

MALCOLM

Yea! Her, you, whoever.

JILL

We were gonna take her to a salon for a foot massage.

MALCOLM

Will that help?

JILL

It's called Healing Hands...

Beat.

MALCOLM

Wren has used all of her personal days. And her sick days. But I suppose I could disregard all the tenets of honor and personal accountability I hold dear and let this one slide.

(beat)

Go. Immediately or I will change my mind.

WREN

(surprised)

Really? Ok!

Wren turns and quickly escorts her friends out the door. As an afterthought she coughs a few times pitifully.

Malcolm watches them go, concerned.

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INT. HEALING HANDS NAIL SALON - AFTERNOON

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**Start**

Wren, Cece and Jill sit in a row of salon chairs having their feet massaged. Laurel sits across from them, watching.

SALON WORKER

(to Laurel)

No massage?

LAUREL

(firm)

Nobody looks at my feet.

JILL

I have gorgeous feet.

Cece turns to Wren.

**End**