

F/M

GROSSE POINT BLANK

DEBI

All right mystery man. I want some answers. Let's recap. Spring of '84. Two young lovers with frightening natural chemistry. The girl sits in a seven-hundred dollar prom dress at her father's house waiting for the most romantic night of her young life. The boy never shows up, until now. So, what's the question?

MARTIN

Where have I been?

DEBI

More like what happened? What happened, Mr. Blank?

MARTIN

I don't know exactly. I could venture a guess but it would sound like a rationalization, like some sort of cop-out ... I thought you know... maybe seeing you, some friends, my house... of course now a 7-11--

DEBI

--Torn down in the name of convenience--

MARTIN

--and I guess, sure, seeing you would be part of that whole equation... I suppose the most important thing, really. I don't know. Anyway, this whole thing's my therapist's idea. It's my shrink, really.

DEBI

Ohhh. You're in therapy too, Marty?

MARTIN

You see someone?

DEBI

Uh, no. So you're back now, a decade late, and you're on some sort of therapy assignment and you want to sort things out with me. The question now is, do I allow you... access... to me?

MARTIN

Do you think we could leave this place?
I could explain all of this.

DEBI

Come on Marty. This segways so nicely
Into my 80s weekend. Should a once
broken hearted girl give a guy a second chance?

MARTIN

Do you think we could discuss this in a
More discreet setting?

DEBI

Marty. Do you happen to have
any deeply personal responses
you would like to share with me?

(Marty shakes head, no)

DEBI

If you love something, set it free.
If it comes back to you then . . .
well . . . it's broken

MARTIN

Are you going to the reunion?

DEBI

No. I'm not going. Is that why you're
here?

MARTIN

That's part of it.

DEBI

Well, you'll have a ball. You seem
to have everything everybody wants
when they go back. The car, the suit,
the watch. The look. That just leaves
the little things, like happiness,
character, point of view...

MARTIN

It's always the little things.

DEBI

Yep.

MARTIN

I'm wondering how you've been. How
you are. I'd like to catch up with
you. If it's possible.

DEBI

Okay. Let's catch up. You go first.

MARTIN

Well, there's not much to tell.

DEBI

I'm sure you've done worthwhile things in the last ten years. You've had experiences.

MARTIN

Bad experiences.

DEBI

You met people.

MARTIN

Bad people.

DEBI

Watched television?

MARTIN

Bad television.

DEBI

(amused) Jesus. Marty. You're pathetic. It sounds like you need a Shockabuku.

MARTIN

What's that?

DEBI

It's a swift spiritual kick to the head that alters your reality forever.

MARTIN

That'd be good.

DEBI

What do you want?

MARTIN

I figured I could pick you up tomorrow around seven o'clock.

DEBI

Let me get this straight, are you asking me out?

MARTIN

Yes.

DEBI

Unbelievable.

MARTIN

Seven it is.

DEBI

Let me think about it... Pick me up at my father's house at around seven. And don't be late this time.

MARTIN

This night, this reunion will be an important step in our relationship.

DEBI

You're fucking psycho.

MARTIN

Don't rush to judgement until all the facts are in.