

ELLEN. Don't you think I had the same awful thoughts when I was your age? And on a farm it wasn't easy. I didn't have movies to inspire me. I had goats and cows and they weren't terribly artistic. So, nobody's going to Hell. And pretty soon you won't have to make up schemes to meet boys, either. Or dream about them waiting outside your window. Because they're going to be calling you up on the phone any day now.

ANNIE. Yeah, right.

ELLEN. I promise.

ANNIE. It's okay, Mom. You don't have to be nice.

ELLEN. Look at me. (*ANNIE turns away. ELLEN takes her face in her hands.*) You are so-o-o pretty. (*ANNIE starts to cry.*) You are. I forget to look at you sometimes. ...Look, I know it's all confusing right now. And the last person you'll want advice from is me, because I was never young. But come to me anyway, once in a while. Please. Even if it's just to say, Mom, I'm scared. Will you?