

FROM "1989"

LARRY admonishes JACK about his responsibilities

LARRY

You can't do it, Jack. It's not allowed. There's no time to *rethink*. You do it on the go. You get up. Eat. Shave. Piss. Moan. Drive to work. *Rethink*. Go to lunch. Go to the bank. Go to the big meeting. *Rethink*. Come home. Curse the dog. Curse the dandelions. Look at your wife's ass. Have a Bud. Watch a reliever blow a three run lead. Scratch your balls. Watch Nightline. Mow the lawn. Refill the wiper fluid. Curse the Pope. Day dream about you boss's secretary's tits. Throw away that pen that's leaking ink. And hammer that ten-penny nail into the living room wall so you got a place to hang your hat. The only hat you'll ever have. Your *family*. You don't burrow into a hole and expect you can stick your head up in a year. You don't do that. ... You think I like what I do, Jack? Selling windows? I'd like to *rethink*. Oh brother would I ever. I'd like to go somewhere. You know what I'd like? I'd like to be a park ranger. (*longing*) Out west. Wide open spaces. Stand there with my Mountie hat on. Stick my head into cars all day. "Morning folks. Here's the map of the park. Enjoy your stay." But I can't do that. And you can't either. ... Everything has a price, Jack.