

Cut # 6

Uncle Bob, Mom,  
Grandma, Michael,  
Carl, Stacy

UNCLE BOB. So, how are ya doin'? Are ya doin' okay?

MOM. Yeah, I'm fine.

UNCLE BOB. I like your condo.

GRANDMA. It's too small.

MOM. Well, I didn't need all the room in the old house since it's just me, so, here I am.

UNCLE BOB. Yeah, it's nice. So, what else is goin' on? What about you, Carl? What are you doin' these days? Are you datin' anyone?

MOM. He's dating Rita.

MICHAEL. You've been going out for a few years, now, haven't ya.

CARL. Actually, we're kind of on hiatus.

MOM. Oh, what happened?

MICHAEL. Did ya screw it up? I bet ya screwed it up.

*(To MOM.)*

He screwed it up.

CARL. I didn't screw it up. It was just...somethin' I said.

GRANDMA. Did ya call her a "floozy"? ...Women don't like that. I never did. Well, sometimes...

*(Looks up, remembering.)*

And then he would take me over his knee, and spanky, spanky, spanky -

MOM. Okay. Carl, you were saying?

CARL. Oh, well, actually, it's a little personal.

GRANDMA. There are no secrets in this family. Except when I flew those spy missions with Charles Lindbergh.

MOM. No, ya didn't.

GRANDMA. That's when he introduced me to the Mile High Club.

CARL, MICHAEL, STACY & MOM. (*Groaning.*) Ohhh.

MOM. You were saying, Carl?

CARL. Oh, boy. Alright, I guess it might help my story.

STACY. Your what?

CARL. Oh, nothin'. So, the last time I went out with Rita, she asked me where our relationship was going.

UNCLE BOB. Ouch.

MOM. What did you say?

CARL. I said it was going to the Olive Garden and then to a movie.

MOM. Oh, no.

STACY. No kidding.

CARL. If I just thought before opening my mouth we might still be together, but nooooo.

GRANDMA. If "ifs" and "buts" were candy and nuts, every day would be Christmas.

CARL. I don't get it. We had a great thing going. We had fun together, we had a lot of stuff in common. I don't know what happened?

STACY. Ya really don't?

CARL. No.

STACY. You've been going out for two years. At your age ya can't expect a woman to do that forever.

MICHAEL. They have an expiration date.

CARL. They what?

MICHAEL. You know, their...

(*Motions to his lower area.*)

Lady parts.

STACY. Is that the medical term for it?

MICHAEL. Women want children, okay. If you're not gonna be the one to make that happen, they need to move on before, you know...

*(Motions to his lower area.)*

Dust bowl.

GRANDMA. I have a dust bowl... I keep plastic fruit in it.

MICHAEL. Women have a plan. They don't just meander through life, like you. They want a ring. A big one. Which means you need to make more money, and get a better job.

CARL. I have a good job.

MICHAEL. Writing a gossip column?

CARL. It's not a gossip column, it's a "human interest" column.

UNCLE BOB. Ya want my advice?

CARL. Oh, wow, umm -

UNCLE BOB. Don't worry, I'm qualified, okay, 'cause I was married once before, in the eighties. Then another two times in the nineties. So, I'm pretty much an expert.

CARL. Apparently.

UNCLE BOB. Tell her what she wants to hear. It's easier. Ya won't fight as much. Then, if things go off the rails, ya just move out in the middle of the night. No forwarding address. Change your phone number, too. At first it's tough on the kids, but eventually they forget ya.

CARL. Is that what *you* did?

UNCLE BOB. Yes, it is.

CARL. How did that work out for ya?

UNCLE BOB. Not well at all.

MOM. Your son still not talkin' to you?

UNCLE BOB. Not for a couple years.

MOM. What goes around, comes around.

GRANDMA. That's my nickname in Sun City.

MOM. (Re: GRANDMA.) So proud of you.

STACY. (To UNCLE BOB.) You should call your son.

UNCLE BOB. Oh, he doesn't wanna talk to me.

GRANDMA. Well, we can't solve everything. Now, let's get back to Carl and Rita.

CARL. Oh, great.

GRANDMA. Carl, honey, I'd like to tell you a story about another little girl, just like you.

(CARL reacts to "just like you.")

She was full of hope and promise, too. As fortune would have it, that little girl met a little boy. We'll call him... "Magic Mike." They quickly fell in love and did things that kids do, ya know, ice fishing with dynamite, bootlegging. Then one day that little girl left Magic Mike. She just couldn't commit to one man. So she committed to the U.S. Navy. Until they ran out of penicillin... You get what I'm tryin' to tell ya?

CARL. No.

GRANDMA. You need to jump ship and swim back to Rita before your dingy turns green.

MICHAEL. Grandma's right.

CARL. She is?!

MICHAEL. Yeah, you should go back to her.

CARL. I don't know if I can do that.

STACY. Baby.

(GRANDMA sniffs CARL.)

CARL. What are you doin'?

GRANDMA. I think your diaper needs changing.