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Ali Wong: Hard Knock Wife

By Ali Wong

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Ladies and gentlemen,
please welcome to the stage
Ali Wong!
What y'all thought
Y'all wasn't gon' see me?
I'm the Osirus of this shit
Wu-Tang is here forever, motherfuckers
It's like this ninety-seven
Aight my niggas and my niggarettas
Let's do it like this
I'ma rub your ass in the moonshine
Let's take it back to seventy-nine
I bomb atomically
Socrates' philosophies and hypotheses
Can't define
How I be droppin' these mockeries
Lyrically perform armed robbery
Flee with the lottery
Possibly they spotted me
Battle-scarred shogun
Explosion when my pen hits
Oh, my goodness!
I heard a rumor
that all of the Asians in this city...
Have congregated
in this theater tonight.
Yeah.
Thank you for coming
with your white boyfriends.
I really...
Appreciate it,
from the bottom of my heart.
I'm so excited to be here.
I have not been performing that much
at all, in the past two years,
because two years ago,
I gave birth to a baby girl.
And when I first started to come back out
to do stand-up,
the other stand-up comics,
they couldn't believe it.
They were like, "Oh, my God, Ali...
"What are you doing here?"

"Didn't you just have a baby?"
I was like, "Listen...
I've been with my baby girl
since she was born,
all day every day.
And I love her so much.
But I'm on the verge
of putting her in the garbage.
I need to be here to miss her,
So that I don't go to jail."
It's so sexist when people ask me,
"Well, if you're here,
then who's taking care of the baby?"
Who the fuck do you think
is taking care of the baby?
The TV is taking care of the baby, okay?
The windows are open, she's got
gummy vitamins on her lap, she's fine!
I tried being a stay-at-home mom,
for eight weeks.
I like the stay-at-home part.
Not too crazy about the mom aspect,
that shit is relentless.
I was stupid and naive, and I thought
that being a stay-at-home mom
was about chillaxing,
getting to shit in your own home,
Watch Wendy Williams and go out
to brunch with your sassy girlfriends.
I did not understand
that the whole price you have to pay
for staying at home
is that you've gotta be a mom.
Oh, and that's a job.
It's a wack-ass job.
You get no 401K, no co-workers.
You're just in solitary confinement
all day long
with this human Tamagotchi...
That don't got no reset button,
so the stakes are extremely high.
A toy Tamagotchi is more communicative
than a human baby.
Okay? Because the toy will at least

tell you when it poos.
With a human baby, you just have to guess
and check your intuition
by sniffing its ass...
Twenty-six times a day.
And you can't phone it in
and sniff it from afar.
You really gotta flip the baby over,
plant your face in the baby's ass
and give it a good yoga inhale
with your mouth and everything,
because the inside of your nose has been
singed from all the poo-poo smelling.
That's how I know I love my baby more
than anybody else in the entire world.
I told my husband "Till death do us part."
And not once have I ever...
sniffed his ass...
To check if he shit his pants.
I've licked it, but I haven't sniffed it.
Because sniffing it would be disgusting!
Okay?
And if you haven't licked ass yet,
grow up. Grow the fuck up.
And learn how to be
in a long-term, committed,
lasting-relationship full of love
where you have to make sacrifices
for the greater good.
My dream, my goal for the longest time
was to be a trophy wife,
but then I found out
that in order to be a trophy wife,
you have to be a trophy.
I am more of a commemorative plaque.
I joined a moms' group in Los Angeles.
Yeah, I don't find any of these bitches
particularly interesting or fun,
but when you're a new mom
on maternity leave,
it's like The Walking Dead,
you just gotta hook up with a crew
to survive.
I used to hate on other moms

for the clothes that they wore.
You know these fucking clothes
that moms wear,
all that cheesy-ass animal print and...
loud metallic shiny shoes.
And now I see something that's bedazzled
in rhinestones, and I'm like, "Oh...
That looks nice.
I think I'ma get that!"
The more glitter the better,
because when you're a mom
you need sparkle.
To compensate for the light inside of you
that has died.
A lot of young women have anxiety
about giving birth.
Well, let me tell you something.
Giving birth ain't nothing
compared to breastfeeding!
Breastfeeding is brutal.
It is chronic physical torture.
I thought it was supposed to be
this beautiful bonding ceremony,
where I would feel like I was sitting
on a lily pad in a meadow
and bunnies would gather at my feet
while the fat Hawaiian man version
of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"
would play.
No!
It's not like that at all!
Breastfeeding is this savage ritual
that just reminds you
that your body is a cafeteria now!
It don't belong to you no more.
When my baby girl would get hungry,
she'd yank my nipple back and forth
like that bear fucking up
Leonardo DiCaprio in The Revenant.
It's frightening. I saw that movie,
and my nipples were like,
"I feel you, Leo!"
I didn't take any classes
on breastfeeding,

because I assumed it was just gonna be
this very easy intuitive thing
where the baby sucks on your nipple
like a straw,
and the nurse promised me
that I would have
a particularly easy time,
since my nipples look like fingers.
You can spin DVDs on them,
that's how Command hook-like they are.
But apparently, you have to get the baby
to latch on at a very specific angle.
You gotta tilt their head and do geometry
to get them on properly.
And it's very stressful,
because when they're hungry
and they're crying,
it makes your hormones spray milk
all over their face and their neck,
which then become very slippery
and hard to grip,
and then you gotta slam them on
at just the right time.
And every time I would do it,
it was like parallel parking.
I don't know how I did it!
It's a mystery. I was never
properly trained, but I just did it.
I just went back and forth,
and back and forth, and back and forth,
until all these very concerned strangers
start gathering outside of my car.
Those people who gather
outside of Asian women's cars
while we're parking...
Are so helpful and so racist
at the same time.
I'm always like, "Thank you.
Thank you, but fuck you...
For assuming correctly about me!
I could not have done this without you!"
My mom saw me struggle with breastfeeding
and she was very discouraging about it,
and she was like,

"Why are you breastfeeding?
I raised you on formula
and look how shiny your hair is."
She was like, "Are you falling
for that bullshit slogan,
'breast is best'?"
I was like, "No...
I do it because breast is free.
Come on, Mom, you know what it is.
Local, organic, free-range,
farm-to-mouth milk
squirting outta my titties."
It was squirting out of like 15 holes
in each titty,
like the Bellagio fountain, just, "Woo.
Woo, woo, woo.
Woo, woo, woo."
For free!
My body was a food factory.
I wasn't about to let that all
go to waste.
If you shat juicy hamburgers...
Would you ever wait in line
at In-N-Out again?
No, you would pop a squat
over your husband's head every morning.
And tell him to open wide...
Because breakfast is on the way...
Animal style.
Yeah, you'd be like,
"I got your secret menu right here."
Work, work, work, work, work
I had to stop breastfeeding
after eight and a half months.
I could not take it anymore.
By the end, I felt like The Giving Tree.
I used to not-understand
what that depressing-ass book was about.
And now I know it's about breastfeeding!
It's about a mom who used to have all
of these beautiful branches and apples,
and then this little freeloader
comes into her life,
takes all of her shit,

and then she just becomes
a sad-ass tree stump
with deflated titties!
People kept on asking me,
"Ali, how did you get so skinny
after the baby?"
She sucked the life outta me!
As it turns out,
breastfeeding is not free
because you have to buy
all of these pillows and pumps
to support your breastfeeding,
and then you might get a clogged duct.
That's when you get like a traffic jam
kidney stone in your titty,
and then
you have to call a lactation consultant.
A lactation consultant is a white
NPR listener with dreadlocks,
Named Indigo,
That you have to pay \$200
to rush over to your house
and Roto-Rooter your titty.
Indigo had me do push-ups,
dipping my titty in and out of a bowl
of scalding hot water,
and then beat my titty like this
in the interim.
This is why women need maternity leave.
In every other First World country...
Canada, France, Germany...
Women get up to three years off
paid maternity leave
when they have a new baby.
In the US, we get jack shit.
In the US, there is zero federal policy
for maternity leave.
Maternity leave is not just to bond
with the baby.
Fuck the baby!
Maternity leave is for new moms to hide
and heal their demolished-ass bodies!
I couldn't go back to work topless
beating my wet titty,

trying to establish dominance
over all my coworkers.
You'd get fired!
People don't tell you
about all the crazy shit
that goes down when you get pregnant,
when you give birth.
When I was pregnant,
a lot of other moms
had highly recommended to me,
"Ali, now you make sure at the hospital
to steal a bunch of the free diapers."
"Yeah, duh, I know for the baby."
"No. For you..."
"For me?"
"What the fuck do I need diapers for?"
"Oh, you'll see..."
"Winter is coming."
"And indeed I did see!"
"Nobody told me about all the crazy shit that
comes out of your pussy after you give birth.
You know what happens
after the baby comes out?
You know what else exits?
Her house.
Her living room, her pillows...
the Bob Marley poster...
All the food that went bad
in her refrigerator... for months!
So then you have
to wear this cartoonishly large pad.
That's like the size
of a toddler mattress,
and it's only held up by the strength
of this mesh fishnet underwear
that's exclusively available
at the hospital.
You can't get that shit
on Amazon or anything,
so you gotta snatch that shit every day.
It's made out of the same material
that they package fancy Korean pears in.
It's very Dac Biet, okay?
Number one extra large Dac Biet

hospital underwear.
For three months,
I was walking around my house
with a top knot,
giant diaper, nipples bleeding.
Like a defeated sumo wrestler.
I had a C-section. Yeah.
Which was not the original intention,
but I was having contractions
for 24 hours. Yeah.
And then I was like, "Cut it out."
The nurse was like, "Keep going."
I was like, "Bitch, I said cut it out. Your
price is way too high You need to cut it
Cut it, cut it, you need to cut it
The nurse was not a big hip hop fan, so...
She did not appreciate that
or my Dave Coulier reference.
Look, a C-section is no joke, okay?
It is major surgery.
But it's very fast.
They put the anesthesia in your back,
and then they put up this curtain
so that your husband can only see
your human side
and not your cadaver side.
And then ten minutes later,
they hold the baby above the curtain
like bloody Simba and it's over.
I was like, "What the fuck did I do
all that pushing for
when there was this perfectly good
emergency exit?"
One of my best friends, God bless her,
she was in labor for 72 hours.
The baby's head kept on going in and out,
and in and out, and in and out.
And then she still had to have
an emergency C-section.
Before that shit went down,
my friend was the kindest,
Most polite,
dainty lady,
who would never burp in front of anybody.

After that shit went down,
she became the most bitter, nasty,
raw-ass bitch I have ever met in my life!
I went to her house to pay her a visit
shortly after,
she opens the door,
"Look at my pussy, Ali.
Look at this shit! Look at this!"
No, "Hello, Ali. Welcome.
Come meet my beautiful new baby."
No, just, "Come on, you look at this shit!
"You look at what happened to me!"
Just with the door open,
in front of the entire cul-de-sac to see,
"Come on!"
And her pussy looked crazy!
It looked cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs!
When I saw it, I was like...
Because her pussy straight up looked
like two hanging dicks side by side.
In the process of giving birth
to one baby girl,
my friend became two dudes.
You could French braid that shit.
It was like a Star Wars monster.
I mean, women, we're not accustomed
to seeing each other's pussies
in the first place.
It's not like men at the urinal
where you're like,
"Hey, what's up, dude? What's going on?"
holding your dicks
in your hands in front of each other.
We're never just like going
to the bathroom, "What's up, girl?"
holding our pussies, just casual,
"I like your manicure."
I told her
that she had turned into two dudes.
And she started laughing.
But then she started
to get also extremely upset.
And she was like,
"Please, do not make me laugh!"

Do not make me laugh!"
And then with one hand,
she had to grab a pillow,
and press it against her C-section scar.
And then with the other hand,
she had to...
pinch the dicks together...
To make sure that...
the carne asada wouldn't fall out
of the taco,
And become nachos on the floor.
You see,
this is why women need maternity leave!
Yeah, you'd better pay our ass, too.
My friend couldn't go back to work
with her meat curtains
dragging on the floor
like the train of a sad-ass wedding dress.
You can't litigate like that.
Ain't no Spanx gonna tuck that shit in.
I told her all of that too,
and she started laughing more.
And, you know, she was like,
she was pinching
and she was pressing,
and repressing the laughter
and it got to be too much,
and then all of this gas
gurgled up in her system,
and she let out this fat-ass queef
that dried out my eyeballs.
I was like...
Oh!
Ah!
Oh!
Eeee.
Ah. Ah. Ah.
Many benefits to a C-section, okay?
Catheter, I had never had a catheter in my life. A
catheter is a tube that they hook up to your pee-pee hole,
and you just lie there...
And then all of a sudden, this bag of piss
shows up next to your bed.
And then this kind Filipino lady

named Joyabelle Esperanza
Purificacion Santo Domingo Ordonez Balasa
comes in to take it out.
And you're like,
"Nurse Joyabelle, whose piss that?"
And she's like, "That's yours."
And you're like, "Oh my God, that's mine?"
I did not even feel it go out.
The catheter, it just carries it out.
And I was like, "Oh my God,
in my life I could have accomplished
so much more
had I had a catheter attached to me
this entire time."
A lot of people like to ask me,
"Ali,
how on Earth do you balance
family and career?"
Men never get asked that question...
because they don't.
They just neglect the child
for like 90% of the day,
and that's perfectly socially acceptable,
but the standards for dads are so low
that they get so much praise
for doing so little.
My husband occasionally changes diapers,
and when people hear that,
"Oh my God," confetti everywhere!
"I cannot believe
that your husband changes diapers!
What a doting modern father. Lucky you!"
When my baby girl was first born,
I would do skin-on-skin contact every day
to bond with her.
She shit on my chest.
Where's my confetti at?
I'll tell you how I balance
family and career, real talk?
I have a nanny.
That's it, that's the answer.
Yes, it's very unlikable and unpopular
to broadcast that
because not everybody can afford a nanny.

It's super expensive.
It's expensive for me and my husband,
so the both of us, we have to hustle,
we have to work very hard
to not take care of our child ourselves.
I'm all about putting the oxygen mask
on myself before I put it on my baby.
I like that protocol.
I like that philosophy very much.
When the stewardess tells me
to make sure to do that,
I'm always like,
"Yeah, I was gonna do that.
I got no problem with that."
I'm so jealous of Mexican people.
Mexican culture.
They don't need no nannies,
'cause you know who takes care
of the baby?
The other baby!
Hermana, Ta, Abuela, Sobrina, Prima,
Second Prima, Bounce House...
The baby is just born into childcare.
I want to be Mexican in my next life.
Don't nobody have more fun than Mexicans.
I used to live at Crenshaw and Pico,
yes, if you don't know,
Crenshaw and Pico is this magical corner
in the hood of Los Angeles
where Guadalajara meets Korea...
And the Mexicans and the Koreans
are in constant racial warfare,
and their weapons are loud music
versus frowning.
Mexicans know
how to prioritize family and fun.
They take their kids to Disneyland
all the time.
And now to accommodate,
there is all of this Spanish
at Disneyland.
Every ride begins with,
"Ladies and gentlemen, for your safety
please keep your arms and hands

inside the vehicle at all times.
Damas y caballeros, por favor
mantengan las manos y los Brazos
dentro Del coche,
and please do not smoke...
Because it is gross and dangerous, okay?
And employees must wash hands
before returning to work.
Okay, be careful. Be very careful.
Cos tongue taco, son of a bitch, apple!
Late at night
When all the world is sleeping
Yes, that's how Mexican
Disneyland has gotten,
they play Selena
on Pirates of the Caribbean.
The Haunted Mansion is now called
Dia de los Muertos!
And what was formerly known
as Splash Mountain
is now Esplash Mountain.
Our nanny is 62 years old.
Yes, I would never accept anything younger
than 62 years old.
If you are hiring a 25-year-old
pretty young thing to be your nanny,
you a dumb-ass.
Do you not read People magazine?
You don't know what's up?
That's inviting a marriage grenade
into your home.
When you have a newborn baby,
your marriage is very weak
because you're both stressed out,
you look like shit
'cause you don't shower no more,
you're resentful of each other,
whose idea was it to bring
this new roommate into the world?
Your marriage is very vulnerable and easy
for an outsider to invade and colonize.
If we had hired a 25-year-old man,
who was...
not ugly...

Great with my daughter
and said yes immediately
to every chore I asked him to do
with a positive attitude,
Oh, you best believe
that I would eat the shit
out of his butthole.
Every day.
Every day would be an all-day
nanny butthole buffet.
I don't care
if his 25 year old butt cheeks
got all nervous
and clenched up and closed on my face
like elevator doors,
I would get in there and...
Like Jack Nicholson in The Shining!
A lot of people also often ask me,
"Ali, what on Earth do your parents think
about your stand-up comedy?"
Now that's a very racilly-charged
question, right?
Like, what they're really asking is,
"What do your oppressive Asian parents
who beat you with the SAT book
until your fingers bled
from playing the cello
think about your butthole-licking jokes?"
My older sister is an unemployed lesbian
who lives on my mother's property.
So I can do whatever I want.
Yeah. Whatever I want!
I could take a shit on this stage
right now,
and my mom would be like,
"You bring so much honor to our family.
I am so proud of you, my golden child."
And then a lot of people also seem
to wonder, "Ali,
now that you have a daughter,
are you gonna tone it down?"
Here's the thing,
just because you became a parent,
doesn't mean you grew up.

Yeah.

Broey dudes become broey dads.

I'm the same piece of shit
that I always was before I became a mom,
now just with more responsibility,
and I'm barely rising to the occasion.
And I'm not ashamed,
I'm not going to hide
that I was very sexually active
in my twenties.

You know why?

Because everybody knows the secret now
that when a woman sleeps
with a man right away,
it's not because
we don't respect ourselves,
it's because we don't respect you.
We don't see you as marriage material.
That's why we let your dick inside
so fast.

By letting you in,
we're really kicking you out
of our future.

"Bye, Felicia,
be on your merry little way."
We're just trying to have fun,
we're not trying to trap your ass.

But...

But you better be careful
because when a man...
When a man doesn't sleep with you
right away,
oh...

oh, it's not because he respects you,
it's because he has a small dick.

And he's trying to trap you.

Do not fall for that trap.

I'm gonna repeat that shit to my daughter
over and over and over again.

Do not fall for that trap.

I fell for that shit once,

fell in love

and into a semi long-term relationship
with a man who kept on wanting to wait

to have sex,
and I assumed it was because he thought
I was so special, and amazing,
and worth waiting for...
He was hiding something!
Months later
he finally agrees to get busy
and unveils this tiny mess of a thing
that wouldn't even reach your molars.
It was a black dude.
Creepy, right?
Like seeing a homeless Asian person,
"What happened to you?"
"Oh my God, who are your parents? Truly!"
It was a black dude,
and I told all my black friends about it,
and they were like,
"Where the fuck is he at?
We need to assassinate him right now
before he further threatens
to tarnish our sacred reputation!"
It was the first and last time
I had ever seen an actual micropenis.
And my honest first reaction
when I saw it was...
"Oh, my God, are you okay?
What happened,
did you just get hit by a bus?
Did a car outside
just like sideswipe your dick off,
and now is your dick rolling around
on the street like a severed snake head?
And should we get a mason jar
and just scoop it up,
and bring you both to the hospital
to have you sewed back together?
Wait a minute. Wait a minute...
Is this some sort
of Princess and the Frog test?
Did a witch curse you a long time ago
as punishment for calling her ugly?
And now if I put that in my mouth
to prove that I love you,
As a reward for my love,

will it expand?
Like one of those magic towels
you pour water on?"
My life has changed dramatically
in the past year,
because a year ago,
nobody knew who the fuck I was.
And when I was warming up
to tape my very first
stand-up comedy special
I did four shows in my hometown,
San Francisco.
And I was so excited, I was super pumped.
And then I couldn't sell out
all the tickets,
so they had to put half of them up on Groupon. I know a
lot of you are having a Chinese heart attack right now.
"Oh my God...
You mean to tell me I could've
seen this bitch a year ago for \$10?"
Look, I love Groupon, okay?
But it was so depressing and demoralizing
to see my face and my picture next to...
whale watching tours,
Teeth whitening services,
and discontinued dildos on clearance.
I was like, "This is sad."
And then fast forward to last year,
my Netflix special Baby Cobra premiered
Mother's Day weekend.
And it was crazy,
nothing like that
had ever happened to me before.
All of a sudden scalpers were charging
up to \$1,000 a ticket
to see me headline live.
Over 300 people dressed up as me
while I was pregnant
in that striped dress for Halloween.
And I was so happy.
Until I realized that I have no interest
in being famous. I don't.
All I ever wanted was more money
for less effort.

I just wanna collect checks in my pajamas.
Play a piece of tofu
in a Pixar movie or something.
Yeah, come on, you see it,
the tofu's got glasses,
a lot of attitude,
Sings some song about the joy of soy
with Justin Timberlake.
My arch nemesis can be a piece of beef
played by Idris Elba,
Named Stringer Beef or something.
I'm not even that famous
and already I hate it.
I hate it so much.
It's a burden!
Occasionally now,
I will be eating at a fancy restaurant
and will get recognized
by both the wait staff and the chef
and think to myself,
"Oh, great. Now I have to tip more."
And I do have more money now,
and now I make a lot more money
than my husband by like a long shot.
Well, my mom is very concerned
that he's going to leave me
out of intimidation.
I had to explain to her that
the only kind of man
that would leave a woman
who makes more money,
is the kind of man
that doesn't like free money.
"Oh, but Ali, he doesn't feel small?"
He's too busy living large
on my new salary!
"Oh. Oh...
Oh, but Ali, doesn't he feel
like you took something away from him?"
Oh, do you mean
like the pressure to provide?
Which I have lifted from his shoulders.
He's chilling.
He walks into work now every day

two hours late like this,
"Fuck you!
Fuck you, fuck you, and fuck you!
Fire me, I don't give a shit.
My wife's rich, bitch.
Yeah!
Yeah, this job is just an eccentric hobby
for me now."
It was not supposed to go down like this.
Okay? I was supposed to be him.
I'm supposed to be the one chilling.
He graduated from Harvard Business School.
I have a BA from UCLA in Ethnic Studies.
Ethnic studies is a major where you study
how to blame everything on white people,
it's not supposed to yield income.
Nobody, no one could have predicted
this outcome.
So much so,
that before we got married,
his family made me sign a prenup.
It's true, and now if we get divorced,
their son is fucked.
No more sashimi on a Tuesday!
No more fancy Japanese toilet bidet
where water comes out
and Hello Kitty sings the song
until your butthole's fresh and clean.
Go back to drinking flat water, bitch!
It is said that
if you earn more in the relationship,
then you are the breadwinner.
I think my husband's the real breadwinner,
because he won a bread machine.
Being a woman and the breadwinner
is not all that, okay?
Because you get insecure,
you do, about having too much power,
so then you overcompensate
in the marriage
by letting the husband have a say and...
And then on top of that, you know,
I get very insecure
as being seen as like

an ice cold, workaholic mom,
so then I'm the main caregiver
of our daughter, too.
And I'm exhausted! I'm overwhelmed!
So now when my husband and I role play,
I request that he call me "a simple ho".
Because that is my greatest fantasy,
To be an illiterate farm girl,
With no responsibility
or decision-making power.
We'll get really into it, too.
He'll be like, "You!
You are nothing but a simple ho!"
And I'm like, "Yeah, I'm a real dummy.
I don't know the alphabet,
I don't know how to count,
I don't know the difference
between shapes and colors.
I can't be trusted to deposit checks
or do anything important,
for I am just a simple ho."
Despite having more money,
I keep it real, okay?
I am still a Chinese-Vietnamese person,
okay? Yeah.
I literally watch my Netflix special
on my sister-in-law's login.
To this day, I do not have my own account.
After I filmed Baby Cobra,
Netflix sent me a Netflix baby onesie
and a basket.
You know those baskets
that white people like to give
with the biscotti, and the cheese,
and the caramel popcorn,
and all the other shit that Asian people
have no interest in whatsoever.
I was like, "Give me an account!
I don't need this shit that
I'm allergic to, give me an account!"
I still buy all my shit on Craigslist,
nothing in my house is new.
But now, I have to go in a disguise
because last week

I forgot my sunglasses and my hat
and I was haggling with this dude
over a bike helmet.
He was like, "Twenty." I was like, "Ten."
He was like, "Okay, 17."
I was like,
"Uh-uh, I see a scratch on there. Ten."
And finally he says to me,
"Um, you know, I could swear, I...
Aren't you Ali Wong?
Why are you haggling with me
over this bike helmet?
I'm a college student
who, as you can see,
lives in a studio apartment
with roommates."
I was like...
"Shame on you. We don't all look alike!
Give me that helmet.
Me no speak-a the English!
My name is not Ali Wong,
my name is Grace Lee!
I dare you to Google Image Grace Lee.
Your computer will burst into flames!"
I make fun of my husband a lot,
but the reality is
that he is my best friend.
Yes, I'm very serious.
I'm very lucky
to have gotten to marry my best friend,
and our whole dynamic
confuses my mother
because it's the inverse
of what she had with my father.
She was like,
"Your father was not my best friend.
I cannot believe how comfortable
you guys are around each other.
Do you fart in front of your husband?"
I fart in my husband.
'Cause we are best friends.
I hope that he and I always stay together,
truly, you know?
'Cause a lot of times

when comedians get successful,
they inevitably get divorced
from their first spouse,
and then at the age of, like, 50 or 60,
they like to trade up for a new one
that's, like, a third of their age.
As a woman, that has zero appeal to me.
You think I wanna fuck an 18-year-old boy
when I'm on the precipice of menopause?
Have some nervous teenager do three pumps
and then bust a nut in my old-ass pussy?
No, thank you.

No gracias.

I don't wanna fuck an 18-year-old boy,
not now, not ever again,
because they're 18,
they're terrible in bed.

Do you remember
when we were all teenagers?
It was horrible for teenage girls
because oral sex was all one-way.

As a teenage girl,
you never ever got your pussy eaten,
but you sucked so many dicks.
You'd suck a dick under a bridge,
in the bathroom, in the forest.
But as a teenage girl,
you never just casually got your pussy
eaten behind the bleachers,
"Come on, Gary. Come on...
Come on, Gary. Come on.
Just lie down on your back, Gary.
Come on, like you're gonna change oil.
Come on, Gary!"

"Did you see that wicked serve I made
in that tennis match?
Come on, Elliot, come on.
Congratulations to me!
Come on, Elliot.
Come on, Elliot.
Come on."

"There are no more children
in this playground.
Come on, Spencer. Come on!"

It's dark, Spencer, come on!"
You had to, like, wait until your 20s
to get your pussy eaten,
and even then it was not very good
because it's very personal.
Do you know how long it took me
to train my husband
to eat my pussy correctly?
I'm not going back out into the world,
find somebody new to coach all over again.
It's too much work.
All of that knowledge
that my husband has now,
all that time I invested,
all of that muscle memory
lives and dies with him.
You can't store that
in some sort of I-pussy cloud
and then just download it
to a new husband 2.0.
He is bespoke to me.
Irreplaceable!
Yes.
Look, many patient nights
I wanted to fake it, okay?
But I knew that it was so fundamental
for the long-term that he get it right,
and that lying to him
would just be cheating myself.
And so, I would shove his head down there
and keep it down there
until his face got prunie.
Many nights, he'd enter 7:00 p.m.
looking like a 30-year-old man,
exit hours later
looking like Tommy Lee Jones.
You know how hard it is
for a young Asian man
to suddenly transform
into Tommy Lee Jones?
I think a big part
of being good at eating pussy
is that you just got to be into it, okay?
Do it with gusto, with enthusiasm.

It's a privilege,
so act like you know, okay?
Yes! Yeah, don't hesitate. Don't...
Like you're some toddler
being forced to eat broccoli.
Get in there!
And hold your own goddamn head up, too,
don't use my thigh as a tripod
and just...
Fall into a food coma
before you finish your meal.
Lately, I have been ruminating a lot
over this one time
I hooked up with this dude,
and in the middle of kissing,
I felt the responsibility to stop and say,
"Hey,
I should really let you know now
before we go any further that...
I'm on my period."
And he was like, "Oh...
Well...
Then let's make a fucking mess, Ali!"
To this day,
that is the most romantic thing.
Anybody has ever said to me.
I think about it when I feel down
and ugly and no good.
All I have to do is remember that there was once a man out there who
was willing to yank out my tampon and replace it with his dick!
It made me feel beautiful.
Beautiful!
(cheers and applause.
There is nothing more empowering
and truly feminist
than what that man said that day.
That is straight up hashtag...
I'm with her.
You know, I think I used to be
a much different comic
before I had the baby.
I used to do a lot more jokes
about sucking dick
and my pussy, but now...

not as many jokes about...
Sucking dick
and my pussy because...
I don't suck dick no more.
When you give birth to a baby,
they hand you a diploma
that says, "Congratulations,
you've earned the right to not suck dick
out of obligation anymore."
If my husband were to demand
that I suck his dick,
I would laugh in his face.
And then I would go to sleep,
and guess what?
In the morning, he's still there,
ain't no consequence.
We're handcuffed together
by a baby and a mortgage.
Checkmate, bitch. It's over.
You ain't got nowhere to run.
I don't gotta suck your dick anymore,
you owe me money.
And I don't do as many jokes
about my pussy anymore
because my pussy...
is gone.
It's gone.
Physically it's quite intact
because I had the C-section,
but emotionally and spiritually...
Ghost in the Shell.
Ghost in the Shell,
it's an Asian character being played
by Scarlett Johansson!
Yeah.
My husband and I,
we don't fuck no more.
We just jack off side-by-side
while we fantasize
about Puerto Rican people.
I don't have the energy
to climb on top of him,
clean up after sex,
put that towel on the bed

to absorb that post-sex wet spot.
You know, that perfectly round-ass
wet spot on the bed
that gets all cold in the winter time.
It's like an ice fishing hole.
Because it smells like penguins.
And is narrated by Morgan Freeman.
All right, I've been Ali Wong.
Have a good night, everybody. Thank you!
Graphic displays melt the steel
Like blacksmiths
Black Wu jackets
Queen Beez ease the guns in
Rumblin' patrolmen
Tear gas laced the function
Heads by the score take flight
Incite a war
Chicks hit the floor
Die hard fans demand more
Behold the bold soldier
Control the globe slowly
Proceeds to blow
Swingin' swords like Shinobi
Stomp grounds
I pound footprints in solid rock
Wu got it locked
Performin' live on your hottest block
As the world turns
I spread like germs
Bless the globe with the pestilence
The hard-headed never learn
It's my testament to those burned
Play my position in the game of life
Standing firm
On foreign land, jump the gun
Out the frying pan into the fire
Transform into the Ghost rider
Or Six Pack
In A Streetcar Named Desire
Who got my back?
In the line of fire holding back
What?
My peoples if you with me
Where the fuck you at?

Niggas is strapped
And they trying to twist my beer cap
It's court adjourned
For the bad seed from bad sperm
Herb got my wig fried like a bad perm
What the blood clot
We smoke pot
And blow spots
You want to think twice, I think not
The Iron Lung ain't got to tell you
Where it's coming from
Guns of Navarone
Tearing up your battle zone
Rip through your slums
I twist darts from the heart
Tried and true
Loot my voice on the LP
My team is on to slang rocks
Certified chatterbox
Vocabulary 'Donna talking
Tell your story walking
Take cover kid, what? Run for your brother, kid
Run for your team And your six camp rhyme groupies
So I can squeeze with the advantage
And get wasted
My deadly notes reigns supreme
Your fort is basic compared to mine
Domino effect, arts and crafts
Paragraphs contain cyanide
Take a free ride on my thought
I got the fashion catalog
For all y'all
To all praise to the Gods
The saga continues
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang