

CONNIE *hits her ball.*

MARGOT: What about you, Connie?

CONNIE: Me? Well, I'm in a different situation. I'm on television. My looks are part of my job qualifications whether I like it or not.

TATE: Really? You think you have to be attractive to do your job?

TATE *tees up her ball.*

CONNIE: Oh, Tate, don't be so naive. Of course I have to be attractive. They don't put trolls on television unless they're male. For some reason the viewing public accepts unattractive men on television, but they won't stand for a less-than-perfect female. It's not right, but I've accepted it.

MARGOT: So does that mean you'd have work done if it meant keeping your job?

CONNIE: No. If it means keeping my job, then they can go to hell. Besides, there are so many pretty and perky young newscasters out there right now that having work done wouldn't help me anyway. The dam's bursting, and there's a flood of leggy blonds crashing down on me.

TATE *hits her ball.*

TATE: Well, that sure sucked.

CONNIE: That sure did.

DORY: I'd have work done.

CONNIE: You?

DORY: Sure. Why not me?

CONNIE: Well, little country mouse and all. Why would you have work done?

DORY: I want to look good. I want to stay young. Who doesn't want that? Just because I'm living in the outback like some fur trapper doesn't mean I don't want to look good.

MARGOT: You really don't like it up there, do you?

DORY: No, I love it. With the stars and the breeze in the bloody trees. I adore it. Have you got another beer?

MARGOT *takes a beer out of her bag and gives it to DORY.*

CONNIE: So, that leaves you, Margot. What if your new beau asked you to have work done? Would you do it?

MARGOT: Well, first of all, Garrett would never ask that of me. He's not that type. And I don't plan on having any work done, ever. I don't want to look in the mirror one day and see someone I don't recognize staring back at me. That would be unsettling. No, I'm driving this jalopy all the way home as is.

CONNIE: Garrett who?

MARGOT: Garrett Ross.

CONNIE: I know Garrett Ross.

MARGOT: You do?

CONNIE: Sure, I interviewed him last year when he bought the Cooper Complex.

MARGOT: Oh. He didn't mention that he knew you. I told him I golf with you, and he didn't say anything.

CONNIE: Well, maybe he forgot. I mean, it was just a two-minute interview.

MARGOT: So you know him?

CONNIE: Yes. Very handsome.

MARGOT: He is, isn't he?

CONNIE: Very.

MARGOT: Well, that's my guy.

CONNIE: Good for you, Margot. Nice catch.

MARGOT: Thank you.

CONNIE: Yes, nice catch indeed.

*MARGOT and DORY exit. TATE starts to exit. CONNIE stops her.*

Tate?!

TATE: What?

CONNIE: I've slept with him.

TATE: Slept with who? Narrow it down for me.

CONNIE: Garrett Ross. Margot's new man. I've slept with him.

TATE: You have?

CONNIE: Yes.

TATE: You didn't tell me that.

CONNIE: Well, I don't tell you about every man I sleep with.

TATE: True. Who has that much time? So, when did this happen?

CONNIE: After the interview last year he asked me out to dinner, and one thing led to another, and, you know.

TATE: You had dinner and then you went back to his place for sex?

CONNIE: No. We did it in my dressing room after the interview.

TATE: What?!

CONNIE: Yes.

TATE: You said one thing led to another.

CONNIE: It did! It led to my dressing room!

TATE: Oh my God.

CONNIE: What am I going to do?

TATE: Nothing. You're not going to do anything.

CONNIE: But she's a friend. I've had sex with her man.

TATE: Well, the chances of that happening were pretty good anyway.

CONNIE: I've got to tell her, Tate. I can't live with this.