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Actually. You know what? Can I say something about the cat? Yeah, uh, this is- and Rhoda, no disrespect here....but, um, this is total shit. "Go for it" and "You can do it"? That's not inspirational. That's suicidal. (Points to the greeting cards) If Pickles goes for it there, that's a dead cat. These are lies. We're liars....think about it. Why do people buy these cards? It's not because they wanna say how they feel. People buy these cards because they can't say how they feel or they are afraid to. We provide the service that lets them off the hook. And you know what? I say the hell with it. I say let's level with America. At least let them speak with themselves. I mean, look at this. What does it say? Congratulations on the new baby. How about congratulations for your new baby, guess that's it for hanging out. Nice knowing ya buddy. Wait, what's this? Ooh... fancy! Look at this one with all the hearts. Let's open it up. "Happy Valentine's Day, Sweetheart. I love you." Oh that's nice. This is exactly what I'm talking about? What does it even mean? Love. Do you know? Do you? Anybody? If somebody gave me this card, Mr Vance, I would eat it. It's the cards and the movies and the pop songs. They are to blame for all the lies and the heartache. We are responsible. I am responsible. I think we do a bad thing here. I mean, people should be able to say how they feel, how they really feel, not some words that some stranger puts in their mouth. Maybe it's not love at all. Maybe there's no such thing as love. Maybe it's... "galoogoo." Yeah I made it up, so what?! It's all crap. We make and peddle crap. And sometimes people believe in this crap. I just can't do it anymore, Mr. Vance. There's enough bullshit in the world without my help. I quit.