

SIDE 2

While feeding Paul soup, she has read some of the new manuscript.

ANNIE, PAUL

ANNIE

I know I'm only forty pages into the manuscript... and it is brilliantly written
but then everything you ever write is brilliant.

PAUL

Is it hard to follow? I know it jumps back and forth in time...

ANNIE

Well, yeah, that's hard, but it's not that.

PAUL

I know the language is complicated..

ANNIE

It's the swearing, Paul. There I said it.

PAUL

The profanity bothers you?

ANNIE

Every other word is the F-word. It has no nobility!

PAUL

Annie this is real life, it's 1987, everybody talks like that.

ANNIE

What do you think I do when I go to the feed store in town? What do you think I
say? "Now give me a bag of that effing pig feed and some of that bitchly cow
corn?" "Hell yes, ma'am, coming right the eff up!" and at the bank do you
think I say "Here's one effin bastard of a check, now get off your effin ass and
cash the effin thing!"

(Losing control of herself annie drops the bowl of soup, shouting now)

Ah! There! See what you made me do?

PAUL
I'm sorry.

ANNIE
(She begins cleaning up the mess)
My mother would have washed my mouth out with soap and water for using that kind of language. You ought to stick to the misery stories, Paul. You won't make me mad again, will you?

PAUL
No. I don't want you to be mad. I sort of depend on you, you know.

ANNIE
Yes, you do, don't you?
(She hands him his pills then fills his glass with soapy water from the bucket.)

PAUL
Seriously? You swore, not me.

ANNIE
Take your medicine.

PAUL
Annie...
(After a moment Pauls takes the pills and swallows with the soapy water. He shudders.)