**HEATHER and WILLIAM E.**

 WILLIAM

 (frustrated as all get-out)

Fine! Watch all you want! Sit around and watch, watch, watch, I don’t care! But that doesn’t mean we have to confront someone with a gun—[whispering] *unarmed*! Putting our neighborly noses into someone’s business can get us killed!

 This truth pours over HEATHER like

 molasses . . . but the seriousness of the

 situation doesn’t naturally turn to cold dread.

 Instead, she goes into attack mode, alert, and

 picks up a scrap piece of lumber for a weapon.

 HEATHER

 ( whispering)

Oh my goodness. I didn’t think of that. I pictured some poor, lonely peeping Tom.

 WILLIAM

With a gun.

 WILLIAM peers down hallway to bedrooms.

I just thought of something.

 HEATHER gets close to him, eyeing hallway.

About the direction of a gunshot—just thinking out loud—on *Barnaby Jones*, he said you can’t always tell where it’s coming from.

 HEATHER

Who’s Barnaby Jones?

 WILLIAM

Buddy Ebsen—Barnaby Jones. The detective. Show was cancelled four years ago,

/ but—

 HEATHER

That’s not a very good example. Especially, if it’s been cancelled. Besides, it’s not real, it’s TV.

 WILLIAM

Yeah, but they still had to get it right. Cops and other people who know this stuff are

watching the show, too, Heather. They can’t just make stuff up.

 HEATHER

It’s fiction. They can make up anything they want.

 WILLIAM

Look, sweetie. They have the money to find out this stuff and make it authentic. *Barnaby Jones* was only a mid-season replacement and still ran for eight years. You honestly think CBS would turn it into a full-blown regular series if it wasn’t bona fide?

 HEATHER

How do I know, I hate TV.

 WILLIAM

Oh. Fine. I *work* in TV.

 HEATHER

Honey, now, come on. Don’t get defensive. I can hate TV and still love *you*.

 WILLIAM

You can’t hate TV and still respect what I do, though.

 HEATHER

That’s not true, I respect what you do.

 WILLIAM

What if I said I hate the Sea Lion Restaurant?

 HEATHER

I’d say, okay, you don’t like seafood.

 WILLIAM

Okay. What if I said—what if I said, “I hate waitresses.”

 HEATHER

That would be stupid.

 WILLIAM

Stupid.

 HEATHER

Yes.

 WILLIAM

You wouldn’t be offended?

 HEATHER

Why would I be offended?

 WILLIAM

Because you’re a waitress at Sea Lion Restaurant.

 HEATHER

I know what I am, Will. So what? If you get bad service somewhere and you get pissed off and say, “I hate waitresses,” I’ll assume you’re not talking about me, okay? I won’t get offended. So hate all the waitresses you want to hate.

 She pouts a little. Pause.

 WILLIAM

I’m sorry. I truly, truly love my sweet, little part-time waitress.

 HEATHER

Okay, I’m sorry, too. I truly, truly love my sweet, little Assistant to the Producer.

 HEATHER kisses his cheek.

 WILLIAM

That’s all I am?

 HEATHER

Will. You’re being ridiculous. That’s what you do. You assist the producer.

 WILLIAM

Yeah, well. A lot you know.

 HEATHER

Honey, I *know* that.

 WILLIAM

Actually, you don’t. (*Beat*.) I was going to wait to tell you.

 HEATHER

Tell me what?

 WILLIAM

You’ll probably hate it. Because it means being more of a TV guy than I already am.

 HEATHER

Okay. What don’t I know, Will?

 WILLIAM

The script Bernie’s working on right now? Well, we got a pilot order from the network. And I was very influential in getting it. Matter of fact, I’ve been so influential . . . Bernie’s giving

 WILLIAM

me—are you ready?—*associate* producer credit.

 HEATHER

Associate Producer?! Oh, honey, that’s amazing!

 WILLIAM

Yep. *Associate* producer, William Meriweather.

 HEATHER

/ Wow.

 WILLIAM

And I did it in less than three years.

 HEATHER

Wow. You even kept count. I’m so proud of you.

 HEATHER kisses him.

 WILLIAM

I’m proud of me, too.

 HEATHER

From assistant to associate. Wow.

 WILLIAM

It’s been a long haul.

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