

PATTI

I just think you're taking an awful lot on faith, that's all.

SHE OPENS THE DOOR TO RHONDA, WHO CATCHES THE LAST OF THE LINE AS SHE HUGS PATTI AND GIVES HER A BOTTLE OF WINE. RHONDA HAS A NEW HAIRDO, MAKEUP, NO GLASSES, A VERY SMART JOGGING SUIT, AND CARRIES A MR.JAVA COFFEE MUG, WHICH SHE PUTS DOWN ON THE TABLE BY THE OUIJA BOARD AND OTHER GOODIES.

RHONDA

What are we taking on faith now?

CARLA

Patti's just jealous because I have connected with my ideal hunk on the Internet, and she's still stalking her prey at the WalMart Coffee Bar.

PATTI

That's not true. I was merely observing that one has to be pretty stupid, verging on gullible, to believe everything they're told by some disembodied line of type coming out of cyberspace. And anyway, if he's such an ideal hunk, how come he hasn't asked you out in the real world yet?

CARLA

Sour grapes. I can tell from Federico's messages ...

PATTI

FEDERICO?

CARLA

Federico! ... that he IS telling the truth. I just have a feeling about these things.

PATTI

This from the woman who believed that O.J. Simpson would be found guilty!

RHONDA

Play nice, you two. Carla, what did you tell Federico about yourself?

CARLA

Just the usual. Things I like and don't like. Opinions, points of view, astrological sign. Stuff like that.

RHONDA

Age, sex, height, weight?

CARLA

Of course.

RHONDA

Honestly?

CARLA

Certainly. Well ... within a few inches, years and pounds.

PATTI

I thought so.

CARLA

Well where's the harm in that. By the time we get to meet in person, he'll be so smitten with my mind that he won't care what I look like.