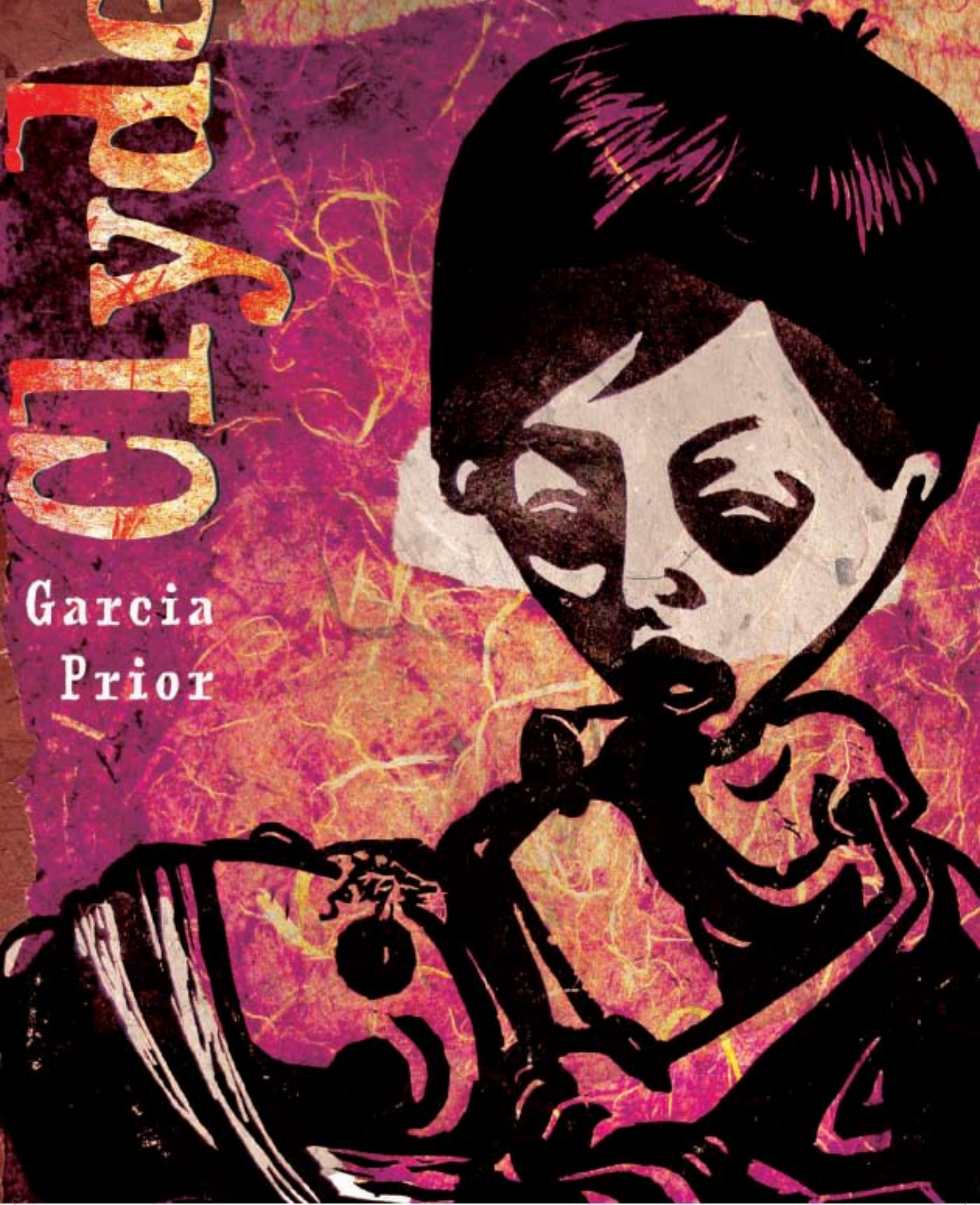
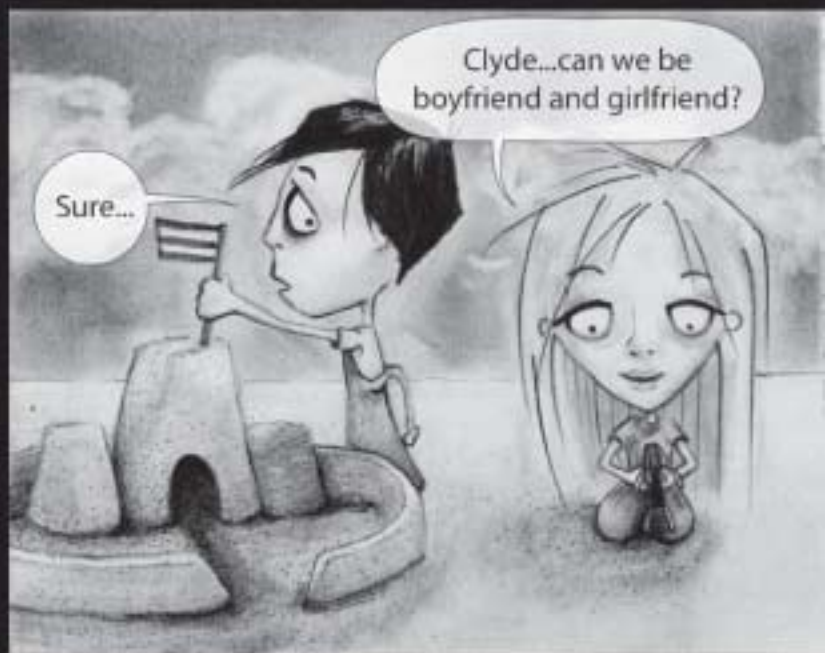
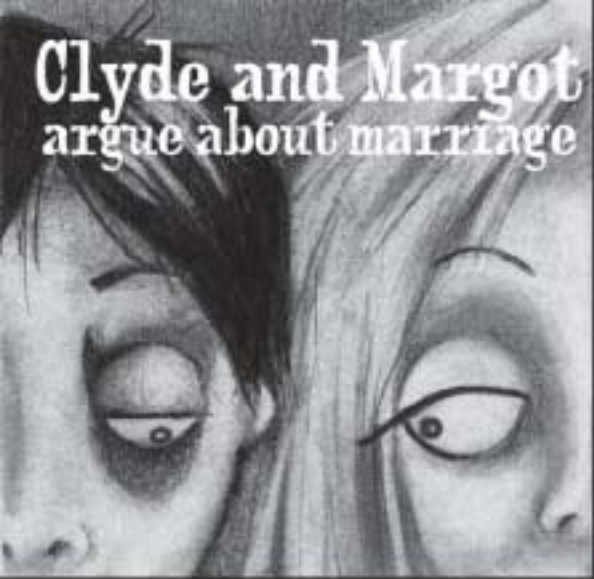


# Clay

Garcia  
Prior



# Clyde and Margot argue about marriage





I need to be a lone wolf. We're too young to be tied down by the facets of a relationship defined by permanence.

I don't know what that means.


It means we're too young, Margot.

Why?

Because we're eight.


So?

So we're too young.




Age is just a number, Clyde.

No, it's not. It's the amount of years that we've been alive.




What does that have to do with whether we get married or not?



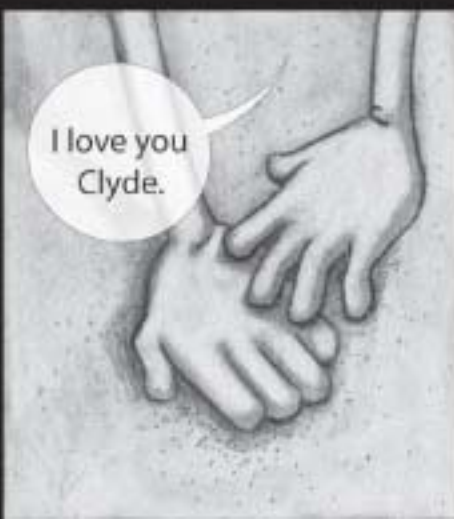
Because with age comes freedom and with marriage comes a sacrifice of freedom. You shouldn't sacrifice what you don't have yet.



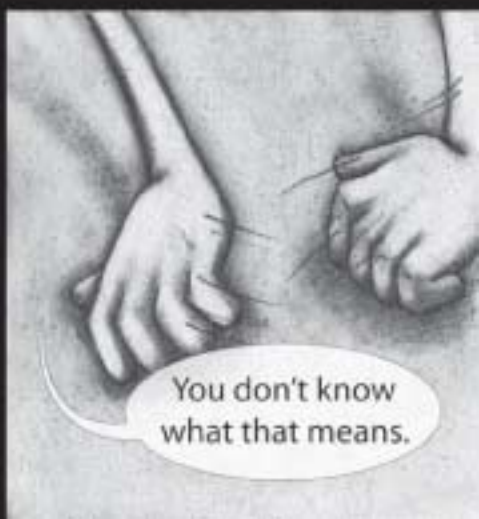
I love the way you talk.



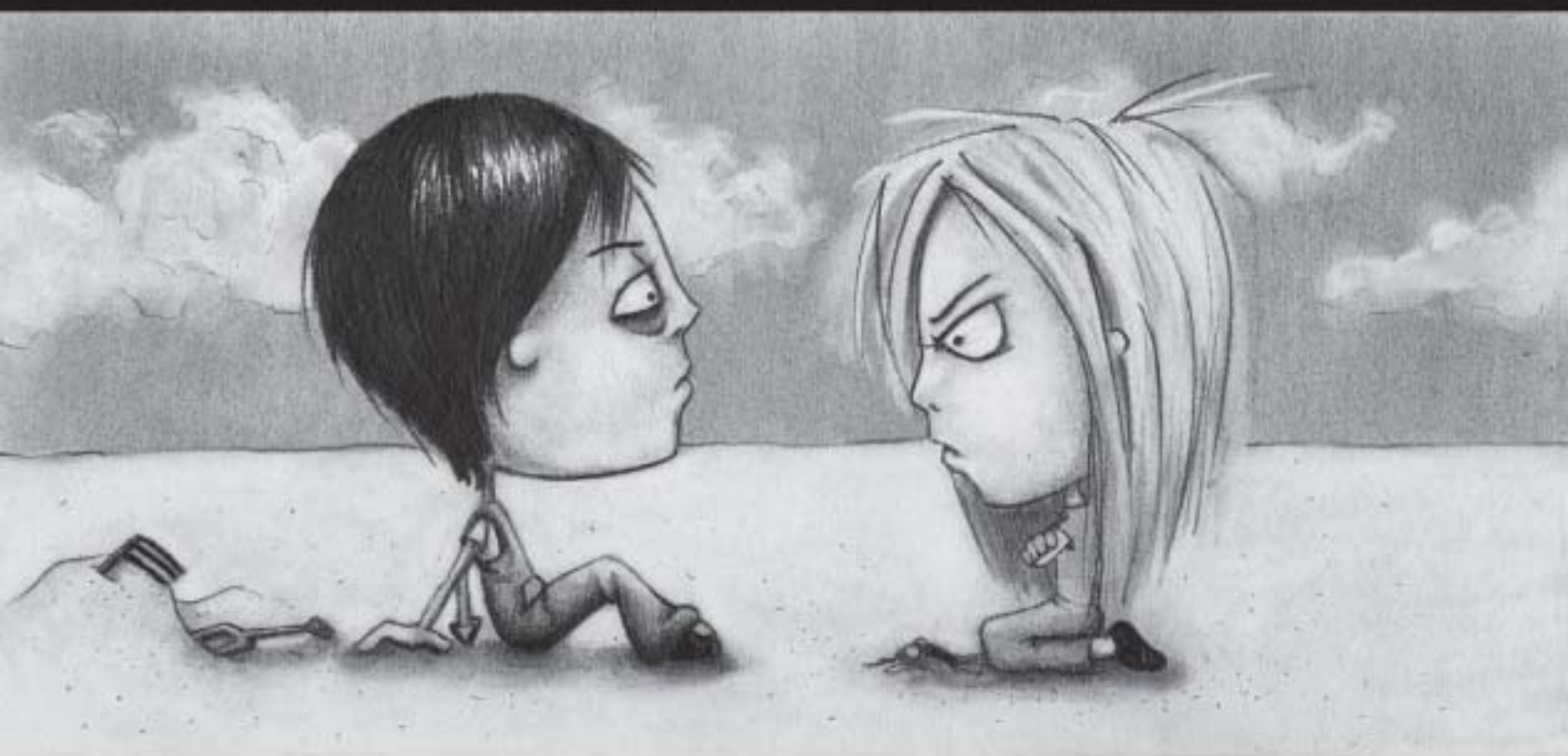
(sigh) Thanks Margot...



I love you Clyde.



You don't know what that means.



The other boys call me Maggie.

I know that.

When the other boys hear Margot, they laugh and call me "Maggot."

They're stupid.

I like Maggie.

I like Margot. It's a good name. A pretty name. That's why your parents gave it to you.

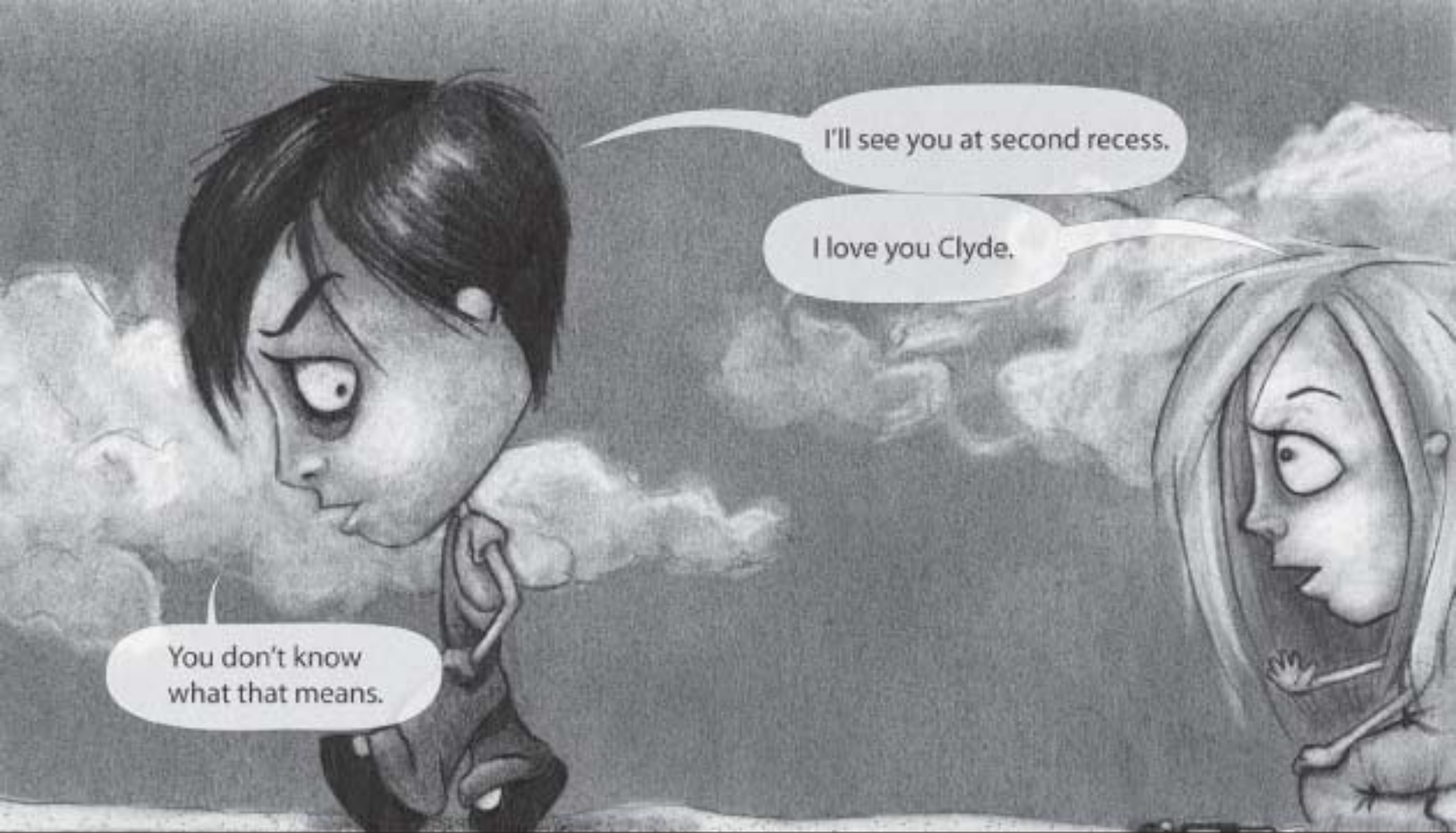
I think Maggie sounds pretty.

Maggie sounds childish. It sounds like the nickname of a little girl.

I am a little girl!

And that's why we can't get married.

**BRRRING!**



I'll see you at second recess.

I love you Clyde.

You don't know  
what that means.

It means I  
would marry  
you at second  
recess if you  
wanted...



# Clyde and Margot playdoctor



Wh-what?



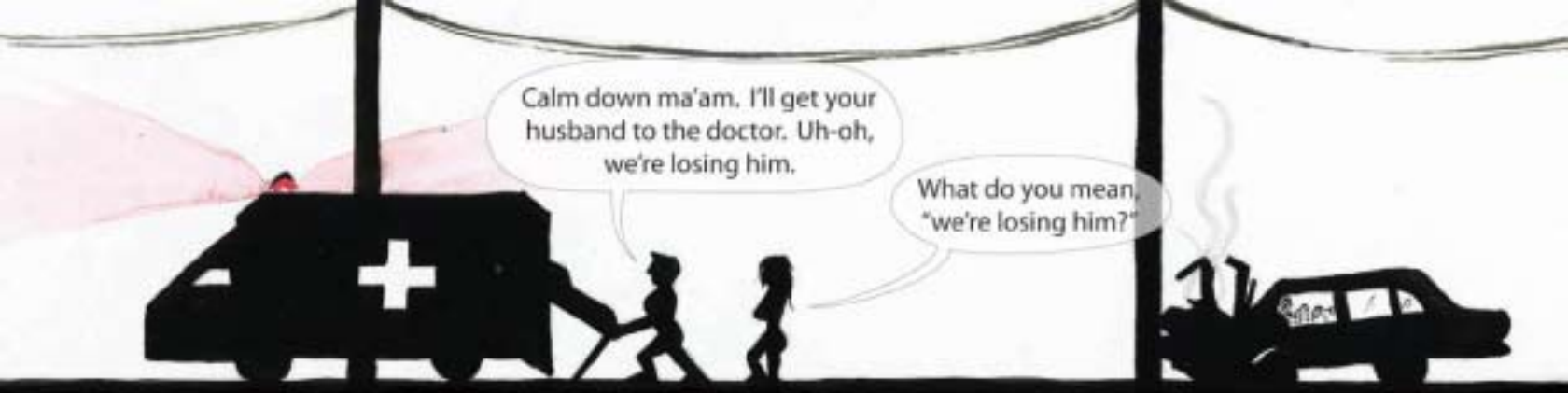
Doctor! My husband hit his head in a car accident. Can you help him?

Don't worry ma'am. We'll get him to a hospital.



I'm just the paramedic, ma'am.

What's a pair-uh-med-ik, Clyde?



Calm down ma'am. I'll get your husband to the doctor. Uh-oh, we're losing him.

What do you mean, "we're losing him?"



These head wounds can be tricky, ma'am. What's his name?

Teddy.

You're going to have to speak up ma'am!

(sigh) Teddy, Clyde.




Listen to me Ted. You've got to stay awake. I need you to stay with me and talk to me.

Ma'am, tell me about your husband. What are his hobbies?

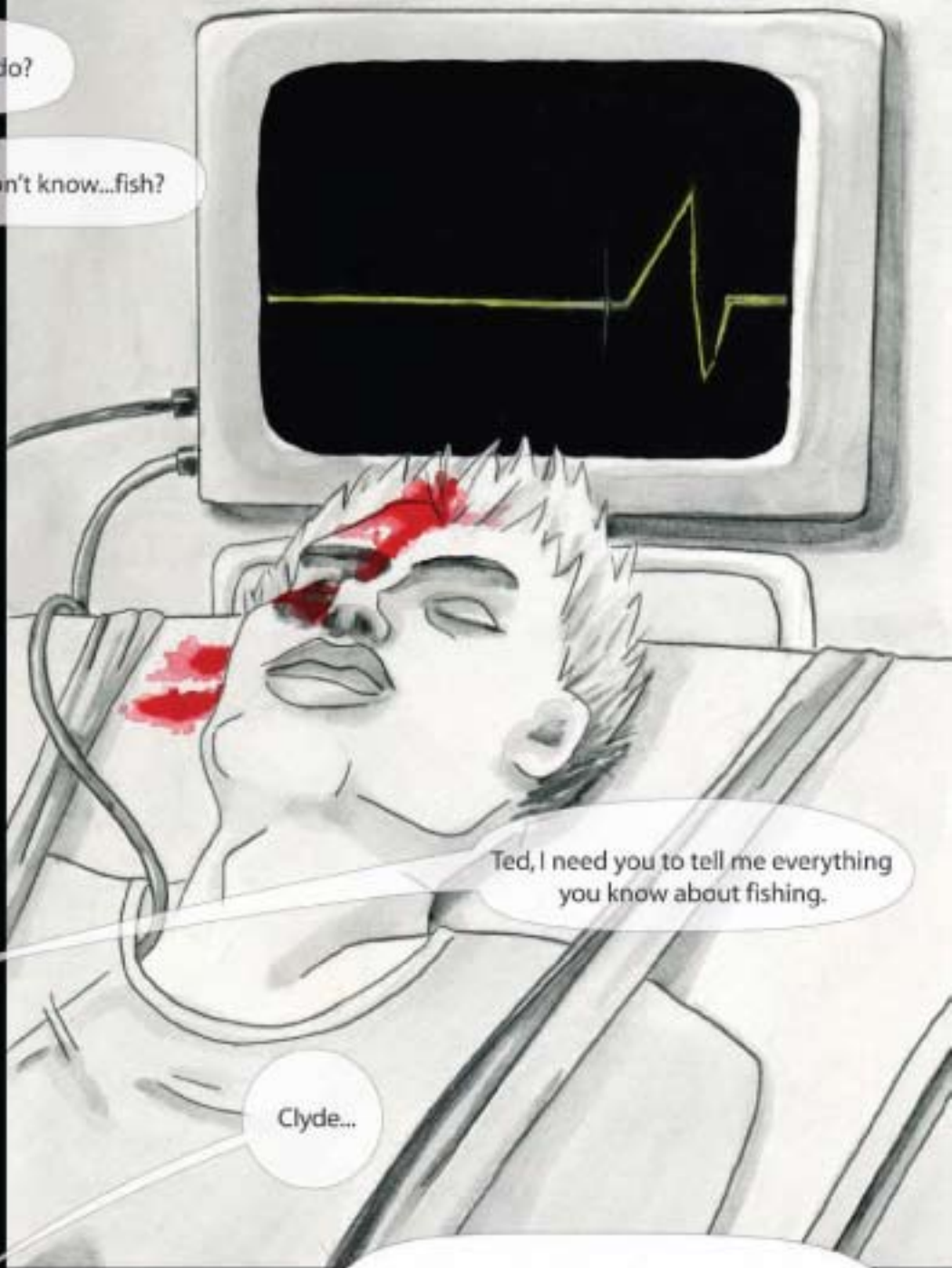
uuuuuuuuuuuggghhhh.....

Clyde...



Ma'am, what does your husband like to do?


I don't know...fish?



Ted, I need you to tell me everything you know about fishing.

Clyde...

Calm down ma'am! Just let me work, please! Stay with me Ted. Tell me about those fish, Ted. Dammit! He's flatlining!



Flatlining?

*There's too much brain damage. If he makes it out of this at all, he'll be a vegetable for the rest of his life. I can spare him that, but I need your permission.*



Vegetable?



*I can put him out of his misery.*



*No one will have to know what happened here.*

I don't want to play anymore, Clyde.



Why not?

I'm not having fun. This isn't how you play doctor.

I was a paramedic. It was supposed to be more realistic.



But I was a paramedic.

You tried to kill Teddy, Clyde!

I didn't want it to be more realistic! I wanted you to put a freakin' bandage on his head and say everything was going to be okay! What was that stuff about putting him out of his misery for? Doctors don't kill their patients, Clyde.

