

**Name Game**

WALTER

You g-gonna hate me forever?

JULES

What?

WALTER

Are you?

JULES

Am I what, Walter?

WALTER

You k-k-keep calling me that.

JULES

It's your name.

WALTER

Mm. Don't like it.

JULES

That's out of my jurisdiction. Gonna have to take that up with Grandmother.

WALTER

Yeah?

JULES

Yeah.

WALTER

How'd you get so sp-sp-spiteful, Jules?

JULES

You know I've never given it much thought.

WALTER

Mm.

JULES

But now that I'm thinking about it, you know maybe it's because I never liked my name?

WALTER

Yeah, p-pretty s-stupid name.

(Jules Smiles.)

(Blackout on Jules and Walter in dining room.)

### **Spoons (6)**

(Lights up on Jules and Walter in dining room.)

(Jules looks across the table at Walter, who has given up on his spoon, but continues to stare at it. She stands, walks over to Walter, and hands him his spoon before exiting the room.)

(Lights fade down on Walter in the dining room, while simultaneously coming up on Julieanne in the study.)

### **Voicemail (7) Priorities**

(Julieanne is talking on her cellphone.)

JULIEANNE

Yeah, that really messed me up. The fact that part of me wanted to see what was behind the door. Made me think maybe I wanted what accompanied that knowledge as well. And let me tell you, that is no easy pill to swallow. I thought it would be spiders. Like a tarantula, the size of a mini-van, with bloody fangs, still dripping warm from its last victim. I was positive that would be my biggest fear. But like I said, I kept quiet. In case of the slim chance I survived, I wanted to still be allowed to watch scary movies. Priorities.

(Lights fade down on Julieanne in the study, while simultaneously coming up on Jules and Walter in the dining room.)

**A Person in Disguise**

WALTER

Remember that d-doll?

JULES

Excuse me? (Pause) You've got spit on your lip.

WALTER

The d-doll, the one with the (pause) hair.

JULES

The one with the hair?

WALTER

Yeah! That one, w-with the... uh... the...

JULES

Hair.

WALTER

Stop it.

JULES

Stop what, Walter? I'm just working with the few clues you're giving me. Sherlock would be proud.

WALTER

A-a-act-acting. You're a-acting like you're better.

JULES

I'm just trying to make sense of—

WALTER

No. You're being better, acting b-better, and you're not.

JULES

Better than whom exactly?

WALTER

You know! I—I—I...

JULES

What do you want, Walter? What can I do to appease you, Sir drools a lot?

WALTER

Shut up.

JULES

Ouch, I'm bleeding out. You got me good.

WALTER

Jules, please.

JULES

Please what?

WALTER

You're, you're not sup-p-posed to treat p-people like that.

JULES

I didn't realize there were people around.

WALTER

... (Walter breaks down silently.)

JULES

Uh...

WALTER

I'm a... p-person.

(Lights fade down on Jules and Walter in the dining room, while simultaneously coming up on Julieanne in the study.)

### **Bathroom Tiles and Old Men**

(Julieanne's cell phone rings, and she answers.)

JULIEANNE

Hey, babe. (Pause) Hey um, can I talk to you about something? Yeah. No, yeah I'm fine. It's just, it's getting worse, Jack. Yeah. Yesterday I found him in the bathroom... Sort of funny. Um, he was crying because he couldn't fit into his Chevy. No, he was in the bathroom. I just said that. Look if you could just pay attention for five seconds then maybe I wouldn't have to repeat—whatever. Again, he was in the bathroom. And he hasn't had a truck since I was a little girl. So, uh—I don't know why, Jake. Google it. But listen, he was trying to climb into the cabinet under the sink. I guess he thought he was in the garage? I don't know! But, it was really crazy to watch a man his size try to fit into such a small—Jack I pity him. I can pity someone and still hate them. There isn't a rule against that Jack... Yeah, I still hate him... (Pause) Wanna hear something sick? (Pause) I didn't help him right away. I watched him on all fours trying to force his body into a cabinet half his size. You don't have to reassure me. (Pause) He was crying. Like a toddler who just couldn't figure out why the circle shape wouldn't fit into the triangle hole. Yeah. And I just watched, and let it happen. I didn't do anything, just watched. He called for mom, but of course no mom came. So, I stood there staring at him until a uncovered screw or something from inside the cabinet caught hold of his skin. The medicine makes it paper thin. It cut him real good. I still haven't cleaned up all the blood. He doesn't even remember doing it.

(Lights fade down on Julieanne in the study, while simultaneously coming up on Jules and Walter in the dining room.)