

- GAIL:** Let's stop. Let's talk.
- JUNIOR:** Five more minutes. (goes under the sweater again)
- GAIL:** No now.
- JUNIOR:** (something muffled)
- GAIL:** Junior. Get out of there!
- (GAIL grabs a fistful of hair. Twists. JUNIOR yells. Sits up suddenly. Pause. GAIL grabs her jacket from the grass beside her. Puts it on. Zips it up)
- JUNIOR:** Will you marry me.
- GAIL:** You just had a vision didn't you. The two of us married and always together. Twenty-five or thirty years with your head under my sweater. Maybe we could even have it written into the wedding vows somehow. A condition.
- JUNIOR:** I ask you to marry me all the time.
- GAIL:** Yeah, and it's just now occurring to me why. I used to think it was because you were scared.
- JUNIOR:** Scared? Scared of what.
- GAIL:** That no one else ever would.
- JUNIOR:** I'd never ask anyone else. So who cares if anyone else wouldn't...or would.
- GAIL:** What?
- JUNIOR:** I dream about you. You're my salvation.
- GAIL:** I hate it when you say shit like that. I don't think you even know what it means.
- JUNIOR:** You save me.
- GAIL:** From what.
- JUNIOR:** My true destiny.
- GAIL:** Which is.
- JUNIOR:** Fuck all.
- GAIL:** Pathetic. I hate it when you talk like this.
- JUNIOR:** Fuck all is what I came from. Fuck all is where I'm going without you.
- GAIL:** Just knock it off, okay.
- JUNIOR:** Why do you like me.