

**Resting.**

## #14a - Resting

*(PETE and FRANCES are walking together, in silence)*

**FRANCES**

See those woods? Called Sullycreek woods.

*(FRANCES pulls out a bunch of weeds)*

**START**

**PETE**

Why are you stopping?

**FRANCES**

We need to dry off before we go in there. Those are the darkest woods yet.

**PETE**

But we don't have time—

**FRANCES**

Your brother is at least two miles above us on the bluff.

**PETE**

I guess ... but just five minutes.

*(Looking at FRANCES gathering and tearing off the tops of weeds with her teeth)*

Those weeds?

**FRANCES**

Dandelions.

**PETE**

Uneeda biscuit?

**FRANCES**

No.

**PETE**

Why not?

**FRANCES**

I don't like anyone having anything on me.

**PETE**

It's an uneeda biscuit?

**FRANCES**

Can't.

(FRANCES and PETE eat in silence. PETE stares at FRANCES)

FRANCES

What?

PETE

I just realized we've never really had a conversation, just the two of us

FRANCES

We've had a conversation.

PETE

When?

FRANCES

1953. Kindergarten. Duck duck goose.

PETE

Duck duck goose is not a conversation. And, you've made it the opposite of easy to talk to you.

FRANCES

That school was full of animals. Worse than one of those zoos.

PETE

Come on, half our teachers said the Lord's Prayer under their breath when you showed up in the mornings. And poor Dottie Lou's had to wear a little bonnet since you went bananas that day with the scissors. She cried so much she burst her eyelids right open.

FRANCES

I don't want to talk about that.

PETE

You screaming "No more hair! No more hair!" was a sight for the ages. C'mon.

FRANCES

There's no ounce of laughter in that story or my history in the town of Pickaway.

PETE

Forget it then!

FRANCES

You never tried to talk to me!

PETE

At least I can still have a conversation!

FRANCES

*(Fluttery fake voice)*

Well hello there, Pete Twitchell! How is your mother doing?

**END**