

**Veronica & Annette (p. 40 – 41)**

**Annette** – Right then, what have we decided? Shall I come back this evening with Benjamin? No one seems to give a rat's ass anymore. All the same, I should point out, that's what we're here for.

**Veronica** – Now I'm starting to feel nauseous. Where's the pan?

**Michael** – That's enough.

**Annette** – In my mind, there are wrongs on both sides. That's it. Wrong on both sides.

**Veronica** – Are you serious?

**Annette** – What?

**Veronica** – Are you aware of what you're saying?

**Annette** – I am. Yes.

**Veronica** – Our son Henry to whom I was obliged to give two Extra strength Tylenol last night, is in the wrong?

**Annette** – He's not necessarily innocent.

**Veronica** – Fuck off!! I've had quite enough of you. (***She grabs Annette's handbag and hurls it toward the door***) ... Fuck Off!

**Annette** – My purse! . . . (***like little girl***) Alan!

**Michael** – What's going on? They've lost their shit.

**Annette** – Alan, help! . . .

**Veronica** - "Alan, help!"

**Annette** – Shut up! . . . She's broken my compact! And my spray bottle (to Alan) Defend me, why aren't you defending me? . . .