

## vincent and mia hang out /2/ a five-dollar shake

VINCENT: **Did you just order** a five dollar shake?

MIA: **Sure did.**

VINCENT: A shake? Milk and ice cream?

MIA: **Uh-huh. Yummy.**

VINCENT: It costs five dollars? They don't put bourbon **in it** or anything? ... **Just checking.** Can I **have** a **sip** of that? I'd like to know what a five dollar shake tastes **like.**

MIA: **Be my guest.** You can **use** my straw, I don't have **kooties.**

VINCENT: Goddamn! That's a pretty good milk shake.

MIA: **Told ya.**

VINCENT: I don't know if it's **worth** five dollars, but it's pretty damn good.

MIA: **Don't you hate** that? **Uncomfortable** silences. Why do we feel it's necessary to **yak** about **bullshit in order to** be **comfortable**? You know, **that's how** you **can tell** you found **somebody special.** When you can just shut the hell up for a minute, and comfortably **share** silence.

VINCENT: I don't think we're there **yet.** But **don't feel bad,** we just met each other.

MIA: Well, **I'll tell you what,** I'll go to the bathroom while you sit here and **think of** something **to say.** (*Mia comes back to the table*) **Don't you love it when** you go to the bathroom and you come back **to find** your food **waiting** for you?

VINCENT: **We're lucky** we got it **at all.** Buddy Holly **doesn't seem to be much of a** waiter. We **should have sat** in Marilyn Monroe's section.

MIA: Which **one?** There's two Marilyn Monroes.

VINCENT: No **there's not.** That one over there is Marilyn Monroe... and the one that's **walking past** that car is actually Mamie Van Doren. I don't see Jayne Mansfield, so it **must be** her night **off.**

MIA: Pretty smart.

VINCENT: I **have moments.**