

Three Page Scene

By

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INT. QUICKIE DRY CLEANING - DAY

BERNARD, 40, in slacks and a dress shirt, steps up to the empty counter. A service bell, designed to look like a perky breast, claims "Press me for service."

He hesitates, then TAPS the bell. DING.

The sound fades. He waits.

DORA, 25, appears from behind the garment bags hanging from the carousel. Her red hair matches her fake fingernails.

DORA

You rang?

BERNARD

That was me, yeah.
(motions to the bell)
Kinda funny.

DORA

What, the boob?

BERNARD

The bell. Just looks like one.

Dora leans, picks up the bell while displaying her cleavage.

DORA

Suppose I should make it a pair.
Doesn't seem right with just one.
Is this a pick up, mister... ?

She puts the bell down and grabs the computer's mouse.

DORA

Name?

BERNARD

Uh, Bernie. Bernard.

DORA

Bernie Bernard?

BERNARD

No, just Bernie. I have a ticket.

He digs into his pockets. Dora gingerly clacks at the keyboard, mindful of her nails.

(CONTINUED)

DORA
Last name would be grand.

BERNARD
Not Grand. Sinclair. Probably under
Julie.

DORA
Wait, Julie's under Bernie?

BERNARD
No. The order. It's under my wife.
My wife's name. I'm just here to
pick it up.

DORA
Sinclair. Right. The missus.

Bernard stops searching through his pockets.

BERNARD
I can't find it.

DORA
Found it!
(at the computer)
Oh yeah, I remember this one.
Chiffon on chiffon. Well, I hope
there was alcohol involved.

Dora presses the carousel button.

BERNARD
Lawson. My last name's Lawson.

DORA
Now I have Bernie Bernard on the
brain.

BERNARD
Well, your boob keeps ringing in
mine, so I guess we're even.

They watch the bags drift by in silence.

DORA
Why do people do that, anyways?

BERNARD
Do what?

DORA

Keep their last names when they get married. Isn't that the whole point? Two becoming one?

BERNARD

(glancing at his wedding ring)
Good question. I'm not sure.

DORA

It's like they're not totally married all the way, you know what I mean? Like they're paddling up the same river, but in different boats. I'm not saying that's you and your wife or nothing.

BERNARD

Of course.

DORA

But if it were me, I'd be all over that last name like a sophomore on spring break, ya know what I mean?
Whup-- here we are.

Dora spots the chiffon dress, stops the carousel. She hangs the garment bag from the counter hook, checks the tag.

DORA

Looks like you and the missus will have reason to celebrate. It all came out in the wash.

BERNARD

She'll be pleased. What do I owe you?

DORA

All orders are prepaid. You're a free man.

She hands the garment bag to Bernard.

BERNARD

Thanks. Guess I'll be back with more dirty laundry, eh?

DORA

The dirtier, the better, Bernie.
The dirtier, the better.

Bernard clumsily exits through the door. Dora watches him leave while nibbling on a fake fingernail.