

Ride-Along

28 point
Cooper Black, centered

double space

14 point
Comic Sans MS
italicized

by Brendan DuBois
triple space start at center

12 point
Times New Roman

The night I went to work, I gathered up my reporter's notebook and heavy purse and then went down to check on my husband, Peter. My sweetie-pie was sitting up in bed, his left leg in a cast. The bruises about his eyes were beginning to fade, though they still had a sickish green-yellow aura. The television was on and a cell phone was clasped in his right hand.

Text is
double-spaced.

Indent
1/2 inch
for each
new speaker
or paragraph.

"You doing okay?" I asked.

He grinned, his teeth showing nicely through his puffy lips. "Like I've been saying, as well as could be expected."

I kissed his forehead. "You okay moving around by yourself?"

"Of course."

"Good," I said. "But you be careful. You go and break your other leg, that means you're stuck in bed. And I don't think this whole 'in sickness and in health' covers bedpan duty."

He moved up against the pillows, winced. "You could have warned me earlier."

"But you wouldn't have listened."

"And why's that?"

"Because you're madly, hopelessly, and dopyly in love with me, that's why."

As I headed out Peter said, "'Erica? Be careful."

I hoisted my heavy purse on my shoulder. "Don't worry, I will."

And then his face darkened. "One more thing. Sorry I got dinged up."

I shook my head. "No more time to talk about that."

I blew him a kiss, which he pretended to catch and slap against his heart with his free hand.

Quadruple-space between scenes
[Shift in time or setting]

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