[Week1]

ANN: I hate this nightgown. I hate all my nightgowns. And I hate all my underwear too.

COUNTESS: My dear, you have lovely things.

ANN: But I'm not two hundred years old! Why can't I sleep in pyjamas?

COUNTESS: Pyjamas!

ANN: Just the top half. Did you know there are people who sleep with absolutely nothing on at all?

COUNTESS: I rejoice to say that I did not.

ANN: Listen.

[Week2]

ANN: You may sit down.

JOE: I think you better sit up; much too young to get picked up by the police.

ANN: Police?

JOE: Yep, po-lice.

ANN: Two-fifteen and back here to change. Two forty-five...

JOE: You know: people who can't handle liquor shouldn't drink it.

ANN: If I were dead and buried and I heard your voice beneath the sod my

heart of dust would still rejoice. Do you know that poem?

[Week3]

ANN: Is this the elevator?

JOE: It's my room.

ANN: I'm terribly sorry to mention it, but the dizziness is getting worse. Can

I sleep here?

JOE: That's the general idea.

ANN: Can I have a silk nightgown with rosebuds on it?

JOE: I'm afraid you'll have to rough it tonight-in these.

ANN: Pyjamas!

JOE: Sorry, honey, but I haven't worn a nightgown in years.

[Week4]

HENNESSY: Love angle too, I suppose?

JOE: Practically all love angle.

HENNESSY: With pictures. JOE: Could be. How much?

HENNESSY: That particular story would be worth five grand to any news service. But, er, tell me Mr. Bradley-if you are sober-just how are you going to obtain this fantastic interview?

JOE: I plan to enter her sick room disguised as a thermometer. You said five grand? I want you to shake on that.

[Week5]

ANN: Did you bring me here by force?

JOE: No, no, no... quite the contrary.

ANN: Have I been here all night...alone?

JOE: If you don't count me, yes.

ANN: So I've spent the night here-with you.

JOE: Oh, well, now, I- I don't know if I'd use those words exactly, but er, from

a certain angle, yes.

[Week6]

JOE: There you are!

ANN: I was looking at all the people out here. It must be fun to live in a place like this.

JOE: Yeah, it has its moments. I can give you a running commentary on each apartment.

ANN: I must go.

JOE: Hmm?

ANN: I only waited to say goodbye.

JOE: Goodbye?-But we've only just met. How about some breakfast?

ANN: I'm sorry, I haven't time.

JOE: Must be a pretty important date to run off without eating.

ANN: It is.

JOE: Well, I'll go along with you, wherever you are going.

ANN: That's alright, thank you; I can find the place.

[Week7]

ANN: Now I'd better get a taxi and go back.

JOE: Well, look: before you do, why don't you take a little time for yourself?

ANN: May be another hour.

JOE: Live dangerously: take the whole day!

ANN: I could do some of the things I've always wanted to.

JOE: Like what?

ANN: Oh, you can't imagine... I'd, I'd like to do just whatever I'd like, the whole day long!

JOE: You mean, things like having your hair cut? Eating gelato?

ANN: Yes, and I'd, I'd like to sit at a sidewalk cafe; and look in shop windows; walk in the rain! Have fun, and maybe some excitement. It doesn't seem much to you, does it?

JOE: It's great. Tell you what: why don't we do all those things-together.

[Week8]

JOE: Must be quite a life you have in that school-champagne for lunch.

ANN: Only on special occasions.

JOE: For instance?

ANN: The last time was my father's anniversary.

JOE: Wedding?

ANN: No, it was... the fortieth anniversary of umm...the day he got his job.

JOE: Forty years on the job; what do you know about that... What does he

do?

ANN: Well...mostly you might call it...public relations.

JOE: Oh, well, that's hard work.

ANN: Yes, I wouldn't care for it.

JOE: Does he?

ANN: I've...heard him complain about it.

[Week9]

JOE: Listen: what would you do for five grand?

IRVING: Five grand?

JOE: Yeah. Now, she doesn't know who I am or what I do. Look, Irving, this

is my story; I dug it up, I gotta protect it!

IRVING: She's really the-?

JOE: Ssssh! Your tin-types are gonna make this little epic twice as valuable.

IRVING: The Princess Goes Slumming'.

JOE: You're in for twenty-five percent of the take.

IRVING: And it takes five 'g'?

JOE: Minimum-Henessey shook hands on it.

IRVING: Seven, five; that's that's fifteen hundred dollars!

JOE: It's twelve-fifty.

IRVING: Ok, now you shake.

JOE: Ok, now, lend me thirty thousand.

[Week10]

ANN: Mr. Bradley: if you don't mind my saying so, I think you are a ringer.

JOE: Oh- wha-? Oh. Thanks very much.

ANN: You spent the whole day doing things I've always wanted to. Why?

JOE: I don't know. Seemed the thing to do.

ANN: I never heard of anybody so kind.

JOE: Wasn't any trouble.

ANN: Also completely unselfish.

JOE: Let's have a drink at the bar.

[Week11]

ANN: The news can wait till tomorrow.

JOE: Yes.

ANN: May I have a little more wine? Sorry I couldn't cook us some dinner.

JOE: Did you learn how in school?

ANN: Mmmm, I'm a good cook; I could earn my living at it. I can sew too, and clean a house, and iron-I learned to do all those things, I just haven't had the chance to do it for anyone.

JOE: Well, looks like I'll have to move; and get myself a place with a kitchen.

[Week12]

ANN: I have to leave you now. I'm going to that corner, there, and turn. You must stay in the car and drive away. Promise not to watch me go beyond the corner. Just drive away and leave me, as I leave you.

JOE: Alright.

ANN: I don't know how to say goodbye. I can't think of any words.

JOE: Don't try.

[Week13]

CORRESPONDENT: Does Your Highness believe that Federation would be a possible solution to Europe's economic problems?

ANN: I am in favour of any measure which would lead to closer cooperation in Europe.

CORRESPONDENT: And what, in the opinion of Your Highness, is the outlook for Friendship Among Nations?

ANN: I have every faith in it-as I have faith in relations between people.

JOE: May I say speaking from my own press service we believe that Your Highness's faith will not be unjustified.

ANN: I am so glad to hear you say it.