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# George Carlin: You Are All Diseased

By George Carlin

That's nice.  
Thank you.  
Thanks very much,  
I appreciate it.  
Thank you very much.  
Thank you all.  
Thank you.  
I appreciate that.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
So let me ask  
you something.  
Let me ask you how's  
everybody doing tonight  
huh?  
Good.  
Well fuck you.  
Just trying to make  
you feel at home.  
Now listen, I've been  
out here all this time  
and I haven't  
been complaining  
about anything yet  
so I think it's time  
to go into the  
complaint department.  
This is just a  
series of things  
that are pissing  
me off okay?  
A series of things that  
are pissing me off  
cause I don't  
have pet peeves  
I have major psychotic  
fucking hatreds okay?  
And it makes the world a  
lot easier to sort out.  
First thing on  
my list tonight,  
airport security.  
Tired of this shit.  
There's too much of it.

There's too much  
security at the airport.  
I'm tired of some guy  
with a double digit IQ  
and a triple digit income  
rooting around inside  
of my bag for no reason  
and never  
finding anything.  
Haven't found  
anything yet.  
Haven't found one  
bomb in one bag  
and don't tell me,  
Well the  
terrorist know  
there bags are  
going to be searched  
so now they're leaving  
their bombs at home.  
There are no bombs.  
The whole thing is  
fucking pointless  
and it's completely  
without logic.  
There's no logic at all.  
They'll take away gun  
but let you keep a knife.  
Well what the  
fuck is that?  
In fact there's a whole  
list of lethal objects  
they will allow you  
to take on board.  
Theoretically you  
could take a knife,  
an ice pick,  
a hatchet,  
a straight razor,  
a pair of scissors,  
a chainsaw, six  
knitting needles  
and a broken  
whiskey bottle

and the only thing they're  
going to say to you  
is that bag has to fit  
all the way under the  
seat in front of you.  
And if you didn't take  
a weapon on board relax,  
after you been flying  
for about an hour  
they're going to bring  
you a knife and fork.  
They actually give  
you a fucking knife.  
It's only a table knife  
but you could kill a  
pilot with a table knife.  
Might take you a couple  
of minutes you know,  
especially if  
he's hefty huh?  
Yeah but you could  
get the job done  
if you really wanted  
to kill the prick.  
Shit there's a lot of  
things you could use  
to kill a guy with.  
You could probably beat  
a guy to death with the  
Sunday New York  
Times couldn't you?  
Or suppose you just  
had really big hands  
couldn't you strangle  
a flight attendant?  
Shit you could probably  
strangle two of them,  
one with each hand.  
You know if you are lucky  
enough to catch them  
in that little  
kitchen area  
before they give out the  
fucking peanuts you know?

But you could  
get the job done  
if you really  
cared enough.  
So why is it  
they allow a man  
with big powerful hands  
to get on board  
an airplane?

I'll tell you why.  
They know he's not  
a security risk  
because he's  
already answered  
the three big  
questions.

Question number one:

Did you pack your  
bags yourself?

No Carrot Top  
packed my bags.

He and Martha Stewart  
and Florence Henderson  
came over to the  
house last night,  
fixed me a lovely  
lobster Newburgh,  
gave me a full  
body massage  
with sacred oils  
from India,  
performed a four  
way around the world  
and then they  
packed my bags.

**Next question:**

Have your bags  
been in your possession  
the whole time?

No.

Usually the night  
before I travel,  
just as the

moon is rising,  
I place my suitcases  
out on the street corner  
and leave them there  
unattended for  
several hours.  
Just for good luck.

**Next question:**

Has any  
unknown person  
asked you to take  
anything on board?  
Hmm,  
but what exactly is  
an unknown person?  
Surely everyone is  
known to someone.  
In fact, just  
this morning  
Kareem and Ucef  
Allibamgaba  
seemed to know each  
other quite well.  
They kept joking about  
which one of my suitcases  
was the heaviest.  
And that's another thing they  
don't like at the airport,  
jokes you know?  
Yeah you can't  
joke about a bomb.  
Well why is it just jokes?  
What about a riddle?  
How about a limerick?  
How about a  
bomb anecdote?  
You know no punch line  
just a really cute story.  
Or suppose you  
intended the remark  
not as a joke but  
as an ironic musing.  
Are they prepared to

make that distinction?  
Why I think not.  
And besides who's  
to say what's funny.  
Airport security  
is a stupid idea,  
it's a waste of money  
and it's only there  
for one reason,  
to make white  
people feel safe.  
That's all, the illusion,  
the feeling and  
illusion of safety  
cause the  
authorities know  
they can't make an  
airplane completely safe.  
Too many people  
have access.  
You'll notice the  
drug smugglers  
don't seem to have  
a lot of trouble  
getting there little  
packages on board do they?  
No and God bless them too.  
Oh and by the way  
an airplane flight shouldn't  
be completely safe.  
You need a little  
danger in your life.  
Take a fucking chance  
once in a while will you?  
What are you going to do  
play with your prick for  
another thirty years?  
What are you going to  
read People Magazine  
and eat at Wendy's  
till the end of time?  
Take a fucking chance.  
Besides even if  
they made

all of the airplanes  
completely safe  
the terrorist  
would simply  
start bombing other  
places that are crowded.  
Porn shops,  
crack houses,  
titty bars  
and gangbangs you know?  
Entertainment venues.  
The odds of you being  
killed by a terrorist  
are practically zero.  
So I say relax and  
enjoy the show.  
You have to be a realist.  
You have to be realistic  
about terrorism.  
Certain groups of  
people, certain groups,  
Muslim Fundamentalist,  
Christian  
Fundamentalist,  
Jewish Fundamentalist  
and just plain  
guys from Montana  
are going to continue to  
make life in this country  
very interesting for  
a long, long time.  
That's the reality.  
Angry men in  
combat fatigues  
talking to God on  
a two-way radio  
and mothering incoherent  
slogans about freedom  
are eventually  
going to provide us  
with a great deal  
of entertainment.  
Especially after your  
stupid, fucking economy

collapses all around you  
and the terrorist come  
out of the woodwork  
and you'll have anthrax  
in your water supply  
and serine gas in  
your air conditioners.  
They'll be chemical  
and biological  
suitcase bombs  
in every city  
and I say enjoy it,  
relax. Enjoy the show.  
Take a fucking chance.  
Put a little fun  
in your life.  
To me terrorism  
is exciting.  
It's exciting.  
I think the very  
idea that you can  
set off a bomb  
in a marketplace  
and kill several  
hundred people  
is exciting and  
stimulating  
and I see it as a  
form of entertainment.  
Entertainment  
that's all it is.  
Yeah.  
But... but I also know  
that most Americans  
are soft and frightened  
and unimaginative  
and they don't realize  
there's such a thing  
as dangerous fun  
and they certainly  
don't recognize  
a good show when  
they see one.  
I have always

been willing  
to put myself at  
great personal risk  
for the sake of  
entertainment.  
And I've always been  
willing to put you  
at great personal risk  
for the same reason.  
As far as I'm concerned  
all of this  
airport security,  
all the searches,  
the screenings,  
the cameras, the questions  
it's just one more way  
of reducing your liberty  
and reminding you  
that they can fuck with  
you anytime they want  
as long as you  
put up with it.  
As long as you  
put up with it,  
which means of course  
anytime they want  
cause that's what  
Americans do now.  
They're always willing  
to trade away  
a little of their freedom  
in exchange for  
the feeling,  
the illusion of security.  
What we have now  
is a completely  
neurotic population  
obsessed with  
security and safety  
and crime and drugs  
and cleanliness  
and hygiene and germs.  
There's another  
thing, germs.

Where did this  
sudden fear of germs  
come from in this country?  
Had you noticed this,  
the media constantly  
running stories  
about all the  
latest infections,  
salmonella, ecoli,  
hanka virus, bird flu  
and Americans  
panic easily  
so now everybody's  
running around  
scrubbing this  
and spraying that  
and overcooking  
their food  
and repeatedly  
washing their hands  
trying to avoid all  
contact with germs.  
It's ridiculous  
and it goes to  
ridiculous lengths.  
In prisons  
before they give you  
a lethal injection  
they swab your  
arm with alcohol.  
It's true.  
It's true.  
It's true.  
Well they don't want  
you to get an infection  
and you can see  
their point.  
Wouldn't want some  
guy to go to hell  
and be sick.  
Would take a lot of  
the sportsmanship  
out of the whole  
execution.

Fear of, germs why  
these fucking pussies.  
You can't even get a  
decent hamburger anymore.  
They kick the shit  
out of everything now  
cause everybody's afraid  
of food poisoning.  
Hey where's your  
sense of adventure?  
Take a fucking  
chance will ya?  
Do you know how  
many people  
die in this country from  
food poisoning every year?  
Nine thousand,  
that's all,  
it's a minor risk.  
Take a fucking chance  
bunch Goddamn pussies.  
Besides what do you think  
you have an  
immune system for?  
It's for killing germs  
but it needs practice.  
It needs germs  
to practice on  
so... so listen.  
So listen.  
If you kill all the  
germs around you  
and live a completely  
sterile life  
then when germs  
do come along  
you're not going  
to be prepared.  
And never mind  
ordinary germs  
what are you going to do  
when some super  
virus comes along  
that turns your

vital organs  
into liquid shit?  
I'll tell you what  
you're going to do,  
you're going to sick,  
you're going to die  
and you're going  
to deserve it  
cause you're  
fucking weak  
and you got a fucking  
weak immune system.  
Now.  
Goddamn it.  
Hey.  
All right.  
Let me you tell  
you a true story  
about immunization okay?  
When I was a little  
boy in New York City  
in the 1940's we swam  
in the Hudson River  
and it was filled  
with raw sewage okay?  
We swam in raw  
sewage you know,  
to cool off  
and at that time the  
big fear was polio.  
Thousands of kids died  
from polio every year  
but you know something?  
In my neighborhood no  
one ever got polio,  
no one, ever.  
You know why?  
Cause we swam  
in raw sewage.  
It strengthened  
our immune systems.  
The polio never  
had a prayer.  
We were tempered

in raw shit.  
So... so personally  
I never take  
any special precautions  
against germs.  
I don't shy  
away from people  
who sneeze and cough.  
I don't wipe off  
the telephone.  
I don't cover  
the toilet seat  
and if I drop  
food on the floor  
I pick it  
up and eat it.  
I eat it.  
Yes I do.  
Even if I'm at  
a sidewalk caf  
in Calcutta,  
the poor section  
on New Years morning  
during a soccer riot.  
And you know something  
in spite of all that  
so called risky behavior  
I never get infections.  
I don't get them.  
I don't get colds.  
I don't get flu.  
I don't get headaches.  
I don't get upset stomach.  
And you know why?  
Cause I got a good  
strong immune system  
and it gets a  
lot of practice.  
My immune system  
is equipped  
with the biologically  
equivalent  
of fully automatic  
military assault rifles

with night vision  
and laser scopes  
and we have  
recently acquired  
phosphorus grenades,  
cluster bombs  
and anti-personnel  
fragmentation mines.  
So when my white blood  
cells are on patrol  
Keeping order in  
my bloodstream  
seeking out strangers  
and other undesirables,  
if they see any,  
any suspicious looking  
germs of any kind  
they don't fuck around.  
They whip out the weapons,  
they wax the motherfucker  
and deposit the  
unlucky fellow  
directly into my colon.  
Into my colon,  
there's no nonsense.  
There's no  
Miranda warning.  
There's none of that  
three strikes and  
your out shit.  
First offense bam  
into the colon you go.  
Yeah.  
Good.  
Yeah.  
All right.  
Oh, and speaking  
of my colon  
I want you to know  
I don't automatically  
wash my hands  
every time I go to  
the bathroom okay?  
Can you deal with that?

Sometimes I do,  
sometimes I don't.  
You know when  
I was my hands?  
When I shit on them.  
That's the only time.  
That's the only...  
and you know how  
often that happens?  
Tops... tops two, three  
times a week, tops.  
Tops.  
Maybe a little  
more frequently  
over the holidays,  
you know what I mean?  
And I'll tell you  
something else  
my well-scrubbed  
friends.  
You don't always need  
a shower everyday.  
Did you know that?  
It's overkill.  
Unless you work out  
or work outdoors  
or for some reason come  
in intimate contact  
with huge  
amounts of filth  
and garbage everyday  
you don't always  
need a shower.  
All you really need to do  
is to wash the  
four key areas,  
armpits, asshole,  
crotch and teeth.  
Got that?  
Armpits, asshole,  
crotch and teeth.  
In fact you can  
save yourself  
a whole lot of time

if you simply use  
the same brush  
on all four areas.

Thank you.

Thank you.

I appreciate  
it. Thank you.

All right.

Listen I got a  
few more items  
of things that are  
pissing me off  
and this one comes in  
the form of a question.

Haven't we had  
about enough  
of this cigar smoking  
shit in this country?

Huh?

Huh?

When is this going to end?

When is this shit  
going to go away?

When are these fat,  
arrogant, overpaid,  
overfed, over privileged,

over indulged,

white collar,

business criminal,

asshole, cocksuckers

going to put

out their cigars

and move along to their

next abomination?

White pussy businessmen

sucking on a

big brown dick.

That's all it is.

That's all it is.

Yeah.

A big brown dick.

Sigmund Freud said,

"Sometimes a cigar

is just a cigar."

Oh yeah, well sometimes  
it's a big brown dick...  
with a fat, arrogant,  
white-collar  
business  
criminal, asshole  
sucking on the  
wet end of it.  
But hey, the news is  
not all bad for me,  
not all bad,  
you want to know  
the good part?  
Cancer of the mouth.  
Good.  
Fuck 'em.  
Makes me happy.  
It's an attractive  
disease,  
goes nice with  
a cell phone.  
So light up.  
Suspend a man and  
suck that smoke  
deep down into  
your empty suit  
and blow it  
out your ass  
you fucking cocksucker.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Hey,  
here's another question  
I've been pondering.  
What is all this  
shit about angels?  
Have you heard this?  
Yeah, three out  
of four people  
now believe in angels.  
What are you  
fucking stupid?  
Has everybody lost  
their fucking mind

in this country?  
Angels, shit.  
You know what  
I think it is?  
I think it's a  
massive collective  
psychotic chemical  
flashback  
of all the drugs,  
all the drugs,  
smoked, swallowed,  
snorted, shot  
and absorbed rectally  
by all Americans  
from 1960 to 1990.  
Thirty years of  
adulterated street drugs  
will get you some  
fucking angels my friend.  
Angels shit.  
What about goblins huh?  
Doesn't anybody  
believe in goblins?  
Never hear about them  
except on Halloween  
and its always negative  
shit too you know?  
And zombies, where the  
fuck are all the zombies?  
That's the trouble  
with zombies,  
they're unreliable.  
I say if you're going  
to buy the angels shit  
you might as well go  
for the zombie  
package as well.  
Here's another  
horrifying example,  
aspect of  
American culture,  
the pussification,  
the continued,  
the continued

pussification  
of the American male  
in the form...  
yeah all right,  
in the form of  
Harley Davidson  
theme restaurants.  
What the fuck is  
going on here?  
Harley Davidson used  
to mean something.  
It stood for  
biker attitude.  
Grimy outlaws and  
there sweaty mamas,  
full of beer and crank  
rolling around  
on Harley's  
looking for a good time  
destroying property,  
raping teenagers and  
killing policemen.  
All very necessary  
activities by the way  
but now theme  
restaurants  
and this soft shit  
obviously didn't come  
from hardcore bikers.  
It came from these  
weekend motorcyclists.  
These fraudulent,  
two day a week  
motherfuckers  
who have their bikes  
trucked into  
Sturgis, South Dakota  
for the big rally  
and then ride around  
like they just come  
in off the road.  
Dentist and bureaucrats  
and pussy boy  
software designers

getting up on a Harley  
cause they think  
it makes them cool.  
Well hey Skeezits  
you ain't cool,  
you're fucking chilly.  
And chilly ain't  
never been cool.  
And here as long  
as were talking  
about theme restaurants,  
I got a proposition  
for you,  
I think if white people  
are going to burn  
down black churches  
then black people  
ought to burn down the  
House Of Blues huh?  
What a fucking disgrace  
that place is,  
the House Of Blues.  
They ought to call it  
the house of lame  
white motherfuckers.  
Inauthentic, low  
frequency, single digit  
lame white motherfuckers,  
especially these  
male movie stars  
who think they're  
blues artist.  
You ever see these guys?  
Don't you just want  
to puke in your soup  
when one of these fat,  
balding, overweight,  
over aged, out of shape,  
middle-aged  
male movie stars  
with sunglasses  
jumps on stage  
and starts blowing  
into a harmonica.

It's a fucking sacrilege.  
In the first place,  
in the first place,  
white people  
got no business  
playing the blues  
ever at all,  
under any  
circumstances.  
Ever, ever, ever.  
What the fuck  
do white people  
have to be blue about?  
Banana Republic  
ran out of khakis?  
Huh?  
The Espresso  
machine is jammed.  
Hootie and the Blowfish  
are breaking up?  
Shit white people  
ought to understand  
there job is to give  
people the blues  
not to get them.  
And certainly not to  
sing or play them.  
Tell you a little  
secret about the blues;  
it's not enough to know  
which notes to play  
you got to know why  
they need to be played.  
And another thing,  
I don't think,  
I don't think  
white people  
should be trying to  
dance like blacks.  
Stop that!  
Stick to your faggoty  
polkas and waltzes.  
And that repulsive  
country line dancing

shit that you do  
and be yourself.  
Be proud, be  
white, be lame  
and get the fuck  
off the dance floor.  
Now.  
I thank you.  
Now listen,  
long as were  
discussing minorities  
I'd like to mention  
something about language.  
There are a  
couple of terms  
being used a  
lot these days  
by guilty  
white liberals.  
First one is,  
happens to be.  
He happens to be black.  
I have a friend  
who happens to be black.  
Like it's a fucking  
accident you know?  
Happens to be black?  
Yes he happens  
to be black.  
Awe yeah, yeah, yeah.  
He had two black parents?  
Oh yes, yes he did.  
Yes.  
And they fucked?  
Oh indeed they did.  
Indeed.  
So where does the  
surprise part come in?  
I should think it  
would be more unusual  
if he just happened  
to be Scandinavian.  
And the other  
term is openly.

Openly gay.  
They'll say,  
he's openly gay.  
But this... that's  
the only minority  
they use that for.  
You know you wouldn't say  
someone was openly black.  
Well maybe James Brown  
or Lewis Farrakhan.  
Lewis Farrakhan  
is openly black.  
Colin Powell is  
not openly black.  
Colin Powell is  
openly white,  
he just happens  
to be black.  
Okay.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Yeah.  
Oh thank you.  
Thank you.  
And while were at it  
when did the word urban  
become synonymous  
with the word black?  
Did I fall asleep for  
eight or nine years?  
Urban styles, urban  
trends, urban music,  
I was not consulted  
on this at all.  
Didn't get an email,  
didn't a fax,  
didn't get a fucking  
postcard, fine!  
Let them go.  
And I don't  
think white women  
should be calling each  
other girlfriend okay?  
Stop pretending

to be black.  
And no matter  
what color you are  
"you go girl"  
should probably go...  
right along,  
right along with  
"you the man."  
Hey you the man.  
Oh yeah?  
Well you the  
fucking honkey.  
Now something a little  
more positive for you.  
Don't want you to think  
the whole show is  
just negativity.  
This is about a festival.  
This is my idea  
for one of those  
big outdoor  
summer festivals.  
This is called Slugfest.  
This is for men only.  
Here's what you do,  
you get about a  
hundred thousand  
of these fucking men,  
you know the ones I mean,  
these macho  
motherfuckers.  
Yeah, these strutting,  
preening, posturing,  
hairy, sweaty, alpha  
male jack offs.  
The muscle assholes.  
You take about a  
hundred thousand  
of these  
disgusting pricks  
and you throw them  
in a big dirt arena,  
big twenty-five  
acre dirt arena,

and you just let them  
beat the shit  
out of each other  
for twenty-four  
hours nonstop,  
no food, no water  
just whiskey and PCP.  
And you just let them  
punch and pound and kick  
the shit out of  
each other until  
only one guy is  
left standing  
then you  
take that guy  
and you put him  
on a pedestal  
and you shoot him  
the fucking head.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Then you put the  
whole thing on TV.  
Budweiser would  
jump at that shit  
in half a minute.  
And guys would volunteer.  
Guys would line up  
all you got to do  
is promise them a small  
appliance of some kind.  
Men will do anything  
just give them something  
that plugs in the wall  
makes a whirring noise.  
Here's another  
male cliché,  
these guys who  
cut the sleeves  
off of their T-shirts  
so the rest of us can have  
an even more  
compelling experience  
of smelling

their armpits.  
I say, hey Bruno shut it  
down would you please?  
You smell like an  
anchovy's cunt okay?  
Yeah.  
Not good.  
Not good Bruno  
and definitely  
not for sharing.  
This is the same  
kind of guy  
that has that  
barbed wire tattoo  
that goes all the way  
around the bicep.  
You've seen that  
haven't you?  
That's just what  
I need some guy  
who hasn't been laid  
since the bicentennial  
wants me to think he's  
a bad motherfucker  
because he's got  
a picture ahha,  
a painting of some  
barbed-wire on his...  
I say hey junior  
come around  
when you have the  
real thing on there  
I'll squeeze that shit on  
good and tight  
for you okay?  
No kidding.  
No kidding.  
This is the same  
kind of guy if you,  
if you smashed  
him in the face  
eight or nine times  
with a big chunk  
of concrete

and then beat  
him over the head  
with a steel rod for  
an hour and a half  
you know what?  
He'd drop like  
a fucking rock.  
Like a rock.  
Here's another guy  
thing that sucks.  
These T-shirts that say,  
Lead follow or get  
out of the way.  
You ever see that?  
This is more of that  
stupid Marine  
Corp bullshit.  
Obsolete male impulses  
from a hundred  
thousand years ago.  
Lead follow or get  
out of the way.  
You know what I do  
when I see that shirt?  
I stand right in  
the guys path,  
force him to  
walk around me,  
he gets a  
little past me,  
I spin him around,  
kick him in the nuts,  
rip off his shirt,  
wipe it on my ass  
and shove it down  
his fucking throat.  
That's what I do when  
I see that shirt.  
Yeah.  
Hey, listen,  
that's all  
these Marine's  
are looking for  
a good time.

And speaking  
of tough guys,  
I'm getting a little  
tired of hearing  
that after six  
policemen get arrested  
for shoving  
a floor lamp  
up some black guys ass  
and ripping his  
intestine's out  
the police  
department announces  
they're going to have  
sensitivity training.  
I say hey, if you  
need special training  
to be told not to jam  
a large  
cumbersome object  
up someone else's asshole  
maybe you're  
too fucked up  
to be on the police  
force in the first place  
huh?  
Maybe.  
Maybe not.  
Maybe not, I don't know.  
Listen, yeah.  
That's right.  
You know what  
they ought to do?  
They ought to have  
two new requirements  
for being on the police.  
Intelligence and decency.  
You never can tell  
it might just work.  
It certainly hasn't  
been tried yet.  
No one should ever have  
any object placed  
inside their asshole

that is larger  
than a fist  
and less loving  
than a dildo okay?  
Now this next thing is  
about our president.  
This is about  
our president.  
Bill Jeff.  
Bill Jeff.  
Bill Jeff.  
Clinton.  
I don't call him Clinton  
I call him Clittin.  
Clittin, C-L-l-T-T-l-N,  
apostroph-e.  
His big deal was J.F.K.  
Isn't that right?  
Love J.F.K.  
Wanted to immolate J.F.K.  
In every way.  
Well J.F.K.'s  
administration  
was called Camelot.  
Well what it really  
should have been called  
Come A Lot.  
Because that's what  
he did he came a lot.  
So Clinton's  
looking for a legacy  
that's what he  
should call it.  
Well maybe come a little  
would be better for him  
cause he came a little.  
You know, a little  
on the dress,  
little on the desk,  
not a whole lot really.  
Hey he was no match,  
no match for Kennedy in  
the pussy department.  
Kennedy aimed high,

Marilyn Monroe.  
Clinton showed his dick  
to a government clerk.  
There's a drop off here.  
It's a drop off.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Now... I appreciate it.  
Something else I'm  
getting tired of  
is all this stupid bullshit  
we have to listen to  
all the time  
about children.  
It's all you here  
in this country.  
Children.  
Help the children.  
What about the children?  
Save the children.  
You know what I say?  
Fuck the children.  
Fuck 'em.  
They're getting entirely  
too much attention  
and I know what you're  
thinking you say,  
Jesus he's not going to  
attack children is he?  
Yes he is.  
He's going to  
attack children.  
And remember this is  
Mister Conductor talking.  
I know what I'm  
talking about.  
I know what I'm  
talking about.  
And I also know,  
I also know all  
you single dad's  
and soccer mom's  
who think you're  
such fucking heroes

aren't going to  
like this  
but somebody's got to tell  
you for your own good,  
you're children are  
overrated and overvalued.  
You've turned them into  
little cult objects.  
You have a child fetish  
and it's not healthy.  
And don't give me, don't  
give me that weak shit.  
Well I love my children.  
Fuck you.  
Everybody loves  
their children.  
Doesn't make you special.  
John Wayne Gacy  
loved his children.  
Kept them all right out in  
the yard near the garage.  
That's not what  
I'm talking about.  
What I'm talking about  
is this constant,  
mindless, yammering  
in the media,  
this neurotic fixation  
that some how everything,  
everything has to be  
revolved around children.  
It's completely  
out of balance.  
Listen, there are a couple  
of things about kids  
you have to remember.  
First of all, they're  
not all cute okay?  
In fact, if you  
look at them close  
some of them are rather  
unpleasant looking.  
And a lot of them don't  
smell too good either.

The little ones  
in particular  
seem to have a kind of  
urine and sour milk  
combination or something.  
Stay with me on  
this, the longer,  
the sooner you face it  
the better off  
you're going to be.  
Second premise,  
not all children  
are smart and  
clever got that?  
Kids are like any  
other group of people,  
a few winners a  
whole lot of losers.  
There are a lot of  
loser kids out there  
who simply aren't  
going anywhere.  
And you can't  
save them all.  
You can't save them all.  
You got to let them go.  
You go to cut them lose.  
You got to stop  
overprotecting them  
cause your making  
them too soft.  
Today's kids are  
way too soft.  
For one thing there's too  
much emphasis on safety.  
Childproof  
medicine bottles  
and fireproof pajamas,  
child restraints in  
car seats and helmets,  
bicycles, skateboard,  
baseball helmet.  
Kids have to wear helmets  
now for everything

but jerking off.  
Grown ups have  
taken all the fun  
out of being a kid  
just to save a few  
thousand lives.  
It's pathetic.  
It's pathetic.  
What's happening is,  
all right,  
what's happening,  
you know what it is?  
These baby boomers, these  
soft, fruity baby boomers  
are raising an  
entire generation  
of soft, fruity kids  
who aren't even allowed  
to have hazardous toys  
for Christ's sake.  
Hazardous toys shit.  
What ever happened  
to natural selection?  
Survival of the fittest.  
The kid who swallows  
too many marbles  
doesn't grow up to  
have kids of his own.  
Simple as that.  
Simple.  
Nature, nature.  
Nature knows best.  
We're saving entirely  
too many lives  
in this country  
of all ages.  
Nature should be  
allowed to do its job  
of killing off the  
weak and sickly  
and ignorant people  
without interference  
from air bags and  
batting helmets.

Just think of it as  
passive euthenics okay?  
Now here's another example  
of over protection.  
Did you ever notice  
on the TV news  
every time some  
guy with an AK 47  
strolls onto a school yard  
and kills three  
or four kids  
and a couple  
of teachers,  
the next day,  
the next day  
the school is overrun  
with counselors  
and psychiatrist  
and grief  
counselors  
and trauma therapists  
trying to help  
the children cope.  
Shit when I was in school  
someone came to our school  
and killed three  
or four of us  
we went right on  
with our arithmetic.  
Thirty-five  
classmates minus four  
equals thirty-one.  
We were tough.  
We were tough.  
I say if kids can handle  
the violence at home  
they ought to be  
able to handle  
the violence in school.  
I'm not worried about  
guns in school,  
you know what  
I'm waiting for?  
Guns in church.

That's going to  
be a lot of fun.  
And it will  
happen you watch.  
Some nut will go fucking  
ape shit in a church  
and they'll  
refer to him as  
a disgruntled worshiper.  
Here.

Here's another bunch  
of ignorant shit.  
School uniforms.  
Bad theory.  
The idea that if kids  
wear uniforms to school  
it helps keep order.  
Don't these schools  
do enough damage  
making all these  
kids think alike  
now there going to get  
them to look alike too?  
And it's not a new idea.  
I first saw it in old  
newsreel in the 1930's  
but it was hard  
to understand  
cause the narration  
was in German.

All right.

One more.

Thank you.

Thank you.

One more item  
about children  
and that is this  
superstitious nonsense  
that blames  
tobacco companies  
for kids who smoke.  
Listen kids don't smoke  
because a camel in  
sunglasses tells them to.

They smoke for the  
same reasons adults do  
because it relieves  
anxiety and depression.  
And you'd be anxious  
and depressed too  
if you had to  
put up with these  
pathetic, insecure,  
striving, anal,  
yuppie parents  
who enroll you in college  
before you're old  
enough to know  
which side of the  
playpen smells the worst.  
And then they fill  
you full of Ritalin  
and drag you  
all over town  
in search of  
meaningless structure.  
Little League, Cub  
Scouts, swimming, soccer,  
karate, piano, bagpipes,  
watercolors, witchcraft,  
glass blowing and  
dildo practice.  
They even,  
they even have play  
dates for Christ's sakes.  
Playing is now done  
by appointment.  
What ever happened to  
you show me  
your wee wee  
and I'll show you mine?  
Hey no wonder kids  
smoke, it helps.  
Not as much as weed  
but hey you can't  
have everything.  
You know it's true,  
parents are burning these

kids out on structure.  
I think everyday  
all children  
should have three  
hours of daydreaming,  
just daydreaming.  
You could use it a little  
of it yourself by the way.  
Just sit at the window  
stare at the clouds  
it's good for you.  
Do you want  
to know how  
you can help  
your children?  
Leave them the fuck alone!  
Very well.  
Thank you very much.  
Okay.  
All right now a  
little change of pace.  
Little change  
of intensity.  
I want you to know  
what's on  
television tonight  
on the other channels.  
Always like people  
to know what it is  
they're missing by  
listening to my shit.  
First of all on the  
Playboy channel  
on the Playboy  
channel tonight  
they have one of those  
new reality shows  
where the people at home  
send in their own tapes  
it's called, Home  
Videos of Bad Fucking.  
And speaking of that  
delightful activity  
I guess you know last

week Rickey Lake  
had a special program  
Women Who Fake Orgasms  
so tonight not  
to be out done  
Jerry Springer has  
a night time special  
Men Who Fake  
Bowel Movements.  
Yeah I think they're  
running out of topics  
on those shows too.  
Sally Jesse's  
next show is  
Rapist's Who Force  
Their Victims  
to Play Yahtzee  
Beforehand.  
Getting a little  
strange on daytime TV.  
Then later on tonight  
on the Nostalgia Channel  
they're going to  
play back-to-back  
two of my  
favorite episodes  
of Little House  
on the Prairie.  
First of all of the  
A Douche Bag for Clara.  
Wasn't that good?  
And it was sad toward  
the end when she cried  
cause she stuck it  
in the wrong hole.  
But as they say  
in the U.S. Navy,  
there is no wrong hole.  
And then right after that  
they're going to play  
my favorite Little House  
on the Prairie of all time,  
Missy Takes A Big  
Dump In The Woods.

And that was  
interesting I thought  
cause she had on  
the high heels  
and the long dress  
and it was fun to watch  
how she had to maneuver  
through the poison sumac.  
And they didn't have  
toilet paper in those days  
she had to use a  
series of pinecones.  
And she was pulling them  
in the wrong direction.  
Yes.

I understand toward  
the end of the show  
they had to bleep  
out a lot of  
screaming and  
foul language.

And then hey, hey,  
later on tonight  
on pay-per-view,  
on pay-per-view  
Willie Nelson.

Willie Nelson's concert  
is on and TV Guide listed  
all the songs he's  
going to sing.

He's going to start out  
with one my favorites,  
Too Drunk To Jerk Off,  
isn't that a good one?  
God I love that song.

Then he's going to do  
a series of love songs.

Kiss Me I'm Coming,  
awe that's a good one.

Kiss me I'm coming.

Hold me I'm humming.

Hmmmm.

Well I can't help  
it, I am a romantic

and I do enjoy the  
sentimental tunes.  
Here's a sad song,  
I should of Fucked  
Ole' What's Her Name.  
Remember that?  
I should of never  
played the game.  
I should of fucked  
ole' what's her name.  
Here's one my mother used  
to sing around the house.  
You're Love Ran Down My  
Leg and Now You're Gone.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
That one always got to me.  
I'm glad you feel  
the same way.  
Here's a fine love song.  
You Blew My Mind  
Now Blow Me.  
He even,  
he's even going to do  
a Stevie Wonder song,  
I Just Called To Say  
I Tested Positive.  
Yeah.  
Well you don't want  
to leave anybody out  
you know what I mean?  
And hey, and hey,  
what would a Willie  
Nelson show be  
without a couple  
of cowboy songs?  
He's going to do that one  
George Jones and  
Waylon Jennings wrote,  
Drinking Beer,  
Taking A Shit  
and Passing Out.  
Then he's going  
to do a kind of

traditional western song,  
one that Gene  
Autry used to sing  
when I was a little boy,  
It's Midnight in Montana  
and I Can't Get My  
Dick Out of this Cow.  
I love that song.  
I always liked it.  
Yeah.  
You know why I like  
that song so much?  
Cause it's a real  
cowboy song,  
and by the way, speaking  
of cattle fucking,  
do you know why it is  
when a rancher  
fucks a sheep  
he does so at the  
edge of a cliff?  
It's so the sheep  
will push back.  
Little something for you.  
Yes.  
Just a little tip  
for you outdoorsmen  
when you're out camping.  
Now this next thing  
is about names  
that's all names.  
Names are an  
interest of mine.  
Not a hobby.  
Hobby's cost money.  
Interest are free.  
This is just about names.  
Did you ever notice how  
they name singles bars?  
Singles bars have  
all the same kind of  
cutesy little one word  
names that end in 'S.'  
Scamps, Tramps, Chats,

Rumors, Cahoots, Cheers,  
Chances, Mingles,  
Risks, Gambits, Notions,  
hey if I had a singles bar  
you know what I'd call it?  
Nipples and Dicks.  
A little truth  
in advertising.  
The Sperm Club.  
Snatch-O-Rama.  
The Crotchiteria,  
Frankie's Fuckery,  
Caf Vagina,  
Open All Night.  
Well I'm an old  
fashioned guy.  
I'm old-fashioned  
cause I believe  
the name on the  
outside of a place  
ought to let you know  
what's going on  
in the inside.  
Here would be a good name  
for a gay restaurant,  
The Mouthful, huh?  
Come on that's  
clever shit,  
that's a double  
pun Goddamn it,  
you didn't think of it.  
Besides you don't  
have to eat there  
if you don't want to.  
No, no, just go in  
have a cocktail.  
Or a high ball.  
Here's another name  
I don't care for,  
TGI Fridays.  
You know these cutesy  
ass little places,  
TGI Fridays.  
That whole TGIF thing was

cute for about an hour,  
about an hour,  
and that was 65 years ago  
when someone first  
said it on the radio.  
Not cute anymore,  
time to start bombing  
these locations.  
TGI Fridays.  
If I had a  
place like that  
you know what  
I'd call it?  
H-S-l-O-W,  
Holy Shit its  
Only Wednesday.  
I think people would  
drink a lot more liquor  
if they thought it was  
Wednesday all the time.  
Well I'm just looking  
for a little honesty  
in these names,  
little honesty.  
That's not asking a lot.  
I'm thinking of  
opening up a motel  
and calling it The  
Sleep and Fuck.  
Wouldn't that be a good  
honest name for a motel?  
Who needs this Shady  
Pines bullshit?  
The Sleep and Fuck Motel.  
Get me one of them  
big neon signs,  
Sleep... Fuck.  
Sleep... fuck.  
Sleep and fuck.  
Sleep and fuck.  
Sleep and Fuck.  
Sleep... fuck.  
Sleep... fuck.  
Sleep and Fuck.

Sleep and Fuck.  
You put it right at  
the Jersey entrance  
to the Holland  
Tunnel you know?  
Actually Fuck and Sleep  
would be a little more  
accurate wouldn't it?  
Best name for a  
motel would be  
The Fuck and Smoke and  
Sleep and Rollover  
and Get Out of Bed  
and Wash Your Crotch  
and Go Out and Buy  
Two Cans Mr. Pibb  
and Go Home and Fuck  
A Whole Lot More.  
A whole lot more.  
Cause that's all  
they ever have left  
in those soda machines  
on Sunday nights.  
Mr. Pibb and Diet  
Shasta Orange  
and that yellow can  
of Canada Dry Tonic  
Water that nobody wants!  
And speaking of  
naming things,  
am I the only person  
in this country  
who's laughing when  
these commercials  
come on television for  
Snapper lawn mowers?  
Isn't there anyone else  
on this fading republic  
who knows what  
a snapper is?  
A snapper is a pussy okay?  
That's what it means,  
snapper means pussy  
It's derived from an

older more specific term  
snappin' pussy,  
which describes a  
particular type of pussy.  
One with good, quick  
muscular control,  
kind of an elasticity  
in the vaginal wall  
that can grab  
a hold of you  
and give you a decent hump  
do you know what  
I'm talking about?  
A snappin' pussy.  
But now, now snapper  
means any kind of pussy  
and they've named a lawn  
mower company after it.  
Now I have seen a few  
snappers in my day,  
never seen one  
that'll cut grass.  
No.  
No.  
Maybe do a little edging,  
a little edging  
along the driveway  
after a party that's  
all you can hope for.  
But you know weed whacker  
you can understand.  
Now a lot of these  
company names  
and product names  
are influenced  
by marketing  
and advertising people  
and this next thing  
is about advertising  
and by the way if  
you should have any  
cognitive dissonance  
about the fact  
that I do commercials

for 10-10-2-20  
and still attack  
advertising up here  
well you're just  
going to have  
to figure that shit  
out on your own okay?  
Now, this is called  
advertising lullaby.  
Keeping in mind of course  
that the whole  
purpose of advertising  
is to lull  
you to sleep.  
Quality, values, styles,  
service, selection,  
convenience, economy,  
savings, performance,  
experience,  
hospitality, low-rates,  
friendly service, name  
brands, easy terms,  
affordable prices,  
money back guarantee,  
free installation,  
free admission,  
free appraisal,  
free alterations,  
free delivery,  
free estimates,  
free home trial  
and free parking,  
no cash, no problem,  
no kidding,  
no fuss, no muss, no  
risk, no obligation,  
no red tape, no  
down payment,  
no entry fee, no  
hidden charges,  
no purchase necessary,  
no one will call on you,  
no payments or interest  
till September.

But limited time only,  
so act now, order today,  
send no money, offer good  
while supplies last,  
two to a customer, each  
item sold separately,  
batteries not included,  
mileage may vary,  
all sales are final,  
allow six weeks  
for delivery,  
some items not available,  
some assembly required,  
some restrictions  
may apply.

But come on in.

Come on in.

Come on in for a  
free demonstration  
and a free  
consultation  
with our friendly  
professional staff.

Our experience  
and knowledgeable  
sales representatives  
will help you  
make a selection that's  
just right for you  
and just right  
for your budget  
and say don't forget to  
pick up your free gift,  
a classic deluxe,  
custom designer, luxury,  
prestige,  
high-quality premium,  
select gourmet, pocket  
pencil sharpener.

Yours for the asking,  
no purchase necessary,  
it's our way of  
saying thank you  
and if you act

now we'll include  
an extra added free  
complimentary bonus gift,  
a classic deluxe,  
custom designer,  
luxury, prestige,  
high-quality,  
premium select, gourmet,  
combination key ring,  
magnifying glass and garden hose  
in a genuine imitation  
leather style carrying case  
with authentic vinyl trim.  
Yours for the asking,  
no purchase necessary.  
It's our way of  
saying thank you.  
Actually it's  
our way of saying  
bend over just a  
little bit farther  
so we can stick this  
big advertising dick  
up your ass a  
little bit deeper.  
A little bit deeper.  
A little bit deeper.  
You miserable,  
no good, fucking  
consumer asshole.  
Cause you do know folks  
living in this country  
you're bound to know,  
that every time you're  
exposed to advertising  
you realize once again  
that America's  
leading industry,  
America's most  
profitable business  
is still the  
manufacture packaging,  
distribution and  
marketing of bullshit.

High quality, grade  
'A', prime cut,  
pure American bullshit  
and the sad part is,  
is that most people seem  
to have been indoctrinated  
to believe that bullshit  
only comes from  
certain places,  
certain sources,  
advertising, politics,  
salesmen, not true,  
bullshit is everywhere.  
Bullshit is rampant.  
Parents are full of shit,  
teachers are  
full of shit,  
clergymen are  
full of shit  
and law enforcement  
people are full of shit.  
This entire country,  
this entire country is  
completely full of shit  
and always has been  
from the Declaration  
of Independence  
of the Constitution to  
the Star Spangled Banner  
it's still nothing more  
than one big steaming pile  
of red, white and blue  
all American bullshit  
because think of  
how we started.  
Think of that.  
This country was founded  
by a group of slave owners  
who told us all men  
are created equal.  
Oh yeah, all  
men except for  
Indians and niggers  
and women right?

Always like to use  
that authentic  
American language.  
This was a small  
group of unelected,  
white male, land  
holding, slave owners  
who also suggested  
their class  
be the only one  
allowed to vote.  
Now that is what's known  
as being stunningly  
and embarrassingly  
full of shit.  
And I think, I  
think Americans  
really show their  
ignorance when they say  
they want their  
politicians to be honest.  
What are these fucking  
creedents talking about?  
If honesty were suddenly  
introduced into  
American life  
the whole system  
would collapse.  
No one would  
no what to do.  
Honesty would fuck  
this country up.  
And I think deep down  
Americans know that.  
That's why they elected  
and re-elected  
Bill Clinton.  
That's right.  
Because, because  
the American people  
liked their bullshit  
right out front  
where they can get a  
good strong whiff of it.

Clinton might  
be full of shit  
but at least he  
lets you know it.  
Dole tried to  
hide it didn't he?  
Dole kept saying, I'm  
a plain and honest man.  
Bullshit.  
People don't believe that.  
What did Clinton say?  
He said, Hi folks.  
I'm completely full shit  
and how do you like that?  
And the people said,  
You know something?  
At least he's honest.  
At least he's honest  
about being completely  
full of shit.  
It's just like the  
business world.  
Same as business.  
Everybody knows by  
now all businessmen  
are completely  
full of shit.  
Just the worse kind  
of low life criminal,  
cocksuckers you could  
ever want to run into.  
The fucking piece  
of shit businessman.  
And the proof of it,  
the proof of it is  
they don't even  
trust each other.  
They don't trust  
one another.  
When a businessman  
sets down  
and negotiates a deal  
the first thing he  
does is automatically

assume that the other guy  
is a complete lying prick  
who's trying to fuck  
him out of his money.  
So he's got to do  
everything he can  
to fuck the other guy  
a little bit faster  
and a little bit harder.  
And he's got to do it  
with a big smile  
on his face.  
You know that big  
bullshit businessman smile  
and if you're a  
customer whoa,  
that's when you get  
the really big smile.  
Customer always gets  
the really big smile  
as the businessman  
carefully  
positions himself  
directly behind  
the customer  
and unzips his pants  
and proceeds to  
service the account.  
I'm servicing  
this account.  
This customer  
needs service.  
Now you know  
what they mean.  
Now you know what they  
mean when they say,  
We specialize in  
customer service.  
Whoever coined the phrase,  
"let the buyer beware"  
was probably bleeding  
from the asshole.  
But that's business.  
That's business.

But in the bullshit  
department,  
in the bullshit department  
a businessman  
can't hold a candle  
to a clergyman.  
Cause I got to tell  
you the truth folks,  
I got to tell  
you the truth,  
when it comes to bullshit,  
big time, major  
league bullshit  
you have to stand in awe,  
in awe of the  
all time champion  
of false promises and  
exaggerated claims  
religion,  
no contest.  
No contest.  
Religion,  
religion easily has  
the greatest bullshit  
story ever told.  
Think about it.  
Religion has actually  
convinced people  
that there's an invisible  
man living in the sky  
who watches  
everything you do,  
every minute of every day  
and the invisible man  
has a special list  
of ten things he does  
not want you to do.  
And if you do any  
of these ten things  
he has a special place  
full of fire and smoke  
and burning and  
torture and anguish  
where he will send

you to live and suffer  
and burn and choke  
and scream and cry  
forever and ever  
till the end of time.  
But he loves you.  
He loves you.  
He loves you and  
he needs money.  
He always needs money.  
He's all-powerful, all  
perfect, all knowing  
and all wise somehow  
just can't handle money.  
Religion takes in  
billions of dollars,  
they pay no taxes,  
and they always  
need a little more.  
Now you talk about a  
good bullshit story,  
holy shit!  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
But... thank you very much.  
But I want you to know,  
I want you to  
know something,  
this is sincere,  
I want you to know  
when it comes to  
believing in God  
I really tried.  
I really, really tried.  
I tried to believe  
that there is a God  
who created each of us  
in his own image  
and lightness,  
loves us very much  
and keeps a close  
eye on things,  
I really tried  
to believe that.

But I got to tell you  
the longer you live,  
the more you look around,  
the more you realize  
something is fucked up.  
Something is wrong here.  
War, disease, death,  
destruction, hunger,  
filth, poverty, torture,  
crime, corruption  
and the Ice Capades  
something is  
definitely wrong.  
This is not good work.  
If this is the  
best God can do  
I am not impressed.  
Results like these  
do not belong  
on the resume of  
a supreme being.  
This is the kind of  
shit you'd expect  
from an office temp  
with a bad attitude.  
And just between you and  
me, between you and me  
in any decently  
run universe  
this guy would have been  
out on his all-powerful  
ass a long time ago.  
And by the way,  
I say this guy because  
I firmly believe,  
looking at these results,  
that if there is a God  
it has to be a man.  
No woman could  
or would ever  
fuck things up like this.  
So, so,  
lf,  
If there is a

God, if there is,  
I think most reasonable  
people might agree  
that he's at least  
incompetent and maybe,  
just maybe doesn't  
give a shit.  
Doesn't give a shit,  
which I admire  
in a person  
and which would  
explain a lot  
of these bad results.  
So rather than  
be just another  
mindless religious robot,  
mindlessly and aimlessly  
and blindly believing  
that all of this  
is in the hands  
of some spooky  
incompetent father figure  
who doesn't give a shit,  
I decided to look around  
for something  
else to worship.  
Something I could  
really count on  
and immediately I  
thought of the sun.  
Happened like that.  
Overnight I became  
a sun worshiper.  
Well not overnight,  
you can't see  
the sun at night  
but first thing  
the next morning  
I became a sun worshiper.  
Several reasons,  
first of all I  
can see the sun  
okay?  
Yeah.

Unlike some other  
God's I could mention,  
I can actually  
see the sun.  
I'm big on that.  
If I can see something,  
I don't know,  
it kind of helps the  
creditability along you know?  
So everyday I  
can see the sun  
as it gives me  
everything I need  
heat, light, food,  
flowers in the park,  
reflections on  
the lake,  
an occasional skin  
cancer but hey  
at least there were  
no crucifixions  
and were not setting  
people on fire  
simply because they  
don't agree with us.  
Sun worship is  
fairly simple,  
there's no mystery,  
no miracles,  
no pageantry, no  
one asks for money,  
there are no  
songs to learn  
and we don't have  
special building  
where we all gather once a  
week to compare clothing.  
And the best thing,  
the best thing  
about the sun  
it never tells  
me I'm unworthy.  
Doesn't tell me  
I'm a bad person

who needs to be saved.  
Hasn't said an  
unkind word.  
Treats me fine.  
So I worship the sun  
but I don't  
pray to the sun  
know why?  
I wouldn't presume  
on our friendship.  
It's not polite.  
I've often thought  
people treat God  
rather rudely don't you?  
Asking up trillions and  
trillions of prayers everyday.  
Asking and pleading  
and begging for favors.  
Do this, give me that,  
I need a new car,  
I want a better job  
and most of this praying  
takes place on Sunday,  
his day off.  
It's not nice and it's  
no way to treat a friend.  
But people do pray  
and they pray  
for a lot of  
different things.  
You know you're sister needs  
an operation on her crotch.  
Your brother was arrested  
for defecating in a mall.  
But most of all you'd  
really like to fuck  
that hot little red head  
down at the  
convenient store.  
You know the one  
with the eye patch  
and the clubfoot huh?  
Can you pray for that?  
I think you'd have to.

And I say fine, pray  
for anything you want,  
pray for anything but  
what about the  
divine plan?  
Remember that?  
The divine plan;  
long time ago God  
made a divine plan.  
Gave it a lot of thought,  
decided it was a good  
plan, put into practice  
and for billions and  
billions of years  
the divine plan has  
been doing just fine.  
Now you come along and  
pray for something.  
Well suppose the  
thing you want  
isn't in God's  
divine plan.  
What do you  
want him to do  
change his plan  
just for you?  
Doesn't it seem a  
little arrogant?  
It's a divine plan.  
What's the use  
of being God  
if every run down schmuck  
with a two-dollar  
prayer book  
can come along and  
fuck up your plan?  
And here's  
something else,  
another problem  
you might have,  
suppose your prayers  
aren't answered,  
what do you say?  
Well it's God's will.

Thy will be done.  
Fine but if  
it's God's will  
and he's going to do  
what he wants to anyway  
why the fuck bother  
praying in the first place?  
Seems like a big  
waste of time to me.  
Couldn't you just  
skip the praying part  
and go right to his will?  
It's all very confusing.  
So to get around  
a lot of this  
I decided to  
worship the sun  
but as I said I don't  
pray to the sun.  
You know who I pray to?  
Joe Peshi.  
Joe Peshi.  
Joe Peshi.  
Two reasons, first of all  
I think he's a good actor  
okay?  
To me that counts.  
Second,  
he looks like a guy who  
can get things done.  
Joe Peshi doesn't  
fuck around.  
Doesn't fuck around.  
In fact,  
in fact, Joe Peshi  
came through  
on a couple of things that  
God was having trouble with.  
For years I asked  
God to do something  
about my noisy neighbor  
with the barking dog,  
Joe Peshi straightened  
that cocksucker out

with one visit.  
It's amazing what  
you can accomplish  
with a simple  
baseball bat.  
So I've been praying to  
Joe for about a year now  
and I noticed something.  
I noticed that  
all the prayers  
I used to offer to God  
and all the prayers I  
now offer to Joe Peshi  
are being  
answered at about  
the same fifty  
percent rate.  
Half the time I  
get what I want,  
half the time I don't.  
Same as God, fifty-fifty.  
Same as the  
four-leaf clover  
and the horseshoe,  
the wishing well and  
the rabbit's foot.  
Same as the Mojo man.  
Same as the Voodoo lady  
who tells you your fortune  
by squeezing the  
goat's testicles,  
it's all the  
same fifty-fifty.  
So just pick your  
superstition, sit back,  
make a wish and  
enjoy yourself  
and for those of you  
who look to the Bible  
for a moral lessons  
and literary qualities  
I might suggest  
a couple of other  
stories for you.

You might want to look  
at the Three Little Pigs,  
that's a good one.  
Has a nice happy ending.  
I'm sure you'll like that.  
Then there's Little  
Red Riding Hood  
although it does have  
that X-rated part  
where the big bad wolf  
actually eats  
the grandmother,  
which I didn't care  
for by the way.  
And finally I've often  
always drawn a great deal  
of moral comfort  
from Humpty Dumpty.  
The part I like the best,  
all the king's horses  
and all the king's men  
couldn't put Humpty Dumpty  
back together again.  
That's because there  
is no Humpty Dumpty  
and there is no God.  
None, not one, no  
God, never was.  
In fact, I'm going  
to put it this way,  
if there is a God,  
if there is a God  
may he strike this  
audience dead.  
See nothing happened.  
Everybody's  
okay all right.  
Tell you what,  
tell you what I'll  
raise the stakes.  
I'll raise the  
stakes a little bit;  
if there is a God may  
he strike me dead.

See nothing  
happened wait  
I got a little  
cramp in my leg  
and my balls hurt.  
Plus I'm blind.  
Now I'm okay again,  
must have been  
Joe Peshi.  
God Bless Joe Peshi.  
Thank you all very much.  
Joe bless you.  
Thank you all very much.  
I appreciate it.  
Bye bye.  
Have fun.  
Good.  
Thank you very much.  
Have a good time,  
Have a good  
time, thank you.