

EXT. MORNING. SOMETIME LATER. ELEGANT TERRACE BESIDE
MAGNIFICENT LANDSCAPED GARDENS, AND A SWIMMING POOL. REMNANTS
FROM A PARTY ARE STREWN ABOUT THE ACREAGE.

(POLLY, TIM, PLACENTA)

A woman (early 60s) wearing large sunglasses and a kerchief
over her head sits at a round wrought iron and glass table.
Placed before her are two empty glasses containing the
residue of Bloody Marys. She holds another drink and sips
slowly through an engraved (PP) straw. We know that she's
recovering from a hang over.

TIM (30s) totters to the table. His hair is a bird's nest.
He wears a threadbare, practically diaphanous T-shirt that
reveals his gym buff torso. Boxer shorts emphasize his strong
legs. Even in disarray, he's inordinately handsome. He slumps
into the chair opposite the woman. Both people ignore each
other.

PLACENTA (50s), the maid, who we quickly realize was the
voice in the bathroom, places a large mug (with a rainbow
flag logo) of black coffee before TIM. He grunts in
appreciation, holds the mug in both hands, and takes a long
slow swallow. Only now is he able to lift his head and focus
on the woman opposite him: POLLY PEPPER, his mother.

TIM
(Greeting)

Hmm.

POLLY

Hmm.

Polly lethargically wiggles her empty GLASS over her head.
In a moment Placenta retrieves it and sets another Bloody
Mary on the tabletop. Polly absently picks up the CALENDAR
SECTION of the Sunday edition of the LOS ANGELES TIMES. Scans
the headlines.

POLLY (CONT'D)
(Reading aloud)

SNAKES ON A PLANE: THE MUSICAL,
slithers to B'way.

PLACENTA
Instead of chandeliers crashing ala
"Phantom," reptiles are released
among the audience?