

WILLARD/RUSTY – ACT 2 SCENE 6B

WILLARD

Rusty, now here's the deal. I could throw a clean sheet over the front seat of the pick-up so we don't end up smelling like the dogs.

RUSTY

Uh-huh.

WILLARD

Daddy's suit kinda fits and I could roll up the pants legs with duct tape.

RUSTY

I love where this is going.

WILLARD

Mama could whip up one of those...

(Points frantically at his lapel.)

...croissants?

RUSTY

A corsage?

WILLARD

One of them.

RUSTY

You're painting a picture for me, aren't you? I see a rusty truck that smells bad, a taped-up brown suit, and me, wearing a corsage made of God-knows-what.

WILLARD

Whaddya think?

RUSTY

Is there a dance in there someplace?

WILLARD

Yes, ma'am. You wanna?

RUSTY

Willard, I would love to!