(Holds glass of whiskey) I'm trying to imagine him here. His room was up in the loft? So what did you guys do, eat here, have like parties and that shit? Fuckin' Christmas parties. Presents and that shit. Look out! Ribbons! I fuckin' hate that crap. (Pause) You know, I do like a lot of things. You want bullshit, or you want to know what really turns me on? Huh? Do you? Ok. I like the ocean. That hurricane. I stayed on the pier, hanging on to this fuckin' pipe railing, wind blowing so hard you couldn't breathe. Couldn't open my hands the next day. Try to get excited over roller coaster, some loop-the-loop after that. I like those gigantic citywide fires.....like Passaic, wherever; fuckin' Jersey's burnin' down three times a week. Good riddance. Avalanches! Whole villages wiped out. Somethin' that can like amaze you. People don't want to hear that shit, they want like you should get turned on by some crap, you know, like a Starbucks Frappacino, or "I like everyone to be nice". That shit. Chicks or somethin'. Gettin' laid's okay. A really hot shower's good. Clean underwear, smells like Downy softener. Awww, shit. (Pause, takes a drink, holds back tears) Fuckin' drinkin' and thinkin', man, worse than drinkin' and drivin'. Drinkin' and thinkin'. Aww shit. He wasn't dark you know....he was very....very....light.