

ROSEANNE CUT

ROSEANNE

Did they pump her stomach?

PEGGY

She didn't say.

ROSEANNE

You should have called me sooner. I should have been there with her.

PEGGY

She was only in the hospital for a day and a half.

ROSEANNE

(her attention again drawn outside;
shouting:)

LEAVE IT. JUST LEAVE IT. NO, YOU MAY NOT PICK THE DIRT OFF.

PEGGY

I'll let you go.

ROSEANNE

(ignoring this)

I can't find anything in this kitchen, Peggy. This morning Melissa had to carry her lunch to school in a worn-out Rich's shopping bag. She nearly died of embarrassment . There are gremlins in this kitchen, Peggy. They break my blender and hide my girls' -- Hang on. I've got another call coming in.

William? ... Oh. I thought you were --

(dismissing it)

Are you selling something? Because if you're selling something I'm not interested. I'm talking to my sister. ... You sound like you're selling something. Bye!

Peggy?

PEGGY

I need to go, Rose. We'll talk later, okay?

ROSEANNE

All right. You give my love to Mama.

DUST CUT

DUST

Hello, Western Union? ... My name is Dust Walker. Yes, Dust. D-U-S-T Walker. I've never sent a telegram before. I prefer the telephone but I have a very delicate situation concerning this beau of mine. I think my purposes would be better served by a good old-fashioned Western Union telegram. ... Mailgram then. I had a dream about a telegram once. I was dining with Mel or Warren or John-John -- I forget which -- at this very fancy, very chi-chi restaurant, and this waiter comes walking up carrying a what-cha-call-it -- a slobber with a bright red telegram on it. He walks right up and says, "Excuse me, Madam. Are you Sherry Walker?" That's back when I was Sherry. ... Yes, it's a short dream. "Why, yes I am," I say, and I take the telegram off the thing and I rip it open because I just can't wait to see who it's from, and I try to read it but it's all in a language I can't understand, except for, well, except for the last few words which say very clearly in English "Please make copies and send to ten of your friends." While I am pondering this the waiter turns into a goat and eats the telegram right out of my hand. Now what do you make of that? ... Yes, I have everything I want to say right here.

(SHE produces several scraps of paper. It should be immediately apparent that there is too much here to relay by means of a telegram.)

Let me get the pages in order first.

(SHE sifts through the papers.)

Perhaps I should find out how much this is going to cost before we get started. ...

(incredulously)

Does that include punctuation? ...

(a ploy to get off the phone:)

Oh my God! My house is on fire!

(SHE hangs up quickly and thinks for a moment.)

Well, it will just have to be the telephone.

MIKE CUT

MIKE'S VOICE

Hi Paige. Mike again. It's -- uh -- five something on Friday afternoon and I'm sitting here thinking about, you know, the great time we had last weekend and I was wondering if, when you get back, if maybe, well, you might like to go out with me again. I mean, just something to think about when you get back.

(Beep.)

MIKE'S VOICE

Paige, it's Mike again. I thought maybe we might nail down something for, how about Sunday night? You mentioned you'd probably be getting back late Sunday afternoon. Well, if you aren't too tired, maybe we could go for fajitas at the Hyatt. I mean, unless, of course, you have something better in mind. Just a thought. Well, more than a thought: I'd really like to see you again. So give me a call when you get back. Good luck on the -- uh -- what-do-you-call-'em -- the links. Bye.

PAIGE and ANEECE CUT

ANEECE

You're angry, aren't you?

PAIGE

Well, I'm not angry. I'm disappointed. My golfing weekend has been shot to hell. And there's this guy, Mike -- Look, you're late for something or another. We'll talk later.

ANEECE

Keep talking while I look for my other earring.

PAIGE

One date. That's all we've had: one date.

ANEECE

You and Mike.

PAIGE

Right.

ANEECE

But he doesn't want to leave it at just one date?

PAIGE

Right. He left three messages. Three increasingly pointed messages. He really -- I mean really wants to go out with me again.

ANEECE

So go out with him.

PAIGE

I'm not sure I want to.

ANEECE

Then don't go out with him.

PAIGE

But he's so cute, and we really had a lot of fun. And he's totally unintimidated by my being a graduate student.

(ANEECE finds the earring.)

ANEECE

Voila! So what's the problem?

PAIGE

The problem is that I don't want to make an emotional investment in someone who in all likelihood -- you know --

ANEECE

What? Isn't going to "pay off"?

PAIGE

You know what I mean.

ANEECE

I'm not sure I do know what you mean. Go out with him again. Have a good time. I need to --

PAIGE

But I'd be leading him on.

ANEECE

The second date isn't a lead-on date, Paige. The second date is still "get to know you", still exploratory. The tenth date would be leading him on. I have to go.

PAIGE

So you're saying I should go out with him again.

ANEECE

I'm not saying you should do anything, Paige. I'm just saying if it were me, I'd go out again. Provided I was in a dating mode. Which I'm not. I really should go.

PAIGE

Go. Have fun at whatever it is you've got to --

ANEECE

It's a banquet. It's a dull, mind-numbing employee appreciation banquet. Fun is not allowed. Oh, speaking of dull and mind-numbing -- Oh God, that wasn't nice -- did Peggy call you?

PAIGE

No. I mean there's no message.

ANEECE

She wanted to tell me something about Mama but I was --

PAIGE

Me too. Did it sound urgent?

ANEECE

Maybe. But then Peggy can make a hangnail sound urgent. Talk to you later.

PAIGE

Bye, Aneece.

PEGGY CUT

(answering the telephone)

Hello? ... No. I don't think I would like that. I think it would hurt. ... No, I don't think I like the sound of that either. May I go now? ... You know, you don't catch people in the best of moods when you call at three in the morning. Most people are in their deepest stage of sleep by three. Wouldn't you be a little impolite if somebody woke you from a deep sleep? ... Why don't you try warm milk or counting sheep? ... Yes, you could count those too, but I don't see how a parade of naked mamas is going to -- ... No, actually you didn't have the pleasure. I was wide awake. I'm an insomniac probably just like you except that when I can't sleep, I just wander around all night alone. I don't resort to calling people on the phone to describe how I'd like to -- You know, it takes an infantile mind to -- ... I said you were not very bright, little boy. Nor articulate. You've used that same word ten times already.

(losing composure)

You're a very lucky man, little boy. If you had made this call two years ago, my husband would have been on the extension. He would have been listening to how you wanted to do this and that to various parts of my anatomy and he would have come looking for you. No place would have been safe. He would have found you out and ripped your voice box right out of your throat. Then you'd have to translate your filthy fantasies into sign language. And you know what? Sign language doesn't go over too well on the telephone.

(answering a question)

He died, you little creep. He got sick and died. It was the only battle he ever --

(SHE stops herself.)

I have some advice for you, little boy. Go into mommy and daddy's medicine cabinet and find the sleeping pills. Count out forty. Swallow. Pleasant dreams.

AUDREY CUT

AUDREY

(extremely distressed)

Yes. I want the number for the sheriff's office in Bucking Horse. I think it's in Missouri. In the Ozarks. You know -- the Ozark Mountains. My husband is there. He's on a hunting trip and I desperately need to talk to him. ... No, I don't know what county it's in. Don't you have an atlas or something? ... Maybe there's a forest ranger's post around there somewhere. ... Then what about Arkansas? Maybe it's in Arkansas. I've never been there, miss. I don't go with Harry on his hunting and fishing trips. I don't like guns or live bait. ... You don't understand. This is a dire emergency. My son is gone. Someone has abducted my little boy and I have to talk to Harry. ... I've already dialed 911. The police won't help me because my boy is wooden. ... Yes. He's made of wood. ... No, his name is not Pinocchio! ... This is not a prank call. I want my boy back, damn it! Wait! Don't -- Please don't --

(Defeated, SHE lets her phone hand drop limply to her side.)

Hang up.

(SHE begins to cry. SHE picks up one of the hunting trophies and speaks to it.)

Where are you when I need you, Harry? How important can it be stalking the wild game with Amos -- driving four hundred miles from home to shoot at little creatures that never did you any harm, while your little Huckle Buckle is out there in the clutches of God only knows what kind of a pervert, and I can't even get you on the damn telephone. Don't you even care, Harry? You created him, for God's sake. You put him together with your own two hands. You did such a damn good job. Too good.