

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FOLLOW MARY TO THE MANICURE TABLE WHERE TANYA IS SETTING UP THE TOOLS OF HER TRADE.

MARY

Tanya? Hi. They told me to come right back here.

TANYA

Oh sure. Have a seat.

MARY SITS DOWN. TANYA TAKES MARY'S HANDS.

TAYN

Let's have a look. Wow, what have you done to yourself?

MARY

I re-tiled my bathroom.

TANYA

Seriously?

MARY

I just want something neutral.

TANYA

You don't want to maybe take a walk on the wild side? How about this?
(shows bottle)
Jungle Red.

MARY

Way too much for me. (selects another) This is nice.

TANYA

(boring)
French fawn. Whatever. What's that perfume you're wearing?

MARY

Something my husband gave me.

TANYA

Where have I smelled that before?
Oh, I know. It's the same scent my friend wears. She works the perfume counter downstairs. Expensive stuff. But she's got expensive taste, that one.

MARY STARTS FLIPPING THROUGH "CACHET".

MARY
Don't cut the cuticles, okay?

TANYA (INSULTED)

TANYA
(insulted)
Please.

(then)
Her name is Crystal. Crystal Allen.

MARY
Who?

TANYA
My friend at the perfume counter.
That girl needs a man with money.
And she's got one now, too. Married
though.

MARY
(off magazine)
Narciso Rodriguez is so amazing.

TANYA
This guy she hooked - his picture's
always in the business pages. For
Crystal, that's like the
classifieds for a husband. I can
never remember that guy's name.
Everybody knows him. That's a
beautiful ring, by the way.

MARY
Thanks

TANYA
On the wrong hand, though.

MARY
No, the right hand. It was a gift
from my girlfriends. We gave each
other one last Christmas.

TANYA
Haines.

MARY LOOKS UP, STARTLED. TANYA INTERPRETS THIS AS INTEREST IN GOOD GOSSIP.

TANYA

That's his name. Stephen Haines. I was there when she met him. Oh boy, what a performance. This Haines guy walks up to the counter, serious type, expensive suit, good-looking but thinning on top. He says he wants to buy some perfume for his wife. "What type of woman is she", Crystal says. And he says, "the kind who smells like soap." Which I thought was pretty sweet. But for Crystal, it was a challenge. So then she says, "Would you prefer something sexier"? And she runs her eyes up and down him the way a big cat looks at a slow wildebeest. I felt kind of bad for the guy. He didn't have a chance.

MARY IS FROZEN, TAKING IT ALL IN.

TANYA

So then she picks up the tester bottle of "Jezebel" -- that's the stuff you're wearing -- and sprays some on her wrist and in the crook of her arm for him to smell. He starts sniffing around her and I guess he liked it a little more than he planned. To tell you the truth, I think this was just a game for Crystal until he took out his credit card and she recognized his name.

MARY

And then what happened?

TANYA

Well, she really pursued him. They started seeing each other. He takes her to nice dinners, buys her clothes, sends her flowers. In a vase. The kind you keep.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
(fumbling)

You know, I don't think I want a manicure. I just remembered, I have to be somewhere.

TANYA
Was I talking too much again? I'm sorry. I just try to entertain my clients while they're sitting here, Mrs...

MARY
Haines.

NOW IT'S TANYA'S TURN TO LOOK STARTLED.

TANYA
Oh God. Oh my God. I am so, so sorry. I had no idea. Me and my big mouth. Is there anything I can do to --

MARY
I want you to so stop telling that story. I mean it.

TANYA
Sure, sure, of course. I'll never mention it again. I promise, I promise.

MARY GATHERS UP HER THINGS AND QUICKLY HEADS OUT.