

SIDE#6 pgs. 78 - 79 - CLAIRE, LENNY, ERNIE, COOKIE, GLENN, CASSIE,
DESCRIPTION OF SCENE: Cassie is in the powder room formulating a plan to
get back at Glenn. Suddenly, she opens the door and her femme fatale plan of
revenge becomes obvious.

WHAT DIRECTOR IS LOOKING FOR: Cassie needs to be sexually
manipulating in a not so subtle comedic way. Glen shows disgust. Lenny, Ernie
need to be seduced by Cassie. Claire, Chris, Cooke need to be pissed at the men's
reaction to this obvious ploy

78

RUMORS

Start Side 6

GLENN. Oh, she's fine. She's just in there trying to
figure some way to get back at me. She'll come up with
something.

*(The powder room door suddenly opens and CASSIE stands
there with one arm extended up the door. Her hair is
brushed over one eye. SHE looks sexy as hell, with a
malevolent grin on her face. EVERYONE turns to
look at her.)*

GLENN. Yeah, she's got one.

*(CASSIE crosses to the sofa, sits on the arm next to
Lenny, practically leaning on him.)*

CASSIE. Please forgive me, everyone. I know I
behaved badly tonight.

*(SHE smiles right at Lenny. HE smiles back, then looks
away.)*

CASSIE. No, I really did ... and I apologize. I've had
– well, I've had a rough day today, and I'm just not here
tonight.

LENNY. That's okay. Neither are Charley and Myra.

CASSIE. *(Smiles at Lenny.)* That's funny. That's
truly funny, Lenny. I can never think of anything funny.
How do you do that?

LENNY. *(A bit flustered.)* I don't know ... I just ...
(Sees CLAIRE glaring at him.) Can I get up and get you a
glass of wine?

CASSIE. Why? Do I look like I need one?

CLAIRE. Who is she getting back at, Glenn, you or me?

GLENN. (*Without looking at her.*) All right, Cassie, cut it out.

CASSIE. What do you mean, sweetheart.

GLENN. You know what I mean. Push your hair back up and sit on a chair.

CASSIE. (*Smiles at Glenn, then to Lenny.*) Do you know what he's talking about, Len?

CLAIRE. Excuse me. I'm going up to get Charley's gun.

ERNIE. Cassie, everyone here is your friend. Why don't you and I go out on the terrace and have a nice, quiet talk?

COOKIE. (*To Ernie.*) You do and you'll have a back worse than mine.

CASSIE. Oh, my goodness, I see what you're thinking. That is really incredible. Because the exact same thing happened to Glenn and me last week at a cocktail party for the Democratic Fund Raising Committee. There was the nicest woman there – very attractive, very sweet, very refined – and because sometimes I can feel so silly and so insecure, I thought she was coming on to Glenn. They got up to dance and they were as close as freshly-laid wallpaper.

GLENN. Okay, Cassie, I think we're going.

(*The INTERCOM on the phone buzzes.*)



End Side 6

KEN. (*Holding his chest.*) Excuse me. I must have eaten too quickly.

CHRIS. That was the intercom, Ken. Not you.