

JOCINDA: You like the Weather Channel? It's like, relevant. (*JOCINDA turns on DD's TV before DD can react.*)

TV: "Make The Great Escape with Carousel Cruise Lines: crystal clear water, warm tropical –

(*DD turns off the TV.*)

JOCINDA: Yikes, Carousel Cruise Lines.

DD: Don't know where that came from.

JOCINDA: Hope Mr. Sharp isn't planning –

DD: No, no. It's nothing to do with him. I mean, he doesn't know.

JOCINDA: So it's a surprise. Pulling a fast one behind his back, eh? That'll get his mojo workin'.

DD: Yeah, I can't wait to see his face.

JOCINDA: It's just, well...

DD: What?

JOCINDA: You've been really nice, and I know I go all sanctimonious and judgmental like every two seconds – I know I do, but...

DD: You try being married to Richie for 20 years.

JOCINDA: I'm just saying, this is something you want to do?

DD: Listen, you're what – 17? Things get complicated. You've no idea.

JOCINDA: An all-inclusive cruise. Pina coladas, warm tropical breezes, some cheesy lounge singer slaughtering *Jamaica Farewell*. Just consider the impact of what you're doing.

DD: It's my decision.

JOCINDA: And you won't feel a little guilty? If you don't, you should.

DD: This kind of thing, it takes two.

JOCINDA: To do what? Park it on the poop deck of some glorified garbage scow and watch it spew dry cleaning fluid and last night's paté into the "crystal clear water." Its propellers are as big as this house! They stir up the ocean bottom, destroy the coral reef and spawning grounds. You don't want to go there.

DD: So you're saying I shouldn't go on a cruise because of the environment?

JOCINDA: Well, yah. What did you think I meant?

DD: Nothing.