

THE FAMILY STONE

Ben: (to bartender) Thanks, Gus.
(walks “Coronas” over to the table)
Have a lemon.

Meredith: I am not a bad person.

Ben: You’re a total mess. Look at you.

Meredith: I am?

Ben: I mean that in the best possible sense of course.
You know that.

Meredith: I do? [beat] I love the gays. Gay people.

Ben: They know that.

Meredith: Then why? I took her to the nicest restaurant
I know, and she didn’t say a word to me. Not one word.
All evening. But I tried. And I try, and I...I would have
slept on the couch.

Ben: Maybe you should stop. Just stop. Stop trying. You
know? It’s exhausting. Trying to keep that lid screwed on so
tight. Just, you know, relax. Try it.

Meredith: I’m not comfortable.

Ben: Okay. Here's the thing, Meredith. You have a freak flag. You just don't fly it.

Meredith: That's my song. Finally, my song.

Ben: Do you want another beer?

Meredith: Yeah. Wait. Do you know what would be great? Do you know what would be just, like, the most perfect thing right now? If we could figure out how to get a little pot... So, what was that dream?

Ben: Which?

Meredith: You told me you had a dream about me, but you didn't finish. You didn't say what I was doing.

Ben: You were shoveling snow.

Meredith: I—what?

Ben: You were just a little girl in a flannel nightgown, and you were shoveling snow from the walk in front of our house. And I was the snow. I was the snow and everywhere it landed and everything it covered. You'd scoop me up. With a big red shovel. You scooped me.