

Steve Jobs - Steve:

You had three weeks. The universe was created in a third of that time.

Here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna announce the names of everyone who designed the launch demo. I'm gonna introduce everyone and ask them to stand up. The bag was designed by Susan Kare, the Macintosh font that's crawling across the screen was designed by Steve Capps, the starry night and sky writing was Bruce Horn. Down to the calculator. And then I'm gonna say the voice demo that didn't work, was designed by Andy Herztfeld. 5 in 6 is your first chance of surviving the first round of Russian Roulette, and you've reversed those odds. So unless you wanna be disgraced in front of your friends, family, colleagues, stockholders and the press, I wouldn't stand here arguing. I'd go try get some more bullets out of the gun.

Do it, Andy!

Stop – you. [Steve points to a man in a blue shirt]

What size shirt do you wear? Does anyone know what size shirt he wears? Does anyone know what size shirt I wear? The disk fits in your pocket. I need a shirt with a breast pocket, I can take it out on stage. I need a white shirt, in my size with a breast pocket!

[Steve turns to Joanna]

Go to the lobby, find someone who's my size who's wearing a white shirt, tell them I'll trade him for a free computer and he can keep my shirt.

[Steve is unbuttoning his shirt and takes it off.]

It has to be white. The Mac is beige, I'm beige, the disk is blue, the shirt has to be white.

[Steve turns to Andy]

Andy? [Steve makes a gun with his hand, and points it at his own head]

Before Sunrise - Jesse

You know, despite all the bullshit that comes along with it – I remember my childhood as this, you know, this magical time. I do. I remember when, uh, my mother first told me about death. My great-grandmother had just died and my whole family had just visited them in Florida. I was about three, three and a half years old. Anyway, I was in the backyard playing, and my sister had just taught me how to take the garden hose, and do it in such a way that, uh, you could spray it into the sun. And you could make a rainbow. And so I was doing that, and through the mist I could see my grandmother. And she was just standing there, smiling at me. And, uh, then I held it there, for a long time, and I looked at her. And then finally, I let go of the nozzle, you know, and then I dropped the hose, and she disappeared. And so I went back inside and I tell my parents, you know. And they, uh, sit me down and give me this big rap on how when people die you never see them again, and how I'd imagined it. But I knew what I'd seen. And I was just glad that I saw that. I mean, I've never seen anything like that since. But, I don't know, it just kind of let me know how ambiguous everything was, you know, even death.

Maggie's Plan - Maggie

My parents were married fairly young and they never had kids. They were academics. Then they eventually, my dad moved away... But then later, years later, they ran into each other at a party and they...they got together that night. And that's how I was conceived. On the bed with all the coats. My mom always said it's because I needed to be born.

My mother raised me on her own. She was a professor of 9th century British poetry. She wasn't very practical. So I ended up doing all the day-to-day stuff. I was organising the bills by the time I was twelve. She came from a Quaker family, so she used to take me to Quaker meetings with her. I still go sometimes. We had a nice life. And then, when I was sixteen, she died. So I moved in with my dad after that. It was cordial, and quiet. My dad is a kind man, and he made the best of it. We both did.

Marriage Story

Nora:

I'm gonna stop you there. When you do this for real, don't ever say that. When you do this for real don't ever say that. People don't accept mothers who drink too much wine and yell at their child and call him an asshole. I get it, I do it too. We can accept an imperfect Dad. Lets face it, the idea of a good father was only invented like 30 years ago, before that fathers were expected to be silent, and absent and unreliable and selfish, and we can all say we want them to be different. But on some basic level we accept them. We love them for their fallibilities. But people absolutely don't accept those same failings in mothers. We don't accept it structurally and we don't accept it spiritually. Because the basis of our Judeo-Christian whatever, is Mary, Mother of Jesus, and she's perfect. She's a virgin who gives birth! So you have to be perfect and Charlie can be a fuck-up but it doesn't matter. You will always be held to a different higher standard. And it's fucked up, but that is the way it is.

Top Dog Underdog - BOOTH

Oh, come on, man, we could make money you and me. Throwing down the cards. 3-Card and Link: Look out! We could clean up you and me. You would throw the cards and I'd be your Stickman. The one in the crowd who looks like just an innocent passerby, who looks like just another player, like just another customer, but who gets intimate connections with you, the Dealer, the one throwing the cards, the main man. I'd be the one who brings in the crowd, I'd be the one who makes them want to put they money down, you do your moves and I do mines. You turn your head and I turn the card-We could be a team, man. Rake in the money! Sure there'd be some cats out there with fast eyes, some brothers and sisters who would watch real close and pick the right card, and so there'd be some days when we would lose money, but most of the days we would come out on top! Pockets bulging, plenty of cash! And the ladies would be thrilling!