

TOM: You know what... I say to hell with it! Let's level with America. Or at least make them speak for themselves! I mean, seriously, what's this... *(picks a card off the table)* "Congratulations on your new baby." Eh ... How bout ... "Congratulations on your new baby... Guess that's it for hanging out. Nice knowing ya."
(picks up a card) Oh wait, what's this? Ooh look at all the pretty hearts. Let's open it up. "Happy Valentine's Day, Sweetheart. I love you." Oh that's nice. Aint love grand? *(beat)* See this is what I'm talking about. What's that even mean, "love?" Do you know? Do you? Does anyone?
If someone gave me this card, Mr. Vance ... I would eat it. It's these cards and these movies and these pop songs. They're to blame for all the lies, the heartache, everything! We're responsible! *(beat)* I'm responsible.
I think we do a bad thing here. People should be able to say how they feel, how they really feel, without some strangers putting words in their mouths. Words like "love" that don't mean shit.

I'm sorry Mr. Vance, but I quit. There's enough bullshit in the world without my help.