

Mr. Wrong

Whitman: You are still upset about losing at Charades, are you?

Martha: No.

Whitman: She is a killer.

Martha: Yeah, she is good.

Whitman: Somethin' else?

Martha: Um, yeah. Whitman, you are... you're an incredible person. I mean, you're really somethin' else, you know? Um, and I've...I've really...mostly enjoyed the time we've spent together. But sometimes, it's about chemistry, you know? And... and sometimes chemistry works and sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes you get a...get an explosion...or, or a really bad smell. You know what I mean? That's not goo. Ok. You know how, um, you feel about Inga? You know how, you know, how she still loves you but you don't love her? How you used to love her but... but you don't love her anymore? How...how... Okay, look. Here is good. This is good. I am salt and you are pepper, all right? Okay, now, salt and pepper goes together, right? Sometimes, you know? But sometimes...It doesn't have to. You don't have to have pepper with salt. Sometimes salt goes alone. Sometimes salt goes with other herbs, even. And I'm...I'm saying....that I... I wanna see other herbs.

Whitman: Martha, I understand what you're saying. And don't worry. I'm not gonna let your fear of intimacy destroy this. I 'm not. You know, I won't do what those others did. I'm not gonna walk out on you. I won't desert you and the kids. I swear, all rihgt?

Martha: Whitman, Okay.

Whitman: Know that. Live with that.

Martha: Whitman, we're not gonna have children.

Whitman: Jump off a cliff with me. Take my hand and jump off a cliff with me.

Martha: I don't wanna jump off a cliff.

Whitman: Yeah, yeah. I wanna prove something to you.

Martha: Oh, please don't.

Whitman: How much do you think I love you?

Martha: I don't know.

Whitman: Enough to break my own finger?

Martha: Oh, god, I.... I don't...

Whitman: I mean, do ya? I mean, do you think that I love you enough to break my own finger?

Martha: I don't know, and I don't care.

Whitman: I...I...I mean, t...tell me.

Martha: It's hard to say. Okay, fine.

Whitman: I do. I can. I will.

Martha: Oh, no don't. Don't do it...don't...

Whitman: Ah...

Martha: Oh my god!

Whitman: Hoo! That's love.