

PEEP WORLD  
FAMILY'S ARGUMENT.

( JOEL) .... Oh, I am going to miss that car.

FATHER: Okay. So how is everybody? This is a great dinner. Look, I know that this is a celebration for me...For my 70th birthday, and I really appreciate it, but at this point, I just want to make a toast . To my fabulous son Nate, and the great success he's having with his book, Peep World. Congratulations, Nate. You did it, kid.

NATHAN: Thanks, Dad.

CHERI: Oh, pardon me if I don't toast to a man who's ruined my life. And I don't know how any of you...

NATHAN: I ruined your life? And what did I do? Did I make you more unemployed? More dysfunctional? More fucked up?

CHERI: You stabbed us all in the back, you motherfucker.

NATHAN : You're a fucking bitch, okay? You honestly have wasted your entire life being an asshole. Look at yourself in the mirror. You look like a fucked-up version of Amy Winehouse..

FATHER: Nate! Cheri! ( TO CHERI) Just save your drama for the stage, where you don't get paid.

( TO NATHAN) And you stop laughing. It's not funny.

I want to tell you something, Nate. I want you to be proud of yourself. When you're successful, there are always people who will tear you down. That's what they do. It's something that your brothers and your sister wouldn't understand.

JACK: Thanks, Dad.

FATHER: Everybody at the firm tells me it's a hell of a book.

NATHAN: What did you think?

FATHER: I haven't read it.

NATHAN: You haven't read it yet?

FATHER: Well, come on, what do I have to read it for? I lived it.

NATHAN: You didn't read your own son's novel?

FATHER : I haven't read my own son's novel.

But you know, obviously, I'll get around to it.

What? What is it that you don't understand, Nate?

NATHAN: You. Okay? I don't understand you.

FATHER: Can somebody please tell me what the hell he's talking about?

JACK: Don't worry, Nathan. Dad's proud of you... as long as people at the firm are patting him on the back.

FATHER: I would be just as proud of you, Jack, if you ever built something substantial, if you built a building and I walked down the street and I could point to it and say, "Look at that building. That's my kid. My kid built that building."

JACK: Once again, it comes back to you.

FATHER: What are you saying? You're saying I only think about myself? I see. Well, then, let me ask you something. Who the fuck paid for your architectural school? Huh?

( TO CHERI) : And what about your nose job, princess? How many nose jobs did you have?

CHERI: One, and then one for maintenance.

( TO JOEL) Rehab. How many times?

JOEL: Three.

FATHER: Three times. That's ridiculous. I didn't hear any complaints when the cash machine was open. Speaking of which, Jack, how's business? I had a nice chat today with Brad Thomkins. Told me that your drawings weren't up to par. But that's fine, not to worry. As a favor to me, he said he'd give you another shot.

JACK: I don't want another shot, Dad. My business is over. I don't want to be an architect anymore.

FATHER: Look, Son. Nothing is over. Business is cyclical. It goes in stages. You had a few bad months. That's okay. You just... you gotta stick to it.

JACK: Why?

FATHER: Because it's yours.

JACK: But I don't want it, Dad. My heart is not in it. I don't think it ever was.

FATHER: Okay, fine. Fine. Let's eat. Come on. No problem. I just want to know one thing. What are you gonna do about money?

JACK: I don't know.

FATHER: You don't know. That's great. I have news for you. Being a father is expensive.

JACK: No kidding.

FATHER: I'm surprised you're even having a kid, because as far back as I can recall, you never had any balls at all.

CHERI: Ohh

MOTHER: Henry, that's enough!

JACK: Mom. Mom, it's okay. I'm okay.

FATHER: I didn't raise my kids to be quitters

JACK: You didn't raise us at all, Dad. God. I may never make as much money as you, Dad, but I know one thing. I'll be a better father than you ever were.

FATHER: That's right; walk away. That's right, Jackie boy. Leave. Walk away. Come on, Laura. Don't worry about the business. Deep down, he's just like me.

LAURA: No, Henry. He's nothing like you.