

JERRY

My brother works for the White House. He pretends he's an intellectual. He pretends he's from the east coast.

She turns, not quite sure what his point is. She waits politely for Jerry to finish before exiting into the kitchen.

JERRY

(continuing)

I was supposed to be the successful one.

(more)

JERRY (cont'd)

But I don't want to talk about it. And yet! My family. I grew up with repression as a... a religion --you don't bitch. No moaning! Head down. Do it, whatever "it" may be. My dad... he worked for the United Way for 38 years! You know what he said when he retired? He said, "I wish I'd had a more comfortable chair." 38 years he sat in it! Do you know what I'm saying, Dorothy? Repression as a religion. I'm almost as old as his chair.

He rubs his face. She looks at him, and the situation slightly overwhelms her. Here he is, wide-open, ripe for the taking.

DOROTHY

Beer okay?

JERRY

Yeah, thanks.

→ INT. KITCHEN

Laurel smokes a cigarette and blows it out the window. Dorothy goes for the refrigerator, finds a couple beers.

LAUREL

I heard.

DOROTHY

No kidding. I looked over and saw

the shadow of two curious shoes in the doorway of the kitchen.

LAUREL

This guy would go home with a gardening tool right now if it showed interest.

(off Dorothy's look)

Wait. Use the frosted glasses.

DOROTHY

(surprised)

Thank you.

LAUREL

Look, here's some of that chicken with salsa too, I warmed it up --

DOROTHY

That's the girl I love.

LAUREL

But you just gotta hear me out on one thing. You're very responsible with Ray and you know it's not right for a little boy to hear some strange man's voice in the house.

DOROTHY

As opposed to twenty angry women?

Dorothy turns quickly and the beer, sisters and chicken collide in the small kitchen. Dorothy deftly catches the food in her t-shirt, and dumps it back onto the plate. But her shirt is now stained. She starts to quietly implode, and Laurel takes command. They know each other well.

LAUREL

Come on, let's get you another top --

They exit to nearby laundry room.

EXT. HOUSE/WINDOW OUTSIDE LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

Now camera starts to move around the house, from this window showing the two sisters in the laundry room, to the living room where Jerry sits alone. We see Ray wander into the room and stare at Jerry.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry, who is playing with a kaleidoscope on the table, looks up to see Ray.

RAY

Hi.

JERRY

Hi Ray.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- SAME TIME

LAUREL

All I'm saying. You don't have the luxury of falling for some drowning man. Be practical. Now. Which top?

She holds up two tops. One is sexier with a dipped down front. The other is striped, cute, functional.

DOROTHY

Okay, you want to talk about practical? Let's talk about my wonderful life. Do you know what most other women my age are doing right now? They are partying in clubs, trying to act stupid, trying to get a man, trying to keep a man... not me. I'm trying to RAISE a man.

She grabs the sexier top, and puts it on.

DOROTHY

(continuing)

I've got a 24 hour a day reminder of Roger, for the rest of my life. I have had three lovers in four years, all boring, all achingly self-sufficient all friends of yours I might add, and all of them running a distant second to a warm bath. Look at me, Laurel, look at me. I'm the oldest 26 year old in the world! How do I look?

LAUREL

Good.

DOROTHY

Thanks.