

MAL

ALICE: I feel so dark; I feel so dead. All is black inside my face.

MAL: Boy. They really got to you. That doesn't even rhyme!

ALICE: You got a problem with that?

MAL: I did not raise my son to be kidnapped by a bunch of creeped-out, left-wing, Spanish weirdos!

ALICE: You didn't raise him, Mal. I did. You were at the office... remember!

MAL: I was at the office for you. For him. I had plans for the boy.

ALICE: Oh, Mal, he's in love. Let him follow his heart.

MAL: Follow his heart? That's crazy!

ALICE: What's wrong with 'crazy?' 'Crazy' is underrated!

MAL: Lemme get this straight...Your son – your ONLY son – wants to marry someone who is named for a day of the week and runs around Central Park with a crossbow! And you're okay with that?

ALICE: If it makes him happy – yes.

MAL: Well, you better come to your senses or I'm gonna have to take steps!