

LUCAS

Lucas: You realize they're gonna freak when we tell them.

Wednesday: My father won't.

Lucas: Why not?

Wednesday: I already told him.

Lucas: What? You told your father. Your father, with the sword? You told him we were getting married, just like that?

Wednesday: He's totally cool with it. Mostly.

Lucas: I thought we were going to tell them all together!

Wednesday: We need his help. You don't know my mother. She could really screw it up.

Lucas: I'm not marrying your mother.

Wednesday: I know. Look – it might seem old fashioned, but I want their blessing.

Lucas: You're right, it is old fashioned.

Wednesday: Lucas, do you love me?

Lucas: Of course.

Wednesday: Then leave it to me. It's all going according to plan.

Lucas: What plan? There's no plan!

Wednesday: That the plan, improvise. Keep them guessing.

Lucas: You're really crazy.

Wednesday: You say that like it's a bad thing. It's just a simple dinner. What could go wrong. Come on.