

## RAUL 2

*(After Marjorie manages to turn the tables on Raul, ties him up, and rolls him into the fireplace, Raul tries to manipulate Marjorie to escape his predicament.)*

You there? My eyes burn! I need a doctor! You there? I'm hurt bad! Help me. You there? Where are you?

*(Marjorie dials the phone.)*

Call the cops, pussy! You can't prove a fuckin thing!

*(Realizing the phone is dead, she drops it and watches Raul buck.)*

Why don't you fuckin answer me! You bitch! I'll kill ya! Get the cops! They gotta let me go!

*(Marjorie runs up the stairs.)*

Your Honor, I goes out looking for work cause I got laid off the car wash and I see this farmhouse and goes t'ask if there was any work, cause I got three babies t'feed, and this crazy lady goes and sprays me with this stuff, Your Honor.

*(Marjorie rushes down the stairs holding her clothes in hand, opens the door, but stops upon mention of her name.)*

Go on, Marjorie, go down the road and stop a truck on the highway an tell 'em. Get the cops. You got no bruises, no witnesses, no come up your snatch. You got nothin, pussy.

*(Marjorie inadvertently lets the door slam.)*

This is a civilized fuckin country, pussy! You don't go around tyin up innocent people Marjorie! I demand my rights! I want medical attention! I

wanna call my attorney! Palmeieri! The fuckin' best! And when you're alone in the room wit the pigs and tell 'em what happened, and they say, You sure, sweetheart? They don't believe no pricktease, Marjorie. And little Margie gets a little write-up in the paper and wit Daddy's heart condition that could be real sweet if the old fucker croaks . . . And me, I'm sippin' O.J. in some nice clean hospital bed jawin' with the candy-stripers and every freako-scuz-fuck and happy headhunter who rake the papers for hits come pussy sniffin' out here like a pack o' junkyard dogs after a bitch in heat and maybe drop in unannounced for a wet dick...

*(The tea kettle begins to whistle)*

What's that! Siren? You call the cops?

*(Marjorie gets the kettle. We must see the steam.)*

You don't got a fuckin case! They gotta miranda me! And let me go!

*(Marjorie is about to return the kettle)*

And then one day I come back...

*(She stops.)*

Get you in some parking lot and carve up that teasin' face . . . Who the fuck you think you're playin with, bitch?

*(Marjorie snaps and dumps hot water on him. He screams. She screams)*