

## Meat

Denis Leary

I love to smoke. I love to smoke and I love to eat red meat. I love to eat raw fucking red meat. Nothing I like better than sucking down a hot steaming cheese burger and a butt at the same time. I love to smoke. I love to eat red meat. I'll only eat red meat that comes from cows who smoke, ok!? Special cows they grow in Virginia with voice boxes in their necks. "[VB] Moo"

I tried eating vegetarian. I feel like a wimp going into a restaurant. "What do you want to eat sir? Broccoli?" Broccoli's a side dish, folks. Always was, always will be, ok? When they ask me what I want, I say, "What do you think I want!? This is America. I want a bowl of raw red meat right now. Forget about that. Bring me a live cow over to the table. I'll carve off what I want and ride the rest home! [Making riding noises]"

I gonna open up my own place. Open my own restaurant and get away from you people. I gonna open up a restaurant with two smoking sections; Ultra and Regular, ok? And we're not gonna have any tables or any chairs or any napkins. None of that pussy shit. Just a big wide open black space. And all we're gonna serve is raw meat, right on the bone! And only men are going to eat there, naked men, sitting around a big giant camp fire, and no men's room either. You have to piss, you mark your territory like a wolf! And if some guy has a heart attack from eating too much meat, fuck him, we throw him in the fire! More meat for the other meat-eaters! Yeah!

Because you gotta have goals. Because everybody in this room knows everybody who's quitting. You all have that friend who's quitting it. You know what I mean? The guys quitting it, "I quit smoking. I quit drugs. I quit drinking. I quit meat, and I feel great. I get up in the morning and have a nice big bowl of oat bran. I go to the bathroom for three and a half hours. I have another bowl of oat bran. I go back in the bathroom f