

(Excerpt from *Too True To Be Good* by Bernard Shaw)

In cahoots with a Nurse, the Burglar has tried to rob a young Patient of her pearl necklace. When the patient found what they were doing, however, she jumped to her feet and beat them both up. The Burglar now tries to convince the Patient to sell the pearls.

THE BURGLAR: Delicate! It's not five minutes since you knocked me out, and threw Sweetie all over the room. If you can fight like that for a string of pearls that you never have a chance of wearing, why not fight for freedom to do what you like, with your pocket full of money and all the fun in the wide world at your command? Hang it all, you don't want to be young and goodlooking and have a sweet breath and be a lawn tennis champion and enjoy everything that is to be enjoyed instead of frowsting here and being messed about by your silly mother and all the doctors that live on her folly? Have you no conscience, that you waste God's gifts so shamefully? You think you are in a state of illness. You're not: you're in a state of sin. Sell the necklace and buy your salvation with the proceeds.

(Excerpt from *The Busboy*, Seinfeld episode 2.17)

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Elaine enters, still wearing her nightclothes under her coat. She's been through an ordeal.

ELAINE

(as if recounting a dream)

I never knew I could drive like that. I was going faster than I've ever gone before and yet it all seemed to be happening in slow motion. I was seeing three and four moves ahead, weaving in and out of lanes like an Olympic skier on a gold medal run. I knew I was challenging the very laws of physics. At Queens Boulevard I took the shoulder. At Jewel Avenue I used the median. I had it. I was there...and then...I hit the Van Wyck. They say no one's ever beaten the Van Wyck, but gentlemen I tell you this--I came as close as anyone ever has. And if it hadn't been for that five-car pile-up on Rockaway Boulevard, that numbskull would be on a plane for Seattle right now instead of looking for a parking space downstairs.

(Excerpt from *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller)

Proctor, a farmer in his middle thirties has entered a house in Salem to see how Betty, a fainted girl, is doing. He has just yelled at his servant, Mary Warren, to go home. Abigail, a teenage girl, the only other conscious person now in the room, has stood as though on tiptoe, absorbing his presence, wide-eyed. He glances at her, then goes to Betty on the bed.

ABIGAIL: Gah! I'd almost forgot how strong you are, John Proctor!

PROCTOR, *looking at Abigail now, the faintest suggestion of a knowing smile on his face*: What's this mischief here?

ABIGAIL, *with a nervous laugh*: Oh, she's only gone silly somehow.

PROCTOR: The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town's mumbling witchcraft.

ABIGAIL: Oh, posh! *Winningly she comes a little closer, with a confidential, wicked air*. We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

PROCTOR, *his smile widening*: Ah, you're wicked yet, aren't y'! *A trill of expectant laughter escapes her, and she dares come closer, feverishly looking into his eyes*. You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.

*He takes a step to go, and she springs into his path.*

ABIGAIL: Give me a word, John. A soft word. *Her concentrated desire destroys his smile.*

PROCTOR: No, no, Abby. That's done with.

ABIGAIL, *tauntingly*: You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.

PROCTOR, *setting her firmly out of his path*: I come to see what mischief your uncle's brewin' now. *With final emphasis*: Put it out of mind, Abby.

ABIGAIL, *grasping his hand before he can release her*: John—I am waitin' for you every night.

PROCTOR: Abby, I never give you hope to wait for me.

ABIGAIL, *now beginning to anger—she can't believe it*: I have something better than hope, I think!

PROCTOR: Abby, you'll put it out of mind. I'll not be comin' for you more.

ABIGAIL: You're surely sportin' with me.

PROCTOR: You know better.

ABIGAIL: I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion whenever I come near! Or did I dream that? It's she put me out, you cannot pretend it were you. I saw your face when she put me out, and you loved me then and you do now!

PROCTOR: Abby, that's a wild thing to say—

ABIGAIL: A wild thing may say wild things. But not so wild I think. I have seen you since she put me out; I have seen you nights.

PROCTOR: I have hardly stepped off my farm this sevenmonth.

ABIGAIL: I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you've never looked up at my window?

PROCTOR: I may have looked up.

ABIGAIL, *now softening*: And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. I *know* you. *She is weeping*. I cannot sleep for dreamin'; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you comin' through some door. *She clutches him desperately*.

PROCTOR, *gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but firmly*: Child—

ABIGAIL, *with a flash of anger*: How do you call me child!

PROCTOR: Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I'll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

ABIGAIL: Aye, but we did.

PROCTOR: Aye, but we did not.

(Excerpt from *The Royal Tenenbaums* by Wes Anderson)

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Henry stands at the counter reading the Wall Street Journal. Royal comes into the kitchen eating a cheeseburger. Henry looks at him blankly. Royal sits down.

ROYAL

Can I ask you something, Hank?

HENRY

OK.

ROYAL

Are you trying to steal my woman?

HENRY

I beg your pardon?

ROYAL

You heard me, Coltrane.

HENRY

Coltrane?

ROYAL

What?

HENRY

Did you just call me Coltrane?

ROYAL

No.

HENRY

You didn't?

ROYAL

No.

HENRY

OK.

ROYAL

But if I did?

Silence. Henry waits for Royal to continue.

You wouldn't be able to do anything about it, would you?

HENRY

You don't think so?

ROYAL

No, I don't.

HENRY

Listen, Royal. If you think—

ROYAL

You want to talk some jive?

Henry hesitates. He looks puzzled.

I'll talk some jive with you.

Royal stands up. He screams:

I'll talk some jive like you never heard!

HENRY

Oh yeah?

ROYAL

Right on!

HENRY

Sit down!

ROYAL

What? What'd you say?!

HENRY

I said, sit down, goddamn it!

ROYAL

Oh, I heard you...I want you out of my house.

HENRY

This is not your house.