

Complete Writing Sample

Yours In Words,



WRITTEN BY LAURA THOMA

Writing Sample One

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ACT [1]

SCENE [1]

1895-NEW YORK CITY. A CRISP AUTUMN EVENING OUTSIDE STILTON'S RESTAURANT LOCATED IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.

LILY, A FIERCELY SMART, CURIOUS, AND HEADSTRONG YOUNG WRITER, RUSHES ON, PULLING UP THE COLLAR OF HER COAT AND TUGGING ON THE SLEEVES OF HER DRESS. AS SHE APPROACHES THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO STILTON'S, DOT LILY'S ROOMMATE, A FLIRTATIOUS YOUNG WOMAN ESCORTED BY HER ADMIRER TOM, IS EXITING. LILY DOES HER BEST TO WALK BY UNNOTICED.

DOT

Lil! Lily, wait.

LILY

(Stops begrudgingly. Waits.)

I don't have all night.

TOM

Come on, Lamont, if you'd waited instead of storming out, you could have left with us, through the front door.

LILY

I didn't storm out, I have somewhere to be...and I am perfectly capable of exiting a building without your arm -- Thank you very much.

TOM

You do know rushing off to read doesn't count as somewhere to be...right?

LILY

It does when you're a writer. And I'm not just reading
I'm studying A.B. Jones's work.

TOM

Jones, eh? I don't care for his books, but my sister
loves them.

(Choosing to ignore his ignorance.)

LILY

Are you coming, Dot?

TOM

I hear he's adapting one of his novel's for the stage?

LILY

I doubt that.

TOM

It's true. Read it in the Times...business section.
Don't read that do you, Lamont?

LILY

I'm leaving.

(Lily starts walking.)

DOT

I'm coming! Goodnight, Tom.

*(Dot leans in to kiss Tom on both
cheeks an act she finds international.
Just as she nears his cheek he turns
and kisses her briefly on the lips. She
Giggles.)*

TOM

Goodnight, Dorothy. I throughly enjoyed our talk this
evening.

*(They have a moment of whispers and
another brief kiss. Tom exits and Dot
runs to catch up with Lily taking her
arm.)*

DOT

You're never going to believe what Tom just told me.

LILY

That he doesn't know how to read.

DOT

He just told me it's Hunger in the Depths of Love that's being adapted.

LILY

That can't be true.

DOT

It is. Not only that but they are looking for a collaborator for A.B. Jones

LILY

A collaborator?

DOT

Yes. Tom said it was in the Bab's Babble column.

LILY

(Laughs) The gossip column of course...Business section my eye...

(They walk for a bit both in their own thoughts.)

DOT

I know this evening didn't go exactly as we planned but...

LILY

It sure didn't. I don't know what you see in that windbag. He doesn't even know that A.B. Jones is a woman.

DOT

Most people don't. That's why she's been so successful. And Tom isn't so bad...

LILY

You mustn't call him that...

(Lily stops walking and imitates Tom)

"I no longer go by Tom. All of my employees call me Thomas."

(Dot giggles in spite of herself)

LILY (Continued)

What a rube! He has one poor fellow who has to report to him and now he thinks he's R.H.Macy!

DOT

No, he doesn't.

(She slips her arm into Lily's and they begin to walk)

He's just trying to be professional. Besides, he doesn't mind if I call him Tom.

LILY

I'm sure he doesn't. Shall I assume that means you got some information about the giveaway?

DOT

I tried my best.

LILY

(*Sourly*) I'll say you did.

(Dot stops walking)

DOT

What's that supposed to mean?

LILY

Nothing...I just think our plan was stupid. I mean it's pretty obvious that Tom really likes you...and it sure looked like you have a thing for him.

DOT

I don't have a thing for Thomas. I was flirting with him for you...to get information on the typewriter that YOU want.

LILY

I know...and I appreciate it.

(She takes Dot's arm and begins to walk)

DOT

Once you get to know Tom he's endearing...and funny, and kind of...

LILY

A pompous ass, that's what he is!

DOT

Lil!

LILY

What? He is. And you deserve better than Thomas.

DOT

Oh, do I?

(They stop Lily turns to Dot and takes her hands.)

LILY

Yes! You deserve someone as magnificent as you are...someone who understands you and appreciates you...someone who won't stifle your creativity but will support it and your political interests...someone who will treat you like an equal.

(They stare into each other's eyes. Lily wants to tell Dot that she's that person.)

DOT

Sounds wonderful. When you meet this person be sure to introduce me.

LILY

I...

(Yearns to tell Dot her true feelings but is afraid of being selfish.)

I... will...

(They walk in silence for a beat.)

DOT

Lil, I know how much you want that typewriter, and I did my best...I even asked Tom directly about the giveaway.

LILY

And what did *dear* Thomas have to say?

DOT

(Trying to make Lily laugh she imitates Tom.)

"Ah yes, the Underwood Typewriter -- won't that be a lucky fellow?

LILY

(Laughing) You sound just like him! Of course he thinks a man will win it.

DOT

I corrected him immediately, telling him many women would be thrilled to win the typewriter.

LILY

I wish I could just buy one.

DOT

You must have quite a bit saved from your letter writing.

LILY

Only about five dollars. Which means I need at least a hundred and twenty more.

DOT

What about your father?

LILY

No. He already pays for my boarding. My pocket money is my responsibility.

DOT

I'm sure Mrs. Lawless and Mrs. Moyer will recommend you to all their friends to letters and run errands.

LILY

I do hope so. Tom didn't have anything else to say about the giveaway?

DOT

He was rather protective about the details. He said it wasn't in his best interest to share such delicate information with a lay person such as myself-- especially because I am woman.

LILY

(Angry) He said that to you?

DOT

Don't be mad, Lil...he's harmless. He's like a puppy...a bit clumsy but eager to please. I'm not bothered by men like Tom.

LILY

I am!

DOT

You needn't be...and besides he did mention something about a discount for family members...so I thought perhaps you could...

LILY

Doesn't he see that women are changing the world?

DOT

No, I don't believe he does.

LILY

I'll have to remind *Thomas* that he's working for a company that has promoted a woman to an executive position.

DOT

Have they really?

LILY

Yes! Why if it wasn't for Margaret Getchell, and her mantra: "Be everywhere, do everything, and never forget to astonish the customer," no one would even know about R.H. Macy's!

DOT

That's amazing! Though, I have a feeling *Thomas* won't be interested.

LILY

I have a feeling you're right.

*DOT STOPS SUDDENLY AND WAVES
AT LENNY.*

LENNY - UNINTENTIONALLY
HANDSOME, FRIENDLY,
GOODHEARTED, IS A LIBRARY
CLERK. HE SMOKES, LEANING
AGAINST THE WALL JUST OUTSIDE
THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE
ARVESON LIBRARY--BATHED IN
THE GLOW OF THE LARGE GAS
LAMP ABOVE THE DOOR.

LILY

I'm happy to walk you home and come back.

DOT

No, I'm fine. It's just a few blocks and I have my hat
pin.

LILY

I won't be late I only have a few pages left. But I
don't have my fee -- so... *(She unbuttons her coat)*
we'll see what this green dress can do!

DOT

Lil!

LILY

Isn't that what you were just doing with Tom?

DOT

Yes, for you...and isn't that why you stormed out?

LILY

(Trying to hide her embarrassment.)

I didn't storm out. Besides, I'm... just working in
the current system. When men evolve I won't take
advantage of their...limitations.

DOT

(Admires Lily and fixes her collar.)

Poor Lenny, he'll take one look at you in this dress
and never know what hit him!

(Lily fidgets with her sleeves)

LILY

You know I don't usually take advantage, but my pocket money was a little short this week.

DOT

Be gentle with Lenny and don't worry Lil, I know you'll find a way to get a typewriter.

LILY

Thank you.

(The kiss on each cheek.)

DOT

Ta!

(Lily crosses to the library. Dot Exits.)

LILY

Ta!

LENNY

Good Evening, Miss Lamont!

(He takes his cigarette out of his mouth and is about to flick it into the street when Lily grabs it.)

LILY

Good Evening, Lenny! Please, I've told you call me Lily. On a break, eh?

(Lily takes a drag of the cigarette and flicks the butt into the street)

LENNY

Sure am. Just snuck out for cigarette...and to look at the stars.

(Looks to the sky)

Beautiful night.

LILY

(She looks up at the starry sky)

LILY (Continued)

Certainly is...reminds me of home.

LENNY

Miss Lily, if you don't mind me saying, that's an awfully pretty dress you're wearing.

LILY

(Remembering she doesn't have her fee she does her best impersonation of Dot)
Oh this old thing? It's just something I threw on.

(She immediately regrets trying this tactic.)

LENNY

Not many girls could wear that color the way you do.

LILY

(Sincerely) Thank you, Lenny, that's terribly sweet of you to say. Let me step into the light so you can really see the color.

(Lenny steps away and Lily steps into the light in front of the door. She feels like a prize cow but tries not to show it.)

LENNY

Wow, that sure is green and ruffly.

LILY

(Giggling) Do you like it? *(Posing)* What about the sleeves?

LENNY

(Egging her on) Oh, yeah, those are real nice. I bet they're something... when you're twirling.

LILY

(Accepting his challenge)
I dare say you're right, Mr. Ayers.

(Lily starts to turn.)
How do they look?

LENNY

Not bad, but I suspect they'd look even better you went a bit faster?

(Lily tries to turn faster but loses her balance and at the same moment Annabelle Jones comes barreling out of the back door right into Lily. They both drop their belongings, Annabelle's note cards spill into the street)

ANNABELLE

For heaven's sake, I just organized those.
(Lenny is horrified.)

LENNY

My apologies, ma'am.

(Both Lenny and Lily drop to their hands and knees to pick up all the cards.)

LILY

(Embarrassed she begins to babble while picking up the cards, and belongings)
I'm terribly sorry, I didn't see you. I was...spinning, well not spinning exactly...maybe turning or...twirling...I...

ANNABELLE

Mr. Ayers...

(Lenny stands up involuntarily)
I thought you might want to know that Mr. Reynolds is looking for you and he isn't too pleased.

(Annabelle turns to Lily who is trying to stand Lenny gives her a hand.)
Young lady, I dare say it isn't polite to linger in front of doors. Didn't your mother raise you better than that?

(Looks Lily up and down)
Or perhaps you're just one of those girls who places frivolity over common courtesy? Either way, it's rude!

(Lily doesn't appreciate being spoken to this way.)

LILY

I wasn't lingering and I ...

ANNABELLE

I haven't the time to explain the subtleties of the word linger to you. I'll thank you to hand me my belongings.

(A bit stunned Lily hands them to her.)

Good Evening!

(Annabelle exits quickly and with purpose.)

LENNY

(Lenny waves and calls after Annabelle.)

I'm terribly sorry we were blocking the door! Won't happen again Ma'am...my mother DID raise me better than that!

LILY

She doesn't have to explain anything to me...I

LENNY

Goodnight, Mrs. Jones!

LILY

Mrs. Jones?

LENNY

Yeah, Annabelle Jones, the writer! Good seeing you Miss Lily I best be getting back inside.

LILY

Wait! You're sure that was A.B. Jones?!

LENNY

One in the same. Are you surprised? Most thinks she's a man.

LILY

You mean to tell me Annabelle Jones is a member of the library?!

Writing Sample Two

Yours In Words,



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ACT [2]

SCENE [1]

THURSDAY 2:20 PM. ANNABELLE EXITS AU PETITE BEURRE CAFE WITH GREAT AGITATION. SHE STOPS AND LOOKS AT WENDELL'S POCKET WATCH, WHICH IS HANGING FROM HER CHATELAINE, THEN TURNS TO LEAVE.

LILY

Mrs. Jones...Annabelle, please wait!

(Annabelle turns to see Lily riding a bicycle. Her hair is a mess and she has grease on her face.)

Look out!

(Lily can't seem to break, Annabelle lunges out of the way. Lily crashes.--if a bicycle is not in the theatre budget, Lily can run on and trip.)

ANNABELLE

What in the name of ...Oh, for heaven's sake! Are you all right?

LILY

Yes, yes I'm fine. I am I am SO sorry to be late...

ANNABELLE

Miss Lamont, I presume.

(Annabelle extends a hand to Lily)

LILY

Yes. Lilian Lamont.

ANNABELLE

It seems every time I'm near you things are crashing to the ground?

LILY

(Lily stands up to reveal her full striped bicycle costume. Bloomers, shirt, and vest)

Dear me...I believe you have a point. Please forgive my appearance...I

ANNABELE

(Annabelle is delighted by the costume but tries not to show it.)

You're late. And though I do find your costume rather intriguing, it is not proper attire for a business meeting.

LILY

I'm terribly sorry it was my intention to change before I met you...

ANNABELLE

Intentions can be useful, but I find actions speak much louder.

LILY

I couldn't agree more. I had unexpected trouble with my bicycle and chose between changing and being late.

ANNABELLE

And yet you are quite late. Even if I were inclined to stay, which I am not, the cafe would not admit you in such attire.

LILY

Goodness, I hadn't really thought//about...

ANNABELLE

That is apparent. Now I must ask you for my notebook and then be on my way.

LILY

But, Mrs. Jones.

ANNABELLE

Miss Lamont, I find you most curious. However, I must not let that sway my good sense. I cannot and will not accept your tardiness.

LILY

I do apologize. I had planned to arrive before you so I could pick out the perfect table...but then...

ANNABELLE

Best.laid.plans. My notebook, please.

LILY

(Digs in her bag) I know it's here somewhere.

ANNABELLE

Lily, if you are genuinely interested in becoming a writer, you must learn to refrain from such silliness. There is no room for your excuses --- real or imagined in this profession.

LILY

Yes, of course. I take writing very seriously. And I've worked extremely hard on my notes for your adaptation.

ANNABELLE

(*Sternly hand out.*) I must depart.

LILY

I think you will find them interesting. For instance I've taken chapters 2 (She hands Annabelle her notebook.) and 14 and used chapter eleven//

ANNABELLE

Good day.

(She turns to leave)

LILY

Mrs. Jones, may we please reschedule? I promise not to be late again...

(*Annabelle turns and looks her up and down. Lily is suddenly conscious of her appearance -- tries to tame her hair and wipes her face which just smears the grease*)

LILY (Continued)

or be so disheveled.

ANNABELLE

Today at 2 pm was my last opening for some time, and your one chance to talk to me. Let this be a lesson learned for you, Miss Lamont.

LILY

Oh, but couldn't you...

ANNABELLE

You are not hearing me. You have squandered your chance to discuss your ideas for my adaptation with me.

LILY

What?!

ANNABELE

Trust me this hurts me far more than it does you.

LILY

But, that's not fair! It wasn't my fault I was late...my//bicycle

ANNABELE

A tantrum will not change my mind. This is your mess to clean up.

LILY

(Stunned) But...I...

ANNABELLE

I do not care for things to be messy, Miss Lamont. And when it comes to people --

(She looks directly at Lily)

I fancy myself very much like Mr. Darcy. Good Day .
(She exits. Lily shouts after her...)

LILY

Life *is* messy, Mrs Jones! But, mother always taught me--things have a way of coming out in the wash.

(Gets her bicycle and walks off)

I just hope she was right!

ACT [2]

SCENE [2]

AN HOUR LATER AT THE BADGER-YATES OFFICES.
(EXCERPT)

BERNIE

Embracing the new typing machines I see...how unlike you, Jones.

(Annabelle jumps and puts the paper back in notebook.)

ANNABELLE

Me? Type. That would be a very cold day indeed.

BERNIE

How's my favorite writer today? I see you're alone.

ANNABELLE

No need to gloat Bernie. I came up short. And now I must pay the price. But I insist we set some ground rules.

BERNIE

I'm doing fine today...thank you for asking, Jones.

ANNABELE

I'm sorry Bernie, but I just want to get this over with.

BERNIE

That's the spirit!

ANNABELE

It's inconceivable that stooge Gilbert Wilkinson will even be able to read my novel, let alone help me adapt it.

GILBERT

Annie, darling your novel isn't that boring.

(Gilbert is leaning in the doorway. He is dressed like a dandy with a burgundy jacket)

ANNABELLE

It's Annabelle, Gilly.

BERNIE

Ah! Gilbert my boy, right on time. Come in, come in. Have a seat. Let me get us all a drink.

(Gilbert comes in, takes Annabelle's hand, much to her horror, and kisses it, then sits in the empty chair. Bernie goes to the bar to make drinks.)

GILBERT

So, Annie, tell me about your vast stage experience.

ANNABELLE

After you tell me about the last novel, you wrote. Oh, that's right, you haven't written any. How about the last one you read that didn't have pictures.

BERNIE

Okay, you two that's enough getting to know each other.

(He rolls the bar cart over)

Here's a bourbon neat for Annabelle, and a brandy fizz for Gilbert (Annabelle scoffs) and a sherry for me.

(He raises his glass. Gilbert is already drinking.)

To a successful collaboration.

(Both Annabelle and Gilbert mutter and clink glasses with Bernie but not each other.)

All right, after this brief meeting to get us all on the same page. Gilbert will sign the contract, and you two will get started.

ANNABELLE

We need to decide where we're going to work.

BERNIE

Why not just use one of our conference rooms here?

ANNABELLE

It's too noisy now that Claire uses one of those confounded typing machines - I would never be able to hear myself think.

GILBERT

They don't bother me in the least.

ANNABELLE

What about the patron's lounge at the Arveson Library?

GILBERT

The library? Seems a bit confining.

ANNABELLE

It's quiet, we'll have all the reference materials we need and we won't be disturbed.

GILBERT

(Sarcastically) Sounds thrilling...inspirational even...

ANNABELLE

It's perfect.

GILBERT

I need more freedom when I work. Why don't we meet at my studio in the compound? Plenty of space, no rules.

ANNABELLE

We'd never get any work done there.

GILBERT

Annie, you surprise me...you're familiar with the compound?

ANNABELLE

Of course I am. Anyone who is an artist in New York knows about the compound.

GILBERT

And how did you hear about it?

BERNIE

(Jumps in before Annabelle can speak)

Sounds like a good starting place -- Gilbert's studio, Annabelle's novel. We're off to a great collaboration.

(Bernie looks at Annabelle - she purses her lips and nods)

Good that's settled.

(Bernie pushes his intercom)

Claire!

CLAIRE

Yes, Mr. Badger?

BERNIE

Will you please escort Mr. Wilkinson to the conference room? I'll join you shortly to review and sign the contracts. Three copies should be sufficient.

CLAIRE

Yes, sir...I'll be right there

(Gilbert stands to leave)

ANNABELLE

I will see you tomorrow morning Gilbert. Please meet me on the steps at 9 am sharp.

GILBERT

9am (*He clicks his heels and salutes*) I'm the second building by the way and here's a preview of the direction I think we should go.

(Gilbert hands Annabelle a stack of pages tied with a burgundy ribbon. Then exits. Claire is waiting for him at the door.)

See you in the morning, Annie!

BERNIE

Well...

ANNABELLE

Bernie, don't say a word. All I ask is that you put an irreconcilable differences clause in the contract with a review in two months.

BERNIE

Six months

ANNABELLE

Four, plus final draft approval, and collaborator copyright.

Writing Sample Three

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ACT [2]

SCENE [6]

OUTSIDE GILBERT'S STUDIO & LILY AND DOT'S ROOM
(EXCERPT)

(Bernie exits. Lily bursts out of the front door)

LILY

How dare you take credit for my work!

GILBERT

Eavesdropping on me, were you? Let's get one thing straight it's my work. I paid you to write it

LILY

But they're my ideas and concepts.

GILBERT

That I paid you to write based on my book. Therefore I will use your writing as I see fit.

LILY

But you can't take credit for my work that's not right!

GILBERT

That's show biz, kid.

LILY

Then I quit!

GILBERT

(Gilbert walks close to Lily putting his finger under her chin. He lifts it towards him and leans his face close to hers and whispers)

GILBERT

You can't quit my dear, because you're fired.

(Lily moves towards the door. Gilbert presses it closed with his hand then slides his other arm around her waist.)

and I won't be considered as a reference for you--I would never want anyone to know I hired such a *silly girl!*

(He pulls her close pinning her arms to her side. She tries to free herself.)

GILBERT (Continued)

A girl who gave away her best ideas for a pittance
and never asked about rights or contracts...

(He kisses her neck then leans into her
ear)

because she believed writing to be a sacred act.

(Gilbert laughs and caresses her face,
then starts to take her hair down. Lily
squirms, trying to free her arms,)

LILY

Stop!

GILBERT

You can't fight it Lily there's always been chemistry
between us. Let's write our own love story

LILY

Not if you were the last man on earth!

(He strokes her hair.)

GILBERT

So the rumors must be true then - you're a girl who
likes other girls.

LILY

Just because I won't throw myself at you doesn't
mean//

GIBLERT

And how do you think your idol Annabelle Jones would
react to knowing about this?

LILY

You wouldn't tell her

GILBERT

(Laughs) You have so much to learn about writing, Lily.
Why not let me teach you. Let me teach you and I won't
tell Jones.

(Lily stamps on his foot as hard as she can. Freeing herself, she shouts and runs down the stairs)

LILY

Never! You're not a writer you're a hack! Nothing more than a swine in a burgundy jacket!

GILBERT

Say goodbye to writing!

(Gilbert starts down the stairs. Lily runs off)

END SCENE

ACT [2]

SCENE [7]

THE BOARDING HOUSE AROUND NOON THE NEXT DAY. DOT ENTERS QUIETLY WITH A SMALL PARCEL. SHE LOOKS AT LILY WHO IS STILL SLEEPING SHE STROKES HER HEAD THEN BEGINS TO MAKE TEA. LILY WAKES TO THE SOUND OF THE TABLE BEING SET.

LILY

(Grumbles)

DOT

Lil? I think you should get up it's nearly noon.

LILY

(More grumbling)

DOT

I have pastries from Au Petite Beurre.

LILY

Why would you go there? That's where everything started to go wrong.

DOT

Because they make the best croissants.

LILY

I'm not hungry.

DOT

You need to eat. Now, get up. I put your robe on the foot of your bed and the bathroom is free. I checked all the girls are at their lessons.

(Dot continues setting doing her best to be disinterested.)

LILY

Aren't you supposed to be in class?

DOT

Yes. But I'm not going.

LILY

Why not?

DOT

Because I'm worried about you, and we have things to talk about .

LILY

I'm fine. There's nothing to talk about.

DOT

So you're just going to shut me out again? Even after I comforted you all night?

LILY

I wasn't that upset.

DOT

Not that...fine. I have better things to do with my time.

(Dot slams the teapot on the table then starts gathering her art supplies.)

LILY

Are you mad at me?

DOT

(Dot doesn't answer she continues putting things in her bag then grabs her coat. Lily takes her by the arm. Dot pulls away. As their fight escalates each discovers more about their feelings for each.)

LILY

What is going on? Why are you so agitated?

DOT

Because you are the most selfish person I have ever met in my entire life!

LILY

Just because I don't like it when you boss me around and play mother to me doesn't mean I'm selfish.

DOT

I held you in my arms all night, and you're acting like it didn't mean anything.

LILY

I didn't ask you to hold me.

DOT

No, You begged me to, and I did, even though I knew you'd rather snuggle up with your typewriter!

LILY

What?

DOT

I know how much you love that thing!

LILY

At least *Hildegarde* doesn't flirt with every person she meets!

DOT

Are you implying that I do that?!

LILY

You're like a dog you'll flirt with anyone for a treat!

DOT

A dog?!

LILY

Yes! You prance, spin, and giggle on command as long as someone is paying attention to you. I can only imagine what Tom, oh excuse me Thomas thinks of your behavior//

DOT

I'd say he rather enjoys it considering he asked me to marry him last night.

LILY

He what?!

DOT

You heard me.

LILY

Why didn't you tell me?

DOT

Because you were inconsolable from the minute you ran in.

LILY

That's not true...

(Dot shoots her a look)

you should of told me.

DOT

And you should have told me that you promised to stay away from me so you could get a typewriter!

LILY

I didn't//

DOT

Don't lie to me. Tom told me that he helped you get the typewriter.

LILY

He wasn't supposed to tell you!

DOT

Well, he did. But I didn't believe him because I knew you would lie to me. But apparently, I was wrong. Tom showed your little agreement.

LILY

Of course he did.

DOT

Don't make this about him

LILY

Look, I wanted the typewriter ...I did. But staying away from you wasn't part of our agreement ---- Tom added that at the last minute and Hildegarde was already here and //

DOT

And you agreed

LILY

Yes, but I didn't want to ---- you have to believe me.

DOT

Then why did you sign it? And why did you lie to me?

LILY

Because I didn't want to be selfish. I did it for your own good.

DOT

(Seething) That's ridiculous...

LILY

No, you were getting attached to me and Tom said I was ruining your chances to have the life you're meant to have so//

DOT

So you and Tom figured you'd make my life decisions for me?

LILY

What? No. I'm nothing like Tom...I had your best interest at heart.

DOT

It doesn't sound like it. And it's not up to you or Thomas to decide with whom or how I spend my time.

LILY

Of course not. But...

DOT

But, what?!

LILY

It's just that you're very flirtatious with me and you've never talked about having feelings so I//

DOT

You've never asked about my feelings

LILY

I wouldn't presume it's my place to ask you. Besides, you've always said you wanted to get married.

DOT

I've said I want to spend my life with someone I love, who treats me as an equal, not as an object to be placed on a shelf.

LILY

And I'm sure you will. I know I've encouraged your flirting and mothering and for that I apologize.

DOT

Let's be clear you haven't only encouraged my flirting you've enjoyed.

LILY

I never meant to hurt you, Dot. My fear is I've confused you.

DOT

Lilian Lamont, how dare you tell me I'm confused. I'm not a silly school girl.

LILY

I didn't mean...

DOT

I know what you meant. I will admit I didn't know the extent of my feelings until Tom proposed... Then all I could think about was you.

LILY

Dot, don't//

DOT

Lily, you are my everything. You inspire me, you motivate me, you make me feel needed and smart and talented//

LILY

That's because you are all those things. But I would never forgive myself if I was the reason you didn't get married and live a traditional life.

DOT

I don't want a traditional life. I want a life of adventure, activism, art, and love.

LILY

And children? What about children? You've always wanted to have them.

DOT

Have I? I don't know... I've been told since I was a little girl that I would be a mother. It was never a choice. It was meant to define who I am.

LILY

You would be an amazing mother.

DOT

There are plenty of people who need mothering.

LILY

It's not the same.

DOT

No it's not. But I have choices and those are mine to make.

LILY

Indeed they are.

DOT

And just so you know -- you're not the first girl I've ever had feelings for.

LILY

You've never mentioned that before.

DOT

There have been several actually. I even kissed one of them.

LILY

That doesn't mean//

DOT

I'm going to turn Tom down. He wouldn't let me answer him last night. He asked me to think about it. But//

LILY

I agree with Tom

DOT

What?

LILY

You need to take time to think this all through.

DOT

No, I don't.

LILY

Will you be turning him down because you think there is a future with me?

DOT

No. Maybe...I don't know.

LILY

I've known for a long time that my life has a different path. But Dot, you have choices. I would never allow you//to

DOT

(Livid) You are worse than Tom!

LILY

What?!

DOT

You know what it feels like to have limitations placed on you, and yet, here you stand professing rules as if you have the power to run my life. You don't!

LILY

I...

DOT

I don't want to hear it! And instead of telling me how to live my life why don't you try fixing the mess you've made in your own life

LILY

I haven't//

DOT

It's time you grow up and take responsibility for things!

LILY

I do.