

# TWINK & ERNIE

14

MJ Cruise

START

TWINK *(opens her menu)* The number four looks good. Eggs Benedict.

ERNIE I don't want eggs Benny. I want plain bacon and eggs.

TWINK They must not have bacon and eggs today. Oh look, Ernie.  
*(pointing to the menu)* It's Eggstastic Day!

*(reading from the menu)* Enjoy celebrity chef Marco Pierre's egg specialties.

ERNIE *(holding the menu up close to his eyes)* Whose bright idea was that?

TWINK Obviously Chef *Marco Pierre*, who must cook for the celebrities. Oh, Ernie, this is exciting. Being able to sit down and order food prepared by a celebrity chef is so exciting.

ERNIE A coffee right now would be exciting.

TWINK I think I'll have the number five—honey mustard bacon with fruit compote. *(clears her throat again)* And hot tea with lemon. I hate to say it but my throat is sore. There was a draft all night on me.

ERNIE I hope you packed your euthanasia.

TWINK Echinacea, Ernie. And I took two this morning.

*TWINK sees that a quartet is about to start up.*

Oh! The musicians are going to play. We even have music at breakfast! I think I'm in heaven.

*Music begins: "Yellow Bird."*

*TWINK begins to snap her fingers and sways along with the music.*

I love "Yellow Bird."

*She starts to sing along, which embarrasses ERNIE.*

*TWINK stops as she forgets the lyrics. The music continues to play low in the background.*

Remember our yellow Volkswagen? We had a big daisy decal on the door? And every time we'd pass another Beetle we'd give  
~~THE PEACE SIGN~~

And remember your band, the Stingrays? Those were the days. I'll never forget the time you got off your drums and in front of the whole Knights of Columbus hall you came to the mic and sang to me. I was wearing my yellow miniskirt with the pink roses. Remember?

ERNIE Not really. That was a hundred years ago.

TWINK I was seventeen years old and I remember that night like it was yesterday.

ERNIE Are you sure that was me?

TWINK Of course it was you. Obviously it didn't have the same meaning for you.

*The quartet music ends and TWINK claps with enthusiasm.*

Bravo!

*ERNIE is now under the table tightening the leg screws with the table knife.*

What are you doing?

ERNIE Levelling the table.

TWINK Stop it, Ernie. People are staring at you. You're not at work.

*She sees the waiter approaching.*

Here comes our waiter. I'll tell him to report it to maintenance. And be patient. Don't embarrass me.

*She looks up at the waiter.*

Good morning!

*She leans in closer to read the waiter's name tag.*

Fayed. *(long I sound)* What a nice name. Where are you from?

*(enthusiastically)* Turkey! Now there's a country I'd love to go to.

*(girlish giggle)* Our honeymoon? No, we're not on our honeymoon!

*(giggles)* Actually, we're celebrating our thirtieth anniversary.

Why thank you, Fayed. Our three boys gave us this trip.

*(blushing)* Oh... you are so sweet! Did you hear that, Ernie?... Fayed can't believe we have three grown boys. He thinks I'm only thirty-five.

ERNIE *(to Fayed)* Good one, buddy. So... Fidid. *(short i)*

TWINK Fayed, Ernie.

ERNIE Ahh... could I get a screwdriver?

TWINK Ernie. It's eight in the morning!

ERNIE The tool, Twink!

*(to Fayed)* I can fix the table for you. In fact, I could fix every table that isn't level. I don't mind. *(looking at TWINK)* I've got the whole week.

TWINK We own a hardware store. He's still in work mode.

*They both look up and listen to Fayed's response.*

See, Ernie. *Fayed* will report it to maintenance.

*(sweetly to Fayed)* Thank you, Fayed... I'll have the number five.

ERNIE I'll have the bacon and eggs.

TWINK Ernie! *(to Fayed)* I'm so sorry.

*ERNIE holds the menu up to the waiter.*

ERNIE Look, Fed—Fred, buddy. I've got an idea for you.

You take the bacon from the number five minus the honey mustard and the eggs from number four, put 'em together and you got a number six. That's a number one for me. *(smiling up at Fayed)*

Bacon and eggs!

*Fayed leaves. TWINK gives ERNIE her look.*

TWINK You are impossible.

ERNIE Twink, when somebody wants a number six wood screw and a number ten wood screw—I take a number six screw from one bin and a number ten screw from another bin. I don't make them buy a box of each! That's how you treat a customer! No different here on this ship. And what's wrong with plain,

STOP