

# 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 are ok with all that?
- Alice: If it makes him happy, yes.
- Mal: Well, you better come to your senses or I'm gonna have to take steps.
- Alice: Good idea. Why don't you start by taking steps outside.
- Mal: What?
- Alice: You want to act like a tool, go sleep in the shed.