

The lights come up on the kitchen in his Mom's house. His MOM is fully dressed and has obviously been up for awhile. She answers the phone.

MOM

Hello? Hello. Is anybody there? Look, I don't have time for this. If you're a tele-marketer, take me off your list!

RICKY

Mom...

MOM

Ricky?

RICKY

Yeah...

MOM

Ricky... What's the--?

RICKY

--I hope it's not too early.

MOM

Heavens no. I've been up since five. Your father had to catch an early flight this morning and wanted a full breakfast. And you know how he is -- couldn't find his way around a kitchen with a road map. He insisted on poached eggs. Poached eggs of all things! Have you ever tried to poach eggs at five-fifteen in the morning?

RICKY

Uh--

MOM

--Of course not! Who has? Maybe some short order cook at some truck stop. But I don't think so. I was reading somewhere that truck drivers have the lowest cholesterol of any one group. Can you believe it? You would think that they wouldn't eat right with being on the road and all. But they know how to keep fit. No fried foods, red meat or dairy products. So, I guess I'm the only one.

RICKY

The only one what?

MOM

The only one poaching eggs at five-fifteen in the morning! No matter, I had to be up anyway. They say we might get snow tonight so I went to the supermarket first thing. I was there at six o'clock sharp when they opened the doors. And guess who was there.