

LUCAS

LUCAS: Wait. Wait! We have to talk this over for a minute.

WEDNESDAY: Talk whatever over?

LUCAS: We can't just run away and get married. You said it was important that everyone got along.

WEDNESDAY: And you said it didn't matter!

LUCAS: Yeah but they wanna kill each other. You want that hanging over our heads?

WEDNESDAY: Boy, you sound just like your father. The root doesn't fall far from the tree, does it!

LUCAS: What?

WEDNESDAY: Forget it!

LUCAS: The APPLE! The APPLE doesn't fall far from the tree.

WEDNESDAY: God, you're annoying!

LUCAS: You know what I think? You don't really wanna get married. You just said that to stick it to your mother.

WEDNESDAY: Don't psychoanalyse me, Lucas! It's a deep dark hole and you don't wanna go there. Come on.

LUCAS: What'll we do for money?

WEDNESDAY: Stop being so scared of everything. [ancestors say YEAH]

LUCAS: Right. Like you're not scared!

WEDNESDAY: I eat scared for breakfast, honey. [ancestors say YEAH]

LUCAS: Let's go back in the house and make some rational decisions.
[ancestors say NO]

WEDNESDAY: I don't want rational decisions. I want dangerous, impulsive, crazy decisions! [ancestors say YEAH] Are you coming or not?

LUCAS: Look...I...I can't run away like this. It's too crazy. I'm sorry.

WEDNESDAY: Not as sorry as you're gonna be when you wake up and you're 46 and working for your father. [She storms off]

LUCAS: I can be impulsive. I just need to think about it first.