

PHYLLIS, BRADLEY

8

BAGGAGE

BRADLEY. Jeez! You didn't tell me there was no elevator in the building.

PHYLLIS. It's only the third floor. I didn't think it would be an issue.

BRADLEY. It wouldn't have been if your damn suitcase wasn't so heavy. What the hell's in here, bricks?

PHYLLIS. *(A bit guilty)* Well, actually there was this little stationary store in Beverly Hills that was going out of business and they had a great deal on paperweights so I bought a few to give out at Christmas.

BRADLEY. How few is a few?

PHYLLIS. Thirty. I have a long gift list.

BRADLEY. Thirty paperweights. It's a wonder the plane was able to take off.

PHYLLIS. It was a little bit much, but I'm the kind of person who upon seeing a good opportunity, takes it.

BRADLEY. I guess I should consider myself lucky they didn't have any file cabinets on sale.

(He has caught his breath and indicates her suitcase)

Where do you want it?

PHYLLIS. Just anywhere.

(Indicates bedroom door)

Over by the bedroom door would be okay.

(Bradley begins to drag the suitcase towards the bedroom)

PHYLLIS, *(continued)* It would probably be easier if you raised up the telescopic handle and wheeled it.

BRADLEY. I would, except it's broken.

PHYLLIS. Oh, no. How did that happen? It's a fairly new bag and it seemed fine when I used it this morning.

BRADLEY. *(Annoyed, he stops dragging the bag and turns to her)* You're not insinuating that I broke it?

PHYLLIS. No. No. Don't be silly. Why would you want to do a thing like that?

BRADLEY. Is that a question?

PHYLLIS. No. Of course not. Still, it does seem curious...

BRADLEY. Let's just end it here, okay?

PHYLLIS. Okay.

BRADLEY. Good.

(He continues to drag the bag to the bedroom door)

I don't get it. Didn't my suitcase, being so much lighter than yours, give you a clue that maybe you were taking the wrong suitcase?

PHYLLIS. If it did, obviously I never would have left with it. When I saw the bag with my initials on it, P.N., I just assumed it was mine and that was that.

BRADLEY. First of all, it didn't have your initials on it. It had mine. B.N. B.N. as in Bradley Naughton and not P.N. as in Phyllis Novak. I admit the bottom part of the "B" was scrapped off a little due to some wear and tear, but if you had looked closely you would have noticed that you could still almost make out that it originally was a "B" not a "P".

(He has finished dragging the bag to the bedroom door)

PHYLLIS. Look, Bradley, I'm sorry you're irritated about our ending up with each others bag and that you've been somewhat inconvenienced but it all worked out. Let's be grateful for that. Besides, I'm sure if you had gone to the baggage claim office and told them what the problem was they would have handled everything. They do that. They would have delivered mine to me and taken yours and delivered it to you and your coming here would have been unnecessary.

BRADLEY. *(Patiently, with a snide attitude)* That sounds all well and good but frankly a bit naive. I know how the airlines operate. If I had gone to the baggage claim office to let them handle this, three things would have happened for certain. You would never see your bag again and I would never see my bag again and someone in Madagascar would have been stuck with thirty paperweights. Fortunately your I.D. tag included your