

SHORT

HIM:

So... you were heading for Vegas? What's in Vegas?

HER:

Uh, well... I'm going to be a waitress. Then make a career as a croupier. They can make a hundred thousand dollars a year, you know, but you have to have the hands, which I do. I got them from my Grandma Vega, which is a good thing, you know, 'cause my Grandma Barzelle, she had hands like a circus midget.

HIM:

How come you can't live with Jerry?

HER:

Do you know Jerry?

HIM:

No.

HER:

Jerry has trouble expressing his feelings. He had a fucked up childhood. His mom was nuts. You know, one of those people who always thinks the iron is on.

HIM:

Don't you love him?

HER:

I think that's the problem. We love each other too much. He's like ... he's so selfish and we've been living his life for ... like ... ever! I mean, he'd tell you a different story all together. But I give and I give and he just keeps on taking. Our counselor totally agrees with me, by the way.

HIM:

But don't put too much stock in those counselor types. All they do is sit around in bare feet and smoke joints.

HER:

But that still doesn't change the fact that Jerry's a taker and I'm a giver.

HIM:

You know, a lot of people are under the impression that you get to choose who you love.

HER:

I'm sorry. Are you ... are you taking his side? Well, you are a man. Of course you are.

HIM:

You love him. You said so yourself. That is all that matters.

HER:

You know, you're a very sensitive person for a cold-blooded murderer.

HIM:

Thank you.