

# Norm MacDonald — Me Doing Stand

## Up (2011)

Wow, you're all right, okay? Thanks for coming out. The great San Francisco, greatest city, and, uh... The amazing, uh, Fillmore, And, uh, you know, it's unbelievable... It's good to be alive, you know what I mean? Isn't it? That's what I say. That's what I like.

That-- I find that to be the goodest thing there is, To be alive. And, uh, the reason it's so good is because it's so bad to be dead. It's not like life's so fucking great, but... Compared to being smothered in Earth.

So I'm just-- Every day, I'm happy now. That's my goal in life is not to die. Everybody need a goal. And so that's my New Year's resolution every year. I go, "I'm not gonna die."

I think, actually, scientists Should kind of look into that whole death thing, Because, uh, They seem to focus on diseases, And, uh, you know, I don't give a fuck about them, Cause, you know, the guy'll go, "Hey, you got, uh... "We fixed your, uh, arthritis." And then you go, "I'm still gonna die?" They go, "Yeah." So that, I think, is the biggest problem.

That's why I can't get behind politicians, you know, Cause they're always like, "Our biggest problem today is unemployment." And I'm like, "What about getting old And sick and dying?" Then they usher me out the back way, you know, but...

Seriously, if there was a politician ever that said, "By my second term, there will be no death." I'd go, "I'm voting for that fucker." I'd just give that guy all my money, And I'd sit on a chair.

Sometimes, I actually think I won't die. You ever think that? You go, "Fuck it, I'm not dying." But in your mind, when, you know, you analyze-- You realize, you know, like-- Like, you know, my dad died and my grandfather died And my great-grandfather died, you know. And the guy before him, I don't know. Probably died. I think he died. Cause, otherwise, he'd be on, uh, extra.

No, I... I come from a long line of death. That's my point. That's my point. And so I fear it, you know. I fear it a lot. And I think most of us do, you know, But it's funny, like, how-- Like, what we fear, how we're gonna die. It's always the ways we don't die, you know what I mean.

Like we go, "God damn, I hope a polar bear doesn't eat me," Or some crazy shit, you know. Or I hope a airplane. You know, I got on a airplane today. Every time you get on an airplane, you go, "I hope I don't die." But you never die on an airplane. Ridiculous.

Or you go, "I hope a terrorist does not attack and kill me. I hope that doesn't happen." You know, you're always afraid of that, But you think about it, what's the odds That a terrorist will attack and kill you? You know, almost zero, you know?

But what are the odds that you will be attacked and killed By your own heart? It's probably 100%, you know, I think. Heart's not good. People think it is, but it isn't.

People like hearts. They go, "Here's a valentine's-- A heart." You go, oh.

[laughs weakly]

They go, "That guy's got a big heart." I go, "He better fuckin' watch it then, 'Cause... "Gonna attack and kill him. I don't know if he knows that."

That's what got my dad. His heart attacked and killed him When he was lying on his bed, And, boom, dead on the floor. You know, they said it was instantly. And my dad, he wasn't expecting it. He was looking for fuckin' arabs and shit, And his heart attacked and killed him. And he was dead, like, instantaneously.

And, uh, sad. We were all sad.

When something like that happens, People just try and make you feel better. They'll say anything, you know. One guy said to me, "Don't worry, Norm, "He died in his sleep. He didn't feel a thing." And I was like, "Really?" "When his heart attacked and killed him, He didn't--"

Cause I wake up, like, if my cat walks across my belly. You know that. I don't know if my dad was that sound a sleeper.

One guy said, "He's in a better place." I said, "He's on the floor... "Dead. "Earlier, he was alive on the bed. "Now, with that tempur-pedic pillow "I bought him for Christmas, I'm... "I'm no physician, "But I think that's the better place over there. On the, uh... On the bed."

Your only chance if you have a heart attack Is if they get there early enough, They have these things called defibrillators, And what they do is, they attack your heart. Cause that's all the heart understands Is violence, you know.

And, uh, so they get there early, They go, "Aah!" Then your heart's like, "Aah! Wha--?! I wasn't gonna kill him."

[laughs]

"Uh, that's-- That's funny that you thought that. "I was-- I was just worried he was eating, uh, Too much eggs and shit."

You can actually get defibrillators. Like, I urge you to get them, you know. Cause you can get 'em-- I order 'em-- You get 'em, And then you can teach your loved ones How to use them on you. And they even show how you use them on yourself.

And, uh, so I sent away for 'em, And I'm getting 'em, and, uh...

I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. As soon as I get the box, I am going to preemptively attack my heart. Like, before it does anything, I'll just be like, "Aah!" My heart's like, "I didn't do anything!" You go, "Fucking right, son, and you're not going to. "On account of I'm carrying around these fuckers with me Wherever I go, so... "I think I'll go on a roller coaster now and... Eat a egg."

But that's all that'll get you-- A heart attack Or a cancer. That's the other thing, you know.

My uncle Burt, he's my great-uncle, But we call him uncle Burt. He got bowel cancer now. He's, uh... He's dying of it, you know. And, uh-- Or like, uh, some people like to say...

Now they-- See, in the old days, A man could just get sick and die, you know? Now they have to wage a battle,

[laughs]

so... So my uncle Burt is waging a-- A courageous battle, Which I have seen, cause I go and visit him, And this is the battle. He's lying in a hospital bed With a thing in his arm, watching Matlock on the TV. The state of that battle, I-- I got him the box set of Matlock, and...

But it's not his fault. What the fuck is he supposed to do? Go, "I got you!" It's just a black thing in his bowel.

And the reason I don't like it is Cause in the old days, they'd go, "Hey! That old man died." Now they go, "Hey! He-- He lost his battle." That's no way to end your life. You know, "What a loser that guy was. Last thing he did was lose." "He was waging a brave battle, "But at the end, "I guess he got kind of cowardly was what happened. "And then, the bowel cancer, it got brave. "You gotta give it to the bowel cancer. You know, they were in a battle, and then--"

What the fuck?

And I'm pretty sure-- I'm not a doctor, But I'm pretty sure if the cancer dies-- I mean, if you die, the cancer also dies At exactly the same time. So that, to me, is not a loss. That's a draw. That's a-- You know what I mean?

It's not like fucking The cancer's gonna jump up and go, "Aah, I'm fucking uncle Burt's wife. "Where is he? "I won fair and square. "Is this where he works? "Hi. Name's Cancer. Where do I-- "You just show me to my cubicle. Bowel. First name's Bowel."

No, man, I wouldn't have no brave battle When I'm fuckin' dyin', I'll tell you this, Cause I'm not brave. So when the fuckin' sickle of death Is over my goddamn neck, I'm gonna be so cowardly.

I'm-- You know, I'm afraid Of going on ferris wheels and shit. You know? I'm not gonna be brave. I don't care how old I am. I could be 94. I'll be like, "Ooh, please, oh! Take my grandson." "Oh, he's young and fresh. "I'd gladly make a deal with the devil "If there's any-- "I've read that in literature. Oh, anything, please."

Now, listen, man, I like the news. You guys like the news? I always watch the news. And I'll tell you something about the news. I don't understand it. But for some reason, I watch it. I don't even know why, But, uh, I think I'm supposed to or something, So I'll watch it, and then the guy'll come on, He'll go, "Anyways, today, the deficit..." And I'll go, "Ah ha ha, I've heard that word."

And the guy goes, "Today, the Dow Jones/Nasdaq composite index is, uh, down," And then I go, "Ah, that's not good." Down. Up. I like when it's up. That's my opinion on the...

Seems like there's too much news, Like, you know, cause now they 24-hour news. Now, when I was a young boy, The news was half a hour. That was the whole news, you know, And a guy would come on, and he'd have a tie, You know, and shit, and he would say the news, And it was a half a hour long.

Now it's 24 hours long. Now, it turns out that back in the old days When it was only half a hour, They had it about right. That's about all the news there is. Even then, there would always be, like, a story-- Some fucking story at the end About a caribou or some horseshit, So there wasn't even enough to fill the half a hour.

But 24 hours, way too long. So they have to keep repeating the stories All the time and everything, And, uh, you know, make up stories, you know. They do that a lot, make up Things that aren't really news stories, But they have to, you know, fill the 24 hours, you know.

And the one I notice that they make up a lot, This is the latest one I've seen. I see this all the time on the news.

The newsman will come on, he'll go... He'll go, "Good evening, everybody. This is the newsman." Whatever he says. He's not gonna say that. Then he goes, "Our top story tonight, A lady has vanished."

That's the story.

And then he goes, "Let's go outside, Where there's another guy." So then they cut to outside. And then there's a guy outside, And he's like, "Hey, listen, how's it going inside? "We're outside, and, uh, "We found out about this lady that vanished. "Her name was Janice, "And they found her car here "In the Taco Bell parking lot, "And, uh, don't worry about the car. "It's fine, but, uh... "Can't find hide nor hair of the lady. Well, back to you."

So then you're watching, You go, "Well, I don't give a fuck On account of I never knew Janice in the first place." "Matter of fact, I'm kind of happy it's Janice And not somebody I know."

But then what they do is, They start telling you about Janice, you know? And they go, "Hey, we got-- We found out some cool things about Janice." And you're like, "No, that's cool. I don't want to hear." They go, "No, no, you want to hear."

They can't help themselves, So they go, "Let's go back to Bill. "He's, uh-- He's, uh, still outside. And, uh, how's it going, Bill?"

And Bill's like, "It's all right. "It's no inside, but it's cool. "And, uh... "Anyways, we found out about Janice. "Turns out she's a good lady, "And, uh, we found some friends of hers, And here they are."

And then, sure enough, they show a lady And it says, "Friend of Janice." And, uh, she says, "I'll tell you something about Janice. "You want to hear about Janice? "Janice is the type of lady "That you could always turn to. "You know, you ever want to turn to somebody? "Like, if you got a problem or something, And you know how you feel like you want to turn?" "You ever do that? "Or maybe your neck just hurts And you want to anyways.

The point of it is "That once you swiveled your head over this way, "The person you'd most want to see In your eye line would be Janice."

And then they have another friend of Janice That wasn't the first one, and she'll go, "I'll tell you Janice, oh, my God. "She was the type of lady "That she could walk into a room And light up the whole room, you know? "She didn't have a fucking light or nothin' like that. "She would just somehow, "Through sheer tyranny of will, she could somehow illuminate a room. I don't know how."

And there'll be Janice's third friend lady That's not one of the earlier two, And then she goes, "I'll tell you about Janice. "Is that who you're asking me about, Janice? "Janice was the type of lady "That you could be talking "To your best friend in the whole world, "And then Janice come in and you go, Fuck you, I'm talking to Janice." "Cause Janice is better than you. "Come on, let's face it. She's better than all of us."

So anyways, then you're at home, And you start liking Janice, you know what I mean? You start getting invested in her. You go, "God damn, that Janice is a cool lady. "I would like to meet her one day. "That would be a lot of-- Fuck, I forgot she vanished." "Ah, just my luck." "They'll find her."

Then you get hope. That's not good. I don't give a fuck what Obama says, Hope is never good. Don't try it. Never works out.

So you go... You go, "Oh, man, they'll find Janice. "They're putting pictures up of her on telephone poles. "I think that worked once, and..."

And then the news keeps showing you More things about Janice, you know. And they'll show you, like, home videos of her. You're like, "God damn, look at that. She's eating a pizza." "I like her hair like that." "They'll find her."

And then you become obsessed with Janice. It's all you can think of, you know? You're at work, fucking just can't wait To get home, agonizing over Janice, you know, And thinking about her eating pizza and shit.

And then you go home, And your nights are just fevered dreams Of, you know, Janice and bangs and shit like that. And all you can do is turn on the TV and hope, And, you know...

And then one day, you know, They go, "Hey, more news on Janice. Here's Bill. He still outside." And then Bill is, like, outside, And he's like, "Here we are. "Uh, as you can see behind me, "They are scouring the woods. They're still searching for Janice," you know.

And then, you go, "Oh, fuck, not the woods. You know, that's not--" Nothing good ever happens in the woods. I've seen enough of these fucking stories to know That Janice ain't coming bounding out of the woods Any time soon, I'll tell you that.

She's like, "Hey! What's going on, everybody? I-- I was just taking a stroll through the woods." "What are you taking my picture for? "I was just-- Just decided to take a stroll through the scraggly woods."

No, if they find you in the woods, They always find you in the same place. Every time, they will find you In a, uh, shallow grave. I don't know why they don't just look there in the first place.

That's-- If I was the police chief, I'd go, "Listen, I want every shallow grave "In the vicinity checked out. "I want to clear up this case by Tuesday "On account of I'm running for D.A., or whatever."

But, uh... Doesn't "Shallow grave" Seem a might rash? You know, if-- Like, these serial killers are supposed to be so shrewd And cunning and everything, you know. At least according to the TV movies I've seen.

And, uh, but then when it comes time For the grave, They get a little hasty, you know. "Here you go-- Three twigs and a leaf. "That ought to do it. "That doesn't look like Janice anymore. "Don't recall Janice ever wearing "Three leaves and a twig. "Oh, well, guess I'll go home And await the authorities now."

You gotta prepare these things, you know? You gotta be a little smarter than that.

You know, what I would do, And I would never, ever kill a lady in cold blood...

[cheers and applause]

I wouldn't! I know I say that now. I don't really know. I can't predict the future. But I don't believe I... I know there's no river long enough Doesn't contain a bend. But I believe that, right now... And it might just be vanity-- I don't think I would, uh, I would kill a woman in cold blood.

But if I did, I would plan it out very carefully, you know? Cause there's a lot at stake. You know, you think about it, you probably, you know... Probably lose your job. I don't know what happens. That's a blemish on the old C.V., you know? Even in today's enlightened society, There remains a stigma to being a psycho-sexual sadist.

But, uh... What I would do is I would, like, I would look at the la-- I would select a lady, And then I would follow her habits. You understand what I'm saying?

Like, I would watch her very carefully, you know? And I'd go, "Hey! I notice that every day, "She goes to that cheese sandwich shop, "And then she comes out with a little paper bag. I'll bet you anything there's cheese sandwiches in there." You know?

So then I keep that in my head, you understand.

Then I'd say, "Hey! "I notice every Wednesday evening, "She goes with her other lady friends, "And they go down to the YWCA And they play basketball with each other." Which is fine nowadays. You know?

So what I would do is, On Wednesday, I would go down to the YWCA. And what would I be holding In my right hand in the parking lot But a cheese sandwich?

So then she would eventually come out of the YWCA, You know, all sweaty with her, uh, you know, Her ridiculous, three-colored ball and everything there. You know, and... I'd be standing there.

[laughter and applause]

And then she'd go, "Hey, what's in your right hand?" And I'd go, "Nothin'." I'd be coy, you know. And she'd go... She'd go, "There's something in your right hand."

I'd go, "Listen, lady... "Who knows more about what's in their right hand, "You or me? I believe-- "Oh, this! "No, this is just a cheese sandwich. "Why, you like 'em or something? What's... "I got a whole fucking van full of 'em over there. "Right over there. "Yeah. Yeah, that craziest-lookin' fucking van "You ever saw... That's filled with cheese sandwiches."

You don't have to have cheese sandwiches In the van, by the way, if you're... You know. Unless you want to be known for your detailed work, It's not... It's not really necessary.

Then I would get the lady in the van, And I would drive her to a remote area, An area... Most known for its remoteness. That's what I would look for.

And anyways, I'd take her to the remote area, Where I'd constructed a shed, And then I would get her in there, And I would do that thing that makes me feel like God. And, uh...

And then her screams would just bounce off the walls And echo out into nowhere and never... Touch the ear of civilized man again.

And then I would take her body to the woods, And bury her in a very, very, very deep grave.

[laughter and applause]

That's... That would be most of my preparation. I would start digging the grave Before I chose the victim. Couple of years before, I'd be out digging a grave.

But, no, listen... Enough of this grimness.

Although my buddy-- I did want to say one thing About my buddy Richie, who has a disease. And, uh, but it's-- It's an interesting disease he has. He has the disease of alcoholism. Alcoholism.

And, uh, he came to me, you know, And he told me, and, uh, I like to look-- I'm the kind of guy that likes to look At the bright side of things, you know?

So I told him, I said, "Richie, it's true "That you have a disease and everything. But... I think you got the best one." It's the only disease where you Get to drink booze all the time.

I-- I haven't looked at every medical journal, But I believe... It's the only disease where you can constantly drink booze. As a matter of fact, that is the disease.

You know, and I don't think Richie Would think if he had a-- Like, I don't think Richie would go to my uncle Burt And go, "Hey, I understand you got bowel cancer. "Yeah, man, I know how you feel. "I gotta... Drink a lot of booze. "Those diseases... "They're tough, those diseases, huh, uncle Burt? Hey, what's your symptoms, uncle Burt?"

"Well, my bowel, I got blood pouring out of it all the time. "I got bowel blood pourin' out, gushin' out of my bowel, "Almost nonstop. "And, uh, I got searing, clawing pains, "Ripping, tearing, you know. "Uh... Mind-screeching... Bowel pains. "And, uh, they're combined with aching, dull, Soul-deadening bowel pain." "Those are basically my symptoms. How about you?"

"I get happy." "And, uh, you know. "I tend to be able to talk to people easier, I find." "Sometimes, I will meet a lady at a bar, "Got the same disease as I do, "And I'll fuck her. "But, uh... "That's in the latter stages of the disease, "Uncle Burt. You ought to realize that. You know what I mean, uncle Burt?"

But, uh... No, but, listen, man, I don't minimize what he does, though, Cause he's... He, you know, He admits that he's a alcoholic And that he's weaker than a bottle, And that ain't easy to do. I couldn't do any of that shit. I'm too proud, you know what I mean.

I got too much pride, you know. Like they say in the scriptures, "Pride goeth before the fall," you know. And he can somehow... You know, it's a very beautiful thing he does.

He goes to alcoholics anonymous, And he says, right in front of them, he says-- You know, he goes in front of a whole room full of people, And he says, "I am a alcoholic," You know? Which I know does not sound that anonymous. But... I didn't name the group, but... Sounds like the exact opposite of anonymous. Whatever.

Like, to me, the alcoholics that-- You know, the anonymous alcoholics to me Would be like you guys. I don't fucking know, I... I can't tell. You know?

But once you tell a whole church basement full of people, Your cover's pretty well blown.

But, uh... Anyways, it still requires a lot of...

The only thing they seem to be anonymous about, From the way I can gather it, Is they won't tell you their last names. Anything else goes, you know? But, uh, not the last name. Oh, no.

Sometimes, they'll say the first-- Like they'll go, "I am Richie, and I am a alcoholic." Or the first initial. They'll say, "Hi, my name is Richie K., And I am a alcoholic." Then anything goes. They're like, "Ah ha ha, one time I, uh, "I remember I was under the influence of the demon rum, "And, uh... "By God I started punching my newborn in the face. "Ah ha, yeah, it was... "Then I looked down at my

fist, "And it was all bloody with, uh... "I don't know what it was. "It was either from my knuckles "Or my son's skull. "Yeah. "I'm not telling you my last name. "That's... "That's none of your beeswax. "As far as I'm concerned, "A man should have a little, you know..."

"Did I ever tell you about the time "I blew a dog for a pint of gin? "I ever tell you that story? Oh, yeah, I told-- I did tell you that one?" "First initial's 'K', I'll give you that much. "Richie K., but I'm not gonna tell you the last letters. "Plus, you can memorize my face. "But other than that... "I would like to keep this completely anonymous. If there was just a way I could..."

And what better way to keep a secret, When you think about it, Than tell a room full of drunks? That's not going anyplace, you know. Soon as the guy has a relapse, "Hey, Richie blew a dog for a pint of gin. He told a whole bunch of us."

All right.

I mean, I understand, the dog had some gin. What are you gonna do? "Oh, yeah, Richie K. You know Richie K.?" But I don't drink myself, you know.

It's not 'cause I'm no big-- I'm just afraid. You know, I fear everything, you know. And, uh, so I'm afraid to and stuff. But, um... I used to.

Now I don't drink, And when you're with people that drink, It doesn't work out. That's why that designated driver thing I don't think ever worked out.

I see ads for it again, Like, you know, trying to resurrect that idea, But it's kind of a flawed notion, you know?

It's like, "Hey, Bill, listen, "We were wondering if you'd come out with us. Here's the idea." "We want to go out and drink, "And then we were hoping you'd come with us And not drink. "How's that sound to you? "We're gonna go to a bunch of different bars and drink, "And then you'd come with us and not drink. "Also, we're not gonna be driving. "You're gonna pick us up at our different houses, "Go to a bunch of bars, "Not drink while we drink, "And then drive us all home. "How's that sound to you? How's-- How's that catch you?"

Guy's like, "I don't know, what's the catch? It sounds too good." "Is there some sort of..."

But I don't drink, and if you don't drink, I'll tell you something, bars are not a lot of fun, Because, you know, when you think about it, Fuckin' all-- You know, all it is Is you're just sitting at a big oak table for four hours. It's not... That's not fun unless you're drunk.

And then everybody else'll be drinking, You know what I mean, So their fun is going up and up and up, you know. It's rising. Their fun is escalating, While your fun is staying exactly the same.

And then by the end of the night, You don't even know what the fuck they're laughing about. Just everybody's laughing. And then they start resenting you for it. I've seen that, man. Drunk people do not want a not-drunk guy there. I know that. I've been there so many times.

It always ends the same. Guy comes up to you, goes, "Hey, what's the matter with you? "Cheer up. Ahh!" Then you're like, "Oh, now I'm having a good time, too. "Don't take a wild swing at me when I'm not looking. "I'll be driving you home later. This is a lot of fun."

Worst thing about not drinking is, uh, Is-- Is sex.

Because if you're drinking, You can meet a girl, she'd be drunk, And that very night you can have sex with her, Called a one-night stand.

Now... If you're not drinking-- I don't know if you've ever had a one-night stand Dead, clean sober... But I have. And it's not a lot of fun.

Get back to your apartment, you're like, "All right, I guess I'll take my trousers off now, ma'am, and..." "No, I won't. Sorry about that. "Well, good-bye. It was nice to meet you. "I don't know what I was thinking. "We're human beings. "Once again, I apologize for the trousers incident. Very nice to meet you."

Because booze somehow-- I don't know how it works. But it's some magic elixir Where it takes away the-- It makes you think that sex is not a dirty, Filthy, shameful thing. I don't know how it does it, but it does it.

And, uh, in regular life, That's why sex is so tough to get going, Because it's so shameful and filthy, and, uh... Obviously meant only for procreation.

So when you get-- When you get-- When you do it, you know--

And my friend was like, "Oh, there's nothing Shameful about sex." But I was like, "Of course there is."

On account of I think about what you do before sex, You know what I mean? Like you-- You take the phone off the hook and everything like that. You make sure the kids aren't around or whatever. You know? You pull the blinds down, right?

What's that? That's shame. That's what blinds were made for. Pull down, shame.

You don't pull the blinds down When you're making a nice cherry pie For old widow Hamilton, huh? I notice they stay up for that.

Poor old widow Hamilton. Her osteoarthritis now has become so bad-- I don't know if you know widow Hamilton, but, uh...

Really, her only joy in the later years Has become her pies, and, uh... Her osteoarthritis has become so bad, She can't knead anymore. You know, you have to knead. She's now lost her ability to knead.

Anyways...

No, I'm just saying, I don't want to boast or anything, But if it wasn't for me And some of the other members of the community, I don't know if the old bird would still be with us.

But that's not the point. The point is, Sex is a filthy, shameful thing.

And... Like, all right, one time, I read this. This is a thing I read, uh, uh, by a scientist. It was in one of those big science books, you know? Or else it was one line in USA Today. I can't remember. But... But it said this.

It said, "Scientists now say That a man thinks about sex once every 7.3 seconds."

Now... Now, of course, that's horseshit. Like, how could that possibly be, you know? You couldn't walk down the street, "Uh, cock, pussy, ass." You know, you'd blow your fucking head off By the second day.

And, also, I am a man. I don't need no scientist telling me nothin'. I know what I think once every 7.3 seconds. Plus, I don't like when they use decimals like that. You know, guy could have said Once every 10 or 15 seconds. You know, he had to prove he was a scientist.

But anyways, I know what I think once every 7.3 seconds.

I'll just be walking down the street, you know. You just, you know, you're like, "Doodley do. Hey, there's a building. "Doo doo doo dee. "Hey, look at that. "Guy wearing cowboy boots over there. "How 'bout that? Huh. "Doodley doo. Wonder if i should wear cowboy boots. "Nah, I'm too old for that stuff. "Oh, there's that building again. "Doodley doo. "Hey, my ass is itchy over here. "I can't scratch my ass out here in the street. "Hey, Willie Nnelson still wears cowboy boots. "Billy Joe Shaver, too. Those fellas must be well nigh threescore and ten."

Anyway, it's just a bunch of meaningless gibberish. That's my point. But it's not sex.

And then, the real time-- This is the amount of time that you think about sex. Every once in a while. Which is... Not a scien-- Scientists don't like that term. But every once in a while you think about it, And, uh, you know, like, I think about it Every couple days. Or if you're a younger man, You probably think about it more. You know what I mean?

But then the problem becomes, When you think about it, It's all you can think about. You know what I mean? It just encompasses your whole brain. You know, you're just like, "Aah!" You're like a-- Like a fucking werewolf or something, like...

Usually, you're a civilized human being. But then every couple days, you're like, "Ah hah... Ah hah." And then you gotta close the blinds, you know? And then...

[cheers and applause]

"Agh ahh... "Ahh, the bedroom. Gotta go back to the bedroom. "Agh, take a lady back there. Agh."

And then you go to your bedroom, Which normally, I love the bedroom. It's the most beautiful place where you can, you know, Finally escape this hellish joke we call a life, and just... You know, lie on your tempur-pedic pillow And, uh... Dream of jelly rolls and stuff like that.

But not when you're in this state, you know what I mean? Then you go in, you're like, "Aaghh!" And the things that you do in that bedroom... Good Lord God, it's-- It's beyond the imagination Of you as a civilized human being most of the time.

You know what I mean? You're in there, you're like, "Aaah! Aagh! "Rahr ah hah! Aghh!" Your fucking mind's gone. Your mind is gone. That's all I know.

You ever actually say things that you're doing? Your mind's fucking so gone, you're like, "I am fucking you! Aaah! My cock is going-- Ahh hah!" And the lady's like, "Yeah, I know, whatever." "You don't have to say it."

Ladies don't have that "Aagh" thing. They're-- They're more elevated. I don't know what they-- I can't speak for ladies. I don't know what the fuck they do... In the bedroom.

I think they just try and make a noise They think you will like, you know? That's about... They're like, uh, "Whooh! How's that?" You're like, "Yeah, that's fine. Aaagh!"

But... Girls don't have the same thing.

You know how you can really know that, Is, you ever be having sex with a lady, the phone rings? Lady can answer the phone. Whilst you're having sex. She's like, "Ooh, yes, that's good. Whatever that is. Ahh."

And then the phone rings. She's like, "Hello?"

And you're like, "Aagh." Just... She's like, "Oh, hi, marcie. "What's going on? [scoffs] "Well, you're not gonna get it back. "Because it's Shirley. "Well, don't-- No, it's not you, honey. "It's-- You're too good, it's... "Don't you remember the blouse? "Look, sweetie, I'm on your side. "I'll talk to you tomorrow. We'll have a, uh, "We'll go to lunch, have a, uh... Endive salad."

Whatever the fuck. I don't know what ladies eat.

And then they can go back, you know, and go, "Go ahead." You know, and you're like, "Agh!"

But... The point is, a guy could never-- The guy would never answer the phone. It would be impossible, you know?

You can be like, "Aah!" The ding-ding. "Ahh! Hello? Ahh! "Oh, yeah. Hey, Frank, what's going on? "Yeah, I remember that shirt. What? I'm about to-- I gotta go! Aagh!"

You know. Frank's clearly not getting his shirt back, but... You got no time for it, you know? You got-- Your head's gone.

But I'll tell you when you know sex is the most shameful, When you feel it the most, Is a moment after sex... The moment, the smallest amount of time in physics, The moment right after sex.

That's when you're just a vessel of shame, you know? It's like... You're just lying there like,

[whimpers]

"Well, that was odd, huh?"

[chuckles]

"I guess I'll go get some sour cream and onion chips now if..." "I'd prefer if we never spoke of this again. Would that be okay?"

That's why I never understood guys That add more shame to it. You know what I mean? As if it's not shameful enough, Some people will pile on more shame, you know what I mean?

Like you ever read about those guys, like they'll... Wear a rubber suit of some fucking thing. And a lady'll whip their balls, Or I don't know what the fuck.

But... It all ends up the same, you know. You're still like, "Heh heh heh." But now you got a crazy getup on. "All right, then. "Why don't you go turn on Matlock, and, uh... "I'll take these rubber trousers off and... Put those in the hamper."

So I'm very ashamed of sex and everything.

Some people are proud of it, though. I have met guys that are proud of their sexual, Like, prowess. You ever hear that word? I read that once. It's, uh, it means like, how good they are at sex. They'll brag-- Brag about it. They'll go, "I'll tell you, man, what I'm good at is, you know, fuckin' and suckin'."

Seems like the oddest thing, you know. Cause how hard is sex? You know, it's one of the easiest things That you could-- It's not like darts or something, you know.

Have you ever played darts? It's like, "Ah, what? "Triple? I can't-- I keep getting four." I don't know, but...

Sex couldn't be simpler. Hey, there's only like five things you can do In the whole fucking thing. You know?

You ever think you invented a sixth? You're like, "What about this? Aagh!" Then later, you go, "Ah, in all humility, I guess that was pretty close to number five."

You know who's really-- You know who's really proud of their sex? You ever hear guys with small cocks talk about it? Small cock guys. Them guys. Holy Lord. Can't talk about it enough. They even got poems.

You know, they'll say, "Ah, it's not the motion of the ocean, It's the boat of the lotion." I don't know. I don't know the-- I don't memorize the poems.

But... I've even heard variants of the same poem. It's like, "It's not the tree or the size, It's the ax that you whacks." I don't know.

But, uh, it's... It's a little sub genre of poetry now That's taught in many of our finer institutions.

Turns out guys with small cocks, Nothing they like more Than just spoutin' free verse at home About their...

And the...

[chuckling]

The subtext of every one of these beautiful poems is, uh, it doesn't matter how big your cock is, It's what you do with it. You know?

Like the guy with the giant cock would have no clue. You know, how would... How would he possibly know? It's like, "What do you do? You put it in, and then you..." "I'm stumped. I don't know." "It's ironic-- Everyone wants my giant cock, But..." "I don't think I'll ever solve this..." "Rubric. I don't know, I..." "If only it was smaller and easier to maneuver, I..." "I can't-- I can't figure it. I don't know."

Oh, man.

The fucking camera fucking taking a picture of... What the fuck are you doing? You just like that-- That guy just clearly likes that lady. He's like a half an inch away from her vagina With the camera. What is that?

We got the TV here. The TV is with us. You guys are gonna be on the TV. Mostly, it's gonna be me talking, And then somehow, it'll cut to a shot Of this lady's vagina. Don't quite understand.

Has he given you his business card yet?

No, listen, um...

Hey, it's great to be here in San Francisco. Uh, this is the first week of, uh, the golf, you know, And Tiger is, uh, my favorite golfer ever, you know. And, you know, he went to Stanford. If you guys don't know that, which is awesome.

And, uh, I'm hoping this is his year, man, Cause I feel bad for the guy, you know. And, uh, God damn, it's too bad that happened and everything. And, uh, you know, whatever. I just hope he does good, that's all I'm saying.

It was funny, at the time it happened, I--you know, you get so, like, naive About things, you know what I mean? Like I remember I was, like, outraged and everything. I don't know what the fuck I was thinking, you know?

Like I don't know what I thought his life was, But I remember at the time going, "What?! "I don't believe you. "Are you telling me-- You tell-- "Are you trying to tell me "That that guy is worth 6 billion. "You're telling me "That the world's greatest athlete over there, "Tiger Woods, you're telling me "That that guy, "That super handsome, charismatic dude "Likes to lie down with ladies? I don't buy it. "I... "Don't buy that for one second. Doesn't make any sense."

And then when it turned out to be true, I was all, like, outraged like an idiot, you know. I was like, "Ahh! "I don't like hypocrites. "I don't care for that. I-- "He always presented himself in public As a golfer." "I would see him on TV. "He'd be hitting a golf ball and shit, "And the golf ball would get near the hole. "That's what I thought. "I didn't know he was leading some kind of double life "Where he was golfing by day And laying down with ladies at the night. "If I'd known that, "I never would have bought the fucking buick "In the first place, you know. "Now I'm driving down the street in my buick, People snickering at me."

I don't know. I don't know what I thought his life was. I try to remember back, you know? Cause when you look at it, Of course, it makes complete sense, you know.

What do you think, he's like, "Hey, I'm Tiger Woods. "I just won the Tiger Slam last-- "I have sipped from the claret jug, "And I've hoisted the Wanamaker Trophy. "Here I am trying on my second green jacket. "What should I do tonight? "I know, I'll go back to my hotel room alone "All by myself. "That'll be fun. "I understand there's a card sharks marathon "On GSN tonight. "I'll invite Mark Calcavecchia over, "And we'll have a... We'll have a grand old time together."

What the fuck?

"I'll just get some room service. "Hello. Uh, yeah, I'd like, to... "Oh, hi. What's your name? "Christine. Christine. "Yeah, listen, I'd like to get a chicken breast sandwich. "No, I don't want a blow job to end all blow jobs. "I want... "A chicken breast sandwich... "With a pickle. Can I get a pickle with it? "Can I get an eighth of a pickle? "Like, lengthwise sliced so I just have 1/8. You have anything like that down there?"

But, see, I don't think that he's like a... People all think of him As a sexual predator or something, you know, but-- Like in the-- Like the-- But I don't think that.

I think the girls went after him. You know, I don't think he's trolling through Perkins Trying to find waitresses, you know?

I think... It's like he's in Perkins with his lovely wife, Enjoying a piece of pie, you know, And then he leaves, And then the waitress runs out and she goes, "Oh, wait, you forgot this thing, Plus I'll fuck you tomorrow if you come back." He's like, "Okay, well, the..."

So he has the, you know, The temptations of the flesh all the time, you know, And so, you know, you gotta take that into account.

And Tiger, he's not like us. He's not like a regular guy. He's like a rock star.

A regular guy, you know what I mean, He doesn't have that much-- How... Like a guy like me and you, How many times would we have a chance To commit adult-- In our whole lives, We might have ten opportunities, you know? Probably think it's ten. Probably only six.

But... So let's say it's ten, So we stray once, that's 10%. Twice, 20%.

Now, Tiger, maybe he had 60, 70 women. What about the 3 million that he didn't fuck That he could have? You gotta factor those gals in, you know?

Now, when you do that... I did it on a little, uh, calculator. It turns out that Tiger only had sex With 0.000000002% Of the women he could--

Now, statistically, that's 0%. From-- From a strictly mathematical point of view, Tiger is the most faithful man who ever lived. That's my point.

[applause]

so... God bless him, And I hope he does well at the masters, Cause, you know, he's got a, uh... You know, he trying to catch, uh... Nicklaus and Snead and so forth, And, you know, I've wasted 16 years of my life Watching the fucking guy, and, uh...

He's got a date with destiny, And I'm not talking about some lady At the Spearmint Rhino. Literal destiny he has a date with. But anyways.

Oh, so San Francisco, man. What else-- What else is San Francisco famous for?

Oh, guys sucking and fucking each other. Forgot about that.

[laughter]

They're equally proud, by the way. They're just as proud as straight people Of their sucking and fucking.

As a matter of fact, every year, They're so proud, they have a parade for it. It's called the gay pride parade, And, uh, it's a odd thing to me, Cause I'll tell you something, When I was a boy, you know, And I'm older than you fellers, but...

When I was-- When I was-- When I was six years of age, I remember my dad showing me on the television, There was a parade because Neil Armstrong and the boys, Why, they had gone to the Moon.

They-- Here, man had touched the... The satellite that... That whirls around our whirling cinder, And then they came back. Now, they had a parade for them.

My dad had me watch it On his little Philco TV that he kept in the kitchen, And he said-- I remember he said, "Watch this, son," you know.

And Neil Armstrong and the boys were going down, Ticker tape, Fifth Avenue. It was like a very majestic moment.

Now, this is how parades have, In my mind, devolved a little. Now it's a bunch of guys Who like sucking and fucking each other.

Am I supposed to bring my kid on my shoulders? "Hey, look at that! "Enjoy your cotton candy. "There's some more guys Who like sucking and fucking each other."

And they like doing it. I don't think you get a parade For something you like-- Like, if they didn't like, Maybe then I'd show up, you know what I mean?

If they... If it was like, "I don't like it, "But God damn it, I'll do it for my country. Aah!" Then I'd go, "Son, that man's a patriot. "He understands there's greater than the individual. There's..."

But there is one very touching moment, Cause a guy took me to this gay pride parade. And the most touching moment-- Makes you cry-- Is there's the parents of the adult gay children, And they're holding, like, signs and stuff, you know, And it's the most moving, uh, part of it.

And, uh, first of all, They're not dancing around in leather and shit. And, uh...

But you see them, And some of these guys are old fellas, You could tell, you know, were in korea and stuff, You know what I mean?

And so... And they carry signs that say, You know, "I am proud that my son is gay," you know. And it's so beautiful, but I still... I think they're choosing the wrong words, Cause pride, again... I don't, you know...

Like, there's a difference between accepting And loving and everything like that. But, uh, you know, I don't think anybody's bragging about it Down at work or anything, you know?

Guy goes, "Hey, guys, come over here, man, "I want to tell you something about my youngest son, Bill. McCluskey, get over here." "I want to tell you about Bill. "We're so proud of him. "He graduated Harvard this year, top of his class. "Gonna be a lawyer, what do you think of that, huh? "You can use him, McCluskey, next time you get in trouble. "Yeah, my son. "None of us MacPhersons ever graduated the fifth grade. "We're all just a bunch of chunks of coal, "But, aw, it's all gonna change now. "Our young son, Bill. "Tell you something else we're proud of him for. He..."

[laughter]

"He was on the junior varsity basketball team, "And, uh, in a span of seven games, "He had four triple-doubles to end the season. "What do you think of that, huh? "Unbelievable. Also loves cock. I don't know the--"

"In his mouth, up his ass, "This kid, he doesn't care. "I don't know how he does it. "I can't do it myself. Yeah." "My son, Bill. "Gonna be a lawyer. "I got a picture of him. "He's gonna be articling in greenwich next year. "There he is. He's graduating. "That's his graduation picture. "Look at that, with his robes there, "And the mortarboard, you know, look at-- "It's the hat, McCluskey, you ignorant bastard! "They call it that. "Look at him there, huh? What a picture. "You can't see it in the picture, "But he's got eight cocks wedged up his ass. "And, of course, you can see "The fine spray of jizz "Arcing over his tongue As he greedily laps it up. Well, well..." "I feel so much pride when I see that picture. Pride is the thing that I most feel."

Anyway...

Listen, folks... I just want to say, uh, San Francisco's, uh, awesome. And, uh, I'm from L.A. And, uh, hey, we can't wait to get your football team. We're looking forward to that. And, um...

- How's O.J.?

- O.J.?

Well, I've changed my mind on O.J. No, I'll tell you what I feel about O.J.

[cheers and applause]

it's... I feel-- As much as I was indignant about his acquittal, I'm equally indignant about his, uh, His going to prison for stealing his fucking own shirts.

I don't think that's fair. I don't think, if you steal your own shirts, You should get 35 consecutive life sentences. That doesn't seem fair to me at all.

And now he's probably saying, "I wish I got fucking... You know, I wish I was put up for the other crime." Because here's the thing.

In prison, they have a pecking order. Now... In the pecking order, One of the top people on the pecking order Are the double murderers. They're way up high. Very well respected members... Of the, uh, old gray bar, you know, community.

But... Guys who steal their own shirts... They're at the lowest on the pecking order. And the pecking order involves a lot of ass fucking, basically.

And, uh, so I feel sorry for O.J., Cause I'm sure he's going, "Wait, I fucking killed two fucking people. I killed a waiter and my wife, savagely." And they're like, "We saw the fucking trial. "If the glove don't fit, you can't acquit. "You stole a jersey and nothin' more. "Now get your fucking ass over here. I have to fuck it."

No.

[laughter and applause]

There you go! God bless you, folks. I love you very much. Thank you so much.

[cheers and applause]