

# 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. Lillian 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.