

THE PERFECT WOMAN  
By Janet E. Swainston

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 on 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.

MADELAINA

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.

MADELAINÉ

Well, did you take the business courses?

CONNIE

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

MADELAINÉ

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.

MADELAINÉ

Your mother had a heart attack?

CONNIE

Yes. She did.

MADELAINÉ

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.

MADELAINÉ

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.

MADELAINÉ

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.

MADELAINÉ

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.

MADELAINÉ

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

CONNIE

Oh, I'm not engaged.

MADELAINÉ

Your boyfriend then?

CONNIE

I don't actually have one of those.

MADELAINÉ

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.