



The Diner (1982)



Shrevie: Ok, now ask me what's on the flip side.

Beth: Why?

Shrevie: Just, just ask me what's on the flip side, OK?

Beth: What is on the flip side?

Shrevie: Hey, Hey, Hey, 1958. Specialty Records.

[Beth nods blankly]

Shrevie: See? You don't ask me things like that, do you? No! You never ask me what's on the flip side.

Beth: No! Because I don't give a shit. Shrevie, who cares about what's on the flip side about the record?

Shrevie: I do! Every one of my records means something! The label, the producer, the year it was made. Who was copying whose style... who's expanding on that, don't you understand? When I listen to my records they take me back to certain points in my life, OK? Just don't touch my records, ever! You! The first time I met you? Modell's sister's high school graduation party, right? 1955. And Ain't That A Shame was playing when I walked into the door!



Shrevie: when you're dating, everything is talking about sex. Where can we do it? Why can't we do it? Are you parents gonna be out so we can do it? Everything is always talking about getting sex, and then planning the wedding, all the details. But then, when you get married... it's crazy, i dunno. You can get it whenever you want it. You wake up in the morning and she's there. You come home from work and she's there. So all that sex planning talk is over with. And so is the wedding planning talk cause you're already married. So... ya know I can come down here and we can bullshit the entire night away but I cannot hold a 5 minute conversation with Beth. I mean it's not her fault, I'm not blaming her, she's great... It's just, we got nothing to talk about... But it's good, it's good