

STRAPLESS

L: Amy? Amy, where are you?

A: Lillian? Is that you? What time is it?

L: Eight. In the evening.

A: Took over your bedroom. Thought you were living with that friend of yours.

L: Yes, well, I can see that. You'd said you'd send the mail on.

A: Yeah, I meant to.

L: What about the cleaner?

A: Yeah, I let her go.

L: You lost her?

A: Well, it's just that she always woke me up with the vacuum.

L: Oh, look, how long since this came? And what are these?

A: Messages.

L: Who for?

A: Well, for you. It's just so long since you were here.

L: Yes, well, I left you my number.

A: I mislaid it. How's?

L: Raymond. Raymond is fine.

A: I didn't tell you. I'm pregnant.

L: When?

A: Well, you know about three months ago.

L: Why didn't you call me? Who's the father?

A: Carlos, the Argentinian. He's gone back to Argentina. His dad has a ranch.

L: And what are you gonna do?

A: Do? I'm not gonna do anything. I'm gonna sit here and I'm gonna give birth. Yeah, I've been reading these pamphlets. Since you're in regular medicine, I know you won't approve but I met this guy who's just fantastic in Hampstead and you have it in a Jacuzzi and they play Mozart so the child's first experience is of something beautiful.

L: Or else is drowns.

A: What's wrong? You're angry.

L: No, I am not angry. Have a child, are you nuts?

A: Why not? Why shouldn't I?

L: Amy, for God's sake, if you don't understand. Just look. Look.

A: Well?

L: It's not you.

A: Well, what is me for Christ's sake?

L: Well, I'll tell you what's you.

A: Lillian!

L: It's beans. It's cans of beans left standing.

A: For Christ's sake!

L: Do you have any idea. Jesus Christ. Do you know what's involved?

A: Yes. I do.

L: A baby? You have spent your life doing nothing. Fashion! I mean what is this? Is this the latest thing? You can't even sew a button! And what will you do? Go back to college? Well they don't give diplomas for dreaming. Let alone diplomas for fucking. I mean, let's face it, you've had a free ride. And who will look after it? Me? Thank you. While you dance around London with your friends talking about how one day you're going to make a dress.

A: Is that what will happen?

L: Well, I mean, I'm just going on past record.

A: I don't have it in me. Oh, you think people can't change? Lillian? Can they?

L: Look, I don't want to seem cruel..

A: Oh, no. Of course you're not cruel. Oh, of course, you're the kind one. I was told that--FUCK-- from the moment I was born.

L: I never said that.

A: No. But that's what you think. That's how you see me. You were always so kind. So patient. So tolerant. Beneath that kindness doctor, there is such condenscension. You know what I think? I think I'm gonna see it through. And you don't like it. Why? Because I think you're jealous.