

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.

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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.