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Deep in the Heart of Texas: Dave Chappelle Live at Austin City

By Dave Chappelle

He's in the trance.
He isn't thinking of jokes, though.
He's composing the voiceover
I'm saying to you right now.
Getting me to agree to this
was beyond his wildest dreams.
And he doesn't want to waste
the opportunity on the frivolous.
You have reached the voicemail
of comedic genius Dave Chappelle.
Unfortunately,
he can't or won't speak right now,
so please leave a detailed message.
Yeah.
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
Thank you.
What's going on?
Good to see everybody out here tonight.
Thank you.
Hey, have a seat.
Everybody be comfortable and relax.
Oh, my gosh.
Good to be back in Austin, Texas.
It's good to know that plaid is back in.
Most of the dudes I meet
around these parts
are dressed like a dyke in New York,
so I'm glad to see that.
Man! Fucking Texas. This place is--
It's pretty good.
Pretty damn good.
I was in Santa Fe the other night,
and a motherfucker threw a banana peel
at me.
Yeah, that didn't feel so good.
Of course, it was a white person.
Not to indict the whites. I'm just saying.
Not to profile.
And then, not only did he throw
a banana peel at me, but...
it was premeditated. You could tell.
You could tell. The peel was too brown.
You know what I mean?

You didn't eat that banana recently,
motherfucker.
You had that shit waiting on me.
And the whole crowd was white,
so it just got instantly creepy,
and everyone looked like they were
looking at 12 Years a Slave.
They were all just like...
Who the fuck does that?
And then they arrested the guy,
which was...
I said, "Someone's gonna fuck you
in the butt in the holding cell.
You know that, right?
You can't just be throwing banana peels
at Dave Chappelle.
They're not gonna let you get away
with this."
And the press called me up like,
"Do you have a statement?"
"A statement?!"
For a fucking banana peel? No!
I don't have anything to say."
This guy was fucking famous
for throwing a banana peel at me.
Twenty years from now,
he'll be tucking his kids into bed,
and the kids will be like,
"Daddy, tell me about the day
you threw that banana peel at that nigger
in Santa Fe."
"Boy, I tell you what.
That black motherfucker had it coming.
I saw his name up on the marquee
about a week before.
I said, 'Man, if I could just get
close enough to meet him...
I'd throw a banana on that nigger
and show him how--'"
Fucking Bananagate. I didn't even like--
I didn't even want to press charges.
This has happened to me before.
No, seriously. Not a banana.
I live in Ohio, right?

-So, this was a few winters ago.
Oh, I didn't know
you would ever clap for that.
Well, all right. That's the first time
that shit's ever happened.
"Ohio?!"
Anyway...
I live amongst the whites.
Small town in Ohio.
And it was wintertime,
and it had snowed recently,
so there's huge snowdrifts on the street.
I was walking with my sister.
Now, my sister was dressed
in all Muslim garb,
as were her children,
and I was dressed as Dave Chappelle.
And we were walking
and just talking about something,
and a car sped around the corner,
and the window came down,
and somebody threw a snowball
and hit me right in my shoulder.
I didn't know what was going on.
Why was this happening?
Because I'm black? Because she's Muslim?
Because I'm Dave Chappelle?
I couldn't tell.
But, again, I knew it was premeditated.
Because who the fuck has a snowball
in a warm car?
But he didn't think it
all the way through, lady.
Because he went around the corner
and got stopped at a red light.
He was caught in the traffic.
So, I ran out into the street,
and I just tapped on his window.
"My man, could I just talk to you guys
for a second?
Come on out for one second.
I just want to talk to you."
There's four young white dudes in the car.
They're like, "Just chill, bro."

I said, "Relax. I just want to talk."
Now, this is an old black trick.
Really, I didn't want to talk.
I was gonna fuck 'em up.
So, if you're ever caught in traffic,
and a black guy starts saying
he just wants to talk to you,
don't open the door.
Even if he's me, smiling at you.
And they were like,
"Chill, bro. Just chill."
And the one guy in the back seat--
I don't know what,
he was just cockier than his friends.
He was like, "Fuck it, man!
I'll get out the car!"
And I started yanking on his door.
"Let me help you, motherfucker.
Let me just help you out."
And I didn't notice his window was down.
And he threw a snowball,
that shit hit me right in my chest. Pow!
He said, "Fuck you, you fucking nigger!"
And then the light turned green
and they sped off.
And I smiled from ear to ear.
I looked at my sister,
and she said, "I got the plates."
And I was happy as shit because
throwing a snowball at a motherfucker
is a misdemeanor assault.
But if you call him a nigger
when you do it,
that's a felony hate crime.
And me and my sister start dancing.
"We're gonna send this motherfucker
to jail!"
I didn't notice it,
but while I was yelling at him,
a crowd of all-white people had formed,
'cause it was an all-white town.
And I was like, "Uh-oh."
I thought I was gonna get jumped.
Then one of them white guys stepped up

and was like, "I didn't like that at all.
This is not what this town represents.
I don't want this goddamn stuff
in my vicinity."
And another white guy was like,
"Yeah! I didn't like it, either!"
And then an old white guy stepped out
of the crowd and said,
"Young man, if you're going to fill out
a police report,
I would like to come with you
and do the same."
I said, "You guys would do that for me?"
And the whole crowd said, "Hooray!"
I said, "Come on, y'all!"
I looked like Malcolm X
going to see Brother Johnson
with a trail of white people.
Unreal. An hour later,
we were all sitting in the police station,
and the police came in.
They were like, "Well, Mr. Chappelle...
sixteen identical police reports.
We ran the tags. Two young men
that had their mother's car.
We have all four suspects in holding,
and the mother is here.
It's up to you. Whatever you want to do.
If you want to press charges,
we'll move forward.
Mr. Chappelle, are you okay?"
"Huh?"
Sorry about that, Officer.
I'm a little flustered.
I've never been in a position
where I could decide the fate
of white children before.
But...
it's weighing heavy on me, sir.
And I really can't decide."
And I saw a lady pacing back and forth
in the hallway,
and I said, "Is that--"
He goes, "Yes, that's their mother."

"Can I speak to her
before I make a decision?"
And when the mom came in
and she saw it was me,
she busted out crying.
"Oh, God. Oh, no.
I don't want him to go to jail.
I am so sorry.
I didn't raise him to do this.
We love your comedy.
We love you at the house."
I said, "Miss, please, just--
All right, look.
I don't necessarily want your son
to go to jail, either.
But what he did was pretty fucked up.
So, is there something we can do,
short of jail,
just to let him know that he's wrong?"
She said, "I don't know.
What did you have in mind?"
"Miss, I've never been
in this position before.
Oh, you know what we could do?
I don't know if I'm asking too much.
But maybe if you--
if you could just...
suck my dick a little bit.
Just a little bit.
I'm not gonna finish.
I just want you to do it enough
so that I can tell him you did it."
I'm kidding.
I'm kidding.
I wouldn't do that to anybody's mother.
Maybe my kid's mom, but that's it.
Ebola was in Texas. Ebola made a visit.
Killed that man in Dallas.
Five days, that man melted to death.
What happened to the brother in Dallas?
"Where was the secret serum?"
is what we all said.
I remember in the beginning of Ebola,
there were two American doctors

that got sick in Africa.
They flew them in a private jet straight
to Atlanta, to the CDC.
I didn't even know CDC saw patients.
There it was said they administered
what The New York Times called
"a secret serum."
I don't know what's in it.
It's just like Colonel Sanders' recipe.
But both of these motherfuckers survived.
These doctors, thank God, are healthy.
They are out there somewhere tonight
at Whole Foods,
touching vegetables, walking around.
Everything's okay.
"Hey, Frank. How are you?"
"You didn't hear? I had Ebola last week.
But I'm doing all right now.
I was bleeding out of my eyes and anus,
so I got concerned,
but I'm okay."
What happened to the brother in Dallas?
They just rubbed some Vicks
on that nigga's chest.
"Good luck, little buddy."
I knew he wasn't gonna make it.
I remember. Sad.
I saw in The New York Times--
they said Ebola is the new AIDS.
Whew! Isn't that something?
Here I am, thinking that old AIDS
was working just fine,
and they already have a new AIDS out.
Isn't that amazing how they do that?
Isn't it weird how there's a disease
that just starts in 1980,
and it doesn't kill anybody
but niggas, fags and junkies?
Isn't that a fucking amazing coincidence
that this disease hates everybody
that old, white people hate?
I think either God is white,
or the government hid that shit
in disco balls.

Only fun people get AIDS.
Last month,
on the front of The New York Times,
the measles was the headline.
I had to check the date of the paper.
I was like, "Measles? Is this 1850?
What the fuck is this?
Why is measles in the news?"
It turns out they were trying to decide
if mandatory vaccinations for children
is the way we all want to go.
Any thoughts?
You say yes?
I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen. I just--
I don't know. I don't know about this one.
First of all, black people generally
don't trust doctors.
After the Tuskegee experiments
and all that shit.
More importantly, don't forget
Michael Jackson was killed by a doctor.
Granted, he was doing drugs.
But if I was a heroin addict
and I had a licensed physician
injecting heroin in me,
I should survive that.
I'd just be like, "I'm good, right?
I'm good?
It's not too much, is it?"
Dr. Butterfingers killed Michael Jackson.
After that, I was like,
"Fuck going to the doctor."
Why the fuck am I getting
my kids vaccinated
for an old-ass disease like measles?
You might as well give them
a diarrhea shot if you're so worried.
Diarrhea has a bigger body count
than the measles do.
You know, diarrhea is funny today, but...
a hundred years ago,
if your ass had diarrhea,
you were a goner.
There was a zero chance of surviving.

You get that first squirt. Pfft! Uh-oh.
"Better start getting my affairs in order.
I don't have much time.
It's diarrhea. It's very serious."
You just watch your buddy slowly die
in a pool of his own shit.
Pfft! "Oh. Oh.
I give up, diarrhea."
Pfffft! "You're too strong." Pfft!
Nowadays, your buddy would be like,
"You got diarrhea?
Just eat a banana, nigga.
Drink some water. Let's get to the club.
We can still make last call."
Tough time for the blacks.
These are not good times for the blacks.
You know what I'm talking about, right?
Police are killing us again.
It's a very unfortunate
set of circumstances,
because we were doing very well.
You know, America has a racial hot seat.
I think we can all agree that's the truth.
And we can also agree that that hot seat
is traditionally occupied
by African-Americans in general,
African-American men in particular.
Although, I can see that, in recent years,
that seat has been occupied by Mexicans...
and I daresay Arabs.
And we, the black Americans,
would like to thank you both
for your sacrifice
and your struggle.
We needed a break.
We needed a goddamn break.
We all go through something,
but at least I can leave
my backpack someplace.
If you're Arab and forget a backpack,
you got about 20 minutes
before they send that robot
to blow your shit up.
You can kiss all that Engineering homework

good-bye, Fouhad.
Now ISIS is number one
on the terrorist charts.
And ISIS is fucking scary.
'Cause if ISIS catches you,
they're going to cut your head off.
That's what they do.
I've seen them do it on YouTube.
It was fucking awful.
He looked right into the camera and said,
"Obama, I am back."
I saw that shit, I said, "Oh, my God.
Don't like."
How is this guy cutting people's heads off
on YouTube?
I can't even post a dick pic,
and this motherfucker
is decapitating people.
I'm gonna have to change my settings.
You know, everyone has it hard.
But I think, harder than black people
and harder than Arabs and Mexicans,
you know who has it the worst?
Fat black people.
It's hard for white people to understand,
but what I'm saying is very true.
Fat black people have a really rough road,
because all manner
of things kill white people.
But you know what kills more black people
than anything,
more than police and terrorism?
Salt, nigga. Regular-ass table salt.
Here, white people
are getting Ebola cures and shit,
and meanwhile,
I'm dying from fucking flavoring.
Look, honestly,
I'll stop talking about it.
Let me say this, though.
Let me just say this.
Can we all just say
that we've seen it coming?
Were you surprised?

It's like when that guy threw
that banana at me.
Do you think I was surprised? Hell no.
I've been in show business 30 years.
I was expecting this banana.
I knew one of these nights--
I was like, "Somebody's gonna throw
a banana at me one of these nights."
'Cause that's how it starts,
with the name-calling.
Like that Paula Deen. Remember Paula Deen
got fired from the Food Network?
If you know anything about show business,
it is really hard to get fired
from the fucking Food Network.
And they dropped that bitch
like a hot potato.
All because she called somebody an N-word
30 years before she had a show.
I don't know who she said it to,
but whoever it was
was just looking at her like,
"I'm gonna get you for this, bitch."
That shit came back 30 years later
like a Bill Cosby rape
and sunk her battleship.
And every black person was mad,
but we weren't that mad.
It was more confusing
than it was infuriating.
I was just like, "Well, how is this bitch
gonna call me a nigger
when she taught me how to fry chicken?
That's not fair."
I think Donald Sterling's shit
was more serious.
Remember Donald Sterling?
He used to own the Clippers,
and then he got caught
on a secretly recorded tape
saying some very unsavory things
about African-Americans.
And there's a lesson in that
for all of us.

The lesson is if you are old
and white and racist
in this great country,
whatever you do...
don't tell your black girlfriend
about that shit. Because...
that's who made the tape.
She recorded all that shit.
And the tape was terrible.
He was like, "Stop bringing black guys
to my games."
At first, we were all confused.
"How the fuck are you gonna have a game
without us?"
But it turned out that the black guy
he was speaking of
was none other than Magic Johnson,
the billionaire!
Unbelievable.
Never even mentioned the fact
that he had AIDS,
which is the first thing I would've said
to my girlfriend.
This guy must be really racist
if AIDS is the footnote.
"You gotta be careful, baby.
He got the old Ebola."
You can say what you want about that girl,
but I'm gonna tell you right now
she is a goddamn hero.
You might've thought
these things were happening before,
but now you can see it all in front of you
without a shadow of a doubt.
That shit actually went down.
She sucked that old guy's dick.
She really took one for the team
on that one.
That's really gross.
His dick is, like, 80 years old.
It's like tasting history.
Like, five wars on it,
the Civil Rights Movement,
the Great Depression.

This guy's been fucking from 40 years
before Bill Cosby's first rape.
It's a very old man.
A very old penis.
But all that shit
is still just name-calling.
Like, name-calling does not break
the modern black man.
That's not gonna do the trick.
I don't give a fuck about that.
If I went to Kentucky Fried Chicken,
and for some reason,
everyone behind the counter had
a Ku Klux Klan hood on top of their head,
what do you think I'm gonna do
in this day and age?
Run out of Kentucky Fried Chicken?
Not if I'm hungry.
I'll go straight to the front.
"Hey, man. Let me get a two-piece."
I don't give a fuck what he says.
"You want a biscuit with that, nigger?"
"I thought it came with a biscuit."
What's all this attitude?
I want a two-piece. Chop, chop.
You know what it is."
But I'm not gonna be mad.
Why would I be mad?
He's the one that's gotta work
at Kentucky Fried Chicken, not me.
How about this? What if I lived in Austin
and I had a white girlfriend?
It's possible in Austin.
As a matter of fact,
some people say it's necessary.
But that's not the point.
And me and my white girlfriend are
at home one night,
and we're just doing what lovers do.
Maybe she's butt-naked
and she's down on one knee,
giving me a hand-job.
I love a good hand-job.
And she's really jerking me off.

You know,
getting her obliques nice and tight.
I got a huge dick, so she's like...
And I'm like, "Wow,
this really feels wonderful.
I think I'm gonna come."
And then she looks up at me and goes,
"Come in my face...
nigger."
I know, that's a tough one.
Well, what do you think I'm gonna do?
"Hey!"
That's no time for integrity,
ladies and gentlemen.
I'm busting that nut in her face.
I'll sort through the ethics later.
But I'm what they call a man of his word.
If I say I'm coming, I'm coming.
I don't give a fuck what happens.
God forbid, somebody could shoot me.
If I say I'm coming, there's still that--
It doesn't mean I like getting shot.
Oh, boy.
Yeah, a tough time for the blacks.
I'm not gonna say nothing
about the police.
I'll leave that for Chris Rock.
The other big sports story
was, fucking, Ray Rice's tape.
Anyone see that Ray Rice tape?
I can't stop watching it.
It's fucking awful.
It's the most violent thing
I've seen happen to a woman
that was shot in color.
Really fucking bad.
If I could've froze time at that moment
and gave Ray Rice some advice,
I don't think there's any way possible
I'd be like...
"You should punch her in the face."
That's a fucking terrible idea.
At the same time, I also believe
she shouldn't have rushed him.

What the fuck? You can't beat him.
Don't rush a motherfucker that's trained
to stiff-arm people in the clutch.
He's gonna get the upper hand.
The only reason I bring him up is because
he's about to play football again.
You didn't know that?
The NFL was told by a federal judge
they had to reinstate Ray Rice
because he was transparent
with their investigation.
He told them exactly what he did.
And they can't just change their ruling
just because the tape came out.
I get it. That's like if I'm hanging out
with my buddies, and I'm like,
"Hey, guys, guess what I did last night?
I fucked this big, fat girl I met
at the club."
And they're all like,
"Oh, shit, Dave. That's crazy."
And then they see a tape of me doing it,
and they're like...
"We can't hang out with you anymore, Dave.
That's not what this crew is all about."
I'd be like, "What?
I told y'all what I did."
What's really fucked up is the tape
was made before they were married.
Isn't that weird?
I don't know why she'd do that.
I don't even know why he would do that.
As a guy,
would you want to live with a woman
that you had once punched in the face
with all your strength?
That's some very bold
Color Purple-type shit.
"Celie! Come out here and shave me!"
Are you out of your fucking mind?
I had to ask an older friend of mine,
just to get some perspective,
this older black dude.
Actually the fairest person I've ever met.

And I asked him.
I just said, "Hey, man,
did you see that Ray Rice video?"
And instantly, he was like,
"David, that shit was disgusting."
And then a moment later, he goes...
"I wonder what she said to him."
I don't think that matters.
I think the idea is you're not supposed
to punch her in the face.
Because my wife says terrible shit to me.
My wife once called me a pussy...
in front of dinner guests.
I know. I started to get mad,
but then I was like,
"Fuck it. She's probably right."
I am a pussy. I admit it.
I'm soft and warm and persuasive,
like a real pussy.
That's right.
Then I told her, "If you don't take care
of me properly,
I might stink, like your pussy."
Oh, we fight dirty
at the Chappelle household.
It's not a big deal.
No, no. If you want to get to the bottom
of a matter of the heart,
what you're supposed to do
is ask a woman.
Now, actually,
there's two women that I know--
they're both college professors
in this little area I live in,
and I meet them twice a week
at Starbucks for coffee.
We talk about important shit.
And I asked the girls--
we was in a coffee klatch.
I said, "Yo, why do y'all think
that this woman stayed with Ray Rice
after he punched her in the face
with all his strength?"
And one of my girlfriends said,

"David, you need to wake the fuck up.
She's staying for the money."
Now, wait a minute,
'cause my other girlfriend was like,
"I disagree.
I think that she actually loves him."
And I said, "Wait a minute, ladies.
You know what?
I think that you're both right."
And what I was doing when I said that
was preserving the possibility
of a threesome with these bitches.
I'd been chipping away at this pussy
one cup of coffee at a time
for, like, four years.
I wasn't gonna throw that hard work away
with some Ray Rice shit.
I don't care that much.
I'm just being real.
It's fucked up, man.
It's a tough time for the blacks.
-I love you, Dave!
-I love you, too.
And then here comes the banana peel.
I'm waiting on it any second.
You know that's how it starts.
I saw in the paper today
that the guy that threw the banana at me
got arrested again
'cause he threw a banana
at another motherfucker in a bar
in Santa Fe.
Look it up online after the show.
He actually did that.
And that guy was black, too.
I'm just saying.
And you know why the guy said
he did it that night?
He said, "I did it
'cause Dave Chappelle is racist."
So, nigga? That's not the best way
to handle that if I am racist.
What if Martin Luther King
just went around

throwing tuna casserole on white people?

Would that work?

-Huh?

-Come on, Dave!

Your girl's bubbling.

She's drunk as hell, buddy.

Listen, sir,

I don't know what she's saying,

but just take my advice.

Get some water in her,

or you're gonna have some dry pussy

when you get home.

His dick's gonna be

chafed the fuck up tomorrow.

Santa Maria. Who got a cigarette in here?

Anyone got a cigarette I can borrow?

Yeah. You, fella. Yeah, please.

Let me see. This is a Marlboro menthol.

This could've been anybody.

If it was a Newport, I'd be like,

"A black dude threw that up."

But a Marlboro menthol,

that's one of them riddles.

Oh.

Is the word "pussy" offensive?

No!

All right, just checking, just checking.

I asked that crowd when we was in Denver,

"Is the word 'pussy' offensive?"

And the whole crowd said no,

except for two people.

One was a woman in the front,

older than me, maybe around my age.

Definitely a feminist.

You know what I mean.

Short haircut, plaid shirt.

You know what I'm saying.

And she didn't say it offended her.

What she said is, she said,

"I am uncomfortable with that word."

And I was like, "Really? You?"

And before I could ask her why,

there was one guy in the balcony--

I don't think he was saying this to me,

but he said this.
Everybody heard him say it.
He goes, "It's delicious."
I was like, "What?"
I don't think I've ever heard pussy
called delicious before in my life.
Now, this is not to say that it's bad.
But it's definitely an acquired taste.
I don't think any of us
tasted pussy our first time like...
"Mmm! It's good!"
It needs something.
You know, it's illegal for a gynecologist
to say the word "pussy."
They can only say "vagina,"
or they can name individual parts
medically,
but they can never say shorthand,
even if the gynecologist is a woman.
I feel like if it was
a woman gynecologist, it's cool.
Like, "Am I all right?"
She's like, "Girl, that pussy is..."
She'd be like, "Yeah."
I don't think men should be allowed
to be gynecologists.
That shit is a conflict of interest.
Even when my wife was pregnant,
we used to go to a gynecologist...
and he'd put her legs up
in that stirrup like this.
He'd be like, "All right, Mrs. Chappelle,
just try to relax."
I'd push him.
"Back up, motherfucker! I got this.
Just tell me what to look for."
One of those homestyle checkups.
There's too many ethical questions
when men do that.
Like, can a gynecologist
lose their license...
for smelling their fingers during an exam?
Is that illegal?
How could they not? These are men.

It's like if you have a good barbeque,
you don't even think about it.
You just...

The word "pussy" is only offensive
if you're older.

People my age and younger,
I don't think we even--
We dance to that shit.
That song comes on the radio--
~ I beat the pussy up ~
That's on the radio.
~ I beat the pussy up ~
That's a pretty harsh song.
It's nothing like a love song.
There's no tracks of his tears,
no midnight trains to Georgia.
This man simply beats the pussy up.
Unbelievable.

You don't even know
if he's having sex with these women.
They might just pull their pants down.
He'd be like, pow!
"G-Unit!"

You'll be watching HBO.
"Hi, I'm Larry Merchant,
standing here ringside with the pussy
after a devastating bout with 50 Cent.
Pussy, come over here
and let me talk to you for a second.
My God, you look terrible.
Your lips seem to be swollen.
You're bleeding a little bit.
Tell me, pussy, what happened inside
of that ring with 50?"

"I don't know, Larry.
I felt really good in the first round.
I was ready to fight.
I was warm and moist, and...
I don't know. He just hit me
from angles I wasn't expecting.
Front, left.
The backside surprised me the most."
"Well, pussy,
let's take a look at round four.

This is where it all went wrong for you.
Here you come out of your corner, pussy.
You're fighting really good.
It looks like you got 50
with a right and a left,
but then 50 slips you a jab. And there.
There. Right there. You see that?
He punches you right on that--
that little bean thing
you have on the top of your head.
I don't know what that is.
There's 50 just pounding away
at that bean, over and over.
Now, pussy, tell me,
what goes through a fighter's mind
when their bean gets rattled around
like that?"
"I don't think
I was thinking anything, Larry.
I'm a real good defensive fighter.
It's real hard to get to me.
I've never been punched directly
on my bean before.
As a matter of fact, most fighters
don't even know that bean exists.
I guess he just hit me,
then I lost control of my legs.
I don't know what else to tell you."
I like when Lil Wayne talks about pussy,
because he's--
Remember Lil Wayne used to have that song?
He say,
"~ I got a bitch that plays movies
In my Jacuzzi" ~
Then he goes like this:
"~ Pussy juicy ~"
That shit--
That shit always makes me laugh.
No guy says that.
Only Lil Wayne says some shit like that.
If you was fucking a girl,
and she's like, "Is this pussy good?"
And you're like,
"Yeah, it's juicy. It's good."

The pussy was juicy.
That's why I'm not Lil Wayne.
'Cause if I was in a hot tub with a girl,
and I could tell that the pussy was juicy
while I was in the hot tub,
I'd probably get out of the tub.
I'm a germophobe.
I just picture Lil Wayne like...
"What is this strange oil...
floating in my hot tub water?
It's pussy juice."
That shit was so funny to me,
I must've wrote, like,
no less than 40 jokes
with the punch line "pussy juice,"
and all of them worked to some degree
100% of the time.
I'll do one more just so you believe me.
Okay.
All right. In this next piece,
it's a special episode of CSI.
For some reason,
Lil Wayne's guest starring
as the lead detective. Okay?
That's the setup. Are you ready?
Here it goes.
"Has anyone else been
on this crime scene?"
"No."
"It's very strange.
This place is virtually undisturbed.
No forced entry.
No sign of a struggle.
Shine your flashlight right here.
I just slipped in something.
What is this?
What is this?
It glistens in the light.
Smooth to the touch.
This is pussy juice.
She must've been sitting Indian style."
Thirty-nine more where that came from.
Everybody's mad about something.
Recently, I got attacked online

by some gay bloggers,
and it hurt my feelings.
I have no problem with gay people,
but I fucking hate bloggers.
I'm not saying it
'cause this person was gay.
They was just acting like a bitch online.
They was mischaracterizing my jokes,
trying to make a point off of me,
when it was really like--
"Yo, I'm your ally, motherfucker.
I'm not trying to stop gay people.
I got better shit to do."
This motherfucker was saying things,
trying to get gay people to beat me up.
Seriously, he was like...
"Dave Chappelle's jokes--"
I don't know how he actually talks.
I'm just making his voice up.
"Dave Chappelle's jokes were an affront
to the manhood of all gay men."
What the fuck does that mean?
I didn't say anything that would allude
to gay men not being men.
I know you're men.
In fact, what could be manlier
than fucking another guy in the ass?
It's the most gangster shit
I've ever heard of in my life.
I told you, I'm not cut out for that.
I'm a pussy.
You know what I said?
This is all I said.
First of all,
I'll tell you right now what I said,
and I'll tell you this was not a joke.
It's a true story,
and I just happened to tell it.
What happened was,
I went to a gallery party, all right?
I don't know who in here
has ever been rich before,
but these are very nice parties.
You know, wine and cheese

and baller conversation.
And there was a few eccentric types,
one of which was a very wealthy man
that happened to be wearing a dress.
I don't know what you call him.
A tranny, or a drag queen, perhaps.
Whatever he was, he was definitely a man.
And this man was definitely on drugs.
I don't know what kind of drugs he was on,
but I knew he had too much.
He didn't look good. He was like this.
He looked sick, and all his friends
were standing around him,
concerned, trying to revive him.
I don't know what,
it looked like some kind of gay CPR.
There was fanning and shit.
They was like--
I saw all this from a distance.
Now, I should've minded my own business,
but I got curious.
I was like...
And I went over there.
All I said, "Excuse me, gentlemen.
Is he okay?"
Then they looked at me like I was evil.
"She is fine."
I said, "Word? Oh.
I'm sorry. I didn't know
this is what we were doing."
Here's my thing.
I support anybody's right
to be whoever
they feel like they are inside.
I'm your ally in that.
However...
my question is...
to what degree do I have to participate
in your self-image?
Is it fair that I have to change my whole
pronoun game up for this motherfucker?
That doesn't make sense.
Seriously.
If I put on an argyle sweater,

and I'm like, "Hey, everybody,
I feel like a white guy in this sweater,
and I want some goddamn respect
and a bank loan,"
that's not gonna work.
You don't give a fuck how I feel.
Why should I give a fuck how you feel?
"Nigger" is a pronoun.
But there was no time
for philosophical debate.
This was an emergency situation.
I said, "Fine. I'm sorry, guys.
I was just worried because--
because she looks terrible.
And she just fell off the bench.
It appears that her dick
is popping out of her dress.
You mind if I call an ambulance, champ?
I'd rather not be at a party
where a tranny OD's.
There's too many questions to answer."
Okay, I've been through this before.
I had a friend from high school.
Now, in high school, this guy was a thug.
He was a fucking dope boy.
He did it all. He was a wild dude.
People used to be very scared of him.
And then after high school,
word on the street was
he had come out the closet.
I personally didn't believe it.
I bring him up because last year,
he calls me out of the blue,
like, "Yo, what's up, man?
I got your number from so-and-so.
I heard you're gonna be in New York
doing a show. Could I get some tickets?"
I was like, "Fuck yeah,
you can get some tickets. How you been?"
He said, "We'll catch up at the show,
but I appreciate it. I'll see you soon."
I said, "All right, man. Take care."
I was about to hang up,
but I couldn't resist. I was just like,

"Hey, nigga, I heard you was gay.
What's going on with that?"
And I wish I didn't ask.
'Cause he sounded like he was dying
to talk about that shit,
and he had a long story about it.
It's not that I didn't care, but I was--
I don't like talking on the phone.
I was watching TV at the same time.
So, I just wasn't really paying attention
like I should.
I was trying to sound supportive,
but I didn't really know what to say.
So, I just mumbled and shit
throughout this conversation.
I was like, "Well, you know, nigga,
you're gay, man. You're just gay.
Come on, man."
This went on for a while.
Then finally, I had to say something
definitive to get him off the phone.
And I was like, "Hey, you know what?
Don't let people get you down, all right?
And the next time someone tries
to make you feel bad about yourself,

just remember:

Everybody fucks funny to somebody."
He didn't like that shit.
He said, "What the fuck does that mean?"
I said, "Huh?"
He said, "You saying I fuck funny,
motherfucker?"
I said, "No, that's not what I'm saying.
I'm saying everybody's different."
He said, "You didn't say 'different.'
You said 'funny.'
What's so fucking funny
about the way I fuck?"
And I said, "Hey, man, I fuck feet."
He said, "What?!"
Oh, this is not a joke,
ladies and gentlemen.
I get women to squeeze their feet together

like this,
and I fuck them right
in that little space in their feet.
But you can't build a community
behind that shit.
There's no flag for us.
That shit made him laugh.
The next day,
after the show, I saw him backstage.
He was like, "What's up, man?"
I'm like, "Oh, shit! What's going on?"
He had his buddy with him.
He goes, "Dave, I want you to meet Manuel.
Manuel's my fianc. We're in New York
getting married 'cause it's legal here."
I said, "Oh.
Well, congratulations, fellas."
And Manuel was like, "Gracias."
And he went to go get some drinks,
and then my buddy looked at me.
He was like, "So, Dave...
what do you think?"
And I started mumbling again.
"Well, you're gay, nigga.
You know, you're just gay."
He said, "I'm a little nervous
about getting married, man.
It's a big step."
I said, "Yeah, it is. It's a big step."
He said,
"You've been married for a while.
You got any advice for us?"
"No, I'm married to a woman.
Sorry about that."
And he corrected me. He said,
"No. You married the person that you love,
so it's essentially the same."
I said, "You know, man,
the problem with that statement
is that it makes the assumption
that I love her. But--"
Will you guys lighten the fuck up?
Of course I love my wife.
She laughs at this shit.

As a matter of fact,
she eats and spends this shit.
No, I told him, I said,
"You know what you should do, man?
First of all, you shouldn't do it."
I'm talking about being legally married.
It's not that you're gay
as much as just legal marriage
is a fucking diabolical leverage game
in the United States.
I'm just being honest.
Devoid of religious significance
or the idea of love,
marriage is nothing but an awful contract
that you shouldn't sign.
I'm just being real.
Because you start out loving each other.
Then two years later, you're just
building a case against one another...
for a hypothetical court date
that may or may not ever happen.
You throw being gay on top of that,
that shit is explosive.
It's that Ray Rice shit.
Right after Ray Rice
went through all that shit,
I was at a party
and I met this kid Michael Sam.
You know Michael Sam? Very nice guy.
He's the first openly gay NFL player.
And Michael's a very nice guy,
a very brave guy,
but when I met him,
I couldn't help but think,
"What's gonna happen when Michael Sam
beats his wife up in the elevator?
Is that domestic violence,
or is that just two niggas
working shit out in an elevator?"
You know what I mean?
Anyway...
I give all married men the same advice,
gay or straight.
Get a dog.

Because a dog will love you all the time,
but she's not going to.
It was real talk.
I didn't even know about dogs,
and my kids got the dog.
They brought him home from the shelter.
I didn't even want him.
They were like, "Can we keep him?"
I said, "Nope."
I said, "Where did you get this dog?"
They're like, "From the shelter."
I was like, "Ugh.
Probably something wrong with him.
Can't keep him."
And then my kids started crying
and screaming
like the dog had gambling debts.
"Please, Dad!
If you don't let us keep him,
they're gonna kill him!"
I was like, "Oh--
All right, you can keep him."
And this dog was a menace.
I hated his guts.
One night, I'd smoked a bunch of weed,
and I was eating a sandwich,
and Baba came over--
Baba is the dog.
He came over and was staring at me.
This will make you very uncomfortable,
if he's just looking at you eating.
I had to give him a piece of my sandwich
so he'd go away,
and that's how we became friends.
Now, if you see me walking down the street
with Baba,
I ain't got no leash or nothing.
He walks right next to me.
If I stop, he'll stop.
And if I go, he'll go.
And all my friends are like,
"Yo, Dave, that shit is dope.
How'd you train Baba to do that shit?"
"I've never trained Baba.

I'm just a messy eater."
If I drop food and Baba's not around,
all I gotta do is call him.
"Baba!"
He's a black dude's dog,
so he doesn't come right away.
He peeks first to see what's going on.
I gotta tap my foot
so he can see the food.
"Over here, little buddy."
He's like, "Thanks, Dave,"
and he'll come get it and run off.
But he knows all my habits.
If he smells weed in the house,
he'll be like...
"Oh, this motherfucker's about to eat."
And he'll just come running.
Baba got me through a very difficult time
in my marriage.
We spend the most time together.
It's not that me and my wife
don't spend time together,
but we've been married so long,
we don't talk like--
I don't know if anyone's married here,
but after ten years,
all that chatty shit goes away.
You've said it all.
You know what I mean.
Yeah. We're just in the zone.
She says the same shit to me every night
before she goes to bed.
I'll be the last one up. She's like,
"I'm gonna get some sleep, Dave.
Good night."
"All right, babe. I'm gonna stay up
and watch television. Good night."
Then she'll walk halfway up the steps.
"David?"
"Hmm?"
"Don't eat the kids' lunch."
And then she walks away.
Well, the crazy shit is,
I don't even eat their lunch anymore.

Back in the day, I used to eat that shit.
You know how that goes.
Now I might smoke some weed
in the middle of the night,
and she'll leave neatly-wrapped sandwiches
all over the kitchen.
I'm gonna eat it.
What's the big deal? Why can't she
just make another one in the morning?
I mean, I got sons anyway.
And sons love everything their dads do.
My kids will be at school
the next day like,
"Oh, Dad bit my sandwich. Oh, shit!"
Their dad is Dave Chappelle, man.
You could trade that sandwich
for something better.
What I'm doing is adding value
to their lunch.
But she doesn't understand these types
of things.
Anyway, she gets mad at me.
She's mad at me now
'cause I got myself in trouble.
I got myself extorted,
which happens in this business.
I come home from the road.
There was a FedEx sitting
on the kitchen table,
and it was addressed to me,
so I opened it.
I don't know who delivered it.
And there was a videocassette inside
with a note written on it
that said, "Gotcha."
Oh, my God. Can you imagine?
I freaked out.
I tore the whole house apart,
trying to find a VCR.
I hadn't seen a tape in over a decade.
And I watched the tape, and it was awful.
They got me.
It was a tape of me--
I was fucking a girl, okay?

But it was from before I was married.
But it was not a good look.
And I felt sick to my stomach,
and I looked up at the clock,
and then I saw my wife was coming home
in ten minutes,
and I just panicked.
I jerked off to the tape real fast,
and then--
and then I called the FBI.
Who, by the way,
made me feel much better.
They didn't say
they were gonna catch 'em for sure,
but they had the demeanor of some
confident people that would catch 'em.
So, I didn't worry about it too much.
And then, not even a week later,
five days later, I come home,
and there's another videocassette sitting
on my porch.
As soon as I saw it,
I just called the police.
"They've done it again.
You should probably look for a guy
with bell-bottoms on,
because I don't know who the fuck
is sending tapes!"
And that second tape was the worst shit
I'd ever seen in my life. It was awful.
Career-ending bad.
It was a tape of me...
jerking off to the tape a week earlier.
I don't even know how they'd
even get such a thing.
I had to explain all of this to my wife.
She was very mad.
No thing in this world is as cold
as a woman's cold shoulder,
'cause she was mad,
but she wouldn't talk to me about it.
She would just punish me in little ways,
make me do shit that I hate to do.
Like pick the kids up from school.

That's one thing she made me do.
That's a hardship for me.
I got one son that goes
to a public school.
And...
his little brother goes
to a private school.
It's an experiment. I just want to see
what's gonna happen to them.
But what's weird is,
my little son in private school,
he's, like, my thuggy son,
you know what I mean?
I don't know where he gets that from.
He's not getting it from me.
And he's definitely not getting it
from that school.
That school is very--
It's a liberal school.
It's the kind of school--
there might be, like,
12 black students in the entire school,
and I'm the only black parent.
And none of the parents like me, either.
Not 'cause I'm black,
but they don't like how I roll.
I'll be showing up late all the time,
and I'm, like, in a Porsche,
and I'm blasting music
that they don't like.
~ I beat the pussy up ~
Then I pull into the parking lot.
I might be smoking a cigarette
with the kids in the car.
Then I pull into that handicapped space.
And when I get out
of the handicapped space,
they always want to say
some passive-aggressive shit.
"Morning, Dave.
Don't know if you noticed,
but you actually parked
in the handicapped space."
"Yeah, you know, Frank, I did notice.

But who is this handicapped guy
we're all waiting on that never shows up?"
So, I hate going over to that school.
The only parents that are nice to me
is a lesbian couple--
Kate and Sarah.
Actually, Kate hates my guts.
Sarah knows that I'm black,
and she's half-black,
so she just understands me.
You know what I'm saying?
I can't explain it.
Because I'll say shit,
and Kate's just too serious
about being a lesbian.
I'll be like, "Hey, Kate. Hey, Sarah.
You guys going
to the father-son picnic next week?
How's that gonna work?"
And Kate will instantly be furious.
But Sarah knows I'm fucking around,
so she'll just say something cool.
"I don't know, Dave. Maybe me and Kate
will flip for that shit."
I said, "Bitch,
you better save that coin toss,
because everybody knows
you're strapping on in that household."
And then Kate will turn bright red,
but Sarah just fist-bumps me,
like, "You're right, nigga. It's me. Bop."
We're good friends.
We're good friends.
They invite me to stuff.
They're my only friends at the school.
So, imagine my surprise
when I go to pick my son up
after all this happens.
And the teacher is waiting outside for me.
She's just standing right there
in the middle of the handicapped space.
I knew something was wrong,
so I rolled the window down.
"What's going on?"

"Hi, David. Can we talk to you for a minute in the office?"
I said, "No, fuck that. We gotta talk right here. What's going on?"
I knew it was bad.
"Ibrahim had a fight."
I said, "A fight?"
"Don't worry. Everyone's okay."
I said, "Everyone? What happened?"
"Well, that's it. We don't know what happened because he won't talk to anybody. All we know is that he punched Sarah Jr. in the face."
I said, "Oh, no!"
Sarah's one of the only parents I'm not sure I can beat up in this school. Just then, Kate and Sarah pulled up to pick up their daughter, and then we all had to go into the office, and I was really worried 'cause I didn't want them to kick me out of the school. And then they brought my son in. He was crying. They brought him in like a prisoner. He was like, "Ohh! Oh!"
I said, "Son, stop crying, calm down. Do not look at these mean faces. I need you to look at my face, and I need you to tell me the truth, buddy, all right? Just tell me the truth. Is it true? Did you punch that girl Sarah Jr. in the face?"
I was trying to give him a signal to lie, but he didn't pick up on it. I was like...
He wasn't paying attention. He's like, "Yes, Daddy, I punched her face."
"Oh, my God. Why? Why would you do that? You're not supposed to put your hands on anybody."

And his answer was so gangster,
it scared all the parents in the room.
He was like...
" 'Cause she had it coming."
I said...
And everyone looked at me.
I said, "I did not teach him.
I don't know where he got that from."
I said, "What does that mean, son?
That is crazy talk! What does that mean?"
And then he just started crying
like he was Tupac.
"These kids keep fucking with me!"
I told his teacher, I said,
"Well, now, wait a minute.
This kid is a lot of things,
but he's not a liar.
And if he said they was fucking with him,
they did something to him.
Son, what's going on?
What did they do to you?"
"Dad, I'm tired of this shit.
It's been going on all week."
I said, "What's going on all week?"
He said, "We was at lunch,
and that bitch bit my sandwich."
I said, "Oh."
He said, "It's the fourth time this week.
I'm tired of this sandwich-biting bitch."
I said, "Stop using that word.
Let's go home."
That's a quiet car ride home.
We got to the house,
he just ran right up to his room,
slammed the door.
His mother came downstairs.
By then, she'd heard about everything.
She was looking at me,
like, "Oh, my God."
I said, "I know. It's fucked up."
She said, "You bit that goddamn sandwich,
didn't you, Dave?"
I said,
"I'm tired of you accusing me of shit!"

And I just ran out of the house.
Jumped in my car and drove off.
Of course I bit that sandwich.
But I knew that she was just
really mad about that tape,
so now she was gonna punish me
about a fucking sandwich that I'd bit.
I was mad as fuck.
You know what I said to myself?
I said, "I should just never go home.
Fuck this shit."
By the way, that's how people
used to get divorced in the '40s.
There wasn't no divorce court in America.
Back in those days,
if you wanted to get out your marriage,
you'd just tell your wife, "Hey, baby,
I'm gonna get a pack of cigarettes.
I'll be right back."
You would just leave
with the clothes on your back.
That's when men were men.
And there was no Internet back then,
so you could move 11 miles away
and have a whole new life.
But I ended up going back home...
late at night,
and came in the room,
and she was actually changing for bed.
You can always tell
your wife is mad at you
when they cover their titties up
when you walk in. "Oh!"
"Let those titties out. It's me, baby.
Can we just talk about this for a minute?"
She said, "David,
there's nothing to talk about.
I already know you bit the sandwich.
And don't go looking for their lunch.
I hid it."
I said, "I don't want to talk
about the sandwich.
I want to talk about it. The tape.
I know that's why you're mad."

It was a very difficult conversation.
I had to crack a few jokes.
And she laughed a little,
and it helped her relax,
and we started talking,
and then she cracked a few jokes...
that hurt my feelings, honestly. But--
But we talked.
And you know what she told me?
She told me that she was madder
about the second extortion tape
than she was about the first one.
Which doesn't make sense at all.
What's wrong with a guy
touching his own private parts?
It's my own business.
It's not like I do it all the time.
As a matter of fact,
sometimes I do it for her benefit.
A lot of guys do this.
It's called the mercy jerk.
That's the one that happens
in the middle of the night
when you're about to roll on top of her
and you see her face,
and you're like, "She looks tired."
That takes a lot of love and discipline
to back out of a room
with a rock-hard dick.
Sometimes I don't make it.
"Uh-oh. Uh-oh.
Someone fell asleep with their socks off,
didn't they?"
You can't rape feet.
You can't rape feet.
The only time I jerk off now
is if I know how long she'll be gone.
That's the only way I can get my head
in the game.
Sometimes she'll tell me, "Dave, I'm gonna
take the kids to my mom's real quick.
I'll probably be back
in a couple of hours."
"A couple hours?"

You can get a good one in
in two hours.
That's the kind of session
where you'll take all your clothes off.
I'll be butt-naked
in the living room like,
"Get these fucking toys out of my way!"
Disgusting. Foot on the coffee table,
just stroking it out, taking my time.
And I got a bowl of cereal waiting
for me right here.
That's when you have that privacy.
You can have a loud orgasm. I miss those.
You know, when a guy busts a nut,
right after that,
there's a window of six minutes
where he does the most rational thinking
he ever does.
That's when he's always horrified.
"My God, what have I done?
Oh, my God, it's everywhere.
Baba!"
Thank you very much, Austin, Texas.
I had a wonderful time.
Be well, be happy.
Good night, everybody. Thank you.
Give it up one more time
for Dave Chappelle!
I'm rich, biatch!