

21 grammi (21 grams)

Scena 18

Marianne: I sold the truck to pay for the lawyer.
Jack: I didn't ask for a lawyer. Marianne. I didn't ask for a lawyer.
Marianne: You want your children to spend another two years without you? Is that what you want?
Jack: This is God's will. So be it.
Marianne: Two years ago, you didn't believe in anything. Now everything has to do with God.
I think I preferred you the way you were before.
Jack: I was a fucking pig before. Is that what you prefer?
Marianne: At least it was you. Now I don't have the slightest fucking idea who you are.
Life has to go on, Jack, with or without God.

Scena 26

Paul: What are you doing?
Mary: You've been lost for too many days, don't you think, you prick?
Paul: Mary, I don't want to fight. I want this to end well.
Mary: Oh, you think ending well means disappearing for a few days? You just waited till you got better to tell me to fuck off.
I'm going back to London.
Paul: We can't keep doing this.
Mary: Really? I'll have surgery and I'll be inseminated with your child, with or without you.
Paul: Mary, what for? Why?
Mary: Because I want to.
Paul: Well, I won't authorize that.
Mary: Oh, no?
Paul: No.
Mary: Well, you already have. I have a signed copy of your authorization to use your semen. Would you excuse me?
Paul: What do you gain?
Mary: I get what I want.
Paul: What do you gain?
Mary: You decide if you come looking for me or not.

Qualcuno volò sul nido del cuculo (One flew over the cuckoo's nest)

Scena 19

Miss Ratched: Do you want to say something to the group, Mr. McMurphy?

Randall: Well, yeah. I'd like to know why none of the guys never told me that you... Miss Ratched.....and the doctors could keep me here till you're good and ready to turn me loose. That's what I'd like to know.

Miss Ratched: Fine, Randall, that's a good start. Would anyone care to answer Mr. McMurphy?

Harding: Answer what?

Randall: You heard me, Harding. You let me go on hassling Nurse Ratched here... knowing how much I had to lose and you never told me nothing!

Harding: Now, Mac, wait a minute. Wait a minute, I didn't know anything about how much...

Randall: Shit!

Harding: Wait a minute. Listen. Now, look... I'm voluntary here, see? I'm not committed. I don't have to stay here. I mean, I can go home anytime I want.

Randall: You can go home anytime you want?

Harding: That's it.

Randall: You're bullshitting me! He's bullshitting me, right?

Miss Ratched: No, Randall, he's telling you the truth. As a matter of fact, there are very few men here who are committed. There's Mr. Bromden. Mr. Taber. Some of the chronics, and you.

Randall: Cheswick? You're voluntary?
Scanlon?

Billy, for Christ's sake, you must be committed, right?

Billy: No, no, no, no.

Randall: You're just a young kid! What are you doing here? You ought to be out in a convertible... bird-dogging chicks and banging beaver. What are you doing here, for Christ's sake? What's so funny about that?

Jesus, I mean, you guys do nothing but complain about how you can't stand it in this place, and then you haven't got the guts just to walk out?

What do you think you are, for Christ's sake? Crazy or something?

Well, you're not. You're not! You're no crazier than the average asshole walking around on the streets.

And that's it.

Jesus Christ, I can't believe it!

Scarface

Scena 20

Frank: *So when are we gonna make some money on this thing?
Six months to start don't mean shit, Larry.
I'm not a Rockefeller, you know. Not yet anyway.
So you owe me a quarter.
Listen, go down to the ball game tonight. I couldn't make it. I got things.
I'll tell you about them.*

You're kidding? What was the score? Three to two?
Mel, guess what? My Little League team, the Little Lopezers... they won the division tonight. That's great. Congratulations. What'd you do, fix the umpire?

Jesus Christ.
Tony, what happened to you?

Tony: They wanted to spoil my \$ 800 suit.

Frank: Who the fuck did this?

Tony: Hitters. I don't know. Somebody must've brought them in. I've never seen them before. Hello, Mel. Got an answer to this, too?

Mel: There always is, Tony.

Frank: I'll bet it was the Diaz brothers. They got a beef going back to the Sun Ray thing.

Tony: Maybe you're right, you know? Maybe you're right.

Frank: Anyway, I'm glad you made it, Tony. We'll return the favor for you, in spades.

Tony: No, I'll take care of this myself.

Frank: What is the gun for, Tony?

Tony: What, this? It's nothing. I'm... How do you say? Paranoid.

[*phone ringing*]

You gonna answer, Frank?

Frank: It must be Elvira. She got mad after we left the club.

Tony: I'll tell her you're not here, okay?

Frank: No, it's all right. I'll talk to her.

Hello. It's all right. I'm gonna be home in an hour. Don't worry.

Tony: Frank, you're a piece of shit. You know what I'm talking about...
...you fucking cockroach.

Frank: What are you talking about? Listen to me...

Tony: You know what a "chaza" is, Frank? That's a pig that don't fly straight. Neither do you, Frank.

Frank: Tony, why the fuck would I hurt you? I brought you in. So we had a few differences, no big deal. I gave you your start. I was the one who believed in you.

Tony: I stayed loyal to you. I made what I could on the side, but I never turned on you, Frank! Never!

But you... a man who ain't got his word is a cockroach.

Frank: Mel. Do something, will you?

Mel: It's your tree, Frank. You're sitting in it.

Frank: Ok. All right, Tony. I was the one.

Please, give me a second chance. Will you do that? Please?

You give me a second chance, I'll give you \$ 10 million. Okay? \$ 10 million.

I got it in a vault over there in Spain, Tony.

We go over there, we get on a plane, and it's yours. Okay? All of it. \$ 10 million.

Okay, Tony?

\ Please, Tony?

Elvira? Elvira! You want Elvira! You can have her. I'll go away. I'm gonna disappear, Tony. You'll never see me again.

Please, Tony, I don't want to die. I never did nothing to nobody.

Tony: No, you never did nothing to nobody. You had somebody else do it for you.

Frank: Tony, I am begging you.

Tony: Get up! Get up now!

Frank: Jesus! No! God!

Look. Tony, no, don't kill me, please.

Tony: I won't kill you.

Frank: Christ, thank you.

Tony: Get off my foot.

Frank: Thank you.

Tony: Manolo, shoot that piece of shit!

Frank: No, no, no!

Tony: Every dog has his day, huh, Mel?

Mel: I told him... it didn't make any sense... clipping you when we had you working for us. He wouldn't listen. He got hot tonight about the broad, you know?. He fucked up.

Tony: You, too, Mel. You fucked up.

Mel: Don't go too far, Tony.

Tony: I'm not, Mel. You are.

Mel: Fuck. You can't shoot a cop!

Tony: Whoever says you was one?

Mel: Wait a minute! You let me go. I'll fix this up.

Tony: Sure, Mel. Maybe you can hand yourself... one of them first-class tickets to the Resurrection.

Mel: Fucking punk! Son of a bitch!

Tony: So long, Mel. Have a good trip.

Mel: Fuck you!

Tony: Ok, come on.

Manolo: What about Ernie?

Tony: You want a job, Ernie?

Ernie: Sure, Tony.

Tony: Okay, then you call me tomorrow.

Comparsa: Man, you got a job!

Ernie: Hey Tony! Thanks.