

Narrowing the Field
by
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INT. OFFICE - DAY

MALCOLM, an eager and earnest 20-something, rushes up to a receptionist's desk. NANCY, 50s, and cynical, yes, but with just a touch of the romantic, watches him approach.

MALCOLM

Hi. I'm hoping you can help me.
I'm looking for a girl I think
works here. It's really important.

NANCY

You a cop?

MALCOLM

No.

NANCY

P.I.?

MALCOLM

No.

NANCY

Doctor with some heart medicine?

MALCOLM

No.

NANCY

So you're a stalker.

MALCOLM

No! I'm just a normal guy. I met
her last week, and... it's kinda
hard to explain.

NANCY

(skeptical, but willing to
give him a chance)
Are we talking two-eyes-meet-across-
a-crowded-room, or I-need-to-get-
out-my-mace-and-taser?

MALCOLM

... The first one.

NANCY

(sighing)
What's she look like?

MALCOLM

About five-four--

NANCY
That's at least 20 girls.

MALCOLM
Brunette.

NANCY
10 girls.

MALCOLM
Brown eyes.

NANCY
Four.

MALCOLM
She's got a... distinctive voice.

NANCY
I got one girl sounds like my Aunt
Louise after she's been in the
sherry, and another who sounds like
my brother.

MALCOLM
Your brother?

NANCY
She's a husky talker.

MALCOLM
... The first one.

Beat.

NANCY
(what the hell)
Hold on.

She picks up the phone. Starts dialing.