



Not a devotee of the sweet science, I gather.

Or of any "contact" sport.

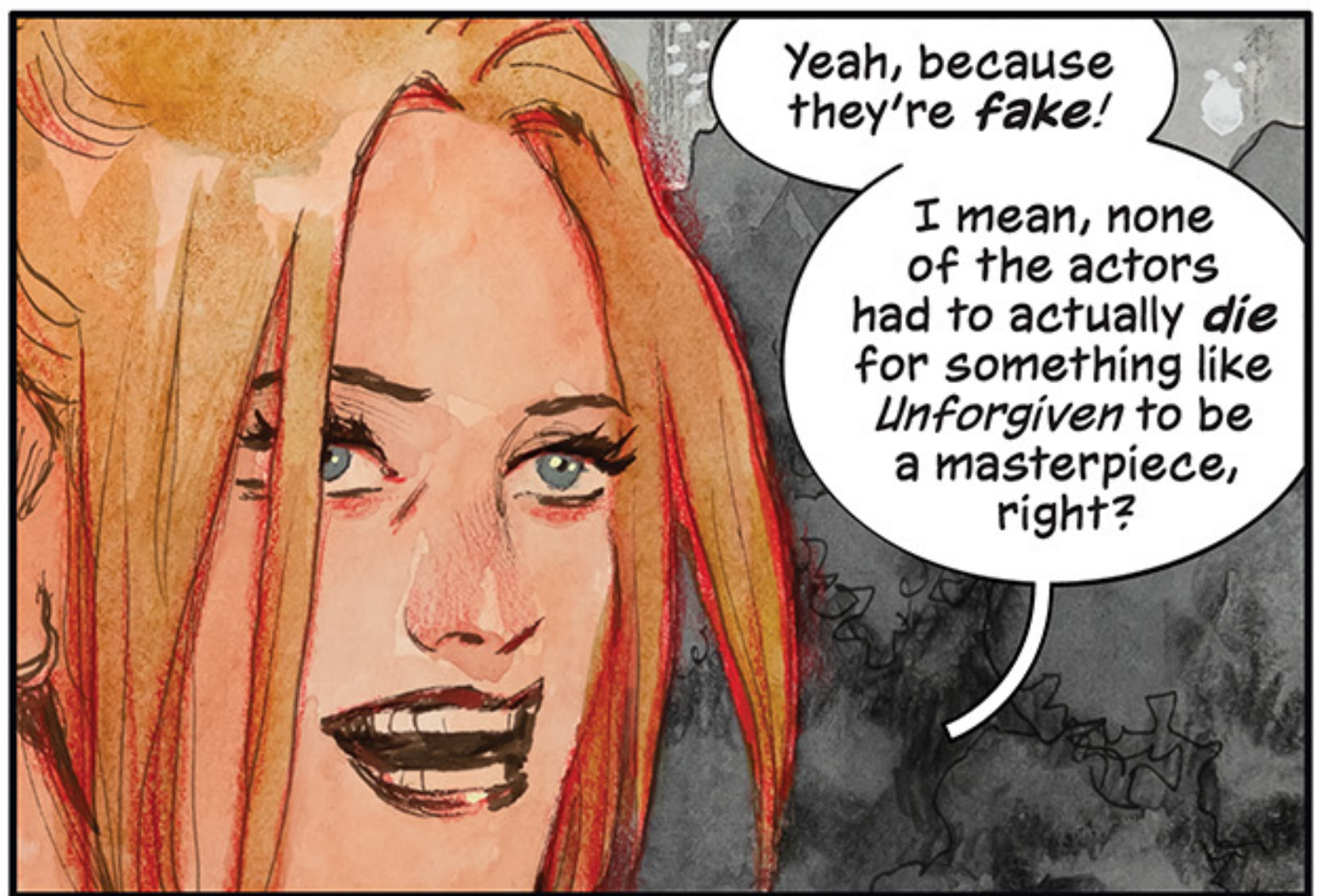
I met a former NFL player a few years back, and even though he lived into his eighties, he had just about zero memories of anything after he retired in his *twenties*.



Getting hit in the head so many times you're still paying the price in the fucking afterlife?

Well, didn't you say you enjoy taking in violent films?

How is watching something like that *fun*?



Yeah, because they're *fake*!

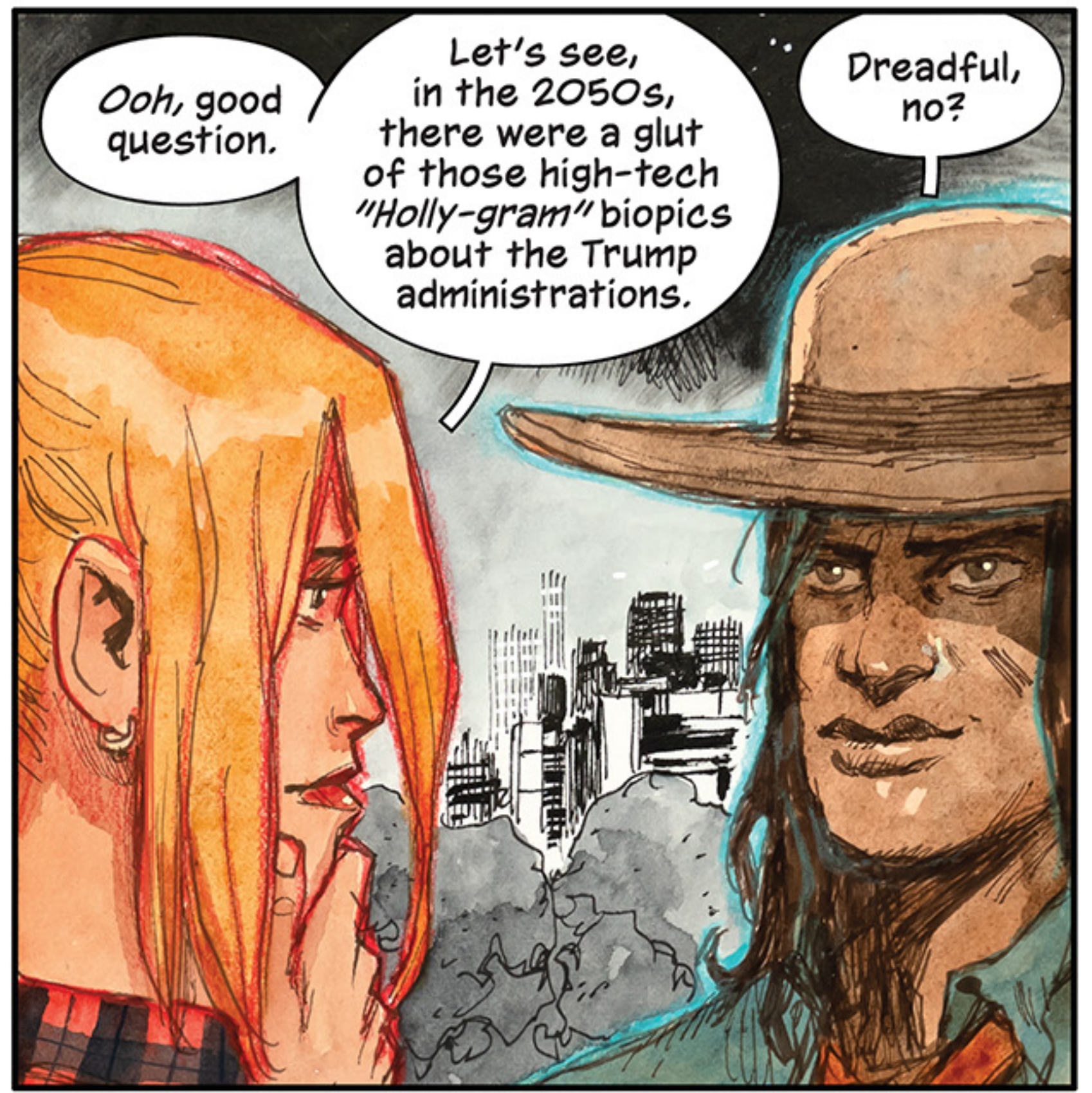
I mean, none of the actors had to actually *die* for something like *Unforgiven* to be a masterpiece, right?



You say so.

Like every "western," I thought that one was a bucket of loose horse-shit.









Of course you're a fellow nerd!

Let me guess, you're obsessed with 2001?

Didn't much care for that film... or the year, come to think of it.



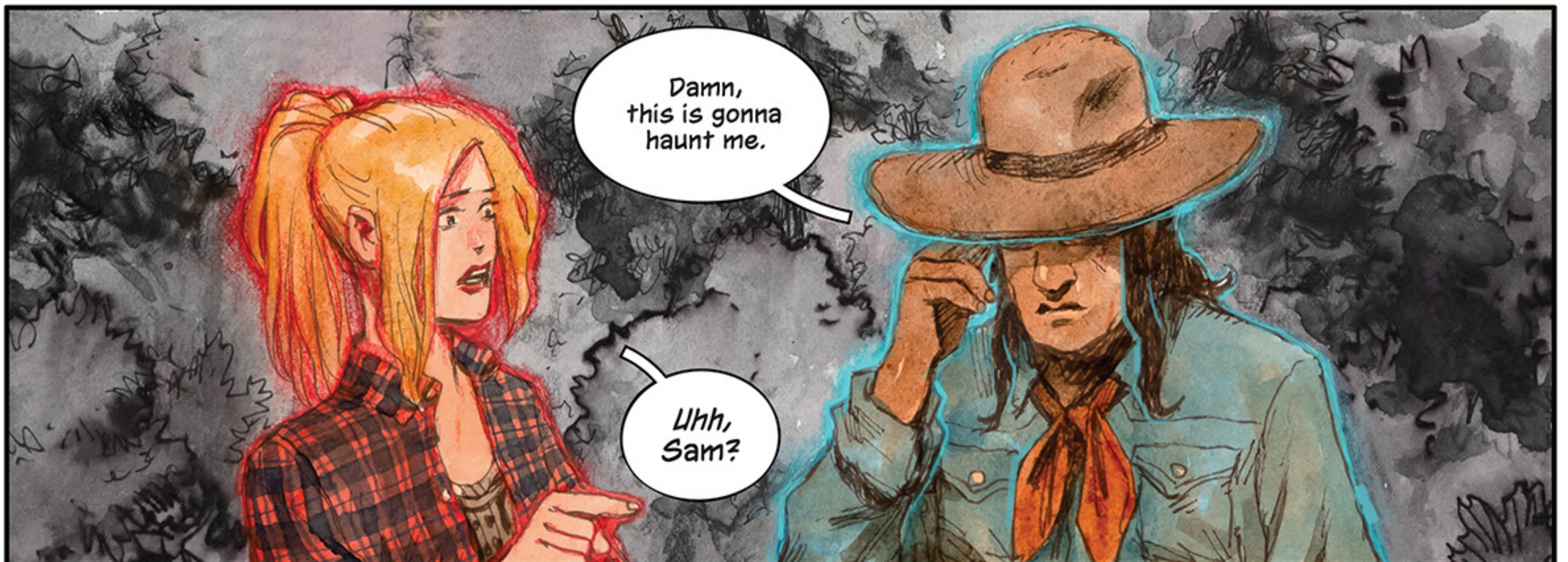
No, I'd say my absolute favorite motion picture would have to be *Enemy Mine*.



What the sweet Christ is *Enemy Mine*?!?

Before your time, maybe.

Just a beautiful tale starring the great Louis Gossett, Jr. And that white boy... what in the world was his name?



Damn, this is gonna haunt me.

Uhh, Sam?