

KNOCKED UP

Debbie: He hates it when I go out. He won't admit it, but I know he does. But, he can't say anything because I'm at home all day with those kids and if I don't get a break I'll go crazy.

Allison: That's nice that he trusts you.

Debbie: He doesn't trust me. He just thinks nobody wants to screw a mother of two.....but I still look hot right?

Allison: Definitely.

Debbie: Hot for two kids.

Allison: Hot for no kids. You'll be the hottest one in there.

Debbie: See, only girls know how to talk to girls. Hello.

Doorman: End of the line.

Debbie: Really, come on.

{the doorman waves two girls in}

Debbie: What was that?

Allison: Come on, lets go somewhere else.

Debbie: Who the fuck do you think you are? You think you are allowed to judge me? What the fuck do you know? Oh, you think

you get to decide who's cool and who's not cool?...Who's hot and who's not hot? Don't fuckin judge me. Your a doorman. What do you make like six bucks an hour? Doorman! Doorman! Doorman! Doorman! Doorman! You little roided out loser. You may have the power now, but you are not God. And if you weren't the doorman here, nobody would let you in either.

Doorman: Look, your hot and everything, but I don't make the rules. I can't let you in because your an "older person."

{Doorman slams the door. Debbie & Allison sit on the curb}

Debbie: It's over.

Allison: What's over?

Debbie: My youth. I just want to dance. I love dancing.

Allison: Then dance.

Debbie: I don't want to be the oldest person in the club. I'm so embarrassed.

Allison: Why should you be embarrassed? I'm the pregnant one. I'm having a baby for christ's sakes.

Debbie: At least I can let the babysitter off early. She always gets angry when I stay out past 12. That girl is such a pissy little high school cunt.