

CUT TO:

[Scene: Richard's apartment. Richard is heating up Jiffy Pop with a hairdryer. Annie knocks at the door]

RICHARD: Who is it?

ANNIE: [from outside] It's Annie.

RICHARD: What do you want?

ANNIE: We grabbed the wrong tapes at the store.

RICHARD: We did?

ANNIE: Yeah.

RICHARD: Oh, great. Alright, alright, hold on, hold on.

ANNIE: Well, hurry up, will you? There's a junkie passed out in the stairwell.

[Richard opens the door on the chain]

RICHARD: That's the Super. Here. [they switch tapes; Richard tries to close the door but Annie sticks her head in the way] Hey!

ANNIE: So where's the party?

RICHARD: Uh, it got postponed.

ANNIE: Why?

RICHARD: Because of the fire.

ANNIE: Fire? [she sniffs] What fire?

RICHARD: What difference does it make? It's out now. [he tries to shut the door on her head]

ANNIE: Ow! Richard, that's my cranium. Look, the last thing I want to do is butt in.

RICHARD: Good. Goodnight...

ANNIE: But listen, there's nothing to be ashamed of about being alone. We're in the same boat. To be honest, Richard, I had a date tonight and I got stood up.

RICHARD: Really?

ANNIE: Yeah.

RICHARD: Back up, back up. [he takes the chain off; Annie enters] Well, as long as you're being honest, there really isn't a party.

ANNIE: Well that's pathetic, 'cause I was lying. I mean, you think a date would dump **me**?

RICHARD: You know, thanks so much for the birthday cheer, and now goodnight!

ANNIE: Oh Richie, don't let a little bad birthday get you down. We all have bad birthdays. [she sits down] I mean, I remember when I turned fourteen, I'd just got breasts-

RICHARD: Excuse me, excuse me, but did I say please sit down?

ANNIE: Excuse **me**, I am in the middle of a story! Where was I?

RICHARD: As usual, your breasts.

ANNIE: Right.

CUT TO:

[Scene: Richard's apartment, later. Richard and Annie are sitting on the floor, drinking wine]

ANNIE: Okay, it's my seventh birthday, my mom hires this clown Beetle Bum to come to my party. He shows up drunk, he tries to feel up my cousin, my brother punches him out, he bleeds all over the cake, and all my Aunt Camille can say is 'We'll just cut around that part'.

RICHARD: Wait wait wait. You think **that** was a bad birthday? Oh please! Oh, okay okay, it's my twelfth birthday, my parents forget entirely.

ANNIE: You used that for your eighth birthday.

RICHARD: Let's just say it was a theme. Oh my god, I can't believe I actually miss those days.

ANNIE: Why?

RICHARD: I don't know, thirty was still such a long way off.

ANNIE: I don't get it. You told me you were okay about turning thirty.

RICHARD: Yeah well, I also told you I had a big party...

ANNIE: Ummph...

RICHARD: It's just that...I always had this goal that by the time I was thirty I was going to have one of my paintings on the wall of a museum.

ANNIE: Richard, you can't set your standards so high and then beat yourself up. I mean...you don't see me crying because I'm not Mrs Robby Benson.

RICHARD: Thanks for the company, but I think I'd better just get to bed and try to sleep off whatever's left of this miserable night.

ANNIE: [with a mischievous grin] No wait, Richard, it's your birthday. There's still one more thing we have to do.

RICHARD: I'm not that drunk.

ANNIE: I'd have to be passed out. Just get your coat.