

SIDE #3

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Ma.

HILDA: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] men who work for [REDACTED]

HILDA: Well, if you ask me, Beverly should [REDACTED]
:She's just going to take bets willy nilly over the tele[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] M. G. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] that reminder now, please

HILDA: Not yet. So, what happened with the job?

GARY: What?

HILDA: You said the pizza job didn't work out. So, what happened?

GARY: The owner and me didn't see eye to eye.

HILDA: Didn't see eye to eye on what? It's pizza. They make it, you deliver it. What's to see eye to eye on?

GARY: Well, there was a woman.

HILDA: What woman?

GARY: A woman I met while I was delivering pizza. I delivered a pizza to her place and we hit it off and we started seeing each other.

HILDA: She started seeing the pizza delivery man?

GARY: Yes.

HILDA: Really?

GARY: Yes. Why?

HILDA: Well, I have to tell you, Gary, I'm not impressed with a woman who would date someone who brings pizza to her door. I mean, what kind of a future can this fellow have?

GARY: Ma, it's me! I brought pizza to her door!

HILDA: I know, but still.

GARY: So, anyway, this woman and me started seeing each other.

HILDA: And what does this have to do with you and the owner not seeing eye to eye?

GARY: Well, sometimes when I was making deliveries I would stop in at her place even when I wasn't delivering to her place.

HILDA: . . . I don't understand. You would do what?

GARY: When I was delivering pizzas I would stop in at her place even if she didn't order a pizza.

HILDA: Why would you do that?

GARY: Oh boy.

HILDA: Well, why would you stop into her place when she didn't order a pizza?

GARY: Ma.

HILDA: . . . Oh my heavens. You stopped in for . . . Oh Mother Mary. That's what you stopped in for? Is this woman a bimbo? Is that what they call them? Bimbos?

GARY: No, she's not a bimbo.

HILDA: But is that what they call them?

GARY: Yes, that's what they call them. But she's not one.

HILDA: But she fits the general description of one, wouldn't you say?

GARY: Ma . . .

HILDA: She could be mistaken for one.

GARY: Can I finish my story?

HILDA: Finish. Please. I'm on the edge of my seat.

[REDACTED] So I was spending time at her place and the
[REDACTED] getting d. . . I got G. . .

HILDA: The G. . . ?

[REDACTED] Yes.

[REDACTED] Holy toot. So, what's the girl's name?

[REDACTED] P. . .

[REDACTED] P. . .