

rs and invited me in but
hank you, dear Valentina,

ie, Charlotte. What an

since camera to (P)
om? Or whom doesn't

otte Price: writer, pioneer,
ause. *(Rita snaps a photo.)*

count on each other...?
king to you. *SM camera hat*

ss shows real imagination.
rt, then be one.
her ... I'm Terry Farmer.

now. Rita you met at the
m certain, will pop up at
ir newest member?

g in the shadows just outside
my dear. Come in ...

oin us? I feel as if Miranda

the only alien in the house.
a seat by me. *(Miranda*
pearance is slightly off. Her
t. Her dress is slightly too
keep them on her feet. The

da goes to the empty spot at

athered ... Who's hungry?
seconds.

partment impounds the
ght, ladies. Time to work

GLORIA. Come on. Make a plate. - *rise*

MIRANDA. Would it be terrible if I went back to my room?

GLORIA. Why on earth /.. What's the matter? *st*

MIRANDA. I'm ridiculous. The rest of you look so ...

GLORIA. What have you been drinking? You're gorgeous.

MIRANDA. Michael, no.

GLORIA. You're being silly. You've made a terrific first impression.
Bessie stopped by my room just to tell me she adores you. *(Rita*
brings plates in to them, but is waved off by Gloria.)

MIRANDA. Help me get out of here. Please.

GLORIA. You're having something like stage fright. That's all.

MIRANDA. Please, Michael. Please.

GLORIA. Oh, my dear girl, do you think a single one of us hasn't
felt exactly as you do now? *(An idea.)* Can you be brave for me?

MIRANDA. What do you mean?

GLORIA. Would you allow us to help you with your hair and
makeup?

MIRANDA. What? No.

GLORIA. Let us do a makeover. Just a few minor adjustments
here and there.

MIRANDA. Now?

GLORIA. You've been so brave to come this far. Take one step more.

MIRANDA. No one's going to want to ...

GLORIA. *Everyone's* going to want to. No matter how you paint
us, we're still guys under the hood. Women will tell you that you
look fine and then turn around and gossip as soon as you leave the
room. But men aren't happy until they open their tool chests and
fix something. So say yes.

MIRANDA. Please, just put a bag over my head and lock me in
the trunk of my car? *(Finally nods.)*

GLORIA. Ladies! Grab your kits and bits. Miranda has volunteered
for a makeover!

BESSIE. *(Practically skipping.)* Makeover!

GLORIA. What did I tell you? *(The girls rush back into the dining room dropping their food and running about to gather what they need.)*

12/17
for hair
supply

① will be
MB
be bot
nd 90
bar

12/15