

'About Schmidt' by Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor

RAY NICHOLS: Hey, Warren, how do you feel about these young punks taking over our jobs? They shoved me out the door three years ago. Looks like some kind of conspiracy to me!

Everyone laughs affectionately. Ray stands.

RAY NICHOLS: Now I've known Warren here probably longer than most of you have been alive. Warren and I go way back, waaaaaay back to the horse and buggy days at Mutual. But that's ancient history. We were good friends not only at work but also out on the golf course and on fishing trips up at my cabin in Minnesota. And what I want to say to you publicly, Warren, so that all these young hotshots can hear, is that the gold watch there doesn't mean a goddamn thing.

And this dinner doesn't mean a goddamn thing, and the social security and pension don't mean a goddamn thing.

Ray's wife Mildred smiles uncomfortably as she grabs his hand to get him to take it easy, but Ray is on a roll.

RAY NICHOLS: None of these super-fishy-alities mean a goddamn thing. What means something, what really means something, Warren...

Ray takes a dramatic, drunken pause.

RAY NICHOLS: What really means something is the knowledge that you devoted your entire life to something meaningful – to being productive and working for a fine company – hell, one of the biggest insurance carriers in the nation...



Ray counts on his fingers and at one point counts the same finger twice

RAY NICHOLS: ...to raising a fine family, to building a fine home, to being respected by your community and having some wonderful, loyal friendships.

At the end of his career, if a man can look back and say, "I did it. I did my job," he can retire in peace and glory and enjoy riches far beyond the monetary kind. So all you young people here, here's a role model. Right here. I want you to take a good look at a very rich man.