

The Soda Shop

By

Prior Service Productions

INT. SODA SHOP - DAY

DON BRUMBY, an early 20's soda jerk, cleans the inside of a glass.

OL' COTTON MONEY, a fast-talking socialite, seats herself across the counter.

DON

Ol' Cotton Money! I didn't know you were in town!

COTTON

I'm fine, thank you. How is your boy?

DON

(puzzled at first)

Ah... Swell! Little Ron's doing swell; he just-

COTTON

(interrupts)

Yes, yes. I'll have the usual Mr. Brumby.

DON

Of course, right away.

Don throws ice in a glass.

Pours milk.

Tops it with whipped cream.

Lastly, a maraschino cherry.

He places the glass at one end of the table and slides it across the countertop into Cotton's hand.

She takes a sip.

COTTON

How are the shows? You know my agent hasn't found any work for me in the valley. Parts are plenty I'm told, but the recruiting? Virtually non-existent I say.

DON

Sure, in the past... BUT THE OASIS? Have you tried there?

(CONTINUED)

COTTON

Is this some sort of Yacht Club? I
can only imagine that Dr. Dow
character already has a stake
there.

DON

(chuckles, smiles)
Christmas is just around the
corner, and they're always doing
shoots. Shucks, weekly even. Give
them a call.

He hands her a business card.

COTTON

(reads aloud)
Believe in the name of His Son
Jesus... love one another.

DON

1 John 3.

She flips an Ike dollar onto the table.

COTTON

Thanks for the tip.

Don picks up the coin.

DON

When did Ike make it into the mint?

At the far end of the counter sits a large man JAMESY.

JAMES

Good! It's about time you find
other actors and actresses! I
can't be in every video!

CUT TO BLACK