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TOOTS

THE FRONT PORCH STOOP IN EDWARD HOPPER'S PAINTING, SECOND STORY SUNLIGHT, COMES TO LIFE. THE BROAD PLANK THAT IS THE WALL UNDER THE LEDGE BECOMES A MOUTH. TOOTS SITS MOTIONLESS ON THE LEDGE.

STOOP: A little more to the left, kid. That's it. Now I got a good view. Whew. You need a leg wax. Winter time's better, the flannel pants are softer than stubble. You'll never get a man with a forest like that.

THE STOOP LAUGHS AND GROANS AND TOOTS RE-ADJUSTS HERSELF ON THE LEDGE.

STOOP: Been scarfin' the foreign ice cream again, eh Toots? Little too much chocolate congealing in the saddle bags, again.

TOOTS SIGHS AND GETS ON HER SIDE AND LOOKS OUT ACROSS THE WATER.

STOOP: Retaining water? Just a little joke, Toots. Playin' all day t' sea gulls an' sunsets makes for a dead audience.

STOOP BURPS A "CREEEEEEK" AND JUDGES HER BODY WEIGHT.

STOOP: Bad time to ask for a paint job, huh? Wait 'til you're clear of the curse. I'm thinking I'm due a high-gloss green this time. No more ivory flat wash. Cramps muh slat style. Us stoops're proud, Toots, that's why we're akin' yuh for a moss green this time. We want our side planks t' look good as the concrete and pebble stairs next door. They got a polyurethane coating that shines in the sun.

TOOTS LEAPS FROM THE STOOP AND DIVES INTO THE WATER. THE SALTY BACKWASH WETS STOOP.

STOOP: Hey! The salt stings my nails! We got mold, rot, and spiders 'cause you dun' care 'bout anything but playin'! The old woman'd do something about the sorry state of your life.. if she could only see yuh! Buy her bifocals so she can evaluate the damage!

A SEAGULL LANDS ON THE LEDGE.

STOOP: Off! Ah, ah. Chewin' the big-mouth bass, again, eh?

THE BIRD POOPS ON STOOP.

STOOP: (CALLING OUT TO TOOTS FROLICKING IN THE WATER) Babe? Forget the green paint. We'll stay with the white wash instead!

BLACKOUT.