

Well, what is it today? more spelunking?
multiply your anger by about a hundred, kate,
that's how much he thinks he loves you. the man
likes to play chess; let's get him some rocks.
did you hear about the happy roman? he was "glad
he ate her." i don't think they tried to market
it to the billionaire, spelunking, base-jumping
crowd. rehabilitated? well, now let me see. you
know, i don't have any idea what that means.
that tall drink of water with the silver spoon
up his ass. boxing is about respect. getting it
for yourself, and taking it away from the other
guy. bruce... i'm god. mister wayne, if you
don't want to tell me exactly what you're doing,
when i'm asked, i don't have to lie. but don't
think of me as an idiot. i now issue a new
commandment: thou shalt do the dance. boxing is
about respect. getting it for yourself, and
taking it away from the other guy.

This is america, babe, you gotta think big to be
big. well, what is it today? more spelunking?
multiply your anger by about a hundred, kate,
that's how much he thinks he loves you. i'm
neglecting my other guests. enjoy yourself,
you'll find the young ladies stimulating
company. circumstances have taught me that a
man's ethics are the only possessions he will
take beyond the grave. no, this is mount
everest. you should flip on the discovery
channel from time to time. but i guess you can't
now, being dead and all. what do you want me to
say, that i'm sorry? that i apologize? well,
people in hell want ice water, pal. i thought
about you every time i jerked off, dickhead.
you're talking to me all wrong... it's the wrong
tone. you do it again and i'll stab you in the
face with a soldering iron. hey, tell me, does

your mother sew? boom. get her to sew that!
selina! selina kyle, you're fired! and bruce
wayne, why are you dressed up like batman? let
me tell you something my friend. hope is a
dangerous thing. hope can drive a man insane.
you measure yourself by the people who measure
themselves by you.

Mister wayne, if you don't want to tell me
exactly what you're doing, when i'm asked, i
don't have to lie. but don't think of me as an
idiot. you know why the yankees always win,
frank? it's 'cause the other teams can't stop
staring at those damn pinstripes. what do you
want me to say, that i'm sorry? that i
apologize? well, people in hell want ice water,
pal. you're talking to me all wrong... it's the
wrong tone. you do it again and i'll stab you in
the face with a soldering iron. hey, tell me,
does your mother sew? boom. get her to sew that!
i once heard a wise man say there are no perfect
men. only perfect intentions. cities fall but
they are rebuilt. heroes die but they are
remembered. rehabilitated? well, now let me see.
you know, i don't have any idea what that means.
he hid it in the one place he knew he could hide
something: his ass. five long years, he wore
this watch up his ass. then, when he died of
dysentery, he gave me the watch. let me tell you
something my friend. hope is a dangerous thing.
hope can drive a man insane. cities fall but
they are rebuilt. heroes die but they are
remembered. i now issue a new commandment: thou
shalt do the dance. i'm neglecting my other
guests. enjoy yourself, you'll find the young
ladies stimulating company.

I did the same thing to gandhi, he didn't eat
for three weeks. two little mice fell in a

bucket of cream. the first mouse quickly gave up and drowned. the second mouse, wouldn't quit. he struggled so hard that eventually he churned that cream into butter and crawled out. gentlemen, as of this moment, i am that second mouse. i thought about you every time i jerked off, dickhead. no, this is mount everest. you should flip on the discovery channel from time to time. but i guess you can't now, being dead and all. you got the wrong guy, ace! i don't think they tried to market it to the billionaire, spelunking, base-jumping crowd. did you hear about the happy roman? he was "glad he ate her." cities fall but they are rebuilt. heroes die but they are remembered. i don't know what you want, but i know i can get it for you, with a minimum of fuss! money, jewels, a *very* big ball of string. i got a fever, and the only prescription is more cowbell. cities fall but they are rebuilt. heroes die but they are remembered. you know why the yankees always win, frank? it's 'cause the other teams can't stop staring at those damn pinstripes.