

APPENDIX

<p><i>Data 1</i></p> <p><i>Max: Dad!</i> <i>Fletcher: Maximillian! How you doing, creep?</i> <i>Max: Good.</i> <i>Fletcher: Yeah, me too. Except this arm has really been bothering me.</i></p>
<p><i>Data 2</i></p> <p><i>Audrey: So, did have any trouble finding the place?</i> <i>Fletcher: Okay, I'm late. I'm sorry.</i> <i>I ran out of gas. The gauge is broken. Rough neighborhood too.</i></p>
<p><i>Data 3</i></p> <p><i>Max: Dad, are we really going to wrestling?</i> <i>Fletcher: Absolutely. Max Factor.</i> <i>We just have to stop by the office for one minute.</i></p>
<p><i>Data 4</i></p> <p><i>Beggar: Excuse me, sir. Any spare change?</i> <i>Fletcher: Oh, I'm sorry. I'm all out.</i></p>
<p><i>Data 5</i></p> <p><i>Jane: Hi, Mr. Reede!</i> <i>Fletcher: Hey. Did you do something to your hair?</i> <i>Jane: It's a bit extreme, isn't it?</i> <i>Fletcher: No! That's the thing nowadays, right?</i> <i>Jane: He said it would accent my facial features.</i> <i>Fletcher: It completely accents your facial features. We're just gonna go to my office now</i></p>
<p><i>Data 6</i></p> <p><i>ZIT Guy: Taking lunch orders, Mr. Reede. Anything?</i> <i>Fletcher: No, thanks.</i> <i>Um, I had so much for breakfast, I'm ready to pop. I mean, I'm full.</i></p>
<p><i>Data 7</i></p> <p><i>Greta: Wow! I am sure your daddy has got you something wonderful.</i> <i>Max: Yeah?</i> <i>Fletcher: Yeah, you bet! Listen, kiddo.</i> <i>Why don't you play in my office for a minute.</i> <i>Sue somebody for everything they've got.</i> <i>Maybe you can send a fax to one of your girlfriend. Hey, sorry.</i></p>
<p><i>Data 8</i></p>

