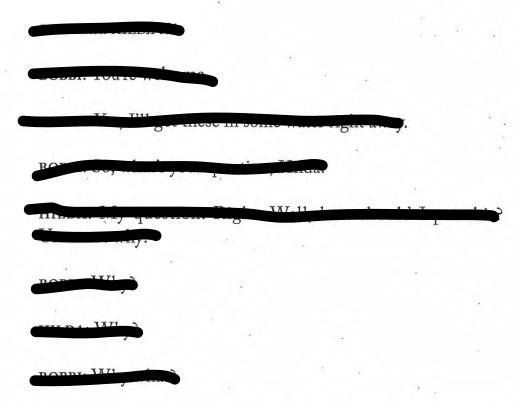
SIDE #5



HILDA: Why Gary? What do you see in that boy that I'm missing? I mean, I love Gary. I really do, but holy doodle, Bobbi, look at you. You're gorgeous. And from what Gary tells me, you have quite a talent.

BOBBI: He told you that?

HILDA: Yes. He said you're a fine musician.

вовы: Oh. Right.

HILDA: So, what powerful and mysterious force has brought you into my Gary's life? Edify me, dear.

BOBBI: Really? You really want to know what I see in your son?

HILDA: I do.

BOBBI: That seems like a strange question coming from a mother. I would think that a mother would want to know what her son sees in me.

HILDA: I can see that for myself. I could probably see it from a hundred yards away.

BOBBI: Well, here's the skinny then. The last guy I went with was a drummer. I mean this boy could bang the tubs like nobody's business. But he didn't know how to treat a girl, ya dig? In fact, there aren't many cats out there who do know. Most of them spend half their time eyeballin' the other skirts in the room. But Gary ain't no creep. He keeps his peepers on me and makes me feel like I'm the only chicken in the henhouse. Oh, I tell you, Hilda, your son has razzed my berries, and that's the straight goods. That's the word from the bird.

HILDA: . . . All right, let's start with "razzed your berries" and work backwards.

BOBBI: I'm sorry. I guess it's hard for a straight to understand musician's lingo. I'll put it in layman's terms for you.

HILDA: Please do.

BOBBI: The fact is, you raised yourself up a gentleman, Hilda. That's what you went and did.

HILDA: A gentleman?

BOBBI: Yes, ma'am. Gary is sweet and kind and thoughtful. A real gent.

HILDA: Kind and thoughtful.

BOBBI: He treats me like a queen. I'm not used to that. I usually wind up with losers.

HILDA: Well, the night is still young.

