

KELLY SANDERS enters from the front door carrying a laundry basket. SHE is wearing shorts and a T-shirt. With her hands full, SHE closes the door with her foot and moves to the table where SHE puts down the basket. SHE sorts through several piles of nicely folded laundry, one mans, one woman's. SHE picks up a man's shirt, smells it, smiles and then puts it back on the pile. Suddenly there is a loud crash and a foot comes crashing through the wall.

KELLY

(Startled)

Oh, my god!

(KELLY quickly turns and watches as the foot is pulled back through the wall)

Wilma?

(WILMA'S face appears through the hole)

WILMA

(Calmly)

Oh, shit!

KELLY

Wilma! God, you scared the hell outta me.

(Inspecting the hole)

You also kicked a hole in my wall.

WILMA

I was practicing my high kick and a throw rug slipped out from under my plant foot... I think I pulled a groin muscle.

KELLY

What are you doing?

WILMA

I just got back from my self defense class. I was practicing.

KELLY

Why don't you buy a gun like everybody else?

WILMA

I'd probably shoot myself in the foot and ruin a good pair of shoes.

KELLY

Yeah, but with a gun you wouldn't be kicking holes in my wall.

WILMA

Hey, I've got a hole in my wall too. Of course the view is different.

(Feeling the broken plaster)

You know if my instructor were here he'd give me an "A".

KELLY

Well it's nice to know you can defend yourself against paint and plaster.

WILMA

Don't worry, I'll fix it.

(WILMA'S face disappears and KELLY moves back to the laundry and puts it in the basket)

(WILMA PARTRIDGE enters through the front door carrying a picture and a hammer, dressed in a brightly colored sweat suit and wearing NIKE tennis shoes. SHE is full of life and energy. SHE crosses to the hole)

WILMA

Wow, that's some hole.

(Stops and looks back at the door)

You know you should really lock your door.

KELLY

Why? You'd just kick your way through the wall.

WILMA

You know I was mugged just last week, right down the street, and here you are with your door unlocked.

KELLY

I had my hands full when I came in, okay?

(Goes to the closet and gets a broom and dust pan and begins to sweep up the mess left from the hole)

(WILMA goes to the hole and inspects it.  
SHE takes the hammer and a nail,  
and works to hang the picture over the hole)

WILMA

Well, my advice to you is, beware of middle aged men wearing sweater vests.

KELLY

What does that mean?

WILMA

The guy who mugged me; he was wearing a sweater vest.

KELLY

I'll keep that in mind... What are you doing?

WILMA

I'm fixing the hole.

KELLY

That's not fixing the hole, that's just covering it up.

WILMA

It's a temporary fix, it'll work for now... Hey, I went down to the police station today to see if I could identify the guy who took my purse, and while I was there I met a Sergeant Hollingsworth. He's single, he's really cute, and he comes with his own handcuffs.

KELLY

You're in my pile of dirt.

(WILMA looks down to see that SHE is  
standing in the dirt KELLY is trying to  
sweep up. WILMA steps out of the way)

WILMA

He's perfect for you.

KELLY

I'm dating someone right now, thank you.

WILMA

Dr. Dimwit is just a fling, it's nothing serious. When are you gonna get that through your thick skull.

KELLY

You know if Randal and I get married, you're gonna be my maid of honor.  
(Empties the dust pan and puts it away)

WILMA

Yah, right, when pigs fly... Kelly, the guy's narcissistic.

KELLY

Sometimes he's emotionally cold around other people. That's all. It's the doctor side of him.

WILMA

The doctor side goes clear through the guy. His father's a doctor, his grandfather was a doctor. For crise sakes, the ass hole was born with an aah stick in his mouth. Too bad he didn't choke on it.

KELLY

Did you see the flowers he sent me...? Roses...! A dozen

WILMA

What for?

KELLY

What do yah mean, what for? Because he's a terrific guy, that's what for.

WILMA

Let me see the card.

(Moves to the flowers and takes the card.  
SHE reads it)

That's what I thought.... Every time he stands you up for a date he sends you flowers.

KELLY

And that's bad?

WILMA

First of all he sends you flowers at least three times a week, which means he stands you up at least three times a week. And second, he gives you flowers. It's always flowers.

KELLY

What's wrong with flowers?

WILMA

He can have them delivered. It doesn't take any effort on his part. Nothing but a quick phone call. It's easier than ordering delivery pizza.

KELLY

You're the only woman in the whole world who could see the down side of a man sending a woman flowers.

WILMA

I don't see the down side of flowers; I see the down side of Randal... Hey, tomorrow night is movie night. Whatta yah want me to rent?

KELLY

Why are you asking me? It won't matter what I say. You'll get whatever you want anyway.

WILMA

That's true.

KELLY

(Crosses to the kitchen and gets out a picnic basket and takes a bucket of chicken from the refrigerator. SHE begins to move the chicken from the bucket to the basket)

So, aside from beating up my apartment, how's the self defense class coming?

WILMA

Oh, it's great. It's amazing what you can do if you're just shown how. Do you know I can bring down a 250 pound man with one hand?

KELLY

Well, what about a 250 pound man with two hands?

WILMA

You're cute. - It's just a matter of leverage and pressure points. Of course a kick in the old family jewels is always an option. - What are you doing?

KELLY

I'm packing a picnic basket. - Oh, I need my sweater back, the blue one you borrowed. Randal and I are going to picnic at the Frog Pond and it'll be cool out there.

WILMA

(Crosses to the door)

I'm leaving, I don't wanna hear about it.

KELLY

But what about my sweater?

WILMA

I'll have to check.

KELLY

What about the hole in my wall?

WILMA

I'll fix that hole later.

(Opens the door)

KELLY

How late is later?

WILMA

Be patient, I have a busy schedule... Hey, make sure you picnic close to the water. If you're lucky the ducks will recognize that quack Randal and drag him off.

(Exits)

(KELLY sorts through the basket of cloths and finally takes out a pair of jeans. SHE goes to the closet and comes out carrying a blouse. SHE heads toward the bathroom. The door buzzer sounds.)

KELLY

Come on in, Wilma. It's open.

(Exits to the bathroom carrying the jeans and blouse)

(The door buzzer sounds, again)

KELLY (O.S.)

It's open Wilma, come on in.

(FRANK CORNELL enters; HE cautiously surveys the room looking for signs of life)

FRANK

Hello, Kelly?

KELLY

(Not recognizing the voice, SHE sticks her head out of the bathroom. Startled to see a stranger, SHE talks with only her face showing through the crack in the door, which is ready to slam at a moment's notice)

Who are you? - Oh, my god! You're wearing a sweater vest!  
(Closes the door)

FRANK

It's me, Frank - What's wrong with my sweater vest?

KELLY

(Opens the door)

My purse is on the couch... Oh, and there's some stainless steel flatware in the drawer next to the sink.

(Closes the door)

FRANK

I'm not here for your money.

KELLY

(Opens the door)

Whatta yah mean you don't want my money?

(Thinking rape)

Oh, my god, no!

(Closes the door for a beat and then opens it once again)

KELLY

Look, you really don't even wanna get close to me. I have a disease?

(Closes the door)

(The phone rings)

FRANK

Look Kelly, you're - what do you mean you have a disease? What sort of disease?

KELLY

(Opens the door)

If I were you I'd get out of here. My boyfriend will be here any minute and he's a black belt in Karate.

(Closes the door)

(Phone rings)

FRANK

Look, Kelly, it's me Frank, Frank Cornell.

KELLY

I don't know any Hank Cromwell.

FRANK

Not Hank Cromwell.

(Phone rings)

FRANK (Continued)

Did you know your phone is ringing?

KELLY

(Opens the door)

I hear it.

(Closes the door)

(Phone rings)

FRANK

Don't you wanna answer it?

(KELLY opens the door)

KELLY

Oh, sure. I step outta the door and you grab me. How stupid do you think I am?

(SHE closes the door)

FRANK

What scale are we using?

(Phone rings)

FRANK (continued)

Would you like me to get it?

KELLY

(Opens the door)

No! It might be personal.

(Closes the door)

FRANK

Be an optimist, it might be a telemarketer.

(Answers the phone)

Hello... Yeah, she's here but she can't come to the phone right now... Well, she's locked in the bathroom.

KELLY

(Opens the door)



Who is it?

FRANK

(Covers the phone)

I don't know yet.

(Back into the phone)

I'm sorry, I -

KELLY

(Starts screaming)

HELP, PLEASE!

(FRANK covers the mouth piece of the phone)

KELLY (continued)

I'm being held prisoner in my BATHROOM by a pervert.

FRANK

(Into the phone)

Can you hold on just a minute?

(Looks to Kelly. SHE closes the door)

FRANK (continued)

Would you shut up in there? Can't you see I'm on the phone?

(The picture over the hole in the wall moves to reveal WILMA'S face. FRANK doesn't notice)

FRANK (Continued)

(Into the phone)

I'm sorry, go ahead... The screaming? I think she's a little claustrophobic... Well, I'm trying to get her out... Oh, me? I'm ah... I'm her landlord. - Can I take a message? .... Sure... Sure... I'll tell her. She'll be disappointed I'm sure... You're welcome.

(Hangs up and addresses the bathroom door)

That was your boyfriend, Kaki Black Belt. He has an emergency at the hospital and he won't be able to make your date.

(Beat)

Did you hear me?

(The picture slowly moves back over the hole)

(Long pause)

FRANK (Continued)

Come on Kelly. It's just me -

KELLY

(Opens the bathroom door a crack. Her hand comes out first; it's holding a BIC disposable razor with the safety cap on it. KELLY gradually works her way out the door)

You stay right there, I don't wanna have to hurt you.

FRANK

What's that?

KELLY

It's a razor and I know how to use it.

FRANK

It's still got the safety cap.

(KELLY quickly takes off the safety cap and throws it to the floor)

FRANK (Continued)

There, now I'm scared.