DEWEY, PAULETTE, ELLE, EMMETT

ELLE: Paulette, are you ready?

PAULETTE: I don’t know ,Elle. Dewey scare the crap out of me.

ELLE: And that’s okay. Channel that fear and tell yourself you are a strong, independent woman. You MUST be reunited with your dog.

EMMETT: Anyone who bakes their dog a birthday cake deserves nothing less.

PAULETTE: It is shaped like a bone.

ELLE: And that kind of devotion cannot be ignored.

PAULETTE: It’s not easy to find dog-friendly chocolate substitues.

 ELLE pounds on the trailer door. DEWEY looks out the window.

DEWEY: Crap, not you again. Paulette get your fat ass offa my property.

PAULETTE: I want to see my dog, Dewey. I gotta right. I bet you didn’t even know that it’s his birthday today.

DEWEY: It’s his birthday – it’s his birthday. Well you can see him jelly-gut. Best decision I ever made - throwin’ you out.

PAULETTE: Can you believe I lived with that for 10 years. That cheap-skate never even got me a ring.

EMMETT: Elle, they lived together for 10 years –

ELLE: Of course, Emmett you’re a genius!

ELLE pounds on the trailer door. DEWEY opens the door and then see ELLE. HE SUCKS IN his GUT when HE sees HER.

DEWEY: Now what?

ELLE: Mr - - Dewey, we are Ms. Bouonofunte’s legal team.

DEWEY: Lawyers!

ELLE: I don’t think you understand that the great commonwealth of Massachusetts recognizes your 10 year relationship with Ms. Bouonofunte as a common law marriage, which entitles her to equitable division of property.

DEWEY: Huh?

ELLE: Transltion:

 ELLE looks at PAULETTE.

ELLE & PAULETTE: We’re taking the dog.

DEWEY: Whatever.

PAULETTE: Oh Elle, this is the nicest thing that anyone’s ever done for me, bar none.

KYLE

KYLE: I’ve got a package. For Miss Paulette Buonufonte.

The SALON WORKER gestures over to PAULETTE. SHE has not moved. KYLE crosses over to HER.

KYLE: The names, Kyle. This is my new route and the first stop of the day. Kinda cool karma, huh?

KYLE produces his pad to be signed. PAULETTE is frozen. ELLE takes over and grabs PAULETTES hand and signs the pad. ELLE takes the stylus and places it on the counter.

KYLE: Alrighty, then.

KYLE crosses to the beat of the music. HE stops and turns back before HE exits.

KYLE: Do me a favor? You have yourself a super day.

PAULETTE, KYLE, ELLE

PAULETTE: Thanks for walking Rufus. He seems to really like you.

KYLE: And I like - him.

PAULETTE: Oh!

KYLE: It was the least I can do. Consider this training a thank you for staying with me at the hospital.

PAULETTE: Trust me – the pleasure was all mine.

KYLE: Well, I should be getting back to my route now. Duty calls.

 KYLE exits SR

PAULETTE: Duty calls. All that AND he has a job.

ELLE enters crosses to PAULETTE and is about to give HER hug when PAULETTE stops HER.

ELLE: Paulette, I just came to say goodbye.

PAULETTE: What?! Goodbye?!

ELLE: I’m going back home to California –

PAULETTE: California?! Why?!

ELLE: I’m going back to where I make sense.

PAULETTE: You’re not making any sense right now. Honey, what happened?

ELLE: All this time I thought I was proving myself and making a difference – but it turns out I’m just one big blonde joke. That’s all anyone’s ever gonna see.

VIVIENNE and ENID lift the lids of THEIR hairdryers.

VIVIENNE: That’s not what I see.

ELLE: Vivienne?

VIVIENNE: We girls have to stick together. Maybe Warner saw a blonde who was sleeping her way to the top, but all I see is a woman who doesn’t have to.