

LOST MODERN LOVE

by

Lord Schadt

Translated from the German and Adapted

by

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## Table of Contents

<i>Acknowledgements</i>	3
<i>Introduction</i>	4
<i>Fore-words</i>	24
I. Meeting Up	28
II. Hooking Up	35
III. Speaking Up	42
IV. Breaking Up	109
V. Giving Up (The Ghost)	115
<i>After-words</i>	123
<i>Main Sources</i>	131

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## Introduction

In order to understand Lord Schadt's *LOST MODERN LOVE*, a play made up of over fifteen hundred quotations, one should first look at the circumstances of the work's publication. One will not find the play in hard copy anywhere. On the Internet one will come across the play in e-book form on Amazon.com for the modest price of ninety-nine cents. In addition, the play is available free of charge in .pdf format on a number of other Web sites. I myself discovered the play after exchanging e-mails with the head of Cantus Theaterverlag in Germany. The publisher informed me that while Cantus held the publishing rights, the play was also available under a Creative Commons license, meaning it could be copied and distributed without permission or money due to the publisher, provided the author received credit. Given the ever-changing landscape of publishing in an increasingly electronic world, the conditions and circumstances of *LOST MODERN LOVE*'s availability do not appear so unorthodox, but they become more relevant when we consider the content of the work. As I discovered when I began working on the translation, *LOST MODERN LOVE* is a play built line by line from Internet sources. In fact, the author, Lord Schadt, has not written any of the play's content himself. Every single line can be found somewhere on the World Wide Web. *LOST MODERN LOVE* is a work both of and from the Internet.

*LOST MODERN LOVE* presents the different phases in a contemporary relationship between a generic heterosexual couple, referred to only as *He* and *She*. The dialogue in each scene is made up of quotations from different media. In

the first, "Meeting Up," the characters exchange text messages with one another borrowed from online collections of "clever" and often rhymed text messages. The second scene, "Hooking Up," samples well-known advertising slogans exploited for their sexual suggestiveness. The third and longest scene, "Speaking Up," draws on dialogue from movies catalogued in film quotation banks. The fourth scene, "Breaking Up," contains the infamous gaffes of well-known sports figures. Finally, "Giving Up (The Ghost)" consists of "famous last words" of figures stretching from Jesus to Kurt Cobain. These scenes and the processes I used to translate and adapt each of them will be discussed in greater detail below.

In his "After-words," Lord Schadt reveals, again through quotations, the art-historical and theoretical underpinnings for the play, citing sources such as Walter Benjamin and Wikipedia. Schadt has created a world steeped in the fragmented and scattered state of mind generated by hypertext. Everything is "linked," no matter how random or far-fetched the associations are. Lord Schadt's achievement lies in putting together dialogue that for all its disparate sources forms a coherent whole. Thus, translating and adapting the play demanded that the arc of each scene be mapped as a guide to the selection of equivalent material in English. For "Hooking Up" and "Breaking Up" this process was particularly essential. German advertising slogans and quotations from German soccer figures would have little resonance in an American context. For this reason, I assembled my own collection of equivalent slogans and quotations to construct an adaptation for each scene.

It is helpful, too, to consider the greater German-language literary context of *LOST MODERN LOVE*, as well as possible influences on the author for this work and his overall writing process. It became apparent early on that Lord Schadt's postmodern collage was channeling the spirit of important German language literary figures, foremost among them being the Austrian writer, critic and satirist, Karl Kraus (1874–1936). Lord Schadt's work builds on the contributions of Kraus, drawing our attention to the pervasive effects of the mass media, what he called *die Gehirnerweichungen der Zukunft*.<sup>1</sup> Kraus also developed the use of the pastiche for critical purposes, foremost among them his commentary on the distortions perpetrated by the press of his day.<sup>2</sup>

Lord Schadt's and Kraus's attitudes toward the media and culture of their respective times differ in some significant ways. While humor is a common ally for Kraus and Schadt, Kraus's social and political criticism was extremely fierce. His aphorisms and other assorted send-ups of his contemporaries were meant to be serious indictments of the *Journaille* of his day. Lord Schadt's wit is not as harshly accusatory in the implications it draws for media, society and technology. Nonetheless, no matter how playful *LOST MODERN LOVE* may seem at times, the reader becomes acutely aware of the piece's darker undertones.

On the other hand, Lord Schadt's work is not an indictment of the condition of love today. We need only look at his motto to be reminded that this work is not solely a sober commentary on the state of love, commercialism or the media in modern society: "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.glanzundelend.de/konstanteseiten/kraussprueche.htm>

<sup>2</sup> <http://www.answers.com/topic/karl-kraus>

nothing.” Like all successful satire and parody, *LOST MODERN LOVE* toggles between levity and social criticism. It avoids the obvious and encourages us to think about the connections between romantic relationships and sport, or between sex and consumerism. The scenes are packed with hyperbole, but they do not deliver their messages in overdramatic or heavy-handed ways. Lord Schadt uses this hyperbole to create humor, to engage us in the material at hand by making us laugh at the absurdity of the collage before us and its implications.

Despite the title, Lord Schadt does not believe love is lost. Indeed, he closes his “Fore-words” with the assertion “Love is not lost.” But it is certainly struggling to emerge amid the constraints of modern life. Lord Schadt’s characters say nothing ‘original.’ They inhabit a world dictated by the convenience and conventions of cell phones, celebrities, films and brand names. Individuality seems largely lost, overwhelmed by the flood of media, of which we are reminded by the more than one thousand footnotes at the bottom of his pages. This is what begins to distinguish itself from the fray: the pervasiveness of the media and mass culture. Communication occurs only in the words and thoughts of others. The storm of mass media and commercialism that envelops *Him* and *Her* is at once a hindrance to their sense of identity and also their sole means of self-expression. Lord Schadt’s characters can express themselves only through the markers available to them. Brand names, famous films and famous people are easily recognizable, accessible and widely distributed. In a sense, *media* is the language of Lord Schadt’s world. This creates a problem for Lord Schadt’s characters, however, when we consider the limitations inherent in

this *language*. If the only images, thoughts and ideas they have at their disposal are given to them by the mass media, how do they break through? That is, how do they convey their identity to the outside world and themselves authentically? These images, means of expression and prefabricated ideas colonize the imagination, dominating people's critical faculties and their ability to communicate in an unmediated manner. This distortion creates a gap between the signified—the thoughts and emotions of individuals—and the signifiers available to them, the omnipresent words and images bombarding them from all sides.

Within the realm of personal relationships this problem becomes particularly acute. The inherent gap between individuals and what they wish to communicate is widened when their sole means of expression comes pre-packaged. The opportunity to formulate precise thoughts concerning one's identity is possible only through the re-combination of ideas furnished by mass media. There is also no opportunity for the individual to step back and evaluate the pre-fabricated images and formulations to determine their aptness for self-expression.

For example, in the "Fore-words" to the play, the playwright presents his major themes through the titles and lyrics of English-language love songs. The "Fore-words" demonstrates that people are alienated from their own languages by the mass media and experience their most intimate relationships through a non-native language. In the era of globalization, pop culture knows no national boundaries. In fact, *LOST MODERN LOVE* could be thought of as a mash-up

album, in which quotations from the most diverse sources are combined and placed into fresh environments to give them new meaning. The table of contents suggests that the play's architecture is inspired by the form of the contemporary CD—complete with “bonus tracks.” Lord Schadt's artistic contribution lies in his ability to re-imagine borrowed material in order to comment on the conditions and circumstances contemporary individuals face in their quest for love.

### I. “Meeting Up”

The scene is the only one in the play without footnotes because the authors of these lines are anonymous. Lord Schadt compiled his text from several German Web sites that stockpile funny, quirky text messages contributed by users. Similar sites exist in English, but the resources in English did not offer enough usable material to make an adaptation possible. Although I adapted two later scenes, “Hooking Up” and “Breaking Up,” I chose to do an actual translation of *Treffen*, as opposed to scouring the Internet for collections of American text messages, because I enjoyed Lord Schadt's characters' irreverent choice of messages.

The structure and content of the texts exchanged between Schadt's characters do not vary to a great degree. *He* couches both his overtly sexual requests and more genuine sentiments in rudimentary rhymes, while *She* constructs elaborate scenarios to refuse his advances and make merciless fun of him. Their style changes from time to time, but the arc is more or less the same for the scene's duration. The scene grows repetitive: ideas are reiterated,

sometimes verbatim, as the characters engage in a hardly varied pattern of thrust and parry that suggests the tedium of modern-day courtship. The “dialogue” bores the reader, to imply through recycled themes, clumsy rhythms and cheap rhymes our lack of originality.

True wit seems hard to come by, which is hardly surprising, given that texting lacks an established proper etiquette. We have not yet determined hard and fast rules that allow for a person to display his or her cunning as in other forms of communication used for courtship. Emily Post never wrote a book on texting; the subject is not covered at any manners school; and it is not easy for parents to offer advice on something at which their children are more adept and more frequently use. Thus, the romantic notions associated with letters, poetry, or other written forms of courtship and love do not apply here. No knight ever messaged a princess from his BlackBerry before the tournament: *Big day ahead. Txt u l8r*. And it’s precisely this gap between love and romance and technology and modernity that Lord Schadt addresses in this scene and continues to explore throughout *LOST MODERN LOVE*.

Texting may mature, as its primary users undoubtedly will, though *He* and *She* give us little hope that it will. What I most love about this scene is the wealth of opportunities it offers for staging. The scene is as much a continuous play on words as it is a commentary on texting and the ways in which we use it for: flirtation, communication, etc. The texts assembled here are not particularly witty nor are they meant to be. The fun of this scene stems from the fact that the vast majority of the messages are silly and juvenile. “Meeting Up” is at once a

satire of people's flirtatious use of texting, but also an acknowledgement that its reader has perhaps encountered (or sent) such messages at one time.

## II. "Hooking Up"

Through my initial work on this scene I was able to develop a methodology for adapting much of the rest of the play. This scene was the most enjoyable to adapt: a sex scene told exclusively in German advertising slogans. It was interesting to see how Lord Schadt deploys familiar, commercial language to fit the various actions of his characters. The task for me was much the same. I had to use American advertising slogans to create a sex scene. I mined the Internet for advertising slogan databases.

The most difficult part of re-writing this scene was deciding where to put which slogans. I had mapped the actions of the scene: I knew what was going on physically and emotionally between the characters, and I knew what each was expressing in every line. I gathered a hundred and fifty slogans before I began crafting my own scene. The beginning of the scene posed the greatest challenge. None of the slogans from the scene's first page seemed to have a counterpart in American advertising. *She* repeatedly used slogans in which the concept *small* appeared, deflecting *His* advances by making fun of the size of his penis. *He* responded with slogans that used the idea of "small size" in a positive sense. The problem I faced was that there were so few American advertising slogans in which the words *little* or *small* had favorable connotations. The scarcity of these adjectives in American advertising reveals a significant aspect of Americans'

attitudes toward the commodities that produce the most well-known slogans: cars, food, and alcohol. We like our cars big. We eat meals in large portions. *Small* or *little* does not occupy a prominent place in the American consumer's psyche, whereas *klein*, the German word for small, when used in German advertising slogans, is often positive. Small means efficient; small means convenient. A current ad like the "BIG, BIG, BIG, small" campaign for the Smart car demonstrates that big is still the overwhelming norm in American advertising; *small* is a realization, an epiphany to which consumers must be led.<sup>3</sup>

Lord Schadt includes several slogans that reference "the French way" or the "enjoyment" of something French. I could not find equivalents for these innuendos because there was no foreign country or culture appearing in American advertising that quite matched the connotations things French hold for Germans. In fact, I did not come across any instances that contained direct allusions to foreign cultures, with the notable exceptions of "Fosters: Australian for Beer" and, interestingly enough, "Fahrvergnügen," "Das Auto," and "German Engineering" from VW. This fact seemed fairly indicative to me of the American consumer's relationship to the world at large. When one compares the vast number of foreign-made products sold in the United States with the number of direct references to their being manufactured abroad, the figures do not match up at all. It is one thing to sell an American a German beer or car based on the merit of the country where it is produced. It would be quite different for a

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<sup>3</sup> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JcAp1ogn79g>

company like Nissan to use the fact that it is Japanese as a selling point for American consumers.

“Hooking Up” was the section that led me to some of Lord Schadt’s Internet sources. In an attempt to tap into his writing process, I searched for the German slogans and found almost all of them on the *Werbesprüche Wikiquote* page. I used the English Advertising Slogan Wikiquote page as a resource for my own compilation, but the English Advertising Slogan Wikiquote page is not nearly as comprehensive as the one in German, so it was difficult to locate the exact equivalent of his sources. Instead I found a host of independent business Web sites with examples of “successful” advertising slogans. I even found an examination made up exclusively of advertising slogans that students in a college course were expected to identify.

So what is Lord Schadt trying to tell us with his mash-up of advertising and fornication? Perhaps he is making a connection between the idea of *Caveat Empor* and choosing a partner. Or maybe this is another way of showing us the oft-repeated mantra: “sex sells.” While these and other valid interpretations of the scene exist, I believe such inferences put us in danger of over-intellectualizing Lord Schadt’s process. I think his primary objective in constructing this scene is to entertain: to repurpose words we hear or have heard for years on an almost daily basis. Some advertising slogans become so well known that they enter our lexicon of accepted things to say. They are at our immediate disposal for making puns and cracking jokes, and that is what I think Lord Schadt is doing here: having fun. Yet, one *should* consider the larger cultural

and societal implications of the scene. This is the game we must play with Lord Schadt throughout *LOST MODERN LOVE*, interpreting the connections he makes and implications he draws out for us, while making sure to keep enough distance so we remember to laugh, to be entertained. But there's a more serious undercurrent here too: the commodification of romance relationships. Advertising promises us happiness, beauty, health, fulfillment, eternal youth with words and images devised by educated people, employing the help of psychology and focus groups.

### III. "Speaking Up"

The scene entitled *Reden* in German seemed to be one of the more accessible ones in the play. The characters talk to one another exclusively in quotations from films. The thoughts they express were originally conceived to be spoken by actors as part of a greater dialogue. The scene sounds straightforward in principle. The reader assumes that Lord Schadt, like a mash-up artist who combines lyrics and melodies from well-known songs to make a new composition, might simply construct a tight scene made up of cinema's most famous monologues and one-liners. This is not the case, however. "Speaking Up" stands as a departure from the scenes that come before and after it in a multitude of ways. Most notably, the scene is eighty pages long, whereas the other scenes are around ten pages in length. Another element unique to this scene is the appearance of a third character. Holly, the owner of the restaurant

Holly's Wood, in which the scene takes place, passes in and out of the action, serving up his own commentary.

Lord Schadt does not settle for the obvious choice. He assembles a conversation that is spurred more by free association than by a sense of logical continuity. The result is sometimes witty, at other times confusing, and often absurd. The characters rarely respond to the line that has come just before their own. While there are longer excerpts of sustained dialogue from certain films, the conversational thread is usually dropped, and the subject changed. Because of the constant switching from one film to the next, the style of dialogue is often inconsistent within a given speech. Furthermore, because many movie quotations read like aphorisms when isolated from their context, the dialogue conveys the impression that the characters on stage are unable to communicate. Their musings on food, religion, sex, and the meaning of life pass one another like cars going opposite directions. *He* and *She* seem incapable of pausing and truly listening to what someone else is saying, instead following their own trains of thought.

Most of the films that Lord Schadt cites are American, which made the 'translation process' fairly straightforward. My methodology for identifying the quotations was fairly consistent. I searched the Internet for the movie script cited in Lord Schadt's footnotes. Then I performed a word-search within the document to find an English word or phrase that corresponded to the dubbed German dialogue. For instance, on page 42 when *Holly* and *She* are talking about the man from the news who does the weather, it is clear they are discussing a

meteorologist. I searched the document for all instances of the word “weather” or “new” in order to find the quotation. I repeated this process for every quotation for which a complete script or dialogue transcript was available online. But finding the correct English-language equivalent was not always so simple. There were many instances in which the German translation was so idiomatic that a simple search for a word or phrase in English proved troublesome. For these cases, I had to come up with a list of English phrases and idioms that might lead me to the original quotation. When this process proved insufficient, I plugged the German version of the line into a search engine in hopes of finding surrounding dialogue in the dubbed German that would lead me to the passage in the English script. When this technique failed, and it frequently did, I checked other German film quotation Web sites to ensure that the quotation was correctly cited in *LOST MODERN LOVE*. I found several instances in which the anonymous contributor to the Web site had attributed a quotation to the wrong film. Finally, there were several quotations from English-language films that I could not find on the Internet. For these, I used movie-quotation generator Web sites to locate adequate replacements, staying as close as possible to the subject, tone and motivation for each line. In the end, “Speaking-Up” proved to be the most demanding scene, and not simply because of its length. I could not adapt the scene as I had “Hooking-Up” and “Breaking Up” because the majority of the quotations had been translated from an American original and altered for purposes of dubbing.

#### IV. "Breaking Up"

The fourth scene of the play, titled *Trennen* in the original, posed its own challenges: it is a break-up scene in which the characters speak to each other exclusively in famous gaffes made by prominent figures in German soccer. As we know, professional players and coaches misuse language frequently under the stress of speaking to the media. They mix metaphors, butcher famous sayings, and spew botched proverbs. But what made this scene so attractive in the first place and so much fun to work on was the main idea behind it: an exploration of the connection between sports and relationships, between winning and losing and breaking up. It is a fascinating idea, as the stakes are always clear-cut in any sport. You win, you lose, and occasionally you draw. Yet one also has to consider how one *plays* the game. Style, technique, sportsmanship, talent, grit, and attitude are all factors in the way a game is lost or won. For me, this idea resonated perfectly with relationships. Yes, what counts in the end is the outcome. A person can get married (although there are many who would not consider this a victory) or, better yet, form and sustain a successful relationship. But just as in sports, the quality and outcome of a relationship is often determined by the sum of inconsequential details. A skillful dribble at mid-field could be the equivalent of leaving a note, or a deft pass to the keeper might be the same as putting one's dirty socks in the hamper.

In order to make this scene work in an American translation, I needed to find quotations from domestic sports figures. But soccer is not nearly as popular in the United States as it is in Germany or anywhere else in Europe.

Furthermore, no one sport dominates the American psyche the way *Fußball* does the German psyche. While football is arguably the most popular sport in America, baseball is America's pastime, and basketball's popularity in America and abroad continues to grow. I mapped the scene as I had done earlier with "Hooking Up." I did a literal line-by-line translation in order to decipher the subtext—for instance, what the male character actually meant to communicate by saying, "At first we didn't have any luck and only bad luck came after that. We aren't allowed to just stick our heads in the sand! Resignation is for the weak." Once I had the original meaning of the line itself, I examined each line in the greater context of the scene, taking into account what the speaker was trying to express, consciously or subconsciously. This was a necessary step in the process because I knew that I would not be able to find precise American equivalents for the German quotations. I needed to identify American quotations that conveyed the character's objectives or state of mind, while maintaining the emotional arc of the original scene. To this end, the literal translation of a line—like the one quoted above—would be distilled into something even simpler: "It's been tough, sure, but we can't give up." This process led me to appropriate American substitutes for each line in the first draft. I came across several Internet "Top 20 Countdowns" that were instrumental in the construction of this scene: "50 Dumbest Quotes in Sports" and "20 Best Post-game Tirades in Sports History" were particularly helpful.

And yet, as with "Hooking Up," the first draft of "Breaking Up" had a lot of holes. Even with the simplified objectives for each misquote, a line-by-line

adaptation was difficult because I was limited in the number and nature of sayings from American coaches and athletes. This is not all that surprising, when one considers how unique a “dumb” quote has to be in order to be chronicled by sports writers or remembered by fans. For instance, there were some great bits of dialogue in the original scene that addressed communication problems. While I am sure that many a baseball player or football coach has misspoken on that subject during a post-game press conference, I could not find a quotation that was an exact match. The first words of the scene offer another striking example. The scene begins with the male protagonist saying “Milan or Madrid—as long as it’s Italy!” I could not find an example of an American sports figure’s making the same mistake, attributing a city to the wrong country or state. I decided to use Chris Morris’s gaffe “Play some Picasso” because it demonstrates the same principle.

Although I translated the scene’s stage directions more or less as they stand in the original, I chose to stage the scene in an American vacation setting. Italy in the context of German culture has long been the object of artists’ longing, as well as a popular vacation destination for German travelers. I had in my mind the idea of a vacation gone wrong, perhaps one that the couple decided to take in the first place because they were having problems. The beach is a popular “tourist trap” in the American psyche, and I loved the symmetry this concept offered with the scene. This couple is trapped in the relationship. Even sitting before something as open and calm as the ocean, they feel imprisoned, *She* in particular, by the current status of their relationship. These ideas largely became

clear to me during the adaptation of the scene and helped inform certain choices I made for “leap lines”— lines or bits of dialogue from *Trennen* for which no exact American counterpart or rough equivalent could be found. For instance, Lord Schadt gives no definite time frame for the length of the relationship. All references to time are indefinite. We hear about the first half, the second half, even the entirety of the game, but he gives us nothing that would tell us exactly how long the couple has been together. Nonetheless, the concept of time plays an important part in this scene. When I have *Her* say, “In the seven or eight years we were together, we were never together,” I chose this line from Shaquille O’Neal, who used it to describe his time on the L.A. Lakers with Kobe Bryant. The line hints at a greater backstory and maybe gives us a clue as to why the couple find themselves in their current situation: parting ways at the beach. Perhaps *She* wants to break up because he never proposed. Maybe one of their jobs forces him or her to travel frequently. Or perhaps, and I like this interpretation the most, the statement is metaphorical, an example of the absurd declarations people make while breaking up.

In fact, some of the quotations I found were too good to pass up even though they were not exact fits for any of the original lines. For instance, Bill Cowher’s famous gaffe, “We’re not attempting to circumcise rules” was so much in keeping with the spirit of Lord Schadt’s methodology that I could not resist finding a place for it in the dialogue. Statements such as these were helpful in filling any remaining holes and making the scene colorful. The best quote that I found actually borders on the poetic and neatly finishes the scene off. Vince

Lombardi's "We didn't lose the game; we just ran out of time" captured, for me, the American connection between sports and breaking up. Just as games and seasons end in hard-fought, bitter defeat, relationships expire and blame often seems difficult to place.

#### V. "Giving Up (The Ghost)"

Translating this scene was fairly straightforward. The scene is a suicidal man's last lament in which he speaks entirely in the famous (or infamous) last words of well-known people. Almost every single saying could be found on the Internet. The last words of German-speaking cultural figures for which there existed no well-known or agreed-upon English translation I translated myself. I also translated from the German the last words of other foreign-language-speaking historical figures.

Even in *His* terminal moments he cannot come up with any statement of his own. *He* has lived and is now dying through the words of others. The sentences range from the poetic to the tragic to the absurd, and it is interesting to see all of these extraordinary people in conversation with one another in their final moments. The scene succeeds in bringing together such varied figures as Billy the Kid, Charles Darwin and Jean Paul Sartre in the last circumstance we all share: death. And the sentences spoken by *Him* carry the weight owed to accomplished persons facing their own mortality. There is nothing more serious than death, yet through the absurd juxtapositions in Lord Schadt's structuring of the scene, the words acquire a hilariously overdramatic tone. "Mine eyes desire

you above all things . . . My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness toward all men . . . I desired to leave, after my life, to the men who should come after me, the memory of me in good works.” Last words such as these make one wonder whether it is the implications of death that make everything sound poignant, or whether death somehow inspires and elevates our diction. But Lord Schadt juxtaposes these tender last laments with others less graceful: “I’m bored. I’m bored with it all. I’d hate to die twice. It’s so boring.” This creates an interesting dynamic between audience and actor, reader and text, because it feels strange to find humor in so dire a situation. But poignancy and absurdity aside, the cumulative effect of the hyperbolic tone is an undercurrent of levity, which persists throughout the scene, bursting through at the end. *His* final realization—“God is dead. Shit!”—leaves us laughing and with little doubt that Lord Schadt can elicit humor through the words, thoughts and works of others, regardless of the challenges the chosen circumstances pose. Lord Schadt’s character leaves his play-world not with a bang but with a whimper. “The rest is silence,” and all *He* could possibly have said has already been said by others.

Note on the Bonus Tracks:

I chose not to translate either the “Alternative Chapter I” or the “Bonus Track” included in Lord Schadt’s original *LOST MODERN LOVE* text. “The Alternative Chapter I” was a dialogue constructed of different group names from a social networking site for German university students called studivz.net. A

translation of the lines did not seem in keeping with the spirit of the section and an adaptation was also troublesome, given the fact that equivalent group names from American social networking sites were difficult to locate.

I also did not do any translation or adaptation of the “Bonus Track”. The section is a play on the reduction of language to something almost indecipherable, as the characters speak to one another in text and e-mail abbreviations such as “LFP? NP.” As a result the text was difficult to read and would likely have been very challenging to perform. While the vast majority of the abbreviations are in English, most of them I did not recognize as widely used. For this reason, I could not simply locate other English-language equivalents for the German-language abbreviations in the section to compose an ‘American’ scene.

## Fore-words

I want to know what love is.<sup>4</sup> What is love?<sup>5</sup> Love is calling.<sup>6</sup> Love is a burning question.<sup>7</sup>

Love is what I say.<sup>8</sup> I know what love is.<sup>9</sup> Love is just a four letter word.<sup>10</sup> Love is more than just another four-letter word.<sup>11</sup> Love is a five-letter word.<sup>12</sup> Love is a better word.<sup>13</sup> Love is a dangerous language.<sup>14</sup> All love is a lie.<sup>15</sup>

Love is blue.<sup>16</sup> Love is not a tragedy.<sup>17</sup> Love is a catastrophe.<sup>18</sup> Love is pain.<sup>19</sup> Love is dangerous.<sup>20</sup> Love is a battlefield.<sup>21</sup> Love is a battlefield of wounded hearts.<sup>22</sup> Love is war.<sup>23</sup>

Love is da shit.<sup>24</sup> Love is for suckers.<sup>25</sup> Love is a loser.<sup>26</sup> Love is a lie.<sup>27</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Shirley Bassey

<sup>5</sup> Haddaway

<sup>6</sup> Whyzer

<sup>7</sup> Graham Parker

<sup>8</sup> Inxs

<sup>9</sup> Right Said Fred

<sup>10</sup> Joan Baez

<sup>11</sup> All 4 One

<sup>12</sup> Jim Byrnes

<sup>13</sup> Rainbirds

<sup>14</sup> ABC

<sup>15</sup> Pete

<sup>16</sup> Andy Williams

<sup>17</sup> Blue System

<sup>18</sup> Pet Shop Boys

<sup>19</sup> Amanda Perez

<sup>20</sup> Fleetwood Mac

<sup>21</sup> Pat Benatar

<sup>22</sup> Venerea

<sup>23</sup> Bon Jovi

<sup>24</sup> Spearhead

<sup>25</sup> Twisted Sister

<sup>26</sup> Erasure

<sup>27</sup> Great White

Love is nothing.<sup>28</sup> Love is a bore.<sup>29</sup> Love is a fool.<sup>30</sup>  
Love is a burning thing.<sup>31</sup> Love is a hurtin' thing.<sup>32</sup> Love is a many  
splendored thing.<sup>33</sup> Love is a wild thing.<sup>34</sup> Love is a wonderful thing.<sup>35</sup>  
Love is a good thing.<sup>36</sup> Love is a beautiful thing.<sup>37</sup> Love is a sweet  
thing.<sup>38</sup> Love is the sweetest thing.<sup>39</sup>  
Love isn't easy.<sup>40</sup> Love is real.<sup>41</sup> Love is the master.<sup>42</sup> Love is powerful.<sup>43</sup>  
Love is blind.<sup>44</sup> Love is color-blind.<sup>45</sup>  
Love is all.<sup>46</sup> Love is all that matters.<sup>47</sup> Love is all around.<sup>48</sup> Love is all  
we need.<sup>49</sup> Love is not enough.<sup>50</sup>  
Love is a song.<sup>51</sup> Love is better than a warm trombone.<sup>52</sup> Love is like a  
violin.<sup>53</sup> Love is the groove.<sup>54</sup>

- 
- 28 Liz Phair  
29 Barbara Streisand  
30 Primary  
31 Country Joe McDonald  
32 Lou Rawls  
33 Olivia Newton-John  
34 Jennifer Rush  
35 Michael Bolton  
36 Sheryl Crow  
37 Tina Turner  
38 Aunt Rita  
39 Ferlin Husky  
40 ABBA  
41 Al Jarreau  
42 John Denver  
43 Seal  
44 Pulp  
45 Sarah Connor  
46 Roxette  
47 Dean Martin  
48 Wet Wet Wet  
49 Celine Dion  
50 Dean Friedman  
51 Bambi  
52 Gomez  
53 Barclay James Harvest

Love is strange.<sup>55</sup> Love is expensive and free.<sup>56</sup> Love is a gift.<sup>57</sup> Love is the drug.<sup>58</sup>

Love is hard to find.<sup>59</sup> Love is here to stay.<sup>60</sup> Love is a strange hotel.<sup>61</sup> Love is a temple.<sup>62</sup> Love is here and now you're gone.<sup>63</sup> Love is still here.<sup>64</sup> Love is here again.<sup>65</sup> Love is forever.<sup>66</sup> Love is a lonely place without you.<sup>67</sup>

Love is like a cigarette.<sup>68</sup> Love is just a breath away.<sup>69</sup> Love is like oxygen.<sup>70</sup> Love is lighter than air.<sup>71</sup> Love is in the air.<sup>72</sup> Love is like a butterfly.<sup>73</sup> Love is like a rainbow.<sup>74</sup> Love is thicker than water.<sup>75</sup> Love is like an ocean.<sup>76</sup> Love is a bridge.<sup>77</sup>

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<sup>54</sup> Cher

<sup>55</sup> Kenny Rogers

<sup>56</sup> Fastball

<sup>57</sup> Olivia Newton-John

<sup>58</sup> Roxy Music

<sup>59</sup> Michael Bolton

<sup>60</sup> Lou Reed

<sup>61</sup> Boo Hewerdine & Darden Smith

<sup>62</sup> Joana Zimmer

<sup>63</sup> The Supremes

<sup>64</sup> Jaheim

<sup>65</sup> Avion

<sup>66</sup> Modern Talking

<sup>67</sup> Cher

<sup>68</sup> K.D. Lang

<sup>69</sup> Donna Summer

<sup>70</sup> Sweet

<sup>71</sup> Divine Comedy

<sup>72</sup> Paul Young

<sup>73</sup> Dolly Parton

<sup>74</sup> Modern Talking

<sup>75</sup> Bee Gees

<sup>76</sup> Axxis

<sup>77</sup> Little River Band

Love is unpredictable.<sup>78</sup> Love is no science.<sup>79</sup> Love is reason.<sup>80</sup>  
Love is no crime.<sup>81</sup> Love is the law.<sup>82</sup> All in love is fair.<sup>83</sup> Love is  
stronger than justice.<sup>84</sup> Love is the only law.<sup>85</sup>  
Love is strong.<sup>86</sup> Love is stronger.<sup>87</sup> Love is dyin'.<sup>88</sup> Love is dead.<sup>89</sup> Love  
is stronger than death.<sup>90</sup> Love is alive.<sup>91</sup> Love is life.<sup>92</sup> Love is on my  
side.<sup>93</sup> Love is on the way.<sup>94</sup> Love is on the run.<sup>95</sup> Love is the  
movement.<sup>96</sup>  
Love is only a feeling.<sup>97</sup> Love is only human.<sup>98</sup>  
Love is the answer.<sup>99</sup> Love is the Message.<sup>100</sup> Love is the greatest story.<sup>101</sup>  
Love is Love.<sup>102</sup> Love is not lost.<sup>103</sup>

- 
- <sup>78</sup> BBMak  
<sup>79</sup> Muencher Freiheit  
<sup>80</sup> A-Ha  
<sup>81</sup> Bad Boys Blue  
<sup>82</sup> Bic Runga  
<sup>83</sup> Stevie Wonder  
<sup>84</sup> Sting  
<sup>85</sup> Ziggy Marley  
<sup>86</sup> Rolling Stones  
<sup>87</sup> Suzy Bogguss  
<sup>88</sup> Grand Funk Railroad  
<sup>89</sup> Atrocity  
<sup>90</sup> The The  
<sup>91</sup> Anastacia  
<sup>92</sup> Earth, Wind and Fire  
<sup>93</sup> Survivor  
<sup>94</sup> Celine Dion  
<sup>95</sup> Moody Blues  
<sup>96</sup> Switchfoot  
<sup>97</sup> Darkness  
<sup>98</sup> Pam Tillis  
<sup>99</sup> Tina Arena  
<sup>100</sup> Cappadonna feat. Raekwon the Chef  
<sup>101</sup> Earth Wind & Fire  
<sup>102</sup> All Saints  
<sup>103</sup> Sam Phillips

## 1. Meeting Up

*A slightly deconstructed man meets a postmodern woman in a disco. She gives him her telephone number and two days later they begin to text each other.*

He: I prayed for grass and God gave me a field. I prayed for water and he gave me a lake. I prayed for hot sex and he gave me your number.

She: I prayed for a flower, but God sent me a meadow. I prayed for water, but got a well. I prayed for an asshole, and God gave me your number.

He: Thanks for the text but sex would've been better. . .

She: I'm finding it hard to remember your name. Can I just call you dorkwad?

He: Love is a name, sex is a game. Forget the name and play the game.

She: I think you're a harmless dorkwad. But to be perfectly frank, not everyone thinks you're that great.

He: Would rather be next to, close to, on top of, underneath or just in you.

She: You know, there's a listing of everyone who's smarter than you. . . It's called the phone book.

He: I'm as dumb as a post and as long and hard as one too.

She: Let's get each other a present. I'll buy a horse, you'll buy the farm.

He: You've got to take care of screwing on earth because there's nothing to fuck in heaven. When you're six feet under pitching a tent, you'll wonder how your time on earth was spent.

She: They've changed your cell phone plan, the new rate has been calibrated to your sex life. The less activity the cheaper. Congratulations, now all your calls and texts are free!

He: This message comes straight from the heart, so you know I'm not just being smart. I love you even in my sleep. Please be always mine to keep.

She: This is an automated text sent to people with the lowest IQs. Your number came up. Tough luck!

He: I want to ride you till the bed slats split, till it tickles, till it itches, and you see the O-face that launched a thousand bitches.

She: The zoo called. The keeper is sorry about the business with the banana and wants you to come back.

He: My love for you's like applesauce, as juicy as a peach. My heart pounds like a horse's hooves when you're within my reach.

She: The police have put out a bulletin for someone who is cute, sexy, charming and unbelievable in bed. Don't worry, you're safe. But where the hell should I hide?

He: The rose I smelled stuck out a thorn. I wrote in blood: to you I'm sworn.

She: Nowadays small things are in fashion: small cell phones: small cars, small women. When men with tiny penises are all the rage, it'll be your big day.

He: How about we do some math? We could add you and me, subtract our clothes, divide our legs, and be fruitful and multiply.

She: Put your face on a stamp and the postal service will go broke.

He: Beauty doesn't determine who I love, rather my love decides who I think is beautiful.

She: Were your parents chemists? You look to me like an experiment. Gone wrong.

He: Honey, if there were a place to buy you, I'd have shoplifted you a long time ago. I'd never be able to afford you. You're priceless.

She: Remember when we were little, you put your face to the window and I stuck out my ass and everyone thought we were twins.

He: Your eyes are like stars, your ass as big as Mars, your body is like Venus, would you like to touch my penis?

She: Keep scrolling down. . . farther, farther, keep going. . . and going. . . and. . . You idiot. Do you do everything you're told?

He: Do you want to screw like rabbits? Indulge in some naughty habits? Sassy and experimental like me? If so, the call is free.

She: Has anyone told you today that you're unbelievably attractive and sexy? No?! Good. Then at least no one's lied to you.

He: The cashier breaks a dollar bill. A fat man breaks wind out of the blue. A rally breaks the enemy's will. But only you could break my heart in two.

She: If your cell were a smart phone, it would've switched owners long ago.

He: If you're feeling down one day and your smile has gone away, check your cell-phone's memory, and I'll be there for you to see.

She: Please send a picture of yourself to the tsunami victims; we want to show people that it could be worse.

He: Like a paddle without a boat, like a button with no coat, like a gummy without a bear, like a jack without a spare, like the cow without her moo, that's what I'd be without you.

She: This cat is cat a cat good cat way cat to cat entertain cat an cat idiot cat for cat twenty cat seconds. Read this without the CATS!

He: Like Nike without Air, like a gummy with no bear, like a shower without Dove, a valentine without love, like the heat without a stroke, without you my life's a joke.

She: You want to know how to make dumb kids? Ask your parents.

He: Hello leads to a hug, that leads to a kiss, from the kiss comes canoodling, and that leads to wild sex. Do you still want to say hello to me?

She: Can you give me a photo of yourself? I'd like to add it to my natural-disaster collection.

He: I'm putting my heart in your hand. Handle it with care.

She: You're making two mistakes. 1. You're alive and breathing. 2. You're not doing anything about it.

He: If you're sad and all alone, just pick up your little phone, make a call real fast, and all your troubles will be past.

She: Who picked you up when the obstetrician was laughing so hard he dropped you?

He: When I think of you, it's a dream come true. I like you a lot and think you're lovely, I want to squeeze you, you're so cuddly.

She: Baby ape: "Why are we so ugly?" Mother ape: "Son, we're not that bad. You should see the guy reading this text."

He: This Monday I'm sending you my nicest smile to keep you happy for a while. Try to catch it and put it on. I want you to feel as bright as dawn.

She: You're like the letter Q: a big fat zero with a small thingy.

He: If you don't send me a text in twenty-five seconds, of which fifteen are already gone, you owe me wild sex . . . Time's up!

She: I'd love to cross intellectual swords with you, but you don't exactly have the right equipment.

He: I'm horny and you're free, so why don't you come and play with me?

She: Could you give me a picture of yourself? Laxatives are so expensive these days.

He: I think you're great, I think you're grand. Come to me for a one-night stand.

She: When I try to think on your level, it gives me a migraine.

He: In Siberia lives the polar bear, in Africa lives the gnu, the drunk lives in deliria, in my heart lives only you.

She: You like mother nature? After all she's done to you?

He: Today I've got to know—I'll kiss you from head to toe, then let's argue over condom colors and if you're nice, we'll do it twice.

She: You have sex appeal, you have charm, you're funny and intelligent . . . Whoops! I'm texting the wrong number.

He: My hobby is crewing. I'm sorry, I have a speech defect.

She: I know how much I mean to you, how much I miss you and you need me. I'm sorry I've left you forever. With love, your brain.

He: I'm happy when I see you. I think you're really great. I'm sending you my H, E, A, my R and, yes, my T.

She: Six billion people live on this planet, 1.7 billion are working right now, 2.3 billion are sleeping, 69 million are having sex, and an asshole is reading this text.

He: There are seven wonders of the world, six continents, five corners to a pentagon, four leaves to a clover, three oceans, two eyes, but there's only one you.

She: If your thing were any smaller, it'd be considered one of your internal organs.

He: I've a big big shaft that doesn't know dick, but if you let me shaft you, you'll know dick.

She: You're so conceited your own fingernails have to schedule an appointment to scratch your head.

He: I am here, you are there, don't you think that's quite unfair. You are there, I am here, won't you come to me, my dear?

She: If assholes could fly, you'd be Top Gun.

He: I love you standing, I love you lying, and when we get to be angels, I'll love you flying.

She: Spring is here. The bees are doing it, the birds are doing it, and the butterflies are doing it, too. Should we be doing it? No, forget it, we can't fly.

He: Soon I'm moving to Bellaire, I hear there's lots of orgies there. But I won't really have to pack up and go, if you come over for a cup and blow.

She: When you were born, the doctor said: Mold it quick before it turns into a pig!

He: Are you sleeping on your stomach? No?! Then can I sleep there?

She: I want you! Want to drag you into bed! Pester you till you shiver! I'll make you hot! I'll make you sweat. Your body will burn! Love, the flu.

He: When you wake up and think of me, when you go to bed and your last thoughts are of me, then you'll know how I feel.

She: Sorry, that was said in spite, call on me and I'll drop by to bone all night. Sike!

He: I'd love to be your pillow and miss you all day long. At night I'd be right next to you and so would be my dong.

She: I saw your face in a dream. Now I'm afraid to go to sleep!

He: He who sleeps doesn't sin. He who sins beforehand sleeps well.

She: Every day there are more people who can kiss my ass. Today it's your turn.

He: Hey babe! I should get the Nobel Prize. I've discovered the meaning of life—you.

She: Everyone has the right to be ugly, but you really abuse it.

He: You don't see many girls go by, who would lift their skirts high, and with an eager hand lead a cock to the promised land.

She: Didn't your parents ever beg you to run away from home?

He: Inside an iron fence lies a heart, crying its heart out. Pick it up gently—don't break it, for it's crying: I love you.

She: Send me a picture of yourself. I'll hang it on the cellar door so the mice will see it and stay away from the potatoes.

He: My eyes are all aglow, my heart's as pure as snow. My imagination is dirty, don't you like it when I'm flirty?

She: I really am an animal person. I just don't like pigs.

He: All men are pigs. Yesterday I suppose I was an ass, now don't be a frog and come be my lapdog.

She: Your movements are graceful like a gazelle's. Wait . . . what's the animal with the trunk called again?

He: Did-a-lee, did-a-lee dee I love you, honeybee. Did-a-lee, did-a-lee doe, always be my beau. Did-a-lee, did-a-lee doo, I'm so in love with you.

She: I'm at the police station. They're holding me for being too beautiful. They'll let me go if someone ugly comes and gets me. What are you waiting for?

He: Let me be your gummy bear, hun, so sticky sweet and so much fun. Put me in your mouth, and feel the tingle down south.

She: When I see you it occurs to me that extraterrestrial life does exist! It may not be intelligent, but it exists.

He: If you read this text, you owe me a hug. If you delete it, a kiss. And if you answer—it'll be a surprise.

She: There's hot sex, spicy sex, quick sex, cuddle sex, safe sex, group sex, leather sex, phone sex, and for people with your looks, no sex!

He: You asked me who I love. I answered, my life. Then you walked away sadly, because you didn't know that I was talking about you.

She: The police found a corpse: extremely ugly, extremely small brain and an extremely small penis. Are you still alive?

He: You know what I need in my life; the most beautiful girl in the world for my wife. Imagine how great it would be if you were married to me.

She: I'm here because God has an eye for beauty. You're here because he has a sense of humor.

He: This love twixt you and me—you and I. To me, grammar's a mystery. Even if I never get it right, this love twixt you and I's, for all eterni-tie.

She: Congratulations! Your mobile plan has been changed. The charges have been adjusted to the size of your genitalia. From now on all your calls and texts are free.

He: Writhe when you're coming . . . I mean write when you're coming.

She: When I see you, I remember I need to take out the trash.

He: I want to take you in my arms, explore your chasms, feel you, till my time is up. When they bury me, you'll finally be free.

She: If stupidity made things small, you could parachute under the carpet.

He: I don't look like Brad Pitt. I don't have muscles like Arnold, and I'm not romantic like Robert Redford. But I can lick like Lassie.

She: I can picture you naked before me. I want to lick, suck and bite you. You drive me crazy. I must have you. You make me hot, you tasty, scrumptious tootsie pop.

He: Let me kiss your lips, while you warm my ears with your thighs.

She: My left leg is Christmas, my right leg is New Year's. Why don't you come by between the holidays?

## II. Hooking Up

*Sometime between Christmas and New Year's. They meet up and lie in bed.*

He: All day strong.<sup>104</sup> Good news for your sex life bad news for beds.<sup>105</sup> It pays to discover.<sup>106</sup> Unleash the Beast.<sup>107</sup>

She: Flick your bic.<sup>108</sup>

He: It's good to play together.<sup>109</sup>

She: It's what your right arm's for.<sup>110</sup>

He: The greatest tragedy is indifference.<sup>111</sup>

She: The best a man can get.<sup>112</sup>

He: Ridiculously easy to use.<sup>113</sup> So easy a caveman could do it.<sup>114</sup>

She: Buy it. Sell it. Love it.<sup>115</sup>

He: Wider is better.<sup>116</sup> See what we mean.<sup>117</sup>

She: The power of dreams.<sup>118</sup> Always low prices. Always.<sup>119</sup>

He: Seeing small business differently.<sup>120</sup> Think small.<sup>121</sup> Small wonder.<sup>122</sup>

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<sup>104</sup> Aleve

<sup>105</sup> Durex Condoms

<sup>106</sup> Discover Card

<sup>107</sup> Monster Energy Drinks

<sup>108</sup> Bic

<sup>109</sup> Xbox Live

<sup>110</sup> Courage Tavern Ale

<sup>111</sup> Red Cross

<sup>112</sup> Gillette

<sup>113</sup> Timex

<sup>114</sup> Geico

<sup>115</sup> Ebay

<sup>116</sup> Pontiac

<sup>117</sup> Canon

<sup>118</sup> Mazda

<sup>119</sup> Wal-mart

<sup>120</sup> IBM

<sup>121</sup> VW

<sup>122</sup> VW

She: Imagination at work.<sup>123</sup>

He: Small is big here.<sup>124</sup>

She: Where's the beef?<sup>125</sup>

He: There are some things money can't buy.<sup>126</sup>

She: Come alive! You're in the Pepsi Generation.<sup>127</sup>

He: I am what I am.<sup>128</sup> The other white meat.<sup>129</sup>

She: Be all that you can be.<sup>130</sup>

He: We're second. We try harder.<sup>131</sup> Because you're worth it.<sup>132</sup>

She: Just a little ahead of our time.<sup>133</sup>

He: So big you've got to grin to get it in.<sup>134</sup>

She: We're cooking now.<sup>135</sup>

He: It takes two hands to hold a whopper.<sup>136</sup>

She: Think outside the bun.<sup>137</sup>

He: High performance. Delivered.<sup>138</sup> Like no other.<sup>139</sup>

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<sup>123</sup> General Electric

<sup>124</sup> Beech-nut Baby Food

<sup>125</sup> Wendy's

<sup>126</sup> Mastercard

<sup>127</sup> Pepsi

<sup>128</sup> Reebok

<sup>129</sup> National Pork Board

<sup>130</sup> ARMY

<sup>131</sup> Avis

<sup>132</sup> Clairol

<sup>133</sup> Panasonic

<sup>134</sup> Wagon Wheels

<sup>135</sup> Denny's

<sup>136</sup> Burger King

<sup>137</sup> Taco Bell

<sup>138</sup> Accenture

<sup>139</sup> Sony

She: Don't dream it! Drive it!<sup>140</sup>

He: Born to perform.<sup>141</sup> The ultimate driving machine.<sup>142</sup>

She: Break through!<sup>143</sup>

He: Inspiration comes standard.<sup>144</sup> Drivers wanted.<sup>145</sup>

She: Let's make things better.<sup>146</sup>

He: Reach out and touch someone<sup>147</sup> Obey your thirst.<sup>148</sup>

She: Everything we do is driven by you.<sup>149</sup>

He: Finger lickin' good.<sup>150</sup> Beef it's what's for dinner.<sup>151</sup>

She: We bring good things to life.<sup>152</sup>

He: Come to where the flavor is. Enjoy.<sup>153</sup>

She: Good Times. Great Taste.<sup>154</sup>

He: Something to smile about.<sup>155</sup>

She: We love to see you smile.<sup>156</sup> It just tastes better.<sup>157</sup>

He: With a name like Smucker's it has to be good . . .<sup>158</sup>

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<sup>140</sup> Jaguar

<sup>141</sup> Jaguar

<sup>142</sup> BMW

<sup>143</sup> Cadillac

<sup>144</sup> Chrysler

<sup>145</sup> Volkswagen

<sup>146</sup> Philips

<sup>147</sup> A T & T

<sup>148</sup> Sprite

<sup>149</sup> Ford

<sup>150</sup> Kentucky Fried Chicken

<sup>151</sup> The Beef Council

<sup>152</sup> GE

<sup>153</sup> Coca-Cola

<sup>154</sup> McDonald's

<sup>155</sup> Quaker Oatmeal

<sup>156</sup> McDonald's

<sup>157</sup> Burger King

She: Two great tastes that taste great together.<sup>159</sup>

He: Melts in your mouth, not in your hands.<sup>160</sup>

She: Moving forward.<sup>161</sup>

He: The difference is clear.<sup>162</sup>

She: It takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin' . . .<sup>163</sup>

He: Grace . . . space . . . pace . . .<sup>164</sup> Oh! What a feeling!<sup>165</sup>

She: Got milk?<sup>166</sup>

He: Impossible is nothing . . . Impossible is nothing . . . Impossible is nothing<sup>167</sup>

She: Just do it!<sup>168</sup>

He: When it rains it pours.<sup>169</sup>

She: M'm m'm Good.<sup>170</sup>

He: Good to the last drop.<sup>171</sup>

She: That was easy.<sup>172</sup> One thing leads to another.<sup>173</sup>

He: Unwrap a smile.<sup>174</sup> Between love and madness lies obsession.<sup>175</sup> A taste too good to waste.<sup>176</sup>

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<sup>158</sup> Smucker's

<sup>159</sup> Reese's Peanut Butter Cup

<sup>160</sup> M & M's

<sup>161</sup> Toyota

<sup>162</sup> 7-Up

<sup>163</sup> Timex

<sup>164</sup> Jaguar

<sup>165</sup> Toyota

<sup>166</sup> Milk Processor's Board

<sup>167</sup> Adidas

<sup>168</sup> Nike

<sup>169</sup> Morton's Salt

<sup>170</sup> Campbell's Soup

<sup>171</sup> Maxwell House

<sup>172</sup> Staples

<sup>173</sup> Nestlé

<sup>174</sup> Little Debbie

She: It's that refreshing.<sup>177</sup> 100% pure squeezed sunshine.<sup>178</sup>

He: Tastes as good as it smells.<sup>179</sup>

She: What are you eating today?<sup>180</sup> Shift.<sup>181</sup> Let your senses guide you.<sup>182</sup>

He: Have it your way.<sup>183</sup> Light on calories loaded with taste.<sup>184</sup> Enjoy your exotic moment responsibly.<sup>185</sup>

She: Because I'm worth it.<sup>186</sup> Every kiss begins with Kay.<sup>187</sup>

He: You are what you eat.<sup>188</sup> Tastes so good . . . Still good for you.<sup>189</sup> A taste of the good life!<sup>190</sup>

She: Light on calories. Loaded with taste.<sup>191</sup>

He: It fills you up right.<sup>192</sup> A taste of the truth.<sup>193</sup> It's all good.<sup>194</sup>

She: Have you had your break today?<sup>195</sup> A better way forward.<sup>196</sup> Grab life by the horns.<sup>197</sup>

He: Where do you want to go today?<sup>198</sup>

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<sup>175</sup> Obsession Calvin Klein

<sup>176</sup> Hellmann's Mayonnaise

<sup>177</sup> Sierra Mist

<sup>178</sup> Tropicana Pure Premium Orange Juice

<sup>179</sup> Maxwell House

<sup>180</sup> Arby's

<sup>181</sup> Shift

<sup>182</sup> Bailey's

<sup>183</sup> Burger King

<sup>184</sup> Minute Maid Light

<sup>185</sup> Kahlua

<sup>186</sup> Clairol

<sup>187</sup> Kay Jewelers

<sup>188</sup> Diet Coke

<sup>189</sup> Breyer's Yogurt Brand

<sup>190</sup> Progresso Soup

<sup>191</sup> Minute Maid Light

<sup>192</sup> Campbell's Soup

<sup>193</sup> Kendall Jackson

<sup>194</sup> Buick

<sup>195</sup> McDonald's

<sup>196</sup> Michelin Tires

<sup>197</sup> Dodge

She: When you're ready to get serious.<sup>199</sup> You in?<sup>200</sup>

He: We can do that.<sup>201</sup>

She: Hello, Moto.<sup>202</sup>

He: Is it in you?<sup>203</sup> We are driving excitement.<sup>204</sup> It keeps going and going and going.<sup>205</sup>

She: Once you pop, the fun doesn't stop. Once you pop you can't stop.<sup>206</sup> The pause that refreshes.<sup>207</sup>

He: The fun develops instantly.<sup>208</sup> The real thing.<sup>209</sup> The more we progress, the better you advance.<sup>210</sup>

She: Pleasure is the path to joy.<sup>211</sup> The happiest place on earth.<sup>212</sup> Feel the difference.<sup>213</sup> Bold moves.<sup>214</sup>

He: I'm lovin' it.<sup>215</sup> Snap! Crackle!

She: Don't give up a thing!<sup>216</sup>

He: Pop!<sup>217</sup>

She: Plop Plop, Fizz Fizz<sup>218</sup>

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<sup>198</sup> Microsoft

<sup>199</sup> BF Goodrich

<sup>200</sup> Bacardi

<sup>201</sup> Lipton

<sup>202</sup> Motorola

<sup>203</sup> Gatorade

<sup>204</sup> Pontiac

<sup>205</sup> Energizer Battery

<sup>206</sup> Pringles

<sup>207</sup> Coca-Cola

<sup>208</sup> Polaroid

<sup>209</sup> Coca-Cola

<sup>210</sup> Michelin Tires

<sup>211</sup> Häagen Dasz

<sup>212</sup> Disney World

<sup>213</sup> Ford

<sup>214</sup> Ford

<sup>215</sup> McDonald's

<sup>216</sup> Cooper Tires

<sup>217</sup> Rice Crispy Treats

He: Just what I needed.<sup>219</sup>

She: Like nothing else.<sup>220</sup>

He: Like always . . . like never before.<sup>221</sup> High performance, time and again.<sup>222</sup>

She: True.<sup>223</sup> There is no substitute.<sup>224</sup>

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<sup>218</sup> Alka Seltzer

<sup>219</sup> Circuit City

<sup>220</sup> Hummer

<sup>221</sup> Saturn

<sup>222</sup> Michelin Tires

<sup>223</sup> Budweiser

<sup>224</sup> Porsche

### III. Speaking Up

*Holly's Wood*—a small restaurant at about eight o' clock in the evening. The owner, Holly, stands behind the counter, drying glasses. A slightly deconstructed man sits alone at a table.

Holly: Every night I think about staying home, but then I give myself a kick in the ass and come to my senses . . . hahahaha!<sup>225</sup> I've been offered a choice between no job and a job no one would want.<sup>226</sup> First rule of leadership. Everything is your fault.<sup>227</sup> It's like everything else in this place. You don't do it yourself, it never gets done.<sup>228</sup> Great scott!<sup>229</sup> Just as I suspected: now trouble's knocking on the door.<sup>230</sup> Jerk alert.<sup>231</sup> Social climbers on the rise.<sup>232</sup> There may be more of them.<sup>233</sup> Man, that's what I call a swinging party.<sup>234</sup> We come in peace.<sup>235</sup> Someday a real rain will come and wash all this scum off the streets.<sup>236</sup> It's the end of the world.<sup>237</sup> Welcome, foolish mortals.<sup>238</sup>

*A postmodern woman enters the restaurant.*

He: Good morning, Princess!<sup>239</sup> Am I the first one here?

She: Yeah, that's you.<sup>240</sup>

He: I am aware of it, but it is beauty's privilege.<sup>241</sup> You're late.

She: I wasn't when I started. It's either bad traffic, peak traffic, slit-your-wrist traffic . . . you know five people died from smoking in between traffic lights today.<sup>242</sup> The traffic was like mud. I oozed here.<sup>243</sup>

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<sup>225</sup> Studio 54

<sup>226</sup> Wolf

<sup>227</sup> A Bug's Life

<sup>228</sup> Casino

<sup>229</sup> Back to the Future I

<sup>230</sup> Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

<sup>231</sup> The Goonies

<sup>232</sup> The First Wives Club

<sup>233</sup> Night of the Living Dead

<sup>234</sup> The Jungle Book

<sup>235</sup> Mars Attacks

<sup>236</sup> Taxi Driver

<sup>237</sup> The Birds

<sup>238</sup> The Haunted Mansion

<sup>239</sup> Life is Beautiful

<sup>240</sup> Rope

<sup>241</sup> Shakespeare in Love

<sup>242</sup> The Italian Job

He: Wonderful, magnificent, glorious! . . . Punctual!<sup>244</sup>

She: What you're famous for is punctuality.<sup>245</sup>

He: I don't want to come in here and, you know, look stupid.

She: Too late.<sup>246</sup> What if I got here five minutes later? Then where would I be?<sup>247</sup>

He: There's a sort of greatness to your lateness.<sup>248</sup>

She: Oh, oh. Don't kiss me.<sup>249</sup> Are you all right?

He: Yeah. I told you, I'm fine.

She: Yeah, you told me, but . . .

He: As long as people aren't asking me if I'm all right, I'm all right.<sup>250</sup>

Holly (*approaching the table*): Hey, what the hell are you standing around for!<sup>251</sup>

You don't just come in and insult a man in his own shop!<sup>252</sup> It's bad business.<sup>253</sup>

We have a guest list the White House would be proud of.<sup>254</sup>

He: Buncha techno-perve jerkoffs.

Holly: Some of them are celebrities.

She: Yeah, what celebrities?

Holly: The guy from the news.

She: He doesn't count as a celebrity. He does the weather.

Holly: That counts!<sup>255</sup> So what exactly are you people doing here?

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<sup>243</sup> Mercury Rising

<sup>244</sup> Aladdin

<sup>245</sup> Mary Poppins

<sup>246</sup> Enemy of the State

<sup>247</sup> Schindler's List

<sup>248</sup> Four Weddings and a Funeral

<sup>249</sup> Bad Boys

<sup>250</sup> Mindhunters

<sup>251</sup> Once Upon a Time in the West

<sup>252</sup> Gran Torino

<sup>253</sup> Schindler's List

<sup>254</sup> Meet Joe Black

<sup>255</sup> Strange Days

He: You wouldn't be interested.

Holly: I'm paid to be interested.<sup>256</sup>

*Holly goes back to the counter.*

She: It's ridiculous for us to be here. We stick out like a couple of sore thumbs.<sup>257</sup>

He: If it's any consolation, we feel as stupid as I'm sure we look.<sup>258</sup>

She: I want to get drunk off my ass!<sup>259</sup>

He: Hey man, act like you're from out of town.

She: I am from out of town.<sup>260</sup>

He: Nice outfit. I'm not sure about the face though.<sup>261</sup> The jacket's cool.

She: Long sleeves. Hides the tattoos.<sup>262</sup>

He: Nice beaver.<sup>263</sup> I believe it's an endangered species.<sup>264</sup>

She: This jacket is a symbol of my belief in personal freedom.<sup>265</sup>

He: You've gotta chill on the hair products. The fumes are going straight up your nose.<sup>266</sup> I wouldn't go near any candles if I were you. You might spontaneously combust.<sup>267</sup> She also has a funny haircut.<sup>268</sup>

She: I do not.<sup>269</sup>

He: There's a spider on your head.

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<sup>256</sup> The 13<sup>th</sup> Floor

<sup>257</sup> Slapshot

<sup>258</sup> Mickey Blue Eyes

<sup>259</sup> Carnage

<sup>260</sup> Rush Hour

<sup>261</sup> The Crow

<sup>262</sup> Dangerous Minds

<sup>263</sup> Naked Gun

<sup>264</sup> Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil

<sup>265</sup> Wild at Heart

<sup>266</sup> Teaching Mrs. Tingle

<sup>267</sup> Cherry Falls

<sup>268</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>269</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

She: What?

He: There's a spider on your head.

She: Look, I'm sorry, I'm not up on all this jive-talkin' home-boy lingo. What's that supposed to mean—"There's a spider on your head?"

He: It means there's a spider on your motherfuckin' head, man!

She: Well, get it off! GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF!

He: I ain't touchin' that shit!<sup>270</sup> Oh, Jesus, what's that smell, man?<sup>271</sup>

She: I gotta take a shower.

He: What?

She: I smell horrible.<sup>272</sup>

Holly (*passing by*): Go shower, girl, you smell worse than my grandmother's armpits.<sup>273</sup>

He: No, you don't. You smell like a rose or something.<sup>274</sup>

She: I knew you'd smell good.

He: It's just soap.<sup>275</sup>

Holly: (*passing by*): He smelled just as bad as you when he got here.<sup>276</sup> You can tell a lot about people by the way they smell.<sup>277</sup> It took him three bars of soap just to tell what color his skin was.<sup>278</sup>

She: As dried up and dirty as he is, he's stupid too!<sup>279</sup>

Holly: Bulimic?<sup>280</sup>

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<sup>270</sup> Nothing to Lose

<sup>271</sup> The Big Lebowski

<sup>272</sup> Pay It Forward

<sup>273</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>274</sup> Pay It Forward

<sup>275</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>276</sup> My Name is Trinity

<sup>277</sup> I am Sam

<sup>278</sup> My Name is Trinity

<sup>279</sup> Trinity is Still My Name

She: Grow up! Bulimia is so '87.<sup>281</sup> You can read minds?

*Holly goes to the counter. The woman looks around.*

She: Something isn't right.<sup>282</sup> You can't eat any cake here.<sup>283</sup> Just shoot me now, 'cause I don't understand what we're doing here.<sup>284</sup> They changed it. Somehow they changed it.

He: You couldn't find your own ass with two hands.

She: Fuckin' A.<sup>285</sup> Well, here's to another great idea.

He: What, 'Let's meet for a drink'?

She: Yes.

He: Yeah?

She: Exactly what I wanted to say. Sometimes I think you're a bit of a mind reader.

He: But I don't have to be a mind reader with you. You always say what you think.

She: I know. It's a curse.

He: What? Are you kidding? It's a relief—an enormous relief. Do you know how rare it is for someone to actually say what they think?

She: Trust me, this has not been a great thing in my life. My ex-husband didn't love me. Let's just put it that way.<sup>286</sup>

He: It's like going on a date with a Chatty Cathy doll. I expect you have a little string on your chest, you know, that I have to pull out and have to snap back. Except I wouldn't pull it out and snap it back—you would.<sup>287</sup> Keep talking, please keep talking.<sup>288</sup> That's not why you came.

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<sup>280</sup> Zoolander

<sup>281</sup> Heathers

<sup>282</sup> The One

<sup>283</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder hält die Welt in Atem

<sup>284</sup> Shang-High Noon

<sup>285</sup> The Deer Hunter

<sup>286</sup> What Women Want

<sup>287</sup> Planes, Trains and Automobiles

<sup>288</sup> The High and the Mighty

She: Tell me why I came.

He: The oldest reason there is.

She: There are friendlier places to drink.<sup>289</sup> Yo, give me a Marlboro.

He: Yes, of course, right away. What's a Marlboro?<sup>290</sup>

She: You got tobacco?

He: I don't smoke.<sup>291</sup>

She: There's a conversation-starter.<sup>292</sup> We look like a really happy couple. Uh, uh . . . are we?

He: Yeah.

She: Yeah! So . . . so h-h-how do you account for it?

He: Uh, I'm very shallow and empty and I have no ideas and nothing interesting to say.

She: And I'm exactly the same way.

He: I see. Well, that's very interesting. So we've managed to work something out.

She: Right. Yeah.<sup>293</sup> Shhh! There it is again. Think it's the boogeyman?

He: Maybe it's another person.

She: No, or he would have come over and met us and said hello.

He: That's the proper thing to do.

She: What if he's not so nice? What if he wants to hurt us?

He: Then I'll spear him.<sup>294</sup>

She: And who's that?

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<sup>289</sup> Miller's Crossing

<sup>290</sup> Demolition Man

<sup>291</sup> Dead Man

<sup>292</sup> What Women Want

<sup>293</sup> Annie Hall

<sup>294</sup> The Blue Lagoon

He: That's the boss.

She: The boss?

He: Yeah. That's what everyone here calls him.<sup>295</sup>

*Holly comes to the table and hands them the menus.*

Holly: Mellow greetings.<sup>296</sup>

She: Jesus, you've got a big noggin.<sup>297</sup>

Holly: We're on a first-name basis here.<sup>298</sup> All right, look, here's the deal. I've got a hangover. Who knows what that means?

She: Doesn't that mean you're drunk?<sup>299</sup>

He: That's what I thought, he smells like a brewery.<sup>300</sup>

Holly: No. It means I was drunk yesterday.

He: It means you're an alcoholic.

Holly: Wrong.

He: You couldn't come to work hung-over unless you were. Dude, you got a disease.<sup>301</sup>

She: Reverend Mother, I have sinned.<sup>302</sup> Are you finished?<sup>303</sup>

Holly: She's getting on my nerves.<sup>304</sup> I learned to drink in the Navy, boys.<sup>305</sup> Along with my alcohol problem, I have a slight drug problem.<sup>306</sup>

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<sup>295</sup> Das Wunder von Bern

<sup>296</sup> Demolition Man

<sup>297</sup> Shallow Hal

<sup>298</sup> Kein Pardon

<sup>299</sup> School of Rock

<sup>300</sup> Crime Busters

<sup>301</sup> School of Rock

<sup>302</sup> Sound of Music

<sup>303</sup> Alien

<sup>304</sup> The Pianist

<sup>305</sup> Red Planet

<sup>306</sup> Sleepers

She: Are you taking any prescription medications?<sup>307</sup>

Holly: Interesting drugs. Dexadrine's basically speed in a pill. Y'know? But I guess a lot of doctors are balancing out the Prozac with the Dexadrine, eh? That liquid morphine'll knock you down, out, around, up and down if someone's not careful . . . can't mix those up, y'know.<sup>308</sup>

He: Are you on crack?<sup>309</sup>

Holly: Where did you get that idea?<sup>310</sup>

He: It fell into my lap . . . just like it's gonna fall into yours.<sup>311</sup>

She: I'm dying for a smoke. Got any ciggies?<sup>312</sup>

He: I don't approve of girls who smoke.<sup>313</sup>

She: It's just a cigarette.

He: Well, this is just a fist.<sup>314</sup> I'm sorry, cigarettes are bad for your health.

She: So's a punch in the throat.<sup>315</sup>

He: Pain is weakness leaving the body.<sup>316</sup>

Sie (*to Holly*): Do you have a cigarette? I've run out.<sup>317</sup>

*Holly gives her a cigarette and lights it.*

He: Hey, smoking makes impotence, you know?<sup>318</sup>

She: Hm a mild, soft taste . . . are they American?<sup>319</sup>

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<sup>307</sup> Rain Man

<sup>308</sup> Magnolia

<sup>309</sup> Uptown Girl

<sup>310</sup> A Space Odyssey

<sup>311</sup> Sleepers

<sup>312</sup> Formula 51

<sup>313</sup> Some Like It Hot

<sup>314</sup> Me, Myself and Irene

<sup>315</sup> Formula 51

<sup>316</sup> The Goods: Live Hard, Sell Hard

<sup>317</sup> Bye Bye Birdie

<sup>318</sup> Ninja Phantom Heroes

<sup>319</sup> Der Eisbär

He: If you can't spot a piece of bullshit commercial publicity when you hear it, you're even more naïve than I thought.<sup>320</sup>

She: In the world of advertising there's no such thing as a lie.

Holly: There's only expedient exaggeration. You ought to know that.<sup>321</sup>

She: I'm here to do one of two things, kick ass and chew bubble gum.

He: And you're all out of bubble gum.<sup>322</sup>

She: Sweetie, you're wasting the gum.<sup>323</sup>

Holly: I'm sorry, but we don't allow gum chewing in this house.<sup>324</sup>

He: Do you want gum?

She: What flavor?

He: Mulberry leaf.

She: I hate mulberry leaf!<sup>325</sup>

Holly: What do you want?

He: Beer.

Holly: All I got is piss-warm Chango.

He: That's my brand.<sup>326</sup>

She: And, uh—two big sodas please.<sup>327</sup>

He: Your reputation for hospitality is fast becoming legendary.<sup>328</sup>

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<sup>320</sup> The Man Who Fell to Earth

<sup>321</sup> North by Northwest

<sup>322</sup> They Live

<sup>323</sup> The Birdcage

<sup>324</sup> Serial Mom

<sup>325</sup> Crime Busters

<sup>326</sup> Desperado

<sup>327</sup> Der Eisbär

<sup>328</sup> Troy

Holly: And you can't piss on hospitality. I won't allow it!<sup>329</sup> Thank y'all for coming to my establishment . . . and keep in mind we welcome Christians in here, too. Thank you.<sup>330</sup> By law I have to tell you, sir, I'm a Jew.<sup>331</sup>

He: Pretends he's Jewish. Wishes he was Jewish. Even tells his family they're Jewish . . . but he's about as Jewish as he is a fucking monkey. He thinks it's good for business.<sup>332</sup> I can no longer sit back and allow Communist infiltration, Communist indoctrination, Communist subversion and the international Communist conspiracy to sap and impurify all of our precious bodily fluids.<sup>333</sup>

Holly: If there's a semi-regular paycheck in it I'll believe anything you say.<sup>334</sup>

She: See, no games equals embarrassing moment.<sup>335</sup> May the Schwartz be with you.<sup>336</sup>

Holly: But every time I've seen this world change, it's always been for the worse.<sup>337</sup> Come on, you know better than that.<sup>338</sup> And the truth is there is something terribly wrong with this country.<sup>339</sup> Justice system's all screwed up.<sup>340</sup> But throughout the land, men and women of integrity rise up to confront the unseen enemy. They will not be cowards, they will be courageous in the face of danger.<sup>341</sup> People should not be afraid of their governments. Governments should be afraid of their people.<sup>342</sup> Win by destroying your enemy from within.<sup>343</sup> I gotta get in shape now. Too much sitting has ruined my body. Too much abuse has gone on for too long. From now on it'll be push-ups each morning. Fifty pull-ups. There will be no more pills, no more bad food . . . no more destroyers of my body. From now on it'll be total organization. Every muscle must be tight.<sup>344</sup>

He: The Communist party is no party.<sup>345</sup>

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<sup>329</sup> Troll 2

<sup>330</sup> Larry Flint

<sup>331</sup> Schindler's List

<sup>332</sup> Snatch

<sup>333</sup> Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

<sup>334</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>335</sup> What Women Want

<sup>336</sup> Spaceballs

<sup>337</sup> V for Vendetta

<sup>338</sup> City of Angels

<sup>339</sup> V for Vendetta

<sup>340</sup> Shang-High Noon

<sup>341</sup> Shaun of the Dead

<sup>342</sup> V for Vendetta

<sup>343</sup> The Art of War

<sup>344</sup> Taxi Driver

<sup>345</sup> Sonnenallee

She: You know what capitalism is? Getting fucked.<sup>346</sup>

He: Governments, they come, they go . . . but the McDonalds, they last forever.<sup>347</sup>  
You Russian red asshole.<sup>348</sup>

She: Most of the miseries of the world were caused by war. And when the wars were over, no one ever knew what they were about.<sup>349</sup>

He: I enjoy being afraid of Russia.<sup>350</sup> I'd kill a Communist for fun.<sup>351</sup>

She: Well, I hadn't thought about that yet, I'll . . . I'll think about that tomorrow.<sup>352</sup>  
I am turning thirty next week and I just want to go home. . . and grow oranges.<sup>353</sup>

He: I mean, say what you like about the tenets of National Socialism, dude, at least it's an ethos.<sup>354</sup>

Holly: I have two words for you: green card.<sup>355</sup>

He: A mustard bath is the only thing that can help him.<sup>356</sup>

Holly: If you're gonna send someone to save the world, make sure they like it the way it is.<sup>357</sup> I am not under any orders to make the world a better place.<sup>358</sup>

He: They're ignoring me. Everybody is ignoring me.<sup>359</sup>

Holly: Excuse me. I was talking to you. I'd appreciate it if you looked at me.

He: Well, I don't like looking at trash.<sup>360</sup>

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<sup>346</sup> Scarface

<sup>347</sup> The Art of War

<sup>348</sup> Sonnenallee

<sup>349</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>350</sup> St. Elmo's Fire

<sup>351</sup> Scarface

<sup>352</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>353</sup> Identity

<sup>354</sup> The Big Lebowski

<sup>355</sup> The Birdcage

<sup>356</sup> Tanz der Vampire

<sup>357</sup> XXX

<sup>358</sup> Reality Bites

<sup>359</sup> Sahara

<sup>360</sup> Identity

Holly: Dig this, man. Someone once said . . . "to err is human, to forgive is divine."<sup>361</sup> Because I'm a nice guy, I'll invite you to have a cold beer.<sup>362</sup>  
She: There's no way to win.<sup>363</sup>

*Holly goes to the counter, gets a warm Chango and slams it down on the table. He goes again.*

He: We set out to change the world . . . ended up just changing ourselves.<sup>364</sup>

She: Can one man make a difference? There are days when I believe and others when I have lost all faith.<sup>365</sup> I'm surprised, you're surprised.<sup>366</sup>

He: I miss you so much it hurts.<sup>367</sup> You'll never know the exquisite pain of the guy who goes home alone.<sup>368</sup>

She: I'm rich and beautiful and you're poor and ugly.<sup>369</sup> What is the answer to 99 out of 100 questions? Money.<sup>370</sup>

He: Money? Oh, but what's money to an artist? To a philosopher? It's just green-colored paper that floats in and out of his life like snow.<sup>371</sup>

She: I'll say one thing for poor people. They don't disinherit their children.<sup>372</sup> In the oil business?

He: A little but mostly stock.

She: Stocks and bonds?

He: No. My stock is white-faced Hereford.<sup>373</sup>

She: Well it's no trick to make a lot of money . . . if what you want to do is make a lot of money.<sup>374</sup>

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<sup>361</sup> Starsky and Hutch

<sup>362</sup> Die Supernasen

<sup>363</sup> Wargames

<sup>364</sup> Velvet Goldmine

<sup>365</sup> Daredevil

<sup>366</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>367</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>368</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>369</sup> 8 Femmes

<sup>370</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>371</sup> Reality Bites

<sup>372</sup> How to Marry a Millionaire

<sup>373</sup> How to Marry a Millionaire

He: You're the only woman I ever knew didn't improve her situation by getting divorced.

She: A big legal war wasn't going to improve anybody's situation. We've all been through enough. Besides I was raised better than that.<sup>375</sup>

He: We'd rather eat our children than part with our money.<sup>376</sup> I swore I'd never break your heart but, you know, things happen.<sup>377</sup>

She: It's fate working it's magic.<sup>378</sup>

He: You really shouldn't mumble. Because I can't understand a word you're saying.<sup>379</sup>

She: I'll continue like you're actually listening to me.<sup>380</sup> Sentimental fellow aren't you?

He: Yes and no.<sup>381</sup>

She: Don't force me to fight because you won't like my way of fighting.<sup>382</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): She's not bad looking, she might even be what I call attractive.<sup>383</sup>

He: You're cute when you're angry.<sup>384</sup>

She: What you think, you know, doesn't have much to do with reality.<sup>385</sup> You don't see things like other people do.<sup>386</sup> The sooner you match what's in your head with what's in the real world the better you'll feel.<sup>387</sup> You're full of shit.

He: Who's full of shit?

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<sup>374</sup> Citizen Kane

<sup>375</sup> The Lost Boys

<sup>376</sup> Prizzi's Honor

<sup>377</sup> Carlito's Way

<sup>378</sup> The Switch

<sup>379</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>380</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>381</sup> Citizen Kane

<sup>382</sup> The Violent Men

<sup>383</sup> My Fair Lady

<sup>384</sup> Scream 2

<sup>385</sup> Life as a House

<sup>386</sup> Mercury Rising

<sup>387</sup> Training Day

She: You.<sup>388</sup>

He: I am artistic.

She: No, autistic.<sup>389</sup>

He: You still think I'm paranoid?

She: I don't know, man. Who knows? But if you are, then I guess I'm paranoid too.<sup>390</sup>

He: The question is not whether you are paranoid, but whether you are paranoid enough.<sup>391</sup> We can talk about this.<sup>392</sup> There's no point in being nuts if you can't have a little fun.<sup>393</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): It's amazing that brain can generate enough power to keep those legs moving.<sup>394</sup>

He: Paranoia's only reality on a finer scale.<sup>395</sup> Nothing like a little healthy paranoia.<sup>396</sup>

She: Suicidal paranoiacs will say anything to get laid.<sup>397</sup>

He: I love being reduced to a cultural stereotype.<sup>398</sup>

She: Uh, good news Jack! I think we can rule out demonic possession right off the bat.

He: But, the little voice from inside was talking to me.

She: See, that proves it: demons talk through you—not to you.<sup>399</sup> Well, I make it a rule never to sleep with possessed people. Actually, it's more of a policy than a

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<sup>388</sup> The Deer Hunter

<sup>389</sup> Rain Man

<sup>390</sup> Mercury Rising

<sup>391</sup> Strange Days

<sup>392</sup> Monsters, Inc.

<sup>393</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>394</sup> Superman

<sup>395</sup> Strange Days

<sup>396</sup> Dark City

<sup>397</sup> The Fisher King

<sup>398</sup> Annie Hall

<sup>399</sup> Innerspace

rule.<sup>400</sup> Don't smile so much when you're laughing!<sup>401</sup> You're making weird faces again.

He: No, I'm not.

She: You make weird faces, honey.<sup>402</sup> You seem to be suffering from a mild form of hysteria.<sup>403</sup>

He: How do you treat that?

She: Well the medieval remedy was to flay the skin off your body with brands of fire. I have no idea what the current technique is.<sup>404</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): What a lovely day for an exorcism!<sup>405</sup>

He: Even the innocent sometimes burn at the stake!<sup>406</sup>

She: But can I be different? Am I not cursed by this fire? This voice? The torment?<sup>407</sup>

He: Tell me I'm a good man.

She: You are.<sup>408</sup>

He: I'm a man.

She: Nobody's perfect.<sup>409</sup>

He: You are the only woman in the world for me. You and Janet Jackson.<sup>410</sup>

*Holly comes by and puts two beers on the table. He goes back to the counter without a word.*

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<sup>400</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>401</sup> Die Feuerzangenbowle

<sup>402</sup> The Incredibles

<sup>403</sup> Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure

<sup>404</sup> Innerspace

<sup>405</sup> Teaching Mrs. Tingle

<sup>406</sup> Teaching Mrs. Tingle

<sup>407</sup> M

<sup>408</sup> Saving Private Ryan

<sup>409</sup> Some Like It Hot

<sup>410</sup> Enemy of the State

He: My first-grade teacher, she told me that I was born with helpings of brain, but only half a helping of heart.<sup>411</sup> This is a revolution of the mind.<sup>412</sup> I only surround myself with people who I find intellectually stimulating.<sup>413</sup>

She: More than cleverness we need kindness and gentleness.<sup>414</sup> Tolerance is a rare virtue.<sup>415</sup> Besides, there's more to life than facts.

He: What else is there? Everything else is emotions. At least you can cling to the facts. Emotions just float away.<sup>416</sup> There are more synapses in the human brain than atoms in the universe.<sup>417</sup> There are forces in the universe that we're only now beginning to understand. I mean understand through science, not through superstition. Black holes in space, anti-matter, curved space. Things that are as strange to us as electricity would have been to people in the Middle Ages.<sup>418</sup>

She: I just realized science couldn't answer any of the really interesting questions. So I turned to philosophy. Been searching for God ever since. Maybe I'll pick up a rock and it'll say so on the bottom. 'Made by God.' The universe is full of surprises.<sup>419</sup>

He: Given all the elements in the unknown universe and enough time, our existence is inevitable. It's no more mysterious than trees or sharks. We're a mathematical probability and that's all.

She: How do you explain that of all the billions of creatures on this planet, we are the only ones who are conscious of our own mortality?

He: You can't explain that.<sup>420</sup> We humans like to think we are Nature's finest achievement. I'm afraid it isn't true. This Arkellian sand beetle is superior in many ways. It reproduces in vast numbers, has no ego, has no fear, doesn't know about death, and so is the perfect selfless member of society.<sup>421</sup>

She: Dude, what's up with the stiffness, man? You're looking a little ro-bo-tro-nic. Ok? Let's grease up the hinges, and listen, loosey-goosey, baby, loosey-goosey.<sup>422</sup>

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<sup>411</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>412</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>413</sup> My Girl

<sup>414</sup> The Great Dictator

<sup>415</sup> 8 Femmes

<sup>416</sup> Snow Falling on Cedars

<sup>417</sup> Amélie

<sup>418</sup> The Final Countdown

<sup>419</sup> Red Planet

<sup>420</sup> Solaris

<sup>421</sup> Starship Troopers

<sup>422</sup> School of Rock

He: It insults my intelligence.<sup>423</sup>

She: The boy's got an IQ of 174 and what do you get? An idiot.<sup>424</sup> You're very smart. You give me all the answers, but you ain't givin' me the right answer.<sup>425</sup>

He: What do you ask me to do?<sup>426</sup>I'm gonna die of boredom.<sup>427</sup>

She: Is it true that chicks fart if you blast them in the ass?<sup>428</sup>

He: You'd as like have angels fly out o' yer arse as get next to the likes o' her.<sup>429</sup>

*Holly puts two more beers on the table. He looks disgusted, then disappears again to the counter.*

He: Wives don't nag anymore; they discuss.

She: Yeah? Maybe in the high rent districts they discuss—but in my neighborhood, they still nag.<sup>430</sup>

He: Times have changed. What happened to the miniskirts? Where's all that marijuana? Now everything is platforms, cocaine and dances I don't dance.<sup>431</sup>

She: The Sixties are over, man!<sup>432</sup>

He: It's disgraceful! A whole generation of late bloomers totally messed up by the Internet and role-playing. At least we had dope and group sex, but today . . .<sup>433</sup>

She: This whole world is wild at heart and weird on top.<sup>434</sup>

He: Without you, today's emotions would be the scurf of yesterday's.<sup>435</sup>

She: How time distorts things.<sup>436</sup> Change can be so constant you don't even feel the difference until there is one.<sup>437</sup> My ninth-grade science teacher once told me

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<sup>423</sup> The Godfather

<sup>424</sup> Mickey Blue Eyes

<sup>425</sup> Raging Bull

<sup>426</sup> The Avengers

<sup>427</sup> Suicide Kings

<sup>428</sup> Dogma

<sup>429</sup> Titanic

<sup>430</sup> Rear Window

<sup>431</sup> Carlito's Way

<sup>432</sup> Formula 51

<sup>433</sup> Die Nacht der lebenden Looser

<sup>434</sup> Wild at Heart

<sup>435</sup> Amélie

that if you put a frog in boiling water, it'll jump out. But if you put it in cold water and heat it up gradually, it'll just sit there and slowly boil to death.<sup>438</sup>

He: You want to expound your personal philosophy, write a book.<sup>439</sup>

She: Sometimes I write short stories like that. They're not very good though.<sup>440</sup> I had come to write about truth, beauty, freedom and that which I believed in above all things: love. There was one problem. I'd never been in love.<sup>441</sup> Time rules over us without mercy.<sup>442</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): The future is not set. There is no fate but what we make for ourselves.<sup>443</sup>

She: Time doesn't care if we're healthy or ill. Hungry or drunk. Russian, American, beings from Mars. It's like a fire, it could either destroy us or it could keep us warm.<sup>444</sup>

He: Do not waste time, for that is the stuff that life is made of.<sup>445</sup> Einstein's theory of relativity. Grab hold of a hot pan, a second can seem like an hour. Put your hands on a hot woman, an hour can seem like a second. It's all relative.

She: I spent four years at Cal Tech. That's the best physics explanation I've heard.<sup>446</sup> I got to keep breathing. Because tomorrow the sun will rise.<sup>447</sup> I'll get up every morning and breathe all day long. After a while I won't have to remind myself to get up and breathe in and out.<sup>448</sup>

He: Don't put so much pressure on her. A woman needs space to breathe.

She: Yes, and then she goes elsewhere.<sup>449</sup> Something is different.

He: Good or bad?

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<sup>436</sup> Rules of Attraction

<sup>437</sup> Life as a House

<sup>438</sup> Dante's Peak

<sup>439</sup> The Ninth Portal

<sup>440</sup> Kleine Haie

<sup>441</sup> Moulin Rouge

<sup>442</sup> Castaway

<sup>443</sup> Terminator 2

<sup>444</sup> Castaway

<sup>445</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>446</sup> Deep Blue Sea

<sup>447</sup> Castaway

<sup>448</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>449</sup> Amélie

She: Anything different is good.<sup>450</sup> Anything else is always something better.<sup>451</sup>

He: We take what we get and are thankful it's no worse than it is.<sup>452</sup>

She: It's the same thing my whole life: "Clean your room." "Stand up straight." "Pick up your feet." "Take it like a man." "Be nice to your sister." "Don't mix beer and wine, ever." "Don't drive on the railroad tracks."<sup>453</sup> What sick, ridiculous, puppets we are, and what a gross, little stage we dance on. What fun we have, dancing and fucking, not a care in the world. Not knowing that we are nothing. We are not what was intended.<sup>454</sup>

He: Hindsight. It's like foresight without a future.<sup>455</sup>

She: Life is but a draft, an endless rehearsal of a show that will never play.<sup>456</sup> I imagine all the things in life that never were, and all the things that could have been.<sup>457</sup> Someday? Someday my dream'll come . . . And one night I'll [you'll] wake up and discover it all flipped on you. The dream on the horizon became yesterday and got lost.<sup>458</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): She has every right to mess up her own life.<sup>459</sup>

She: Suddenly you're old. And it didn't happen. And it never will. 'Cause I was never going to do it anyway. Then you'll bullshit yourself, it could never have been, anyway. And you'll recede it into memory and zone out in a Barcalounger with daytime TV on for the rest of your life.<sup>460</sup> Then after a while I won't have to think about how I had it great and perfect for a while.<sup>461</sup>

He: Luck has nothing to do with it.

She: Everything is preordained. Manifest destiny.<sup>462</sup>

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<sup>450</sup> Groundhog Day

<sup>451</sup> Cocktail

<sup>452</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>453</sup> Groundhog Day

<sup>454</sup> Se7en

<sup>455</sup> Life as a House

<sup>456</sup> Amélie

<sup>457</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>458</sup> Collateral

<sup>459</sup> Amélie

<sup>460</sup> Collateral

<sup>461</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>462</sup> The Rules of Attraction

He: You know what Freud said, “There are no accidents.”<sup>463</sup>

She: You can stop time from happening no more than you can will the oceans to overwhelm the world, or cause the moon to drop from her outer sphere.

He: Luck has nothing to do with it.<sup>464</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): In my experience, there’s no such thing as luck.<sup>465</sup>

She: Everything’s a nightmare.<sup>466</sup> Who said that time heals all wounds? It would be better to say that time heals everything—except wounds.<sup>467</sup> I’m not waiting for the day my life begins because it just keeps going on.<sup>468</sup> I’m talking about our lives, the show, the whole world. It’s meaningless.<sup>469</sup> Fuck this planet!<sup>470</sup> If I could get a huge eraser and rub everything out . . . starting with myself.<sup>471</sup> Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!<sup>472</sup> There are no happy endings because nothing ends.<sup>473</sup> You know women are like wine.

He: Life is like a mustard burp, momentarily tangy and then forgotten in the air.<sup>474</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): A smart person would just get so very drunk now.<sup>475</sup>

She: You know, you come from nothing, you’re going back to nothing. What have you lost? Nothing!<sup>476</sup>

He: The most beautiful thing in the world is, of course, the world itself.<sup>477</sup>

She: It’s hard work and great art to make life not so serious.<sup>478</sup> You know, the problem with real life is there’s no danger music.<sup>479</sup>

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<sup>463</sup> Something’s Gotta Give  
<sup>464</sup> The Rules of Attraction  
<sup>465</sup> Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope  
<sup>466</sup> Vanilla Sky  
<sup>467</sup> Sans Soleil  
<sup>468</sup> Das Leben ist eine Baustelle  
<sup>469</sup> Hannah and her Sisters  
<sup>470</sup> Red Planet  
<sup>471</sup> The Talented Mr. Ripley  
<sup>472</sup> 8 Femmes  
<sup>473</sup> The Last Unicorn  
<sup>474</sup> Things to Do in Denver When You’re Dead  
<sup>475</sup> What Women Want  
<sup>476</sup> Monty Python’s Life of Brian  
<sup>477</sup> Castaway  
<sup>478</sup> The Hotel New Hampshire

He: People only know what you tell them.<sup>480</sup> A wise man never contradicts his wife. He waits until she does it herself.<sup>481</sup>

She: God must be a painter. Why else would we have so many colors?<sup>482</sup>

He: I'm a non-practicing Jew.

She: Hey, I'm a non-practicing virgin!<sup>483</sup> The only thing we don't have a god for is premature ejaculation, but I hear that's coming quickly.<sup>484</sup>

He: Premature ejaculation means always having to say you're sorry.<sup>485</sup>

*They take a sip and sit in silence.*

He: Women! What can you say? Who made 'em? God must have been a fuckin' genius. The hair. . . They say the hair is everything, you know. Have you ever buried your nose in a mountain of curls and just wanted to go to sleep forever? Or lips and when they touched, yours were like the first swallow of wine after you just crossed the desert.<sup>486</sup>

She: God is a crazy sex maniac.<sup>487</sup>

He: I am the thirteenth apostle.<sup>488</sup> I am Metatron.<sup>489</sup>

She: A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. . .<sup>490</sup>

He: I'm a god!

She: You're a god?

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<sup>479</sup> The Cable Guy

<sup>480</sup> Catch Me If You Can

<sup>481</sup> Casablanca

<sup>482</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>483</sup> Reality Bites

<sup>484</sup> History of the World Part I

<sup>485</sup> Buddy Buddy

<sup>486</sup> The Scent of a Woman

<sup>487</sup> Crazy

<sup>488</sup> Dogma

<sup>489</sup> Dogma

<sup>490</sup> Star Wars

He: I'm a god. I'm not the God, I don't think.<sup>491</sup> I am like God and God like me. I am as large as God! He is as small as I! He cannot be above me nor I beneath him be.<sup>492</sup>

She: Well, that's where you're wrong.<sup>493</sup> I am sick of hearing these bullshit Superman stories.<sup>494</sup> Not gods. Not giants. Just men.<sup>495</sup>

He: All right, I am the Messiah.<sup>496</sup>

She: Morning, savior!<sup>497</sup>

He: I heard you don't go to church.

She: That's right.<sup>498</sup>

He: God loves you anyway.<sup>499</sup> I heard you are an atheist.

She: What's that?

He: Don't know.<sup>500</sup>

She: Jesus.<sup>501</sup> He doesn't care. In that you can trust.<sup>502</sup>

He: You won't last long here. People talk. You don't misbehave here. It's just not done, did you know that? If you don't go to confession or if you don't dig your flower beds or if you don't pretend that you want nothing more in your life than to serve your husband three meals a day and give him children and vacuum under his ass then . . . then you're crazy.<sup>503</sup>

She: Sorry, sport. I'm an atheist.<sup>504</sup> Religion is poison.<sup>505</sup>

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<sup>491</sup> Groundhog Day

<sup>492</sup> Cape Fear

<sup>493</sup> Inglorious Basterds

<sup>494</sup> The Last Dragon

<sup>495</sup> Conan the Barbarian

<sup>496</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>497</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>498</sup> Chocolat

<sup>499</sup> Wes Craven's Dracula

<sup>500</sup> Chocolat

<sup>501</sup> Braveheart

<sup>502</sup> Wes Craven's Dracula

<sup>503</sup> Chocolat

<sup>504</sup> Wes Craven's Dracula

<sup>505</sup> Seven Years in Tibet

He: God damn your soul to the fires of hell.

She: He already has.<sup>506</sup>

He: I find your lack of faith disturbing.<sup>507</sup> You go home now and think about the meaning of the church.<sup>508</sup> In the soul of man lies faith, hope and love.<sup>509</sup> Salvation lies within.<sup>510</sup> I have to go to church.

She: What for?

He: Confess my sins. I'm a sinner.

She: I know.<sup>511</sup> What gods do you pray to?

He: I pray to the four winds.<sup>512</sup>

She: I'd say you needed help.

He: I don't need your help.

She: I don't think you're capable of judging what you need. What you do need, I expect, is a psychiatrist.<sup>513</sup> You're not in a mental hospital!<sup>514</sup>

He: Then where am I?<sup>515</sup>

She: We call it the nuthouse or loony bin to show we have a sense of humor about it.<sup>516</sup>

He: Language is not the only thing we can talk about. There's a few more things/ like art, science, sports and food.

She: Food?

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<sup>506</sup> Dead Man

<sup>507</sup> Star Wars

<sup>508</sup> Das Wunder von Bern

<sup>509</sup> Love Lies Bleeding

<sup>510</sup> The Shawshank Redemption

<sup>511</sup> Desperado

<sup>512</sup> Conan the Barbarian

<sup>513</sup> Marnie

<sup>514</sup> Sök

<sup>515</sup> Femme Fatale

<sup>516</sup> Marvin's Room

He: Sausage. We invented sausage.

She: Haha, really? Hadn't thought of that. But it makes sense.

He: Of course. And that's not all. French fries. German. A student from Bochum, Thomas Fritz, born in 1843, invented the fried potato at the young age of twenty-one.

She: Really? I thought the French invented them.

He: No. In '70-'71 the French grenadier Pommef de Gasson stole the recipe during the Franco-Prussian war and made Pommes Fritz from that.

She: I don't believe that.

He: But see, I've always thought that. The things taste so good they can't be foreign.<sup>517</sup>

*They take a sip and sit in silence.*

She: My mother always said love set you free.<sup>518</sup> I want to fuck to my heart's content.<sup>519</sup> Off we go!<sup>520</sup>

He: Been reading those despicable books again, no doubt.<sup>521</sup>

She: You don't put on a condom unless you're gonna fuck!<sup>522</sup>

He: In all my life, I've never heard such a fantastic load of tripe!<sup>523</sup> The intellectual gets a bad rap here.<sup>524</sup>

She: Sometimes I can't believe the shit that spills out of my mouth. So while I talk about God knows what, I let my eyes drift across the room, as my mouth allows thoughts to drop out of my brain and roll off my tongue like gumballs.<sup>525</sup> My head—it feels like a big wad of chewing gum.<sup>526</sup>

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<sup>517</sup> Der Eisbär

<sup>518</sup> Bride of Chucky

<sup>519</sup> Das Boot

<sup>520</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>521</sup> 8 Femmes

<sup>522</sup> Crimson Tide

<sup>523</sup> Chicken Run

<sup>524</sup> Das Boot

<sup>525</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>526</sup> The Apartment

He: Now, you're insulting my intelligence. What do you think, I'm a fuckin' idiot?<sup>527</sup> Was one of us just saying something interesting?<sup>528</sup>

She: If every woman with a lover were to kill her husband, soon there wouldn't be any more husbands. And there probably wouldn't be any more lovers either. They tend to be one and the same.<sup>529</sup>

Holly: You ready to party hard tonight?<sup>530</sup> How do you do? My name is Charles.

He: Don't be ridiculous. Charles died years ago.<sup>531</sup>

Holly: My name is not Richard.<sup>532</sup>

She: You shouldn't get stuck on names.<sup>533</sup> You don't have to tell him your name.<sup>534</sup>

He: Yeah, yeah and I'm Joe: asshole on duty.<sup>535</sup>

Holly: I'd like to know what line of business employs idiots like you.<sup>536</sup>

He: My boss hired the guy who did the least gabbing when he came in for an interview. But I guess I had only kept quiet because I was nervous.<sup>537</sup>

She: He's thinking of becoming a hairdresser, actually.

He: Designing crusty mops for the rich and famous, little one.<sup>538</sup>

Holly: My name is Roger the Shrubber.<sup>539</sup> There are some who call me Tim.<sup>540</sup> Roger really. People say I talk too much.<sup>541</sup>

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<sup>527</sup> Casino

<sup>528</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>529</sup> 8 Femmes

<sup>530</sup> Scream

<sup>531</sup> Four Weddings and a Funeral

<sup>532</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>533</sup> Schindler's List

<sup>534</sup> I due superpiedi quasi piatti

<sup>535</sup> I due superpiedi quasi piatti

<sup>536</sup> Taxi

<sup>537</sup> The Man Who Wasn't There

<sup>538</sup> Encino Man

<sup>539</sup> Monty Python and the Holy Grail

<sup>540</sup> Monty Python and the Holy Grail

<sup>541</sup> The Usual Suspects

He: Well, I didn't know you were called Dennis.

She: I think it's a joke, sir, like, huh, "Sillius Soddus' or . . . Biggus Dickus, sir."<sup>542</sup>  
Do you have any hobbies?

Holly: I collect spores, molds and fungus.<sup>543</sup> What's your name?

She: Hillary. It's German. It means she whose bosoms defy gravity.<sup>544</sup>

He: Don't you want to know my name?

Holly: Can't imagine how it would matter!<sup>545</sup> I don't want to know your name. I don't want to know anything about you.<sup>546</sup>

He: What is your nationality?

Holly: I'm a drunkard.<sup>547</sup> Blueberry wine doesn't just have a distinctly spicy taste, but it also goes down easy and is healthy.<sup>548</sup>

He: You're serving. You're not a servant. Serving is a supreme art. God is the first servant. God serves men, but he's not a servant to men.<sup>549</sup>

Holly: Sometimes you need to serve in order to lead.<sup>550</sup> Have you seen any snowy egrets out here?

She: No.

Holly: Of course, I wouldn't know a snowy egret if I were pissing on one. Lunch?

He: I think it's a little late in the season.

Holly: For lunch?<sup>551</sup> If you have the money to pay I could give you a plate of beans.<sup>552</sup>

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<sup>542</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>543</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>544</sup> Top Secret

<sup>545</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>546</sup> Back to the Future

<sup>547</sup> Casablanca

<sup>548</sup> Die Feuerzangenbowle

<sup>549</sup> Life is Beautiful

<sup>550</sup> Troy

<sup>551</sup> The Witches of Eastwick

<sup>552</sup> They Call Me Trinity

He: No, pissing on birds.<sup>553</sup>

Holly: We'll begin with the perfect omelet, made with two eggs, not three. Amateurs often add milk for density. This is a mistake.<sup>554</sup>

He: Anywhere you go, all around the world, all the best cooks are men.<sup>555</sup>

Holly: Lark's tongues, wren's livers, chaffinch's brains, jaguar's earlobes, wolf's nipple chips. Get them while they're off, they're lovely.<sup>556</sup> I'm boiling a roast. How hot and wet do you like it?

He: Very hot, and awfully wet.<sup>557</sup>

She: There are nights when I go to bed hungry.<sup>558</sup> I'm having bad dreams.<sup>559</sup>

Holly: What do you do when you can't sleep?

She: I stay awake.<sup>560</sup>

He: So what're you tellin' me, you're never gonna go to sleep again?

She: No, I said I'm never goin' to bed. There's a difference. See, the article says most people die in their beds. I figure, long as I stay outta bed, I'm safe.

He: That's the dumbest thing I ever heard. Where do you sleep?

She: In an armchair. Or I go to a coffee shop, sleep there.<sup>561</sup> I'm a nocturnal placental mammal.<sup>562</sup> I don't go into the sunlight.<sup>563</sup>

Holly: Try some of them local drinks—uh, cuba libre, piña colada.

He: I think I'll try one of those red-headed Yolandas.<sup>564</sup>

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<sup>553</sup> The Witches of Eastwick

<sup>554</sup> Deep Blue Sea

<sup>555</sup> Donnie Brasco

<sup>556</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>557</sup> The Naked Gun

<sup>558</sup> Meet the Browns

<sup>559</sup> The Blackout

<sup>560</sup> The Interpreter

<sup>561</sup> Get Shorty

<sup>562</sup> FernGully: The Last Rainforest

<sup>563</sup> Twilight

<sup>564</sup> The Godfather: Part II

She: Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary.<sup>565</sup>

He: It's always dark here.<sup>566</sup>

*Holly turns on the light.*

Holly: And the Lord said, "Let there be light." And voilà? There is light. Forty soft, glowing watts of it.<sup>567</sup>

He: Anything goes in this hell hole!<sup>568</sup>

Holly: If these walls could talk, huh. All this history!<sup>569</sup> There's so much love in this house!<sup>570</sup>

He: Smells like Grandma's house.

She: Worse, it smells like Grandma.<sup>571</sup>

He: You've got some plastic chairs and a rickety dining table.<sup>572</sup>

She: Oh, this is a beautiful set up you got here.

Holly: The colors are right. That's what counts.<sup>573</sup>

She: Hey, where do these stairs go?

Holly: They go up.<sup>574</sup>

He: What's the décor, Early Mexican Brothel?<sup>575</sup>

Holly: Asbestos. It's all asbestos.<sup>576</sup> These walls are funny. First you hate them, then you get used to them. After long enough, you get to depend on them.<sup>577</sup>

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<sup>565</sup> Urban Legends

<sup>566</sup> The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King

<sup>567</sup> Spider-Man

<sup>568</sup> Die Feuerzangenbowle

<sup>569</sup> Spy Game

<sup>570</sup> Minority Report

<sup>571</sup> The Haunted Mansion

<sup>572</sup> Wallander Bröderna

<sup>573</sup> Prizzi's Honor

<sup>574</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>575</sup> Chocolat

<sup>576</sup> Sonnenallee

<sup>577</sup> The Shawshank Redemption

She: I've only been here a few minutes and I'm already starting to feel sorry for myself.<sup>578</sup> Did you feel that?

Holly: Feel what?

She: Cold.<sup>579</sup>

He: Close the window.<sup>580</sup>

Holly: It's broken.<sup>581</sup>

She: I know you're wondering, what's a place like me doing in a girl like this?

Holly: Something like that.<sup>582</sup> I wonder if you're entirely happy here.

He: Within obvious limits, yes, sir.

Holly: Obvious limits?<sup>583</sup> If you want to go . . . go! If you're going to stay . . . relax!<sup>584</sup>

He: This night of pain is never ending . . .<sup>585</sup>

Holly: I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.<sup>586</sup> I'll bring you a milkshake.

He: I don't like milkshakes. Too much sugar.

She: Then let me at least bring you water.

He: Fishes fuck in water.<sup>587</sup>

Holly: Can I do something for you? Can I get you something?<sup>588</sup>

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<sup>578</sup> Swordfish

<sup>579</sup> Identity

<sup>580</sup> Casper

<sup>581</sup> Memento

<sup>582</sup> The Mummy

<sup>583</sup> Three Days of the Condor

<sup>584</sup> Desperado

<sup>585</sup> Bommarillu

<sup>586</sup> Casablanca

<sup>587</sup> Der Eisbär

<sup>588</sup> Dil Se . . .

She: May I have a glass of water, please?<sup>589</sup>

Holly: Water?<sup>590</sup> Only water I serve's got barley and hops in it.<sup>591</sup> Do you like water?

She: I love it. It's actually my second favorite thing in the world.

Holly: Really? And what's your first favorite?

She: Fucking . . .<sup>592</sup>

Holly: Water is poison in these parts ever since the day of the great flood. Have you ever seen a Commie drink a glass of water?

He: Well, no.

She: I can't say I have.

Holly: Vodka. That's what they drink, isn't it? Never water?<sup>593</sup> You look like you could use a cup of coffee.<sup>594</sup>

She: Coffee?

Holly: No, no, I'm fine. Thank you.

She: Offer me coffee!<sup>595</sup>

Holly: Why don't I make you some of this new Mococoa Drink? All natural. Cocoa beans from the upper slopes of Mount Nicaragua. No artificial sweeteners.<sup>596</sup> They've discovered Nutrasweet causes you to grow a third eye.<sup>597</sup>

She: Hard to get. I like that.<sup>598</sup>

He: Back when I was picking beans in Guatemala we used to make fresh coffee. Right off the trees, I mean. That was good. This is shit.<sup>599</sup> Champagne perhaps?

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<sup>589</sup> Kill Bill: Vol. 2

<sup>590</sup> Once Upon a Time in the West

<sup>591</sup> Coyote Ugly

<sup>592</sup> One Night at McCool's

<sup>593</sup> Dr. Strangelove: Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

<sup>594</sup> Sahara

<sup>595</sup> The Rock

<sup>596</sup> The Truman Show

<sup>597</sup> Reality Bites

<sup>598</sup> The Shawshank Redemption

She: No.

He: Don't say no. When a man says no to champagne, he says no to life.<sup>600</sup>  
Everyone needs something to calm their nerves.

She: I skip rocks.<sup>601</sup>

Holly: Yeah, well, some people meditate, some people get massages. I blend.<sup>602</sup>

He: A bottle of your best champagne, and put it on my bill.<sup>603</sup>

She: When you got pain, it's better to judge yourself of a lot of things. I'm not gonna stupefy myself with that stuff.<sup>604</sup>

Holly: Yes, sir.<sup>605</sup>

He: Did I thank you?

Holly: No, you didn't.

He: I will.<sup>606</sup>

Holly: Some things are better left unsaid. "Thank you" isn't one of them.

He: Thank you.<sup>607</sup>

Holly: I'm leaving now.<sup>608</sup>

He: It is a little game we play. He puts it on the bill, I tear the bill up. It is very convenient.<sup>609</sup>

She: Champagne—perfume going in, sewage coming out.<sup>610</sup>

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<sup>599</sup> The Usual Suspects

<sup>600</sup> The Deer Hunter

<sup>601</sup> Amélie

<sup>602</sup> Enemy of the State

<sup>603</sup> Casablanca

<sup>604</sup> Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

<sup>605</sup> Casablanca

<sup>606</sup> Desperado

<sup>607</sup> The Wisdom of Crocodiles

<sup>608</sup> Twilight

<sup>609</sup> Casablanca

<sup>610</sup> Cocktail

He: A man will always be judged by the amount of alcohol he can consume.<sup>611</sup>

He: If we can't break the ice how 'bout we drown it.<sup>612</sup> I always drink to world peace.<sup>613</sup>

Holly (*to himself*): Oddballs.<sup>614</sup> Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, they walk into mine.<sup>615</sup> Miserable months, fucking miserable!<sup>616</sup>

Holly: Yes! It's coffee time! Coffee. Coffee, coffee, coffee. Cappuccino! Java! Yes!<sup>617</sup>

He: Now what are you doing?<sup>618</sup> We say grace before every meal.<sup>619</sup>

She: How did you end up talking about religion in the first place? <sup>620</sup> You always do that!<sup>621</sup> Piety is for Sunday. And two hours at prayer is not piety, it is self-importance.<sup>622</sup>

He: What kind of tasty cakes do we have here?

She: Those are Tibetan prayer cakes.<sup>623</sup>

He: And what do you call this?

She: Haven't decided. But I'm leaning toward "Mystery Stew."<sup>624</sup>

He: As the Americans would say: it's all fairy tales and hokum.<sup>625</sup>

She: Feed on what you want, mon cheri. Rats, chickens, doves, goats. I'll leave you to it and watch you come round.<sup>626</sup>

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<sup>611</sup> Cocktail

<sup>612</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>613</sup> Groundhog Day

<sup>614</sup> Das Boot

<sup>615</sup> Casablanca

<sup>616</sup> Das Boot

<sup>617</sup> Dante's Peak

<sup>618</sup> Fight Club

<sup>619</sup> Big Girls Don't Cry . . . They Get Even

<sup>620</sup> The Big Lebowski

<sup>621</sup> Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery

<sup>622</sup> Shakespeare in Love

<sup>623</sup> Kein Pardon

<sup>624</sup> Grumpier Old Men

<sup>625</sup> The Mummy

<sup>626</sup> Interview with the Vampire

He: Tell me, is there leek in it?<sup>627</sup> Do I smell onions?

She: Garlic, my boy. Look!<sup>628</sup> It's some kind of wall of psychic energy.<sup>629</sup> That's a spicy meatball.<sup>630</sup> Never seen such a sorry-lookin' heap of maggot shit in my life.<sup>631</sup>

He: Looks like beans, smells like beans, tastes like beans. They're beans.<sup>632</sup>

She: I think they call that "the munchies".<sup>633</sup> Hope you like bean dip.<sup>634</sup>

He: Okay. You gain weight now.<sup>635</sup>

She: Corn syrup. Same stuff they used for pig's blood in CARRIE.<sup>636</sup>

He: Yeah, just trying to handle some year-old Twinkies. Yuck. What do they put in these things?

She: Sugar, enriched flour, partially hydrogenated vegetable oil, polysorbate 60 and yellow dye #5.<sup>637</sup>

He: Just one more bite.<sup>638</sup> Hey, stupid, don't wolf it down like that!<sup>639</sup>

She: I won't eat any food that begins with the letter F. Like chicken.<sup>640</sup> Do you know the Kentucky fried mouse story?

He: Woman bites chicken leg, turns out to be a mouse. Or a rat.

She: Exactly.<sup>641</sup>

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<sup>627</sup> Der bewegte Mann

<sup>628</sup> Tanz der Vampire

<sup>629</sup> The Spongebob Squarepants Movie

<sup>630</sup> The Mask

<sup>631</sup> The Shawshank Redemption

<sup>632</sup> Der Supercop

<sup>633</sup> Meet the Parents

<sup>634</sup> Shallow Hal

<sup>635</sup> Thinner

<sup>636</sup> Scream

<sup>637</sup> Die Hard

<sup>638</sup> Der Supercop

<sup>639</sup> Lupin the Third: The Castle of Cagliostro

<sup>640</sup> Love and Death

<sup>641</sup> The Beach

*He looks at his glass.*

She: Guys, easy. It's called glass, it breaks.<sup>642</sup>

He: I have ice in my glass.<sup>643</sup> Nobody's gonna wanna buy the whole ice cream truck when you're handing out the popsicles for free.<sup>644</sup>

She: You all right?

He: Yes.

She: You sure? Because you look like you got some gas.<sup>645</sup>

He: Bad dates.<sup>646</sup>

She: I feel so funny in my stomach.

He: Me too.

She: My heart's beating so fast.

He: Mine too.<sup>647</sup> Listen to your heart. Impressive, huh? The flow of blood is concentrated in the brain and doesn't even feed the limbs anymore. It's a phenomenon that has only been observed with dolphins until now.<sup>648</sup>

She: I feel like I drank furniture polish.

He: It's the Spanish wine you drank, man. I warned you.<sup>649</sup>

Holly: You don't misbehave here. It's just not done.<sup>650</sup> You're all just our guests. But you act like you're at home.<sup>651</sup>

He: I live here—do you mind?<sup>652</sup>

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<sup>642</sup> I Know What You Did Last Summer

<sup>643</sup> Castaway

<sup>644</sup> Never Been Kissed

<sup>645</sup> The Whole Nine Yards

<sup>646</sup> Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark

<sup>647</sup> The Blue Lagoon

<sup>648</sup> The Big Blue

<sup>649</sup> Killing Zoe

<sup>650</sup> Chocolat

<sup>651</sup> Casino

<sup>652</sup> Der kleene Punker

Holly: Let me tell you something, partner. You ain't home. But that's where we're gonna send you if it harelips the governor.<sup>653</sup> You look like someone who should disappear very quickly from here.<sup>654</sup>

She: Try.<sup>655</sup>

Holly: There are three ways of doing things around here: the right way, the wrong way and the way I do it.<sup>656</sup> My philosophy is shoot first, ask questions later. I don't like uninvited guests.<sup>657</sup>

He: You think I'm stupid?<sup>658</sup> You're exactly right.<sup>659</sup>

Holly: Oh, well now I'm convinced.<sup>660</sup>

She: Nobody who makes paté this good can be all bad.

Holly: That depends on what the paté is made of. Woof.<sup>661</sup>

He: And your beer tastes like piss.

Holly: We know! Because we piss in it!

He: That's not all! Bad beer, bad service. Don't they know not to come in!<sup>662</sup>

Holly: Any complaints, see me.<sup>663</sup> Complaints I can handle.<sup>664</sup> Peer pressure! I'm far too sensitive.<sup>665</sup>

She: There's not going to be a happy ending.<sup>666</sup> The chances of us getting out of here are a million to one. Then there's still a chance.<sup>667</sup> I don't deal in chance.<sup>668</sup>

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<sup>653</sup> Casino

<sup>654</sup> Non ho sonno

<sup>655</sup> The Jungle Book

<sup>656</sup> Casino

<sup>657</sup> The Fifth Element

<sup>658</sup> License to Kill

<sup>659</sup> Marooned

<sup>660</sup> Leprechaun

<sup>661</sup> War of the Roses

<sup>662</sup> Desperado

<sup>663</sup> Chocolat

<sup>664</sup> The Incredibles

<sup>665</sup> Scream

<sup>666</sup> Se7en

<sup>667</sup> Chicken Run

<sup>668</sup> Resident Evil

Just you wait, it won't be long. The man in black will soon be here with his cleaver's blade so true he'll make mincemeat out of you!<sup>669</sup>

He: Anyone can lose a fight.<sup>670</sup> Let's do what we do best. Let's run out of here screaming like two lunatics, okay?<sup>671</sup>

Holly: He's an idiot. Comes from upbringing. His parents are probably idiots too.<sup>672</sup> He's so uptight he could crack nuts with his butt cheeks.<sup>673</sup>

He: Hey, beat it, Spook. This don't concern you.

Holly: Who you calling "Spook," Peckerwood? <sup>674</sup> So you're all against me, officers and men?<sup>675</sup> Between you and me I'm not a violent person. The thing I've learned in my life is this. Sometimes if you find yourself feeling deep anger and frustration about where you find yourself, and what has happened to you, the healthy thing to do is to find an outlet and let it all fucking go. One of us dies, my outlet is you.<sup>676</sup>

He: Is he always like that?<sup>677</sup>

Holly: Yes.

He: "Yes" what?

Holly: Yes is the answer to your question.<sup>678</sup> This was a quite town before you came. Disgusting town, but quiet.<sup>679</sup>

He: Last night, Darth Vader came down from planet Vulcan.<sup>680</sup> Volcanologist actually.

She: You mean like Dr Spock?

He: Mr. Spock.<sup>681</sup>

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<sup>669</sup> M

<sup>670</sup> Million Dollar Baby

<sup>671</sup> Scooby-Doo

<sup>672</sup> Back to the Future

<sup>673</sup> Das Boot

<sup>674</sup> Back to the Future

<sup>675</sup> Mutiny on the Bounty

<sup>676</sup> Mindhunters

<sup>677</sup> The Descendants

<sup>678</sup> Meet Joe Black

<sup>679</sup> My Name is Trinity

<sup>680</sup> Back to the Future

She: I said I was kidding, and you just keep bringing it up.<sup>682</sup> He's fine, as long as he has his medication.

Holly: What happens if he doesn't have his medication?

She: He's not fine.<sup>683</sup>

He: A . . . A . . . Are you German?<sup>684</sup>

Holly: I think we've seen enough.<sup>685</sup>

He: I'm invincible.

She: You're a loony.<sup>686</sup>

Holly: You are not real. You are not real!<sup>687</sup> Get a grip on yourself. It's all a dream. Just a very intense dream.<sup>688</sup> They come, they eat, they leave; that's my lot in life.<sup>689</sup> Why did I take this job?

He: Aw, come on. Thirty more years of this, you get a tiny pension and a cheap gold watch.<sup>690</sup>

Holly: Hemingway once said: There's no problem in the world that can't be solved with a double scotch. And then he shot himself.<sup>691</sup> Stress management. You watch the fishes. You water the plants. Special breathing exercises. Monitor your blood pressure. Listen to pleasant sounds. Relax. Personally, I think it may all be a pile of shit! Maybe I'll go home and whack off.<sup>692</sup>

*He exits.*

He: Is there any chance that you could ignore what I just did?<sup>693</sup>

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<sup>681</sup> Dante's Peak

<sup>682</sup> Burning Annie

<sup>683</sup> Wag the Dog

<sup>684</sup> The Fifth Element

<sup>685</sup> Twister

<sup>686</sup> Monty Python and the Holy Grail

<sup>687</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>688</sup> Back to the Future

<sup>689</sup> A Bug's Life

<sup>690</sup> Speed

<sup>691</sup> Das merkwürdige Verhalten geschlechtsreifer Großstädter zur Paarungszeit

<sup>692</sup> Red Heat

<sup>693</sup> A Beautiful Mind

She: Get off your high horse!<sup>694</sup> You're not the boss here.<sup>695</sup> This will take brains, not brawn.<sup>696</sup>

He: You better believe it, and I'm loaded with both.<sup>697</sup>

She: What are you suggesting, passive resistance?

He: No, I'm suggesting active fleeing.<sup>698</sup> If we can just avoid any more female advice we ought to be able to get out of here.<sup>699</sup>

She: I want a cigarette so bad. Hey gangster, you make any resolutions? Hmm?

He: Oh, my God. I can't stop thinking about sex. I mean, I usually think about sex a lot, but this is crazy. Sex and death are very closely related.<sup>700</sup>

*He takes a sip of beer and makes a pensive face.*

He: Coconut milk is a natural laxative.<sup>701</sup> I'll probably shit blood tonight.<sup>702</sup> I'll be right back.<sup>703</sup> I'll be down before you can say mixed vegetables.<sup>704</sup> I'll be back.<sup>705</sup> Farewell, princess!<sup>706</sup>

She: I'll wait here.<sup>707</sup>

*He goes to the toilet. Time passes. Holly knocks on the bathroom door.*

Holly: What's going on in there?

He: Just a minute!

Holly: We'd like to go to the bathroom, please . . . in this century.<sup>708</sup>

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<sup>694</sup> Code of Silence

<sup>695</sup> Camila

<sup>696</sup> The Jungle Book

<sup>697</sup> The Jungle Book

<sup>698</sup> Love and Death

<sup>699</sup> Star Wars IV

<sup>700</sup> Assault on Precinct 13

<sup>701</sup> Castaway

<sup>702</sup> The Usual Suspects

<sup>703</sup> Castaway

<sup>704</sup> Chicken Run

<sup>705</sup> Terminator

<sup>706</sup> Life is Beautiful

<sup>707</sup> Titanic

He: Whoa, did somebody step on a duck?<sup>709</sup> I just had a small impaired balance.<sup>710</sup> It was a metaphysical precision collision.<sup>711</sup> I'm stuck! Come here!<sup>712</sup>

Holly: These strange things happen all the time.<sup>713</sup>

He: Help me, will you!<sup>714</sup> Wherever I go, there are always problems with toilet paper.<sup>715</sup>

Holly: I hope you like it, because it's the last thing you're going to smell.<sup>716</sup> In the five-tenths of a second it would take to move in any direction your crotch will look like a nuclear accident.<sup>717</sup>

*Holly goes back to the counter again.*

He: Roses are red, violets are blue, they'll need dental records to identify you.<sup>718</sup>

*He comes back.*

He: There's God coming outta the men's room.<sup>719</sup> It was informative and stimulating.<sup>720</sup>

She: You said you'd be right back.<sup>721</sup>

He: You missed me too. How nice.<sup>722</sup> It has been explained to me that I have been away for quite some time. I'm back.<sup>723</sup> I was sitting on the john, having a really

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<sup>708</sup> Wayne's World

<sup>709</sup> Caddyshack

<sup>710</sup> Sonnenallee

<sup>711</sup> St. Elmo's Fire

<sup>712</sup> Tanz der Vampire

<sup>713</sup> Magnolia

<sup>714</sup> Tanz der Vampire

<sup>715</sup> Nach fünf im Urwald

<sup>716</sup> XXX

<sup>717</sup> The Mighty

<sup>718</sup> Valentine

<sup>719</sup> Annie Hall

<sup>720</sup> Wayne's World

<sup>721</sup> Castaway

<sup>722</sup> Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow

<sup>723</sup> Awakenings

satisfying bowel movement. Those ones that border on mystical.<sup>724</sup> Why am I peeing like I was up all night having sex?<sup>725</sup> I'm so sorry.

She: Me too.<sup>726</sup>

He: I have been in outhouses that didn't stink that bad. This is ridiculous.<sup>727</sup> I'm back.<sup>728</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): But not for long.<sup>729</sup> You pompous, stuck-up, snot-nosed giant twerp, scumbag, fuck-face, dickhead assholes!<sup>730</sup>

*He takes a sip of beer.*

He: I'm sorry, I was having a flashback.

She: These flashbacks happen often?

He: Increasingly . . . today.<sup>731</sup> I was in the Virgin Islands once. I met a girl. We ate lobster, drank piña coladas. At sunset we made love like sea otters. That was a pretty good day.<sup>732</sup>

She: You're not gonna get mushy on me, are you?<sup>733</sup>

He: Her pubes were black and shaved into an arrow. A philosopher once said something along the lines of "I know that I know nothing and I think about that constantly. I wanted to sink between the legs of this woman."<sup>734</sup> O bliss, bliss and heaven, oh it was gorgeousness and gorgeosity made flesh. It was like a bird of rarest spun heaven metal or like silvery wine flowing in a space ship.<sup>735</sup> The future lay sparkling ahead and we thought we would know each other forever.<sup>736</sup>

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<sup>724</sup> Fisher King

<sup>725</sup> Me, Myself and Irene

<sup>726</sup> Castaway

<sup>727</sup> A Bug's Life

<sup>728</sup> The Shining

<sup>729</sup> Aladdin

<sup>730</sup> A Fish Called Wanda

<sup>731</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>732</sup> Groundhog Day

<sup>733</sup> Speed

<sup>734</sup> Crazy

<sup>735</sup> A Clockwork Orange

<sup>736</sup> Sleepers

But the good times couldn't last forever.<sup>737</sup> I asked her to marry me and she asked me to move out.<sup>738</sup>

She: Most women use more brains picking a horse than they do picking a husband.<sup>739</sup>

He: Winter must be cold for those with no warm memories.<sup>740</sup> She made everything beautiful.<sup>741</sup>

She: Heartwarming. Really, I feel weepy.<sup>742</sup>

He: The sweet, uncomplicated satisfaction of a younger woman. That fleeting age when everything just falls right into place. It's a magic time and can render any man anywhere, absolutely helpless. Some say I'm an expert on the younger woman.<sup>743</sup> Girls want my dick, not my words.<sup>744</sup>

She: Can I stop you right there?

He: No.<sup>745</sup> Every woman is a mystery to be solved, but a woman hides nothing from a true lover. Her skin color can tell us how to proceed. A hue like the blush of a rose, pink and pale, and she must be coaxed to open her petals with a warmth like the sun.<sup>746</sup>

She: Look, I gotta go pee, but I'd really like to continue talking about this conversation.<sup>747</sup>

He: The pale and dappled skin of the red-head calls for the lust of a wave crashing to the shore so we may stir up what lies beneath and bring the foamy delight of love to the surface. Although there is no metaphor that truly describes making love to a woman the closest is playing a rare musical instrument.<sup>748</sup>

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<sup>737</sup> Trainspotting

<sup>738</sup> The Cable Guy

<sup>739</sup> How to Marry a Millionaire

<sup>740</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>741</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>742</sup> The Usual Suspects

<sup>743</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>744</sup> The Doors

<sup>745</sup> Primal Fear

<sup>746</sup> Don Juan de Marco

<sup>747</sup> Zoolander

<sup>748</sup> Don Juan de Marco

She: I'm sorry, if you were right I'd agree with you.<sup>749</sup> Why is it that boys talk so much when they have nothing to say?<sup>750</sup> Ever beat off in the shower? Ever had any homosexual thoughts?

He: That's . . .

She: None of my fuckin' business. You're damn right it's not.<sup>751</sup> And girls have plenty to say, but no one will listen?<sup>752</sup>

He: That smile is gonna be the end of me.<sup>753</sup> Do I still love you? Absolutely. There's not a doubt in my mind that through all my anger, my ego, I was faithful in my love for you. That I made you doubt it, that I withheld it, that's the greatest mistake of a life full of mistakes. But the truth doesn't set us free. I can say it as many times as you can stand to hear it. And all that does, the only thing, is remind us that love isn't enough. Not even close.<sup>754</sup> If you think you are psychic maybe you are.<sup>755</sup> I only know that I love you.

She: That's your misfortune.<sup>756</sup>

He: You're a thing to be amazed by.<sup>757</sup> This is not just an infatuation and she is not just a girl—she is the only evidence of God I can find on this planet—with the exception of the mystical force which removes one of my socks from the dryer every time I do laundry.<sup>758</sup> You're wonderful. There's a magnificence in you. A magnificence that comes out of your eyes, in your voice, in the way you stand there, in the way you walk. You're lit from within. You've got fires banked down in you, hearth-fires and holocausts.

She: I don't seem to you made of bronze?

He: No, you're made out of flesh and blood. That's the blank, unholy surprise of it. You're the golden girl.<sup>759</sup> You will never age for me, nor fade, nor die.<sup>760</sup> I love

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<sup>749</sup> Awakenings

<sup>750</sup> My Girl 2

<sup>751</sup> Enemy of the State

<sup>752</sup> My Girl 2

<sup>753</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>754</sup> Life as a House

<sup>755</sup> Starship Troopers

<sup>756</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>757</sup> Things to Do in Denver Before you Die

<sup>758</sup> St. Elmo's Fire

<sup>759</sup> Philadelphia Story

<sup>760</sup> Shakespeare in Love

you. I love you more than anything else in the whole world, and I'd never do anything to hurt you, never.<sup>761</sup>

She: You really mean that? You're not just saying it because we exchanged bodily fluids?<sup>762</sup>

He: I swear to God. I've never been this sincere with a human before.<sup>763</sup>

She: Is that true?<sup>764</sup>

He: Yes.<sup>765</sup>

She: Love is like math: divide, add, subtract sometimes take a square root. If the equation still doesn't come out even, you have to start working in fractions. That's usually followed by silence—nothing more to be said.<sup>766</sup>

He: Silence is the most powerful cry.<sup>767</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): Quiet in this whorehouse!<sup>768</sup>

*They fall silent.*<sup>769</sup>

He: I'm not the damn whisperer!<sup>770</sup>

She: Love, desire, ambition, faith—without them life's so simple.<sup>771</sup>

He: How peaceful life would be without love. How safe, how tranquil, and how dull.<sup>772</sup> I don't want any part of it.<sup>773</sup> There's only two syllables in the whole wide world worth hearing: pussy.<sup>774</sup> Beer and pussy. That's all I need.

She: We gotta find you a Smurfette.

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<sup>761</sup> *The Shining*

<sup>762</sup> *Naked Gun*

<sup>763</sup> *The Fifth Element*

<sup>764</sup> *Pulp Fiction*

<sup>765</sup> *The Fifth Element*

<sup>766</sup> *Das merkwürdige Verhalten geschlechtsreifer Großstädter zur Paarungszeit*

<sup>767</sup> *Life is Beautiful*

<sup>768</sup> *Das Boot*

<sup>769</sup> *Tuvalu*

<sup>770</sup> *Schule*

<sup>771</sup> *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*

<sup>772</sup> *Name of the Rose*

<sup>773</sup> *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*

<sup>774</sup> *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*

He: Smurfette?

She: Like this cute little blonde that will get down and dirty with the guys. Like Smurfette does.<sup>775</sup>

He: Too-blond hair always looks like a woman's tryin' to attract a man.<sup>776</sup>

She: The smurfette is the village mattress that keeps the hicktown together.<sup>777</sup>

He: Smurfette doesn't fuck.

She: That's bullshit. Smurfette fucks all the other Smurfs. Why do you think Papa Smurf made her? Because all the other Smurfs were getting too horny.

He: No, no, no, not Vanity. I heard he was a homosexual.<sup>778</sup>

Holly: Bert and Ernie are gay.<sup>779</sup>

She: Okay, then, you know what? She fucks them and Vanity watches. Okay? What about Papa Smurf? I mean, he must get in on all the action. Yeah, what he does, he flims the gang-bang, he beats off to the tape.

He: First of all, Papa Smurf didn't create Smurfette. Gargamel did. She was in as Gargamel's evil spy with the intention of destroying the Smurf village. But the overwhelming goodness of the Smurf way of life transformed her. And as for the whole gang-bang scenario, it just couldn't happen. Smurfs are asexual. They don't even have . . . reproductive organs under those little white pants. It's just so illogical, you know, about being a Smurf. You know, what's the point of living . . . if you don't have a dick?

She: Why you gotta get all smart on us?<sup>780</sup>

He: Tell me, from a girl's point of view, what do you want from a guy?

She: Well, when I first moved out here from Tucson I wanted a guy with looks, security, caring. Someone with their own place. Someone who said 'Bless you' or 'Gesundheit' when I sneezed. Someone who liked the same things as me, but not exactly. And someone who loves me.

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<sup>775</sup> Donnie Darko

<sup>776</sup> Marnie

<sup>777</sup> Harte Jungs

<sup>778</sup> Donnie Darko

<sup>779</sup> Schule

<sup>780</sup> Donnie Darko

He: Tall order.

She: Yeah, I scaled it down a little.

He: What is it now?

She: Someone who says 'Gesundheit.' Although I prefer 'Bless you.' It's nicer.<sup>781</sup>

He: Love does not originate as an illness but is transformed into it when it becomes obsessive thoughts. It was the theologian Ibn Hazim who stated the lovesick person does not want to be healed and his amorous daydreams cause irregular breathing and quicken the pulse. He identifies amorous melancholy with lycanthropy, the disease that induces wolf-like behavior in humans. The lover's outer appearance begins to change. Soon his eyesight fails, his lips drivel and his face becomes covered with pustules. Marks resembling the bites of a dog appear on his face and he ends his days by prowling graveyards at night, like a wolf.<sup>782</sup>

She: I don't understand that. I don't understand that at all!<sup>783</sup>

He: What is love? If not an endless, eternal endurance test.<sup>784</sup> You know that in the few hours we had together we loved a lifetime's worth.

She: You know in the short time we've been together you have demonstrated every loathsome characteristic of the male personality and even discovered a few new ones. You are physically repulsive, intellectually retarded, you're morally reprehensible, vulgar insensitive, stupid, you have no taste, a lousy sense of humor and you smell. You're not even interesting enough to make me sick.<sup>785</sup> You're the most disgusting person I've ever met in my life.<sup>786</sup> You haven't enough tears for what you've done to me.<sup>787</sup> Look up 'idiot' in the dictionary. You know what you'll find?

He: A picture of me?

She: No. The definition of the word idiot, which you fucking are.<sup>788</sup> Well, you drive me crazy. I'll be talking and you'll never let me finish a sentence. You're always finishing...

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<sup>781</sup> Singles

<sup>782</sup> Name of the Rose

<sup>783</sup> Amélie

<sup>784</sup> Der Eisbär

<sup>785</sup> The Witches of Eastwick

<sup>786</sup> Along Came Polly

<sup>787</sup> Interview with the Vampire

<sup>788</sup> Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

He: I'm always finishing your thoughts. That's awful.

She: It absolutely drives . . .

He: It drives you crazy, doesn't it? I'm a scoundrel!

She: You've hit the nail . . .

He: Hit the nail on the head.

She: Yeah, somebody ought to hit you on the head.<sup>789</sup>

He: If I'd known we were going to cast our feelings into words I'd have memorized the Song of Solomon.<sup>790</sup> Quick question. Be honest.

She: Sure thing.<sup>791</sup>

He: Do I look as stupid as you think I am?<sup>792</sup>

She: Is this a trick question?<sup>793</sup>

He: Do I look like shit? I have bat ears, right? Elephant ears?<sup>794</sup>

She: You got the ugliest smile this side of creation.<sup>795</sup> I may go back to hating you. It was more fun.<sup>796</sup> You're also a natural character.

He: I've been telling you that. I got natural character.

She: That's not what I said, kid. I said you are a natural character. You're an incredible flake.

He: But that's a gift.<sup>797</sup> None of us find as much kindness in this life as we should.<sup>798</sup>

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<sup>789</sup> The Fisher King

<sup>790</sup> Miller's Crossing

<sup>791</sup> Maid in Manhattan

<sup>792</sup> Maid in Manhattan

<sup>793</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>794</sup> Das Experiment

<sup>795</sup> The Color Purple

<sup>796</sup> North by Northwest

<sup>797</sup> The Color of Money

<sup>798</sup> Memoirs of a Geisha

She: You do suggest something. To me you suggest a baboon.

He: What?

She: I'm sorry I said that. It isn't fair to the rest of the baboons.<sup>799</sup>

He: I used to be smart but now I'm just stupid.<sup>800</sup> I am pond scum. No. Actually. Lower. I am the fungus that feeds on pond scum.

She: Lower. The layer of mucous that cruds up the fungus.<sup>801</sup>

He: Have you always been like this, or do I bring it out in you?<sup>802</sup> You're going to humiliate me?

She: Only if I can.<sup>803</sup> It's hard to be strict with a man who loses money so pleasantly.<sup>804</sup>

He: I want you inside me.

She: I don't know. You've got two people in there already. It could get a little crowded.<sup>805</sup> When you're attracted to someone, it just means that your subconscious is attracted to their subconscious, subconsciously.

He: So what we think of as fate is just two neuroses knowing that they are a perfect match.<sup>806</sup> Do you know how hard it is to pretend to be your 'buddy'?<sup>807</sup>

She: I thought we were just friends.<sup>808</sup> Sex is the quickest way to ruin a friendship.<sup>809</sup>

He: And anyway, we're friends, aren't we?<sup>810</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): Friends come and go from our lives like waiters in a restaurant.<sup>811</sup>

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<sup>799</sup> Duck Soup

<sup>800</sup> Magnolia

<sup>801</sup> My Best Friend's Wedding

<sup>802</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>803</sup> My Best Friend's Wedding

<sup>804</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>805</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>806</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>807</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>808</sup> Life as a House

<sup>809</sup> Reality Bites

<sup>810</sup> Vanilla Sky

He: You are a friend. Sometimes we sleep together.<sup>812</sup>

She: Excuse me. Do I have fuck me written on my forehead?<sup>813</sup>

He: I can't see without my glasses.<sup>814</sup> You know, there is something very important we need to do as soon as possible.

She: What's that?

He: Fuck.<sup>815</sup>

She: So for you, to 'fuck' means to penetrate. You're used to the more traditional definition—you inside some girl you've duped, jack-hammering away, not noticing that bored look in her eyes.

He: Hey—I always notice the bored look in their eyes.<sup>816</sup> I want to fuck!

She: And I don't.<sup>817</sup> It weakens the legs.<sup>818</sup> Drop dead, you asshole.

He: I am unable to comply.<sup>819</sup> Need input!<sup>820</sup> Oh, come on, just one night.

She: Forget it!

He: You won't even know I'm here.

She: That's because you won't be here.<sup>821</sup> Don't fuck with me.

He: I thought that's what we were doing.<sup>822</sup>

She: I'm afraid of fun.<sup>823</sup> Scared is the wrong word. I'm frightened of it.

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<sup>811</sup> Stand by Me

<sup>812</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>813</sup> Cocktail

<sup>814</sup> Scooby Doo

<sup>815</sup> Eyes Wide Shut

<sup>816</sup> Chasing Amy

<sup>817</sup> Cruel Intentions

<sup>818</sup> Rocky

<sup>819</sup> Terminator 3

<sup>820</sup> Short Circuit

<sup>821</sup> Grumpier Old Men

<sup>822</sup> The Ninth Gate

<sup>823</sup> Surviving Christmas

He: It's an interesting distinction.<sup>824</sup> Fear, that's the other guy's problem.<sup>825</sup> Tell you the whole truth?

She: Maybe not the actual truth. Highlights.<sup>826</sup>

He: I was semi-stiff and losing my erection. Something was wrong, something was missing, I didn't know what. Confused, I started to fuck you.<sup>827</sup>

She: I mean, I don't understand sex.<sup>828</sup>

He: Before I came, it hit me! I can't remember the last time I had sex sober!<sup>829</sup> I mean we have this totally unbelievable, life-altering sex and then you just disappear. I mean you stopped drinking coffee.<sup>830</sup>

She: There are certain nights I can't remember.<sup>831</sup>

He: Oh, sex with you is really a Kafkaesque experience.

She: Oh, thank you. H'm.

He: I mean that as a compliment.<sup>832</sup> You're the funniest girl I ever had sex with.<sup>833</sup>

She: Good to know.<sup>834</sup> I actually lost my virginity to a townie.<sup>835</sup> You have to think about one shot. One shot is what it's all about.<sup>836</sup> Is sex dirty?

He: Only if it's done right.<sup>837</sup>

She: Your fascination with the 20<sup>th</sup> century is affecting your judgment.<sup>838</sup> My Lord, you are as dumb as a bag of hammers, aren't you?<sup>839</sup>

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<sup>824</sup> Love and Death

<sup>825</sup> Trading Places

<sup>826</sup> My Best Friend's Wedding

<sup>827</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>828</sup> The Opposite of Sex

<sup>829</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>830</sup> What Women Want

<sup>831</sup> Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil

<sup>832</sup> Annie Hall

<sup>833</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>834</sup> Something's Gotta Give

<sup>835</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>836</sup> The Deer Hunter

<sup>837</sup> Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex but were Afraid to Ask

<sup>838</sup> Demolition Man

Holly (*in passing*): She'll rip your heart out put it in a blender and hit "frappe."<sup>840</sup>

He: Basic psychology is among my subroutines.<sup>841</sup> Practice human interaction and social comportsment.<sup>842</sup>

She: What's gotten into you?

He: Just following doctor's orders. I've decided to become a mensch. You know what that means?<sup>843</sup>

She: But you'll never be a wonderful man, or even a wonderful human being until you learn to have some regard for human frailty.<sup>844</sup> Admit that you've got a heart even though it may be small and feeble and you can't remember the last time you used it.<sup>845</sup>

He: I don't exactly know what I am required to say in order for you to have intercourse with me. But could we assume that I said all that. I mean essentially we are talking about fluid exchange.<sup>846</sup> Why don't we just do it the old-fashioned way?

She: Eeeeeewww, disgusting! You mean . . . fluid transfer?<sup>847</sup>

He: Boys have a penis. Girls have a vagina.<sup>848</sup> When it's cooking, it's cooking.<sup>849</sup> So could we just go straight to the sex?<sup>850</sup>

She: I am not in the condition to fuck!<sup>851</sup> Procrastination is one of my favorite hobbies . . . Isn't it funny that my two favorite hobbies rhyme?<sup>852</sup>

He: He who hesitates, masturbates.<sup>853</sup>

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<sup>839</sup> Breach

<sup>840</sup> The Mask

<sup>841</sup> Terminator 3

<sup>842</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>843</sup> The Apartment

<sup>844</sup> High Society

<sup>845</sup> Miller's Crossing

<sup>846</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>847</sup> Demolition Man

<sup>848</sup> Kindergarten Cop

<sup>849</sup> Wag the Dog

<sup>850</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>851</sup> Das Boot

<sup>852</sup> Burning Annie

<sup>853</sup> The Cable Guy

She: Hey, don't knock masturbation. It's sex with someone I love!<sup>854</sup>He: You masturbate more than anybody else on the planet!

She: Shit, everyone knows that. Tell me something nobody knows.

He: You think about guys when you do it.

She: Not all the time.<sup>855</sup> I dream of naked men with a magic wand.<sup>856</sup>

Holly: (*in passing*): Gozangas.

He: I think he was saying he likes your cones.<sup>857</sup> He is looking for American foxes with big American breasts.<sup>858</sup>

She: Let's be logical. You're the psycho.<sup>859</sup> Your dick is bigger than your brain.<sup>860</sup> A man loses about five million brain cells every time he ejaculates.<sup>861</sup> I swallowed your cum. That means something.<sup>862</sup>

He: Combine, combine!<sup>863</sup> How much did you swallow?

She: Enough.<sup>864</sup> Don't you know when you sleep with someone your body makes a promise, whether you do or not.<sup>865</sup> Sometimes I imagine we're all stars in some shitty romantic comedy.<sup>866</sup> You scared?

He: Terrified, mortified, petrified, stupefied by you.<sup>867</sup>

She: Just give me a moment to redefine my girlish notions of romance.<sup>868</sup>

He: You know, I am so romantic sometimes I think I should just marry myself.<sup>869</sup>

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<sup>854</sup> Annie Hall

<sup>855</sup> Dogma

<sup>856</sup> The Lord of the Weed

<sup>857</sup> Encino Man

<sup>858</sup> 54

<sup>859</sup> Naked Gun 33 1/3 The Final Insult

<sup>860</sup> To Die For

<sup>861</sup> Das kleine Arschloch

<sup>862</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>863</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder halt die Welt in Atem

<sup>864</sup> Terminator 3

<sup>865</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>866</sup> Crazy

<sup>867</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>868</sup> A Beautiful Mind

<sup>869</sup> Monsters, Inc.

She: Thank you . . . for correcting me.<sup>870</sup> I figured maybe you could set me straight.<sup>871</sup>

He: I don't know, maybe you were afraid I would reject you? But I can't reject you, you're too quick for me.<sup>872</sup> Do you love me? I mean, really love me? Because if you don't I'll just have to kill you.<sup>873</sup> You're gonna see some serious shit.<sup>874</sup>

She: Did I hear you right? You said you're going to kill me?

He: No. I said I'm going to blow your brains out.<sup>875</sup>

She: What the hell? Have you gone crazy?

He: No. I'm going to kill you.<sup>876</sup>

She: We may not enjoy living together, but dying together isn't going to solve anything.<sup>877</sup>

He: Some of the world's happiest marriages have started "under the gun", as you might say.<sup>878</sup>

She: You're about as fatal as an after-dinner mint.<sup>879</sup>

He: Here's looking at you, kid.<sup>880</sup>

She: You talkin' to me?<sup>881</sup>

He: You got the magic eye.<sup>882</sup>

She: Look me in the eye when I'm speaking to you. Both eyes if you please.<sup>883</sup>

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<sup>870</sup> Lemony Snicket's a Series of Unfortunate Events

<sup>871</sup> Oh! Susanna

<sup>872</sup> Pay it Forward

<sup>873</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>874</sup> Back to the Future

<sup>875</sup> Scent of a Woman

<sup>876</sup> Die Schule des Shaolin

<sup>877</sup> Night of the Living Dead

<sup>878</sup> Rear Window

<sup>879</sup> Cabaret

<sup>880</sup> Casablanca

<sup>881</sup> Taxi Driver

<sup>882</sup> Training Day

<sup>883</sup> The Jungle Book

He: Can you feel my eyes on you?<sup>884</sup>

She: What is the matter with your eyes? Why can I not see myself in your eyes?<sup>885</sup>

He: Eyes can deceive you. Don't trust them.<sup>886</sup> Can you feel me look into your heart?<sup>887</sup>

She: I see you, but you don't see me.<sup>888</sup>

He: Something wrong with your eyes?

She: Yes, they're sensitive to questions.<sup>889</sup>

He: Can you feel me in the pit of your stomach? Can you feel me in you? In your heart?<sup>890</sup>

She: It's funny, what do you want?

He: It's not funny.

She: Then why do we watch it?

He: To see how not funny it is.<sup>891</sup>

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He: I was talking to myself about you the other day; we were wondering what became of you.<sup>892</sup>

She: That's classified. I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.<sup>893</sup>

He: You've changed.<sup>894</sup>

She: I am the thief of hearts. I am the gangster of love.

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<sup>884</sup> Casino

<sup>885</sup> The Last Unicorn

<sup>886</sup> Star Wars

<sup>887</sup> Casino

<sup>888</sup> D-Tox

<sup>889</sup> North by Northwest

<sup>890</sup> Casino

<sup>891</sup> The Fisher King

<sup>892</sup> Bambi

<sup>893</sup> Top Gun

<sup>894</sup> Ben Hur

He: Gangster? I think I liked you better when you weren't getting' any.<sup>895</sup> Kiss me. Kiss me as if it were the last time.<sup>896</sup>

She: You know, compared to you we're amateurs.<sup>897</sup>

He: What seems to be your boggle?<sup>898</sup>

She: Sex with furniture, what do you think?<sup>899</sup>

He: Suck my fat one, you cheap dime-store hood<sup>900</sup>

She: I'd like to try the orgasm please.

Holly: How many would you like?

She: Umm, multiple.

He: Multiple?<sup>901</sup> That's a world record.<sup>902</sup>

She: Then I start losing control.

He: Well, how long does this usually last?

She: It's been known to last all night.

He: That must be horrible.

She: It's excruciating.<sup>903</sup> Take the best orgasm you ever had, multiply it by a thousand: you're still nowhere near it.<sup>904</sup> Now multiply that by infinity take that to the depths of forever, and you still will barely have a glimpse of what I'm talking about.<sup>905</sup>

He: A pig's orgasm lasts a half hour.

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<sup>895</sup> Grumpier Old Men

<sup>896</sup> Casablanca

<sup>897</sup> It Happened One Night

<sup>898</sup> Demolition Man

<sup>899</sup> UHF

<sup>900</sup> Stand by Me

<sup>901</sup> Cocktail

<sup>902</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>903</sup> Coyote Ugly

<sup>904</sup> Trainspotting

<sup>905</sup> Meet Joe Black

She: What?

He: A half hour, I'm telling you.

She: You're making that up.<sup>906</sup>

*She stares at him. He winks at her.*

He: You finally got laid properly, I'm so proud.<sup>907</sup>

She: Then suddenly, I felt as if I could hear the earth breathing beneath me.<sup>908</sup> It's a sign.<sup>909</sup> It was magic.<sup>910</sup>

He: Did you guys use a condom at least?<sup>911</sup>

She: In, through . . . and beyond.<sup>912</sup>

He: Yeah, anyway.<sup>913</sup> My contribution to birth control.<sup>914</sup> Have you seen that new video, *Mr. Fanny's Been A-Pluggin'*? It's hot!<sup>915</sup>

She: Some people can read *War and Peace* and come away thinking it was a simple adventure story. Others can read the ingredients on a chewing gum wrapper and unlock the secret of the universe.<sup>916</sup>

He: I like to curl up with a good book: I mean, a coloring book and pencils.<sup>917</sup>

She: All of them have crazy big hair and move their heads during a blow job, change positions without being asked and wear high patent-leather boots.<sup>918</sup>

He: You've probably been having multiple orgasms.<sup>919</sup>

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<sup>906</sup> In China They Eat Dogs

<sup>907</sup> Thelma and Louisa

<sup>908</sup> The Legend of Bagger Vance

<sup>909</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>910</sup> Sleepless in Seattle

<sup>911</sup> Der bewegte Mann

<sup>912</sup> The Black Hole

<sup>913</sup> Der bewegte Mann

<sup>914</sup> Tango & Cash

<sup>915</sup> The One

<sup>916</sup> Superman

<sup>917</sup> Stadtgespräch

<sup>918</sup> Wie die Karnickel

<sup>919</sup> Sliver

She: Oui, oui?<sup>920</sup>

He: Oh, yes, lots of them.<sup>921</sup>

She: Anything can happen in your imagination. I am a nightcrawler with big hair, drinking a gigantic piece of wood.<sup>922</sup>

He: Never, never, never apologize for being multi-orgasmic.<sup>923</sup>

She: What do you know about orgasms?<sup>924</sup> You expect me to keep reassuring you sexually, even now, when we disgust each other?!<sup>925</sup>

He: You're the greatest lover I've ever had.

She: Well, I practice a lot when I'm alone.<sup>926</sup>

He: Ever been fucked into a coma?<sup>927</sup>

She: I never met anybody who fainted before.<sup>928</sup> I pretend to be a vampire. I don't really need to pretend, because that's who I am, an emotional vampire. I've just come to expect it that vampires are real, that I was born this way, that I feed off of other people's real emotions. I search for this night's prey. Who will it be?<sup>929</sup>

He: If only we could be children again.<sup>930</sup> It's a dangerous thing to confuse children with angels.<sup>931</sup>

He: I wanna have children with you.

She: What kind?

He: Little children.<sup>932</sup>

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<sup>920</sup> Monty Python and the Holy Grail

<sup>921</sup> Little Miss Broadway

<sup>922</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder hält die Welt in Atem

<sup>923</sup> War of the Roses

<sup>924</sup> Stadtgespräch

<sup>925</sup> War of the Roses

<sup>926</sup> Love and Death

<sup>927</sup> Der letzte Lude

<sup>928</sup> Stand by Me

<sup>929</sup> The Rules of Attraction

<sup>930</sup> Love and Death

<sup>931</sup> Magnolia

Holly (*in passing*): Kids. Ten seconds of joy. Thirty years of misery.<sup>933</sup>

He: I wanna have three children. One of each.<sup>934</sup>

She: Yeah, maybe. But first I want sex.<sup>935</sup> I am what is medically known as non-specifically infertile. Or to give it a full scientific description, we do not have a bloody clue.<sup>936</sup>

He: Your confusion is not rational. You are a healthy female of breeding age.

She: There's more to it than that.

He: My database does not encompass the dynamics of human pair bonding.<sup>937</sup>  
Sex, sex, sex that's all you think about.<sup>938</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): Bedways is rightways!<sup>939</sup>

She: No need to dramatize everything: Tits! Tits! Tits! Tits!<sup>940</sup>

He: How big is big and how small is small? How small is he allowed to be to still be big? How big must he be in order to not be considered small?<sup>941</sup>

She: I like them when they're really big.<sup>942</sup>

He: It's not the size of the hammer, it's the nail you're throwing it at!<sup>943</sup>

She: Do you know of Dr. Freud? His ideas with male preoccupation with size might be of particular interest to you.<sup>944</sup> It's not the length but the girth that really satisfies a woman. Women feel less inside, their pleasure comes more from the base.<sup>945</sup>

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<sup>932</sup> Love and Death

<sup>933</sup> True Lies

<sup>934</sup> Love and Death

<sup>935</sup> Das merkwürdige Verhalten geschlechtstreifer Großstädter zur Paarungszeit

<sup>936</sup> Maybe Baby

<sup>937</sup> Terminator 3

<sup>938</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>939</sup> A Clockwork Orange

<sup>940</sup> Der bewegte Mann

<sup>941</sup> Der Eisbär

<sup>942</sup> Anger Management

<sup>943</sup> Scary Movie

<sup>944</sup> Titanic

<sup>945</sup> Der Eisbär

He: A lot of effort for such a small orgasm.<sup>946</sup> How does the vaginal and clitoral orgasm go again?<sup>947</sup>

She: Don't tell me you don't know how all this works?

He: Theoretically, yes.

She: No.<sup>948</sup> Okay, you've got thirty of my fucking seconds. Thrill me.<sup>949</sup> Follow the sultry sound of my voice.<sup>950</sup> You just put your pickle on everybody's plate and leave the hard stuff to me.<sup>951</sup>

He: In my opinion my technique isn't perfect yet.<sup>952</sup> Totally unprofessional.<sup>953</sup>

She: True skill should be effortless.<sup>954</sup> Seek it with your hands, don't think about it. Feel it.<sup>955</sup> Up, down. Up, down.<sup>956</sup> Your hands is wiser than your head ever gonna be. Now I can't take you there. Just hopes I can help you find your way.<sup>957</sup>

He: If only my hand could express what is in my heart.<sup>958</sup>

She: Is that it? Is that all you've got. <sup>959</sup>

Holly (*in passing*): You've probably got the clap now, but never mind. They've got cures these days.<sup>960</sup> You guys have a great time.<sup>961</sup> No go on, get out of here. Or so help me I'll turn you in.<sup>962</sup>

She: Living the dream, baby. Living the dream.<sup>963</sup> Watch the road, sweetie!<sup>964</sup>  
How was that?

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<sup>946</sup> Stadtgespräch

<sup>947</sup> Der bewegte Mann

<sup>948</sup> The Fifth Element

<sup>949</sup> Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

<sup>950</sup> Monsters, Inc.

<sup>951</sup> Dirty Dancing

<sup>952</sup> Schule

<sup>953</sup> Kein Pardon

<sup>954</sup> Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

<sup>955</sup> The Legend of Bagger Vance

<sup>956</sup> The Karate Kid

<sup>957</sup> The Legend of Bagger Vance

<sup>958</sup> Seven Years in Tibet

<sup>959</sup> Hulk

<sup>960</sup> The Girl Next Door

<sup>961</sup> Old School

<sup>962</sup> Notorious

He: Wet.<sup>965</sup>

She: A great big pussy just waitin' to get fucked.<sup>966</sup>

He: Moisture is the essence of wetness and wetness is the essence of beauty.<sup>967</sup>

She: This is a perfect moment. A soft light, a scent in the air, the quiet murmur of the city. A surge of love, an urge to help mankind overcomes me.<sup>968</sup>

He: Thank you. Thank you. Hold your applause.<sup>969</sup>

She: I'll try to restrain myself.<sup>970</sup>

He: They must think a sun shines out your arse.<sup>971</sup>

She: The whole goddamn world is this big, and there's only one rule, you save your own ass.<sup>972</sup>

He: A touch of sin won't do you in.<sup>973</sup>

She: That's disgusting.<sup>974</sup>

He: We want to sin, tell Heaven to pack it in, do nothing but sin!<sup>975</sup>

She: You slimed me.<sup>976</sup> Out of the way, centurion!<sup>977</sup>

He: I couldn't help it! It just popped in there!<sup>978</sup> You're more of a magician than I thought.<sup>979</sup>

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<sup>963</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>964</sup> The Sweetest Thing

<sup>965</sup> Rain Man

<sup>966</sup> Scarface

<sup>967</sup> Zoolander

<sup>968</sup> Amélie

<sup>969</sup> Meet the Robinsons

<sup>970</sup> Last of the Dogmen

<sup>971</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>972</sup> Carlito's Way

<sup>973</sup> Das kleine Arschloch

<sup>974</sup> 500 Days of Summer

<sup>975</sup> Das kleine Arschloch

<sup>976</sup> Ghostbusters

<sup>977</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>978</sup> Ghostbusters

She: The truth melts every magic! Always!<sup>980</sup>

*Holly comes to the table and takes away the empty beer glasses.*

He: I need more chocolate.<sup>981</sup> I love your chocolate.

Holly: I can see that.<sup>982</sup>

He: Chocolate! Chocolate!<sup>983</sup>

She: You lucky bastard! You lucky, lucky bastard!<sup>984</sup>

He: You know, opportunities are like the Tour de France; you wait a long time for it and it goes by quickly.<sup>985</sup>

She: Release the happiness rays!<sup>986</sup>

Holly: Please, do not destroy my mood. Tonight. I even like you two.<sup>987</sup> I make the candy I feel like, but now I feel terrible, so the candy's terrible.<sup>988</sup>

She: Candy doesn't have to have a point. That's why it's candy.<sup>989</sup>

Holly: Without the bitter, baby, the sweet ain't as sweet.<sup>990</sup> Even I'm edible! But that is called cannibalism and is in fact frowned upon in most societies.<sup>991</sup>

*Holly brings sweets to the table.*

He: That great American invention for spending quality time with spouse soused.<sup>992</sup>

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<sup>979</sup> The Last Unicorn

<sup>980</sup> The Last Unicorn

<sup>981</sup> Agent Cody Banks 2: Destination London

<sup>982</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>983</sup> The Goonies

<sup>984</sup> Life of Brian

<sup>985</sup> Amélie

<sup>986</sup> Care Bears

<sup>987</sup> Beach Blanket Bingo

<sup>988</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>989</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>990</sup> Vanilla Sky

<sup>991</sup> Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

<sup>992</sup> Cocktail

Holly (*in passing*): What's to be done, spake Zeus? The gods are drunk, and Olympos is drowning in vomit.<sup>993</sup>

She: Now the question on the table is: how drunk is drunk enough?

He: And the answer is, it's all a matter of brain cells.

She: Brain cells?

He: That's right. Every drink of liquor you take kills brain cells. But that don't matter, we got billions more. First the sadness cells die, so you smile real big. Then the quiet cells go, so you talk real loud for no reason at all. That's okay, because the stupid cells go next, so everything you say is real smart. And finally come the memory cells. These are tough sons of bitches to kill.<sup>994</sup>

*He puts money in the jukebox.*

She: Ha-ha. Look at me. You're silly when you drink out of the barrel.

He: Hush. This is a serious dance.

She: Sing the one about the hoochie-coochie girls.<sup>995</sup>

He: Should I sing the theme song from Starsky and Hutch first?<sup>996</sup>

She: Everybody should be able to make some music. That's the cosmic dance.<sup>997</sup>

*Holly approaches.*

Holly: Welcome to our series on exploring your masculinity. This is audio tape number one, "Getting a Grip." Truly manly men do not dance!

He: Oh, come on!

Holly: Under any circumstances. This will be your ultimate test. At all costs avoid rhythm, grace and pleasure. Whatever you do, do not dance. Stop waving those hands. Get a grip. Think about John Wayne. Arnold Schwarzenegger. Arnold doesn't dance. He can barely walk.<sup>998</sup>

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<sup>993</sup> Die Supernasen

<sup>994</sup> The Legend of Bagger Vance

<sup>995</sup> The Blue Lagoon

<sup>996</sup> Taxi

<sup>997</sup> Harold and Maude

<sup>998</sup> In and Out

He: I think a little Bohemian Rhapsody.<sup>999</sup> Music? Yes, it's very good. Very good for the digestion.<sup>1000</sup>

She: It's not hip hop, it's electro.<sup>1001</sup>

He: First you gotta do the truffle shuffle.

She: Come on . . .

He: Do it.

She: Come on . . .

He: Do it!<sup>1002</sup>

*He sings, she dances the truffle shuffle to it.*

Holly: Look how she moves . . . That's just like Jell-O on springs.<sup>1003</sup>

He: That was cute, that little thing you did. Can you show me again? What was that shit you just did?

She: Rond dejambe attitude. Ballet. I used to dance.

He: You used to dance?

She: Used to, as in don't anymore and no, I don't want to talk about it.

He: So, is that why you brought up that rond dejambe attitude shit, because you don't want to talk about it?

She: It's really not a big deal.<sup>1004</sup> I may be a hell of a businesswoman, but when I dance, I look like a retarded string bean.<sup>1005</sup>

He: I do see things differently now.<sup>1006</sup> What happened to your big dance career?

She: It's weak.

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<sup>999</sup> Wayne's World

<sup>1000</sup> The Good, the Bad and the Ugly

<sup>1001</sup> Shaun of the Dead

<sup>1002</sup> The Goonies

<sup>1003</sup> Some Like it Hot

<sup>1004</sup> Save the Last Dance

<sup>1005</sup> The Wedding Planner

<sup>1006</sup> Twisted Love

He: Thug life, baby.<sup>1007</sup>

She: Can you swerve?

He: Do I got 'honky' spray-painted on my forehead? Of course I can. I'm tryin' to peep a bowwow.<sup>1008</sup> You wanna dance?

She: I've been thinking about that since you brought it up before.

He: And?

She: No.<sup>1009</sup>

Holly: Will you dance with me?

She: I'd rather be boiled alive.<sup>1010</sup> Can you dance?

Holly: Of course.

She: Then dance away!<sup>1011</sup> Have you ever danced with the devil in the pale moonlight?<sup>1012</sup> It isn't cool when I say dancing isn't cool, but dancing isn't cool.

He: Cool.<sup>1013</sup>

Holly: All right, I've had enough of this.<sup>1014</sup> If one dances one must pay the piper.<sup>1015</sup>

He: Dance?<sup>1016</sup> Would you like to learn to tango?

She: Right now?

He: I offer you my services free of charge. What do you say?<sup>1017</sup> Now, this dance is between a waltz and a tango, you see?

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<sup>1007</sup> Honey

<sup>1008</sup> Bringing Down the House

<sup>1009</sup> As Good as It Gets

<sup>1010</sup> Valentine

<sup>1011</sup> Was nicht passt, wird passend gemacht

<sup>1012</sup> Batman

<sup>1013</sup> Soloalbum

<sup>1014</sup> Ferris Bueller's Day Off

<sup>1015</sup> The Black Hole

<sup>1016</sup> True Lies

<sup>1017</sup> Scent of a Woman

She: It's a wango?<sup>1018</sup> Another dance and my reputation would be lost forever.

He: With enough courage you can do without a reputation.<sup>1019</sup>

She: If it's got hair, I can ride it. If it's got a beat I can dance to it.<sup>1020</sup>

He: How long has it been since we've waltzed?

She: Hours.<sup>1021</sup>

*He pulls her out on the dance floor.*

He: Sorry about the disruption, folks, but I always do the last dance of the season. This year somebody told me not to. So I'm gonna do my kind of dancin' with a great partner who's not only a terrific dancer but somebody who's taught me that there are people willing to stand up for other people no matter what it costs them. Somebody who's taught me about the kind of person I want to be.<sup>1022</sup>

*They dance.*

She: I'm dancing.<sup>1023</sup> A revolution without dancing is a revolution not worth having.<sup>1024</sup> We sing and dance, and holla, just wanting to be loved.<sup>1025</sup>

He: I always say that the bass is the sex of music. Classical, jazz, rock doesn't matter. The bass is sex.<sup>1026</sup>

*The dance ends.*

Holly: Can I interest you in a nightcap?

She: No, thanks, I don't wear them.<sup>1027</sup>

Holly: Not thinking time, paying time.<sup>1028</sup> It's payday, boys.

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<sup>1018</sup> The Princess Diaries

<sup>1019</sup> Gone with the Wind

<sup>1020</sup> The Cowboy Way

<sup>1021</sup> The Addams Family

<sup>1022</sup> Dirty Dancing

<sup>1023</sup> Wayne's World 2

<sup>1024</sup> V for Vendetta

<sup>1025</sup> The Color Purple

<sup>1026</sup> Wie die Karnickel

<sup>1027</sup> Naked Gun

<sup>1028</sup> Didi—Der Doppelgänger

She: You can hardly expect unquestioning obedience.

He: Yeah, well I go on facts, not recommendations, okay? I need more details. More details, the details, you ass.

Holly: More class, less ass.

He: Got it. Hold the ass and no jokes.

Holly: Muy expensivo!<sup>1029</sup>

He: Put it on my tab. I'll deal with it later.<sup>1030</sup> Nope, I got the check. Don't worry about it. I'm serious. I know, I get it all the time. Sit down, I'll get the check!<sup>1031</sup>

*She is pleased. He fumbles in his wallet.*

He: As if it weren't enough, I've only got three dollars and fifty cents in pennies. That's not even enough for a lukewarm bowl of dog food. <sup>1032</sup> Any change?

She: Absolutely

He: Could you spare some?

She: Yes, I could.<sup>1033</sup> I'm sure that in 1985 plutonium is available in every corner drug store.<sup>1034</sup> Well you can wish in one hand and crap in the other and see which gets filled first.<sup>1035</sup>

He: Sax with an x. Was probably nix.<sup>1036</sup>

She: anyone who knows proverbs can't be all bad.<sup>1037</sup>

He: Wow! You must be rich!<sup>1038</sup>

He: (*turning to Holly*): Waiter, can I pay now?

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<sup>1029</sup> Valentine

<sup>1030</sup> Didi—Der Doppelgänger

<sup>1031</sup> Sahara

<sup>1032</sup> Der Eisbär

<sup>1033</sup> Liar Liar

<sup>1034</sup> Back to the Future

<sup>1035</sup> Grumpier Old Men

<sup>1036</sup> Das Wunder von Bern

<sup>1037</sup> Amélie

<sup>1038</sup> Back to the Future

Holly: Yes, of course.

He: Does that cover it?

Holly: No!

He: Then keep the change.<sup>1039</sup>

Holly: No matter what I do, no matter how hard I try, the ones I love will always be the ones who pay.<sup>1040</sup> Can't you see we are fucking closed?!<sup>1041</sup> Good-bye.<sup>1042</sup>

He: This'll only hurt for a minute. You've got Blue Cross, right?<sup>1043</sup>

Holly: Counting down. Ten, nine, eight, six . . .

He: Six? What happened to seven?

Holly: Just kidding. Seven, six, five, four, three, two one. Have a nice day.

He: Thank you.<sup>1044</sup>

She: Lovely party. Pity I wasn't invited?<sup>1045</sup>

He: Well, I thought it was funny.<sup>1046</sup> Good-bye.<sup>1047</sup>

She: Good-bye.<sup>1048</sup>

Holly: Good-bye.<sup>1049</sup>

*They go. Holly sits alone at the counter, drinking a glass of whiskey.*

Holly: It's funny how beautiful people are when they're walking out the door.<sup>1050</sup> In other words, adios motherfuckers!<sup>1051</sup> If you don't know about society, you

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<sup>1039</sup> Die Supernasen

<sup>1040</sup> Spider-Man

<sup>1041</sup> Desperado

<sup>1042</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder hält die Welt in Atem

<sup>1043</sup> Dirty Dancing

<sup>1044</sup> Spaceballs

<sup>1045</sup> Ace Ventura

<sup>1046</sup> Cagin of Chrysaint

<sup>1047</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder hält die Welt in Atem

<sup>1048</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder hält die Welt in Atem

<sup>1049</sup> Texas—Doc Snyder hält die Welt in Atem

<sup>1050</sup> Velvet Goldmine

don't have the satisfaction of avoiding it.<sup>1052</sup> I'm tired. I'm tired of never having me a buddy to be with to tell me where we's going to, coming from, or why. Mostly I'm tired of people being ugly to each other. I'm tired of all the pain I feel and hear in the world every day. There's too much of it. It's like pieces of glass in my head.<sup>1053</sup> I'm not afraid of dying. I'm afraid of tomorrow.<sup>1054</sup> There's a place I go in my head sometimes. It's cool and dim in there and you float like a cloud, the kind you see in the sky on a windy day. You don't have to think about anything. You're nothing, you're nobody.<sup>1055</sup>

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<sup>1051</sup> The A-Team

<sup>1052</sup> The Game

<sup>1053</sup> The Green Mile

<sup>1054</sup> Troy

<sup>1055</sup> The Mighty

#### IV. Breaking Up

*A postmodern couple sits by the ocean. They discuss their deconstructing relationship.*

He: Play some Picasso.<sup>1056</sup>

She: This is like déjà vu all over again.<sup>1057</sup> I've made a wrong mistake.<sup>1058</sup> We can't win at home. We can't win on the road. I just can't figure out where else to play.<sup>1059</sup>

He: We've got to find a way to win. I'm willing to start cheating.<sup>1060</sup>

She: If you make every game a life-and-death thing, you're going to have problems. You'll be dead a lot.<sup>1061</sup>

He: Just remember the words of Patrick Henry—"Kill me or let me live."<sup>1062</sup>

She: You can sum up this sport in two words: you never know.<sup>1063</sup> We've got to be the dumbest team in American in terms of playing the game. And I'm highly critical in the way we give games away. We give `em away. Period. I apologize for that. But that's the best we can do.<sup>1064</sup> That's why I don't talk. I talk too much.<sup>1065</sup> All I'm asking for is what I want.<sup>1066</sup>

He: Sure there have been injuries and deaths—but none of them serious.<sup>1067</sup>

She: Even Napoleon had his Watergate.<sup>1068</sup>

He: When we started, it was based on lies. It's changing now. There are no secrets in the business. You've got to come with the truth and nothing but the truth. It's becoming very confusing.<sup>1069</sup>

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<sup>1056</sup> Chris Morris

<sup>1057</sup> Yogi Berra

<sup>1058</sup> Yogi Berra

<sup>1059</sup> Pat Williams

<sup>1060</sup> Marv Cook

<sup>1061</sup> Dean Smith

<sup>1062</sup> Bill Peterson

<sup>1063</sup> Lou Dova

<sup>1064</sup> Bill Callahan

<sup>1065</sup> Joaquin Andujar

<sup>1066</sup> Rickey Henderson

<sup>1067</sup> Alan Minter

<sup>1068</sup> Danny Ozark

<sup>1069</sup> Don King

She: We can't run. We can't pass. We can't stop the run. We can't stop the pass. We can't kick. Other than that, we're just not a very good team right now.<sup>1070</sup>

He: You play to win the game. You don't play to just play the game. I don't care if you don't have any wins. You're going to play to win.<sup>1071</sup>

She: Winning doesn't really matter as long as you win.<sup>1072</sup>

*They fall silent and gaze out at the ocean.*

He: It isn't like I came down from Mt. Sinai with the tabloids.<sup>1073</sup>

She: If lessons are learned in defeat, our team is getting a great education.<sup>1074</sup>

He: You don't have to win it; just don't lose it.<sup>1075</sup> Winning is overrated. The only time winning is important is in surgery and war.<sup>1076</sup>

She: If winning isn't everything, why do we keep score?<sup>1077</sup> Every day we look worse and worse. And today we played like tomorrow.<sup>1078</sup>

He: I don't want to shoot my mouth in my foot, but those are games we can win.<sup>1079</sup>

She: You have no idea how frustrating it is to play a half like we did and come back in the 2<sup>nd</sup> half and totally totally totally totally totally totally lay an egg.<sup>1080</sup>

He: Well, what happened was, that second half we got our asses kicked. In the second half, we got our asses totally kicked. We couldn't do diddley-poo-offensively. The 2<sup>nd</sup> half we sucked. It was a horseshit performance in the second half. Horseshit. I'm totally embarrassed and totally ashamed. Coaching did a horrible job. The players did a horrible job. We got our ass kicked in the second half. It sucked. It stunk.<sup>1081</sup>

She: Whatever happened in the past, hopefully it's over.<sup>1082</sup>

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<sup>1070</sup> Bruce Coslet

<sup>1071</sup> Herman Edwards

<sup>1072</sup> Vinny Jones

<sup>1073</sup> Ron Meyer

<sup>1074</sup> Murray Warmath

<sup>1075</sup> Ray Lewis

<sup>1076</sup> Al McGuire

<sup>1077</sup> Vince Lombardi

<sup>1078</sup> John Mariucci

<sup>1079</sup> Sherman Douglas

<sup>1080</sup> Kevin Borseth

<sup>1081</sup> Jim Mora

<sup>1082</sup> Donovan McNabb

He: We've got to turn this team around 360 degrees.<sup>1083</sup>

She: If history repeats itself I should think we can expect the same thing again.<sup>1084</sup>

He: It's a humbling thing being humble.<sup>1085</sup> My potential speaks for itself.<sup>1086</sup> I've had to overcome a lot of diversity.<sup>1087</sup> It's always been the Samson and Goliath story about me.<sup>1088</sup> I've been big ever since I was little.<sup>1089</sup> I quit school in the sixth grade because of pneumonia. Not because I had it, but because I couldn't spell it.<sup>1090</sup> I could have been a Rhodes Scholar, except for my grades.<sup>1091</sup> I'm just surprised that I'm not doing a better damn job.<sup>1092</sup> I spent ninety-percent of my money on women and drink. The rest I wasted!<sup>1093</sup>

She: He's the man of the hour at this particular moment.<sup>1094</sup>

He: When it's third and ten, you can take the milk drinkers and I'll take the drinkers every time.<sup>1095</sup>

She: There are two ways to argue with a woman and neither of them work.<sup>1096</sup>

He: I've got it made—I've got a wife and a TV set and they're both working.<sup>1097</sup>

She: The shoulder surgery was a success. The lobotomy failed.<sup>1098</sup>

He: It's a once-in-a-lifetime thing that only happens every so often.<sup>1099</sup>

She: It's not whether you win or lose—but whether I win or lose.<sup>1100</sup>

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<sup>1083</sup> Jason Kidd

<sup>1084</sup> Terry Venabies

<sup>1085</sup> Maurice Clarett

<sup>1086</sup> Lilian Osterloh

<sup>1087</sup> Drew Gooden

<sup>1088</sup> Randy Johnson

<sup>1089</sup> Refrigerator Perry

<sup>1090</sup> Rocky Graziano

<sup>1091</sup> Duffy Daugherty

<sup>1092</sup> Dennis Green

<sup>1093</sup> George Best

<sup>1094</sup> Don King

<sup>1095</sup> Max Moore

<sup>1096</sup> Carlos Boozer

<sup>1097</sup> Willie Pep

<sup>1098</sup> Mike Ditka

<sup>1099</sup> Randy Moss

<sup>1100</sup> Sandy Lyle

He: I'm not laughing about it. You think it's funny? I take this shit serious. Real serious. I put my heart and soul into this shit every single week. I'm just tellin' you right now what I do every single week . . . It's not funny. Nothing is funny to me.<sup>1101</sup>

She: I'm the oldest I've ever been, right now.<sup>1102</sup>

He: I'm in the twilight of a mediocre career.<sup>1103</sup> All that does is light the fuel to the oven.<sup>1104</sup>

She: In the seven or eight years we were together, we were never together.<sup>1105</sup>

He: That's the biggest laughingstock I've ever heard of in my life.<sup>1106</sup> I ain't gonna be no escape goat.<sup>1107</sup> I may be dumb but I'm not stupid.<sup>1108</sup>

She: Oh, we played about like three tons of buzzard puke out there this afternoon.<sup>1109</sup>

He: One accusation you can't throw at me is that I've always done my best.<sup>1110</sup>

She: We're not attempting to circumcise rules.<sup>1111</sup>

He: This team is one execution away from being a very good team.<sup>1112</sup>

She: It's a good idea. I'm in favor of it.<sup>1113</sup>

He: I'll always be number one to myself.<sup>1114</sup> I love me some me.<sup>1115</sup> I feel like I'm the best, but you're not going to get me to say that.<sup>1116</sup>

She: They say that nobody is perfect. They tell you practice makes perfect. I wish they'd make up their minds.<sup>1117</sup>

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<sup>1101</sup> Derek Anderson

<sup>1102</sup> Tim Sylvia

<sup>1103</sup> Frank Sullivan

<sup>1104</sup> Juwann Howard

<sup>1105</sup> Shaquille O' Neal

<sup>1106</sup> Trot Nixon

<sup>1107</sup> Karl Malone

<sup>1108</sup> Terry Bradshaw

<sup>1109</sup> Spike Dykes

<sup>1110</sup> Alan Shearer

<sup>1111</sup> Bill Cowher

<sup>1112</sup> Doc Rivers

<sup>1113</sup> John McKay

<sup>1114</sup> Moses Malone

<sup>1115</sup> Terrell Owens

<sup>1116</sup> Jerry Rice

He: We're talking about practice. I mean listen, we're sitting here talking about practice, not a game, but we're talking about practice. Not the game that I go out there and die for and play every game like it's my last but we're talking about practice man—I practice over twenty times in a two-minute period.<sup>1118</sup>

She: It's a mere moment in life between the all-star game and an old timer's game.<sup>1119</sup>

He: Therapy can be a good thing, it can be therapeutic.<sup>1120</sup>

*Short pause.*

He: I want you just thinking of one word. One word and one word only: Super Bowl.<sup>1121</sup>

She: What's that? Uh—playoffs? Don't talk about playoffs? You kidding me, playoffs?!<sup>1122</sup>

*They fall silent.*

She: Pain is only temporary no matter how long it lasts.<sup>1123</sup>

He: It's permanent, for now.<sup>1124</sup>

*They fall silent.*

He: Most teams are tempermental. 90% temper and 10% mental.<sup>1125</sup> Ninety percent of the game is half mental.<sup>1126</sup>

She: Statistics are like a girl in a bikini. They show a lot but not everything.<sup>1127</sup>

He: I'm the most loyal player money can buy.<sup>1128</sup>

She: Better teams win more than the teams that are not so good.<sup>1129</sup>

He: What's one more torpedo in a sinking ship?<sup>1130</sup>

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<sup>1117</sup> Wilt Chamberlain

<sup>1118</sup> Allen Iverson

<sup>1119</sup> Vin Scully

<sup>1120</sup> Alex Rodriguez

<sup>1121</sup> Bum Philliips

<sup>1122</sup> Jim Mora

<sup>1123</sup> Ray Lewis

<sup>1124</sup> Roberto Kelly

<sup>1125</sup> Doug Plank

<sup>1126</sup> Jim Wohford

<sup>1127</sup> Toby Harrah

<sup>1128</sup> Don Sutton

<sup>1129</sup> Tom Watt

She: Incompetence should not be confined to one sex.<sup>1131</sup>

He: Don't cut my throat, I may want to do that later myself.<sup>1132</sup>

She: Most games are lost, not won.<sup>1133</sup>

He: We didn't lose the game; we just ran out of time.<sup>1134</sup>

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<sup>1130</sup> Lynn Dickey

<sup>1131</sup> Bill Russell

<sup>1132</sup> Casey Stengel

<sup>1133</sup> Casey Stengel

<sup>1134</sup> Vince Lombardi

## V. Giving Up (The Ghost)

*He drinks a bottle of whiskey alone and wants to commit suicide.*

He: The week is off to a great start.<sup>1201</sup> I am just going out. I might be some time.  
<sup>1202</sup> I am perplexed.<sup>1203</sup> My friend I am cold.<sup>1204</sup> Can this last long?<sup>1205</sup> I don't feel  
good. Is it my birthday or am I dying? I'm dying. I'm going. It is not painful. I feel  
nothing, apart from a certain difficulty in continuing to exist. Clasp my hand,  
dear friend, I am dying. I am dying. It is good. I've never felt better. My design is  
to make what haste I can to be gone. A dying man can do nothing easy. I am  
dying as I have lived: beyond my means. Life has become unbearable, forgive me.  
When I lived, I provided for everything, now I must die, and am unprepared.<sup>1220</sup> I  
must go in, for the fog is rising.<sup>1221</sup> How beautiful!<sup>1222</sup> How nice!<sup>1223</sup> What's  
happened?<sup>1224</sup> This is the last of Earth! I am content.<sup>1225</sup> I shouldn't have  
switched from scotch to martinis.<sup>1226</sup> Codeine! Bourbon!<sup>1227</sup> I haven't had  
champagne for a long time.<sup>1228</sup> I've had eighteen straight whiskies. I think that is

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<sup>1201</sup> Mathias Kneißl

<sup>1202</sup> Lawrence Oates

<sup>1203</sup> Aleister Crowley

<sup>1204</sup> Jean-Sylvain Bailly

<sup>1205</sup> Wilhelm III

<sup>1220</sup> Cesare Borgia

<sup>1221</sup> Emily Dickinson

<sup>1222</sup> Franz König

<sup>1223</sup> Robert Browning

<sup>1224</sup> Lady Di

<sup>1225</sup> John Quincy Adams

<sup>1226</sup> Humphrey Bogart

<sup>1227</sup> Tallulah Bankhead

<sup>1228</sup> Anton Chekhov

a record.<sup>1229</sup> I've had a hell of a lot of fun and I've enjoyed every minute of it.<sup>1230</sup>  
Ah, that tastes nice. Thank you.<sup>1231</sup> That was the best ice-cream soda I ever  
tasted.<sup>1232</sup> The nourishment is palatable.<sup>1233</sup> Wish I had the time for just one  
more bowl of chili.<sup>1234</sup> Do you know where I can get any shit?<sup>1235</sup> Is everybody  
happy? I want everybody to be happy. I know I'm happy.<sup>1236</sup> Don't worry, be  
happy!<sup>1237</sup> Why not? Why not? Why not? Yes!<sup>1238</sup> What's this?<sup>1239</sup> Who's there?  
Who's there?<sup>1240</sup> Waiting are they? Waiting are they? Well—let 'em wait.<sup>1241</sup>  
Wait a minute? I'm coming. I'll come. But wait a bit more.<sup>1242</sup> Why do you not go  
on? I am not afraid to die.<sup>1243</sup> I am innocent.<sup>1244</sup> I am not the least afraid of  
death.<sup>1245</sup>     Whatever the result may be, I shall carry to my grave the  
consciousness that at least I meant well for my country.<sup>1246</sup> I have tried so hard  
to do right.<sup>1247</sup>

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<sup>1229</sup> Dylan Thomas

<sup>1230</sup> Errol Flynn

<sup>1231</sup> Johannes Brahms

<sup>1232</sup> Lou Costello

<sup>1233</sup> Millard Filmore

<sup>1234</sup> Kit Carson

<sup>1235</sup> Lenny Bruce

<sup>1236</sup> Ethel Barrymore

<sup>1237</sup> Meher Baba

<sup>1238</sup> Timothy Leary

<sup>1239</sup> Leonard Bernstein

<sup>1240</sup> Billy The Kid

<sup>1241</sup> Ethan Allen

<sup>1242</sup> Alexander VI

<sup>1243</sup> Mary II of England

<sup>1244</sup> Lawrenti Berija; Zulfikar Ali Bhutto; Francesco Ferrer

<sup>1245</sup> Charles Darwin

<sup>1246</sup> James Buchanan

<sup>1247</sup> Grover Cleveland

What an artist the world loses in me.<sup>1248</sup> What a unique loss.<sup>1249</sup> The sadness will last forever.<sup>1250</sup> I cannot die. I have not finished my work.<sup>1251</sup> What a fool I have been!<sup>1252</sup> I failed!<sup>1253</sup> May I not seem to have lived in vain.<sup>1254</sup> No, I shall not give in. I shall go on. I shall work to the end.<sup>1255</sup> I want to live because there are a few things I want to do.<sup>1256</sup> I don't have time to die!<sup>1257</sup> I have offended God and mankind because my work did not reach the quality it should have.<sup>1258</sup> Pity, pity—to late!<sup>1259</sup> No.<sup>1260</sup> My work is done, why wait?<sup>1261</sup> Tell the people it is no use to depend on me anymore.<sup>1262</sup>

We are all going to heaven and Van Dyck is of the company.<sup>1263</sup> I'll finally get to see Marilyn.<sup>1264</sup> Shakespeare, I come.<sup>1265</sup> I die happy.<sup>1266</sup> Now I'll have a pause.<sup>1267</sup> Now I will go to sleep. I think I've taken too many sleeping pills, I feel a little funny, let me sleep.<sup>1268</sup> Goodnight.<sup>1269</sup> Take away those pillows, I shall need

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- 1248 Claudius Nero  
1249 Auguste Comte  
1250 Vincent van Gogh  
1251 James Buchanan Eads  
1252 Charles Churchill  
1253 Jean-Paul Sartre  
1254 Tycho Brahe  
1255 Edward VII of England  
1256 Anuerin Bevan  
1257 Christoph Georg Lichtenberg  
1258 Leonardo da Vinci  
1259 Ludwig van Beethoven  
1260 Alexander Graham Bell  
1261 George Eastman  
1262 Crazy Horse  
1263 Thomas Gainsborough  
1264 Joe Dimaggio  
1265 Theodore Dreiser  
1266 Charles James Fox  
1267 Kathleen Ferrier  
1268 Gustav Gründgens

them no more.<sup>1270</sup> I can't sleep.<sup>1271</sup> Am I still alive?<sup>1272</sup> The taste of death is upon my lips. I feel something that is not of this earth.<sup>1273</sup> I'm bored.<sup>1275</sup> I'm bored with it all.<sup>1276</sup> I'd hate to die twice. It's so boring.<sup>1277</sup>

I shall not forget you.<sup>1278</sup> You are wonderful.<sup>1279</sup> I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU.<sup>1280</sup> Why are you weeping? Did you imagine that I was immortal?<sup>1281</sup> There's nothin' to weep about.<sup>1282</sup> Mine eyes desire you above all things. <sup>1283</sup> I've always loved my wife. I've always loved my children; I've always loved my grandchildren; I've always loved my country.<sup>1284</sup> My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness toward all men.<sup>1285</sup> Does nobody understand?<sup>1286</sup> That's very obvious.<sup>1287</sup> I see everything rose-red.<sup>1288</sup> It is beautiful.<sup>1289</sup> Happier, always happier . . . <sup>1290</sup> Did you understand? Don't hold me

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<sup>1269</sup> Lord Byron

<sup>1270</sup> Lewis Carroll

<sup>1271</sup> J.M. Barrie

<sup>1272</sup> Julie de Lespinasse

<sup>1273</sup> Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

<sup>1275</sup> Gabriele D'Annunzio

<sup>1276</sup> Winston Churchill

<sup>1277</sup> Richard Feynman

<sup>1278</sup> Adolf Eichmann

<sup>1279</sup> Arthur Conan Doyle

<sup>1280</sup> Kurt Cobain

<sup>1281</sup> Louis XIV of France

<sup>1282</sup> Konrad Adenauer

<sup>1283</sup> Catherine of Aragon

<sup>1284</sup> Dwight D. Eisenhower

<sup>1285</sup> Robert Emmet

<sup>1286</sup> James Joyce

<sup>1287</sup> John F. Kennedy

<sup>1288</sup> Karl May

<sup>1289</sup> Elizabeth Barrett Browning

<sup>1290</sup> Friedrich Schiller

back. My time has come, I must die.<sup>1291</sup> I desired to leave after my life, to the men who should come after me, the memory of me in good works.<sup>1292</sup> Tell them I've had a wonderful life.<sup>1293</sup> I wish to be buried like a dog without a single one of your ceremonies that I don't recognize. I'm counting on your kindness to fulfill my last wish on earth. I'm counting on your friendship that it happens as I have said. I am a follower of Christ as in the first century and nothing else.<sup>1294</sup> I shall have heaven and earth for my coffin and its shell; the sun and moon for my two round symbols of jade; the stars and constellations for my pearls and jewels; will not the provisions for my interment be complete? What would you add to them?<sup>1295</sup>

As to me, I leave here tomorrow for an unknown destination.<sup>1296</sup> Now comes the mystery.<sup>1297</sup> Now I go hence into Paradise.<sup>1298</sup> It is very beautiful over there!<sup>1299</sup>

No grief, pain, misfortune or 'broken heart' is excuse for cutting off one's life, while any power of service remains. But when all usefulness is over, when one is assured of an unavoidable and imminent death, it is the simplest of human rights to choose a quick and easy death in place of a slow and horrible one.<sup>1300</sup>

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<sup>1291</sup> Fyodor Dostoevsky

<sup>1292</sup> Alfred the Great

<sup>1293</sup> Ludwig Wittgenstein

<sup>1294</sup> Henri Dunant

<sup>1295</sup> Zhuangzi

<sup>1296</sup> Ambrose Bierce

<sup>1297</sup> Jakob Böhme

<sup>1298</sup> Henry Ward Beecher

<sup>1299</sup> Thomas Alva Edison

<sup>1300</sup> Charlotte Perkins Gilman

I can't get my breath.<sup>1301</sup> Put that bloody cigarette out.<sup>1302</sup> Open the window: let me see the light.<sup>1303</sup> Water!<sup>1304</sup> Open the second shutter so that more light may come in.<sup>1305</sup> Long live freedom.<sup>1306</sup> The first step toward philosophy is incredulity.<sup>1307</sup> My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?<sup>1308</sup> Up until this time, I thought that there was no God neither Hell. Now I know and feel that there are both and I am delivered to perdition by the righteous judgment of the Almighty.<sup>1309</sup> Great God, and you witnesses of my death, I have lived as a philosopher and I die as a Christian.<sup>1310</sup> Let me go to the house of the Father.<sup>1311</sup> I don't know which is most difficult in a Christian life—to live well or to die well.<sup>1312</sup> God is my life.<sup>1313</sup> Jesus, Jesus!<sup>1314</sup> Trust in God and you need not fear.<sup>1315</sup> See in what peace a Christian can die!<sup>1316</sup> This is the end—for me the beginning of life.<sup>1317</sup> Forgiveness.<sup>1318</sup> Wonderful, wonderful this death!<sup>1319</sup> I were

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- <sup>1301</sup> Enrico Caruso  
<sup>1302</sup> Saki (Hector Hugh Munro)  
<sup>1303</sup> Giacomo Leopardi  
<sup>1304</sup> Ulysses S. Grant  
<sup>1305</sup> Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  
<sup>1306</sup> Hans Scholl  
<sup>1307</sup> Denis Diderot  
<sup>1308</sup> Jesus Christ  
<sup>1309</sup> Sir Thomas Scott  
<sup>1310</sup> Casanova  
<sup>1311</sup> John Paul II  
<sup>1312</sup> Daniel Defoe  
<sup>1313</sup> Mary Baker Eddy  
<sup>1314</sup> Joan of Arc  
<sup>1315</sup> Jonathan Edwards  
<sup>1316</sup> Joseph Addison  
<sup>1317</sup> Dietrich Bonhoeffer  
<sup>1318</sup> Brother Roger  
<sup>1319</sup> William Etty

miserable if I might not die. Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done.<sup>1320</sup> Dear God.<sup>1321</sup> Father into thy hands I commend my spirit. <sup>1322</sup> Lord Jesus take my soul! Let me die and rise again with you. <sup>1323</sup> God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me.<sup>1324</sup> With the supreme communion in Paradise, with those upon whom God has showered his favor, the prophets and the saints and the martyrs and the righteous, most excellent for communion are they. Oh Allah, with the supreme communion.<sup>1325</sup> Strive to bring back the God in yourselves to the God in the All.<sup>1326</sup> Alleluia!<sup>1327</sup>

Have I played the part well? Then applaud as I exit.<sup>1328</sup> Draw the curtain, the farce is played.<sup>1329</sup> Ha—life! I don't want to hear any more about it.<sup>1330</sup> Leave me in peace.<sup>1331</sup> Money can't buy life.<sup>1332</sup> So, my soul, it is time to part.<sup>1333</sup> Go on, get out! Last words are for fools who haven't said enough.<sup>1334</sup> I have long enough stood in death's open door, now I want to step through and close it behind me.<sup>1335</sup> Goodbye dearie. I'll see you later.<sup>1336</sup> I'll see you tomorrow.<sup>1337</sup>

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<sup>1320</sup> John Donne

<sup>1321</sup> Erasmus of Rotterdam

<sup>1322</sup> Jesus of Nazareth; Christopher Columbus; Martin Luther; Lamoral Count of Egmont; Charles the Great

<sup>1323</sup> Georg Friedrich Handel

<sup>1324</sup> Catherine Howard

<sup>1325</sup> Muhammad

<sup>1326</sup> Plotinus

<sup>1327</sup> Charles T. Studd

<sup>1328</sup> Augustus

<sup>1329</sup> François Rabelais

<sup>1330</sup> Margaret of France

<sup>1331</sup> Bertolt Brecht

<sup>1332</sup> Bob Marley

<sup>1333</sup> René Descartes

<sup>1334</sup> Karl Marx

<sup>1335</sup> Wilhelm von Humboldt

One moment more.<sup>1338</sup>

Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something.<sup>1339</sup> Now farewell, remember all of my words.<sup>1340</sup> I have not told half of what I saw for I knew I would not be believed.<sup>1341</sup> I'm sinking, I'm sinking!<sup>1342</sup> A great leap in the dark.<sup>1343</sup> And so I leave this world, where the heart must either break or turn to lead.<sup>1343</sup> Mankind we love you—be vigilant!<sup>1345</sup> All composite things pass away. Strive for your own liberation with diligence.<sup>1346</sup> It is a great consolation to me in my last hour that I have never willfully offended anyone and there is not a drop of blood on my hands.<sup>1347</sup> It is finished.<sup>1348</sup> Ha! God is dead!<sup>1349</sup> Shit!<sup>1350</sup>

The rest is silence.<sup>1351</sup>

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<sup>1336</sup> John Jacob Astor IV

<sup>1337</sup> Alberto Giacometti

<sup>1338</sup> Marie-Jeanne Dubarry

<sup>1339</sup> Pancho Villa

<sup>1340</sup> Epicurus

<sup>1341</sup> Marco Polo

<sup>1342</sup> Wilhelm II of Germany

<sup>1343</sup> Thomas Hobbes

<sup>1343</sup> Nicolas Chamfort

<sup>1345</sup> Julius Fucik

<sup>1346</sup> Buddha

<sup>1347</sup> Frederick V of Denmark

<sup>1348</sup> Jesus of Nazareth

<sup>1349</sup> Friedrich Nietzsche

<sup>1350</sup> Walt Whitman

<sup>1351</sup> William Shakespeare

## After-words

*The collage you have before you is a postmodern homage to cell phones, film and soccer.*

### About Collage Technique

Collage technique is the systematic exploitation of the chance or artificially provoked confrontation of two or more mutually alien realities on an obviously inappropriate level—and the poetic spark which jumps across when these realities approach each other.<sup>1135</sup> A collage (From the French: *coller*, to glue) is a work of formal art primarily in the visual arts, made from an assemblage of different forms, thus creating a new whole. A collage may sometimes include newspaper clippings, ribbons, bits of colored or hand-made papers, portions of other artwork or texts, photographs and other found objects, glued to a piece of paper or canvas.<sup>1136</sup> Collage is essentially a new combination of pre-existing, primarily figural images (for example: illustrations, reproductions, photographs).<sup>1137</sup> The uniqueness of a work of art is identical to its embedding in the context of the greater tradition.<sup>1138</sup>

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<sup>1135</sup> Max Ernst

<sup>1136</sup> <http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Collage>

<sup>1137</sup> Kindlers Malereilexion

<sup>1138</sup> Walter Benjamin

Reproduction, pastiche and quotation, instead of being forms of textual parasitism, become constitutive of textuality.<sup>1139</sup> Above all since, the pop art wave of the sixties and the new realism it gave rise to, collage and assemblage have come to occupy considerable space in the fine arts. The motivations that led to this—whether it be the wish for integration of reality into the work of art, or the dissolution of art in reality, or the overcoming of the real (and its absurdity)—ultimately go back to the basic requirements of modern art and therefore will determine its future development, at least in the form of a trend.<sup>1140</sup> What human beings have made could always be imitated by others.<sup>1141</sup> A printed quotation is quite easy to attribute to an author. The situation is completely different with film quotations. A group of authors adapt a literary original, others write a screenplay based on the adaptation, which in turn is revised by others. Then directors and actors adapt the whole thing to fit their purposes. And finally, a film is dubbed . . .<sup>1142</sup>

### Postmodernism

There's a saying in quantum physics: "Anyone who studies quantum physics and doesn't go crazy, hasn't understood it." Now that I've swallowed a number of books like aspirin, I can assert that this also applies to postmodernism.<sup>1143</sup> In postmodernism innovation is not at the heart of artistic

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<sup>1139</sup> Peter Wollen

<sup>1140</sup> Kindlers Malereilexikon

<sup>1141</sup> Walter Benjamin

<sup>1142</sup> Peter Kordt

<sup>1143</sup> Daniel Bleyenber

impulse, but rather recombination or new application of existing ideas. The world is not contemplated from the vantage point of progress, but is instead seen as pluralistic, accidental, chaotic and in its moments of dissolution. Likewise human identity is unstable, shaped by many cultural factors including highly disparate ones. Media and technology play important roles as vehicles, as well as mediators, of culture. Postmodern art is characterized among other things by an expanded definition of art and quotation-like references to earlier styles, some of which are employed ironically. Where the irony falls flat or is not present, the style can converge with eclecticism.<sup>1144</sup> Postmodernism rejects the innovative ambitions of modernism and vilifies it as mechanical and mainstream. On the other hand, the requirement that the work of art be open as a matter of principle refers back to modernism. A characteristic element of postmodernism is an extreme stylistic pluralism which—in architecture for example—often culminates in an accumulation of quotations from entirely different periods in art. The perception that there is nothing new to create in literature, film, architecture and fine art results in a playful manipulation of existing material (a position already articulated by Thomas Mann). The apparent “return” to history and traditions, however reveals itself as an attempt to make a collage of traditional methods that yields a new whole. In the process, the line between kitsch and art, mass culture and elite perceptions of art are consciously blurred (a prime example here being the artist Jeff Koons). Transavantgarde and late modernism are synonymous with postmodernism, the latter mitigating the

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<sup>1144</sup> <http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Postmoderne>

glaring antithesis between postmodernism and modernism. Their pluralistic self-definition has often resulted in post-modernism's being criticized as arbitrary.<sup>1145</sup>

#### Regarding Cell Phones and Phone Culture

There are revolutions that make the world more complicated and there are revolutions that make the world simpler. Then there are revolutions that make the world simpler in a complicated way. The telephone is one such revolution.<sup>1146</sup> The telephone has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication.<sup>1147</sup> For a long time I wished that my computer were as easy to use as my phone; now my wish has been fulfilled: I can't use my phone anymore either.<sup>1148</sup> People can't seem to get by without their cell phones anymore. The mobile phone has become an artificial limb that we always have on us, and which serves as a link that keeps us from losing contact with the horde. Cell phones not only serve as a means of communication. They are hardly a status symbol as they were early on because nowadays almost everybody owns such a prosthesis. But the use of these devices sends signals to people nearby, connects people from a distance, increases social pressure, enhances security and enables the rapid dissemination of information and

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<sup>1145</sup> Thomas Köster

<sup>1146</sup> Christian Kämmerling

<sup>1147</sup> William Orton, president of Western Union

<sup>1148</sup> Bjarne Stroustrup

images.<sup>1149</sup> Telephone n. An invention of the devil which abrogates some of the advantages of making a disagreeable person keep his distance.<sup>1150</sup>

Regarding Film:

A film is a film is a film is a film.<sup>1151</sup> The screen is the place where something appears and vanishes again without a trace.<sup>1152</sup> How is it that when I think about movies I instantly lose myself in the land of memories.<sup>1153</sup> With the invention of movies begins the extinction of fantasy.<sup>1154</sup> Cinema is a crusade. Cinema is a worldview. Film leads to paramnesia, the condition in which all dreams become reality and sometimes reality becomes a dream.<sup>1155</sup> Maybe film, this dream-like medium, always finds itself only in memory. What flickers past our eyes leaves its mysterious deposit only with the passage of time. Memory rewrites the script, replaces the cast, assembles new sequences from the portions that have been preserved and in this way turns the banal into a fairy tale. Thus, it is not the director, but rather the viewer who is the true alchemist, making gold out of celluloid.<sup>1156</sup> Lovers of poetry or opera or dance don't think there is only poetry or opera or dance. But lovers of cinema could think there was only cinema. That the movies encapsulated everything—and they did. It was

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<sup>1149</sup> Florian Rötzer

<sup>1150</sup> Ambrose Bierce

<sup>1151</sup> Andy Warhol

<sup>1152</sup> Elfriede Jelinek

<sup>1153</sup> Cees Noteboom

<sup>1154</sup> Markus Lüpertz

<sup>1155</sup> Guillermo Cabrera Infante

<sup>1156</sup> Hans Magnus Enzensberger

both the book of art and the book of life.<sup>1157</sup> There are cinematic moments just as there are musical moments, in which the distance between the medium and the viewer or listener is suspended. A shared rhythm springs up, the ear ceases to resist, and the eyes have the power to see only what is present before them, the magic takes effect.<sup>1158</sup> Movies are my religion.<sup>1159</sup> I even believe they could be seen as a kind of religious revelation, disguised as mass entertainment, as many-faceted prophecy, as the hand writing sacred words, like the three oracular words on the wall (on the screen) that appear in the book of Daniel (Daniel 5).<sup>1160</sup> Cinema is a pretext to leave your own life for a few hours.<sup>1161</sup> The film lives as long as it's dark in the cinema.<sup>1162</sup>

In my recollection a mysterious tapestry is woven together from a shimmering nothing. Masters from many countries have achieved it: Buñuel and Kurosawa, René Clair and Truffaut, de Sica and Fellini, Rohmer and Bergman. It is no small feat to let people forget the bitterness of the world for a few short hours.<sup>1163</sup> You do not go to a movie just to see a movie. You go to a movie to cry or laugh with two hundred other people.<sup>1164</sup> Cinema has enriched us with a new inner dimension even when we are not aware of it.<sup>1165</sup> That is what makes cinema so attractive like a long journey or a state of intoxication: we are brought

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<sup>1157</sup> Susan Sontag

<sup>1158</sup> Peter Sloterdijk

<sup>1159</sup> Quentin Tarantino

<sup>1160</sup> Guido Ceronetti

<sup>1161</sup> Steven Spielberg

<sup>1162</sup> Samuel Goldwyn

<sup>1163</sup> Erwin Chargaff

<sup>1164</sup> John Naisbitt

<sup>1165</sup> Ryszard Kapuscinski

face to face with *the other*. And the requirements for the intensity of this encounter are always present: our eyes don't want to see anything else, our ears wish to hear nothing else, not even the crunch of popcorn.<sup>1166</sup> When a film does well, it is a business success. When it doesn't do well, it is art.<sup>1167</sup> Cinema appeals to either a wide audience or an elite.<sup>1168</sup> Good films can change the way people think.<sup>1169</sup> What would my life be without cinema? It would be like what the philosopher Thomas Hobbes said about the life of man: "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." But such is the life of people who have never been to the movies.<sup>1170</sup>

### Regarding Soccer

The fascination of soccer is easy to experience, difficult to describe and impossible to explain.<sup>1171</sup> Soccer has the same function in society as other artistic media: a good movie, a good song, a good image.<sup>1172</sup> A good soccer game is like a good poem.<sup>1173</sup> A nation that has good soccer players doesn't need bad politicians.<sup>1174</sup> A day without soccer is a day misspent.<sup>1175</sup> Soccer is music, soccer is freedom.<sup>1176</sup> Soccer is not an all-request radio show.<sup>1177</sup> The secret of soccer is

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<sup>1166</sup> Orhan Pamuk

<sup>1167</sup> Carlo Ponti

<sup>1168</sup> Viktor Jerofejew

<sup>1169</sup> Steven Spielberg

<sup>1170</sup> Guillermo Cabrera Infante

<sup>1171</sup> Andreas Tenzer

<sup>1172</sup> César Luis Menotti

<sup>1173</sup> Michael Buselmeier

<sup>1174</sup> Helmut Schön

<sup>1175</sup> Ernst Happel

<sup>1176</sup> Bob Marley

the ball.<sup>1178</sup> You have to get the round thing in the square thing.<sup>1179</sup> You can win every game, you can also lose every game.<sup>1180</sup> The truth is on the field.<sup>1181</sup> It's the same in soccer as it is in love. What happens before can be really great, but it's only foreplay. You've got to score.<sup>1182</sup> There's also tenderness in soccer. You must caress the ball with your feet in such a way that it lands in the opponent's net.<sup>1183</sup> There's really nothing more to say about soccer; everything's been said.<sup>1184</sup>

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<sup>1177</sup> Franz Beckenbauer

<sup>1178</sup> Uwe Seeler

<sup>1179</sup> Sepp Herberger

<sup>1180</sup> Franz Beckenbauer

<sup>1181</sup> Otto Rehhagel

<sup>1182</sup> Max Merkel

<sup>1183</sup> Pelé

<sup>1184</sup> Michael Lentz

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