

SIDE#3 pgs. 36 - 37 - CHRIS, CLAIRE, LENNY, ERNIE, COOKIE,
DESCRIPTION OF SCENE: Enter Ernie (a psychoanalyst) and his wife Cookie (a TV Cooking show host). Ken, Chris, Lenny & Claire are desperately trying to hide the secret of Ken's unfortunate "Accident"
WHAT DIRECTOR IS LOOKING FOR: Lenny & Chris are ridiculously over invested in the cover-up story. Claire needs to be the sarcastic counterpoint to Lenny and Chris. Cookie and Ernie are just the foils being played by the others.

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(CLAIRE smiles and opens the front door. CHRIS and LENNY break into loud LAUGHTER. ERNIE and COOKIE are at the door. ERNIE is in his early fifties, in a tux and carrying a gift box. COOKIE is in her forties, wears a god-awful evening gown. SHE carries a sausage-like cushion under her arm.)

CLAIRE. Cookie! Ernie! It's so good to see you.
(Hugs them both.)

CHRIS. Oh, God, that is so funny, Lenny. You should have been an actor, I swear.

CLAIRE. Everybody, it's Ernie and Cookie.

LENNY. *(Still laughing.)* Hi, Ernie. Hi, Cookie.

CHRIS. *(Waves, laughing.)* Hi, Cookie. Hi, Ernie.

ERNIE. Hello, Chris. Hello, Lenny.

CHRIS. *(To Lenny.)* So go on with the story. What did Mr. Gorbachev say?

LENNY. *(After an awkward silence.)* Mr. Gorbachev? ... He said, "I don't know. I never ate cat food before."

(There is much forced LAUGHTER.)

ERNIE. Sorry we're late. Did we miss much?

CHRIS. You have *got* to get Lenny to tell you the story about Mrs. Thatcher and the cat food.

(LENNY shoots Chris a dirty look.)

ERNIE. *(Laughs.)* It sounds funny already. Heh heh heh.

COOKIE. Everyone looks so beautiful.

CLAIRE. Cookie, I am cr-azy about the dress. You always dig up the most original things. Where do you find them?

COOKIE. Oh, God, this is sixty years old. It was my grandmother's. She brought it from Russia.

CLAIRE. Didn't you wear that for Muscular Dystrophy in June?

COOKIE. No. Emphysema in August.

CLAIRE. (*Looking at the cushion.*) Oh, what a pretty cushion. Is that for Charley and Myra?

COOKIE. No, it's for my back. It went out again while I was dressing. (*SHE opens the pretzels, easily.*)

ERNIE. You all right, honey?

COOKIE. I'm fine, babe.

CHRIS. You and your back problems. It must be awful.

COOKIE. It's nothing. I can do everything but sit down and get up.

ERNIE. Hey, Lenny, is that your BMW? (*HE laughs.*) Looks like you put a lot of miles on in two days.

LENNY. A guy shoots out of a garage and blind-sides me. The car's got twelve miles on it. I've got a case of whiplash you wouldn't believe.

COOKIE. (*Crossing to other side of the room.*) Oh, I've had whiplash. Excruciating. My best friend had it for six years.

(*LENNY nods sardonically. SHE picks up the Steuben gift box.*)

COOKIE. Oh, this looks nice. Who brought this? (*SHE turns it to see the label but loses control and drops*

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