

The Ghosts of Girlfriends Past

Connor:

This is gonna be tougher than I thought.

Uncle Wayne:

(Laughs)

You got that right kid.

Connor:

Uncle Wayne? Uncle Wayne? Uh...

Uncle Wayne:

(overlapping laugh)

Connor:

You're dead.

Uncle Wayne:

Players never die, Dutch. They just try their luck at a different table.

Connor reaches in to touch uncle wayne. Uncle Wayne stops him.

Uncle Wayne:

Wooh, wooh, wooh, never touch a man when he's hanging a wire. You kidding me?

Connor:

Oh God...Aqua Velva. What are you---? What are you----? What are you---
? What are you doing here?

Uncle Wayne:

I'm here to warn you kid. Don't waste your life like I did.

Connor:

What are you talking about? You had a great life, man. You're a legend.
The money, the parties, the woman, you---

Uncle Wayne:

Listen, kid. When the music stops and you're looking at your slacks none of that stuff matters worth a lick. Well There was this one party, um...New Year's '68, Phillipines, Me, Stevie McQueen, 17 lufthansa stewardesses and a pile of the blow the size of a toaster. Now that was a good night.

Connor:

Aw. That sounds like a great night.

Uncle Wayne:

Oh, no. I've had a few laughs, I've chased some tail but, trust me, Dutch you don't want to end up like me.

Connor:

What are you talking about?

Uncle Wayne:

No, no, save it for the sandman, kid. I've been watching you and you are definitely turning out like me. Frankly, I mean, who could blame you?

But tonight----tonight, things are gonna change. Tonight you're gonna be visited by three ghosts.

Connor:

You have got to be kidding me.

Uncle Wayne:

And you're gonna be forced to feel things that you haven't felt for a long time. Things like feelings for example. Remember, no matter how much it hurts, it's all for your own good. And the stuff that's not for your own good it's for my entertainment.

Connor:

Look, Uncle Wayne, you--- Where'd he go? All right aht didn't just happen. Okay.

Grabs the wine glass.

Connor (Con't):

Uh oh!