

Threes

By

Izolda Trakhtenberg

(with review/consultation by Matthew Pauli and Alice Adler)

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One-Minute Movies Izolda@Izolda.info  
301 437 2730

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room appears divided down the middle. One half has a messy lived-in feel. Posters of Jimi Hendrix, Greenpeace, and Yoda line one side.

The other side is neat as a pin. Coasters adorn the table on this side and no art appears on the stark white walls.

On the roughshod side of the room, Toker, a late 20s modern-day hippie slacker lies on his back while sprawled half on a couch and half on the floor. He is obviously asleep.

Jackson, his late 20s housemate careens into the room. His normally perfectly combed hair is in disarray and his shirt and tie are completely askew.

JACKSON

Father, son, and the holy  
ghost. Chocolate, vanilla and  
strawberry. Earth, sky, and sea.  
See? They all come in threes.

Jackson yanks at his hair as he lurches from place to place.

JACKSON

Life, death, rebirth. Solid,  
liquid, gas. Breakfast, lunch,  
dinner. Oh man, how did I never see  
this before?

Jackson prayerfully bows and straightens as stares up at the ceiling and continues to murmur reverently.

JACKSON

(mumbles)

Floor, wall, ceiling. See no evil.  
Hear no evil. Speak....

Toker blearily raises his head off the floor.

TOKER

Um, dude? Speaking of of breakfast,  
lunch and dinner, did you eat any  
of the brownies I had in the  
fridge? The ones that said, 'Do NOT  
eat these?'

THE END.