

**TALENT TO GO**

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**13351 D Riverside Drive  
#107  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91423**

**Female Female  
Comedy**

**Maggie / Rose**  
**#1**

*Zwoman*

MAN

How would you ladies like to join us for something wet?

35

INT. DINER - NIGHT

35

Rose and Maggie, in a booth, laughing. The wee hours, a fun night.

**START →**

ROSE

"Something wet"?? What is that?

MAGGIE

It's a vagina, is what it is.

ROSE

Thanks, Maggie, that's lovely.

MAGGIE

It's a perfectly good word. In fact, you know what? I always thought it would be a pretty name. Forget what it means, Vagina Feller? Great name.

ROSE

Sydelle's right. You're completely obscene.

MAGGIE

Why, because I said "vagina"?

ROSE

(a spot-on perfect Sydelle)  
"Michael, I don't know what's wrong with your girls. My Marcia never says vagina."

MAGGIE

(also a perfect Sydelle)  
"My Marcia doesn't even have a vagina."

ROSE

"Oh, My Marcia has a vagina all right. My Marcia's vagina's made of solid 24-karat gold."

A WAITRESS appears.

MAGGIE

(to the Waitress)  
"My Marcia's vagina is so perfect, it's in a museum."

WAITRESS

(she's seen it all)  
What can I get you girls?



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L.H.S.



MAGGIE

(still using Sydelle's voice)  
Two orders of whole wheat honey pancakes  
with a side of bacon, please.

As the waitress heads off:

ROSE

Oh, and -- are you hiring?

WAITRESS

Yeah, I'll bring an application.

She goes. Rose turns back to Maggie.

ROSE

"My Marcia never eats pancakes. That's  
how come she still wears a minus-size 6."

She notices Maggie staring at her. Not smiling anymore.

ROSE

What?

MAGGIE

I can't believe you just did that.

ROSE

Did what?

MAGGIE

"Are you hiring?" God. We were having  
fun for once.

ROSE

It's an opportunity.

MAGGIE

To work the graveyard shift, serving  
pancakes to drunks and whores and cops.  
That's what you think I should do.

ROSE

I think you should work, so you don't  
have to mooch off me for everything.

MAGGIE

How can you say that? I just got us two  
rounds of drinks.

ROSE

No, Cuervo Carl got the drinks, and only  
because he hoped you'd sleep with him.

MAGGIE

So? I didn't.





ROSE

You need a job, Maggie. There's a whole world of commerce out there that has nothing to do with sex. Where people actually make money without seducing anyone.

MAGGIE

Obviously, or you'd starve.

Ouch. But Rose perseveres.

ROSE

You're not going to look like this forever, you know. Eventually, you'll be older, and all the men who foot your bill now will be buying drinks for girls half your age. What are you going to do then?

(long silence)

Well, you better think of something, because middle-aged tramps aren't cute; they're pathetic.

Tears fill Maggie's eyes. That scared little girl again.

MAGGIE

It's not easy for me. It's not easy for everyone like it is for you.

ROSE

Please. There are paraplegics who take better care of themselves than you do.

MAGGIE

Fine.

Maggie wipes her eyes and gets up to leave.

ROSE

What are you doing? Sit down.

But Maggie pulls her sweater around her skinny shoulders and stalks away dramatically. Rose watches her go.

**END**

CUT TO:

36 INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

36

Maggie is crashed on the sofa. Rose walks by her, carrying a suitcase.

37 INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT, GATE - DAY

37

Rose, walking to the gate, sees, by a column, the LEWIS, DOMMEL & FENICK WHEELED DOCUMENT CASE that she was filling that first night and a MAN'S WING-TIP SHOE. JIM

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