

ALEXIS
Syd...Syd...Syd.

[REDACTED] a fool than did
now?

ALEXIS
I'm the fool. Ion know why I keep
dealin' with this boy. I was
always sure I whatn't gone be good
enough for him. He so much pickier
than Derek. I should have chosen
the other twin.

[REDACTED] But what's
wrong?

ALEXIS
Girl, I fixed a Sunday dinner for
me and this ungrateful MF. This MF
compliments my cooking, then
suggests how to improve it next
time. Ain't gone be no fuggin'
next time.

[REDACTED]
enjoying, no mind--eggplant all my
life.

ALEXIS
Girl, I made some chicken-fried
steak, mash potatoes, green
beans...I made a salad and some
homemade biscuits.

[REDACTED]

ALEXIS
Mother. Fuck. You. That's the same
shit Aaron was complaining about.
Talmbout his mama use Spanish
onions and mines had Vidalia. Do I
(MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
look fuggin' Spanish. So fug you,
too.



Neither can take the line seriously.

ALEXIS
This ain't 1919, Syd.

