

GARY: That is so beautiful.

WYATT: You know it Gary

GARY: Do you know what I'd like to do?

WYATT: Shower with them.

GARY: Then, bang, we hit the city baby, dead on. A little drinks, little nightlife, dancing.

WYATT: Dancing.

GARY: Throw a huge party, I mean HUGE party, everybody's invited, women everywhere. All these girls, they're all there, naked bodies everywhere—

WYATT: —Gary—

GARY: —They all know my name—

WYATT: —Gary!

GARY: What?

WYATT: Nobody likes us. Nobody.

GARY: Why are you messing with the fantasy? We know about the reality. Don't ruin the fantasy, ok? And then, we're hip, man, we're popular, we're revered—

WYATT: Man.

GARY: We're studs. When the smoke clears, right? Those two dames fall amazingly, completely, and totally in love with us Wyatt.

*(beat.)*

GARY: So, where'd your parents go anyway?

WYATT: Cincinatti. They're meeting the guy my sister wants to marry.

GARY: Chloe? Who the hell would marry Chloe?

WYATT: He's studying to be a vet. Try not to make a mess in here, Gary, the maid doesn't come until Monday.

GARY: I don't understand something Wyatt. How come all the sudden your parents trust you, man? They never let you do shit before.

WYATT: Chet's coming home from college for the weekend, they trust him. He's in charge.

GARY: Chet? Oh shit. I can't believe this Wyatt. I really wish you told me this before I agreed to sleep over. You know how I feel about Chet. I mean, how do you put up with that guy?

WYATT: If I don't, he beats the shit out of me. It's a habit he picked up in military school.

GARY: I mean, how do you put up with that putz?

WYATT: What can I say, Gary? He's very protective of me.

GARY: Nice relationship.

WYATT: Well, if I could create a better one, I would.

GARY: You know, that's not a bad idea.

WYATT: What?

GARY: Making a girl. Actually making a girl. Just like Frankenstein. Except cuter.

WYATT: You're serious?

GARY: Yes. Look me in the eyes. Do I look serious?

WYATT: Gary Wallace, that's absolutely ridiculous, that's sick. I'm not digging up dead girls, that's—

GARY: You know I'm not talking about digging up a dead girl, Wyatt. I'm talking about your system, idiot, your computer! Ok, look, you know how you're always talking about how you can simulate all that stuff on your computer? You know? What's the difference? Why can't we simulate a girl?

WYATT: I don't know, I guess I could, but why? It's two-dimensional on the screen, it's not flesh and blood Gary.

GARY: Well I know that, but you know, we can use it Wyatt, we can ask it questions, we can put it in real live sexual situations and see how it reacts, like real sick, demented shit, you'd love it!

WYATT: Well, what about your girl in, um, Canada?

GARY: She lives in Canada, that girl has no morals, you know, I don't like that type of girl, it's rough having

those kinds of relationships, you'll see. Anyway, get to work.

WYATT: Alright. Well, first thing's first. Boobs.

GARY: Anything bigger than a handful, you're risking a sprained tongue.

WYATT: Yeah.

GARY: Perfect.

WYATT: Ok, now what?

GARY: Should we give her a brain?

WYATT: Yeah, we could play chess with her.

GARY: Chess? Just give her a brain, ok?

WYATT: Ok, that's about all we can do with my stuff.

GARY: I can't believe this shit, I can't believe this. Did you get a free toaster with this too?

WYATT: Gary, it's smarter than you. The problem is, it's a lame idea, ok?

GARY: It's not a lame idea. The problem is, your computer's a wimp. We've got to fill this thing up with data.

We've got to make her as real as possible, Wyatt. I want her to live, I want her to breathe, I want her to aerobicize.

*(Gary speaks in tongues over a Barbie doll connected to wires)*

WYATT: Gary? By the way, why are we wearing bras on our heads?

GARY: It's ceremonial.

WYATT: You ready?

GARY: Yeah. Let's go.