

INT. PHOEBE'S DINING ROOM -- LATER

Molly and Phoebe sit across from one another at the table. Phoebe has her head in her hands.

PHOEBE
Maybe my husband was right. Maybe I really can't live it up.

MOLLY
What does he know?

PHOEBE
Does that place have a tobacco-spitting contest every night?

MOLLY
You got anything to drink in here?

PHOEBE
There's some Gatorade in the fridge.

Molly pulls a bottle of cheap whiskey out of her purse.

MOLLY
How about some hooch?

PHOEBE
That's not really my thing.

INT. PHOEBE'S DINING ROOM -- LATER

Phoebe, tipsy and slurring her words, downs a shot of whiskey. Molly leans back in her chair and watches, smiling.

PHOEBE
And Billy says I don't know how to live it up.

MOLLY
You're a regular party animal. How about a game of cards?

PHOEBE
You mean like hearts or go fish? I'm really good at go fish.

MOLLY
I was thinking more along the lines of poker or blackjack.

Molly pulls a deck of cards and poker chips out of her purse. She expertly shuffles the cards.

Lucy and Bart stroll past the streetlamp outside. Phoebe spots them and jumps up.

PHOEBE
Hey, I know those people.

She stumbles out of the room towards the door, yelling along the way.

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Where's my pie?

INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER

Bart is slumped forward in a chair, snoring.

Phoebe, Lucy, and Molly sit around the coffee table playing cards. Phoebe's speech is slurred and her cheeks are flushed.

In the middle of the coffee table is a nearly empty bottle of whiskey. Molly and, especially, Lucy both have large piles of quarters in front of them, while Phoebe has only a couple.

Bart unleashes a loud snort.

MOLLY
(To Lucy)
Looks like he's out for the count.

LUCY
That's okay. I like to use men and then discard them.

Bart opens one eye then closes it again. Lucy deals a card to Phoebe.

PHOEBE
What about mutual trust?

LUCY
That's an insurance company.

PHOEBE
What about fidelity?

MOLLY
I think that's an insurance company, too.

Lucy deals another card to Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Blackjack!

She grabs the bottle of whiskey and takes a swig. Bart snorts himself awake, holds out a blackjack.

EXT. FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Sharon and Michael walk up the steps to the front door. Michael, slightly behind Sharon, is carrying a steaming casserole dish.

MICHAEL

I don't know if this is such a good idea, bursting in on her like this.

SHARON

She's lonely without her family. Besides, we need to get rid of this leftover casserole.

Sharon rings the doorbell. The door flies open. Phoebe, barely able to stand, holds a bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand and cards in the other.

PHOEBE

Sharon! My best friend, Sharon!

SHARON

Phoebe?

She hugs her, planting a sloppy kiss on her cheek. Sharon recoils. Then Phoebe turns to Michael.

PHOEBE

And Michael, my best husband's ... my best friend's husband.

She tries to plant a sloppy kiss on Michael, but he ducks out of the way in time.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Blackjack!

Sharon tries to look over Phoebe's shoulder to see inside.

SHARON

What's going on here?

PHOEBE

Nothing. I just invited some neighbors over for pie and coffee.

LUCY (O.S.)
How about another round?

MOLLY (O.S.)
Count me in! Hey, who took the hooch?

PHOEBE
Thanks for stopping by.

She quickly closes the door in their faces. Sharon and Michael look at each other, nonplussed. The door flies open again and Phoebe grabs the casserole dish then slams the door shut again.