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# Barry Munday

By Chris D'Arienzo

Tortilla chips  
are on my lips  
And no one's pressed  
against my hips  
Bad beat poet  
late at night  
The city gets bright,  
I can't see  
The neon lights  
don't work on me  
I am no watcher  
in the fight  
Charlie says  
Nobody's got  
A strange  
and hidden power and  
No one is really  
beautiful  
They're all just  
Mediocre men of the hour  
Mediocre models  
of the hour  
Mediocre men  
You take me places  
and you make cool faces  
When our sex erases  
The lonely past  
And you found me  
when I was first  
And 10 against 11 men  
Who could kick my ass  
But anyway  
It's probably  
Gonna pass.  
Barry, are you awake?  
Honey, just relax.  
Doctor says everything's  
gonna be just fine.  
Until that day,  
I couldn't imagine living  
for anything other than women.  
You see,  
there's a moment that exists  
at the edge

of sexual success  
for which  
there is no equal...  
the addictive seconds  
just after uncertainty  
and immediately preceding  
touching the gold.  
It's Christmas.  
It's with this  
in mind  
that I relate  
the events leading to  
the involuntary removal  
of my testicles.  
- Yep. Mm-hmm.  
Yeah. No, that's  
gonna be great.  
We can do that.  
I don't know how you do it, Lucy.  
Do what?  
Look like a model.  
A supermodel, actually.  
A super-duper model.  
Hey, I don't know what  
you got goin' on later,  
but I was thinkin'  
of hittin' the happy hour  
over at Chili's.  
Got a workout partner...  
I don't date people  
at my workplace.  
Who said date?  
TGIF.  
Maybe not...  
maybe not Chili's.  
Everpea has got  
this really rad nacho bar.  
Why don't you  
date people at your work?  
I just don't.  
You just...  
You're probably right.  
You're smart.  
It's a smart idea.

You got beauty  
and brains.  
You guys fall in love,  
and then have babies.  
Beautiful babies  
with blue eyes.  
TGIF.  
All right.  
What's up, Denise?  
- Hey, you don't like nachos?  
- Mm-mm.  
No no no. I do!  
Nacho time for me!  
My dossbag, my sack  
The family bling-bling  
When I'm jumpin'  
up and down  
On my trampoline  
To the belly button  
and a slap to the taint  
Rushin' to my head,  
I think I'm gonna faint...  
- What's up?  
- Where you been?  
Thought I had a possibility.  
My tires are stinky.  
What?  
That's a catchphrase,  
somethin' I'm workin' on.  
- How we lookin'?  
- Shit, place is a hatchery. It's stupid.  
- I wanna be an architect.  
- Whoa, over there.  
See it? Dress suit, sneakers.  
Work hard, play hard.  
I could go back to school, be an architect.  
People like architects.  
Dude, what  
are you talkin' about?  
You make really good  
money at your job.  
I just... I just...  
I don't think insurance is,  
like, all that interesting,

you know, as a lifestyle.

- Whoa.

- Caught 'em peekin'.

- You ready? Let's rock 'n' roll.

- Sweet.

Hey, so if they ask,

I'm gonna tell 'em I'm an architect.

Oh hey, tell 'em

I work with kids.

Hold these.

No no, seriously,

I used to get beat up

like twice a week

for having such thick eyelashes.

- Is that your card?

- Oh, no.

All the way to the seventh grade,

and that's when I decided

that's it, and I went

for my black belt.

Is that your card?

- No.

- No.

- That's so sad.

- Yeah.

- I'd kill for those.

- Well, now yeah, sure.

- Is that your card?

- Yes!

Oh my God,

that is incredible!

That's what we do.

Oh my God.

How'd you do that?

Come on.

Did you have that

in your mouth the whole time?

What is that?

Oh, it's my kitty cat.

Mmm, it is sparkly

and beautiful.

Thanks.

Are you

a cat person?

I love cats.

- Yeah?

- Meow.

- I love pussy...

- What?

...cats too.

Excuse me,

you want me to close out  
your tab, sir?

Sir?

Somebody's dad show up?

Do you want me to put this  
on your daddy's card?

- Uh...

no, you can

just close it out.

Awesome.

Fine.

Wow.

So what do you two do?

- We're architects.

- Cool.

Wow.

I love buildings.

Barry...

I'm married.

We could just

mess around here if you want.

Okay.

Who's the coolest guy  
in the world?

His name is Barry

Barry Munday

The coolest dude

I know

Barry Munday

The coolest dude

I know

Know know

He's sweet

and he loves the ladies

'Cause he's

the baddest mofo

Of all time

'Cause he's a sweet,  
sweet dude  
And he knows  
how to rock 'n' roll.  
I don't know.  
Thank you.  
Hi.  
Excuse me, sir.  
Oh, sure.  
Sir?  
Okay.  
- Can I help you?  
- Yes, please.  
Coffee.  
No Duds.  
That's my candy.  
- I'll have a soda.  
- Okay.  
Dos.  
It's ridiculous how much soda  
costs these days, right?  
Like, what do I buy,  
soda or a sofa?  
Yeah.  
Well, it was nice  
talkin' to you.  
- You don't want to sit with me?  
- Well, uh...  
I guess.  
I'm a down front  
kind of guy.  
No no no no.  
Seven rows from the back,  
and four in  
from the left.  
That's pretty  
specific.  
Yeah, it's sort of OCD,  
but screw it.  
I like what I like,  
you know what I mean?  
Yeah, I do.  
I almost always,  
after I click my lock

a couple times on my door...

So, Barry, what do you do?

Architecture.

Hmm.

Barry,

if I told you right now

that you would

never ever ever

get your hand

down my pants,

would you

still talk to me?

Talk about what?

Hey, uh...

What the hell's goin' on?

Dad, what are

you doing here?

Dad? Sir...

I do remember thinking

why would a dude

bring a trumpet into a movie theater?

Barry?

Barry, can you

tell us what happened?

We were talking

about architecture.

Barry, I'm sorry to be the one

to have to tell you,

but we couldn't

save them.

Save who?

Oh, Barry,

your testes.

Testicles.

We had to remove both.

We really tried

to save the left one,

but it was simply

too ruptured.

It seems that during

the accident with the...

- Uh, trumpet.

...trumpet.

What are you saying?



You're saying  
I lost my what?  
Amnesia.  
- Did I lose my...  
- Whoa.  
...you know?  
- Penis?  
- No.  
You really don't remember  
what happened to you down there?  
We were talking  
about architecture.  
Get out of there.  
This is kinda like  
when you had your tonsils out.  
Well, kinda.  
Alone...  
On my own...  
Oh honey,  
that's binding.  
I don't know nothin'...  
Thanks, Mom.  
Must be stupid  
or somethin'...  
About love.  
I wore that  
on Saturday night, right?  
And I'm standing outside,  
and all these guys  
were like  
looking at me,  
and they're like,  
"Best habitat ever."  
Where have you been, mister?  
- Lida, l...  
- Relax.  
I forgive you.  
I guess I forgot to  
mention my girlfriend Lida Griggs  
was out of town  
when the incident occurred.  
It's a long story,  
but we don't see each other  
for sometimes weeks

or months at a time.  
I need to borrow  
your alarm clock.  
Pretty sure we don't  
really like each other.  
Let's go, lover.  
We're going to try something  
new today, lover.  
Lida, ah, why don't we  
just watch a movie?  
Shh.  
- Lida, l...  
- All tight?  
Yeah.  
But we should  
talk first.  
Why don't we start  
by talking about...  
this?  
I found it in your car  
when I was looking  
for my lavender and  
vanilla body souffl.  
Lida, listen...  
- Is it true?  
- Um...  
- Did you show her your penis?  
- What?  
- You whore!  
- No, Lida...  
- Did you let her play with this?  
- Stop.  
I had an accident.  
Barry, I don't know  
what all of this is,  
but Peaches and I have no sympathy  
for cheating assholes.  
And if you think  
the love I give you  
is all fun  
and games,  
well...  
you had better sleep  
with one eye open, mister.

Can you untie me?  
Come, Peaches.  
Barry honey, it's Mom.  
I picked up your hormone pills  
at the pharmacy.  
Honey?  
Barry, I hope it's okay,  
but I brought Janice with me  
- from my Latin dance symposium.  
- Hi, Barry.  
Excuse me, Lonnie?  
Talk to you later.  
Hey, um...  
I was wondering  
if I could take a leave of absence.  
Um, I had a...  
with a...  
and um...  
just wonderin'  
if I could take a few days off.  
It's all I'm thinkin'...  
just time to get, you know.  
Basically,  
I have some family issues.  
Now, first of all Barry,  
you're lying.  
I've been in this business  
for 40 years  
and I can always  
tell the difference.  
You don't have  
any family issues, do you?  
Well, I have...  
Well, you're just lazy.  
You know, you sit  
in your office  
pretending to be  
on the telephone,  
shuffling papers all day,  
and every hour or so  
you get up and walk  
around Lucy's desk  
like a four-balled tomcat.  
And what's worse,

you don't even care enough  
to cover it up.

Also,  
it's just my  
opinion, but...

I don't think men  
should wear makeup.

See you tomorrow,  
Barry.

Okay.

You have one message.

- Yo, Mundo,  
you know who it is.

Where the hell you been?

Shit, bro, listen,  
you'll never guess

where I am right now.

Regional Air Guitar Semifinals.

So, I was thinkin',  
if I make it onto the finals,  
maybe you could use

a little ta-da,

we raise a glass

down at the Beaver Tree.

Titty bar bush, baby.

Be there,

or be a fuckin' tool.

Later!

- End of messages.

"Dear Mr. Munday,

I have been retained  
to represent the interests  
of Miss Ginger Farley.

Miss Farley believes  
that you are the father  
of her unborn child conceived  
on or about February 11th.

I have been retained  
to establish paternity,  
and to obtain

a child support order  
consistent with our state's  
rules of judicial administration.

If you wish

to admit paternity,  
I can draft  
all necessary documents.  
If you wish  
to deny paternity,  
I will seek an order  
of the court for DNA testing.

Please contact me  
within 10 days.

Sincerely, Newton Creech,  
Attorney at Law."

Ginger Farley?

Who the fuck

is Ginger Farley?

Mr. Munday,

Newton Creech here.

Hi.

Yes sir, um,

well, I got

your letter.

Yes you did.

First off,

this Ginger Farley,

how does she know

that I'm the father of the baby?

I mean...

well, yeah,

how does she know?

That's an easy question.

According to Miss Farley,

she has had intercourse

one time

in her entire life...

with you, on February 11th

of this year.

It wasn't hard for her

to figure it out.

Wow. Okay.

Where did we meet,

me and Miss Farley?

Let's not

play games, Barry.

If you want to play games,

please, go hire a lawyer.

No, sir,  
I'm not playing games.  
I just...  
Hey, just wanna make sure  
the baby's mine, right?  
Um, I mean, I'll take  
a blood test voluntarily.  
Do you really have  
no recollection  
of your sexual encounter  
with Ginger Farley?  
Because Mr. Munday,  
I find that really hard to believe.  
Ah, so...  
could we meet,  
Ginger Farley and I?  
Maybe coffee, or pastry?  
Wow. You know  
what I'm gonna do?  
I'm gonna tell Ginger  
you'd like to meet her somewhere  
and she can call you.  
How's that?  
That'd be great.  
Okay.  
You know, Mr. Munday,  
they say one man's burden  
can be another man's happiness.  
Thank you.  
It's strange, I honestly can't explain  
why it only occurred  
to me just now,  
I end with me.  
No more Mondays.  
I'm it, the very last.  
That thought rose slowly  
to the surface of my mind,  
and on top  
of everything else.  
I guess it never seemed  
important before.  
Marriage?  
No thank you.  
Children?

They smell,  
and grow up to hate you  
and take your money.  
Sure, I grew up  
without a father.  
Maybe that colored my outlook  
on life, I don't know.  
All I know is  
I once had options.  
My balls were great.  
I was great.  
I'm pretty sure  
I was great.  
Line 1, a Ginger Farley.  
Good luck.  
What does that mean?  
Shee-ee...  
Why'd you want  
to meet me, Barry?  
Ginger.  
It's good to see you.  
Is it?  
Yes.  
This is familiar.  
This is where we met, Barry.  
Right over there.  
- You want to sit down?  
- No.  
Yeah.  
So, how far along  
are you?  
Well, on February 11th,  
a few moments  
before midnight,  
your little sperm army  
stormed my pink beach.  
So, you count the days.  
Newton said you had  
no memory of our sex.  
He did?  
What an asshole.  
Right.  
No, you...  
you're an asshole.

Ginger, I don't  
mean to offend,  
but are you totally,  
positivo sure  
that the baby's mine?  
You little shit-eater.  
I am weak one night,  
one night, and with  
a shit-eater like you.  
God knows why,  
and now you want  
to sit here  
at Snatchers  
and ask me crap?  
Yes, Barry, I'm "positivo"  
the baby is yours.  
And you're not going to run away  
from your responsibility.  
Do you mind  
if I touch it?  
I don't know why I said that.  
Touch what?  
Your belly,  
touch where the baby is.  
Ooh!  
I'll have Newton call you,  
and he'll go over  
the paternity test,  
and the paternity  
acknowledgement forms.  
That is, if you decide  
to sign them.  
Goodbye, Barry.  
- Goodbye.  
- Asshole shit-eater.  
It's great  
seeing you again.  
Night will follow day  
Sure as the sun  
and moon  
Remember  
I will always  
Be with you  
If I'm out of words to say



And I understand you  
When you see  
a darkness coming through...  
- Remember to keep warm  
- Take shelter from the storm...  
- Newton Creech's office.  
The night will not last  
for much more  
I wrote in a small note  
"Put on your winter coat  
A cold wind will blow  
through your door"...  
Hi.  
Newton Creech, please.  
Night will follow day...  
- Why did you play this?  
- Oh. What?  
Oh, right, I'm supposed to believe  
it's just a coincidence  
that they're playing our song  
right when I walk in?  
Remember I will always  
be with you...  
What's this?  
The paternity agreement forms.  
All signed.  
- You're not gonna take the...  
- Yeah, I don't need to take a test.  
Why not?  
Because I know.  
You know?  
Yeah.  
I feel it.  
You feel it?  
Yes.  
I got you a drink.  
It's virgin.  
Very funny, Barry.  
What do you want from me?  
I don't kn...  
nothing, I just...  
What did you want  
from me?  
- Do you think I'm after money?

- No.

You don't think that if you were there  
for the passion of our sex  
that you should be accountable  
and take responsibility  
for this little miracle  
that we made?

No, I'm saying I want to take  
responsibility here.

- This isn't all my fault!

- Why are you yelling at me?

Shit-eater.

Ginger, I'm saying  
I want to be a part of this,  
like a real dad,  
you know?

With dedication...  
financially, spiritually, morally.

Look, I don't have  
to be in your life.

You and I don't have  
to be, you know...

ahh...

but for the baby,  
I think we should be  
friendly, friends.

Friends.

Cheers.

So, do we know  
if it's a boy or a girl  
from the x-ray?

We call that a sonogram,  
and no, I haven't found out.

I don't want to know.

How's the drink?

It's awful.

This straw is ridiculous.

So, can I touch the baby?

Can I touch  
your belly now?

Can I go to the doctor  
with you?

Don't get  
the wrong idea, Barry.

You're still a shit-eater.

Hey.

Green Insurance,

Barry Munday speaking.

Why don't you ask her if you  
can have a squirt?

Ginger Farley?

Come on back.

Yeah.

So, don't ask me why,  
but my parents want to meet you.

They want you to come  
to dinner tomorrow night.

Oh.

It's stupid, so...

I mean, it's not my idea.

If you don't want to go,  
I'll just tell them  
that you don't want to go  
and that'll be the end of it.

No, I'll go.

My parents won't like you.

Why not?

They just won't.

Knock-knock.

- Hi.

- Hey, Ginger, how're we feeling?

Well, my feet  
are swollen,  
I pee 2,000 times a day,  
I haven't taken  
a shit since Tuesday,  
and my nipples  
are like black.

Okay. Good, let's see here  
what we have.

Oh, we have a possible  
due date of December 10th.

Sweet.

Yeah.

So, you still thinking  
of having the water birth at home?

- Yeah.

- What's a water birth at home?

I want to have the baby  
submerged in water,  
naturally,  
and beautifully.  
Do you mean like  
in your tub?  
Actually, we use a little wading pool  
with warm water.  
The midwife is in there  
for natural childbirth.  
I think it's great.  
It's beautiful, and Dr. Shriver  
thinks it's great.  
Yeah, okay.  
Um, Dr. Shriver,  
I'm Barry Munday.  
I'm the father.  
I was... basically,  
I was just hoping  
I could ask a few questions,  
if you don't mind.  
Okay, ask away.  
All right,  
um, well,  
will I be allowed  
to participate in the birth?  
I'd like to be there to help with  
the baby when it comes out.  
Absolutely. You and the midwife  
will be side by side.  
Just listen to her,  
watch the videos,  
and take the classes.  
Okay, awesome.  
Um, are there any foods  
that Ginger shouldn't eat?  
I read somewhere that pregnant women  
shouldn't eat bleu cheese.  
Are you retarded?  
I never heard the one  
about the bleu cheese.  
I heard that  
sometimes women poop,  
like during the birth.

It's natural.

Um... oh!

I read online

that it was possible

for doctors to identify patients

by their vaginas.

Did you hear that?

I was just curious.

Good luck to you, son.

- Yeah, it's not important.

- No.

Ginger,

I'll see you next week.

Okay, well,

I guess, uh...

So, tomorrow night.

For what?

Dinner

with my parents.

- Right.

- Jesus!

No...

it's awesome.

So, hey...

Good night, Barry.

That's cool.

I'm really tired.

Hi.

Okay.

This is our second child,

and while my wife knows

that she won't fit

into her old clothes,

she's still beautiful.

And it's my job to tell her

that she looks amazing

all the time.

Hi, beautiful.

Hi.

Which I try to do

as regularly as possible.

Hi.

You're early.

What?

Uh, I don't want you  
to take this the wrong way,  
but that dress  
doesn't do you justice.  
That's interesting,  
Barry.  
You didn't seem to have  
a problem with this dress  
the night you pulled it  
off my body and had sex with me.  
So, I've been  
kickin' around some names.  
The baby  
already has a name.  
What is it?  
If it's a boy, Haywood.  
- Haywood?  
- Mm-hmm.  
Haywood Munday?  
- Don't be stupid.  
- What?  
The baby's last name  
won't be Munday.  
Why not?  
Because we're not  
married, idiot.  
L-l...  
but I'm the father.  
- So?  
- So...  
Come on,  
I mean, l...  
I stepped up  
to the responsibility.  
One trip to my doctor  
to ask him  
about his other patients'  
vaginas is not stepping up.  
Yeah, but it's  
our baby, right?  
It's yours and mine,  
right?  
I mean I'm here,  
Ginger. I'm the father.

Fine, fine!

Fine.

The baby won't have  
a last name.

It'll just be Haywood.

No, that...

just Haywood?

I don't think you can do that  
legally, can you?

Why not? Lots of famous people  
in history only have one name.

Moses.

Cleopatra.

Calvin.

- Who's Calvin?

- Jesus.

So, if the baby  
only gets one name,  
why do you get  
to decide?

Why?

'Cause this baby's  
in me, not you.

Because every minute  
I'm making a human being, not you.

And because my tits  
feel like two ziplock bags  
full of dried-up oatmeal.

Do yours?

I don't think  
it's fair

to use my biological  
disadvantages against me.

You know I'd switch places  
with you if I could.

I would, seriously.

I go to work alone,

I sleep alone,

but you get to experience  
a connection to this baby

I am completely  
excluded from.

Just so you know, my parents think  
that you put drugs in my drink

and had intercourse  
with me while I was unconscious.

Honey, well...

This is for you.

Come with me, son.

- I want you to see a few of these trophies.

- Wonderful.

- Who's this?

- This is our youngest, Jennifer.

Any pictures of Ginger?

Yeah...

No.

She doesn't  
like pictures.

Sit down, son.

So, Mr. Munday,  
we've got ourselves a bit  
of a situation here, don't we?

Yes, sir.

Um...

I... I'm not sure  
what you've been told  
concerning my actions.

Wait a minute.

Did you not tell my daughter  
that you would accept  
full responsibility for being  
father of this baby, you shit-eater?

- Yes, um...

- Financially, morally?

- L...

- I'm sorry, but did you not say  
that all these things  
would be your actions, Mr. Munday?

I thought  
you-you were...

Nah, that's... I thought  
you were talking about...

About what? Talking about what?

What are you talking about?

Uh, nothing.

Nothing?

Mr. Munday,  
Ginger is hardheaded,



and yes, unappreciative  
at times  
of her family's love,  
but she is my daughter.  
Remember that.

Yes sir.

Good.

Oh, pumpkin farm!

Dinner's ready.

I expect you'll be  
looking forward  
to continuing this  
later on, Mr. Munday.

Yes sir.

So, you're Barry  
the rapist.

Tell us about yourself, Barry.

This is the first time  
Ginger has ever  
brought a man home to meet us.

Our Jennifer brings  
fellas home all the time.

But that's Jennifer.

I'm a slut.

You stop that.

She is not a slut.

She's graduating  
from business school  
and she plays  
three instruments.

Jennifer is very  
very special... ed.

Ow.

Personally, I think  
this is nice for Ginger,  
even though I don't approve of the way  
the two of you did your business.

- Mom...

- I blame myself.

I tell her it's not natural  
to be by herself all the time.

I've told her this  
since she was 14,  
"You need to put on makeup,

nice dresses,  
show some pride,  
like Jennifer."  
Leave her alone, Mom.  
Let's ask Barry.  
You like makeup,  
don't you?  
- L...  
- She does it for attention.  
- I can't believe this.  
- Calm down.  
All I'm saying is,  
it's great to have Barry here.  
He gets that.  
I think Ginger's beautiful.  
And personally,  
as the father,  
I feel it's my role  
to tell her she looks  
amazing all the time,  
which I try  
to do regularly.  
So, Barry, um, you were  
telling my wife  
about yourself.  
Oh, well, not much  
to tell, really.  
I flirted with architecture  
for a while.  
I thought about getting  
into triathlons,  
or relay races.  
Been in insurance...  
about a year.  
Um...  
it's good.  
It's really good.  
- Where?  
- It's on Moorpark.  
Green Insurance.  
Lonnie Green's  
a great friend of mine.  
I'll call him,  
arrange to have lunch,

the three of us.  
That would be great.  
Get to know the new  
father a little bit.  
That sounds good.  
Well...  
we're gonna  
have a baby.  
That's wonderful.  
Anyone like  
a gin and tonic?  
So, where'd  
you two meet?  
Snatchers.  
I see.  
I guess you knew Barry  
before the operation.  
I guess so.  
So, Ginger,  
mother to mother,  
what is it that you want  
for this baby?  
Besides healthy?  
I guess I just want  
my child to feel  
loved and appreciated,  
even if it's 180 degrees  
different from me.  
I would be very proud  
to have a gay child.  
So, where are we having  
this wonderful new addition?  
St. Joseph's?  
I'm having  
a water birth at home.  
Uh-huh.  
Uh-huh.  
Yeah, the doctor  
thought it was a great idea.  
And it's natural  
and beautiful.  
So...  
Well, I'd like to do whatever  
I can to help out.

You're gonna need  
a baby bed, and bottles,  
and lots and lots  
of diapers.

That's great, Mom.

Thanks.

I appreciate it, but my baby  
won't be wearing diapers.

I mean, why is it  
we can teach a kitten  
just a few months old  
to use a sandbox,  
but a child,  
infinitely more intelligent,  
walks around shitting in their pants  
for two years?

Ginger read that.

This doctor... what's his name?

Plus, all the harmful  
pathogens in human feces,  
just smushed in there  
in that hot incubator  
of a diaper.

Ugh!

She comes from  
a really nice family...  
wealthy, nice house.

Her sister plays  
three instruments.

Honey, I don't care  
if she's a Kennedy.

A cat box?

She wants to train your baby  
to use a cat box.

Can you imagine?

There she is!

Where is your bathroom?

Oh, go around  
this corner  
and through  
the living room,  
just on your right,  
past the zebra.

A cat box.

You want to maybe  
tell me about this operation  
in case I get placed  
in that situation again, "honey"?

Um...

I went to a matinee  
a few months ago,  
um... one second  
I was watching a movie...

No!

...and six hours later  
I woke up  
in a hospital  
where they had removed  
my testicles.

What happened  
in the matinee?

I wish I knew.

I actually have no memory  
due to the trauma.

Are you serious?

Well, the doctor said  
it may come back eventually,  
um, maybe not,  
but I hope so.

You have no testicles.

I don't know why  
I never told you about...  
about it before,  
but with the baby,  
you being pregnant  
was a real miracle  
in a lot of ways.

- Shut up.

- No, come on, I'm serious.

I don't know,

I just...

you came,  
and there's  
purpose now.

Direction.

- Morning, Hoss.

- Oh, hey.

- Free for lunch?

- Uh, sure.

Good, an old buddy of mine, Tom,  
asked for you specifically.

- Tom...?

- Tom Farley.

Asked for my number one  
shit-eater.

Aw, man, I'd love to get a piece  
of that business.

How do you know Tom,  
anyway?

I'm, uh... I'm friends  
with his daughter.

- Ah, Tom!

- Ah, Lon! How're you doin'?

- Nice to see you, man!

- You look spectacular!

You've

lost weight, man.

You don't mind if my daughter  
joins us, do you?

I was downtown shopping, so...

No no, not at all.

Nice to see you again.

You too.

Hi, Barry.

- Hi, Jennifer.

- Oh, I think our table's ready.

Thank God, I thought you were talking  
about the other daughter.

- Menu, sir?

- Thank you.

Well, anyway,

I'm really glad

we were able to do this,

my old friend

and my...

uh...

Yeah, Barry

is quite a guy.

Yeah.

- So, what's good here?

- I'm a red sauce man, myself.

- Best in town.

- Oh!  
Hey-yy...  
Jen.  
Hey, Barry.  
The calamari gets good reviews.  
Whitefish...  
my favorite  
are the chops.  
- Specials somewhere.  
- Ah.  
Hi, lover.  
So, this  
your little kitty cat?  
Oh no, Lida. Look, this is not  
the time or the place...  
Oof!  
Gentlemen.  
Ooh.  
She's an old girlfriend.  
Before Ginger.  
A long time ago.  
Ginger?  
My other daughter.  
So, I heard you had  
an interesting lunch yesterday.  
She's an old girlfriend.  
She's crazy.  
What old girlfriend?  
They didn't...  
I thought...  
I'm kidding.  
Of course they told me.  
You're such an idiot.  
Why do you  
do that...  
all the "idiot,  
shit-eater" stuff all the time?  
Oh, I'm sorry, Barry,  
am I hurting  
your feelings?  
No, I mean, ahem...  
I'm trying to be nice.  
See, I can't win.  
It's like you constantly

expect me  
to disappoint you.  
And why would I  
expect that?  
All right,  
I'm an idiot shit-eater.  
But for the record,  
you should know  
expectation  
is nothing but planned  
resentment.  
Do you have that written  
on a poster on the wall of your office?  
No, it's a book,  
a good book,  
and I think it's true.  
And if you want to carry that around  
with you all the time,  
hey, that's your bag.  
But remember,  
you called me.  
And I'm here.  
Whatever. It doesn't matter.  
I don't blame you  
for a goddamn thing.  
Well, I want it  
to matter.  
I want you to like me.  
Ginger, the doctor  
will see you now.  
Liking people  
is easy, Barry.  
Oh Mama,  
I'm in fear for my life...  
Hey, man, honestly,  
thanks for comin'.  
Of course.  
You look great.  
Like a red car wash.  
I figured if I make it,  
and keep goin' on,  
then we could  
keep partying,  
then we'll take it down



to the Beaver Tree.  
Yeah, strip joint.  
You in?  
The jig is up  
the news is out  
They've finally  
found me...  
Heavy Metal Greg is the shit!  
Cups!  
Whoo-oo!  
Hey, by the way,  
I'm gonna have a baby.  
- A what?!  
- Yeah, a baby!  
No, no,  
he just looks young.  
- No...  
- It's his song selection. That's the key.  
Up!  
Oh Mama,  
I'm in fear for my life...  
- Up!  
- From the long arm of the law...  
I can't believe you won!  
Whoo!  
The area finals!  
- And beavers!  
- Yeah!  
Hey, Donald,  
you know somethin'?  
What?  
I think you might be  
my only friend.  
- Gentlemen and gentlemen, please welcome...  
- What?!  
...the exotic and spectacular Dreamer.  
- Nothin'.  
Good talent tonight.  
No, not Italian.  
I think she's Spanish.  
Exactly.  
Here I go again  
on my own...  
Going down the only road

I've ever known...  
Like a drifter  
I was born to walk alone...  
And I've made up  
my mind...  
Hey, Barry.  
I ain't wastin'  
no more time  
But here I go again...  
- Hey, hey!  
- It's army style! Army style!  
Why don't you give us  
that sweet little pussy, baby?  
Whoo!  
Here I go...  
Yeah!  
Get off of her!  
Hey, man! Hey!  
Barry!  
Hey, break it up!  
Come here!  
- You know who I am?!  
- Knock it off!  
Area finals!  
Don't break it!  
Don't break it!  
Be cool, dude.  
I'm just comin' for the trophy.  
- What the hell, dude?  
My night.  
What?  
Barry,  
what are you doing here?  
- What's that?  
- What?  
Nothing! Shut up!  
What do you want?  
No, uh, sorry, I just...  
I just...  
wanted to make sure  
the baby was okay.  
- Don't be stupid.  
- I'm not being stupid.  
I'm not being stupid.

The baby's fine.  
I just...  
Can I come in?  
Go home, Barry.

**It's 2:**

in the morning.  
I know, I just...  
Can I?  
Fine, but I am not  
sharing my bed with you.  
I know.  
I'll put some sheets  
on the couch.  
Come on along,  
it's like a dream  
And you can fall  
into the feeling  
That we never die...  
All the while,  
this baby  
is gonna come through  
the vagina,  
big and strong.  
Comin' through.  
You're gonna find,  
there's a little piece of mind...  
Yeah, of course.  
No, we've got it worked out.  
Look, I wouldn't sell it if I didn't believe it  
and that's the truth.  
Yeah, we're gonna take care of Alex,  
Andy and Sam.  
Now if you ever  
want to run  
From everything  
that you have become  
Call on me,  
I will be waiting  
Run to my room...  
Hey, Ginger, you know what?  
I think we're going  
to have a girl.  
Great.

Oh, by the way,  
I forgot,  
Jennifer invited you  
to her graduation.  
This is when  
the baby's due.  
It's the week  
of the due date.  
The baby could come  
at any minute.  
I feel like it's gonna  
kick a hole in my side  
and crawl out  
right now.  
Can I feel it?  
Are you scared?  
Do you want me to go  
to your sister's graduation?  
If you want.  
That's not  
what I'm asking.  
Let's not pretend  
these people like me.  
Are you afraid  
of my family?  
Yes, yes I am.  
Each one of them...  
individually,  
and as a group.  
Fine.  
Yes, I would like you  
to accompany me  
to my sister's  
graduation.  
I needed you  
To set me free  
So I could learn  
I needed freedom  
to return...  
I've been thinking a lot  
about the name Cornelia.  
Yes?  
Well, you just have  
to be careful with names,

um, basically, 'cause  
children are cruel.

Yes.

And you got to know  
they're gonna shorten the name.

They'll call her Corny.

She's a girl... that's  
what she'll be called.

Do you like Corny?

Yes I do.

You know what the boys  
in high school  
are gonna call her?

What?

Horny Corny.

That's what boys  
like you will call her, not everybody.

Maybe, but that'll  
be her name.

Look, I'm not gonna mold my life,  
or my child's life  
around the actions of perverts  
and degenerates.

I'm not afraid of the idiocy  
of "Horny Corny"

because it rhymes,  
or because it's dirty,  
or because

people are too lazy  
to pronounce

her real name, Cornelia.

And by the way,  
the next time

you touch my tit  
without permission

I will cut you  
while you're sleeping.

Hello!

Oh, you must be Carol.

It's so nice to finally meet you.

Come in.

Hi.

Nice to meet you.

Barry's always saying

what a nice family Ginger has.

- How sweet.

- Mrs. Munday.

- So nice to meet you at last.

- Oh, my pleasure.

- And it's Ms.

- Oh, Ms.

- Hi!

- Pumpkin farm!

And this is our youngest,  
Jenny.

This is Carol,  
Barry's mother.

Hi, Jennifer.

Congratulations.

- Thanks!

- Hey, Jennifer.

Nice to

see you again.

Well, nice to see you  
as well, Barry. Nice suit.

Thank you.

Hi, Barry.

Hi, Ms. Munday.

Hi, sweetie.

- Hey.

- Hi. Hello.

Well, shall we go through  
and have a little lunch?

- Yes.

- Ms. Munday, may I?

You look nice.

You're wearing a suit.

- You want another piece?

Not yet.

- It's kind of gross.

- It's going good.

They can hear you.

- What?

- They can hear you.

- Father Walsh?

- Mm-hmm?

Did you hear  
about Barry's accident?

Um, no, I don't think  
I have.

Jennifer, I don't think  
this is the time.

It's okay,  
right, Barry?  
See, Barry was  
at a matinee,  
and some whacko  
just attacked him.

- Attacked him?

- It was awful.

Okay, Jen,  
I don't think  
we want to bring up  
personal stuff,  
now do we?

- Jen.

- Oh, phtt-tt!

Anyway, somebody just  
comes into the theater  
and... right  
into his...

...you know,  
his balls.

And they never caught  
the guy, but...

personally,

I think Barry was  
makin' time with  
another fella's lady.

Okay, Jen.

I'd stop now or you-know-what  
will be revealed.

And you don't  
want that, do ya?

Or scammin' on some little girl  
and Daddy caught him.

Pervert.

All right, check it!  
on a Saturday night,  
I saw Jennifer  
as the featured dancer  
at a nudie club

called the Beaver Tree.

Ha!

Sorry to be the one  
to tell you all.

I know it's  
embarrassing for you.

It was embarrassing for me  
to see her on stage.

Believe me.

- Barry...

- Father Walsh.

- Barry...

- She just... she pushed me.

I couldn't help it.

Shame on you.

- Barry...

- It was Whitesnake.

- Barry...

- Here I go again on my own...

Barry,

last Saturday night,

Mr. And Mrs. Farley

and their two daughters

were at my house

to discuss Ginger's

pregnancy.

Till at least 10:00.

Here I go...

Sweet little pussy, baby!

For the record, sir,

I had never been

to the Beaver Tree

This cake's

delicious.

Thank you.

- Oh my God!

- What?!

My water broke.

- Are you serious?

- Are you sure?

- Call Janice.

- Who's Janice?

- The midwife, you idiot!

- The midwife, Barry!



Watch your step!

Watch your step!

- Barry, there's no room for you!

- You're yelling in my head!

- What?

- No room!

You and your mother

take Father Walsh.

Son, son, this way!

Get the camera.

Get the camera, hon.

Here's a good shot

right here. Beautiful.

Talk to your baby,

Ginger.

- Sandwich? Popcorn?

- I'm okay.

Okay, Daddy, why don't you  
come and be a part of this?

- Uh...

- Talk to your baby, Barry.

- Okay. Um, hi baby.

Uh, I'm Barry Munday.

- I wish you all the best...

today comin' out

of your mom's vagina.

Here we go!

Time for the baby!

Breathe, breathe.

Come on, come on!

You can

do it, baby!

- Why don't you step into the tub?

- I'm wearing a suit.

Well, you can strip down

to your undies if you wish.

I'm not wearing

any underwear.

- Oh, Barry.

- Barry, will you just get in the G-D tub!

Yes sir.

Oh! Agh-hh!

Yep, no recollection

of that place whatsoever.

Oh, wait,  
I forgot something!  
- Push.  
Okay, mirror. Carol,  
could you give me the mirror?  
Great. Let me see  
if that's right.  
What the hell  
is this?  
It's whales  
in the ocean.  
Uh, it's supposed  
to be soothing.  
- Right?  
What?  
What are you saying?!  
- I can't hear you!  
- Just reach down. Just reach down.  
Turn off  
the fucking whales!  
- Oh, I got it!  
- Happy thoughts.  
- That's it.  
- You can do it, Ginger!  
- I can't do any more!  
Reach down,  
reach down.  
When I was young  
and pushed around  
And beaten up  
and beaten down  
Who'd I run to, Mama?  
Tell me, who?  
And as I grew  
to be a man  
And all the world  
held such lan  
I did what I thought  
I just had to do  
It was you, Mama, you,  
it was you all along  
It was you I ran away from,  
I was wrong  
Now reach down...

If I could,  
I'd change my life  
I swear to God  
I'd cut it out with a knife...  
Oh, God!  
Oh, God!  
Oh, God! No way!  
Say hello to your little girl.  
It's a girl.  
Just follow the baby.  
You can never go wrong.  
Oh, you were right.  
You were right.  
She's beautiful.  
- Wanna hold her?  
- Yeah.  
I got her. I got her.  
I got her.  
Okay.  
Christmas.  
How's she doin'?  
I just came in here to...  
Ginger was watchin' some videos.  
I just wanted  
to turn it off.  
Thanks for  
stayin' the night.  
I know you had  
your graduation.  
Oh, it's just  
a sheet of paper.  
Yeah, well, Ginger appreciates it,  
so congratulations.  
You know, we've never had  
much time alone together, Barry.  
- Why are you doing this?  
- Does it still work?  
- What are you doing?  
- Relax, I'm a professional, remember?  
I knew it. Stop!  
I knew it.  
That was you  
at the Beaver Tree.  
What is it? Is it that

you just don't like me?  
- Or are you jealous?  
- No, please.  
Of you?  
I don't know.  
Ginger?  
Is it really  
that boring being  
everybody's favorite  
all the time?  
What are you two doing up?  
Look who I found  
in here watching boobs.  
Pervert.  
Ugh.  
I'm gonna  
go to bed.  
Okay, get a little...  
a little drink of water.  
Vroom, vroom-vroom.  
Sweet girl.  
Right there.  
It's broken.  
I see.  
Oh, well.  
You a daddy?  
Yeah.  
Fantastic.  
Let's see  
the little bugger.  
Okay.  
Now look at that...  
half-Asian.  
Uh, excuse me?  
Your baby.  
Oriental, right?  
Uh, I don't think so.  
Been in this park  
over 30 years,  
seen every baby  
from red to blue to Tyler too.  
Eyes, hue of skin...  
nothing like  
Japanese skin.

Damn soft, too.  
Velvet.  
Mm-mm-mm...  
Hey, man,  
can I help you?  
Sorry.  
What?  
Sorry.  
Why are you sorry?  
- Sorry.  
- Why are you s...  
Mom, do you think  
Cornelia looks like me?  
Yes, I do.  
Does she look  
like my father?  
No.  
Neither do you.  
I thought he was  
an ugly man.  
Why are you asking?  
I don't know.  
Where'd he come from?  
Your father came from  
a place very far away,  
and he should've  
stayed there.  
He left behind the only part  
of him worth knowing... you.  
Does my baby  
look Asian to you?  
This isn't about  
Cornelia, is it?  
- This is about your testes.  
- What?  
It's natural  
after a loss like this  
to question,  
"Is it real?  
Did I actually make  
this little creature?"  
Questions are healthy.  
I think that's the main reason  
you had the paternity test.

Barry, God has  
his ways, kiddo.  
She is beautiful,  
isn't she?  
She's a Munday.  
Cornelia...  
something-Munday.  
Just Cornelia.  
No middle name?  
No middle name, no last name.  
Just Cornelia.  
You have to have a last name.  
That's illegal, isn't it?  
What about Jesus,  
Madonna, or Calvin?  
Who's Calvin?  
I don't know.  
- What are you doing?  
- Nothin'.  
Fine.  
Listen, Cornelia's sleeping,  
but you're gonna have to feed her soon.  
Where are your glasses?  
I got contacts  
a month ago.  
You haven't noticed?  
Would you notice  
if I had no head?  
Probably.  
See those guy's plants across the hall?  
They're pretty sweet.  
My mom's number  
is on the fridge.  
Are you sure  
you can handle this?  
Oh yeah.  
We'll be fine.  
I got beer.  
Are you okay?  
I'm awesome.  
Ugh.  
Br-rr-rr.  
Br-rr-rr.  
- Hello?

- Barry, it's Mom. Could you come over?

Uh, now?

Just for an hour or so.

This damn disposal.

Uh, I'm watching

Cornelia, Mom.

Bring her. She should be visiting

her grandmother, you know.

- Hello.

- Barry, hi.

I'm Dr. Preston Edwards.

Please, don't be alarmed.

Your mother's concerned.

She loves you very much.

I thought

you had a bad disposal.

Barry, listen

to Dr. Edwards.

Oh!

Adorable.

Barry, our group

provides support

to help us understand

what has happened to us.

Boys? Each of the men

in this room has suffered

some kind of genital

mutilation or deformity.

You're not alone.

Hi, I'm Jerry Sherman.

When I was

Now the end pokes out

like a little snappy turtle.

And yes,

I do urinate sitting down.

But you know what?

My testicles are intact.

So, I'd say

my glass is half full.

Well done, Jerry.

My name's

Kyle Pennington.

I'm 37. I have a master's

degree in education.

My penis  
is 16 inches long.  
It's thin like a rope,  
and my testicles  
are the size of peanuts.  
I suffer from a rare  
genetic disorder  
called Glassroth Syndrome.  
I'm the founder of the group.  
Thank you, Kyle.  
If you're laughing  
out of nervousness  
or embarrassment,  
that's understandable.  
But there is nothing funny  
about Kyle's condition.  
I'm sorry, Kyle.  
Ahem...  
My name is Maury...  
Maury Knox.  
Maury is a new member.  
He prefers to speak  
with his back to the group.  
I, um... actually, I have  
no genitalia at all.  
My private spot is  
a smooth hairless patch.  
And I pee out of my a-anus.  
This is my  
second meeting.  
Thank you, Maury.  
Barry, I know this  
must seem strange to you.  
No.  
No, it's totally...  
it's cool.  
Came over with my baby  
to my mom's house  
to help fix her disposal,  
and I find five dudes  
sitting in my living room  
waiting to tell me stories  
about their dicks.  
It's perfectly normal.



Okay.

Can I ask you a question,

Dr. Edwards?

You ever find people  
who figure out their own problems  
without the help  
of a support group?

Well, I have  
patients who have  
believed that  
they have self-healed,  
only to have their problems resurface  
in acts of violence,  
- estrangements, sexual confusion...  
- Served it, sister.

Okay. Well hey,  
I'm not violent,  
estranged or sexually confused,  
so maybe I'm cured.

Ha, no one is  
ever really cured.

That's nice, Doctor,  
but my balls are gone.

And I don't think  
your group discussions  
will help  
bring them back.

I don't even know  
if I want the damn things.  
The only good they ever did was  
help make Cornelia  
and I don't even know  
if they can honestly take credit for that.

Thank you.

Mini-breakthrough.

You really should  
join our group.

It's Thursday nights

**at 7:**

Jerry, are you  
on refreshments this week?

- I'm makin' puff pastry, Doc.  
- Good times.

Tell you what, why don't I just call you  
when I'm feeling violent,  
estranged, or...  
Sexually  
confused?  
- Barry?  
- Yes, Preston.  
All right. Fellas?  
Bye.  
Oh, here's the one  
I was looking for.  
This is Christmas.  
You were four, I think.  
Ah yes.  
I was fat.  
Look it, look it,  
look it, look it.  
Oh look.  
Yeah, see, she's got your eyes.  
She's got your nose.  
She's got your toes.  
Look!  
Who has  
anyone's toes?  
Oh, you were  
such a good baby.  
You were always smiling  
about something.  
Look at this.  
I never could figure out  
what was so funny,  
but you were always  
smilin' about something or other.  
You know, it never  
bothered you that we were poor.  
It never bothered you  
that we were alone.  
I worried about you  
so much  
I really don't think you missed him  
until you were older.  
Hmm.  
You know,  
until you...

needed to ask questions  
about...  
you know,  
being a man.  
There wasn't  
anybody there to ask.  
Life goes in circles,  
you know.  
Ginger's  
a good mother, Barry.  
I want you to take care  
of that baby.  
Did he know  
you were pregnant when he left?  
Barry, if I tell you  
he knew,  
you'll make  
yourself crazy  
wondering why he left.  
If I say he didn't...  
I just want  
to know.  
I just want to know  
who I am.  
Yeah.  
Leaving behind a sperm  
doesn't make you a father.  
Or a man...  
any more than one brick  
makes a house.  
I know that.  
You've built  
your own house now.  
It's there,  
the circles.  
Before  
you had Cornelia,  
did you know there was love like this  
in the whole wide world?  
Mm-um.  
Another guy said  
he pees out of his anus.  
Now that's  
just bragging.

Sometimes  
you remind me  
of Joey from  
the first season of "Friends."  
Was he awesome?  
No.  
I mean, kind of.  
I liked it.  
I liked him on that.  
He was funny.  
Were you really a virgin  
before our sex?  
Did you think  
I was lying to you?  
You don't remember  
that night at all?  
That sucks.  
Hey, why me?  
I mean, that night,  
why... why with...  
with me?  
M-most of my life,  
I think, you know,  
people never really  
paid much  
attention to me.  
They kinda  
just forgot about me.  
I mean, they would think  
like, "What's the point?"  
Or they would just look at me and think,  
"Why bother?" You know?  
And people  
I work with,  
my family,  
and, um, so...  
I don't know, I found  
kind of a safety in that...  
like, that there was  
no judgment then.  
No overt judgment.  
You mean, you...  
you dress like this  
on purpose, and you know.

Well, I don't expect you  
to understand it,  
but there is  
kind of a...  
a power  
in being...  
undesirable.  
But then I almost got  
in this car accident that day...  
the day of the night...  
and this guy yelled  
out his window...  
Watch where you're going,  
you ugly bitch!  
And, um, and it just  
took it all away,  
just that one sentence.  
And I just felt really...  
like an ugly bitch.  
So, that night...  
- Night will follow day...  
I just really needed  
to feel desirable.  
Well, I'm glad he called you  
an ugly bitch.  
Thanks, Barry.  
Can you still...?  
Oh, yeah, the doctor said I can...  
have what's called  
a "dry orgasm."  
- Oh, gross.  
- Yeah, it's gross.  
Ginger, this is  
the first time I...  
When I'm ready  
When I'm able...  
I cut the night  
and grease the sky  
You said that you were  
tired of feeling down  
It's a story...  
What's that?  
Oh, I got it  
in college.

- It's dumb.  
- Naw.  
I thought  
it would cheer me up.  
You never thought  
your feet would touch the ground...  
I just want  
to break the ice  
Can't we still  
meet up tonight?  
We jumped so low,  
we fell so high...  
Oh, Debbie  
When will you  
make up your mind?  
No one said  
that love is kind  
We had a laugh,  
we had a cry...  
- I did it!  
- Almost!  
- She's mine!  
- Yes!  
- Is it mine?  
- Yes! Yours!  
Mine!  
Cornelia!  
I didn't mean it like...  
I just said it 'cause...  
Who says their baby's  
name during sex?  
I was happy.  
Yeah, we could still...  
Another time, Barry.  
Hey.  
What's this?  
A little appreciation.  
I just talked to Tom Farley  
this morning.  
He wanted you  
to handle it personally.  
Oh.  
Yes. Thank you.  
Oh, by the way,

I need you to stay late tonight.

Martin Lefleur

is supposed to call

around about

I need you to walk him through

the proposal. Cool?

Sure. Yeah.

Cool.

Hello?

Ginger?

What the hell?

Surprise!

Happy birthday!

Happy birthday, Barry.

Your mom and I wanted to organize

something special for you.

- Are you surprised?

- Yeah, I forgot it was my birthday.

- Happy birthday, bro.

- Hey, man!

Got you

a little somethin'.

Your mom said

it's the good stuff,

so I went ahead

and had a little sip.

Yes, you did.

Dr. Habib.

- Hey, Barry, how are you?

- I'm doing great.

How's it all feelin' down there?

Everything workin'?

- Yeah, it's workin'.

- Really?

- Only kidding, Barry. Happy birthday!

- Hey, thanks.

I can't believe you fell for that

late-phone-call trick.

- What?

- I mean, come on, Martin Lefleur?

That son of a bitch

never calls.

Happy birthday, Barry.

Happy birthday!

Thanks.  
Could believe, do...  
And share in what was true, I said...  
Hey, sexy.  
No.  
You know, I thought a lot  
about what you said.  
And you're right.  
Which part?  
I was bored  
and jealous.  
Not that you're not  
a sexy man, Barry.  
Come on, that was you at the Beaver Tree.  
Come on, wasn't it?  
Just say it.  
Nobody'll believe me anyway.  
Happy birthday, pervert.  
- You want a lime?  
- No.  
- Cubes for your wine?  
- No thanks.  
When I, you  
And everyone we knew  
Could believe, do  
And share in what was true,  
I said...  
Dance hall days, love  
Dance hall days, love  
Dance hall days  
Dance hall days, love  
- Happy birthday.  
- Dance hall days  
Dude, you know Dreamer  
from the Beaver Tree?  
And you need her  
and she needs you  
And you need her...  
I impregnated one of  
the last random women I conquered  
before my testicles vanished  
from the face of this earth.  
I never stopped  
to consider



whether she would be  
a good mother for my child,  
or even whether I'd be able  
to sit in the same room  
with the woman  
after the sex act was complete.  
And yet somehow,  
through this disconnected  
senselessness,  
I set in motion  
a chain reaction of happiness.  
Now it's hard  
for me to believe  
I never would've  
chosen this life.  
And I sometimes think  
of the days  
I was buried in my cave,  
feeling sorry for myself,  
letting my hand  
drift between my legs  
to make sure  
I wasn't dreaming.  
But I also remember getting that letter  
from Newton Creech  
and reading  
every word twice.  
Before I could even  
think about it,  
before I could even  
poison the reaction,  
I was overjoyed...  
overjoyed at the idea  
of a new life,  
part of me  
somewhere in the world,  
waiting on the verge  
of possibility.  
- Barry, there you go.  
- Thanks, sir.  
I guess one man's burden  
can really be  
another man's happiness.  
Let's go. Oh!

- Sorry, sir.  
- Oh, no problem.  
Of course I still think  
it would be pretty rad  
to be an architect.  
Or a triathlete.  
Or a yoga instructor.  
Can you tell me,  
I want to believe  
That you want to be with me  
forever  
I need to know  
that you won't ever leave  
And you won't run away  
from me never  
I've been waiting  
for a long time  
For the one  
who would be mine  
I think it's time  
Everything's all right  
The way  
that you believe in me  
It takes me  
through the night  
I fall beside you  
softly singing  
That I've been waiting  
for a long time  
For the one  
who would be mine  
I think it's time  
In the morning,  
I see what you mean  
'Cause I don't want  
to make it without you  
You've got me dreaming,  
and after you leave  
When you're gone  
I'm still thinking about you  
I've been waiting  
for a long time  
For the one  
who would be mine

I think it's time  
I think everything's  
all right  
The way that you  
believe in me  
And it takes me  
through the night  
I fall beside you  
softly singing  
Na na-na na-na  
Tomorrow  
is another morning  
Na na-na na-na  
Tomorrow  
is another morning  
If you say  
you will be mine  
I think it's time  
I think it's time...  
It's time. It's time!  
I like to make it  
With my baby  
every night  
Everything's all right  
Every morning  
when I wake  
I fall into your eyes  
I want to go  
I believe  
we're gonna make it  
Na na-na na-na  
Tomorrow  
is another morning  
Na na-na na-na  
Tomorrow  
is another morning  
If you're alone tonight  
Believe me,  
I've been waiting for you  
Everything's all right  
Yeah!  
Who's the coolest guy  
in the world?  
His name is Barry

Barry the man  
Who's the baddest dude  
of all time?  
I just said Barry  
Can't you understand?  
That he's fighting  
his way to the top  
Defining the cream  
of the crop  
And he won't stop  
'Cause he's Barry  
Barry the man  
It's necessary  
He do what he can  
Gonna do what he can  
When somebody's life's  
on the line  
You just call Barry  
He'll lend a hand  
You maybe doin' just fine  
I'd still call Barry  
He's a charming man  
And he's fighting  
his way to the top  
Defining the cream  
of the crop  
And he won't stop  
'Cause he's Barry  
Barry the man  
It's necessary  
He do what he can  
Gonna do what he can,  
oh-oh...  
He's now finding a way  
Barry is here to stay  
And he's fighting  
his way to the top  
Defining the cream  
of the crop  
And he won't stop  
'Cause he's Barry  
Barry the man  
It's necessary  
He do what he can

'Cause he's Barry  
Barry the man  
It's necessary  
He do what he can  
Go Barry, go Barry  
'Cause he's Barry  
Barry the man.