

...and into the most beautiful living room she's ever seen. Art. Fresh flowers. Floor to ceiling glass. She goes to the window, looks out at the luxe pool and dock. She holds her phone up, hoping for a signal. Nope.

REGINA

**START** No phones. You're a half hour late.

Steph turns to find REGINA (late 30s/early 40s, intelligent, with flawless skin, tasteful accessories, and eyes so sharp they could cut you.)

STEPHANIE

Hi, I'm --

REGINA

A half hour late.

STEPHANIE

Sorry. I missed the turn, my phone --

REGINA

We'll have to reschedule.

STEPHANIE

No! I can be done by 4, ma'am, for sure. I'm fast and I'm good. No problem.

REGINA

I'd really rather you come back another time than do a shoddy job and just throw a bunch of cleaning products around.

STEPHANIE

You won't be disappointed, I promise.

Regina looks her up and down, assessing. Decides: fine.

REGINA

This wood? It's imported French cherry. I know people think I'm particular, but I want you to see this, come over here. This is what happens when you don't *honor the grain*. See? Look what the last girl did. *Do you see that?*

She peels up a corner of carpet and points to a spot on the wood floor. There is absolutely nothing there.

STEPHANIE

Oh yeah. Wow.

REGINA

*Please care.* Rub with the grain, never against it. I'm here.

STEPHANIE

...you're where?

Regina turns her head, indicating her ear pod. She's obviously on the phone now. Not speaking to the maid.

REGINA

No, we can't re-open a closed deal. Tell him no, of course we can't. We're in NYC this weekend, so everything in the fridge can go, so my whole house doesn't smell like Kombucha when I get back. Got it?

Oh, she's talking to Stephanie?

STEPHANIE

Sorry. Yes, the fridge. Got it.

REGINA

We compost. Do you know what that is?

(Stephanie nods)

Use the bin labeled "Compost." Can you read or should I show you?

STEPHANIE

...I can read.

REGINA

Ugh! Just put him on, I'll talk to him. **END**

Regina's on the phone again. Her perfect ass disappears down the hall. Stephanie watches her go, thinking she's just as advertised: mean as a snake.

(Note: but actually, she's not; we'll see more of her, she's not what she seems here.)

Steph gathers up her stuff and steels herself to dive in--