

GAIL: I love you, honey.

JUNIOR: Because I love you probably.

GAIL: Probably yeah. It's a great love you've got for me. It's something to be admired in a man. I admire your capacity.

JUNIOR: Yeah. You explained it to me once. It seemed to make sense. I got ahold of the idea at the time. I remember telling a friend about it. He just laughed. It sounds better when you say it. Say it.

GAIL: What people in real love do is give things to each other. What you give me is your full attention. The first time we kissed even. You threw your arms around me. Closed your eyes and just held on. It wasn't the world's greatest kiss, but I said to myself here's a guy who can concentrate on what he's doing... Get it?

JUNIOR: Sure. Will you marry me.

GAIL: When I get a job.

JUNIOR: I've got a job.

GAIL: I know you've got a job. I didn't forget. The answer to your question was when I get a job.

JUNIOR: Why.

GAIL: You know why. Why?

JUNIOR: So you won't have to be afraid I'll fuck-up.

GAIL: No. Jesus. Pathetic. Not that you won't fuck-up. Just so I'll know there's something I can do to control things. Keep things moving. Whatever happens.

JUNIOR: Well whatever happens just has to be me fucking-up. I've been thinking about it and there just isn't anything else that can go wrong.

GAIL: There are things in this world beyond your control. Your plant could close. You could be laid off. Etcetera. You should have voted to unionize that place, you know.

JUNIOR: I was gonna. But the only union that would take us in was controlled by communists.

GAIL: Who says.

JUNIOR: I'm not sure. Someone put the word out.

GAIL: You should have looked into it more.

JUNIOR: What, who put the word out, or the communists?