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Let me just say that both marriages were mistakes. I have terrible taste. Both of them. They were... treacherous. Not just them. Every woman I ever met. I don't know if it's New York, or my profession or what but...women are brutal. Article in the paper the other day. Penguins, right? They mate for life – totally monogamous. And rocks are very important to them for their nests. So when the penguin husbands aren't around the female will do this mating dance thing for the single male - who thinks he's gonna' get lucky, right? - and she suckers the guy out of his rocks. And then she runs away. She doesn't even put out! I mean how low is that? You never hear of the males in the animal kingdom doing stuff like that – only the female of the species. (*she is blank*) Do you see the point? Come on, Jules. The power of sex thing. Women control it and they can be treacherous about it, that's all I'm saying. I swear, I can't sit here and say that I ever loved either of my ex's. They just got on my nerves less than most women. (he drinks) Maybe it took two marriages - "failed" marriages, beat you to it - to make me realize that...I don't think I've ever been in actual...romantic love. Seriously, Jules, it's a foreign concept to me. Even when I was a kid, I didn't -- (*he moves closer to her*) Okay, okay - true story. Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein, right? End of the movie they escape from the house full of monsters, but the young doctor's in love with this woman and does the whole, "We've got to go back in and save Joan" bit." So they do. And I'm like eight years old saying "screw Joan - there's other women out there." Okay, okay, that was the view of an eight year old. But I watched it again a couple years ago, Jules...and I felt the same way. I wouldn't run into a house full of monsters for a girl. I wouldn't...lay down in the middle of a shrine to a woman who didn't want me anymore. And...every woman, Jules, I swear, every woman I've ever known I could pick up and disappear like that without thinking twice. They just...never meant anything to me. Nothing. Not a...fucking thing.