

KITCHEN DIVA

By

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FADE IN:

INT. ELEGANT COUNTRY KITCHEN -- MORNING

White French lace, gloved hands place a half empty fine bone china coffee cup on a saucer with a pink linen napkin beside it. The gloved hand rings a crystal bell.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION FRONT ENTRANCE, PINK AND WHITE MARBLED PORTICO DRIVEWAY -- MORNING

A uniformed chauffeur with salt and pepper hair is polishing an iced pink 2-year-old Rolls Royce Phantom with vanity tags that say "K-DIVA." He opens the rear passenger door and patiently waits, standing at attention.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS WALLED CONFERENCE ROOM DISPLAYING "WBMJ" ACROSS SEVERAL PANELS -- MORNING

A production meeting is in session. Several candy dishes filled with mini rolls of Tums and Roloids are distributed across the table. Writers are exchanging ideas. QUINCY, the 64-year-old producer, and EDWIN, the 51-year-old director, are discussing possible guests for a cooking show. CHAZ, the handsome 30-ish floor manager, is nervously chewing a pencil, as usual.

EDWIN

Did we get a response from that guy who almost won the Food Star show last season?

QUINCY

Are we that desperate?

EDWIN

He wasn't all that bad. Just don't let him near open flames, and we'll be fine.

CHAZ

How about doing a remote shoot?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE GLASS WALLED CONFERENCE ROOM --
MORNING

Tan Christian Louboutin heels promenade down the hallway. From the feet up, a custom-tailored St. John apricot suit is revealed on a distinguished, impeccably dressed woman. Attractive for her age, BERNICE JACKSON, 69 who looks more like 50ish, is the cooking show's host and studio owner. She carries herself as though she owns the world.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

EDWIN

No, no, no. No remotes. Costs too much, and she's too unpredictable.

CHAZ loudly clears his throat as BERNICE strides into the conference room with flourish, 30 minutes late for the meeting.

BERNICE

Alright people, I've got a busy schedule so let's get started.

BERNICE fusses with her tan dsigner large brimmed hat, constantly adjusting its matching chiffon ribbon and bow as she sits in her monogrammed chair at the head of the table.

QUINCY

Uh, Bernice, the meeting started half an hour ago.

BERNICE

What? Impossible.

Bernice's eyes quickly scan the room.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

Where's Marian?

EDWIN and QUINCY exchange glances and the rest of the staff look away.

EDWIN
Marian moved to Chicago last year.

BERNICE
Chicago? Well, that's why I'm all turned around. I need a new assistant.

QUINCY
What's wrong with Rosalyn?

BERNICE
Who is Rosalyn?

QUINCY
The assistant Marian hired and trained before she left.

BERNICE
That's her name? Well, I need to talk to her about keeping my schedule better. So, who's my guest today?

EDWIN
We have a tentative on Bobby Clay.

BERNICE
Barbeque boy? Amateur! I want a *real* professional. Anybody call Julia?

Under his breath:

QUINCY
Oh boy...

EDWIN
Julia is...

Everyone gasps.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
...unavailable.

Everyone sighs with relief that EDWIN doesn't slip up and reveal the truth about Julia.

QUINCY

(brightly)

So, what are you cooking for us today?

BERNICE

I'm making mushroom stuffed chicken breasts with a light pan sauce and braised fried chicken.

AMY, the shy 22-year-old production assistant raises her hand to speak.

AMY

I'll start doing some background research on that. Did you say braised fried chicken?

BERNICE

You don't know much about cooking, do you, honey? How are you going to braise a chicken that's already fried?

EVERYONE chuckles.

AMY

But Ms. Bernice, you said braised...

EDWIN

Ok, so that's the dish folks. We'll need some talking points and background. Who's doing the shopping?

BERNICE

Marian can do the shopping. Meeting adjourned.

Everyone stands as BERNICE leaves the room in a hurry. The staff exits behind her except AMY, QUINCY and EDWIN.

AMY

What if she botches the recipe again?

QUINCY

We'll just shoot it wide and limit the tight shots.

EDWIN slams his notepad on the table.

EDWIN

It's a cooking show! How can you show people how to stuff a chicken breast if you don't show them how to stuff a chicken breast?

QUINCY

Hey! We do this every week. It's the hand we've been dealt, so we'll make it work like we always do.

AMY

I better stop by wardrobe and make sure Bernice has got something... appropriate.

EDWIN

Good idea. Last week, she looked like she was having high tea with the queen.

AMY

I'm on it.

AMY leaves the conference room. EDWIN grabs a Tums and pops one into his mouth.

EDWIN

I'm getting way too old for this crap.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- 5 MINUTES BEFORE THE SHOW GOES LIVE -- AFTERNOON

QUINCY is monitoring cameras and sound checks getting ready for the live countdown. A different image is on each of his monitors in the booth. He's speaking back and forth to various crew members from his headset.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN DIVA STUDIO SET -- 5 MINUTES BEFORE SHOW GOES LIVE

CHAZ is warming up the STUDIO AUDIENCE. AMY is walking through the kitchen set making notes on her clipboard while listening to QUINCY via headset.

QUINCY (O.S.)

Amy, where's Bernice? I need her on her mark.

AMY looks around, then behind her.

AMY

She was right behind me a minute ago.

CHAZ breaks into the headset conversation.

CHAZ

She's out in the audience socializing. Section 4A.

CAMERAMAN ONE, hearing Bernice's location, swings the camera around to find Bernice sitting and chatting casually with audience members, smiling, and laughing.

Over the loud speaker:

QUINCY (O.S.)

Ms. Bernice? We need you on the set right away.

BERNICE

I know that man isn't hollering my name!

AUDIENCE laughs. BERNICE hugs a few audience members and struts over to the kitchen set.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- 20 SECONDS TO GO LIVE

QUINCY points at monitors and gives instructions to the crew in the control booth. He broadcasts a general announcement.

QUINCY
 20 seconds folks. Ready Ms.
 Bernice?

INT. KITCHEN SET -- 20 SECONDS TO GO LIVE

BERNICE adjusts her earpiece.

BERNICE
 Hold your horses.

BERNICE frantically searches through the cabinets and drawers. EDWIN sits next to CAMERAMAN TWO on the kitchen set.

EDWIN
 (loudly whispering to Bernice)
 What are you looking for? We're
 live in ten seconds.

BERNICE
 You know I need my apron.

EDWIN
 You don't need...

CHAZ
 In 3...2...1...

CHAZ points to BERNICE who is still looking for her apron. Applause sign turns on and AUDIENCE claps, theme music plays and ends, but BERNICE is still searching for her apron.

EDWIN speaks quietly into his headset mic.

EDWIN
 Quincy, cue music... again.

Theme music plays again, and BERNICE is obviously upset at not finding her apron. CHAZ counts down again. BERNICE puts on her "Diva" smile.

BERNICE
 Welcome to my kitchen. I'm Ms.
 Bernice, but you can call me...

AUDIENCE
 Kitchen Diva!

The audience applauds vigorously.

BERNICE

Today, I'm roasting a turkey with
cornbread stuffing, and I'll show
you how to make perfect lump-free
gravy!

Audience applauds as BERNICE continues talking about green
beans, candied yams and dessert while...

CUT TO:

CHAZ

(puzzled)
What turkey?

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM A SECOND LATER

QUINCY frantically flips through the script.

QUINCY

I thought she was cooking...

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE FLOOR A SECOND LATER

EDWIN

...stuffed chicken breasts?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN SET MOMENTS LATER

BERNICE walks over and opens the refrigerator looking for
the turkey and other ingredients.

BERNICE

Well, it looks like nobody went to
the market for our turkey today.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Awwwwwww....

BERNICE

So, I guess we'll cook these
chicken breasts instead.

AUDIENCE applauds.

BERNICE removes several chicken breasts from the
refrigerator and brings them back to the counter.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE FLOOR MOMENTS LATER

EDWIN

We've got breasts!

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL BOOTH A MOMENT LATER

QUINCY

Looking good.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE FLOOR A MOMENT LATER

CHAZ is mesmerized by a woman's cleavage in the AUDIENCE.

CHAZ

And oh, so nice!

INT. KITCHEN SET -- CONTINUED

BERNICE, smiling, continues to prepare the food.

BERNICE

...and when we come back, it's
gravy time! Stay with me.

CHAZ

...and, we're at commercial.

BERNICE's smile fades quickly as she grabs an empty pot and
heads toward the control booth.

Over CHAZ's headphones:

QUINCY (O.S.)
Chaz! Give-away time. Quick!

EDWIN runs behind BERNICE while CHAZ diverts the audience's attention with sponsor give-aways.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH WINDOW -- AFTERNOON

BERNICE
Come on outta there! Right now!

Bernice bangs pot against the control room window. QUINCY opens the control room door, cautiously sticking his head out.

QUINCY
Bernice! Please calm down.

BERNICE
That's Mrs. Bernice Elizabeth Mae Carlton Jackson to you. And when people stop messing in my kitchen, I'll calm down.

QUINCY
We're 30 seconds out. I need you to go back to the kitchen.

BERNICE turns to EDWIN.

BERNICE
(threateningly)
You stay outta my kitchen, you turkey thief!

BERNICE returns to the kitchen set and puts a big smile on her face awaiting her cue as EDWIN returns to his chair near CAMERMAN TWO.

CHAZ
In four - three - two - one.

CHAZ points to BERNICE.

BERNICE
Welcome back. You're just in time for the gravy train.

AUDIENCE cheers and applauds.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

I remember this one time when my
late husband, James, God rest his
loving soul, and I took a train to
Atlantic City.

BERNICE takes a bowl and the flour canister and places them
on the counter.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

It was a party train, and honey, we
partied!

BERNICE starts dancing while she tells the story of the
party train.

EDWIN

What's she talking about?

CHAZ

That's not in the script.

Speaking into his headset:

EDWIN

Quincy, cue some dancing music.
Quick!

The O'Jays "LOVE TRAIN" begins to play in the studio.
AUDIENCE members dance in the aisles with BERNICE until the
song fades out.

BERNICE

Whooooo! Alright, where was I? Oh
yes, let's check that gravy.

BERNICE stirs the gravy and discovers it's become lumpy.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

How'd this gravy get all lumped up?
I didn't do this...

She stares accusingly at CAMERAMAN TWO.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

Little boy...

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Awwwwwww.....

CAMERAMAN TWO glances behind him. BERNICE walks toward CAMERAMAN TWO with a wooden spoon in hand.

BERNICE

Boy, didn't I tell ya'll to stay
outta my kitchen?

Via headset:

QUINCY (O.S.)

Chaz! Do something!

CHAZ

Now, now Ms. Bernice. Nobody's been
in your kitchen.

BERNICE hits CHAZ with the spoon. He recoils and moves out of her way. She continues toward CAMERAMAN TWO.

EDWIN

(to QUINCY via headset)

Go to commercial! Now!

BERNICE throws the spoon at EDWIN'S head then continues toward CAMERMAN TWO.

AUDIENCE is chanting, fist pumping, and egging her on.

AUDIENCE

Diva! Diva! Diva!

BERNICE reaches out directly toward the camera.

BERNICE

Boy, I told you...

CAMERA POV

BERNICE's hands reach out past the CAMERA which shakes once and loses focus.

BERNICE (V.O.)

...to stay out...

CAMERA POV

BERNICE's arms moving across the lens of the CAMERA. It shakes again and falls over sideways.

BERNICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...of my kitchen!

CAMERA POV

BERNICE'S feet walking back to the kitchen set from a sideways angle.

CAMERAMAN TWO (O.S.)
Ouch!

BACK TO SCENE

CHAZ
(speaking in headset)
Quincy, please tell me that didn't get on the air.

QUINCY (O.S.)
I switched to a commercial right before she clocked him the second time. Good thing he's her nephew or we'd be talking to Legal tomorrow.

CAMERAMAN TWO rubs his head while setting the camera upright again and re-adjusting his headset.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM -- AFTERNOON

BOBBY CLAY, today's show guest, is watching the show on a monitor, mouth hanging open. AMY knocks on door and enters.

AMY
Mr. Clay? We're ready for you on the set.

BOBBY CLAY
Ohhhh, no. I'm not going out there.

AMY
Is there a problem?

BOBBY CLAY
Is she always like this?

AMY

It's not that bad today.

Via Amy's headset:

QUINCY (O.S.)

What's the delay? Is there a problem?

AMY

Uh, looks like we have failure to launch.

QUINCY (O.S.)

Just what I needed.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO FLOOR -- AFTERNOON

BERNICE chats with an AUDIENCE member.

EDWIN

Places everyone.

CHAZ cues the countdown as BERNICE returns to the kitchen.

BERNICE

And we're back with a special guest. Let's have a warm Kitchen Diva welcome for Mr. Bobby Cake!

AUDIENCE laughs and applauds. Bobby Clay reluctantly walks onto the set.

BOBBY CLAY

Ms. Bernice. It's good to be here. I've admired your show for years and years.

BERNICE

Of course, you have.

BERNICE rolls her eyes behind his back.

AUDIENCE

Ooooooooooh...

BOBBY CLAY looks around puzzled.

BERNICE

So, what are you making for us today?

BOBBY CLAY

Today, I'm going to show you how to make the perfect backyard barbeque sauce.

BERNICE

(sarcastically)

You're gonna show who? Them?

BERNICE points to the audience.

BOBBY CLAY

Ok, sure. First, we start with a tomato base. Add a little vinegar, pepper sauce, garlic, honey...

BOBBY CLAY mixes ingredients in a sauce pan over low heat on the stove.

BERNICE

Honey? You got something against brown sugar?

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Oooooooooohh....

BOBBY CLAY

No, no, no. You can use either one. So, we simmer these ingredients for about 45 minutes and your sauce will be perfect every time.

AUDIENCE applauds.

BERNICE

Let's thank Bobby Cake for that wonderful sauce, and we'll be right back to try it out.

CHAZ

We're out in three - two - one. Commercial.

BOBBY CLAY

Look, Bernice, my name is CLAY; not
Cake.

BERNICE

That's Ms. Bernice to you.

BOBBY CLAY

Ok, Ms. Bernice.

BERNICE

Ok, Mr. Fake. Sorry, Cake.

BOBBY CLAY

(angrily)

CLAY!

BOBBY CLAY walks away to get a water bottle and takes
several sips. BERNICE adds more salt and Tabasco to his
sauce while he's not looking.

AUDIENCE

Awwwwwwww...

BERNICE shushes them.

EDWIN

Places, everyone. 30 seconds.

BOBBY CLAY returns to the set. BOBBY and BERNICE sneer at
each other. Theme music plays and CHAZ cues the countdown.
Their smiles return.

BERNICE

We're back with Bobby...uh....

BOBBY CLAY

CLAY. Hope you're ready for some
great barbeque sauce.

AUDIENCE applauds.

BOBBY takes a long-handled spoon and stirs the sauce. He
tastes it and tries to hide the fact that it's fiery hot
and extremely salty.

BERNICE

What's the matter? Honey wasn't
sweet enough, honey?

BOBBY CLAY

No, it's great. Just a little hot
for my liking.

BERNICE

You know what they say...if you
can't stand the heat...

AUDIENCE

Get out of the kitchen!

AUDIENCE laughs and applauds.

BOBBY CLAY

I couldn't agree more.

BOBBY CLAY slams the spoon on the counter and exits the
set.

EDWIN

(motioning wildly)

No, no! Somebody stop him.

CHAZ runs to catch BOBBY before he leaves.

BERNICE

Now that amateur hour is over, I
can get back to my recipe. Where
was I?

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE -- AFTERNOON

CHAZ follows BOBBY down the hallway and back to the Green
room.

CHAZ

Bobby, first I want to apologize on
behalf of the crew and Ms. Bernice.

BOBBY CLAY

That woman is either senile, crazy
or both! Why is she still allowed
to be on the air?

CHAZ

It's her rules and her studio and her audience loves her.

BOBBY CLAY

Well, next time you think to call me, don't.

CHAZ

What about the show? You can't just leave in the middle like this. It's live!

BOBBY CLAY

Watch me.

BOBBY walks out of the Green room, leaving CHAZ standing there alone. EDWIN speaks via headset.

EDWIN (O.S.)

Chaz? We need Bobby back on the set now.

CHAZ

We need a plan "B." Bobby has left the building.

CHAZ heads back down the hallway toward the studio entrance.

EDWIN (O.S.)

Better make that plan "C." Bernice has already gone into her own Plan "B."

CHAZ re-enters the studio and stops in astonishment. BERNICE has organized a conga line with the audience and they're dancing through and around the set. CHAZ cuts through the conga line, and heads to the control booth.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- AFTERNOON

CHAZ enters flustered.

CHAZ

I'm amazed we still have sponsors. How'd this happen?

QUINCY

Well, let's see. Bobby left, the sauce started burning, Bernice suggested ordering pizza, started a conga line, and demanded music. I don't think I missed anything.

EDWIN sticks his head inside the control booth door.

EDWIN

How much time do we have left?

QUINCY checks a monitor.

QUINCY

Three minutes, 20 seconds to close.

EDWIN

Ok, put up the recipe for today and run some music under it.

CHAZ

And which recipe would that be?

They all look at each other.

QUINCY

I say go for the breasts.

CHAZ and EDWIN exchange glances, smiling.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

You know what I mean. Perverts.

INT. BERNICE'S DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE SHOW -- LATE AFTERNOON

BERNICE is seated at her vanity removing makeup using her 10-step process. Containers and tubes of creams are laid out in order of use along with the applicator for each. EDWIN and QUINCY are sitting uncomfortably on her pink chaise lounge.

QUINCY

What was that all about?

EDWIN

Are you trying to make us lose the rest of our sponsors?

QUINCY

They're not going to put up with this behavior much longer.

BERNICE

Nor am I. I am sick and tired of these amateurs you insist on having as my guests.

EDWIN

Bobby Clay is a well-known, respected chef with his own TV show, and he's got his own restaurants.

BERNICE

Ha! Must be hotdog stands. The man can't even make a simple sauce.

CHAZ knocks and enters the dressing room chewing a pencil to the nub.

CHAZ

I just got off the phone with Bobby Clay's agent and he's not pleased.

BERNICE abruptly turns back to the mirror and applies a green facial cream with vigor.

QUINCY

You can't do this Bernice. You just can't do this!

BERNICE slams her hands down on the counter and stands with a face full of green cream.

BERNICE

How dare you tell me what I can't do. I am Mrs. Bernice Elizabeth Mae Carlton Jackson. My husband, God rest his loving soul, built this studio and created this show 40 odd years ago. He gave both of you a job when no other studio in town would hire you. I made this show what it is. They come to see ME. Not you, you, or you.

AMY comes in with a hat box. BERNICE points to AMY.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Or you! You're fired.

AMY backs out of the room with the hat box.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
All of you! You're fired! Out! Get
out!

CHAZ starts to speak up, but EDWIN gives him the "cut" signal. They leave the room as requested.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINCY'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

QUINCY picks up the phone and dials a number.

QUINCY
Hello, Thea? Your mother's in rare form today...well, she's fired everyone - again - and now she's in her dressing room talking to your father...Yeah, good idea. I'll see you shortly, and thanks.

QUINCY hangs up the phone and pops another Tums.

INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE -- 20 MINUTES LATER

It's decorated in pink and white with pictures from the early days of the studio, family photos and several pictures of Julia Child with Bernice.

ALTHEA, BERNICE'S 30-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, is sitting with BERNICE on a pink French chaise lounge, patting her hand.

ALTHEA
Mother, were you in here talking to Daddy's picture again?

BERNICE
Of course not!

ALTHEA
Alright. I thought I heard you speaking to someone when I came in.

BERNICE looks at the picture of her deceased husband, JAMES on her dressing table then looks away.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)
 Mother, you can't keep firing
 everybody.

BERNICE
 Now, you're telling me what I can't
 do?

BERNICE starts to cry.

ALTHEA
 Mother, calm down. You're going to
 work yourself into a state.

BERNICE is bordering on hyperventilating.

BERNICE
 Too late... Call Dr. Rheinhold...
 Speed dial #4.

ALTHEA picks up the phone and dials #4.

ALTHEA
 Dr. Rheinhold please...Althea
 Jackson...Hi, Dr. Rheinhold...I'm
 fine; it's Mother. She's all
 worked up in a state and insisted I
 call you...no fainting...

BERNICE places the back of her hand to her forehead.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)
 ...no sweats...

BERNICE starts to fan herself with a lace hand fan.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)
 ...those are the blue ones, right?

BERNICE
 Are we going to the hospital? Call
 for my driver.

ALTHEA shakes her head no.

ALTHEA

Ok. Two blue ones now and two green ones in four hours?... Got it. Thanks Doc... Yes, I'll call you tomorrow if she's no better... Goodbye.

ALTHEA places the phone back on the hook, exhaling loudly.

BERNICE

Well?

ALTHEA

Where is your medicine, Mother?

BERNICE points to a small decorative cabinet.

ALTHEA opens the cabinet filled with prescription medicines. She grabs the pills she needs.

BERNICE

Get me some sparkling water, would you darling?

ALTHEA brings the water and gives BERNICE the pills.

ALTHEA

You need to clean out that medicine cabinet, Mother. I know some of those have expired.

BERNICE tosses back the pills and sips her water, fanning.

BERNICE

You never know if you might need those later.

Althea starts to protest but thinks better of it.

ALTHEA

What happened on the show today?

BERNICE

Oh, darling it was awful. Edwin and Quincy were shouting at me, telling me what I can't do on my own show! Can you imagine such? It was that awful Bobby Cake's fault. He ruined the entire show.

ALTHEA

Do you mean Bobby Clay? He's really good. I watch his show sometimes.

BERNICE

That amateur couldn't even make a simple sauce. It was embarrassing. I had to ask him to leave.

ALTHEA

Uh huh...so how did everyone end up fired?

BERNICE

Fired? Oh that. I was just upset. Be a dear and rehire them all.

ALTHEA gets up and heads for the door. BERNICE lies down dramatically, moaning softly.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

And tell Driver to bring the car in 30 minutes. You're a good girl.

BERNICE waves her hand to dismiss ALTHEA and closes her eyes. ALTHEA leaves the room, shutting the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. EDWIN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

EDWIN and QUINCY are watching the playback from today's Kitchen Diva show.

EDWIN

See? Right there...she added something to Bobby's sauce.

QUINCY

Looks like it was salt, and a lot of Tabasco.

EDWIN

That explains his expression when he tasted it. What a disaster.

QUINCY

We've gotta find a way to keep her under control.

ALTHEA knocks and enters the office.

ALTHEA
Am I interrupting?

QUINCY
We were just looking at today's
show.

EDWIN
What a fiasco!

ALTHEA
Mother told me it didn't go well.
I can't believe she had to ask
Bobby Clay to leave...

EDWIN
(laughing)
Is that what she said happened?

QUINCY
Take a look for yourself.

They playback the portion of the show where BERNICE tampers
with the sauce.

ALTHEA
Oh my God! I hope tomorrow's guest
didn't see this.

QUINCY
That's no longer my problem... or
is it?

ALTHEA
Oh yeah, Mother says everyone she
fired is rehired.

EDWIN
I kinda figured that. I'd better
tell Amy and Chaz not to pack their
desks just yet.

QUINCY
And tell them we have a production
meeting tomorrow morning at 8:30.

EDWIN

You got it. See you tomorrow. I've had enough excitement for one day.

EDWIN leaves the office shouting down the hallway.

EDWIN (O.S.)

Unpack your stuff people. Shore leave is hereby revoked.

QUINCY

So, how long do you think we can keep this up?

ALTHEA

I know she can be a bit troublesome.

QUINCY

That's an understatement.

ALTHEA

Doc had her take some blue and green pills. That calmed her down.

QUINCY

Old Doc Rheinhold still has her taking those placebos?

ALTHEA

(laughing)

Yeah, and they still work.

ALTHEA heads for the door.

QUINCY

Hey, thanks as always. See you tomorrow?

ALTHEA

More than likely.

ALTHEA smiles and leaves.

FADE TO BLACK