

Orange Juice
by
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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLARA, 30s, lies on a couch, her head on JEFF's chest. He is also in his 30s. An uncomfortable silence...

JEFF
What are you thinking?

CLARA
Orange juice.

JEFF
What?

CLARA
I smell orange juice on your shirt.
You must have spilled some this morning.

(beat)
One of the last memories I'll have of you is orange juice.

(beat)
This time tomorrow some mobster will have killed you, or the U.S. Marshals will be flying you to who knows where. No girlfriends allowed.

Beat.

JEFF
I can't just--

CLARA
I know.
(takes his hand)
I know.

JEFF
(trying to make light)
At least we'll always have the orange juice.

Pause.

CLARA
I hate orange juice.