

THE PERFECT WOMAN
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WGA REGISTERED

EXT NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL

A sign hangs on the door that reads "Group Session Tonight - 7:00 pm, everyone welcome".

A taxi pulls up to the curb and a woman steps out of the back seat. **CONNIE DAWSON** is a late-twenties, blonde beauty, stylishly dressed but looks frazzled.

She leans into the front window of the cab.

CONNIE
Here's a fifty. Keep the change!

She stands up and the cab speeds away.

She turns to face the building and climbs the steps quickly.

She pauses to read the sign and glances at her watch.

She pulls open the door and hurries inside.

INT NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Connie is marching down the hallway, peering into open doorways. The first three classrooms are empty.

She pauses at the fourth classroom, which is full of people. She stops in the doorway and speaks to the bald man at the front of the room.

CONNIE
Group therapy?

The bald man shakes his head.

BALD MAN
Sorry, AA.

CONNIE
Oh. Wrong room. Thanks.

Connie rushes away and continues to peer into classrooms.

After two more rooms she finds another full one. She stops in the doorway and speaks to the short woman at the front.

CONNIE
Group therapy? Is this the group
therapy room?

The short woman stares at her a moment before pointing to the sign on the open door.

SHORT WOMAN
Non! Conversational francais! Est
que tu parle francais?

Connie stares at the woman a moment before answering.

CONNIE
Not group therapy then. Ciao!

Connie re-starts her journey down the hallway. She passes three more empty rooms before she finds another group. She stops in the doorway and peers in at the circle of a dozen people.

Connie's best friend, **WINNIFRED BANKS**, stands at one point of the circle, and is speaking.

FREDI
So, after my parents divorced when
I was seven, I started smoking
cigarettes to get their attention.
I thought I would be able to catch
cancer so they would have to stay
together until I died.

Connie waves to catch the woman's attention. Fredi falters in her speech, glaring at Connie.

FREDI
And...so...

CONNIE
Fred! It's me! I made it!

The other members of the group stare at Connie standing in the doorway.

CONNIE
Hi! Is this group therapy?

An attractive, older woman, **MADELAINE ROE**, stands and smiles at Connie.

MADELAINE
Hello. You have found group
therapy. Come on in.

Madelaine holds out a hand to Connie who cautiously enters the room.

INT CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Connie walks into the room with all eyes on her. Some people are smiling but most are not. Fredi eyeballs her and then rolls her eyes.

Madelaine puts a hand on Fredi's arm.

MADELAINE

That was a good start Winnifred,
but why don't we let Connie tell us
why she's here.

Fredi rolls her eyes but sits down. Connie smiles at her friend and places her coat and purse the chair next to Fredi. She faces the group and clears her throat.

CONNIE

You see, it all started when I was
five. It was my first
parent/teacher conference.

INT NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL, HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

Connie is a five year old child. She is dressed very prettily as she walks down the hallway holding the hand of an adult on either side.

On her left is **OLIVER DAWSON**, Connie's handsome blonde father. He is dressed in a business suit.

On her right is **NATASHA DAWSON**, Connie's beautiful but scowling mother. She is dressed in business clothes.

Oliver and Natasha are arguing as they march down the hallway.

OLIVER

I don't know why I couldn't have
changed out of my suit before we
came here.

NATASHA

You know why.

OLIVER

Yes, actually I do. You took too
long forcing that poor old man to
buy that really crappy painting.

NATASHA

I didn't force him. I just opened his eyes to the possibility of a new artist.

OLIVER

I don't know why you work anyway.

NATASHA

Because I hate being a housewife.

OLIVER

Maybe you wouldn't hate it if you tried it.

NATASHA

I don't need to try it to know it would make me unhappy.

OLIVER

Maybe it's not being a housewife that makes you unhappy.

Natasha stops walking abruptly. Oliver continues a few paces. Connie is pulled between them, until Oliver realizes and stops to stare back at Natasha.

NATASHA

What does that mean?

OLIVER

It means, that maybe you're just unhappy being a wife.

Natasha glances down at Connie. Oliver does the same. Natasha resumes walking.

NATASHA

I think we should discuss this later.

OLIVER

I agree.

Connie glances up, first at Oliver and then at Natasha. Her face is very sad.

INT NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Connie and her parents enter a classroom where a pleasant looking woman wearing glasses sits at a desk. This is Connie's teacher, **MISS TUFFET**. Miss Tuffet stands as the family enters.

Connie releases her parent's hands and runs to her teacher.
Miss Tuffet smooths Connie's hair.

MISS TUFFET
Hello Connie.

YOUNG CONNIE
Hi Miss Tuffet. I brung my
parents.

MISS TUFFET
No Connie. You brought your
parents.

Connie nods. Miss Tuffet looks up at Oliver, who staring
appreciatively at Miss Tuffet, and Natasha, who is scowling.

Miss Tuffet opens her desk drawer and hands Connie a coloring
book and a pack of crayons.

MISS TUFFET
Why don't you go sit at the back
table and color, Connie. That will
give me time to speak to your
parents.

YOUNG CONNIE
Okay.

Connie runs off as Miss Tuffet turns to Oliver and Natasha.

MISS TUFFET
Please sit down Mister and Missuss
Dawson.

Oliver sits. Natasha continues to stand.

NATASHA
Is this going to take long?

MISS TUFFET
No. Not long. Why?

NATASHA
I have a gallery opening to go to.

OLIVER
Oh Natasha, just sit down. This is
about our daughter.

NATASHA

I know it is Oliver, but unless
Connie has done something wrong, I
don't see why this couldn't be done
over the phone.

Miss Tuffet leans over her desk.

MISS TUFFET

I assure you Missuss Dawson, I will
be brief.

Natasha sits.

NATASHA

There. Can we get on with it.

Miss Tuffet pulls out a file folder with Connie's name on it.

MISS TUFFET

Now. Connie is an excellent
student. Polite, good tempered and
pleasant with teachers and students
alike.

OLIVER

That's great. Really great!

NATASHA

Of course she is. We taught her to
behave properly.

MISS TUFFET

She is very advanced for her age.

NATASHA

She takes after me.

MISS TUFFET

But there is one problem.

NATASHA

I knew it! That will be Oliver's
fault.

OLIVER

Why mine?

NATASHA

Isn't everything a man's fault?

MISS TUFFET
Please! Mister and Missuss Dawson.
I would suggest you keep your
voices down. Connie is still
within earshot.

Oliver and Natasha glance over their shoulders at Connie coloring at the back. Oliver lets his gaze linger while Natasha snorts in derision.

NATASHA
She's fine. She doesn't even know
we're both here.

OLIVER
Of course she does. We're her
parents.

Miss Tuffet raps her knuckles of her desk.

MISS TUFFET
Let's get back to the problem,
shall we?

OLIVER
Of course. What seems to be the
matter?

MISS TUFFET
Well, Connie is a little submissive
with the boys in the class.

OLIVER
What?

NATASHA
What?

MISS TUFFET
I'm sorry to say that she does
everything in her power to make the
boys like her, including allowing
them to boss her around.

NATASHA
What the hell are you teaching in
this school?

MISS TUFFET
I assure you Missuss Dawson, she
isn't learning this behavior at
school.

(MORE)

MISS TUFFET (cont'd)
We ensure that girls and boys are
encouraged to embrace equality.

NATASHA
Then what does she do to make it
seem as if she being passive?

MISS TUFFET
Well, when it's play time, the
children are allowed to choose
whichever toy they want. And
Connie, always chooses to play
house.

OLIVER
Nothing wrong with that is there?

NATASHA
Of course there is. Our daughter
should pretend to be the head of a
bank or a doctor or lawyer.

MISS TUFFET
I do encourage her to try something
different but each time she only
wants to play house.

NATASHA
I don't believe this.

Natasha turns to face Connie, and calls out to her.

NATASHA
Connie. Come here please.

Connie looks up from her coloring and then promptly walks to
her mother.

NATASHA
Connie. Tell me something dear.
What do you want to be when you
grow up?

CONNIE
Oh mommy, that's easy.

NATASHA
Think carefully now Connie, and
make sure you really, really want
to be whatever it is you want to
be.

OLIVER
Don't pressure her Tash.

NATASHA
You be quiet.

Natasha takes Connie's hand.

NATASHA
Well, Connie?

CONNIE
I want to be...

Connie glances at her father, who smiles at her.

CONNIE
I want to be a housewife!

INT NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Natasha is marching down the hallway holding tightly to Connie's hand. Connie is running to keep up with her mother. Oliver is chasing after them.

OLIVER
Tash! Natasha! Slow down.

Natasha stops.

NATASHA
I will not slow down. I will not
allow my daughter to continue in
this school where they teach girls
that it's okay to be a slave.

Natasha turns and begins racing down the hallway again.

OLIVER
Will you stop it! There is nothing
wrong with being a housewife.

NATASHA
Oh yes there is!

OLIVER
How would you know? You've never
been a housewife.

NATASHA
I know. And no daughter of mine is
going to be one either.

Natasha reaches the outside doors and shoves them open, racing outside with Connie in tow. Oliver shakes his head and follows.

INT CLASSROOM - PRESENT DAY

Connie is still standing before the group. Everyone is fascinated by her story, except for Fredi. Madelaine is writing furiously in her notebook.

MADELAINE

So, Connie, you knew, even then,
that you wanted to be a housewife?
Even at such an early age?

CONNIE

Oh yes. It was as if I saw how
horrible my parents marriage was
because of my mother's career, so I
wanted to do the exact opposite. I
wanted to be a housewife.

MADELAINE

I see. So, after that initial
moment of truth, what happened.

CONNIE

Well, it went downhill after that.
I spent the next eleven years
waiting until I could get out from
under my mother's thumb.

MADELAINE

And did you?

CONNIE

I thought so. But, it didn't
happen that way.

INT COLLEGE DORM ROOM - FLASHBACK

The door to a college dorm room opens and a mature Connie enters, followed by her parents Oliver and Natasha.

Oliver struggles with the luggage and dumps it all on the bed nearest the window. He stands panting as Natasha wanders around the room

OLIVER

You could have helped with the
luggage Natasha.

NATASHA

Why would I do that? You have to
be useful for something.

OLIVER

What about your women's lib and equality for the sexes stuff.

NATASHA

It doesn't include heavy lifting.

Connie is sitting on the bare mattress of her bed and leafing through the college course catalogue.

NATASHA

Connie. Don't sit on the bare mattress. You don't know who's slept on it before you.

CONNIE

Mom. I'm wearing clothes. No germs can get me.

NATASHA

Nonetheless. I'm going to see if there's any housekeeping in this place.

Natasha exits as Oliver sits next to Connie. Connie pulls her purse into her lap and rummages through it.

CONNIE

Thanks for carrying the luggage Daddy.

OLIVER

No problem, sweetheart! So, you signed up for the courses you want to take?

Connie pulls a piece of paper out of her purse.

CONNIE

Yes. I have my curriculum right here. I can't wait to get started. I mean, they even have a course on household management and budgeting.

OLIVER

That's great. And we aren't telling your mother, right?

Natasha walks through the door.

NATASHA

Aren't telling me what?

Oliver and Connie both stand and hide the curriculum behind their backs.

OLIVER

That there isn't any housekeeping
in the dorm.

CONNIE

That's right Mom. The students are
responsible for taking care of
themselves.

NATASHA

I just found that out. But don't
worry. I'll hire a housekeeper to
come in and make sure you're taken
care of Connie.

CONNIE

Thanks Mom.

OLIVER

A housekeeper, in a college dorm.
What will the other students think?

NATASHA

I don't really care what they
think.

The door of the room swings open and **WINNIFRED BANKS**, a
slender, dark haired girl, struggles through the door with a
pile of luggage.

She stops as she sees the room isn't empty.

FREDI

Hi!

CONNIE

Hi! You must be my roommate,
Winnifred Banks.

FREDI

Yeah. But I prefer to be called
Fred. Winnifred is a horrible
name.

NATASHA

Fred isn't much better!

Fred eyes Natasha a moment.

FREDI

I guess you got here first so you get the bed by the window. No problem. I don't care about where I sleep, so long as I have a bed.

NATASHA

That sounds promising. Connie, do you want me to see if they have any private rooms available?

CONNIE

No. I want to stay here.

Connie smiles at Fredi as the other young woman dumps her luggage by the other bed.

OLIVER

Well, we should be going Natasha. Let the girls settle in.

NATASHA

I suppose.

Natasha and Oliver are leaving as Fredi pulls an envelope out of her pocket and hands it to Connie.

FREDI

By the way. You and I share a mailbox. You got a letter here from admissions.

Connie reaches out to take the envelope but Natasha grabs it first.

NATASHA

What could they want now? You've already paid your tuition.

Natasha rips open the letter and reads.

NATASHA

Connie, this letter is a list of things you will need for your gourmet cooking class.

Connie looks at her father who backs away.

CONNIE

Uhm. It is? Well, a girl has to have an elective you know Mom. And you said I could take anything I wanted.

NATASHA
Connie. Let me see your
curriculum.

CONNIE
What curriculum?

Natasha bears down on Connie.

NATASHA
The one hidden behind your back.

Connie pulls the paper out from behind her back.

CONNIE
Oh, that curriculum. You don't
need to see it Mom. It's just
boring course numbers and
descriptions. All those horrible
business courses.

NATASHA
Constance Olivia Dawson. Give me
that curriculum, now!

Connie hands the paper to her mother. Natasha reads it.

NATASHA
Connie. This says you are taking
all household sciences.

OLIVER
Natasha, don't get upset. It's
what Connie wants.

NATASHA
No daughter of mine will learn how
to cook and clean. That's what
housekeepers are for!

Natasha marches over to the phone on the desk. She dials and
waits.

NATASHA
No answer.

She slams the phone down.

NATASHA
I'm going over to administration
and sort this out right now.

CONNIE
You can't. All the classes are full.

NATASHA
Nonsense. I'll make sure they have room for more.

Natasha storms out, leaving Oliver staring at his daughter. Fredi is eyeing them both curiously.

OLIVER
I'm sorry Connie.

CONNIE
It's okay Daddy. She would have found out eventually.

FREDI
Uh, did I do something wrong?

CONNIE
No. It's okay. My mother just wants me to get a degree in business.

FREDI
Oh. And what do you want to be?

CONNIE
A housewife!

Fredi stares at Connie in shock.

INT CLASSROOM - PRESENT DAY

Connie is sitting now, dabbing at her eyes with a tissue. Fredi sits next to her holding her hand. The group are still staring at Connie raptly.

MADELAINE
So, your mother changed all your courses?

CONNIE
Every single one. The only good thing to come out of college was meeting Fredi here.

Connie pats Fredi's hand. Fredi smiles at her.

FREDI

Your mom was pretty intense. I
still feel bad about that.

CONNIE

Don't. Like I said then, she would
have found out eventually.

MADELAINE

Well, did you take the business
courses?

CONNIE

Oh yeah. I had no choice. And I
passed with flying colors.

MADELAINE

I'm sure your mother was proud of
that.

FREDI

She practically peed her pants when
Connie made valedictorian.

CONNIE

And she was proud. Until the
graduation ceremony.

FREDI

Oh god. The graduation ceremony.

CONNIE

My speech left her a little, shall
we say crazy?

EXT COLLEGE CAMPUS - FLASHBACK

The end of a line of graduating students are receiving their
diplomas. The audience is filled with smiling parents and
grandparents. The dean calls the last few names.

DEAN

Caroline Watson!

A pretty blonde co-ed marches up onto the stage and takes her
diploma. As she exits the stage, she passes Connie and Fredi
sitting together.

DEAN (O.S.)

Walter Yelnick.

Walter walks across the stage and receives his diploma.

Fredi and Connie are whispering together.

FREDI

Are you sure you want to read the speech you wrote?

CONNIE

Yes. I'm sure, Fredi. Now stop asking me?

FREDI

I can't help it. I think Natasha is going to have kittens. And puppies too. Possibly ducklings.

DEAN (O.S.)

Maria Zemenó.

Maria walks across the stage to receive her diploma.

CONNIE

Don't be so dramatic Fredi. If I don't do this, I'll never get out from under my mother's thumb.

FREDI

But why now?

CONNIE

Now is the time to strike for domestic women everywhere.

FREDI

Now who's being dramatic?

CONNIE

Shh! The Dean is about to announce me.

The Dean returns to the podium.

DEAN

Congratulations to all the graduates.

There is a round of applause. Connie holds her notes tightly in her hands.

DEAN

And now, our valedictorian, Miss Connie Dawson.

The crowd erupts in applause again. Connie takes a deep breath and rises from her seat. With a final glance at Fredi she, takes the podium.

Oliver and Natasha are sitting in the audience beaming at Connie.

Connie smiles at them nervously and then glances down at her notes. She takes a another deep breath.

CONNIE

Good morning fellow graduates. And
a good morning it is, because this
is the first day of the rest of our
lives. The first day when we get
to face the world, wholly on our
own.

The graduates and parents smiles up at Connie. Fredi chews her nails nervously. Connie flips to the next note card.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We face this new day ready, willing
and able. Ready to make our own
choices. Willing to meet the world
in our own way. Able to make our
own decisions about which direction
to go.

She pauses a moment to gaze at her parents.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

And no matter what we choose, it
has to be the right choice for us.
And that is why, I have decided,
that I will face the world as a
housewife!

She beams at the crowd. The entire audience bursts out laughing, except for Oliver and Natasha. Oliver is shocked and Natasha looks green.

Natasha stands up and the crowd goes quiet.

Connie stands nervously looking at her mother.

Natasha opens her mouth to speak, but instead clutches at her left arm.

CONNIE

Mom? You okay?

Fredi joins Connie at the podium.

FREDI

Your mom doesn't look so good.

Oliver stands and puts his arm around his wife.

OLIVER

Natasha? Are you okay.

Natasha slowly turns her head to look at Oliver.

NATASHA

I think I'm having a heart attack.

Everyone in the audience gasps.

INT CLASSROOM - PRESENT DAY

The group is staring at Connie with various degrees of shock and awe.

MADELAINE

Your mother had a heart attack?

CONNIE

Yes. She did.

MADELAINE

All because you announced at your graduation that you wanted to be a housewife?

CONNIE

Well, no, not just because of that. The doctor said it was built up by stress. She was working pretty hardcore by then. Twelve and fourteen hour days were normal for her.

FREDI

But your announcement didn't help any.

CONNIE

No. It didn't.

MADELAINE

So, what happened?

CONNIE

My mother went to the hospital. She got better.

(MORE)

CONNIE (cont'd)

She cut her working hours to ten hours a day and she's been fine ever since. Except for the part where she blamed my father for everything and divorced him.

MADELAINE

But what about you? Did you become a housewife?

CONNIE

No. While my mother was in the hospital, I promised her I would get a job in business administration. I was a junior executive by the time the ink was dry on the divorce papers.

MADELAINE

I see. So, for ten years, you've been working in an office?

CONNIE

Yup. Ten years in human resources. Until today that is.

FREDI

What does that mean?

CONNIE

That's why I'm here actually, Fredi.

FREDI

You mean, you...

CONNIE

Quit my job.

MADELAINE

That's a pretty big step. How does your fiance feel about this?

CONNIE

Oh, I'm not engaged.

MADELAINE

Your boyfriend then?

CONNIE

I don't actually have one of those.

MADELAINE

Then how can you be a housewife?

FREDI

She can't.

Fredi stands up and faces the group.

FREDI

Well, this has been a very
entertaining group therapy session,
but it's time Connie and I were
going.

Connie looks startled but Fredi pulls her to her feet.

CONNIE

But...

FREDI

We're going.

Madelaine stands and takes Connie's hand.

MADELAINE

If you have to go, we can't make
you stay but if you want to talk
more Connie, here's my card. Call
me anytime.

Madelaine slips a card into Connie's hand.

Connie stares at it then puts it in her purse.

Fredi pulls her towards the door.

CONNIE

Thank you. You've been very kind
to listen to my problems. Bye!

Fredi and Connie are out the door.

INT NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Fredi is marching down the hallway, dragging Connie along
with her.

CONNIE

Fredi, slow down.

Fredi stops abruptly. Connie crashes into her.

FREDI

Slow down? How can you say that when you just ran your life off the rails at a speed nearing the speed of light?

CONNIE

It's fine Fredi. I'm finally going to live my life my way.

FREDI

Really? With the goal of becoming a housewife?

CONNIE

Sure. Why not? What's wrong with that? Why does everyone make it sound like I want to eat small children?

FREDI

Connie! Women fought for years and are still fighting, to not have to be housewives. And here you are practically begging to be shackled to some man's headboard.

Connie shakes her head.

CONNIE

No, I'm not. I'm asking for my right to choose what I want to do with my life. And making a good home for myself, a husband and maybe even children is not a bad thing.

FREDI

But it doesn't have to be the only thing!

CONNIE

Never mind, I know you don't understand.

FREDI

No. I don't. But I guess I have to support you, no matter what.

CONNIE

Yes. You do have to support me. It's your job as my best friend.

FREDI

I don't actually have to support
you, do I?

Connie smiles at Fredi and leads her slowly down the hall
towards the doors.

CONNIE

No. I've been smart with my money.
I can live for a year on my savings
and investments.

FREDI

That's a relief. So, what are you
going to do?

CONNIE

Well. I've signed up for classes
at the local community college.

FREDI

Let me guess. Cooking 101 is one
of them?

Connie laughs as they reach the doors.

CONNIE

Yup. I'm finally going to learn
how to cook.

Fredi laughs as Connie pushes open the door.

INT COLLEGE CLASSROOM

Connie enters a room with two person cooking stations. The
room is full except for one station near the front of the
class. A handsome, thirty-something man is at the station.

JOHN SMITH, spots Connie and waves her over.

JOHN

Hi. You here for the cooking
basics class?

CONNIE

Yes. I am. I guess this is the
only station available.

JOHN

I hope that's not a problem?

CONNIE

Oh, no, no. It's just, I've never cooked before and I don't want to bring anyone else down with me.

John laughs.

JOHN

I wouldn't worry about it.

CONNIE

No seriously. I don't want the instructor to mark you down because I don't know what I'm doing.

JOHN

You can trust me that the instructor won't mark me down.

CONNIE

Why? Are you sleeping with her?

JOHN

Her?

CONNIE

Of course.

JOHN

Why do you assume that the instructor is a woman?

CONNIE

I don't know. I just did. Sorry, I know there are a lot of really good male chefs.

JOHN

Some of the best chefs in the world are men.

CONNIE

True. So, are you sleeping with him?

JOHN

Yes.

CONNIE

Oh.

John smiles at her and steps up to the front of the class.

JOHN

Good evening everyone. Welcome to cooking basics. I'm your instructor and my name is John Smith. Go ahead and laugh now.

The class laughs. Connie stares at John. John smiles back at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know, it sounds like I was conceived in a cheap motel. What were my parents thinking?

The class laughs again and this time Connie joins in.

JOHN

Now. On to the lesson. It's something easy and something everyone eats. Can anyone guess what it is?

Connie raises her hand. John points to her.

JOHN

Yes, Miss...?

CONNIE

Connie Dawson.

JOHN

Miss Dawson. Do you know the answer?

CONNIE

Beef Wellington?

The class laughs. John frowns at them.

JOHN

No. Miss Dawson. Beef Wellington is a fairly complicated dish.

CONNIE

Oh.

Two other students at the next station raise their hands. **FRANCESCA SPAETELLI**, a sexy and dark-haired beauty vies to answer the question along with her station partner, **CELESTE TAYLOR**, an attractive older woman with dyed red hair.

John points to Francesca.

FRANCESCA
Is it French Toast?

JOHN
No. But you're close.

Celeste raises her hand again. John points to her.

CELESTE
An omelette?

JOHN
Still no, but you are definitely
closer. Anyone else know?

Connie raises her hand again. John points to her.

JOHN
Yes, Miss Dawson, again.

CONNIE
Is it, Eggs Benedict?

Celeste and Francesca laugh at her.

JOHN
No. That's still too advanced.

John turns to the rest of the class.

JOHN
Anyone else?

Nobody raises a hand.

JOHN
I guess I better tell you. Tonight
we're going to learn to make
scrambled eggs. You can all open
the mini fridge at your stations
and take out two eggs per person.

Connie opens her fridge as John joins her at the station.

JOHN
Finding everything?

Connie jumps.

CONNIE
Oh. Yes.

She pulls the carton of eggs from the fridge and drops it on the floor. John laughs and takes her hand.

JOHN

Don't worry about that. We'll just clean it up, and borrow some eggs from another station.

CONNIE

Okay. Sorry.

JOHN

Don't worry about it.

John hands Connie a roll of paper towels and then walks over to another station.

INT CONNIE'S LIVING ROOM, MORNING

Connie is passed out, fast asleep on the sofa. Sun is streaming in the windows. Scattered around the room are two dozen plates of scrambled eggs in various stages of completion.

The phone rings. Connie is startled out of sleep. She falls to the floor as the phone continues to ring. Connie scrambles to find the phone.

The phone stops ringing and a befuddled Connie answers.

CONNIE

Hello?

Connie crawls into a chair.

FREDI (ON PHONE)

Hellllloooooo darling! It's me.
Winifred. How are you?

CONNIE

Fredi? Uh.....I'm...how...what?

FREDI (ON PHONE)

Don't sound so flustered sweetie.
You sound like you just woke up and
it's already 11:30.

CONNIE

Well, I kind of did just wake up.

FREDI (ON PHONE)

(laughing)
That's not good.
(MORE)

FREDI (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
Just because you are unemployed
doesn't mean you get to be lazy.
Don't have some goals to meet? I
would have thought you would be up
and at things by now.

CONNIE
I kind of had a bad night.

FREDI (ON PHONE)
A bad night? Didn't you go to your
first cooking class last night?

CONNIE
Yeah.

FREDI (ON PHONE)
And how did it go?

CONNIE
Oh, fine. Fine. We learned to
cook scrambled eggs.

FREDI (ON PHONE)
Scrambled eggs? That doesn't sound
hard.

CONNIE
It's not. Unless of course you're
me.

FREDI (ON PHONE)
What does that mean?

CONNIE
Well, apparently, all good chef's
had this sort of internal clock in
their head so that they can "sense"
when the eggs are perfectly done.

FREDI (ON PHONE)
I see.

CONNIE
You would see, if you could see my
living room.

FREDI (ON PHONE)
Why? What's wrong with your living
room?

CONNIE

I have two dozen plates of
scrambled eggs and I'm pretty sure
that not one of them is edible.

FREDI (ON PHONE)

(laughing)

Shame, then at least you could have
breakfast.

CONNIE

Very funny, Winifred.

FREDI (ON PHONE)

Okay, okay. Sorry. I guess I
better take you to lunch.

CONNIE

Lunch? I just got up.

FREDI (ON PHONE)

Fine, stay home and eat all your
eggs.

CONNIE

Lunch on your, it is. I warn you
though, it might take me a while.
I haven't showered and my hair's a
mess and...I don't even want to
look at my face.

FREDI (ON PHONE)

Oh whatever. Throw on something
casual, run a brush through your
hair, dash on some lipstick and
sunglasses and get over here. I'll
see you an hour. Ciao bella!

There is a click and the sound of the dial tone in Connie's
ear. She shakes her head and hangs up the phone.

She looks at her watch and then staggers to the hallway and
crawls up the stairs.