

The Marriage Dance

by

Rich Sheehy

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUDI (40s) stares at herself in a full-length mirror.

JUDI

I look like a pear in this dress.

MIKE (40s) puts the finishing touches on a perfect Windsor knot. Thinks... carefully. Turns to her.

MIKE

A what? You slay me. Why do you --

JUDI

Tell me you haven't noticed my thickening thighs.

He shakes his head. No.

JUDI

You need an eye appointment.

MIKE

Stop it. I love your thighs. They bring the thunder...

JUDI

So, now I'm thunder thighs?

MIKE

I was trying -- Fine. Forget it. You look like a Bartlett pear.

JUDI

I can't believe you said that.

MIKE

But... I adore pears! You know that. Always have. Always will.

JUDI

That is so hurtful.

MIKE

What about that red, strapless number? The sexy one.

JUDI

Right. So I can look like a apple?

She disappears into a walk-in closet. The decor of the room slowly comes into focus...

Fruit. Everywhere. On the wallpaper, on the bedspread. Framed pictures of fruit on the walls.

He takes off his tie, plops on the bed. Defeated.