

Sandy:
Did you know she's living in a van?

Mindy:
Yeah. About a year now.

Sandy:
Doesn't that bother you?

Mindy:
Well... a lot of the students... rough it until they land a job, you know that. "Hard times builds character, character builds talent."

Sandy:
Who said that?

Mindy:
You did. It's in your book.

Sandy:
I have no memory of writing that. So, a young girl living in a van with a 90-pound googly-eyed bass player. Guy looks like he's got rickets.

Mindy:
So buy him some fruit.

Sandy:
Don't you get it? I'm making my living selling these kids on a dream which, in all likelihood, will not come true.

Mindy:
Dad, you're teaching them to act. Their dreams are their own.

Sandy:
Nobody dreams of living in a Ford Econoline.

Mindy:
Well, even if they don't make it, acting skills are useful all through life.

Sandy:
Yeah, they could all become Civil War reenactors.

Mindy:
Because Sandy Kominsky taught them how to die.

Sandy:
I'm gonna say something after class.

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Mindy:
Yeah, you do that. So, listen...

Sandy:
They need to know the harsh reality.

Mindy:
Yeah, they sure do.

Sandy:
Better to hear it from somebody that they revere.

Mindy:
Or you. Um, Dad, I... I need to tell you something important.

Sandy:
Well, go on. What are you waiting for?

Mindy:
I've been seeing someone.

Sandy:
Oh. Okay.

Mindy:
And it's getting serious.

Sandy:
Really? Wow. Do I get to meet him? I mean, I'm assuming it's a him, but either way, you know, I love you.

Mindy:
Yes, it's a him.

Sandy:
What do I know? In college...

Mindy:
That was one semester and I was experimenting.

Sandy:
Got it. I know. That's what college is for, for women. Guys, they don't experiment, it's either shirts or skins. I... I'm sorry. Please, go ahead.

Mindy:
Um... And, yes, you will, uh, get to meet him.

Sandy:
Terrific!

Mindy:
Because we're moving in together.

Sandy:
Okay. Yeah.

Mindy:
And there's one more thing.

Sandy:
No. No! Not an actor. You do not get involved with an actor.

Mindy:
He's not an actor.

Sandy:
Thank God! I would rather see you get involved with a Republican.

Mindy:
He's older than me.

Sandy:
So? That's good. Little older means that he's, uh, you know, more mature.

Mindy:
He's not a little older.

Sandy:
Well, what are we talking about? Uh... Ten years? Eleven years? Twenty?

Mindy:
He's closer to your age.

Sandy:
Really? Closer but lower?

Mindy:
It depends on what age you're going with these days.

Sandy:
Jesus Christ, Mindy! What, are you shacking up with Rupert Murdoch?

Mindy:
You know what? I think, when you meet him, you're really gonna like him. You two have a lot of fun stuff in common.

Sandy:
Sure! We both dodged polio! He did, didn't he?

Mindy:
He seems fine.

Sandy:
Good. Good. You and I are all right, right?

Mindy:
Yeah! Why?

Sandy:
Well, you know, traditionally, girls who like older men, they got, like, you know, daddy issues and...

Mindy:
Eww! I don't have daddy issues.

Sandy:
Because, if you do, you can't solve 'em with this guy. He's not your daddy.

Mindy:
Okay, you know what? You really need to shut up.

Sandy:
Gladly.

Mindy:
So I'm thinking the three of us should have dinner.

Sandy:
Yeah, right. Absolutely. Set it up.

Mindy:
Great.

Sandy:
Maybe we can go to Denny's and he and I can get the... the senior discount.

Mindy:
Okay, goodbye.

Sandy:
I love you. It's okay. You don't have to say it back.