

What did you say?

(rises, poised)

Don't mumble to your friends - say it to my face! No, no, no, Joanne - I'm not gonna' take that off of her. Every week I have to listen to her stupid, reactionary crap and I'm fuckin' sick of it!

① (wrapping up her sandwich)

Oh, what's the point - it's gonna' pass because there's a whole buncha' people out there as just as dumb as you are. Good luck ten, twenty years from now when Big Brother has a camera up your ass. ② ③

(moves to the house)

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Samuel Johnson. The only reason I can quote that is because my mother has it framed over her desk. ④

SCENE FIVE

(entering the house)

Hey, mom.

AUDREY (FROM UPSTAIRS)

Down in a sec.

(She pauses. The newspapers have all been tied up in bundles.)

EMMA

Thank God.

⑤

AUDREY (OFF)

What?

EMMA

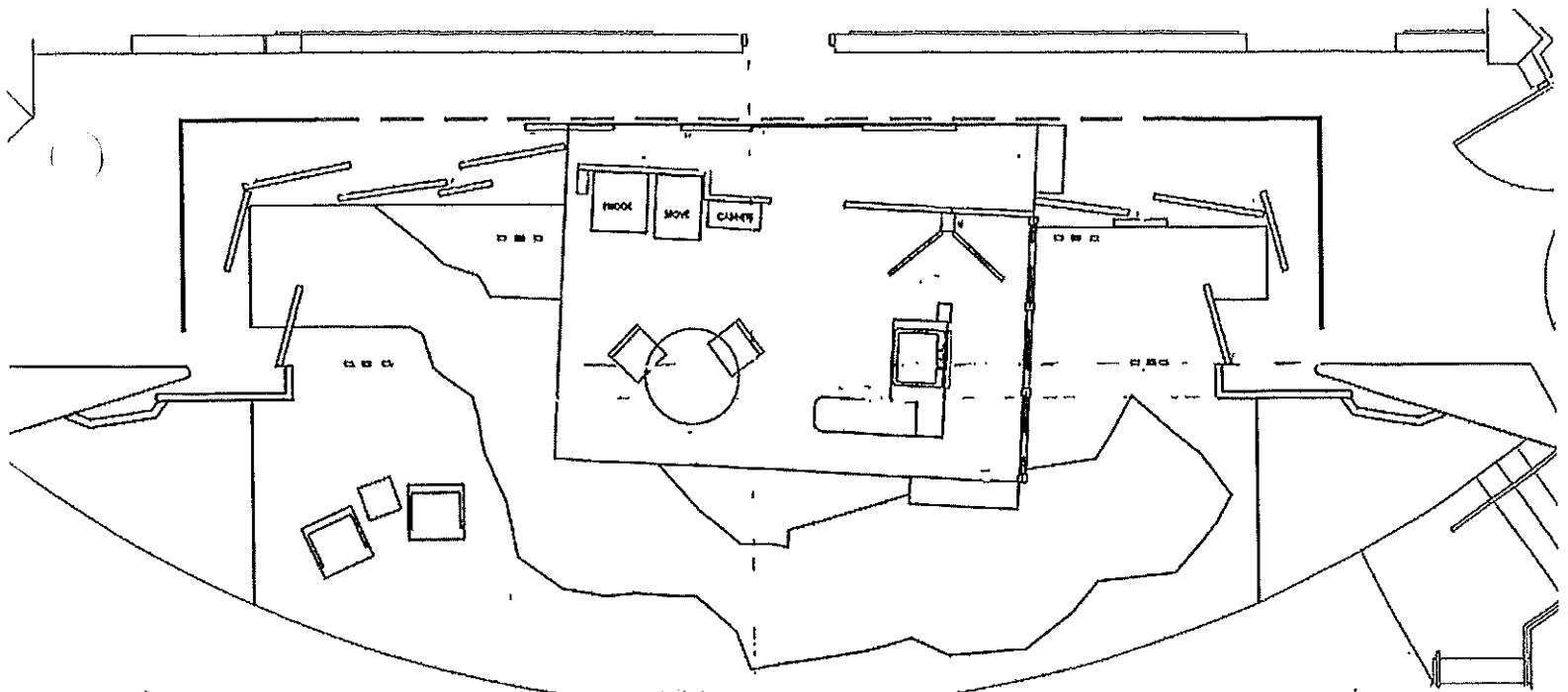
You bundled up the papers. I can start taking them to the recycling place --

(She FREEZES when Aud appears on the stairs. She wears the same clothes from the last scene although they're now wrinkled and dirty. Her hair is askew.)

⑥

AUDREY

I need those, okay. Don't touch them.



(1) EM COULD BE SPANOWICH

(5) AND GUY W/ 4 BUNDLES IN CURB

(10) GUY EXIT USE EM GRABS HO-DIE, ...

(AND GUY W/ 3 BUNDLES IN CURB, SET BUNDLES + 23)

↳ STRIKE CURB BOWL + EXIT YARD HOUSE USE

(15) EM CAN GET INTO HOUSE, TRASH UNDER SINK

(20) EM STARTS TO PICK UP BUNDLE  
↳ LEAVE DOOR OPEN

(25) AND GUY W/ FIVE BUNDLES

↳ SETS ON USE SIDE OF TRUCK

↳ EM + AND HMG

(She hugs Emma; Emma reacts.)

EMMA

Mom, when's the last time you took a shower?

AUDREY

Who'm I trying to impress?

EMMA

How about me?

AUDREY

Been busy. How was your group?

(Aud begins to line the bundles up  
into two straight lines.)

EMMA

I got close to going Rambo on that idiot Monique.

AUDREY

Good for you. (13)

EMMA

It just...came up out of nowhere. I wanted to -- I swear, I almost pulled my black belt outta' retirement.

AUDREY

Bet it felt good, didn't it? (10)

EMMA

I'm not proud of it.

AUDREY

Sorry I missed it. Gimmie a hand. I need two straight rows.

EMMA

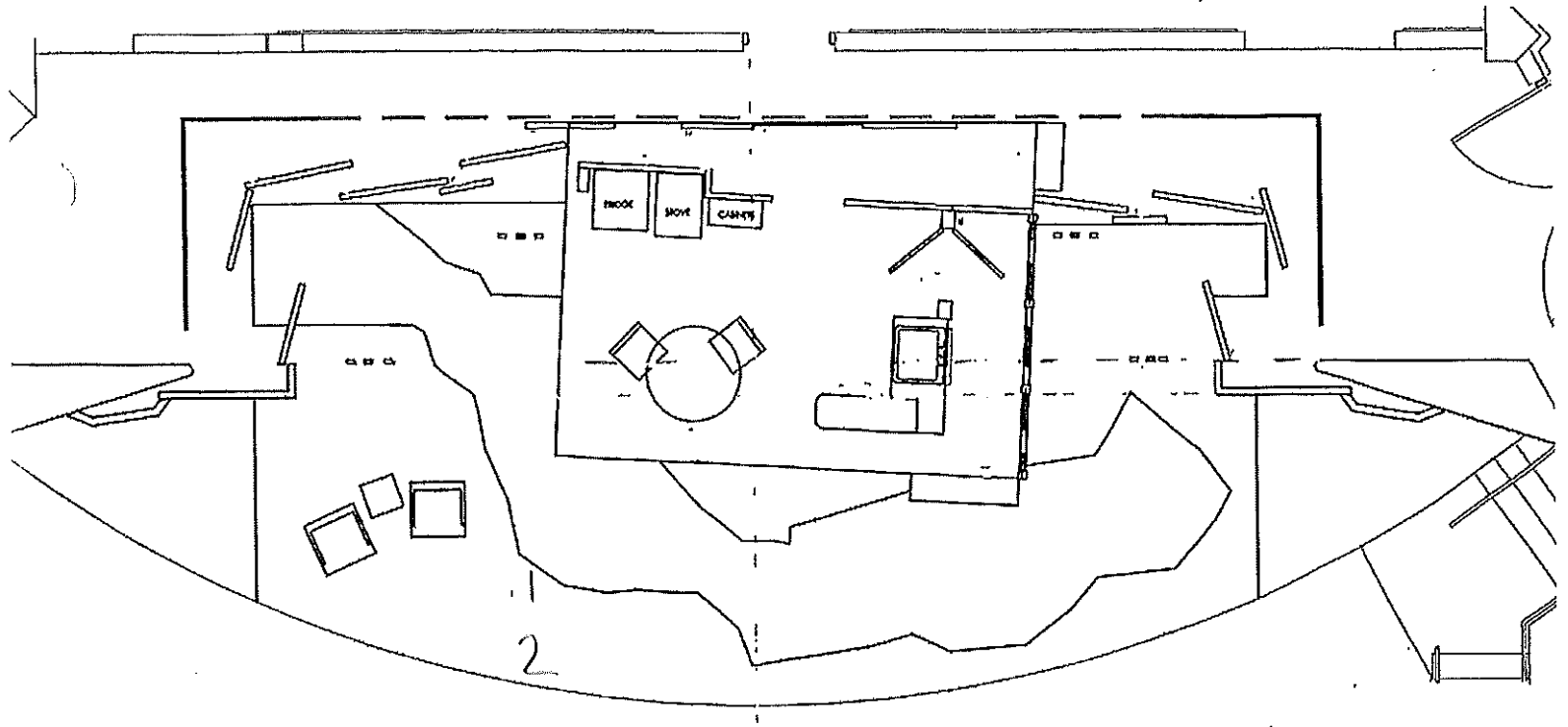
What're we doing?

AUDREY

Research.

(pulls out a tape measure)

They have to be exactly 19.5 inches apart.



(5) AND X TO DRAWER, PICKS UP TAPE MEASURER

(10) AND PICKS UP 5 BUNDLES FROM CHAIR

(20) AND PICKS UP 5 BUNDLES, EXIT HOUSE TO DISC  
 ↳ ENT FOLLOWS W/ 4 BUNDLES

~~(23) 1+2~~

Why?

EMMA

(7) That's the width of the economy class aisle in a Boeing 767. <sup>1/3</sup>  
Line them up with this one ~~(8)~~

EMMA

Wait, mom -- you're kidding, right? <sup>1/4</sup>

AUDREY

No, Emma. I am not kidding.

(Emma, confused and concerned,  
moves away.)

EMMA

Long drive, mom. Mind if I have cup of tea first?

AUDREY

Yes, I mind. It'll just take a minute and I need two people.

EMMA

For what?

AUDREY

(as she builds the "aisle")

The plane hit the building at 8:46, right. They now think the hijacking started at 8:14. That's when the tower first heard about it. 8:14 to 8:46 is thirty-two minutes. What were those passengers doing that whole time? It's not like those bastards had guns or bombs. Nothing like that. They had --

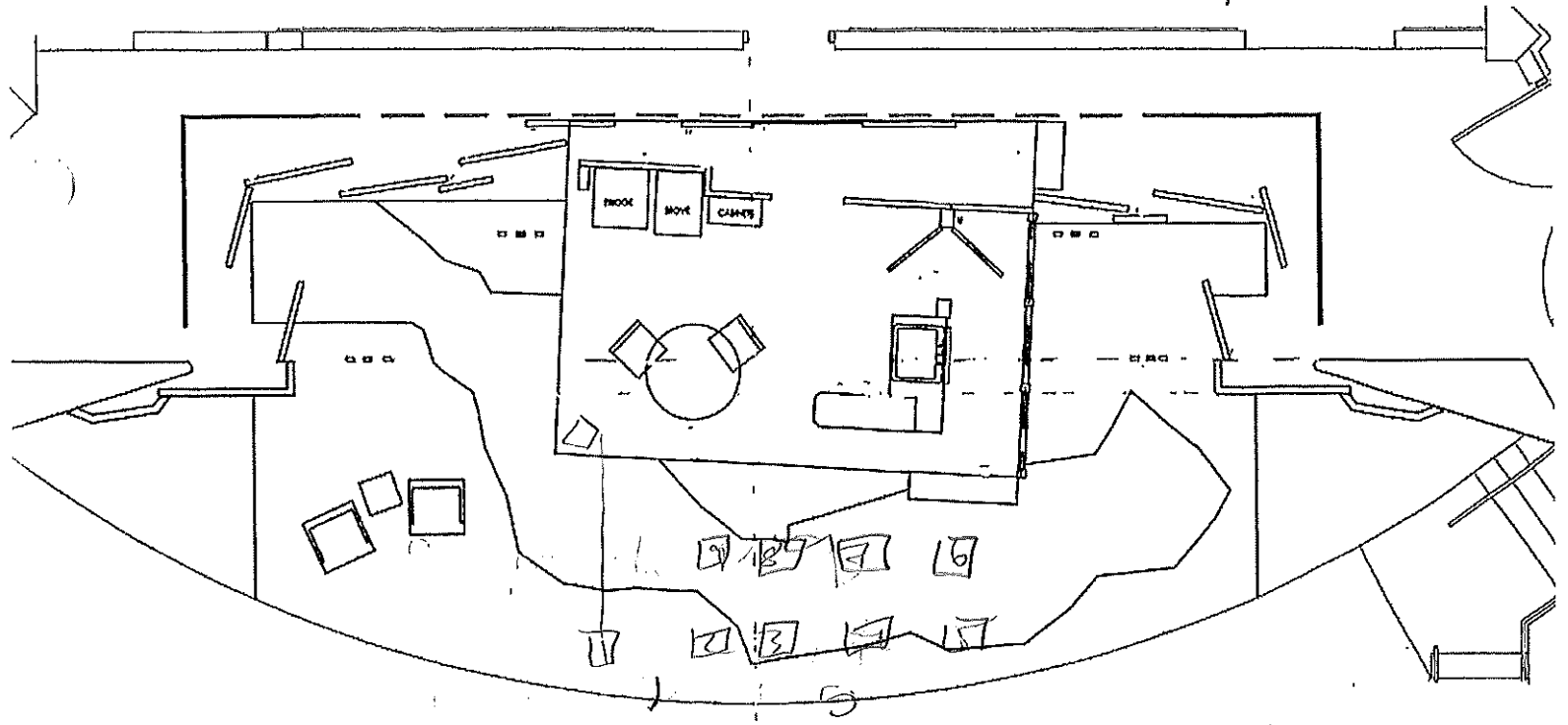
(35) (pulls out a box cutter)  
-- these.

(clicks it open)

This tiny little blade. Five...fanatics with these things against 76 passengers. ~~S~~Seventy-six-to-five! Why didn't they fight back?

EMMA

That will probably never be known --



(8) 3 4 5

(7) AND MOVE CAR BOB TO ALY OF AS CHAIR

(20) ~~AND~~ X SR

(35) AND PULLS OUT BOX CUTTING FROM POCKET

AUDREY

Then lets do some research. I want to show how easy it could have been --

EMMA

What is the point?

AUDREY

**The point is I want some answers!** And unless Abraham Zapruder happened to be on the plane taking home movies I'm not gonna' get 'em from some "commission." Now will you help me, please?

EMMA

(a sigh)

Okay. What?

(Audrey puts a kitchen chair at the front of the papers.)

AUDREY

Now, I'm going to walk down the "aisle" here and --

EMMA

Jesus, mom.

AUDREY

-- and I want you to --

AUDREY

-- try and get this out of my hand.

AUDREY

Subdue me.

EMMA

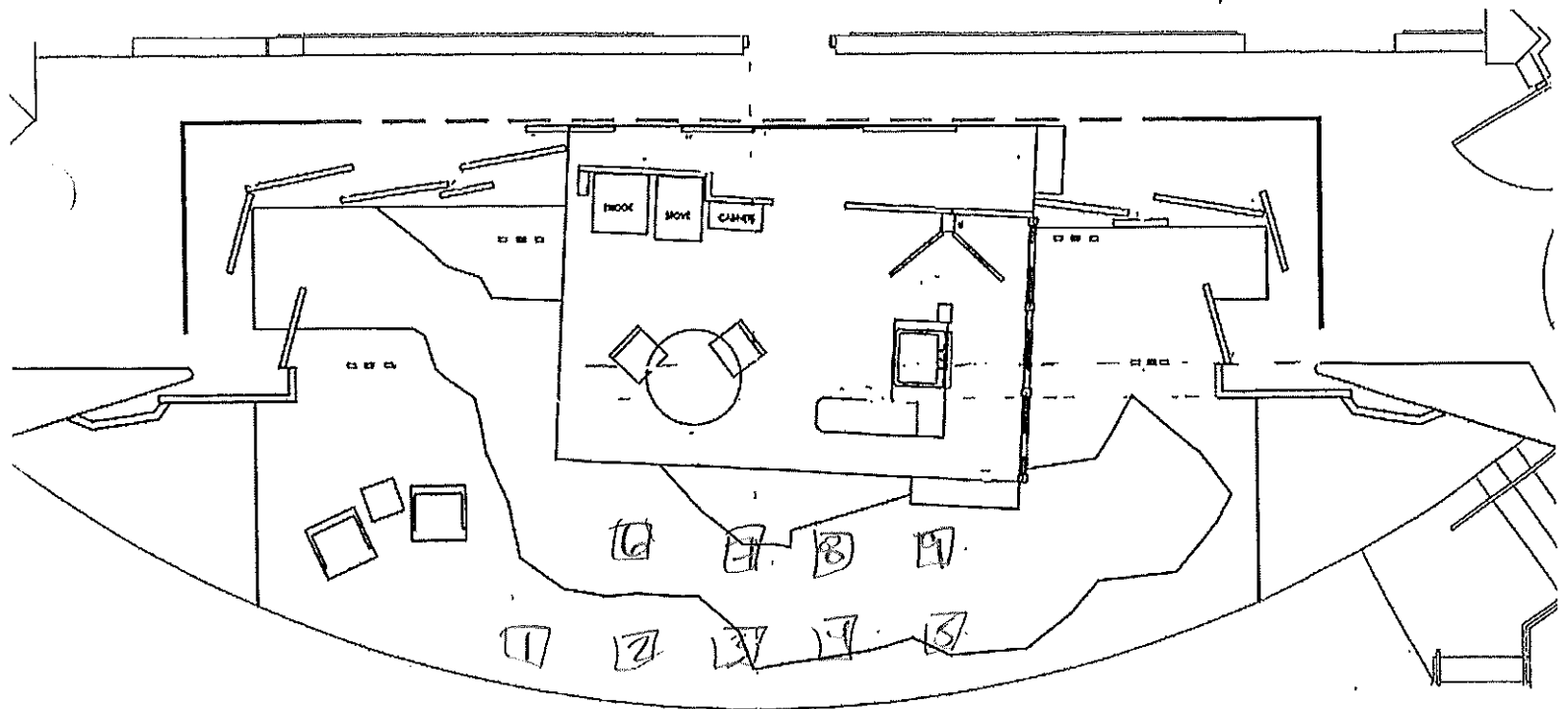
Mom, you're blaming the victims --

EMMA

-- and they're all dead!

AUDREY

If they had the guts to fight back your brother would still be alive. Now, will you please help me if for no other reason than my own mental health.



(5) ~~AWD GOAB SIVOL~~

(10) AWD MOVE SHANDLE 7, 2M X SL

~~(10)~~ AWD SET SPDOL



EMMA

What mental health? You're --

(catching herself)

This whole...acting-it-out-thing is crazy. Why are you so obsessed about what went on in the plane?

AUDREY

Just help me and I swear I'll never bring it up again.

EMMA

Yes you will --

\*  
\*

AUDREY

I promise - never again.

\*  
\*

EMMA

⑬ Your whole thesis is flawed. A: You're not some crazed terrorist you're my mother, so I know you're not going to hurt me. B: I've got a black belt, remember? I could throw you across the yard and C: You don't even have the blade open.

\*

AUDREY

Of course not.

EMMA

Open it.

AUDREY

I don't want to --

EMMA

Why?

AUDREY

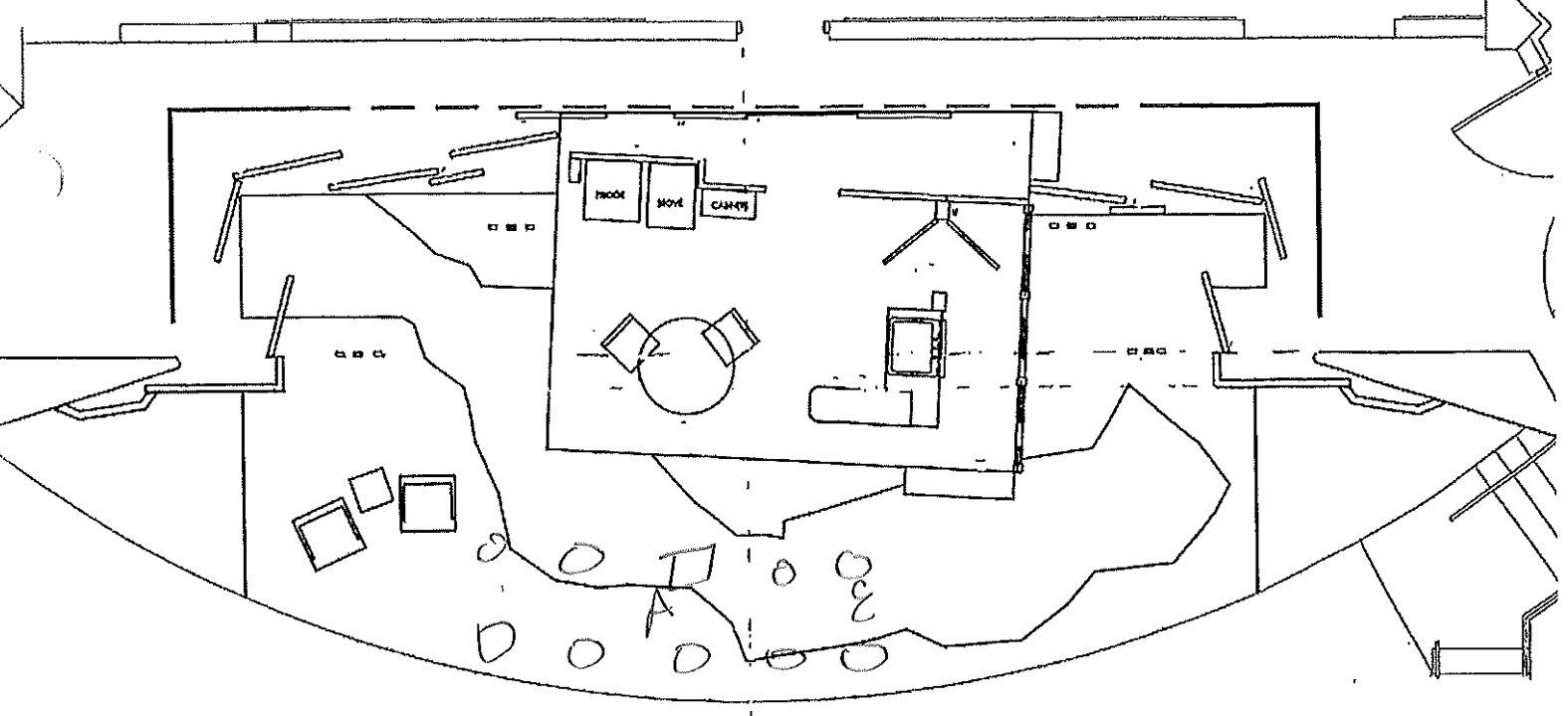
I don't want to hurt you.

EMMA

Were the hijackers thinkin' that way?

AUDREY

I might accidentally --



(10) EM X AWAY (11) BACK

A series of horizontal lines for writing, starting from the text above and extending to the bottom of the page.

EMMA

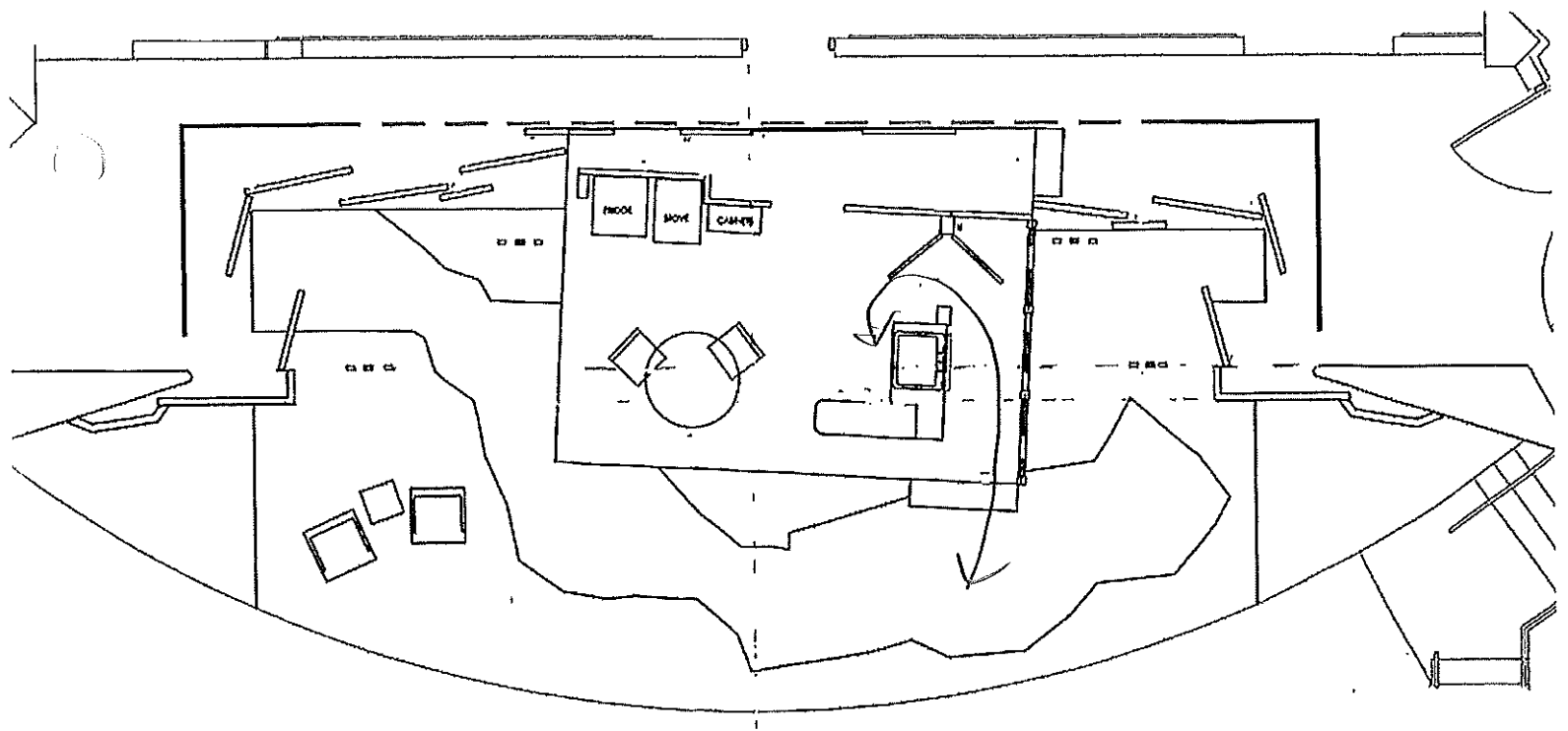
⑤ You want me to do this I gotta' be a little scared. (

(moves to kitchen)

Maybe a costume will help.

(throws her a dish towel)

Put this on your head. Tap into your not-so-latent-racisim --



(5) EM RUN INTO KITCHEN, CROSS DISH TOWEL  
↳ X BACK INTO YARD, ↳  
↳ TOSSES TO AND

AUDREY

I am not --

EMMA

You sound like one right now. Come on, open the blade, mom.

(nothing)

**Open the fucking blade!** (5) *(punch her, vocally. Should scare Audrey)*

(Audrey flicks it open. Emma plops down into the chair.)

EMMA

Okay, I doubt the terrorists stood still. Adrenaline pumping. Walk up and down the aisle. (10)

(Aud walks past Emma. Nothing.)

AUDREY

You're just sitting there. You're supposed to --

EMMA

Did you even think this thing out? I'm not letting you know when. Element of surprise, mom. Let's go, back and forth. If we're gonna' do this, do it right.

AUDREY

(cowed by her tone)

Emma --

EMMA

Just do it, will you please!? Back and forth, back and forth. Come on! (10)

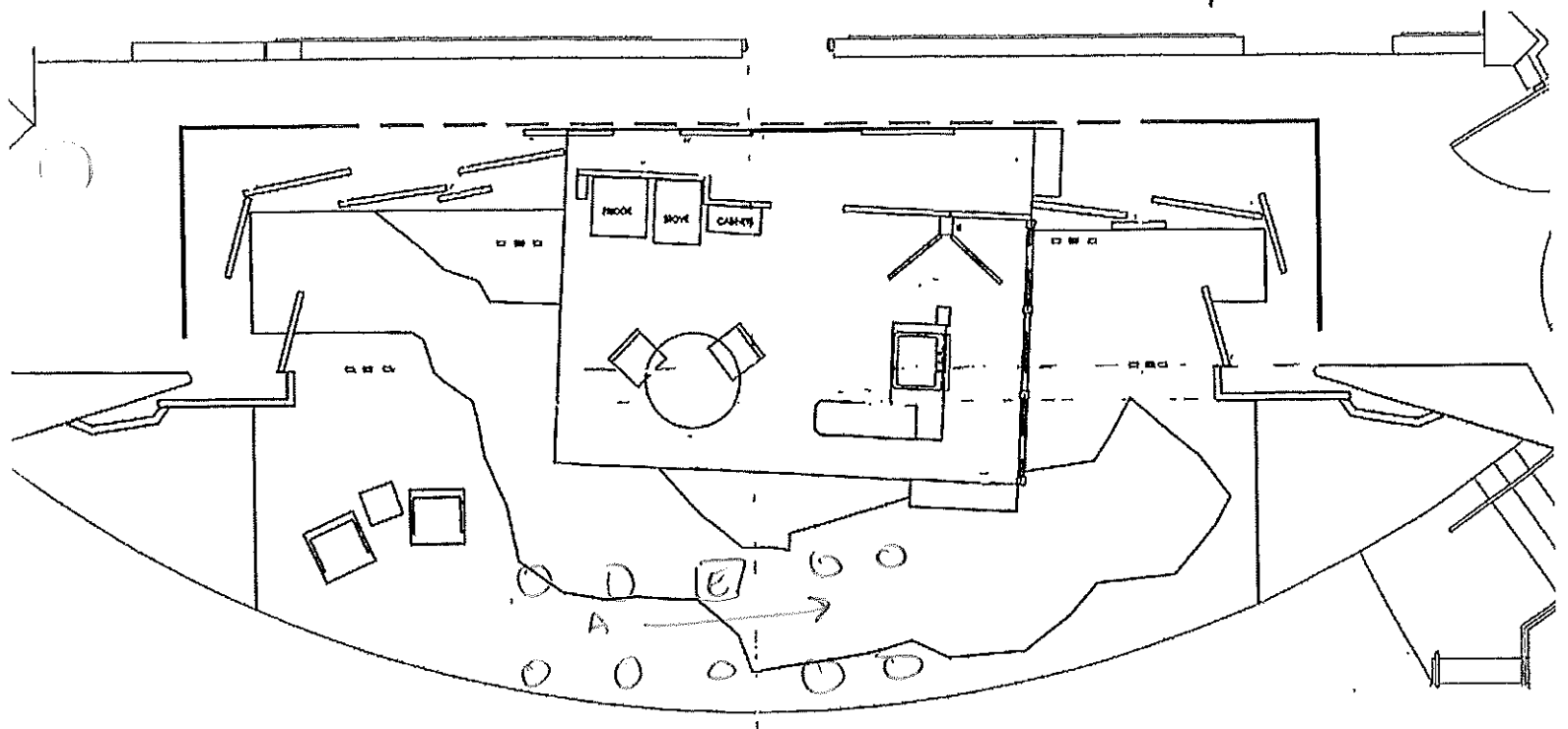
(Looking very uncomfortable, Audrey walks up and down the "aisle.")

EMMA

Well, here it is. A lovely Tuesday morning and I'm on a plane full of terrorists. What's girl to do? (10)

AUDREY

Okay, okay - if you're not gonna' take this seriously -- then just, just -- forget it. (15)



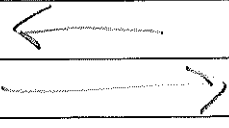
(5) AND OPENS BLADE,

↳ EM SIT STOOL FACING SL

(6) AND X SL

AND PACE,

(15)  
(13)



(20)



EMMA

(1) No, no, no - we're doin' this! Let's get it outta' your system! Back and forth! (5)

(One pass, a second pass, a third, a fourth -- Emma JUMPS UP. On instinct, Aud backs away as Emma grabs her wrists. Aud doesn't even try to struggle as Emma grips her.) (1)

EMMA

***Come on - fight back!***

AUDREY

Emma - you're hurting me --

EMMA

(2) Fight back!

AUDREY

No --

EMMA

Jesus, mom. You're not even trying. (2)

\*

(She lets go, not realizing Aud is off balance. She starts to fall back over the newspapers.)

EMMA

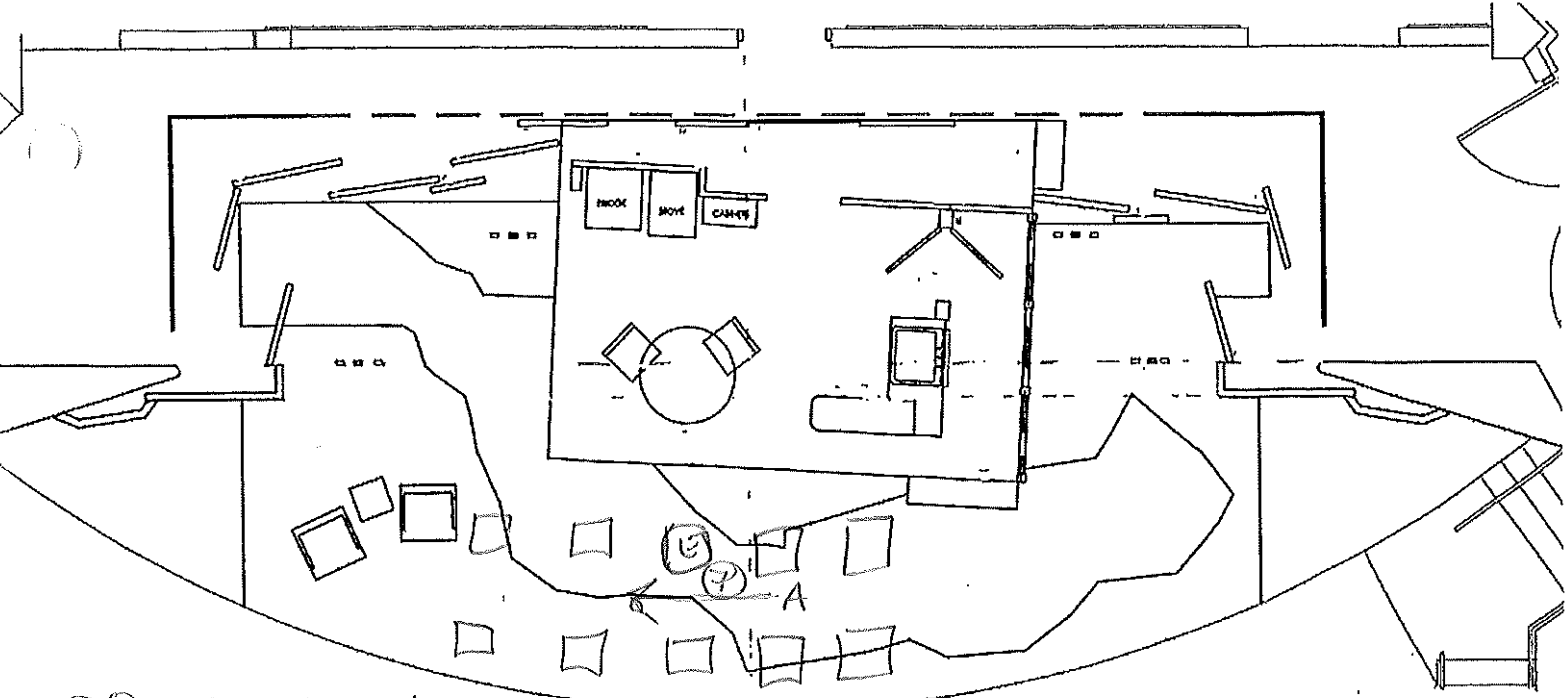
(4) Mom - watch it!

(She grabs her mother to stop the fall and --)

EMMA

OWWW! Fuck! (20)

(In grabbing for her mother she hit the box cutter. She's cut, bleeding. Emma moves to the sink to rinse it out as Aud moves to the cabinet for bandages.)



① EM STAGE / CONVENTION

② ~~EM BOTH SIDE~~



FIGHT CHOREOGRAPHY

- ① EM STAGE, GRAB R HAND w/ L HAND, SMALL TRUST
- ② EM TRUST BACK DS
- ③ EM TRUST HS / HOOK, AND OFF BALANCE
- ④ EM GRAB WRIST w/ OTHER HAND, (LIKE SHAKING HANDS)  
 ↳ AND STUMBLE DL, PULLS HAND DOWN WITH

②③ EM LOOK @ AUD

- ↳ BOTH RUN INTO KITCHEN TO SINK,
- ↳ EM WRAPS HAND BLOODY TOWER



AUDREY  
Oh, my God --

EMMA  
It's okay --

AUDREY  
God, honey, I'm so sorry --

EMMA  
It's okay.

AUDREY  
I didn't mean to --

EMMA  
It's nothing --

AUDREY  
(10) I've got band-aids here --

EMMA  
I'm fine --

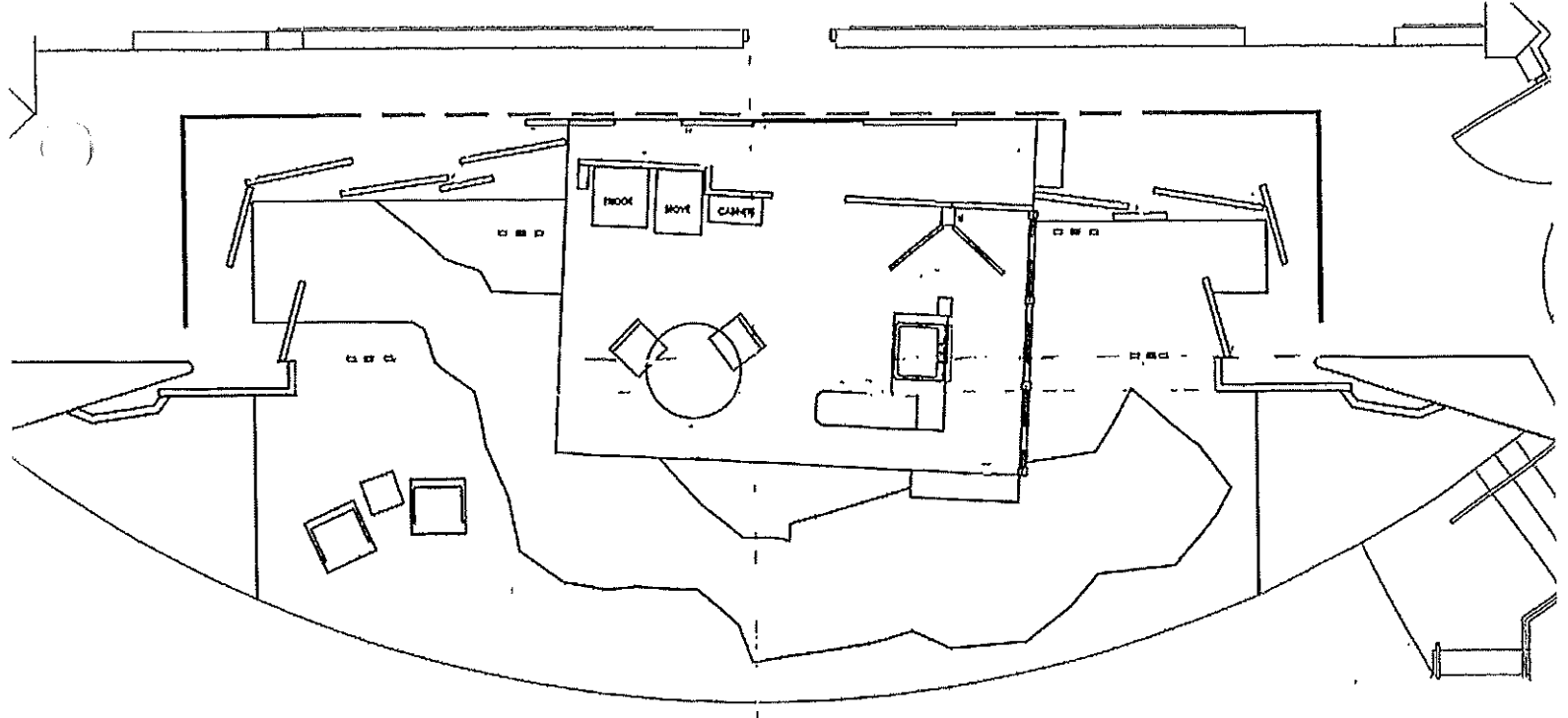
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(10) AND X 90 BAND AIDS (IN CUPBOARD)

AUDREY

Let me see it.

\*  
\*

EMMA

Forget it.

\*

AUDREY

(reaching for her)

Will you let me see it --

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMA

(yanking her hand away)

*What the fuck is goin' on here, mom?* All this...this stupid --  
you think you're the only one in pain here? I lost dad and  
Eddie, too -- remember? Remember me? Huh? Emma - the one  
comes up here every week and puts up with all this crap.  
Would you put Eddie through all this, huh? I'd bet that  
whole settlement check you wouldn't be this...crazy, this -  
this obsessive - if it had been me.

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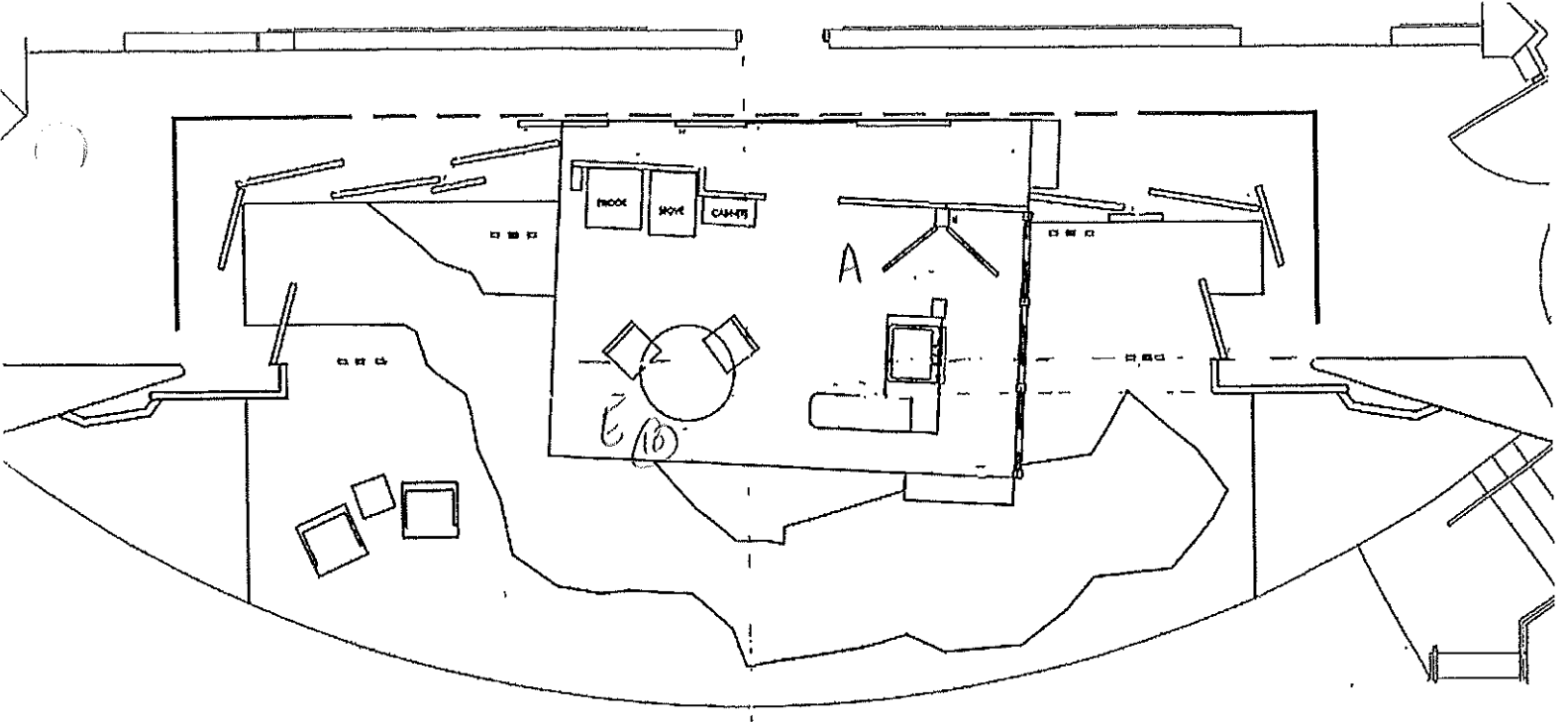
AUDREY

Don't say that. Of course I would.

\*

EMMA

I don't think so --



⑩ EM X TD TABLE, THROW PAPERS ON FLOOR  
↳ X DSR OF TABLE