

GAIL: Both.

JUNIOR: How.

GAIL: You could have asked me. I could have told you that a little dose of the red menace might be just what that place needs.

JUNIOR: You should go to university, Gail. You're smart enough to be anything.

GAIL: Thanks. (stands) I need your advice really badly.

JUNIOR: Why are you getting pissed off.

GAIL: Don't tell me what I should do.

JUNIOR: It wasn't an order or anything.

GAIL: Look. Let's not get into the habit of talking about what we should do. What we could do. It's a dumb way to live so let's just kill that way of thinking right away. Let's just talk about what we want to do. I want to get a reasonably good job. Period.

JUNIOR: I want to get married.

GAIL: Great. Now we've got a plan. Something to aim for.

(JUNIOR stands too. Puts his arms around her)

JUNIOR: You look great. When you stood up like that your body looked amazing. When you talked...you talked like a lawyer. You're perfect.

GAIL: So are you.

(They kiss)

JUNIOR: I need some advice.

GAIL: (suspiciously) Yeah?

JUNIOR: I'm supposed to visit my dad tomorrow.

GAIL: Yeah.

JUNIOR: In jail. He's in jail.

GAIL: Yeah I know that, Junior.

JUNIOR: Well, should I.

GAIL: Don't you want to.

JUNIOR: He's ridiculous you know. He's the most ridiculous man in the whole world. He can't even steal hubcaps. He writes bad cheques and tries to cash them at the wrong bank. He's a crook. That's bad enough. But he's so fucking bad at it.