

JOHN CURTIS. Well, who licked the red off your candy?

JUSTIN. I'm desperate for advice. Do you know anything about women?

JOHN CURTIS. Well, I *have* acquired a sizeable amount of knowledge regarding the fairer sex. However, "fairer sex" may be a misnomer because in my experience few, if any, have actually been *fair* to me.

JUSTIN. Look, John Curtis, I made up my mind to ask Gina Jo to marry me on Christmas Eve and I bought her this ring. See? *(He fishes the box out of his pocket and hands it to John Curtis.)*

JOHN CURTIS. Say, that's a beaut. This should make Miss Gina Jo a very happy, young lady.

JUSTIN. That's what I was hoping, but all of a sudden she's sort of backed away from me and I don't know what's gone wrong.

JOHN CURTIS. Ah yes. It's what we call the PFR — that's Primal Fear Response for you civilians. You see, the female of the species is far more perceptive than the male and the instant she registers fear, she has the good sense to flee. This explains why more male perps are apprehended. The way to outmaneuver her natural instincts is to take her by surprise. My advice? An extraordinary proposal.

JUSTIN. Extraordinary? Like how?

JOHN CURTIS. Take my parents for example. Daddy knew how much Mama loved Moon Pies, so he tucked her engagement ring right into the center of one. Now, as you may know, my Mama is a nibbler. The woman always works the edges off a Moon Pie first before she goes after the center. Well, when she finally bit into the middle, there that diamond was, sparkling in that fluffy, white goo. *(He chokes up.)* Give me a moment. That part always tears me up.

JUSTIN. That's it! Thank you. Thank you, John Curtis. You have renewed my hope. *(He pumps John Curtis's hand and runs out.)*

JOHN CURTIS. *(Calling after him.)* Just here to protect and to serve! You go get her, Buddy! *(Then.)* Preacher Boy ain't got a prayer. Durn! Now I've got a hankering for a Moon Pie ...