

SATURDAY, MAY 8TH, 2000.
LIDO BEACH, LONG ISLAND.

I CAN'T BELIEVE
I FORGOT MY FUCKING
WALLET.

IT'S NO BIG
DUDESTER. I GOT YOU
COVERED. YOU'RE MY
BITCH TONIGHT. I'LL JUST
EXPECT A HANDIE
LATER.

IT'S NOT THAT.
THEY WON'T LET ME
IN WITHOUT PROPER
I.D.



ROB'S RIGHT.
THEY'RE NOT GOING
TO LET HIM IN.

THANKS FOR THAT,
MAXIMILIAN. SERIOUS,
THANKS FOR THAT.



COULD YOU NOT
LOOK SO MISERABLE,
ROB? CHILLAX.

WANT ME TO
"CHILLAX"? FIRST
STEP: DON'T SAY
"CHILLAX".

FINE.
DONE.





SO, I.D.?

I FORGOT IT AT HOME.

NOT GETTIN' IN, THEN. NEXT.

I'M NOT JUST GONNA WAIT IN THE CAR LIKE A DOG WHILE THESE--

YEAH, ACTUALLY YOU ARE.

GREAT. JUST GREAT. I'M ON THE WRONG SIDE OF TWENTY-FIVE. I'M JUST DIVORCED...



AND NOW THIS: BEING KEPT OUT OF A PLACE I DON'T EVEN WANNA BE BECAUSE I--

NEVER MIND, GUY. JESUS, JUST GO IN.



WHAT?!?

(JUST GO IN, MAN. BUT DON'T ORDER FROM THE BAR OR I'LL LOSE MY JOB.)

SERIOUSLY? THAT'S TOTALLY DECENT OF--

JUST GO!

NEXT. LET'S SEE SOME I.D.



THAT WAS SOME STRAIGHT-UP JEDI MIND SHIT, BRONUS.

YOU JUST CAN'T FAKE THAT KIND OF BITTERNESS.

SAD, BUT TRUE.

YUP.
AND SO IT
GOES.

THERE'S THE PUNIM I HATE: THE
"ROB SOURMASH." EXTRACT THE BUTTPLUG,
KOBBA AND LIVE A LITTLE.

"KOBBA"?

MY SPECIAL
NAME FOR A SPECIAL
BOY.

YOU ARE SO
THE 'MO FOR ROB IT
MAKES ME SQUIRMY.



SQUIRMY AS IN
JEALOUS THAT YOU'RE NOT
MY SPECIAL BOY? DON'T BE
JEALOUS, JEALOUS.

UGH, PLEASE. YOUR "SPECIAL
BOY" NEEDS TO LEARN TO RELAX.
YOU NEED A DRINK, "SPECIAL
BOY." YOU LOOK DRY.

I AM DRY, BUT NOT FOR
ALCOHOL. ALL THESE GYRATING
GIRLS. IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE
I'VE, UH--

PLANTED
THE FLAG.

EXACTLY.



SO APPLY SOME
CONVERSATIONAL LUBRICATION.
I'M BUYING. THE USZH?

YEAH, I'LL
HAVE A WHITE
RUSSIAN.

THAT'S ADORABLE. SPECIAL BOY'S SPECIAL
DRINK, SO HE CAN CATCH THE COURTESY VAN TO PUSSY TOWN. JUST
DON'T ORDER A MUDSLIDE. I'VE BEEN RELIABLY INFORMED THAT'S
A GIRL DRINK.

DULY
NOTED.





YO! YO, BOSS! LEMME GET THREE VODKA RED BULLS!

HEY, CHIEF! STOLI RAZZ ON THE ROCKS AN' TWO MILLER LITES!

YO, GUY! SHOT A JAME-OH AN' A COORS LITE!

HOW DO YOU COMPETE WITH THAT?

BARKEEPS HATE GUYS LIKE THEM. BIG MOUTHS, SMALL TIPS. WATCH THE MASTER.

AHOY, GOODLY MIXOLOGIST! KINDLY SET UP THESE FINE-ASS WENCHES WITH THE LIBATIONS OF THEIR CHOOSING.

YOU FOR REAL, KID? LEMME SEE SOME I.D.



THIS PLACE HAS A REAL BONER FOR I.D.

THERE YOU GO, CHAMP! OH, AN' A GREY GOOSE GRAYHOUND, A WHITE RUSSIAN AN' WHAT'RE YOU HAVIN'?

A ROLLING ROCK.

UCCH. YOU SHAME ME.



AND WHAT'RE YOU TWO FINE PIECES OF MACKEREL CALLED? I'M MATT.

I'M TONI.

I'M TINA.

TONY AND TINA? LIKE THAT THEATER THING WHERE YOU TRAIPESE AROUND AS PART OF THE SHOW?





OMIGAWD, WE GET THAT AWL TH' TIME! IT'S TOTALLY MENTAL!

YEAH, IT'S TOTALLY CRAZY!

LOCAL GIRLS, I TAKE IT?

BAWN AN' BRED, SOUTH SHAW.

MASSAPEQUA. TOTALLY.



WELL, ENJOY YOUR DRINKS, LADIES.

WOW, HE JUST BAWT US DRINKS AN' DIDN' HIT ON US. THAT'S CLASSY.

I KNOW, RIGHT? WE SHOULD TOTALLY BLOW HIM LATUH.



YOU CRAZY? YOU HAD THOSE TWO MAD TEED UP.

I CAME TO SEE THE BAND. THOSE TWO? UCCH. THEIR VOICES WERE PURE BONERIDE. I CAN'T ROLL WITH THE LAWN GUYLAND ACCENT.

WHAT A FUCKING SNOB, YOU ARE. I'M FROM ROCK-AWAY. HOW'D I PASS YOUR STANDARDS TEST?

AND YOU'RE DRINKING A ROCK. I HAVE NO IDEA, BUT I'M NOT LOOKING TO BONE YOU.



NO, JUST ROB. THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T WANNA MAKE TIME WITH THOSE TWO HOTTIES.

RIGHT. HEY, IF THEY'RE ALL TEED UP, YOU GO TALK TO THEM, CASANOVA. MAKE THEIR VICTORIAS A LITTLE LESS SECRET.

THE MOMENT'S PASSED. YOU BLEW IT FOR US.

KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT, PEACHES.