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DIPESTO

Who wants that?

MADDIE

You look like this...and men...
men change. They stop being
themselves.

DIPESTO

I hate that.

MADDIE

(a long pull
on her drink;
and then)

And then along comes someone
who stands when you say "sit"...
who rolls over when you say
"stand"...and you can't help
but...

(searching for
the word)

...wonder...

DIPESTO

(suddenly look-
ing off)

I wonder how they get the room
to spin?

MADDIE (cont'd)

(quickly)

Not that I ever expect someone
like that to come along...

DIPESTO

(no longer among
us)

Y'know what I once dreamed?...

MADDIE (cont'd)

...people like that never come
into my life...

DIPESTO (cont'd)

I met this guy...

MADDIE (cont'd)

...and when they do...

(CONTINUED)

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DIPESTO (cont'd)
...with this really long tongue...

MADDIE (cont'd)
...things happen...

DIPESTO (cont'd)
...who could breathe through
his ears...

MADDIE (cont'd)
...and they don't stick around
long.

DIPESTO (cont'd)
I never understood what that
dream meant.

MADDIE
Maybe that's the price you pay
for being so pretty.

(and then;
SUDDENLY)

Agnes...I think I want to go
home.

...and with that she bangs back the last glass of water...

DIPESTO
(realizing what
is going on)

Oh...

...and with that SHE REACHES over and bangs back the last
glass of bourbon...

MADDIE
(after a moment;
filled with
melancholy)

Well...

DIPESTO
(a moment of
her own)

Well...

...and Maddie PUSHES HERSELF off of her barstool...TURNS
and STARTS FOR THE DOOR...and Dipesto pushes herself off
of her barstool...and promptly CRASHES to the floor and
OUT OF FRAME...and as an oblivious MADDIE CONTINUES OUT
OF the BAR...we...

SHOCK CUT TO: