

*(Quint knocks on the door to Bodie's room)*

BODIE: Holy shit! If it isn't mon frère. Usual vault rules apply: Touch not, lest ye be touched.

QUINT: You're such an anal-retentive bastard.

BODIE: I tried to teach you how to handle comics in the sixth grade, but oh no, you wanted to play Little League instead.

QUINT: What's that?

BODIE: Like it? I framed it before you got here.

QUINT: Oh, my God! Rene dumped you!

BODIE: Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned for Sega.

QUINT: What's that mean?

BODIE: You had to be there. Just keep reading.

QUINT: Wow! Look at this laundry list of complaints. You have no direction, no college ambition, no job prospects.

BODIE: Yeah. It also says I have no dick. But you'll notice that follows the financial question, proving once more what women really look for.

QUINT: What do you do for money, anyway?

BODIE: Blood bank, sperm bank, currently considering the eye bank.

QUINT: Wow, she calls you callow in here.

BODIE: You say that like it's bad.

QUINT: It means frightened and weak-willed.

BODIE: Really? Shit. That was the only part of the letter I thought was complimentary.

QUINT: Yeah, well, you're lucky. Unlike you, I didn't even get a letter filled with obscure adjectives.

BODIE: What are you telling me here?

QUINT: I, too, now am in the framing business.

BODIE: Holy shit! Brandi dumped you. Wait a second, aren't you two supposed to go to Florida?

QUINT: Yeah. Should've left this morning. It gets worse. I was gonna propose to her.

BODIE: Where?

QUINT: On the Universal tour.

BODIE: You're kidding! What part?

QUINT: When Jaws pops out of the water.

BODIE: That's the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

QUINT: Too bad I'm not trying to marry you.

BODIE: Let me ask you something. Did you ever fart in front of her?

QUINT: Why do you ask?

BODIE: I never farted in front of Rene, not once, all right? Then last week I let one slip. Today she dumps me.

QUINT: You think that that's why Rene dumped you? C'mon, she's not the shallow type, Brodie.

BODIE: She was going down on me at the time.

QUINT: Shut up!

BODIE: What can I say? I was feeling very relaxed. When I'm relaxed, I squirt.

QUINT: If all she did was dump you, you got off light.

BODIE: I can't believe this shit. Why are we sitting here trying to figure out where we went wrong with our significant others?

QUINT: We just nailed it, in your case.

BODIE: No, there is something out there that can help ease our simultaneous double loss.

QUINT: Ritual suicide?

BODIE: No, you idiot. The fucking mall!

QUINT: I prefer ritual suicide.

BODIE: Come on, man! It'll be great. They got these new cookies at the cookie stand. You have to try them, they're awesome.

QUINT: You think the promise of a cookie is gonna lure me into doing something I have zero interest in? What am I, 10 years old?

BODIE: Quint, don't be such a pussy, all right? Just go. All right, I'll tell you what. We can stop off at Brandi's if that'll make you feel better. You can talk to her, maybe patch this thing up.