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

VINCENT: Did you just order a five-dollar shake?	
MIA: Sure	
VINCENT: A shake? Milk and ice cream?	
MIA: Uh-huh. Yummy.	
VINCENT: It costs five dollars? They don't bourbon in it or anything? Ju 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:! That's a pretty good milk shake.	
MIA: Told ya.	
VINCENT: I don't know if it's five dollars, but it's pretty damn good.	
They both sit quietly for a while until Mia speaks up.	
MIA: Don't you hate that? Uncomfortable silences. Why do we feel it's necessary yak about in order to be comfortable? You know, that's how you can 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 othe	er.
MIA: Well, I'll tell you, I'll go to the bathroom while you sit here and think something to say. (when she comes back to the table) Don't you love it when you go to 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 to be much of waiter. We have sat in Marilyn Monroe's section.	a
MIA: Which one? There's two Marilyn Monroes.	
VINCENT: No, there's not. That one over there is Marilyn Monroe and the one walking that car is actually Mamie Van Doren. I don't see Jayne Mansfield, must be her night	
MIA: Pretty smart.	
VINCENT: I have moments.	

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