

Eden Bell Maybe: 1997
by Reggie Morrisey
(Word Count 780)



by Vincent Mancuso

“The presentation has to be FedEx'd in 20 minutes.”

“By whom, Martha?”

“By youm.”

“But, I've still got to print out it out.”

“Is it approved?”

“Who approves it?”

“Well, John, but he's out of town, so Ned because it's his humongous account, but he's in conference, so you have to wait till he opens his door.”

“Everything can't stop dead in a company like this.”

“Yes it can, which is why I'm here every night to seven, and you should be too if you want to be considered the newest team player.”

“And my kids?”

“Will eat, have bikes, go to college.”

“Someone should go to college, Look at the mistakes in this ... grammar, spelling, punctuation.”

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“That's Cybonics, our tough street talk on the information highway.”

“And not on speaking terms with the Mother Tongue.”

“No one reads this, and if they do, they don't know it's wrong.”

“So, I'm to just print it out like this?”

“Unless there's a problem with the pictures, cause people sometimes look at the pictures.”

“Martha, a note here says ...what does it say?”

“Hmm ... Looks like ... Eden Bell Maybe.”

“You think it's is Egan on Dale Mabry?”

“Or eat at Taco Bell, maybe? ”

“Well, who does graphics? ”

“Let's e-mail Stephen in the Art department.”

“Dale Mabry's in Tampa, right? ”

“That company's in Duluth.”

“Wait, it's 'E' for e-mail ... DEN for ... DataEverNet?”

“Nah. We'll voice mail Stephen, too, and get a bell graph on this, maybe.”

“Ya think?”

“Only if paid to and absolutely necessary.”

“The printer light is blinking.”

“Needs a new toner cartridge, so let's switch printers, and let someone else worry about it.”

“Hate to break in ladies, but you two must surrender the last presentation binder, or it's your heads on my platter.”

“Not that one. Scott. I'll slip you the key to John's supply closet, but you'll never breathe a

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word to a soul, right?"

"Okay, Martha. Off I go and no more death threats."

"Where was I? Might as well tell you, we're out of Fed-Ex shipping forms."

"I can't take this."

"It's your best available option."

"I'm calling Fed-Ex for a special pickup tonight."

"Tell them to stop at Taco Bells first."

"Eden was paradise, right?"

"What was Eve thinking?"

"Not about staying at the office till seven o'clock."

"Say, folks, what the heck bell are you talking about?"

"Oh, Stephen, on page 73, see?"

"Like a bell curve or a bell bell?"

"Read the page."

"Who has time to read! "

"Okay, let me look and, ah, it says, 'There's 14 reasons ... provide blah, blah, blah, utilize, blah, blah, drive ... blah .. deploy ... business irregardless...'"

"See, it makes no sense to waste time reading the thing."

"Hey, Stephen, do a banner in that spot with, 'Bell Ringer of the Year.'"

"I suppose there's no harm in that."

"Looks good, but bump up the font to 24 points."

"Now all we need are those darn figures from Accounting."

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“They must be in here already, no?”

“Not till last.”

“So, Ned sees this without the numbers and then accounting plugs them in?”

“Sorry, reverse that. Accounting is next to last, then Ned.”

“I’ll contact Accounting and find out the problem.”

“Accounting went home sick.”

“Plan Z, Martha?”

“Call Stu at home, attach the presentation file to an e-mail, and have him e-mail the budget pages back a.s.a.p., then print 'em, and bring this baby to Uncle Ned.”

“I hear you're not feeling well, Stu, but this should only take a minute.”

“More like an hour if my kid wakes up because the phone rang.”

“We don't have an hour.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

“Is that thunder I hear?”

“Better not be cause the computers go down.”

“Please, please, little clouds, roll away.”

“Pathetic.”

“And just where is the presentation I've been waiting all afternoon to read?”

“Ned, so glad you're finally free, and we can get it to you!”

“The presentation!”

“Very, very soon.”

“Step in here, Martha.”

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“Sure, Ned.”

“This new woman, where's her head at?”

“First day jitters, Ned. She'll be up to speed tomorrow.”

“I won't put up with any bottlenecks or screw-ups.”

“Course you won't.”

“Oh, call the telephone operator, and get me the number for Eden, Mabel Eden.”

“She being?”

“A masseuse. Been meaning to get these kinks out of my neck, but I forgot the woman's name and where I even wrote it down.”

“I'll get right on it.”

“Say, Martha, if we're staying till seven, I want my taco.”

“Hate to break this to you, but that was definitely thunder on the horizon. Make that eight.”

END