

MOM, WENDY, GARY III

WENDY:

(big smile) Hey, the decorations look great this year!

GARY:

(big smile) I'll say. Wow.

MOM:

Thank you. Dad'll be down shortly. Let's sit and catch up.

WENDY:

Wonderful.

GARY:

Love it.

START

They sit on the couch.

MOM:

So... when are you two going to have kids?

WENDY:

I won an award for "Mortgage Broker of Santa Monica." Don't you want to ask me about that?

MOM:

No. When are you having kids?

WENDY:

Someday, I'm sure.

MOM:

Well, have you been trying?

WENDY:

Mother!

MOM:

Your father and I were randy goats at your age.

WENDY:

Yes, we've been trying.

MOM:

How often?

WENDY:

Ohmygod.

GARY:

Whenever Wendy wins an award.

WENDY:

Can we please change the subject?

MOM:

Of course. I don't mean to make you uncomfortable. So Gary, I must say, when Wendy told me you were struggling getting writing assignments I was concerned. But then she said you were considering a more stable job. I always knew you were a good provider.

Wendy looks away. He maintains his charade of good cheer but is simmering.

GARY:

Oh. Really? Wendy said my job wasn't stable?

WENDY:

Well yes... we've discussed it. I of course lobbied for him to stay on his current path. Lord knows the world needs more... golf journalists.

MOM:

What stable job were you thinking of?

GARY:

Well, Maggie, I don't admit this to too many people because it always sounds like one of those childish dreams you give up when you're nine, but I always wanted to be... a coal miner.

Mom is taken aback. Wendy seethes.

MOM:

A coal miner?

GARY:

Yep. From the first time I saw "Coal Miner's Daughter." I can't hear a Loretta Lynn song without wanting to pick up a shovel.

MOM:

(still can't believe it) A coal miner?

GARY:

It's an industry that's really coming back.

MOM:

Wendy, you never told me that. Then you'd have to relocate?

WENDY:

Uh, no. Turns out there are coal mines in Los Angeles.

MOM:

There are?

WENDY:

Oh sure. You uh... know that mountain you always see on any Paramount movie?

MOM:

Yes.

WENDY:

That's really a coal mine.

Wendy's cellphone RINGS.

MOM:

Well, I hope that works out for you.

GARY:

Thanks. With global warming you can never have too much... coal.

END

Wendy checks caller ID. It's Chip. She decides to let the phone just RING.

MOM:

Wendy? Aren't you going to answer your phone?

WENDY:

No, it's just a robo-call.

MOM:

Still. It's rude. It's not those people's faults they're so annoying.

WENDY:

(reluctantly) Right. *(answers)* Hello? ... Thanks. Can't really talk now. I'm in the middle of something... Okay. Thanks for calling. Love you. *(hangs up)*

MOM:

"Love you?"

WENDY:

Well, you said don't be rude.