BREE
Hi!

MIRIAM
Hi. My God, you look gorgeous.

BREE
Really? Thank you.

MIRIAM
(Looks at the food) What's all this?

BREE
Provisions.

MIRIAM
Where's your mom?

BREE
She drove with my friend Gwen. They were right behind me.

MIRIAM
I thought Gwen moved?

BREE
She did. But she moved back about a month ago. You hadn't heard?

MIRIAM
I've been a little out of the loop.

BREE
Right. I know.

MIRIAM
How much did your mom tell you?

BREE
Not much. Just the basics. Okay everything. I'm so sorry! You know she totally overshares. How are you holding up?

MIRIAM
Oh, you know. Distraction is good. Gwen didn't want to ride with you?

BREE
Oh no, she did. But Mom wanted intel on my life without me in the car.

MIRIAM
Sounds like Fern. This spread looks absolutely incredible. I'm impressed.

BREE
Don't be. It's all Whole Foods.

MIRIAM
I think you got some dip or something on your phone. Here, let me just wipe—

She picks Bree's phone up to wipe it off.

Um, Bree? Who's Mr. Cock?

BREE
It's Koch. He's Chloe and Michael's principal. I was supposed to meet with him today because of this, um, issue that Michael is having, and I need him on board next year if we... I just have to stay on his good side because... It's sensitive.

MIRIAM
So, you're not sleeping with him then?

BREE
God no! Why would you say that? Ew!

MIRIAM
Because you sent him a text asking him to... to...

BREE
What?

MIRIAM
You know... up the butt.

BREE
What are you talking about?

MIRIAM
(Reading) "Hi Mr. Koch. So sorry I was late for our meeting today. I would like you to please... fuck me in the ass."

BREE
What?

MIRIAM
At least you said please.

BREE
No! No no no! I said I was late because I had to stop for gas!

MIRIAM
Did you voice text?

BREE
Oh my God. Oh my God. OH MY GOD!

Bree grabs the phone. Miriam, deciding that her stomach can handle it, pops an hors d'oeuvre into her mouth.

MIRIAM
There's also something in here about three seconds. But I would think once he's been invited back there, he's going to want to stay awhile.

BREE
I didn't invite him back anywhere! I said three second rule because I dropped some hors d'oeuvres and then— then—

MIRIAM
Which hors d'oeuvres? These cheese ball thingies?

BREE
Yeah, don't eat those.

MIRIAM
I just ate two!

BREE
They're fine! Three second rule.

MIRIAM
You know that's not a real thing right?

BREE
Aunt Miriam! What am I going to do?

Bree's phone dings.

Oh no.

MIRIAM
Him?

BREE
Worse.

MIRIAM
What could be worse?

BREE
(Reading) "This is Richard's wife. Who the hell are you?"

MIRIAM
Mr. Cock's first name is Richard? *Really?*

BREE
It's Koch. I have to call her back.

Bree dials.

MIRIAM
Bad idea. No no no no no. I'm telling you. Wait until—

Bree shushes her.

MIRIAM
Okey dokey.

BREE
Mrs. Cock?

Bree glares at Miriam.

I mean Koch. Mrs. Koch. This is Bree Bradford. I'm the one who texted earlier. Yes. I am so sorry. What happened was... well I was voice texting and my phone took my very innocent statement about stopping for gas and turned it into, well you saw what it turned it into. But believe me when I tell you I have no interest in your husband doing that to me in any way, shape or— I mean not that he's not an attractive man and I'm sure the two of you have a very healthy sexual— Hello? Hello? She hung up.

Gwen enters. She has bottles of wine and a bag of food. She wears one of those boot casts on her leg.

GWEN
Make way for the alcohol! Who's ready to unleash their inner Picasso?

MIRIAM
Bree is ready to unleash her inner something.

BREE
I should call her back.

MIRIAM
That's the last thing you should do.

GWEN
Call who now?

MIRIAM
Bree told Chloe and Michael's principal to, um, do her through the back door. Only she didn't put it quite so delicately.

GWEN
Isn't he the one you have to talk to about Michael?

MIRIAM
What about Michael?

BREE
Where's my mom?

GWEN
In the bathroom. And she is not happy with you.

BREE
Is she ever? What the hell happened to your foot?