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By

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INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A small, family type establishment with long rows of booths lining the walls and a group of tables in the center.

DENNIS, early thirties and the lone patron, sits at a booth near the middle and sips from a cup of coffee. He stares into space, zoned out.

His appearance is slightly unkempt, with uncombed hair and an untucked, button down shirt, but it's due more to a lack of effort than just flat out sloppiness.

A bell on the entrance gets his attention, and he looks up to find CHASTITY, late twenties, entering the restaurant.

Despite her casual, pink sweatsuit, pulled back hair, and giant bug eyed sunglasses that cover a good portion of her face, her appearance was definitely worked on, right down to PEANUTS, the tiny, fake chihuahua that pokes its head out of her purse. Its open eyed stare is quite creepy.

Chastity walks through the restaurant with purpose, expecting all eyes to be on her. Which they are. Dennis stands to greet her.

DENNIS

Hey.

Dennis pecks her on the cheek, but Chastity backs away.

CHASTITY

Watch it. You'll smear my makeup.

DENNIS

Sorry.

They take seats across from each other in the booth. Chastity sizes him up.

CHASTITY

Did you wear those clothes yesterday?

DENNIS

No, these are clean. Well, the jeans I wore yesterday, but everything else is new. Why?

CHASTITY

I don't know. Just looks like you wore those clothes yesterday.

DENNIS  
Just the jeans.

CHASTITY  
Yeah, I got it.

An awkward silence.

DENNIS  
So, uh, what's up?

CHASTITY  
Well--

A WAITRESS, mid twenties and pretty, walks up.

WAITRESS  
Can I get you anything?

CHASTITY  
Raspberry iced tea.

WAITRESS  
Anything else?

CHASTITY  
Did I order anything else?

Dennis looks away, uncomfortable.

WAITRESS  
Be right back.

The waitress walks away. Dennis leans in close to Chastity and speaks in a hushed tone.

DENNIS  
You know, you didn't have to do that. She was just being nice.

CHASTITY  
No, she was being incompetent. I ordered raspberry iced tea. That's all I want.

DENNIS  
Well, yeah, but--

CHASTITY  
Enough, okay? I don't have time for this.

The waitress returns with the raspberry iced tea and sets it on the table. Chastity takes a sip, and is not pleased.

CHASTITY  
There's no sugar in this.

WAITRESS  
It's on the table.

The waitress points to the sugar shaker on the table and walks away. Chastity is annoyed.

CHASTITY  
I have to put in my own sugar? Isn't that what these people are paid to do?

DENNIS  
Not everybody likes sugar in their iced tea.

CHASTITY  
Well I do. So anyway, enough about the iced tea. Like I said, I don't have time for that.

DENNIS  
Got somewhere to be, do you?

CHASTITY  
I do, actually.

DENNIS  
Where you headed?

CHASTITY  
A date.

Dennis chuckles.

DENNIS  
A date? That's a good one.

CHASTITY  
Dennis, I'm serious.

Dennis stops laughing.

CHASTITY  
I asked you to meet me here because I can't do this anymore. We need to break up.

DENNIS  
Lemme guess. The old "It's not you, it's me" routine, right?

CHASTITY

Oh no, it's definitely you.

DENNIS

That's a new one.

CHASTITY

We have absolutely nothing in common. I like fine art, you like football. I appreciate good dining, while you like going to Hooters. I care about my appearance, and you...

Chastity gives him another once over.

CHASTITY

...you obviously do not. You--

DENNIS

Can you do me a favor?

CHASTITY

What?

DENNIS

Take off the sunglasses. We're inside.

CHASTITY

My eyes are all puffy.

DENNIS

Please. Just as a courtesy.

CHASTITY

Ugh. Fine.

Chastity takes off her sunglasses. Not a single sign of puffiness.

DENNIS

Thank you.

CHASTITY

You're a loser, Dennis. A grade A loser, and I just can't be attached to someone like that. Now or ever.

Dennis catches a glimpse of the waitress, who watches the scene. She turns away when she sees him look, but not before offering a slight, sympathetic look of her own.

CHASTITY

So, I just wanted to tell you that. I figured that even you deserved to be told in person. Have a nice life.

Chastity gets up, and Dennis takes hold of her hand.

DENNIS

Hold on a second.

CHASTITY

Dennis, don't do this. I'm sure this is hard enough on you as it is. Please don't embarrass yourself by groveling.

DENNIS

Just sit back down for a second. Let me say a few things, and then you're free to go. On your date or wherever.

Chastity rolls her eyes.

CHASTITY

Fine.

Dennis exchanges a glance with the waitress as Chastity sits down. Chastity doesn't notice it.

CHASTITY

Alright, go ahead, but nothing you say is going to change things. It's over.

DENNIS

Yeah, yeah, fine. Just shut your trap, would you?

Chastity is shocked.

CHASTITY

Excuse me?

DENNIS

I said shut your trap. You're done talking, it's my turn now.

Chastity shoots him a look of disdain.

DENNIS

You know, I could have taken the high road and just let you walk right on out of here, but then I thought better of it. Despite the fact that the sooner you get out of here, the sooner I never have to look at your stupid face again, I just can't let you tell me that you set up a date prior to you coming in here and breaking up with me and get away with it.

CHASTITY

Well I did. Oh well, too bad, so sad.

DENNIS

Sad? You're the one who's sad. You're a pathetic individual, fallen victim to the latest fashion and pop culture trend. You're like a walking internet meme. "Oh, well Paris Hilton keeps a little dog in her purse, so I have to too". Well, you know what else Paris Hilton does? She fucks her boyfriend on camera. Did you ever feel the urge to do that? No.

CHASTITY

On camera? Gross.

DENNIS

And to top it off, your dog isn't even real. What the hell is that all about?

CHASTITY

Real dogs poop. Peanuts doesn't.

DENNIS

You think of that one all by yourself, genius? That's another thing. You're incredibly stupid. But the sad part is that I'm even dumber than you are. What the hell was I thinking staying with you all this time? You were absolutely right in what you said earlier. We have nothing in common. You like fine art, and I like football. You think fine art

DENNIS  
is Disney on Ice, and I  
don't. See? Nothing.

CHASTITY  
Are you done?

DENNIS  
You're a horrible person,  
Chastity. You've done nothing but  
beat me down as long as we've been  
together. You did everything you  
could to make me feel like I didn't  
deserve you, and after awhile I  
started believing it myself. I  
honestly thought that I wouldn't  
find anyone better. But no more,  
sister. It's all over and done  
with, and I can finally say what I  
was afraid to say for the better  
part of our relationship...

Chastity nonchalantly waits. Dennis takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

DENNIS  
Chastity, go f--

Suddenly the waitress swoops in and plants a long, hard kiss on Dennis' lips. Dennis' eyes pop open in shock, and widen even more when he realizes it's the waitress kissing him.

The waitress breaks the kiss and looks to Chastity.

WAITRESS  
We've been fucking. A lot. He  
really cleans my pie case if you  
catch my drift.

Chastity sighs, unimpressed.

CHASTITY  
Ugh, whatever. You two losers have  
fun making unattractive,  
incompetent babies.

Chastity puts on her sunglasses and abruptly leaves the restaurant. Dennis sits, still frozen in shock.

The waitress takes a seat across from him in the booth.

WAITRESS

Hi.

DENNIS

Uh...hi?

WAITRESS

Sorry about that, but I could see where you were going with it and something had to be done.

DENNIS

What was wrong with where I was going with it?

WAITRESS

Not enough pizazz. You tell her to go fuck herself, she gets mildly angry and leaves. You tell her you were sleeping with somebody else while you were together, that's gonna sit with her.

DENNIS

She seemed okay when she walked out.

WAITRESS

That's why it's so cool. She's calm and collected now, but later on, possibly when she's on her date with the newest poor bastard, it's gonna click, and she could justifiably break down right then and there. It's very ninja like in how it sneaks up on you.

Dennis smiles.

DENNIS

Yeah, I have to say that is better than what I had. Thanks, uh...

Dennis looks at her name tag. It says Waitress.

DENNIS

...waitress? Is that really your name?

WAITRESS

Yeah, pretty weird right? My parents wanted something original.

DENNIS

It's just funny that your name is also your profession.

WAITRESS

I'm just glad they didn't name me Mattress. I might have ended up as a hooker.

They share a laugh. Waitress gets up.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

DENNIS

No, I think that'll be it. Thanks.

WAITRESS

You sure? There's really nothing else you'd like?

Dennis thinks it over.

DENNIS

Uh, no. Can't think of anything else at the moment.

WAITRESS

Alrighty.

Waitress places the check on the table, face down, and walks away. Dennis picks it up and looks at it. No charge, and it has her phone number on it.

Dennis looks up with a smile. Waitress smiles back.

WAITRESS

You know, it would have been so much cooler if you said you wanted it.

DENNIS

Hey, gimme a break. I just got back into the game.

A shared laugh as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END