

Cut #8

Stacy, Carl,
Michael, Grandma

STACY. Okay, be honest. What do you guys think about me getting married?

CARL. I think the minute ya marry someone, you've established a motive for murder.

STACY. Very helpful. Michael?

MICHAEL. Well, in all fairness, marriage can be really hard work, okay, and a lot of the time you'll be discouraged and let down and ignored, and you just want to leave and never come back, and sometimes you wanna kill your spouse but you don't because they have laws.

STACY. *(Waiting for more. After a few beats.)* Well, that was inspirational. Carl, any other pearls of wisdom?

CARL. I think if you wanna get married, that's fine. My only question is, why would you ever wanna get married? Seriously.

STACY. It's legal.

CARL. I know. And that's another thing. Why would you ever want it to be legal? Do you have any idea how great you had it when it wasn't legal? I'm hoping some day they outlaw heterosexual marriage. If they did that, I'd still be in a relationship today. "Hey, honey, I'd love to marry you, but you know what, it's not legal. I'm really sorry but my hands are tied. I wish I could do something, I really do, but I can't. It's the law. Now, let's go to the Olive Garden."

(GRANDMA enters, carrying salt and pepper shakers. She sets them on the dining table.)

MICHAEL. You're never gonna find anyone as good as Rita.

CARL. I was thinkin' the same thing about you and Jill.

STACY. *(To CARL.)* Why don't you and Rita live with each other for awhile. Kind of a trial run.

(UNCLE BOB enters.)

GRANDMA. We never "lived with each other" when I was your age. It was all or nothin'. You kids with your "living in sin." It's like Sodom and Gomorrah these days, with your "sexting" and your "twerking." I got your twerking right here.

(She twerks.)

Here ya go. Here's your twerking. Badonka donk. How do ya like that? Huh? Huh? Break it down, break it down, feed the chicken, pop and lock, shake and bake, now, we're talkin'.

(One final butt thrust.)

Bam!

(She stops.)

CARL. I will never un-see that.

MICHAEL. I'm scarred for life.

UNCLE BOB. *(Pulls out a dollar bill, holding it out.)* Will you do that again?

MICHAEL. You know what, Carl, Rita might not be the one for you. Face it, you may not be able to work out your differences.

CARL. Yeah, whatever. It's not like you and Jill haven't had your problems.

MICHAEL. Why? What did you hear?

CARL. *(Suspicious.)* Nothing. Is there something you'd like to tell me?

MICHAEL. No. Stacy, did Mom say she had cheese and crackers?

STACY. Uh-huh.

(She doesn't move.)

MICHAEL. Could you get it for us, please?

STACY. Sure.