

HONEYMOON IN VEGAS

JACK: Betsy!

BETSY: Hi.

JACK: So what's the story?

BETSY: I have to pack.

JACK: So we can leave? Wow, what did you work out?

BETSY: Um...well...he's taking me to Hawaii ...It's only for a few days.

JACK: Huh, come on you're so blithe about this all of a sudden...like you don't give a damn.

BETSY: Of course I give a damn...But, this was not my idea, okay Jack...POKER was not my idea.

JACK: Would you please stop crucifying me with this?

BETSY: Did you see my bag?

JACK: He's going to jump all over you the second you get there.

BETSY: Oh please, like I'm going to let him do that...God Jack just give me a little credit.

JACK: He'll over come you. -What happens the moment you start screaming...it's like a jungle over there... He probably have servants and bodyguards...believe me he'll drug you!!

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BETSY: He's son is going to be there Jack...he's granddaughter Tiffany will be there.

JACK: *She knows the kid's name already ----- Okay! Marry me tonight.*

BETSY: NO!

JACK: NO!!! Why not?

BETSY: Because I don't believe you Jack. Because if you wanted to marry me Jack, you would have done it this afternoon ...

----Yes, hi this is the Ali Baba Suite...I have some bags I need to be brought down....Okay thank you----

...You are looking for a way out of this. You don't have to be Freud to figure that out.

JACK: I was not looking...Okay listen...um...you'll be back *Monday?*

BETSY: I don't know...maybe Tuesday or Wednesday.

JACK: Tuesday or Wednesday, that's almost a week!

BETSY: What...you expect us to fly back and forth from Hawaii in two days?

JACK: Us... *Already it's us.*

BETSY: Oh, don't be infantile. I'm trying to make the best of this.

JACK: Oh you're already making the best of it.