucking dick
immediately!"
Fantastic! I love that take,

but I'll never use it.
All right, Sal.
Yeah, me too. I used to love it.
Tom always... sorry.
Tape this shit up!
Oh, my god. What do you
think that means?
Well...
When I see dogs having sex,
I think it means...
good. One last time
just on that first part.
No, no,
I don't think so.
If the world could keep
their opinions...
To themselves.
If that's what being married's
about, you can keep that shit.
Ain't no way this motherfucker's
ever getting married.
Whatever!
If that's what being
married's about,
you can keep that shit.
Ain't no way
this motherfucker's
- ever getting married.
- Whatever.
If that's what being married's
about, you can keep that shit.
Ain't no way this motherfucker's
ever getting married, you heard?
Heh, okay. Okay, good.
We got all that?
It's all covered? Cut it.