

INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Anna is sitting down at a patio table with a large vegetable, and fruit platter in front of her.

Anna is wearing her welding goggles on her head.

In the background, a middle-aged woman PATRICIA, 65, speaks.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

This is just unacceptable, I won't have it.

(beat)

There's got to be something we can do to fight this.

(beat)

OK, fine.

She sits down across from Anna, and hangs up the phone she was just talking on.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

What did you want to speak to me about dear?

ANNA

It's just...

The phone rings, Patricia answers it.

PATRICIA

Yes,

(beat)

Okay, that's fine, I can live with that. She hangs up the phone.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, out with it dear.

Her attention quickly turns to the food as she reaches across the table picking up a cracker and the spread knife, coating the cracker with some chutney.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Try this.

She sticks the cracker in Anna's face.

Anna takes the cracker but just puts it on her plate.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
It's from our new line of chutneys.
Can you believe it, Chutney, I
never though in a million years I'd
be making Chutney, it's just
amazing.

Anna stares blankly into the distance.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Marie?! Can you run the bath for
me?

MARIE (O.S.)
Yes, Mrs. Mauley.

PATRICIA
We really should do this more often
dear.

ANNA
Yeah.

PATRICIA
How's your sister doing with the
preparations?

ANNA
I don't know.

Patricia stands up, taking a big gulp of her coffee.

She swallows.

PATRICIA
Well, I guess I'll see you at the
rehearsal dinner Friday night then.

ANNA
It's tomorrow night.

PATRICIA
No, that's not right.

ANNA
Yes it is.

PATRICIA
No, that seems wrong.

Patricia's oven timer goes off blazing a very annoying buzz.

She runs to her oven and stirs her chutney filled pots.

ANNA
Have you ever felt fuzzy?

PATRICIA
Fuzzy. Is this a riddle? I'm so
terrible at those. Mrs. Brown
brings them over and I can't fathom-

Patricia's phone starts to ring. She answers.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Patricia's Happy Jars?

PATRICIA (WHISPERS TO ANNA) (CONT'D)
You know your way out right?

Anna nods, and walks to the door. The housekeeper Marie (65)
opens the door for Anna.

ANNA
Thanks for the card and the monkey
by the way.

MARIE
(smiling)
I don't know what your talking
about.

ANNA
(sarcastic)
Sure.

Anna leaves.