

JEFF

If you ask a child how they're feeling, they'll say, "There's a bowling ball in my chest where my heart used to be." It's terrifying for kids to have a feeling and not be able to describe it. Now, instead of a bowling ball, they'll know it's heartache.

SEB

Ah, you're in pain. I get it. And pain can have a name.

Jill, Peter Phil. But the remedy can have a name, too.

Priscilla, Holly, Daisy. Box of Kleenex and a cold left hand. This is the drawer of letters from women who often describe incredible things in incredible detail.

"Dear Mr.Pickles, What a rare, sublime kindness you bestow upon the world. Attached, please find a photograph of my clitoris."

JEFF

I think it might be upside-down.

SEB

There are short women, there are tall women, Some subtle, some have a kosher dill knuckle-deep inside their hoo-has. This one's from Akron. You know, it's only two hours away. Give her a call. Buy her some cheesecake.

JEFF

Married.

SEB

Jill's met a new friend, who she's fucking. Now, why can't you meet a new fuck-friend?

JEFF

I'm sorry, I'm not- I can't think this way.

SEB

Uh, monsieur attend, attend. Let us have a conversation about friendship, huh? Let us parlez about the value of friends Oh, fuck this. Jeff, they're not all looking for sex. Most of them would just like to meet you. Derrell and I would like to dive deep and curate you a top ten.

JEFF

I don't like the idea of being out on a date. People staring at me, wondering, "Did he not make a covenant with his spouse?"

SEB

No, no, no. Stop that. No one would see you eating with another adult and think you're out on a date.

JEFF

I'd be a a man, out with a woman.

SEB

No, you'd be Mr.Pickles out with a woman. The general populace doesn't see you as a sexual being. We see eyes, we see ears, we see a nose, but there's nothing between the legs. We see Mr.Potato Head.

No one sees a man.

JEFF

Thanks, Dad, but I am a man. I am. Just a different kind.