

Mr. Bower Sides

By

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INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is a depressing scene. The noon's pale light spewing through the draped windows do little to brighten the bare, saturnine chamber.

MR. BOWER

Tonya, can you tell me exactly how many tiles are there in the corner restroom floor?

Tonya is nervous and puzzled, not making eye contact.

TONYA

Uh...do you want me to go count them, sir?

Mr. Bower looks at her with contemptuous incredulity.

MR. BOWER

You're a dumb whore now, aren't you?

Tonya is remains silent, eyes down, restraining anger.

MR. BOWER

If you would count them correctly, if you're not always the careless cunt I know you by, you will find that there are exactly 672 tiles on the corner restroom floor. Does that figure sound familiar?

TONYA

No, sir.

MR. BOWER

672, exactly the number of times I've had to tell you not to put my *fucking* medication on my *fucking* drawer!

TONYA

I'm sorry, sir. I just left it--

MR. BOWER

Shut your whore mouth and come help me up!