

GLORIA BELL

GLORIA:

You're doing the right thing. Its gonna be fine.

ARNOLD:

Thank you for saying that. You just may not see how difficult this is for me.

GLORIA:

How can I not see you? I'm looking straight at you. You know, its not just bad for them to depend on you so much. It's bad for you too. You have the right to your own life.

ARNOLD:

Yes, I do.

(CELL PHONE STARTS RINGING) (RINGING STOPS)

GLORIA:

Do you want to take a trip? A big trip? Just the two of us. We could...We could go to Europe, or Spain.

ARNOLD:

Spain?

GLORIA:

Have you ever been to Spain?

ARNOLD:

No.

GLORIA:

Well then let's go. Let's...Let's go to Spain. Let's take 10 days off work and go dancing. We both love to dance. Let's do it. You know, we could die tomorrow.

(CELL PHONE RINGING) GLORIA TAKES THE PHONE.

ARNOLD:

Turn it off okay?

(RINGING STOPS)

SHE DROPS IT IN HIS SOUP.

THEY BOTH START LAUGHING.

ARNOLD:

All right, my goodness.

ARNOLD GRABS HIS NAPKIN AND TAKES THE PHONE OUT OF THE SOUP AND DRIES IT OFF, STILL LAUGHING. GLORIA IS LAUGHING TOO.

All right.

ARNOLD GIVES GLORIA A LONG LINGERING KISS.

Cheers.

GLORIA:

To Spain.

ARNOLD:

To Spain.

THEY TOAST AND DRINK.

I'll be right back. Excuse me.

