

Diners, Drive-Ins, and Dives

written by

Kayla Champion

Email: [kchampion@fordham.edu](mailto:kchampion@fordham.edu)

Phone: 727.218.7896

June 15, 2021

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 stares straight ahead.

MAN

You know you can go. I can get this.

Woman's eyes dart to him then dart away.

WOMAN

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 she's harried and exhausted. She tries her best but can't babysit every table.

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

WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

(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 back.

MAN (CONT'D)

-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.

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.

The Waitress watches them and seems to realize she wants no part in whatever spat they're having.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(decidedly)

Two checks, please. Separate.

The Waitress watches them and the way they avoid each other's eyes for a second longer before rushing away.

She's sidetracked by a whistle and wave from an older couple. She visibly flinches before detouring to them.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(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

Fucking oink oink, then. 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.

The Waitress brings food to the table next to them. Man and Woman's eyes track her.

She finishes with the table and rushes by. Her eyes alight on the freshly single pair and she squeezes her eyes closed.

Man rolls his eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)

Could they find a more  
scatterbrained waitress? That  
girl's just...

He twirls his finger around his temple in the 'crazy' motion.

MAN (CONT'D)

...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 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  
my way 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

(serious)

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

WOMAN

You know what? Fuck you. Get out. I'm paying. I don't want you anywhere near me ever again.

The 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. The Waitress grabs the checks and their dirty plates without a word.

MAN

(sarcastic)

Gotta, you know, wait for my card.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(with venom)

Fuck. You.

Man holds up his hands in mock surrender.

MAN (CONT'D)

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 not pretty enough to find someone else 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 typing.

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, shouldering him off.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off me.

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

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(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.



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 were the case you wouldn't  
 be trying so 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  
 That's the truth.

MAN  
 (shrugging her off)  
 Fine. Make up scenarios.

WOMAN  
 It's not making up scenarios 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.

The Waitress returns with their cards and sets them down.

WAITRESS	MAN
Once again, I'm so, so sorry	(cutting her off)
about the wait.	It's fine

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
 (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.

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, The Waitress goes to their table and sees the \$10.

She smiles.