CECELIA. Excellent. The group meets at seven but we won't get to your part until about seven thirty.

TONY. And what did you say my part was again?

CECELIA. I thought I explained it to you Mr., Rumson. I simply need you to interact with my support group. You know, role play.

TONY. What kind of support group is it exactly?

CECELIA. It's a divorced and single women's support group.

TONY. Divorced and single, huh? And I'm the only guy. I think I'm going to like this.

CECELIA. Yes, I thought you would. I'll see you tomorrow at seven thirty then?

TONY. Sounds great, see you then.

*(***CECELIA** *escorts* **TONY** *out the door as her mother,* **ROSE** *enters from interior doorway carrying a laundry basket and a container of dip.)*

ROSE. Hello sweetheart! Am I interrupting anything?

CECELIA. Let's see, Mother. It's the middle of office hours on a Wednesday, why should you think you're interrupting?

ROSE. What's the matter, you don't take a lunch break anymore? Here, try this dip. It's a new recipe.

CECELIA. *(crossing to her desk)* No thanks, Mother. I'm watching my weight.

ROSE. For whom? You never go out.

(She starts folding laundry.)

CECELIA. I'm sorry I'm not a social butterfly like you, mother, but my work is my priority. Besides, I've been out of circulation so long I wouldn't know where to start.

ROSE. There are plenty of places. How about taking a cooking class?

CECELIA. Really Mother, to meet men?

ROSE. I'm taking one. How do you think I got this dip recipe? And, as a matter of fact, I met a pretty nice

fellow in class. Maybe I'll invite him over tonight and we'll prepare dinner for that support group of yours. I'm thinking beef bourguignon. Don't you keep some sherry down here?

CECELIA. That recipe calls for burgundy.

ROSE. It's not for the sauce.

CECELIA. *(crosses right)* Mother, I agreed to let you move in upstairs after your last marriage broke up only after you promised you would let me have my space and not invade my privacy. Especially during office hours.

ROSE. I'm sorry, Cecelia, I didn't mean to interrupt the lonely hearts club.

CECELIA. They're women who need relationship counseling Mother, not lonely hearts.

ROSE. Counseling. In my day we didn't have therapy to deal with men. We just took a valium and hoped for the best.

CECELIA. They need someone to talk to about their relationship problems.

ROSE. Why can't they figure it out for themselves, like I do.

CECELIA. Sure Mother, you're great at relationships, that's why you've been divorced three times.

ROSE. You can't count the last one.

CECELIA. Why not?

ROSE. I only married him for the medical benefits.

CECELIA. Very funny.

ROSE. You know what you're problem is Cecilia?

CECELIA. Yes, I'm looking right at her.

ROSE. You're problem is you expect too much from a relationship.

CECELIA. Oh, and you're the authority?

ROSE. And you give men too much credit for knowing what they want.

CECELIA. And don't you know what they want, Mother?

ROSE. Sure, they want to fool around at the beginning, so do women.

CECELIA. Really, and what do they want after the thrill is gone, companionship?

ROSE. You got me?

CECELIA. Ah hah, Dr. Rose is stumped.

ROSE. Well you're not going to figure it out sitting behind that desk listening to sob stories. Why don't you go on a date, for God's sake? Did you call that dentist?

CECELIA. No, I didn't.

ROSE. When are you going to call him?

CECELIA. When I need root canal.

ROSE. Your sister said he had big feet.

CECELIA. What?

ROSE. You know, big feet.

(She motions the size with her arms.)

CECELIA. First of all that's an old wives' tale and I could care less how big his... 'foot' is.

ROSE. I hate to see you so lonely and miserable honey.

CECELIA. Why. You're by yourself at the moment and you don't seem to mind it.

ROSE. Me? I'm old, I don't need the aggravation.

CECELIA. That's exactly how I feel.

ROSE. You're not old, you can still enjoy...well, you know, 'relations'.

CECELIA. The word is 'sex' mother.

ROSE. *(She smiles.)* Yeah, sex?

CECELIA. Why are you smiling mother?

ROSE. Just reminiscing.

CECELIA. Besides, there are other ways a woman can be fulfilled without having a man around.

ROSE. That's disgusting. You're talking about that 'auto exotica' aren't you?

CECELIA. The term is auto erotica, Mother, and that is not what I was referring to, although there's certainly nothing wrong with it. Don't tell me you've never done it.