

SIDE #8

[REDACTED]

GARY: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] an,
[REDACTED] woman who ever takes a chance. If
[REDACTED]

BOBBI: No, wait. Stop. I don't want to get away from God, what
[REDACTED] are you doing?

GARY: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] find in front of you. I do family
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] what do you think?

[REDACTED]

GARY: Dad, please. This is a very important moment for me. So, Bobbi, will you marry me?

BOBBI doesn't answer.

Hey, if you don't answer pretty soon, I'm gonna start to feel like a fool.

BOBBI: Gary, getting married, that's a big thing. I mean, I like you and we've had a terrific two weeks together, but marry you? God!

GARY: . . . So, what's your answer?

BOBBI: No. The answer is no. I won't marry you. Wow. Hilda, I'm sorry. I hate to spoil a fun evening—and it has been fun, aside from the Janey getting smacked revelation—but I can't, Gary. I can't marry you. I have to say no.

GARY: . . . That's okay.

BOBBI: God.

GARY: It's okay.

BOBBI: Why did you do that? Why did you ask me that? We were having such a good time together.

GARY: Well, that's why.

BOBBI: But after only two weeks? Couldn't you have given it another month or two?

SAM: That's what I told him.

HILDA: What?

SAM: What?

HILDA: You discussed this with him?

SAM: Discussed it? No.

HILDA: You didn't discuss it with him?

SAM: Of course not. He asked me for my advice, so I gave it to him.

HILDA: You gave advice? You give terrible advice.

SAM: I do not.

HILDA: Janey?

JANEY: Terrible advice.

SAM: Now, wait a minute. None of this is my fault anyway. It's his fault.

SAM points to BEVERLY.

BEVERLY: My fault?

SAM: Yes. You and that stupid James Dean toast. That's what set the boy off.

GARY: Wait! Wait, everybody.

(to BOBBI) Are you saying that I should ask you again in two months?

SAM: Gary, enough. Just be thankful that she's still standing here and hasn't gone screaming into the night.

GARY: Bobbi? You said, "Couldn't I have given it another month or two." So, what are you saying?

BOBBI: I'm saying that two weeks is too soon.

GARY: Right. And?

BOBBI: And who knows what's gonna happen down the road?

GARY: How far down the road?

BOBBI: My God, Hilda, you raised a stupid boy.

HILDA: You said I raised a gentleman.

BOBBI: Well, then I got to know him better.

GARY: So, how far down the road?

BOBBI: A ways.

GARY: Well, months? Years. What?

BOBBI: Somewhere in the middle. Somewhere between me feeling rushed and me feeling forgotten. Where I can feel more confident about that happy ending.

GARY: I can do that. I can wait as long as it takes. Because you're worth it.

BOBBI: That's the first smart thing you've said this whole conversation.

GARY: [REDACTED] jacketed.

[REDACTED]

BOBBI: [REDACTED]

GARY: [REDACTED] worked out the best. Terrible advice.