

APPENDICES

Data	Utterance	Type of the Non-Observance of Gricean Maxim
1.	<p>Susan: Hey, sorry I'm late. Grocery store was a mad house, I actually got to fight a woman over the last chicken.</p> <p>Mike: Susan...</p> <p>Susan: Unfortunately, she was a Slavic, a very sturdy people, so I hope you like cereal.</p> <p>Mike: Susan, stop. I just got of the phone with the guy from the county. Something about your court-order community service for assaulting a policeman.</p> <p>Susan: Oh, that.</p> <p>Mike: Yeah, that.</p> <p>Susan: W... It's ridiculous. I was... trying to fight a... parking ticket, and I knocked over the cop's bike. Um, and I maybe told him his baby was ugly. He... he blew the whole thing out of proportion. (1)</p> <p>Mike: (<i>upset</i>) Well, you know what I'm blowing out of proportion? The guy on the phone called me "Mr. Solis."</p> <p>Susan: Right. Because, um... Carlos picked me up at the, uh, police station, which I know sounds weird... why him and not you... I was just, uh, so embarrassed, I... I don't wanna tell you. (2)</p> <p>Mike: So there's nothing going on with you and Carlos? I shouldn't be worried about your little moonlight stroll last night?</p> <p>Susan: Wow. Have you been taking fighting lessons from that Slavic lady? (3) (<i>poking Mike, but Mike is not interested</i>) Mike, come on. I couldn't sleep. Carlos couldn't sleep. We ran into each other, and we talked.</p>	<p>violating a maxim</p> <p>violating a maxim</p> <p>violating a maxim</p>

	<p>Mike: About what? You barely know him. The first eight years we lived here, you called him Ricky Ricardo.</p> <p>Susan: He's... going through something, and I'm helping him. (4)</p> <p>Mike: Yeah? Tell me, what's he going through?</p> <p>Susan: It's personal. (5)</p> <p><i>Mike leaves</i></p> <p>Susan: Okay, Mike, Carlos and I are just friends.</p> <p>Mike: <i>(a bit shouting)</i> I don't mind you being friends with a guy. It's all the sneaking around and the lying I'm having a hard time with.</p>	<p>violating a maxim</p> <p>opting out a maxim</p>
2.	<p>Bree: I'm sorry that took so long.</p> <p>Chuck: Oh, that.. that-that's all right. It actually gave me a chance to have a scotch and a glass of red wine. Calm my nerves a little.</p> <p>Bree: God, I wish I could have a drink.</p> <p>Chuck: Why? What are you so nervous about?</p> <p>Bree: I have something important to say.</p> <p>Chuck: Huh. Um, I-I wonder if it's the same thing that I'm gonna say.</p> <p>Bree: I'm pretty sure it's not. <i>(pause)</i> Chuck, you are a wonderful man, and I have enjoyed our time together, but... (1)</p> <p>Chuck: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Are you.. are you... you're dumping me? I was... I was about to propose to you.</p> <p>Bree: I'm sorry if I misled you... (2)</p> <p>Chuck: <i>(angrily)</i> Hey, there's a fake apology. You did mislead me.</p> <p>Bree: Chuck, please...</p> <p>Chuck: You know, it's like you're two people. There's the woman I have fun with, who I really... I really connect to, and there's this other woman who's... who's, uh, who's mysterious and-and weird and keeps sneaking out to "Run errands." There's another guy, isn't there?</p> <p>Bree: No. I assure you, there's no one else.</p> <p>Chuck: <i>(shouting, strike the dine table)</i> Don't lie to me! <i>(pause, gain calm)</i> Was he the one who sent you that letter?</p> <p>Bree: <i>(shock but tries to cover it)</i> What letter? (3)</p> <p>Chuck: The one that you, uh, you were reading the other night, you got a shook up about... was that from him?</p> <p>Bree: There is no "Him."</p>	<p>flouting the maxim of manner</p> <p>flouting the maxim of manner</p> <p>violating a maxim</p>

	<p>Chuck: You know, Bree, I would've done anything for you. I protect the people that I care about. I don't care about you now. (<i>stand up, about to go</i>) So if you find yourself in trouble, and I'm pretty sure that someday you will... (<i>smile cynically</i>) then don't come calling me. You have made a very big mistake.</p>	
3.	<p>Jasper: I promise I'll go fast, Andre. (<i>run along</i>) Susan: He calls you "Andre"? (<i>continue walking together with Andre</i>) Andre: Oh, yeah, I prefer it. "Dad" isn't an accurate characterization of our relationship. Susan: He's your son. Andre: He's her son. (1) Susan: Biologically, he's yours. Andre: Ontologically, he's getting in the way of my work. (2) Susan: Well, psychologically, you're a freakin' sociopath. Do you see how desperately that boy is trying to connect with you? And you do everything you can to push him away. Andre: I'm not interested in the relationship. (3) Susan: (<i>stop walking, turning to Andre</i>) Tough. I mean, he's not a novel you can just toss aside if it's boring. Or a painting you just walk past 'cause it's not interesting. He's a person with feelings. Andre: Okay, just keep going. This is really making the time fly by. (4) Susan: I have spent the last few weeks trying to get you to like me, and I just realized something. I don't like you. Your painting is in the utility closet next to your classroom. Go take care of your masterpiece. I'll take care of your son. (<i>leaving</i>)</p>	<p>flouting the maxim of quantity violating maxim</p> <p>opting out a maxim</p> <p>flouting the maxim of relation</p>
4.	<p>Bree: Greg! Greg: (<i>agitated</i>) Oh my god, Bree! W-what are you doing here? Bree: This is my church. Are you a member? I've never seen you here before. Greg: I just joined, yes. Nice talking to you. (<i>tries to go away</i>) Bree: Wait! Wait! Can I tempt you with a slice of my famous strawberry... tart? Greg: I-I should probably going. Bree: (<i>seducing</i>) What a funny coincidence this was. Well, I see you at Maurice's later. Or,</p>	

	<p>we can just skip the Maurice part and you can come (<i>whispering</i>) straight to my house.</p> <p><i>Greg's wife, Audrey, comes approaching, a little bit suspicious.</i></p> <p>Audrey: Greg, who is this... woman?</p> <p>Greg: Uh, this is Bree. She, um, she goes to this church.</p> <p>Audrey: Doesn't sound like you met her in church. (1) (<i>looks at Bree cynically</i>)</p> <p>Bree: Excuse me, what business is it of yours how we met?</p> <p>Audrey: I'm his wife.</p> <p>Bree: Oh, I guess it IS your business.</p> <p>Audrey: (<i>to Greg</i>) Unbelievable. You're always going on... about working late... and sleeping in the office and meanwhile you're hanging out at the Dive Bar (<i>look at Bree</i>) picking up trash. (2)</p> <p>Bree: (<i>offended</i>) I don't like your accusation.</p> <p>Audrey: Oh yeah? Guess what I don't like. (<i>loudly</i>) You're screwing my husband!</p> <p><i>Everybody are stunned suddenly paying attention.</i></p> <p>Rev. (<i>whispering to Bree</i>) Bree, this is what I'm Sikes: worry about, you need to leave.</p> <p>Bree: (<i>to Sikes</i>) You kicking me out? (<i>Loudly</i>) She's the one making a scene... (to Audrey, more quietly to be more cynical) and a dry batch of cupcakes by the looks of it. (3)</p> <p>Audrey: Thanks, but I'm not looking for baking tips from the town whore.</p> <p><i>Bree is astonished</i></p> <p>Karen: Don't listen to her, Bree. She doesn't know who you are.</p> <p>Bree: (<i>looks offended</i>) Actually, Karen... I think she does. (<i>Reverend Sikes gives Bree her clutch bag, and Bree takes it</i>) (<i>to everyone who is looking at her</i>) Now, I know you are all anxious to dig into delicious gossip I provided for you. And I can really use drinks. (<i>tut-tutting Greg, then leaving the church</i>)</p>	<p>flouting the maxim of manner</p> <p>suspending a maxim</p> <p>flouting the maxim of quantity</p>
5.	<p>Jason: Gaby?</p> <p>Gabrielle: Jason!</p> <p>Jason: Hey! I thought that was you. Wow! (<i>pick Gabrielle in his arm</i>)</p> <p>Gabrielle: Hi! Oh!</p> <p>Carlos: (<i>feeling annoyed</i>) Whoa! Who are you?</p> <p>Gabrielle: Oh, this is Jason, one of my clients. Jason,</p>	<p>violating a maxim</p>

<p>this is Carlos, my... brother. (1) Jason: Oh, hey, man. Nice to meet you. <i>Jason reaches his hand at Carlos. Carlos gets up and shakes Jason's hand, unhappy.</i> Gabrielle: Grab a chair. Join us. <i>(slips her wedding ring to Carlos)</i> Jason: Thanks. <i>(grabs a chair and sit down close to Gabrielle)</i> So, uh, your sister here is quite the little saleswoman. You believe she talked me into a \$4,000 suit today? I mean...</p> <p>Carlos: That is so... sis. (2) Gabrielle: Carlos, maybe you should go to the bar and get us some drinks. (3) Carlos: Nah. I'm not thirsty. (4) Jason: So, uh, I'm wearing one of the shirts you picked out. What do you think? Gabrielle: Oh. I can't tell you what I think in front of my brother. Jason: <i>(whispering to Gabrielle)</i> You're so funny. <i>(normal voice, to Carlos)</i> Hey, Carlos, how is it possible that someone as awesome as your sister hasn't been scooped up already?</p> <p>Carlos: My guess is it's the herpes.(5) <i>Jason and Gabrielle are awkwardly shocked.</i> Gabrielle: Sibling humor. (gives Carlos a playful punch) (6) Carlos: You're right. All those trips to the free clinic could've been for anything. (7) Gabrielle: Seriously, Carlos, some drinks for the table would be really good. (8) Jason: You know, what the hell? I'll take a scotch on the rocks. Uh, a single malt. Carlos: Actually, you're gonna have to get that one yourself. <i>(grabbing his jacket)</i> I am going home to my wife. I'm married. (showing his wedding ring and then leaving) (9) <i>Outside the restaurant.</i> Gabrielle: I can't believe you just did that. That guy's one of my best customers. Carlos: Oh, are we talking about that "nerd" you sell to? Gabrielle: Okay, maybe he's a little better-looking than the others, but it's my job, Carlos. (10) Carlos: Fine. Whatever. Let's just get out of here. (11) Gabrielle: You are such a hypocrite. How many</p>	<p>flouting the maxim of quality flouting the maxim of manner flouting the maxim of quality</p> <p>flouting the maxim of quality violating a maxim</p> <p>flouting the maxim of quality flouting the maxim of manner</p> <p>flouting the maxim of quantity</p> <p>flouting the maxim manner</p> <p>flouting the maxim of quantity flouting the maxim</p>
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	<p>times did you tell me to show a little cleavage when meeting your out-of-town clients? My breasts were practically a tourist stop. (12)</p> <p>Carlos: This is different, and I don't like it.</p> <p>Gabrielle: Well, too bad. We need this job. I'm the breadwinner now. (13)</p> <p>Carlos: Yep. Throw that in my face again.</p> <p>Gabrielle: What?</p> <p>Carlos: "Make me dinner, Carlos." "Get me drinks." "Bring me the check."</p> <p>Gabrielle: Yeah, Carlos, I did offer to treat. And you know what I was thinking? How good it felt, how for the first time in 19 years I was able to treat you, and I can't believe that would bother you.</p> <p>Carlos: Well, it does. It's driving me crazy that you're the one making all the money and calling all the shots.</p> <p>Gabrielle: Well, get used to it, because I did all this for you. This is what you wanted.</p> <p><i>A valet arrives with Carlos' car key.</i></p> <p>Carlos: Uh, give 'em to her. She's driving now.</p>	<p>of quantity</p> <p>flouting the maxim of quantity</p>
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