



INT. CHERRI'S SEWING ROOM - MORNING

Perry, hair pointing all directions, yawns and looks into the room. It's empty. Computers off. TV's off. Perry panics!

PERRY

Mom! Mom!

CHERRI (O.S.)

In here son...

He runs from the room, following her voice to...

INT. CHASE HOUSE, KITCHEN, CONT.

Perry skids to a stop. His mouth falls open.

PERRY

Mom? Are you alright? Wait, what are you *doing*?

Cherri, radiant, sets down a skillet of piping-hot pancakes and eggs, and hugs him so hard he winces.

CHERRI

Making breakfast. God knows I've got enough QVC matching cookware.

PERRY

You're cooking? Food? For me?

Awestruck, he stumbles back, landing on his butt in a chair at the kitchen table.

CHERRI

It's part of my job. Perry, I had this weird dream last night, and when I woke up, I realized I hadn't been to work as your mother in a very long time.

Cherri plops down two plates of pancakes in front of Perry. She sits across from him. Perry is still in shock.

PERRY

It's okay.

CHERRI

It is most certainly not okay. I owe you a big apology, baby. And I promise I won't go away again.

PERRY

Okay?

CHERRI

Now, we have to find you a job.

PERRY

Mom, I have a job. I work at Joe's.
You know, the The Leaning Tower...

CHERRI

Okay, I wasn't that out of it. I
read in the paper this morning that
Joe's closing his doors at the end
of this month. It's such a shame. I
remember him being such a sweet
guy. And could he dance...

As Cherri talks, Perry studies the newspaper.

PERRY

I can't believe it.

CHERRI

You okay?

PERRY

It's just, it's his whole life. Not
even the one he wanted, and it's
all gonna disappear.

Perry's not hungry anymore. He pushes his plate away. Cherri
pushes it back.

CHERRI

You gotta eat. You need strength
for later.

PERRY

What?

Cherri goes over to the counter and produces a plainly
wrapped package, clearly a DVD, that reads, in Sharpie:

"TO PERRY: WATCH BEFORE THE DANCE CONTEST TODAY!"

CHERRI

I'm pretty sure I didn't order
this, found this on the front
porch. You're in a dance contest
today?

PERRY

I entered, but I never found a...

CHERRI

Oh, I'm so glad you're dancing again! You were always such a beautiful...

PERRY

Not that kind of dancing. Dance Machine. Look, uh, thanks for breakfast. I'm really glad you're, well, here. I just need to...

He darts out of the room.

CHERRI

(picking at Perry's
leftovers)

I guess I was out of it. What's a Dance Machine?