

Diners, Drive-Ins, and Dives

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Made in Highland

INT. - CROWDED DINER - LATE MORNING

MAN and WOMAN sulk in silence at a four-top table. The other two seats are empty. In front of them are half-eaten meals pushed away and covered with napkins.

MAN

(staring straight ahead)
You know you can go? I can
get this

WOMAN

(eyes dart to him then
dart away)
It's fine. I can pay.

There's silence as both of them avoid looking at each other. Around them, the diner is business as usual. Every table is full and the place is loud. There is a single waitress attending to all of the tables. She's young but looks harried and exhausted. She tries her best but it isn't enough to babysit every table.

MAN tries to wave her down and WOMAN grabs his hand with a hiss.

WOMAN

Stop that! She's busy. She'll get
to us when she can.

MAN

I can see that but do you want to
be sitting here any longer?

WOMAN

(a beat)
No. But that doesn't mean you can
snap at her to get her attention.

MAN

I wasn't snapping. I was
waving. This
(he snaps his fingers
pointedly at her and she
flinches)
is snapping.

The WAITRESS notices them and comes over, a sorry look in her eyes. WOMAN glares at MAN for what he did. MAN smiles cheekily, as though this were his plan all along.

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WAITRESS

(out of breath)

I am so sorry you guys. We're totally understaffed today and now there's a huge rush and I... I'm so sorry. Can I get you anything?

MAN

Just the check.

WOMAN

We're fine.

They look at each other for a moment, hostile. WAITRESS watches them and seems to realize she wants no part in whatever spat they're having.

WOMAN

(decidedly)

Two checks, please. Separate.

WAITRESS watches them and the way they avoid each other's eyes for a second longer before rushing away. She is sidetracked by a whistle and wave from an older couple and visibly flinches before detouring to them.

WOMAN

(under her breath)

Unnecessary.

MAN

I'm sorry. What was that?

WOMAN

(louder)

I said that was unnecessary.

MAN

Why? I was proving a point to you. Not my fault that girl thought I was talking to her.

WOMAN

You're a pig.

MAN

Well fucking oink oink I guess. Get over yourself. I'm not doing anything different from anyone else.

WOMAN

God. Six months was too long. I should've listened to Lindsay day one.

MAN

Lindsay? Lindsay fucking hates me.
If you had listened to Lindsay I
never would've gotten a text back.

WOMAN

(under her breath)
That's the fucking point.

MAN

I'm sorry. What?

WOMAN

(matter-of-fact)
I called you a douche.

MAN

Fuck you. Just leave if you're
going to insult me.

WOMAN

I would if I could. We haven't
gotten our checks yet.

MAN

I'll pay. Get the fuck out of my
face. Break up with me and then
make me sit here with you fuck
you.

WOMAN

I'm not taking a single cent from
you. Just go. I've got it. I'm a
working woman I can handle a ten
dollar ticket.

MAN

Oh yeah and let you have the final
move? Go to hell.

WAITRESS brings food to the table next to them. MAN and WOMAN's eyes track her. She finishes with them and rushes by. Her eyes alight on the freshly single pair and she squeezes her eyes closed.

MAN

(rolling his eyes)
Could they find a more
scatterbrained waitress? That
girl's just...
(he twirls his finger around
his temple in the 'crazy'
motion)
not quite there.

WOMAN

Can you just get over yourself?
She's the only one here.

MAN

Doesn't make her less
(two-tone whistles)

WOMAN

God you are such a dick. What do
you even know about waiting tables
anyway?

MAN

(taken aback)
I eat out. I know what good
service looks like and this is not
it.

WOMAN

(huffs a laugh)
On your mom's card. Try again when
you've spent some time actually
working. Being the only one on the
floor is horrible.

MAN

Oh and you would know?

WOMAN

(incredulous)
Yes? I waited tables and bartended
through college. You fucking know
this.

MAN

(sarcastic)
Sorry that I don't remember every
little detail about your life.

WOMAN

Four years isn't a 'little detail'
you dick. God, what did I possibly
see in you.

MAN

(unironic)
Stunning good looks and a
sparkling personality. One wink
and your panties were in my hand.

WOMAN

(shocked anger)
You know what? Fuck you. Get out.
(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm paying. I don't want you
anywhere near me ever again.

WAITRESS chooses that moment to come back with two checks. MAN takes his and puts his card on the ticket without looking away from WOMAN. He grins cheekily. WOMAN angrily puts her own card on the ticket. WAITRESS grabs them and their dirty plates without a word.

MAN

(sarcastic)

Gotta, you know, wait for
my card.

WOMAN

(with venom)

Fuck. You.

MAN holds up his hands in mock surrender.

MAN

Whoa there. Slow your role. Being
known as the crazy ex sucks.

WOMAN

You're so full of it. I can't wait
to never have to see your face
again.

MAN

You're going to miss me. You're
too ugly to find anyone who finds
you attractive. You'll be lucky if
you're ever touched again.

WOMAN

Can you just be civil for two
minutes? For the sake of every
woman in this city I hope you go
bald tomorrow. I wouldn't wish you
on anyone.

MAN

(ANGRY)

You need to watch your tone.

WOMAN

(WITH A LAUGH)

I need to watch *my* tone? You're
the one who just threatened me.

MAN

I'd hardly call that a threat.
When I threaten you you'll know
it.

WOMAN

Now that was definitely a threat.

WOMAN pulls her phone out of her pocket and starts looking at it. MAN notices after a moment and tries to grab it from her. She pulls away and turns her back on him.

MAN

What are you doing?

WOMAN

Nothing.

MAN

We agreed no phones while we're out. What are you doing?

WOMAN

(nonchalant)

I agreed to that when I actually wanted to spend time with you. I hardly think it applies now.

MAN looks at her for a beat, his anger rising. He reaches over and tries to grab her phone again. She jerks back.

WOMAN

(shouldering him off)

Get the fuck off me.

She says it loud enough that the elderly couple at the table next to them give her dirty looks. She smiles apologetically before turning back to MAN and giving him the same dirty look.

WOMAN

(much lower)

What's your issue?

MAN

(smiling sweetly)

Bitches like you who think you're much better than you are.

WOMAN sits in shocked silence for a moment, her jaw literally dropped

WOMAN

(After a beat)

Go to hell.

MAN

Man, where was this fire last week? Maybe we'd still be together.

WOMAN

I broke up with you, asshole.

MAN

But only because I wanted you to.

WOMAN

If that was the case you wouldn't be trying to hard to put me down right now. I dumped you and it's *killing* you.

MAN

If that's what you want to think.

WOMAN

No that's the truth.

MAN

(shrugging her off)
Fine. Make up scenarios.

WOMAN

It's not making things up if it's the truth, douche.

MAN

If you think people will believe that you dumped *me* then you're in for a surprise.

WOMAN

Honestly? I could not care less at this point.

WAITRESS returns with their cards and sets them down.

WAITRESS

Once again, I'm so, so sorry
about the wait.

MAN

(cutting her off)
It's fine

WAITRESS

(Continuing)
Anyways, thank you for coming in
and have a great rest of your day!

She rushes off and MAN and WOMAN are once again left alone. Man pockets his card and signs the bill, leaving the tip line blank. WOMAN watches. Her nose wrinkles in disgust as MAN stands, presumably without leaving a tip.

WOMAN

No tip?

MAN

If she wanted a tip she could have made the service at least semi-good.

WOMAN

You disgust me.

MAN

(Locking eyes with her)
I don't care.

MAN stands and walks out without another word or a backward glance. WOMAN watches as he yanks the door open, the little bells at the top jingling in protest. She watches until the door fully closes and MAN is no longer visible. She turns to the check in front of her and writes something on the tip line and signs her name. She stacks her check on top of MAN's and pulls a \$10 out of her pocket. She places it on top of the stack as a tip from the both of them. WOMAN takes a long sip from her watered-down glass of tea before standing. She gathers her few things and walks out of the diner. The bells twinkle softly as the door falls closed behind her. Still inside, WAITRESS goes to their table and sees the \$10. She smiles.