

INT. DAY - AIRPORT

LILY runs up to a pregnant VERONA and her boyfriend BURT. LILY'S family, 2 kids TAYLOR and ASHLEY plus husband LOWELL follow slowly behind. LILLY flails her arms wildly, then grabs VERONA for a giant hug.

LILY

AH! Oh God look at you! You're only six months in? Jesus you're huge! And your face! It's so fat! Oh come here! Lowell, give a hug to the most beautiful woman in the world, look at that!

(LOWELL doesn't hug VERONA, he looks miserable.)

Oh come on, don't be such a pill. He's upset because we didn't get into the mile high club.

LILY gestures for her kids to come over, they do.

LILY

(To her kids)

Verona and I were dust buddies in Chicago. I hired her at the agency. That was before she broke out on her own. I still have no idea where you learned to paint the insides of dead people. So fucking disgusting, girlfriend! Come on let's get a drink.

(To BURT)

She's so talented, our little artist.

LOWELL brings a couple of drinks back from the bar, hands them to BURT, VERONA and LILY.

VERONA

Wow, so you're in Arizona now.

LILY

Cheers!

VERONA

Cheers! To the Arizonians.

LILY

You got it!

(CONTINUED)

VERONA

God, I can't believe it. I can't believe how big the kids are now.

LILY

Right?

VERONA

Taylor's so handsome.

LILY

Well, thanks. We're gonna do something about those ears. You see them? He looks like a trophy. You know what I mean? One of those trophies, you know, with the arms on it.

(LILY laughs)

And this one...

(Pointing to ASHLEY)

...has that dyke look. She walks like a teamster, doesn't she? I mean it's weird. She's only 12 and I know she's a dyke.

(calling to ASHLEY)

Ashley!

(ASHLEY doesn't answer)

Ashley!

(ASHLEY looks over)

Show Verona your tough girl walk. Come on, go butch on us.

(ASHLEY looks away)

Come on! Come on! Oh, now she's shy. Did you see her ass? She's got like... what is it? What is it? Oh, uh, junk in the trunk!

(LILY dances and snaps her fingers side to side)

She's got junk in her trunk!

VERONA

(Laughs uncomfortably)

Oh my God.

LILY

It's like a duffle bag full of bricks. I don't know if dykes go for that or not. Do they? You worked for a lesbian didn't you?

VERONA

(Whispers)

Oh, uh, yes. Yes I did.

(CONTINUED)

LILY

I can't hear you.

VERONA

I just don't think we should be talking about it right in front of the children.

LILY

Oh, please it's just white noise to them. Listen, watch this.

(To TAYLOR)

Taylor.

(TAYLOR doesn't respond or even look up, he just continues to play his handheld video game)

Taylor. Taylor. Taylor. Taylor. Taylor. Taylor. I could keep going on and on. They don't hear us, seriously. So tell me about the dyke.