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Eight Days a Week

By Michael Davis

This is more retarded than when I got
that gumball stuck up my nose.
Or the time I wanted to be
the first white Harlem Globetrotter.
And it's more embarrassing
than the time...
...my mom walked in on me while I was
trying to simulate vaginal friction...
...by rubbing my boner between
the mattress and box springs.
Why don't you go out and play.
It's such a beautiful day.
No, this tops it.
And it's all because of Erica.
Erica.
It sounds so much like "erotica. "
And it's fitting:
She's a walking wet dream.
The kind of girl
whose mere glance at you...
...could get your pecker
to stand up and say, "Howdy. "
And not your normal,
run-of-the-mill erection.
We're talking the kind
that could be picked up on radar.
The kind you could hang a flag from.
And her breasts.
They must have tractor beams in them.
They pull my hands toward them
like the Death Star...
...dragging in the Millennium Falcon.
Come on, guys.
If I had breasts like that,
I could have ruled the world.
You are in love with her, no?
No, I'm not.
Then why are you sitting so funny?
Nonno.
Don't be ashamed.
A man is two people:
Himself and his penis.
A man always takes his friend
to the party...

...but of the two,
the friend is nicer...
...because he is more able
to show his feelings.
Does this Erica know
what you think about her?
She's got a boyfriend.
They are not lovers?
- I don't think so.
- That is good.
one pubic hair
between a man and a woman...
...can be stronger
than the Atlantic cable.
You're telling me.
What is your problem with the Bella?
She goes off to college on the East Coast
in three months.
Then you must declare
your love to her immediately.
- Are you crazy?
- You must.
- It is the only way.
- oh, no, no, no.
She'll think I'm a spaz.
Then you prefer to sit funny
the rest of your life?
Now, listen, ragazzo,
I will tell you a story.
It is about your great-great-grandfather...
...Giuseppe Luigi Bendini.
When he was a boy your age,
he was in love...
...with the most beautiful girl
in the village of Cascata.
But the Bella...
...she did not see anything
in Giuseppe.
So one day, Giuseppe,
an enterprising young boy...
...declared his love to her.

He said:

"I, Giuseppe Luigi Bendini,

love you...
...and to prove that I will
always be there for you...
...I will stand under your balcony
day and night without relent...
...until you fall in love with me. "
So Giuseppe...
...stood outside that balcony
day and night.
Night and day.
Until, finally, his love came
out to the balcony and cried:
"Giuseppe Luigi Bendini, I love you!"
So Giuseppe...
...climbed up to the balcony
and into her bed.
They made love so passionately...
...that the ground shook.
And villagers today still believe...
...that's what caused
the 1874 earthquake.
I can't do that.
You can, my friend.
Women are like breaking into a bank.
It takes nerve.
It takes daring.
Sometimes you need a little bit
of dynamite to blow the vault.
I don't know what it was.
Maybe all the benzoyl peroxide
in my zit cream had affected my brain.
Or maybe I had a strange fetish
for humiliation at the hands of a woman.
I figured this stemmed
from watching too many episodes...
...of Julie Newmar as the Catwoman
in all those Batman reruns.
But it seemed like an audacious idea.
I decided to try it.
Peter, that is so sweet.
I was beginning to think
this might work...
...when she said
the most dreaded two words...

...in the English language.
But, Peter, we're just friends.
"Just friends. "
The words hit me like screaming lead
shot from a.38.
I wanna be...
...just friends.
It's just a flesh wound, my friend.
It will not kill you.
Get back up and fight.
I'm not gonna give up so easily.
But, Peter...
I was rudely interrupted
by Erica's boyfriend, Nick.
He's what I call a "gaping asshole. "
You know, the type of guy that's
going to college on a football scholarship.
But what bothers me most
is he's one of those macho dicks...
...who's always grabbing his crotch
and adjusting his balls.
I mean, what's the deal?
He acts like he's a guard
at the Tower of London.
He's gotta check every 10 seconds
to see if the crown jewels are still there.
And how come every asshole I know
has to make that noise?
You can hear a symphony of those
in any boys' locker room.
Is it like a lion roaring?
The asshole who can hawk
a loogie the loudest...
...is the leader of the herd?
Needless to say, Nick has been
my nemesis since I was 5.
- I forbid you to go out dressed like that.
- Dad.
No self-respecting Christian girl
would be seen in public in a...
Just get in the house.
Get in the house.
Erica. Erica. Erica!
Erica looked more doable than

Barbara Feldon in Get Smart.

Erica! Get your...

She kissed Nick so hard, I'm sure they
could've swallowed each others uvulas.

Erica, if you...

What the hell's his story?

She then proceeded to tell Nick
what I was up to.

And if things weren't hard enough,
I encountered more unexpected problems.

Well, our prayers
have been answered.

I have been asking God
to send someone to take her away...

...from that heathen boyfriend, Nick.

- You're a miracle.

- Yes.

Erica's dad can never
have a conversation...

...without quoting some guy named Zig
Ziglar, a Christian motivational speaker.

Frankly, I'd never be caught dead
quoting some guy named Zig.

The difference between you
and that barbarian, Nick, is that you...

Remember what he said.

have a "swelled heart,
not a swelled head."

I wanted to tell him that his daughter
gave me both. But I didn't.

Peter, I thought you might be hungry...

...so I brought cookies

I made for the church bake sale.

I wasn't all that surprised
by the cookies.

This is the same woman who encourages
her youngest daughter, Mary...

...to play with nun dolls.

"Now say 50 more."

"Hail Mary, Hail Mary...

...Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary..."

- Thanks.

- Yes, yes, yes.

Now let's face it.

It's a proven fact that girls
do not fall in love...

...with any boy her parents
actually like.

I vowed at that very moment
that I would...

...find a way to make her parents
hate me.

I set Giuseppe to work on it.

Go ahead, Peter, try it.

My dad's reaction to my plan,
when he heard about it from Mom...

...registered on the Richter scale
at Caltech.

Peter. Peter!

Stop acting like you don't hear me. Peter.

Hell's bells.

You get inside right this instant.

- I'm not leaving this spot.

- Yes, you are.

- No, I'm not.

- Yes, you are.

You stop listening

to your grandfather's nonsense.

He's not all there. Now, come on.

- Let go. I'm not hurting anyone.

- You are acting like a fool.

- Now, come on.

- No.

- Give it up, son.

- Mom!

- Listen to your father.

- This is ridiculous.

What will the neighbors think?

Some of them are my patients.

They'll stop coming to me

if they think my son's a pervert...

...who stands under girls' windows.

- You're just embarrassing our entire family.

- Dad!

- I'm sorry.

- Now, let go, Peter.

My New Guinea impatiens!

- I'm sorry.

- What are you doing?
Good old Nonno.
Whenever a situation calls for it...
...my grandfather pulls
his "infirm old man " routine.
I'm sorry.
He's saved my life hundreds of times.
I'm sorry.
The same couldn't be said
for my best friend, Matt.
This is my last chance.
Look, you know, I just don't wanna
see you setting yourself up like this.
I have been in love with Erica
since we were kids.
We used to play
Cowboys and Indians together.
When we were little,
we used to do everything together.
When you get mad at someone,
you go like this:
- It was great.
- It'll never work.
Why not?
Because we're losers.
Look, we've been picked
by genetic selection...
...to be the world's biggest living proof
that this world is fucked.
- How's that?
- We lost the DNA lottery.
We didn't get the asshole gene.
See, we're the nice guys.
We're never gonna succeed.
only the assholes get the girls
and the dough, bro.
- You've got it all figured out.
- Damn straight, I do.
My parents think I'm going
to college in the fall.
I'm not going to college so I can be
a jerk with a degree...
...who assistant-manages
a Burger King.

"Would you like fries with that, please?"

No way.

- So you're just gonna give up?

- Yep.

- And I suppose you want me to give up too?

- Exactly.

You gotta become comfortably numb.

You can't let anyone
or anything disappoint you.

You gotta be self-sufficient.

I mean, look at me.

Do I need a girl like Erica? No.

Since you're gonna be here all summer,
mind if I use your mailing address?

- What for?

- I sent away for something...

...and I don't want my mom
to accidentally open it.

So I figured you'll be out here,
you can intercept it before anyone gets it.

- okay, I guess.

- Yes.

Hey. But admit it...

...sometimes you wish
you had a girlfriend.

No way.

Blockbuster, Domino's Pizza...

...Rosy Palm and her five friends...

...are all I need

for a great Saturday night.

Maybe if you're 14.

okay, you do have a point.

Sometimes I do need to spice up
my love life a little bit.

I'd like you to meet

my date for the evening, Peter.

You know, I read in Barely Legal
magazine about this guy...

...he got off humping fruit.

You're a sick puppy.

The sun is gonna make it
nice and warm.

Just like the real thing.

Well, what about the seeds?

Come on. I'm not gonna go down on it.
I amused myself
by watching the neighborhood.
Life is my TV.
And it was a little more interesting
than network television.
There was Mr. Mays.
My parents think he works
for the CIA or the FBI.
It's because every time
he comes home...
...he drives around the block
again and again...
...to make sure he's not being followed.
There's a kid on the street
that's a pyromaniac.
Matt made sure his parents
had left him alone in the house.
Bye, guys.
He then went to the upstairs bathroom
to make amore with his watermelon.
And the guy across the street.
I forget his name.
But he seems so sad.
His wife has cancer.
He dutifully takes her out
for a breath of fresh air every day.
It's a good thing Erica isn't around.
I got a woody watching Ms. Lewis
work out to Buns of Steel.
And pull. And pull. And pull.
Mr. Mays put in a second lap.
The crazy lady next door
eats her dinner in the car.
I was dismayed to see history
repeating itself.
Maybe Matt is right.
Some people are born
with the asshole gene...
...and some of us aren't.
There was nothing much happening
to keep me amused at night.
At about 10, I saw Matt go out
to the upstairs balcony.

If he had been in there all that time...
...that watermelon now had
more holes in it than a Wiffle ball.
Only the crazy lady was out.
She was cutting her grass.
It looked like there was something good
on TV over at my house...
...and I wanted to watch it.
But something got in the way.
So I watered the plants instead.
I figured I should take advantage
of the time I had on my hands.
I vowed that if I were
to become Erica's boyfriend...
...I had to become the greatest lover
she had ever known.
In pursuit of that goal, I decided
I would become an expert in love.
I started by reading The Joy of Sexuality.
It wasn't the descriptions of the wildly
uninhibited Chinese-style sex positions...
...like the
"wailing monkey clasping a tree"...
...or "wild geese flying
on their backs "...
...that I found most enlightening.
It was the guy they picked
to illustrate...
...all the exotic conjugations.
The guy is butt-ugly.
And the girl was a babe.
This was inspiring.
I mean, if this Quest for Fire reject
could get laid, why couldn't I?
oh, good, my parents aren't home
from church yet.
I'll meet you inside.
I'm gonna have a talk
with your friend Peter.
okay.
So you're still here, huh?
I would have thought you'd have
gotten smart and given up by now.
Why do guys always make that noise?

What noise?

This noise:

I mean, you guys spit so much.

Makes you wonder

what you've been sucking on.

Shut up.

oh, what a...

What a demonstrative display
of masculine aggression.

Did you know

that such behavior is a sign of...

...latent homosexuality?

I think it's time you left.

- I'm not leaving.

- You wanna fight?

I'll give you a free shot.

Go for it, my friend.

How could I refuse this invitation?

I was going to lose this fight...

...but at least I could get

one killer shot in.

So I charged the Prince of Darkness.

Then I realized my mistake.

It was a trick.

It felt like my nuts had exploded.

And it sounded like a pair of water
balloons dropped off a building.

That'll teach you, huh?

I took it as a good sign that Erica
was curious to see if I was still there.

It was important that Erica never see me
flag in my devotion by leaving my post.

But on the other hand, I didn't
wanna smell like my uncle Lou...

...when Erica finally buckled
under my romantic vigilance.

So I figured while she was
getting ready for the day...

...I'd pop inside for a quick shower
and some Cheerios.

What are you doing?

Changing the locks.

When you finally give up

this nonsense...
...I'll let you back inside.
Dad, give me a break.
Forget it.
Mom.
This was desperate.
No food. No water.
Nice.
And I really needed to do
some low-altitude bombing.
I had no choice but to impose
on my best friend, Matt.
Hey, Matt, open up!
I'm showering, man!
The side door's open!
What about a little privacy?
oh, man. Light a match.
Sorry. Hey, where's your toothpaste?
oh, get out of here. People are gonna
think we're queer or something.
What the hell are you doing?
I started reading
The Joy of Sexuality...
...checked out the part
about cunnilingus.
Wanted to make sure I was in shape.
Cunnilingus.
Yo, you've been checking out
for my mail?
Nothing came yet.
Brought you some food.
- No, thanks.
- Come on, it's good.
Sorry about the noise, Peter,
but I'm putting locks on all the windows.
I don't want Erica pulling another stunt
like she did yesterday.
Man.
I wish you'd give this up, man.
Listen, I'm not so sure I believe
your theory about the asshole gene.
oh, come on. Look.
I mean, it's everywhere you look.
- Hey, you want a taste?

- Yeah.

That's an isolated case.

All right.

What if I told you that even
our Founding Fathers were assholes?

What are you talking about?

Take the Boston Tea Party,
for instance. All right?

Even with taxation...

...the British tea cost less
than the colonial tea...

...produced by those guys
like John Hancock and Sam Adams.

No, don't do it!

No!

See, the Boston Tea Party
wasn't a political act.

It was an industrial espionage.

It was a scam by John Hancock
and Sam Adams...

...to put the British out of business.

See?

Even our Founding Fathers
were a bunch of assholes.

You've got a point.

But I've been thinking about this,
and I got a couple theories of my own.

Shoot.

Well, I think you can tell a lot
about a woman's personality...

...from the shape of her breasts.

What are you getting into right now?

- Take Mrs. Olsen, for instance.

- What have you done?

Her boobs look like the turret on a tank.

Her mammaries look like they could shoot
a mortar charge, blow you to smithereens.

You can see she has the same
iron-fisted personality...

...that matches her hooters.

you have ever been in your life.

All right, you got a point.

Go on.

Now, take the crazy lady next door.

Now, don't give me the willies.
No, look.
She's got mashed-potato breasts.
Dude, they're so weird.
- Yeah. Right. And she's weird too.
- All right.
But, you know,
you're just giving me easy examples.
All right. Ms. Lewis.
Bosoms like melons that have
been in the store a little too long.
You may be taking a chance,
buying them after the expiration date...
...but if you're lucky,
they might still be good.
She's the same way.
She's a little older,
but I bet she's a good woman.
okay, now, what can you deduce
from Erica's breasts?
I've done a lot of thinking about this.
As you can see,
her breasts are extremely firm.
So taut, you expect the nipples
to blow off...
...like a cork out of a champagne bottle.
I see this as a reflection
of Erica's effervescent, wild...
...life-is-a-party personality.
It's also self-evident that her breasts
are on the small side.
I suspect it's gonna take centuries
for them to droop.
Meaning that she will
always be young at heart.
But here's something that you may miss
upon a cursory glance:
Some women's nipples can become hard
like pink pencil erasers...
...so hard that you could dial
a phone with them, you know?
These women, I suspect, are often more
concerned with the particulars in life...
...like avoiding laying in the wet spot.

But with Erica...
...notice how the nipple merges
almost effortlessly...
...with the areola...
...bringing a softness to her nipular area.
I think this suggests a softness of heart.
I mean, this is a girl...
...more concerned with passion
than particulars.
Am I right?
Matt?
Pete, I gotta go.
Something I gotta do at home. See you.
"I'm really hungry.
Hungry, hungry, hungry, hungry."
The only thing I had eaten that day
was Matt's watermelon.
I hadn't eaten all of it
for obvious reasons.
So I was pretty hungry by the time
Nonno snuck out of the house.
Get down.
Nonno, what are you doing out here?
Goal!
Goal! Goal!
- Goal!
- okay. okay.
- Goal!
- okay. okay. Marge!
Your dad thinks
he's in the World Cup again.
I'm not cool enough.
She's never gonna fall for me.
Standing out here
doesn't make any sense, Nonno.
It makes all the sense in the world.
You are trying to make love to a woman.
You must know,
deep in your heart of hearts...
...that people are supposed to make love.
It is our main purpose in life.
All those other activities...
Playing the violin, washing dishes,
reading novels, drinking wine.

are just ways of passing time
until you can make love again.
Then my whole life is passing time.
This is never gonna work.
This Bella, Erica...
...she will fall for you.
Impossible.
Crazier things have happened.
- Let me tell you another story.
- oh, great.
Look at all the trouble
your last one got me into, Nonno.
It is about a young Navy pilot.
He could perform
incredible maneuvers in his plane.
Then, one day, he nearly crashed.
The pilot went to the doctors
and declared his problem.
Hemorrhoids.
A mass of dilated veins in the rectum.
The doctor had them removed.
What's so romantic about this story?
The pilot met this nurse.
Twice a day she would change
his dressings...
...and apply ointment
to his traumatized sphincter.
The two got to talking.
The nurse fell for the young pilot.
Now, if that isn't love,
I don't know what is.
After two weeks, the couple got married.
And if it wasn't for a swelling anus...
...the two would never have met.
Now I don't believe any of your stories.
It's all true.
Ask your mom and dad.
- That was Mom and Dad?
- Yep.
My massive manhood must have been
sapping all the blood from my brain.
That's the only way I could explain
my acceptance...
...of this retarded, quixotic quest.

Hours passed into days.
Nick and I got to know
each other better.
I had time on my hands.
I read the entire
Kinsey reports and found out...
...that 10 percent of all males
attempt self-fellatio...
...and that 0.3 percent actually succeed.
I had plenty of opportunity
to watch the TV of life.
All summer, I never saw Erica
wear the same thing twice.
And for Erica's sister,
Halloween came early.
- Now say 20 Hail Marys.
- Hail Mary. Hail Mary.
My dad couldn't figure out why
his New Guinea impatiens wouldn't grow.
Neither could I.
I had been watering it regularly.
Surprisingly enough,
I earned some extra money on the side.
Since I know you'll
be here all the time...
...I thought you could
babysit Robert tonight.
Hey, lady, did you ever think
that tonight might be the night...
...that Erica and I tried the
"wailing monkey clasping a tree" act?
Erica's father took
a sculpting class that summer.
- What is it?
- It's the baby Jesus.
I figured I'd get a little head start
on our Nativity scene for next Christmas.
Little Jesus look more like an aborted
fetus, but I kept my mouth shut.
Give me my plane!
I took a liking to young Robert.
Give me my plane!
I was his guardian angel.
Sort of.

The next time this guy bothers you,
all you have to do is stand up to him.
All bullies are cowards.
Trust me.
Days soon passed into weeks.
The guy across the street
stopped taking his wife out.
Now he just walks
around the block alone.
I hope she's all right.
On Saturdays, things got a little boring.
"What is the Sea of Galilee called
in the old Testament?"
That's an easy one.
The Sea of Chinnereth.
My turn.
"Was there any money on Noah's Ark?"
- No.
- Wrong.
The duck had a bill,
the skunk had a scent...
...and the frog had a green back.
Listening to Erica's parents
play Biblical Pursuit...
...only strengthened my resolve
to find a way to piss them off...
...and impress my beloved.
I had Giuseppe working on it.
Now pull. And pull.
Some nights were better than others.
All right, ladies, great workout.
okay, great.
But twice a month, I would hear
the most distressing sound I could hear:
The noise of my parents making love.
What's up, Pete?
Hey. Anything come in the mail
for me yet?
Nope.
The guy across the street has found a...
A lady friend.
I'm warning you. Don't do it.
It wasn't until later
that I began to have suspicions...

...as to what the woman
was imploring him not to do.
"Captain Nemo
walked ahead of us...
...and his Herculean companion
strode a few steps behind us.
Conseil and I walked side by side...
...as if a conversation might still be
possible through our metallic helmets.
Already I no longer felt
the weight of my suit...
...of my lead-soled boots,
of my air tank or of my helmet..."
More than half the summer had passed,
and everything still sucked the big one.
I was nowhere near
my beloved objective.
Finally, in August...
...Erica spoke to me.
Peter?
Erica.
Hi.
I was wondering if maybe
you could help me do something.
Anything.
Well, my parents have grounded me...
...and I really wanna
go see Nick tonight...
...so I was hoping you might
help me get down.
okay.
It was against my principles
to help Erica with Nick...
...but this was at least a way
to talk to her.
And in that short skirt...
...I caught my first glimpse of Xanadu.
My God, are you all right?
I'm... I'm fine.
"Never better" was more like it.
- That's how Erica and I began talking.
- I'm so sorry.
Every night she would sneak out
to visit Nick, and I would help her.

And every night, I would find
a new way for Erica to fall on me.
Pussy Galore.
- And we talked.
- She was like this tough chick.
And there is no doubt about it...
...Roger Moore is by far
the best James Bond.
Roger Moore? Come on.
Everybody knows Sean Connery
is the best James Bond.
Yeah. Yeah, you're right.
Roger Moore is the best James Bond.
My God, what was I saying?
Erica's beauty had more power
over me than I thought.
I mean, for me, Sean Connery
is just way too hairy.
And it really bugs me the way
he talks like this.
"Where's M, Miss Money Penny?"
Thank God they never replaced
Desmond Llewelyn.
He is so great as Q.
Erica even knew that
Desmond Llewelyn played Q.
Now I know I'm in love.
This may sound crazy...
...but sometimes when I'm depressed that
the world is a really terrible place...
...I find myself sympathizing
with the Bond villains.
- What do you mean?
- Well...
...remember how Curt Jurgens,
in The Spy Who Loved Me...
...wanted to create a perfect society
under the sea?
And in Moonraker,
Hugo Drax wanted to do the same thing...
- ...in space?
- Right.
Well, these guys really weren't so bad.
They were just tired of the war,

the politics, pollution and...
And wanted to change things.
Then this handsome womanizer
who's afraid of commitment...
...pulls up in his fancy sports car
and messes things up...
...just to protect the status quo.
I mean...
...sometimes I wish the world
could just start over, you know?
That's deep.
No, I think the blue M&M's,
they were a good choice.
No way.
I talked to her more in those weeks...
...than I did the previous 14 years
I lived across the street from her.
So if you were to be afflicted with
either of the following, which would it be:
Halitosis or incontinence?
Halitosis.
I figure I could always stock up
on breath mints.
okay, I have one for you.
Would you rather lose your eyesight...
...or the use of both of your legs?
- That's too hard.
- No.
Come on. You have to answer.
Those are the rules.
Probably, I'd lose my eyesight.
Your face is etched into my memory.
I'd always be able to see you,
and with my legs...
...I could still make love to you.
Good night, Peter.
Night.
Hey.
What's up?
You promise you're not gonna laugh?
Sure.
- Come on. You said you wouldn't laugh.
- I'm sorry.
- Can I feel?

- Knock it off.
Look, I was trying to
spice up my love life...
...and my parents came home
a little bit early.
They wanted to talk to me
and ended up searching for me.
So I figured the best thing to do
was just get out of the house.
Here, unhook me.
I don't know how girls do this...
...because this thing
was a bitch to get on.
Come on.
Yeah, it's a bitch.
Here. Can you hang on to it
till I can sneak it back in?
And stop smirking.
I'm not the first guy that's tried this.
What does that Kinsey book say about it?
I think maybe you should
give it a rest for a while.
You know, save some for your true love.
Peter, remember that story
we read in seventh grade...
...the one in Scholastic Magazine
about the heroin addict...
...who was so whacked out
that he pulled out his eyeballs?
They said the dude's eyeballs
was hanging down below his knees...
...still attached to his veins
or something.
- Yeah, I remember.
- Yeah.
Well, it wasn't true.
They just printed that to scare us.
Look, it's all propaganda, Pete.
Just like true love is.
You know what?
You and me ain't never gonna find it.
Did you see that 0.3 percent of all males
succeed in self-fellatio?
Have you noticed the guy across the street

never takes his wife out anymore?

No.

Anything come in the mail for me yet?

Remember that weird conversation
we saw him having with that woman?

And she was saying,

"Don't do it. Don't do it."

Yeah.

Hey, maybe the other woman's
his lover, right?

And he says, "I'm gonna kill my wife."

And she says,

"No, don't do it. Don't do it."

You think?

Well, I know if my wife were an invalid,
I'd be that horny.

You're sick.

Come on, Pete, everybody is.

The question is...

...what's he done with her body?

How exactly would you go about...

...cutting up a dead body?

Well, that's a hacksaw.

Me?

I'd use a chain saw.

The next day, little Robert
decided to take my advice...

...and stand up

to the tyranny of assholes.

Little Robert was all right.

He only needed

40 stitches and two casts.

But I began to wonder whether I should've
tampered with the cosmic order of things.

I was practicing my one-handed technique
when disaster struck.

Nick and Erica had

just come back from the lake.

Unfortunately, Erica's parents
let her out once in a while.

No, come on.

You remember in that one movie.

I mean, that just proves
that Roger Moore...

...is by far the best James Bond.
Erica looked great, of course.
He's all right, I agree he's not bad.
But I nearly hurled
at the sight of Nick in his Speedo.
He was huge!
He immediately makes you think
of the words "Apollo rocket. "
How the hell was I gonna
compete with that?
I was India's space program
compared to his Cape Kennedy.
Hey, you brought the protection, right?
The protection?!
Where were her parents?
Where was Christ's vice squad
when I needed them most?
Come in, Apollo 12.
We have you cleared for takeoff.
Roger that, mission control.
We are ready for liftoff.
We have liftoff in 10, nine...
I had to do something.
I had to abort Nick's trip to Venus.
I did the only thing I could think of.
two, one.
I don't know why this came to me.
It must have been
a word association with "come. "
It seemed to do the trick.
Nick, stop.
Apollo 12, we've had a malfunction.
Abort liftoff.
I had visions
that I could take Nick out...
...with my expert knowledge
of the martial arts.
Finish him!
But that's not what happened.
Towering above me, Nick hawked
the biggest loogie ever.
I trembled,
knowing it was intended for me.
oh, my God.

You stuff.

You stuff.

If you tell anybody, you're dead.

Houston, we have liftoff.

- Dad, what are you doing?

- Having a yard sale.

This is my stuff.

Since you don't live with us anymore,
didn't figure you needed it.

How much for

the Sandy Koufax baseball card?

What, 25 cents?

That's a collector's edition.

It's worth 50 bucks.

Really?

Twenty-five cents and not a cent less.

- Sold.

- Thanks.

Mom.

oh, how much for

the electric toothbrush?

For you, a special price.

- A buck.

- Yeah.

- Here you go.

- Thank you.

Matt, what are you doing?

I use one of these at my grandma's.

If you do it right,

feels just like a vibrator.

Figlio, what the hell are you doing
with your boy's things?

- Dad, they're not his things.

- Give you \$5 for this collection of Playpen.

- I give you 6!

- You're not a customer.

- You have no right to sell his things!

- Pages are sticky.

- That's disgusting.

- No right!

- okay, 4 bucks.

- Four bucks?

No, no, no. No!

- You have no right! You...

- All right.
- Papa?
- Nonno?
What's the matter?
Are you all right?
- Papa!
- okay. okay.
Give the man some room. Clear out.
Good old Nonno.
He saved the best trick
in his arsenal for now.
He was so convincing, I almost believed
he was having a heart attack.
- Yard sale's over!
- Papa, speak to me!
- Good one, Nonno.
- Is anyone a doctor?
Please, we need some help here!
- I don't know what we can do.
- What's happening?
What is wrong?
- Daddy.
- He's not breathing.
- What do you mean?
- He doesn't have a pulse.
Somebody call 911.
- Somebody call 911!
- Please call 911!
- Nonno.
- Do it now! Hurry! Hurry!
Nonno.
Tell them you're faking. Come on.
- Are you faking, Daddy?
- Come on.
He's not faking. What...? Faking?
Papa... Papa, speak to me.
oh, no.
I didn't stand under Erica's window
for the next couple of days.
I figured I was allowed.
My dad blamed me
for what happened.
He said if I still decided
to continue with my lunacy...

...he would continue to lock me out.
With an asshole like my dad...
...I'm surprised I didn't inherit
the asshole gene.
Is that what I think it is?
Jesus.
I'm getting excited right after
my grandfather's own funeral.
You must think I'm sick.
I just think it means Nonno's spirit
runs strong in you.
Hey. Brought back
your electric toothbrush.
How thoughtful.
You know, it doesn't vibrate as good
as I thought it would. Here, feel.
No, I'm not touching that,
let alone putting it in my mouth.
- I washed it off. I swear.
- Just keep it.
You're just in a crappy mood because you
realize this Romeo act is a dumb-ass idea.
I haven't decided whether
to give this up yet.
Erica was so sweet today,
you could have poured her over pancakes.
But she hasn't given me any indication
that I have a chance with her.
Well, I'll tell you.
The fact that Nick's giving her
the old Roto-Rooter...
...ain't a good sign.
Nonno was the only one
who thought this was a good idea.
Maybe I should just bite the big one
and call it quits.
Bite away, my friend.
Stop it!
Stop it! Stop!
You see?
Nice guys don't always finish last.
You're not gonna give up now, are you?
- Nope.
- oh, man.

Your grandfather croaking
was your perfect out.
I started reading Casanova.
I didn't know he got syphilis five times.
I should be so lucky.
The excitement of the past days...
...had completely lobotomized me to what
was going on across the street until...
...I saw my man carry out
some suspicious bags...
...and put them in the trunk of his car.
A couple of nights later,
I had an unexpected visitor.
It was Ms. Lewis...
...the pretty divorce
from down the street.
Her body was smoldering
like a lit cigarette.
Hello, Peter.
Ms. Lewis.
I was hoping you could cut my grass.
I'm not mowing lawns this year.
I'll make it worth your while.
And...
...you won't have to bag it.
I can't.
What am I to do?
It needs to be cut at least twice a week.
It grows so fast.
She was coming on to me.
I was paralyzed.
I didn't know what to do.
Fortunately, I didn't have to do anything.
She did it all.
I thought, "This might be my chance.
If Erica comes to the balcony and sees me
with another woman, she'll be jealous. "
Stay away from him. He's my man.
Then I had a fear that Erica was
the type of girl who would enjoy watching.
I decided to put my all into it.
If Erica saw how good I was,
she would want me even more.
But I also worried she might be as harsh on

my performance as an East German judge.
What was I doing?
If Erica sees me like this...
...I would jeopardize all
I had worked for all summer.
I had to stop, but Ms. Lewis was
most persuasive.
How could I tell her no now?
I tried to think of anything
other than sex.
What happened?
I don't know.
Maybe now's not a good time.
Perhaps it's...
Perhaps it's because I've been trying
to get this girl to notice me.
Yes, I know.
I know all about it.
It's what makes you so exciting.
I'm sorry.
Hey!
What happened to you?
I tried to become part
of that 0.3 percent.
What do you mean?
Your Kinsey reports.
I tried to suck myself off
and I hurt my neck.
Now I gotta wear this stupid thing.
- Hey, anything come in the mail for me yet?
- Nope.
What's the matter with you?
Nothing.
Something's wrong.
Nothing's wrong.
Yes, there is.
See...
...normally, you would have asked me if I
succeeded in my venture of self-fellatio.
But you didn't ask that.
Well, did you?
I will only tell you
when you tell me what's wrong.
okay.

I succeeded.
- No, you didn't.
- Yeah.
only for a second, though...
...before I snapped something
in my neck.
Did you know it tastes like roast beef?
Which I actually found reassuring.
See, I always thought that
girls must hate giving head...
...but if you think about it,
it's kind of like a trip to the Sizzler.
Come on, tell me what's bothering you.
I'm running out of time.
Erica leaves for college
in a couple of weeks.
I'm beginning to think
this isn't gonna work.
She probably thinks I'm
even more of a schmuck.
Yeah, well, I told you so.
I don't need to hear that from you.
You're supposed to be my friend.
I was just trying to give you
some good advice.
Advice.
Why would I take advice from a guy...
...who broke his neck
trying to suck his own dick?
Because I am enterprising.
There was one thing I hadn't tried yet
to become Erica's love slave...
...and that was impressing her
by pissing her parents off.
Giuseppe had been working on a plan.
We were just waiting
for the right opportunity.
Finally it presented itself.
Erica's father and his friends were
competing for some Easter pageant contest.
One where 12 guys in bed sheets...
...hold a pose of Leonardo da Vinci's
Last Supper for over five minutes.
The team with the best tableau

gets to perform it...
...at the National Cathedral
for the president or something.
Darn it, Phil. You moved.
I couldn't help it. I had an itch.
We were only two minutes
and 13 seconds into it.
We're gonna have to hold it twice that long
if we stand any chance to win this thing.
It's easy for you.
You get to rest your elbows on the table.
Try holding your arms out
like this for five minutes.
- It's not that hard.
- Yeah? Then you try it.
Why do you get to be Jesus every year?
Because I organize this thing.
I'm the leader.
I'm tired of playing Judas
all the time.
Come on, Phil. You make a great Judas.
What is that supposed to mean?
And where do you think
you're going, young lady?
Nick got tickets to Lollapalooza,
so we're going.
Well, don't you remember?
I banned you from going out.
Can't you make an exception
this one time?
No! You're not leaving this house.
Dad, what are you talking about?
This is not fair!
It is time, my friend.
- You're treating me like I'm 10!
- You're acting like you're 10!
Now, I don't enjoy doing this,
but it is my resp...
Let her go, or the baby Jesus gets it.
Peter. Wha...?
I mean it.
I cannot have you desecrate
the baby Jesus.
All right, Erica.

You may go.
Now give him to me.
I'll give him back at the end of the
summer, when Erica leaves for college.
It's not fair you keep her
locked up in here.
Why, you... Get him!
So how do you think Jesus
really feels...
...about having his name
on all those bumper stickers?
So my father's pretty pissed.
Yeah.
You didn't have to do that, you know.
I wanted to.
Thanks.
Well, good night.
What? She only gave you
a peck on the cheek...
...after what you did for her?
I know. What does that mean?
I'll tell you what it means.
It means you ain't never gonna make
the beast with two backs with her, friend.
I don't know.
We've been talking a lot lately.
Yeah, sure. You're in the friend zone.
- Is that bad?
- Bad? It's the worst.
Come on. Girls don't want a friend.
They want a human piston.
Well, maybe I still got a chance at
becoming her "human piston," as you put it.
We're not that good of friends.
Are you kidding me?
You're doing life in the friend zone.
- You think so?
- I know so.
So, what's up with our psycho killer
over there across the street?
Well, I snuck over there the other night
to take a peek at what he was up to.
- He nearly caught me.
- See, I told you. I knew it.

- The guy's nuts.

- I'm not so sure.

Past couple of nights I've seen him take
garbage bags out filled with something.

Bet you he's taking his wife out
piece by piece.

It's a lot of bags for just one person.

Maybe he's taking out
his whole family.

I know I've thought about it myself.

I don't think he has any family.

It's here, man.

- There you go.

- Yes, it's here!

- Look, dude, it's finally here!

- What's finally here?

It's an orgasmatron.

I ordered it in Shaved magazine.

Check it out. See?

It runs on battery or AC.

It's a new era, Pete.

You know they have a name now
for electronic sex?

- What's that?

- "Dildonics."

Pretty cool.

Dildonics.

It kind of makes you sound like a homo.

I never thought of it like that.

Anyway, it's a bold new frontier, man.

I'll let you borrow it any time you want.

That's okay.

Listen, with the way
things are going with you...

...you may wanna consider
my plan of self-sufficiency.

The friend zone had
an incredible hold on me.

I couldn't escape its hellish grasp.

So who would you rather be:

Paul McCartney or John Lennon?

That's obvious. John Lennon.

Yeah, but you'd be dead now.

So what? At least I'd be

the coolest of all the Beatles.

I don't know. He did marry Yoko Ono.

People underestimate Paul McCartney.

He's written some pretty good music.

Like "Ebony and Ivory"?

okay. You're right.

You know, I don't think it'd be so hard being a songwriter.

- oh, yeah?

- I mean, if you're a novelist...

...you have to come up with

every sentence, every word.

If you're a businessman,

your reports have to be well-thought-out...

- ...with sound financial conclusions, right?

- Right.

But if you're a songwriter, and you can't figure out how to end a song...

...you just fade out.

It's easy.

Yeah. You're right.

What other job lets you finish it up by just fading out?

A film director.

So it went on like this.

Maybe Erica was right.

We were just friends.

You never told me. What's the worst thing your parents ever did to you?

I guess the worst thing

my dad ever did...

...was speak at career day

to my third-grade class.

He talked for over half an hour

about the joys of being a radiologist...

...and then proceeded to treat

the entire class to a chocolate barium.

That's bad.

So, what about you?

It must have been the time I was 5.

My dad and I were at

the Lighthouse Christian Store.

It was January...

...and he was buying Christmas cards.

He always does that.
Buys Christmas cards in January...
...when the previous year's selection
go on sale.
Anyway, I had just learned to count.
So I was always counting things...
...like the number of stop lights
on the way to the store, stuff like that.
When the cashier gave my dad
his change back...
...I had noticed that she'd given him
the wrong amount.
She'd given him too much.
And I looked up at my dad,
and he had noticed too.
But he didn't do anything.
He just took the money
and put it in his wallet, and we left.
It was right then, I guess...
...that I stopped believing
my parents were perfect people.
Well...
...good night, Peter.
Night.
If Erica had lost all trust in her parents,
how could she trust anything?
How could she trust that I loved her?
I was beginning to think Matt was right.
I had tried everything
to win over my beloved Erica...
...but nothing had worked.
Nothing was going to work.
It had only stranded me
in the friend zone...
...like Charlton Heston being marooned
in the Planet of the Apes.
I was so unhappy,
whereas my best bud, Matt...
...had fallen in love with a robot
which gives blowjobs.
Maybe I was the strange one, not him.
At least he was happy.
My dick! My dick!
Here, you try.

It's silly.
So? It's fun.
It'll make you feel like a kid again.
Now, go on.
That's it.
Go, have fun.
You know,
everybody thinks you're crazy.
So what?
Well...
I mean, you gotta admit,
you do some pretty weird things.
I don't think so.
Well...
...explain why you sometimes
go out to your car and eat dinner.
My car radio gets better reception
than the one on my stereo.
I go out there to listen to my opera.
What about doing your gardening
in a scuba mask?
I love to garden,
but I'm allergic to pollen.
It's the only way I can work in the yard
without having my eyes all tear up.
okay. But admit it.
Cutting your grass
in the middle of the night?
It's a little strange.
With this humidity?
Nighttime's the only sane time
to cut the grass.
What about sitting on your roof
with the telephone?
oh, that.
My best friend, Mabel, lives
just a couple of blocks away from here.
She's going senile,
but she won't admit it...
...and she insists on driving her car.
So when she's coming over to visit...
...I go up on my roof.
I can see her back out of her driveway.
And if she makes a wrong turn...

...I call her on her car phone,
give her directions.
voil.
- It all makes sense.
- Everything does.
Just depends on your perspective.
This is the worst day of my life.
The orgasmatron shorted out on me.
Gave my penis an electric shock.
You didn't like that?
No, you don't understand, okay?
I can't get it up anymore.
It doesn't work.
Just leave it alone for a little while.
I'm sure it just needs a little R and R.
Yeah, I know. I tried that.
I waited all morning
and then tried it again.
It still doesn't work.
I couldn't even get it to go to half-mast.
Hey, what if you're right?
What if a guy only has
a finite number of erections...
...and I've used all mine up?
Well, what are you gonna do?
I do have an emergency plan
for such an event...
...but I'm gonna need your help.
No way, man. It's too weird for me.
Come on, man.
Look, it's nothing like that, okay?
I got some money saved up,
and there's this lady on the boulevard.
Let's just say she's an experienced lady.
For 100 bucks,
she'll do it any way you want.
What do you need me for?
I can't do this alone.
I need you to go with me.
Now, I got 150 saved up.
Hey, we could work a two-for-one deal.
No way.
Come on, man.
I'll even take sloppy seconds.

Just forget it.
I've only got a few days left
to win Erica's love.
Even if she doesn't fall in love with me...
...I've decided to stick it out
until the end of the summer.
That way, I know I've tried everything.
Please, man.
Come on, man. It's an emergency.
I need your help.
I can't.
What kind of friend are you?
I mean, you've spent
our last great summer together...
...standing under
some stupid girl's window.
And do I say a word about it to you?
No, not once.
But then, when I need you...
...in the middle of the biggest crisis
in my life...
...you don't even consider it?
You're a dickwad, you know that?
Yeah. No wonder Erica doesn't like you.
- Take it back.
- No.
No. You know what?
You're a asswipe,
and she's never gonna love you.
- Take it back!
- No!
- Come on!
- Yeah. Take it back.
- No!
- Yeah. Yeah.
Come here.
My neck, man!
Come on, my neck. Get off!
Pretty stupid too, pal.
Maybe I was stupid.
That afternoon, my dad gave me proof...
...that I had inherited
this trait from him.
I had just finished Casanova

and had begun reading...
...the love poems of Robert Browning,
and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
She's the one who wrote:
"How do I love thee?
Let me count the ways."
Anyway, it was my parents' anniversary...
...and my father made the mistake
of getting the wrong gift.
I'm sorry, honey.
My dad tried to salvage the situation
by rushing out to the jewelry store.
But that wasn't enough.
When he came home,
he was in for a big surprise.
Honey, come on. Let me in. Please?
Sweetheart?
I got you another present. See?
May I join you?
Guess so.
I always thought
my dad was pretty lame.
What did it say about me
that my dad was using...
...my strategy to win Erica
to score points with Mom?
I hoped my dad would have
more luck with my mom...
...than I was having with Erica.
.He was beginning to get on my nerves.
You ever tried that one on Mom?
No.
How about that?
No.
You've been married 18 years,
you haven't tried that?
Well, that area's a big mystery to me.
I've never been able to figure it out.
Well, no wonder she's so mad at you.
Do you really think she wants that?
of course she does.
You read what the book says.
Thanks, Peter.
Jesus Christ.

Now even my dad was
getting more action than I was.
Hey-ho, Peter.
- What's this?
- This is breakfast.
But I thought that...
Look, I was all wrong about all this.
I'm very sorry.
And here's a copy of the house key.
You can come back inside
anytime you want.
Thanks.
And, son...
...I love you.
You know the sad man
across the street?
The one who pushes his wife around
in the wheelchair all the time?
Well, I don't see her
around there anymore.
Like she's... She's gone.
I've been watching him all summer,
and secretly he's been taking things...
...in and out of the house.
Wait. So you think he killed his wife?
Yeah.
That's bull.
I don't believe that.
Yeah?
Well, why don't you go over there
and check it out.
Because I got better things to do
than prowl around some guy's back yard.
I dare you to go.
oh, I'm not going over there.
- I almost got caught last time.
- I dare you both.
Look, we'll all go.
So we crossed the street...
...to find out what happened
to the man's wife...
...making sure we didn't get run over
by Mister Mays.
- It's locked. Come on.

- Erica, wait.
No, don't open the door. Don't.
It's unlocked.
I knew you'd come back.
You wanna see what's inside?
Wanna see what I've done?
I'll show you what I've done.
- No, no!
- No, man!
You've been waiting all summer long.
- Just relax.
- No, we haven't.
Let's go, Peter.
Come on! We didn't do anything!
This.
This is what I've done.
You built a swimming pool
in your living room?
No. Not just a swimming pool.
I built paradise.
A tropical...
...paradise.
Honey?
- What's going on?
- Nothing, my dear.
Just some guests.
My wife and I...
...wanted to go back to Tahiti
for our second honeymoon.
But then...
...she got so sick.
She really loved the water, you see.
I wanted to build a pool
in our back yard...
...but the city wouldn't give me
the permit in time.
So...
...I built it here.
In secret.
For her.
So that my love and I...
...can go back to paradise.
You won't tell anyone, will you?
Where the apple reddens

Never pry...
Lest we lose our Edens Eve and I
Hi.
Hi.
So listen...
...I'm leaving tomorrow.
Where you going?
You're not gonna believe this...
...but I decided I'm gonna go to college.
Right. Good.
Erica's leaving for college too.
Where is she?
She's with Nick. He broke his leg.
- Too bad.
- Yeah.
Lost his football scholarship.
Like I said, too bad.
So I guess I won't be seeing you around.
No, no.
I guess not.
Peter, listen.
I was kind of hoping that...
...we could spend
my last day here together.
Elliot's having this party and I thought,
you know, maybe we could go.
Sounds good.
But what if Erica, you know...?
Erica.
Well, I'll... I'll see you.
Screw Erica.
What?
I said, screw Erica.
I mean, if she's not willing to give me
a chance by now, then she's nuts.
No other man would go through
what I did for her.
If that love isn't good enough for her,
well, so be it.
I mean, there are plenty of other...
...beautiful, mature women
that want me.
I even passed up a night
with Ms. Lewis for Erica.

You passed up Melon-Breast Lewis?
If she doesn't love me by now,
then I don't love her.
Besides, she even thinks
Roger Moore is the best James Bond.
- Come on. Let's go.
- All right.
So listen. Did I tell you I revised
my theory on self-sufficiency?
I'm against it now. It's a little lonely.
Peter?
Peter, I need to talk to you.
Peter?
Peter?
- Hi, Peter.
- Hi, Ms. Lewis.
What have you boys been up to?
Well, we just got back from a party.
Everybody's going off for college,
so it was the last hurrah.
Sounds like fun.
Would you boys like to come in
for a cup of hot cocoa?
No, thanks.
This is my friend Matt.
Hi.
Hi.
I would...
...love a cup of cocoa.
It works! It actually works!
It works!
Erica?
Peter.
I missed you.
So that's my story.
It's all true.
Give or take a few minor details.
My grandfather was right.
I now know, in my heart of hearts,
that people are supposed to make love.
It is our main purpose in life.
All those other activities...
Playing the violin, washing dishes,
reading novels, drinking wine.

are just ways of passing time...
...until you can make love again.