

Luther: Got any milk? Ulcer. Like I swallowed a hot coal. My wife's sister showed up at the apartment last week, from Puerto Rico, left her husband or he kicked her out, some fucking thing, nobody has a job, brought her two kids with her. They're living in our dining room, for Christ's sake, got their toys spread out all over. I wake up in the morning and all I hear all day. It's these electronic video games and computers. I live with robots. I said, "Marisol, for the love of God, your sister can't afford to rent a place for her and her kids but she's got more electronics than NASA." My wife bawled me out. You know Marisol: "Chu got no caring is what. Chu got no empathy." I said, Why do you think I got an ulcer? What do you think gave it to me?" She says smoking cigars and eating Italian beef. I say, "No, it's empathy." I got a hole in my stomach because I take on the worries of the world. That's my problem, Franco: it's empathy. Your worries are my worries. You can't come up with a solution. to your problem and it makes the hole in my stomach get that much bigger. So let's get practical here. Here's the deal. I don't have the inclination to jump on you and start whackin' you on the head.. Grady is coming down on me hard and before I take a beating from him, you'll take a beating from Kev. And I don't mean love taps. We're gonna get serious, and you know what that means. I don't like it, but... that's your incentive. I don't care if you got to walk into Bank of America with your momma's panty hose on your head and your pickle in your hand. I need my fucking money. I need to get paid. *(Silence.)* I'm embarrassed.