

WENDY, GARY

11

GARY:
What?!

WENDY:
Just listen—

GARY:
What part of my last speech said “reconciliation” to you?

WENDY:
It would only be for four days.

GARY:
So you could dump me again and video it this time?

START

WENDY:
My parents don't know we're divorced.

GARY:
You haven't told them? Oh, that's right. Your mom is very religious.

WENDY:
It would destroy her. I've been able to keep up appearances, but as you know every Christmas we visit them—

GARY:
Wait a minute. You want me to pretend we're still married and spend Christmas—my least favorite holiday of the year, with your mom and dad—who is Bill Belichick but without the whimsy, in a state that still has liquor laws?

WENDY:
The only reason for divorce she'd accept is adultery,

but I can't prove it.

GARY:

That's because it never happened.

WENDY:

Are you seeing anyone?

GARY:

What? No. It takes time to recover from something like this. Are you seeing someone?

WENDY:

Yes.

GARY:

Really? Wow. I needed a year. You sign up for Tinder and twelve seconds later you're swiping left and swiping right and—

WENDY:

This just happened. And all the things you seem to resent about me, Chip loves.

GARY:

Chip? His name is Chip? Your boyfriend is a forest ranger?

WENDY:

No. He's a lawyer. And he calls me twenty times a day.

GARY:

He's a puppy.

WENDY:

It's time he could be billing people. I'm touched.

GARY:

Well, how's this?—take Chip to Utah and hope your parents have cataracts.

WENDY:

I told him our Christmas tradition is just the immediate family. So he doesn't have to know about any of this.

GARY:

And you accused me of cheating.

WENDY:

(proudly) This isn't cheating. I pride myself on my integrity. This is lying.

END

GARY:

I'm not going.

WENDY:

Gary—

GARY:

Save it. I don't owe you any favors. Not to mention I despise cold weather, and that air mattress always kills my back. I'm crippled for weeks.

WENDY:

I'll give you four thousand dollars.

GARY:

What?

WENDY:

Four thousand dollars. I'll also provide the transportation, rings, and I'll throw in Motrin.

GARY:

Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You want