***8-Mile* (movie)**

*Jimmy (Tony) checks out the girls, smiles their way, heading backstage. But this ain’t no fucking disco. Before he gets far some BIG BAD DUDE stops him –*

*Shines a flashlight in his face. Hollas some shit at him. Jimmy tears off his headphones. The song cuts out –*

**JIMMY**

*(yells over the music)*

Yo what the fuck you call me?

**BIG BAD DUDE**  
Where ya goin`, dawg – you ain’t backstage, are ya?

**JIMMY**

What you say about me?

*(gets right up in the big man’s face)*  
Do you even know who I am?

*The big dude shines the light bright back in Jimmy’s face. He’s security.*

**BIG BAD DUDE**

Fuck no. You wanna go backstage or what?

**JIMMY**

I ain’t goin’ nowhere ‘til you tell me what the fuck you said, man –

***The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger**

I was a little nervous. I was starting to feel pretty sexy and all, but I was a little nervous anyway. If you want to know the truth, I'm a virgin. I really am. I've had quite a few opportunities to lose my virginity and all, but I've never got around to it yet. Something always happens. For instance, if you're at a girl's house, her parents always come home at the wrong time - or you're afraid they will. Or if you're in the back seat of somebody's car, there's always somebody's date in the front seat - some girl, I mean - that always wants to know what's going on *all over* the whole goddam car. I mean some girl in front keeps turning around to see what the hell's going on. Anyway, something always happens. I came quite close to doing it a couple of times, though. One time in particular, I remember. Something went wrong, though - I don't even remember what any more. The thing is, most of the time when you're coming pretty close to doing it with a girl - a girl that isn't  a prostitute or anything, I mean - she keeps telling you to stop. The trouble with me is, I stop. Most guys don't. I can't help it. You never know whether they really *want*you to stop, or whether they're just scared as hell, or whether they're just telling you to stop so that if you *do* go through with it, the blame'll be on *you*, not them. Anyway, I keep stopping.   
The trouble is, I get to feeling sorry for them. I mean most girls are so dumb and all.  After you neck them for a while, you can really *watch* them losing their brains. You take a girl when she really gets passionate, she just hasn't any brains. I don't know. They tell me to stop, so I stop. I always wish I *hadn't*, after I take them home, but I keep doing it anyway.

***Bridesmaids* (movie)**

Megan, are you okay?

I think my dress is probably just tight.

Oh my God, you got food poisoning from that restaurant, didn’t you?

No, I had the same thing that she had and I feel fine.

Oh my God.

You know, I don’t really care what dress we get I just need to get off this white carpet.

GO OUTSIDE! I’M SERIOUS! THERE’S A BATHROOM ACROSS THE STREET!

I need a toilet! I need a toilet!

Look away, bitch!

What did we eat? It’s coming out of me like lava.

Don’t you fucking look at me!

….

You’re really doing it, aren’t ya? You’re shitting in the street.

**Joke**

A husband comes home late at night, drunk and with vomit on his shirt. As he walks through the front door his wife is waiting for him and begins to chew him out for being so drunk and throwing up on himself.   
  
The husband explains that although he's been drinking, the vomit actually came from some guy he met at the bar and to prove it, he tells his wife to go in his jacket pocket where she'll find the ten dollars the guy gave him to have his shirt dry cleaned.   
  
The wife goes into his jacket pulls out the money and says "OK, why is there a twenty dollar bill in your pocket? The husband replies "Oh yeah I forgot to tell you. The guy also shit in my pants."

***Friends with Benefits* (movie)**

**Dylan:** It's just sex.  
**Tommy:** That never works, bro! She's a girl, sex always means more to them. Even if they don't admit it.  
**Dylan:** Jamie's different.  
**Tommy:** Does she have a penis where most girls have a vagina?   
**Dylan:**No penis.  
**Tommy:**Then she's not different.  
**Dylan:** What do you know about women, anyway?   
**Tommy:**Dude, I've turned down more tail that you'll ever have.  
**Dylan:**Yeah, bro. You're gay!  
**Tommy:** But the offers still keep rolling in, naturally! Look at me? And, hey, I love women. They're beautiful, majestic, mysterious, mesmerizing creatures. Smart, empathetic. Far superior to men in every way. And if I had a choice, I would be with women to my dying day. But, me likes cock. So I'm strictly dickly.