

CLERKS

RONNIE: Do you think people can see us down here?

DANTE: Why? Do you wanna have sex or something?

RONNIE: Can we?

DANTE: Really?

RONNIE: I was kidding.

DANTE: Like you can't get enough of me.

RONNIE: Typically male point of view.

DANTE: How do you figure?

RONNIE: Show some bedroom proficiency and you think you're god. What about what we do for you?

DANTE: Women as lovers are basically the same. They just have to be there.

RONNIE: Be there?

DANTE: Making a male climax isn't at all challenging. Insert somewhere close, preferably moist, thrust, repeat.

RONNIE: Flattering.

DANTE: Now making a woman cum...therein lies a challenge.

RONNIE: Oh, you think so?

DANTE: Now, a woman makes a guy cum, it's standard. A guy makes a woman cum, it's talent.

RONNIE: And I actually date you.

DANTE: Something wrong?

RONNIE: I'm insulted. Believe me Don Juan, it takes more than that to get a guy off. Just being there, as you put it, is not enough.

DANTE: Oh, I've touched a nerve.

RONNIE: I'm astonished to hear you trivialize my role in our sex life.

DANTE: It wasn't directed at you, I was making a broad generalization.

RONNIE: You were making a generalization about broads.

DANTE: Those are my opinions based on a few women who were goodly enough to sleep with me.

RONNIE: How many?

DANTE: How many what?

RONNIE: How many different girls have you slept with?

DANTE: How many different girls? Didn't we have this discussion before?

RONNIE: We might have. I don't remember. How many?

DANTE: Including you?

RONNIE: It better be up to and including me.

DANTE: 12

RONNIE: You slept with 12 different girls?

DANTE: Including you? Yes.

SMACK

DANTE: What did you do that for?

RONNIE: You're a pig.

DANTE: Why'd you hit me?

RONNIE: Do you know how many different men I've had sex with?

DANTE: Do I get to hit you after you tell me?

RONNIE: Three.

DANTE: Three?

RONNIE: Three including you.

DANTE: You've only slept with three different people?

RONNIE: I'm not the pig you are.

DANTE: Who?

RONNIE: You!

DANTE: No, who are the three besides me?

RONNIE: John Francin and Ron Stanzlick.

DANTE: Wow.

RONNIE: That's why you should feel like a pig. You make me feel sick, you'll sleep with anything that says yes.

DANTE: Animal, mineral, vegetable.

RONNIE: Vegetable meaning paraplegic?

DANTE: They put up the least amount of struggle.

RONNIE: After dropping a bombshell like that, you owe me big.

DANTE: Name it.

RONNIE: I want you to come with me on Monday.

DANTE: Where?

RONNIE: To school. There's a seminar about getting back into a scholastic program after a lapse in enrollment.

DANTE: Can't we ever have a discussion without that coming up?

RONNIE: It's important to me Dante. You have so much potential that's going to waste in this pit. I wish you'd go back to school.

DANTE: Will you stop it? You're making my head hurt. Aw shit, why are you getting up?

RONNIE: Unlike you, I have a class in 45 minutes. Hey Willem.

SNOWBALL: Oh hey Ronnie. How you been, man? What you work here now?

RONNIE: No, I was visiting my man. Dante, this is Willem Black. This is Dante Hicks, my boyfriend.

DANTE: How ya doing. Just a soda?

SNOWBALL: No, and a pack of cigarettes. So, where've you been, man, You still goin to Seaton Hall?

RONNIE: No, I transferred in to Monmouth this year. I was tired of missing him.

SNOWBALL: That's beautiful, man. So, you still talk to Sillman?

RONNIE: I just talked to her Monday. We still hang out on weekends.

SNOWBALL: That's great. Well, you two lovebirds take it easy, ok?

RONNIE: Take it easy. That was Snowball.

DANTE: Why do you call him that?

RONNIE: Sillman made it up. It's a blow job thing.

DANTE: What do you mean?

RONNIE: After he gets a blow job, he likes to have it spit back in his mouth while kissing. It's called Snowballing.

DANTE: He requests this?

RONNIE: He gets off on it.

DANTE: Sillman can be talked into anything.

RONNIE: Why do you say that?

DANTE: Well, like you said, she snowballed him.

RONNIE: Sillman? No, I snowballed him.

DANTE: Yeah right.

RONNIE: I'm serious.

DANTE: You sucked that guy's dick?

RONNIE: Yeah, how do you think I knew that he...

DANTE: But you said you've only had sex with three different guys. You never mentioned him.

RONNIE: Because I never had sex with him.

DANTE: You sucked his dick.

RONNIE: We went out a few times. We never had sex but we fooled around.

DANTE: Oh my god, why did you tell me you only had sex with three different guys?

RONNIE: Because I did only have sex with three different guys. That doesn't mean I didn't just go with people.

DANTE: Oh my god, I feel so nauseous.

RONNIE: I'm sorry Dante, I thought you understood.

DANTE: I did understand. I understood that you had sex with three different guys and that's all you said!

RONNIE: Dante, will you calm down?

DANTE: How many?

RONNIE: Dante...

DANTE: How many dicks have you sucked?

RONNIE: Oh my god!

DANTE: How many?

RONNIE: All right shut up a second and I'll tell you.
Jesus! I didn't freak out on you like this when you told me
how many girls you fucked.

DANTE: This is different. This is important. How many?
Well?

RONNIE: Something like...36.

DANTE: What? Something like 36?

RONNIE: Will you lower your voice?

DANTE: What is that, anyway, something like 36? Does that
include me?

RONNIE: You're 37.

DANTE: I'm 37?

RONNIE: I got a class.

DANTE: Oh my god, 37. My girlfriend sucked 37 dicks. Hey
where you going?

RONNIE: Hey listen jerk. Until today you never even knew
how many guys I slept with. You never even bothered to
ask. Then you act all nonchalant about fucking twelve
different girls. Well I've never had sex with twelve
different guys.

DANTE: No, but you sucked enough dick.

RONNIE: Yeah, I went down on a few guys.

DANTE: A few?

RONNIE: And one of those guys was you. The last one, I
might add, which if you're too stupid to comprehend means
I've been faithful to you since we've met. All the other
guys I went with before I met you. So if you want to have
a complex about it, go ahead, but don't look at me like I'm

the town whore, because you were plenty busy yourself before you met me.

DANTE: Well why'd you suck their dicks? I mean why couldn't you sleep with them like any other decent person.

RONNIE: Because going down isn't a big deal. I used to like a guy, we'd make out, and sooner or later I'd go down on him.

I only had sex with the guys I loved.

DANTE: I feel sick.

RONNIE: I love you, don't feel sick.

DANTE: Every time I kiss you, I'm going to taste 36 other guys.

RONNIE: I'm going to school. Maybe later you'll be a bit more rational.

DANTE: 37. I just can't...

RONNIE: Goodybye, Dante.

DANTE: Hey try not to suck any dick on your way through the parking lot.