

THOMAS

(pacing, into his cellphone)

No. No. Nothing. Nobody. It's maddening, it's a plot. There *are* no women like this. No young women, or young-*ish* women. No beautiful-slash-sexy women. No sexy-slash-articulate young women with some classical training and a particle of brain in their skulls. Is that so much to ask? An actress who can actually pronounce the word "degradation" without a tutor?

(A roll of thunder.)

Honey – Honey, in the book Vanda is 24, for God's sake. Back in those days a woman of 24 would've been married. She'd have five kids and tuberculosis. She'd be a *woman*.

Most women who are 24 these days sound like six-year-olds on helium. "*And I was all like whatever and he was all like, y'know, and I go like whatever and he's like all, y'know?*" No, I don't know, I don't know anything except that I saw thirty-five

incompetent actresses today, and even the ones pushing retirement didn't have the stuff.

Anybody who does is either shooting a series or she isn't gonna do this for a nickel a week. And the *stupidity*. They bring along props, whole sacks full of costumes. And whatever happened to femininity? Bring along some of *that*, please. Young women can't even play feminine these days. Half are dressed like hookers, half like dykes. *I'd* be a better Vanda than most of these girls, all I'd have to do is put on a dress and a pair of nylons. Well, our Vanda's got to be out there somewhere. But at this point...

(Thunder and lightning. The lights in the room flicker.)

Hello? Hello? Honey? Honey, are you there?