

Part A  
by  
Robert Campbell

robert@robertcampbell.net  
818-752-4391

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SOFIA, serene, Earth Mother-in-training, and GWEN, an island almost recovered from last year's hurricane, sit on a couch.

GWEN

I think I... like you.

SOFIA

I like you, too.

GWEN

No. I mean I... like you.

Beat. Sofia reaches over. Takes Gwen's hand.

SOFIA

I'm flattered, sweetie. Very, very flattered, but you are not a lesbian.

GWEN

You can't know that. I--

SOFIA

Got dumped last month by yet another horrible man, and you're thinking, "To hell with being screwed over by men. I'm gonna play for the other side, 'cause over there it's all roses and multiple orgasms."

(beat)

Am I close?

GWEN

I'm tired of getting screwed over, but--

SOFIA

Did you know I had four different boyfriends my last two years of college? Smart. Funny. Great examples of what men should be. We'd go to the movies, the mall. Make out, have sex. I liked them, but I couldn't love them. It was like they were American standard, and I was European metric, and Part A was never gonna fit into Slot B, and stay there.

GWEN

And your point?

SOFIA

Two points, actually. One: you are  
head to toe American standard.

And, two: what you really need to  
do is stop dating assholes.

(beat)

But I'm still flattered.