

*The living room VIV's apartment*

*EDIE is a broker who's helping VIV host an open house*

*VIV is unhappy with having to move.*

VIV

Where's the chippy?

EDIE

She's downstairs—who?

VIV

Not Jane Fonda down there I meant the other chippy. The one who was here about a year ago?

EDIE

What's a chippy?

VIV

It wasn't you?

EDIE

No.

VIV

What do you think about pre-war buildings, Edie?

EDIE

Pre-war?

VIV

American Art Deco was a bastard movement. It began in France. Did you know that?

VIV

As a style of gardening—something to do with a return to...Louis The 16th I think—was it 16? It was one of the Louis who was all about geometry and right angles so that when people walked around his garden they knew he was all powerful or something. By the time Deco reached the states the French wanted nothing to do with it. Why's Susan downstairs?

EDIE

She's going to meet the clients in the lobby.

VIV

Could you tell her that—Nevermind, I'll see her on my way out.

EDIE

Tell her what.

VIV

That I'm not staying.

EDIE

Oh?

VIV

I'm not staying, okay.

EDIE

Okay.

VIV

I'm not in the mood to watch my own autopsy. I've seen enough this year. I have my cell if you need me.

EDIE

It should be over by 9. I'll call when we're done.

*At the door, VIV inspect the bottom of her shoe.*

*VIV removes something from her heel.*

EDIE

Something wrong?

VIV

The painters. They tracked these stickers all over the floor and I keep...glow in the dark stars all over my house and my...

*VIV freezes for sometime.*

*Just as EDIE is about to say something, VIV says:*

What time is it?

EDIE

Almost 6. Our first appointment should be here soon.

*VIV turns.*

*Plops down on the couch.*

VIV

I want a cupcake.