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Ari Shaffir: Double Negative

By Ari Shaffir

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Thank you, everybody.

Thank you very much.

Hell yeah.

My friend got pregnant off a Tinder date.

Right? Yes. That's what I'm talking about.

Who gets pregnant off a Tinder date?

That's the future, everybody.

Remember when you were little,

you thought about the future?

What it was gonna look like.

You were wrong.

We were all wrong.

I thought it was gonna

look like Star Trek.

Not the space travel,

but everything else.

Everything would be clean,

all the people would be smart and classy.

Nope.

You know why? I figured it out.

White trash goes to the future, too.

And they're getting pregnant

off phone apps.

Who gets pregnant off a Tinder date?

Also, who gets pregnant at all,

by the way?

Enough, you guys. Enough. It's unoriginal.

Children are garbage.

If you have a kid, obviously,

obviously, I mean your kid, too.

They're all garbage.

You know it. You know they are.

You've seen them at their worst.

You know they are.

Ever see a kid run around,

and then be out of breath,

and then try to drink water?

They have no idea how to do it.

Watch them next time.

Watch them fail completely.

They come in like:

It's like, "Dude, you're 15, bro.

Fuck is wrong with you?

You breathe in through the nose, idiot."
And they're bipolar,
they scream over nothing.
I was on a plane to Tampa, Florida
like a month ago.
And, uh, I was gonna
sleep the whole way, right?
Then a fucking 2-year-old sat right
in front of me. "Motherfucker."
Nobody's happy about that.
Nobody, when you see a 2-year-old is like,
"Yeah." It's always, "Goddamn it."
Yeah, it's gonna ruin my trip.
Not this kid. Not this kid.
He was an angel, a little fucking angel.
Slept the whole way. Couldn't believe it.
And then we landed.
The mom woke him up, you know.
"Casper. Casper." That was his name.
White kid. Obviously, a white kid.
Clearly, it's a white kid.
"Casper, honey, wake up."
Then Casper gets up and goes:
"Ah! Ah! No! I don't want to!
I don't want to go!"
It's like, "Dude, Casper, we're here.
It's a good thing.
Do you hate Tampa?"
I'm ten minutes away from
getting a vasectomy. I swear to God.
I think about it all the time.
If they were easier to get,
I'd have gotten one.
If they had vasectomies at 7-Eleven,
I'd have gotten, like, five.
My friends don't want me to.
"Don't get a vasectomy.
You crazy? What if
you want to have kids someday?"
And I'm like, "What day?"
When is this day coming?
I've hated children since I was 5.
Whatever, if I get a vasectomy,
and I change my mind,

and I want to have kids,
I can just adopt a kid.
I don't see why nobody thinks
that's an option.
What's wrong with adoption?
Why build a new team for the draft
when there's quality free agents
waiting to get picked up?
You know?
I know some people
are super against adoption.
Know somebody like that?
"No fucking way. No way."
My one buddy is like that.
"Any kid for me must come from my genes.
A hundred percent, no matter what,
must come from my genes."
I'm like, "What are you, a king?
What are you talking about?"
This ain't Game of Thrones, idiot.
Just care for something.
Plus, hold on. Your genes?
Your father abandoned your family.
You dropped out of college.
And you're short, and you're bald.
You have horrible genes.
If you care about genes so much,
end the bloodline right now.
You ain't a doctor. You won't be missed.
Nothing wrong with adoption.
With adoption,
you can shop before you buy.
That's just smart, no? Huh?
Let's say I had a biological kid.
You had a biological kid.
And let's say for argument's sake that
he came out with big fucking buck teeth.
Like two times the size of regular...
Like Bugs Bunny ass giant buck teeth.
You know, that's not a deal breaker.
Nobody in the world is gonna be like,
"I don't want to do this anymore."
You'd have to be a monster.
At the same time, nobody dreams about it.

Nobody's like,
"When I have a kid, I'll teach him
how to eat pizza from the ground up
to get around those."
If there's a high wind, I've got to hold
his shoulder or he'll fly away.
Family pictures you're like, "Smile with
your mouth closed. We talked about this.
Fucking buck-tooth motherfucker.
Ruining my goddamn dreams."
You don't got to worry about it
with an adopted kid.
With an adopted kid, you just go
into the human pound, you know.
You look around. All the kids come
to the front of their cages, I guess.
Pick me. Pick me. Please.
Please, please, please.
Please, please, please.
You're like,
"Kids, you're too needy.
Let me come to you."
And you see one shy kid
way in the back, you know.
You look up, he looks up at you.
"That might be him.
That might be my boy."
And you go over there all nervous.
"Hey, buddy.
What's your name?"
And he's like, "Peter."
"Hey, Peter. I'm Ari."
"So?"
"You want to go home today?"
"I don't know, maybe. What the fuck?"
"I think I like you.
I think you're gonna be my son."
He's like, "Yeah, that'd be cool."
"All right. Are you happy about that?"
"Yeah. Yeah."
"Like, can you show me that
you're happy?" "What do you want?"
"I don't know, smile or something."
"I don't want to."

"Why? It feels good to smile.
Everyone likes to smile.
It works out more muscles in your mouth."
And he's like, "Okay."
"No! Fucking buck teeth.
Nice try, motherfucker.
You ain't ever getting out of here."
Fucking pregnant off a Tinder date.
She was in between
two different kinds of birth control.
So, they used a condom
but the condom broke.
And they got the morning after pill
the next day.
The Plan B pill, and it didn't take.
It doesn't always work. I know.
Yeah, when you hear that out loud,
you realize, like,
she's definitely...
a liar.
There's no way. There's no way.
Any one of those things
should have killed that baby.
There's no way all four didn't do it.
Is that sperm breaking tackles
like he's Emmitt Smith in his prime?
Nobody believes that.
And who's breaking condoms, by the way?
If you're breaking condoms,
you're fucking wrong.
You're not 17 anymore. How are you...?
Are you just like:
"Fuck. I broke another one."
"I know. Slow down."
Why are you drilling?
There's no oil down there, bro.
Fucking kiss once in a while
or something.
They're not supposed to break.
One time when I was little,
I was 7, 8 years old,
uh, I found a condom, unused.
And, uh...
I didn't know what to do with it,

a 7-year-old.
I was still ten years away
from using condoms.
And, like, 15 years away
from no longer using condoms.
Condoms suck. Condoms suck.
You girls have no idea
how shitty they are.
Female privilege.
Never worn a condom.
That's female privilege.
Nobody ever talks about that.
Here's what condoms feel like,
so you know.
A condom feels like you're getting
a massage while wearing a winter coat.
Where you're like,
"I get what you're going for.
It doesn't feel unpleasant,
but some skin to skin contact
would help this a long way."
I found this condom. I didn't know what
to do with it, 7-year-old, 8-year-old.
What are you gonna do?
I made a water balloon out of it.
That's what kids do.
I made it big, too. I made it that big.
I tested the strength of this condom.
It was shaking when I wasn't touching it.
That's how fucking full it was.
It was shaped like this:
It was sitting on my porch with
the molecules almost breaking through.
"What am I gonna do with it?
It's my masterpiece."
At the time, it was the best thing
I'd ever done in my life.
"What am I gonna do?"
I saw my buddy coming around the corner.
I was like, "Oh, I'm gonna
bean this motherfucker."
That's what this condom water balloon
was put on the Earth for.
To soak my buddy Aaron.

I picked it up, right?
He didn't see me.
He came around the corner.
I just hucked it at him
as hard as I could.
It just bounced off of him, fell down.
Bounced away. Didn't even break.
How are you breaking it with love thrusts?
You're fucking wrong.
That's how you got pregnant
off a Tinder date.
I don't know, man. You got kids?
You don't? What'd you do, pull out?
Most effective method of birth control,
right there.
It's not a condom,
100 percent effective, pulling out.
Yeah, people don't believe me.
Pulling out is 100 percent effective.
It has never failed in 5000 years.
A hundred percent. You know what's
less effective than pulling out?
Barely pulling out.
That is considerably less effective.
If you pull out, and the first look
on your face is like:
Don't besmirch the good name
of pulling out
with shitty barely pulling out methods.
You should have to at least touch
your dick for a second before you cum.
You shouldn't pull out and go,
"Blah. There it is."
You should have to
do something to it.
Fucking pregnant off a Tinder date.
How do you explain that?
How will she explain that to her kid
when he's old enough?
When he's like,
"Mommy, where did I come from?"
What's she gonna say?
She'll be like, "Well, Tinderty...
one day,

Mommy went to the App Store.
And then spent all afternoon just going:
'No, no, no. Good enough.'
And that's the story of you."
I wouldn't have a problem with kids
if parents didn't bring them
around too much.
That's my biggest issue.
I shouldn't see them all the time,
you know?
Most parents are cool about it,
but some just are not.
I went to Bonnaroo this year.
You guys ever go to Bonnaroo?
Yeah. It's great, right?
A giant music festival in Tennessee.
Four days of camping and music.
So much fun. So much fun.
But sometimes parents are there now,
and they bring their fucking kids.
There are 3- and 4-year-old children
running around Bonnaroo.
And I want to be like,
"Hey. We're doing drugs.
Okay?
And on acid, your child is frightening.
He's looking into my soul,
and I don't care for what he sees.
He is a demon, and I will kill it.
I will kill the demon to protect
everyone else in this music festival.
Yes, Kendrick, everything is gonna
be all right. I'm gonna kill that demon."
There are places you don't
bring your kid, a nice restaurant.
You ever go to a nice restaurant?
Save up 80 bucks per meal.
Go on a nice date.
Wear a button down shirt.
Try to get laid. Earn it.
You know, go on Yelp, three cash signs.
Tonight's the night.
Find the right place.
Places where as soon as you sit down,

they put your napkin on your lap for you.
Those places where you're like,
"That's slave shit.
Why are you doing that?
There's no reason for that."
I've never seen a Yelp review,
"I sat there like a schmuck,
my napkin on my table,
like an asshole for like 40 minutes."
But it's nice. It's date night.
You'll take it. It's a good atmosphere.
And you sit down all happy,
you find the right place.
Two tables over, you just hear:
"No! I don't want to!
I don't want to!"
Some fucking little kid.
Some little baby sitting there
in one of those handicapped chairs
they sit in.
Highchair, whatever you call it.
I don't care what you call it.
We don't sit in those.
We're not handicapped like that.
I'm like, "Why is he here?
For 80 bucks a meal? What a waste.
He's not even making memories."
Plus, his palate's not refined enough.
He doesn't understand the nuance
of this chef-inspired masterpiece.
He'd be happier...
I guarantee you, he'd be happier
with a banana I smushed with my foot.
He could see me do it,
and he would just go:
Ah.
He'd go, "Babana?"
I'm like, "That's right, buddy. Babana."
He'd rub a bunch of it in his face,
and get a bit in his mouth.
And be cute as fuck.
Kids are cute. They're cute.
I'll give you that, if you have kids.
You got kids? You look like you do.

You don't have kids? How old are you?
- Thirty.
- Whoa, you look horrible for 30.
I thought you were like 57, man.
That's crazy.
It's the gray hair on the sides. Damn.
They're cute sometimes, kids.
And then they're instantly not cute.
Ever see them run around playing,
having a good time, then shit their pants.
They just shit themselves.
Everyone has to act like that's normal.
It's not. The smell is of shit.
I don't care how young they are,
that shit smell is still a shit smell.
The problem is when they shit themselves,
they have no gravity to them.
They don't like feel it at all.

They're like:

It's like... Right?
It's gonna come out of your pants, man.
Don't get me wrong. I shit myself.
I drink. Obviously, I shit myself.
But I do it every two years, you know.
And when I do it,
it registers as having shit myself.
I don't just keep going.
I tell my friends:
"I think I left the oven on or something.
I've got to go check that out.
Sorry, you guys.
I don't mean to cancel our plans."
I shit myself this year, to be honest.
Yeah. When I say every two years,
I mean a maximum of two years goes by.
I don't mean an average.
I mean the most
that has ever gone by is two years.
Yeah, it was in April.
For sure, I know when it was.
'Cause I was on a flight.
I was going to Australia. I shit...
Yeah, is there a good time

to shit yourself?
Are you ever like, "Wish I could shit myself and get it out of the way."
Yeah, it was a 13-hour-long flight.
I was six hours into it,
and, uh, I went to pee.
You ever pee and then fart a little?
That's normal. Everybody does that.
Do girls do that?
No? Oh...
You're missing out. You've got to do that.
With girls,
it's even better because you clog it up.
So, like, it would make like
that tuba sound.
You could like move your leg and...
Kind of like Miles Davis with the
with the cup, you know, and the tuba.
You'd be like...
You know?
So, I was doing that,
I was peeing and farting.
Then all of a sudden I was like,
"Whoop. Oop."
But I was like,
"No, no, it was just a bubble."
I didn't want to believe it.
And then I went back to my seat.
I was sitting by the window,
so I had to make people get up.
"Excuse me. Excuse me. Sorry.
Stand up. Sorry. Excuse me. Excuse me."
Then I sat down. As soon as I sat
down I was like, "Ahh. That's a problem."
The smush happened. Once the
smush happens, you can really feel it.
Yeah, I was like,
"Fuck. Get back up. Get back up.
We're not done. Get back up.
I thought I was done. I'm not done.
Sorry. Get back up. Get back up."
I had to run to the bathroom.
Fucking streaker right down
the middle of my underwear.

Yeah.

It was about that wide
and about that long.
It looked like a map
of the country of Chile.
Like a topographical map of Chile.
With the mountain ranges and everything.
I caught it.
It didn't soak through.
But the underwear,
the underwear could not be saved.
I had to throw out my underwear
in the trash can of the airplane bathroom.
Yeah, I took care of it myself,
like a grownup.
I handled the situation.
Maybe if I was in first class,
I could have been like:
"Hey, peasant.
Fucking deal with this for me."
But not in coach.
You have to handle it yourself.
You know what it's like
to have to smush that underwear
into that little fucking hole
in the airplane bathroom trash can?
I was about to leave the bathroom.

Then I was like:

"Wait, hold on."
Right before I left, I took paper towels.
I put them on top of the underwear
in the trash, just to cover it up a bit.
I didn't want
the next guy coming.
I know what I would do.
If I threw something out,
and I saw soiled underwear
in the top level of the trash,
my first thought would be...
"Who did I just pass?"
I would spend the next seven hours
just going up and down the aisles,
just trying to, like, jog my memory.

Until I'm like, "Ah, ha, ha! You did it.
I know. I know what you did."
Yeah, you got to cover it up.
It's like if you kill a kid in the woods,
you've got to kick leaves on top of him.
Fucking pregnant off a Tinder date.
She told the guy, too.
She wasn't going to.
That was her plan.
She was gonna do it by herself.
She was like, "I barely know
his last name." Which seems fair.
Then she had a change of heart
after eight months.
Yeah, eight months and a week.
She goes, "Ari, he has a right to know."
And I'm like, "Yeah, a long time ago."
I feel like now he has the right
to never know.
So, she told him. She met him in a park.
This is what she said, her official quote.
She said he got "kind of weird about it."
Oh, yeah? Did he?
Did he get a little bit weird?
He got a little weird when he found out
he's gonna be a father next Tuesday?
He wasn't chillaxed at that news?
How did you want him to handle it?
From the guy's point of view,
what a gigantic change from
what you expect out of that phone call...
to what you end up with
out of that meeting.
If I get a call from a woman
I haven't seen in months,
my very first thought,
same as any guy in here,
our very first thought is like,
"Well, she wants that D.
I guess it's better than I thought it was.
I must have good dick.
She must have been
thinking about it this whole time.
She probably can't concentrate

at church, or at work, around her friends.
She just keeps thinking about that dick,
that dick, that dick.
Yeah, it's addictive, man. I get it."
Her friends are like,
"Where'd you go? You disappeared."
"Yeah. Thinking about that D."
Eventually, couldn't take it anymore.
You know, she got weak.
She fell to the hunger.
She broke down. She called.
And you know what?
She's gonna get that D.
That's my mindset,
if I walked into the park thinking that,
I'm all happy, you know?
And then I saw that?
I would do a quick check
of the seasons. I'd be...
No.
Fucking...
Game over.
How's that for not weird?
Enjoy picking up my brain matter.
Some people should have kids.
I shit on kids too much, parenthood.
Some people should have children.
Here's how you tell.
I've come up with a way to tell
whether you should be a parent.
The reaction of your friends when
you tell them you're gonna have a kid.
That's how you know
whether or not you should do it.
You know? 'Cause there are
two polar opposite ways that can happen.
Say you're married,
on one side, you're married.
You've been with a woman for a while.
You're doing better financially.
You discuss, want to have a kid. You try.
You get pregnant, tell your friends,
"Samantha's pregnant."
Your friends are like:

"Fuck yeah, man. Congratulations.
I'm so happy for you. That's so cool."
That's one side.
If that's you, go for it.
You've got my blessing.
The other half of your friends,
they've been dating someone for a while.
They tell their friends,
"Hey, Margaret's pregnant."
And everybody goes, "Fuck.
Oh, no.
What are you gonna do?
Have you thought about killing her?
Don't do it. I watch those cop shows.
DNA is too good now, man.
One hair. One hair, they'll get you.
Hire somebody if you've got to do it."
For those people, for the people
getting pregnant off Tinder dates,
abortion is not just a right,
it's a responsibility.
They don't always do it though.
My friend Luis Gomez is one of those.
Comedian in New York.
Got his girlfriend pregnant.
Dating for two months.
I was like, "What are you gonna do?"
By the way, nobody asks
a married couple, "What are you gonna do?"
That is never a question
posed to a married couple.
I was going, "What are you gonna do?"
He goes, "I don't know.
I've thought about running away.
But I don't have money for gas,
so I guess we're gonna move in together."
Fuck. There's no in between on run away...
or move in together?
Seems like a giant unexplored territory
in the middle there.
He's like, "What do you mean?"
"How many months pregnant?"
He was like, "Two."
I'm like,

"Well, then you still have the receipt."
"For a small restocking fee,
you can return this."
"What are you talking about?"
"I'm talking abortion. I mean abortion."
He had the kid. By the way,
here's a tip for you guys for life.
If you tell your friends
to get an abortion,
advise them to get an abortion,
and then they do not get an abortion...
they won't forget
that you told them to get an abortion.
Yeah, they hold onto that real hard.
Every time I see Luis
and his kid at a barbecue,
he's like holding him,
and I come in. He goes:
"Oh, there's your Uncle Ari.
He told us to get rid of you."
"Dude, stop saying that.
It was funny for a year,
but he's 7 now.
He's mad at me. He's giving me
this sign every time I see him. Stop."
Hey, do you guys...?
Let me ask you a question.
You guys all have jobs, right?
Or you've had jobs in the past at least?
Ever do your job on autopilot?
Not thinking about it?
Just going through the motions?
You know,
then if you're in a good mood,
you sing, or hum, or whistle?
Whistle while you work, that's a thing.
Everybody does that.
Whistle while you work.
Yeah. Very good,
you know what a whistle is.
Do you think...?
Do you think abortion doctors
whistle while they work?
I think they must. Not every day.

Obviously, not every day.
But I mean like Friday, 4:30.
They must be like:
Everybody's working for the weekend
Everybody's got to...
Is that how abortions are done?
I don't know. I've never seen one.
I have waited in the car before,
but I've never been in there.
I assume you reach in and grab the fetus,
then basketball shot it into a trash can.
If you miss, a nurse kicks it
out for three. "Curry, downtown."
No? Is that not how it's done? All right.
At this point I would like to say
thank you for all the women in here,
especially the moms,
for not turning on me horribly.
'Cause, yeah, when I lose a crowd,
it's always moms.
Women who are like,
"Fuck you. I hope you never have a kid."
"I know. Me, too. We're on the same page."
So, thank you, women,
for holding it together.
Women get a bad rap sometimes.
Not all the time.
Not all the time, but sometimes.
"Women are crazy." You ever hear that?
Hear it all the time, I don't think so.
I read this article online
about women's hormones.
This is what it said.
Women, in your brains,
you have 40 percent
more hormones than men have.
Forty percent more. Yeah. And that's
not period time. That's non-period time.
I don't know what happens during
the period. All hell breaks loose.
Not talking that. We're talking
three and a half weeks a month.
Whatever men have, our top level,
women, 40 percent on top of that.

Just shit popping off in there
that men have no concept of whatsoever.
Our thing is here, and you've got, "Pew,
pew. Feelings, feelings, emotions. Pew."
Men call you crazy. 'Cause what?
'Cause why? 'Cause once every two weeks,
you go, "Fuck you," out of nowhere?
With 40 percent more,
those are great odds.
With 40 percent more,
minimum three days a week,
we should wake up with you
over us with scissors
just going, "Not today."
And just fucking bounding off.
So, congratulations, women,
on being shockingly un-crazy.
I know men who if they get
less than six hours of sleep,
and you cut them off in traffic,
they'll follow you to where you work
and threaten your life.
I'll take a "fuck you"
once in a while. It's okay.
My brother's one of those guys
who brings his kid everywhere.
So disappointing when you realize
that your family is capable of that.
My brother lives in Europe now.
'Cause he didn't know
"taxes" applied to him.
That's what he said.
"Those are for everybody?"
"Yeah, man. Those are for everybody."
So, he just never paid them.
He owes like \$200,000 to the government.
Yeah, it got out of control.
Eventually he was like,
"I'm sorry. I'll just leave."
I feel bad staying with you
when I owe you all this money,
so I'm gonna get out of here.
You're never gonna see that fucking money,
so I'm gonna get out."

He lives in Europe. It turns out Europe is almost the same as America. Basically no difference anymore. They have everything we have. Little differences. There are little differences. He said you've got to type in PornHub.uk. But you cope, you learn to cope.

- It's just different porn.
- "Stick it in me arse."

Is that a pirate?
What did I just do?
What accent was that? Was that England?
I was trying to do England.
I don't think I got it.
I was gonna be in Denmark for some comedy festival.
They flew me to Denmark which is pretty cool.
My brother called, "While you're in Europe, let's do something."
"Sure. What do you want to do?"
Looked at his calendar, Oktoberfest was right then.
"You want to go to Oktoberfest?"
I was like, "Fuck yeah."
Two Jews sneaking back into Germany?
Let's take back the night.
You know, let's piss on Hitler's grave.
Yeah. But he goes, "I don't think they have a Hitler's grave."
I'm just gonna piss everywhere, and if I hit it, I hit it.
I did, too.
I pissed everywhere in Germany.
I pissed outside like 25 times.
All the time. You can't get in trouble.
If you're a Jew, you can't get in trouble for little shit like that.
You've got to do something really wrong.
Got to steal a car or worse.
They'll let you go for little stuff.
'Cause of what happened before.
They still feel guilty about it, I guess.

If you don't know,
it was like a disagreement we had.
We lost. I mean, obviously, we lost.
But they way overreacted, so...
All right, no more Holocaust jokes.
So, anyway, so I took the train
into Germany, right? That's a change.
Last one. That was it, you guys.
That's it. No more. No more.
Come on. You can't laugh
at shit like that. That's not cool.
It's not cool.
And my brother met me, took his car.
We met at the train station.
We're both jumping, "Shaffir boys,
we're doing this. Oktoberfest."
So excited.
And then his back door opens up.
And you just hear, "Ahh! No!
I don't want to! I don't want to!"
He brought his 4-year-old kid
to Oktoberfest.
I was like,
"Are you kidding me right now?"
"Did you not want me to bring him?"
"Yes. You read my tone correctly.
I did not want you to bring him."
He said what parents say
when they know they fucked up.
"Well, you should have said something.
If you didn't want me to bring him,
should've said something."
"Why would I have to tell you that?
I don't have to tell you that.
I didn't tell you not to bring anthrax.
You knew that on your own.
I shouldn't have to tell you
not to bring a kid to a beer festival.
He's like, "Why?"
He got indignant. That's what parents do.
"Why shouldn't he be here right now?"
I'm like, "Uh, because I plan on
getting really drunk.
And I question his tolerance.

The way I see it, he'll be
the first one to barf every night.
He just barfed.
He already barfed for no reason.
So, how is that gonna be?"
He tried to sell me on him. "Ari, come on.
He's really smart for his age."
All right, but he's really stupid
for my age.
And I'm not at his kindergarten,
he's at my beer festival.
For me, he's illiterate.
That's not smart. I'm sorry.
You're not gonna sell me
on an illiterate person being smart.
Pregnant off a Tinder date.
Anybody here
not know what Tinder is?
You all know. Or no one's gonna say?
My grandmother, she asked me:
"What's a Tinder?"
And I'm like, "It's not 'a' anything."
How do you explain to
a 94-year-old woman what Tinder is?
She goes, "I don't know anything."
And I was like, "All right, well..."
Uh...
I was like, "There was once
a great man named Steve Jobs.
And he took the power of computers,
and he put it in everybody's hands.
At all times, we had access
to information,
right in the palm of our hands.
It was an amazing time
in human development.
Truly, it really was.
And then within seven years,
we were using that to fuck."
Yeah. Gay people figured it out
in two years.
They were way ahead of the curve.
"All gay scientists,
put down what you're doing.

Figure this out.
We don't need to transfer information.
Fucking, let's fuck."
And then my friend got
pregnant off one of those.
They bother me too much, parents.
Sometimes the problem is the videos.
The iPhone 6 and 7 now.
Makes everyone think
they're a videographer. They're not.
They have shitty videos.
Not the quality. The quality's amazing.
The subject matter is the issue.
They think everything they record
is worthy of showing people.
But there's a delete button there.
Use that delete button.
Every time my sisters and brothers
show me videos, any of my friends,
"Look at a video of my kid."
I feel like I'm Dexter,
and I have to fake the emotion,
of what a normal person
with feelings would do in that situation.
I'm always like,
"Cute? How do you do this?"
It's just the dumbest.
"He's walking."
"Yeah, well, they all do that."
That's not..."
I can go on YouTube now,
see a video of a 5-year-old
hitting a golf ball 215 yards.
You're showing me walking? Fuck you.
Your child is unimpressive."
"Look, he said 'Dada.'"
"Well, that's not the right way
to say that word.
Congratulations. You videotaped a mistake.
I'm sure he'll be very embarrassed."
They're just annoying.
Like you ever see this?
Who's got kids here?
How many people have kids here?

A few of you. How old are your kids?

- Five.

- Five. Five years old. One.

- You stopped after that?

- Yeah.

Okay, good for you.

Not chasing the dragon

like a lot of people.

"Maybe that eighth one will be good."

Does your kid ever do this

where they're playing?

They're on the ground playing,

having a good time.

They fall. Like, "No big deal."

They get up and keep playing.

But if anybody's watching,

they're like, "Oh, you saw that?"

Okay, it's gonna get

really bad for you right now.

But I just want you to know,

you did this to yourself."

They start crying. But don't really cry

'cause they're not really hurt.

They do their impression of

what they remember a cry sounds like.

From memory. They're not good.

They're not actors, never took classes.

They don't know how to do it.

They fall and go...

"Dude, you're doing ghost.

You're not doing crying."

They're not upset.

They think they can get upset.

So, they try to make themselves

get upset.

They're like feminist bloggers.

Nobody feels less joy

than a feminist blogger.

Like, "Fuck you. I hate you. You suck."

"Why are you so upset?"

"It's a nice day out."

"Shut up, man. Don't tell me how to feel."

Parents don't wake up

the same way non-parents wake up.

I think I'd be okay with it, too,
if parents gave me an honest account...
of what parenthood was like.
A lot of parents say, "It's a beautiful
blessing every second of every day.
It's always a beautiful blessing,
every single second."
I'm like, "Every single second?
Then why are the bags
under your eyes twitching?
They're that low,
and they're fucking twitching.
They're about to pop."
My friend has kids.
My friend Avi has two kids, 4 and 7.
Here's how he wakes up in the morning.
How parents wake up.
Okay? On Sunday, the alarm goes off.
He's sleeping peacefully, right?
The alarm goes off.
As soon as it goes off.
"Get up, move!
Brush your teeth! Clothes. Food.
Go. Move. Now!
Go. Go. Go!"
It's fucking Afghanistan,
and bombs are dropping every single day.
You sleep with your boots on.
How do you live like that?
Not single people, man.
That's not how we wake up at all.
No kids?
Here's how I wake up on a Sunday.
First of all, no alarm clock.
Just whenever it happens.
Whenever the fates shall deem it time.
Yeah. You're sleeping peacefully, right?
After a while, you're just kind of like...
Remember that, parents?
Remember going back to bed?
Remember those days?
Remember that two-hour blink?
Where you look at your clock like, "9:30?"

Okay... 11:

Am I a time traveler?

What just happened there?

I don't think I can... 12:45?

What is happening right now?

Can I take a...? 2:00, there it is."

Remember sleeping so much that
you physically cannot sleep anymore?

Where you're laying there... You try.

It doesn't stop you from trying.

But you lay there with your
eyes closed for like 45 minutes.

You're like, "No, this is not going down.

Doing everything in my power
to make this happen.

It's not happening,
so I may as well get up.

The sun's going down.

I should probably get Vitamin D
before I commit suicide."

This is one thing parents get me on.

They're like, "Well, don't you get lonely?

Don't you get lonely without children?"

And I'm like, "Oh, yeah.

A deep, deep loneliness that
you could never even ever experience.

It's a fucking vast emptiness
that goes on for a millennium.

It's super lonely.

Yeah.

But then I call my friends,
and I'm way less lonely. That helps."

There's something to be said for
having cute things around. You get it.

It fills a void
that your friends can't fill.

I have nieces and nephews.

When they're around,
it fills that void, you know?

It's great to play with them
and teach stuff.

But I don't live in the same city as them.

When I'm not in their city, what do I do?

I go to parks and play with randoms, but...

Parents frown on that.
Parents are always like,
"Get away from my child."
I'm like "I'm not a child molester."
But if you bring up child molestation,
that's all they think about.
So, what do you do?
How do single people fill that void?
Dogs.
That's how we do it. You see any
single person over 30 around a dog,
they get weird.
I love dogs.
I'll lick a dog in his mouth, you guys.
I don't give a fuck.
I'll give him tongue.
If he's good, he wants that tongue.
If he's a good boy,
he's getting that tongue.
I'll get in there like,
"Are you a good boy?
You're a good boy."
Yeah, owners look at me weird.
"Aren't you afraid of getting a disease?"
And I'm like, "Yeah, depression."
Please, let me have this.
So, Nicole had her baby.
Yeah, the Tinder lady.
She did not name it Tinderthy
like I suggested.
I suggested Tinderthy for a boy,
and for a girl, I said Con-swipe-a.
For ethnic flavor, you know?
A little bit.
Fucking garbage.
She had her baby.
She said her life wasn't gonna change.
She was living in Brooklyn, New York.
And now she lives in Arkansas.
What city in Arkansas, did someone ask?
Because there are some cool cities
in Arkansas? No. Nobody asked.
There's no cool cities in Arkansas.
You guys ever know anybody

that definitely should get an abortion?
You look at them and you're like,
"You're the reason this is legal."
For this case right now is
the only reason anyone's allowed to do it.
Sometimes they get an abortion,
sometimes they don't.
What's the reason they always give
when they don't get an abortion?
When everyone in the world knows
they should get an abortion.
They're like, "I know I should
get an abortion, but I can't because..."
- Jesus.
- Jesus. Yeah, God.
It's always Jesus.
That's what they point to.
"I can't have an abortion. Religion."
That's what Nicole said.
"I can't have an abortion. Religion."
"But where was religion when you were
fucking behind the Roxy nightclub?"
I don't understand.
Was Jesus back there?
Was Jesus
slapping the condom off the guy?
Going, "No, that's an abomination.
You can't. No, that's an abomination.
You fuck raw dog behind this
Dumpster or don't fuck at all.
So sayeth the Lord."
It doesn't work, by the way.
Just so you know, logically.
Religion doesn't work as a reason.
You don't have to have an abortion.
But you can't point to religion
as the reason not to.
It doesn't work.
I've studied religion for a long time.
Yeah. I used to be like... One of those.
Yeah. For this side over there,
there you go.
Yeah, so I know a lot about it.
Here's the deal why it doesn't work.

There's only one way
you go straight to heaven.
Especially in Christianity.
The only way you go straight to heaven,
I mean, no purgatory, no hell,
straight to heaven,
the only way to do that is
if you die without sin.
And the only way to die without sin
is if you get aborted
before you get a chance to be born.
So...
if you love Jesus,
and you love your baby...
You should send him to heaven.
I'm just trying to spread the gospel,
you guys. That's all I'm about here today.
Thank you very much, everybody.
That's it for me.
You guys have been a phenomenal crowd.
You guys are absolutely awesome.