

A Typical Date

written by

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OVER BLACK

RON (V.O.)  
You said you've been here before?

JENNIFER (V.O.)  
A couple years ago. It was more...  
(beat)  
Well, it had more going for it.

Chuckling.

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nearly empty. Intimate lighting. High ceilings. Tables spread out with lots of space in between. RON and JENNIFER, both in their late twenties, attractive, sit at opposite ends of a long, sleek table, accompanied only by two other patrons in opposite corners of the room.

RON  
I think it still has plenty going for it. For instance, I can pretend that I rented out the entire place for us.

JENNIFER  
Good point. And I can pretend to be impressed.

RON  
(smiles)  
Wow. Touche'.

A waiter approaches, wearing a surgical mask and rubber gloves. He places two glasses of red wine in the center of the table.

WAITER  
I'll be right back with your meals.

JENNIFER  
Thank you.

RON  
Thank you, appreciate it.

The waiter disappears back into the dimly lit room. Ron and Jennifer simultaneously reach for their wine glasses in the center of the table, revealing identical black wrist bands. Suddenly, the wristbands start blinking red. An authoritative voice emits from them:

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Proximity alert. Please distance  
yourself.

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

JENNIFER  
Yeah, yeah...

They both bring their glasses to their sides of the table.

RON  
These things never miss a beat. Never.

Jennifer chuckles, raises her glass. Ron follows suit.

JENNIFER  
Well, cheers, I guess...

RON  
To proximity alerts.

JENNIFER  
To proximity alerts.

Ron smirks, shakes his head; *what a world*. They both sip their wine.

Awkward silence.

RON  
I don't know what to talk about.  
There's literally nothing to talk  
about.

JENNIFER  
I know, right? This sucks. Not  
you, but... *this*.

RON  
Actually... something did happen  
today. This morning, I walked from  
my kitchen to my living room.

JENNIFER  
Exciting. Not to upstage you... but  
I walked from my kitchen to my living  
room, then *back* to my kitchen.

RON  
Whoah, settle down there.

JENNIFER  
I know. Livin' on the edge.

RON

You should add some cartwheels next time, just to spice things up.

JENNIFER

I'll take that into consideration.

Another brief pause. They smile warmly at each other... yet, a hint of sadness in their eyes. Jennifer takes another sip of her wine.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You know, you're more handsome in person.

RON

Interesting, I've been told that I'm very photogenic.

Jennifer squints. Ron raises his eyebrows in mock surprise.

RON (CONT'D)

Wait, so you're telling me that, after three digital dates, you decided that you *must* get dinner with this 'meh' looking guy?

JENNIFER

I was *really* betting on it being bad lighting.

RON

Guess you lucked out there.

(beat)

You don't look so bad yourself, by the way.

JENNIFER

Oh?

Ron takes a sip of his wine, gives her another grin.

RON

Yeah... way better in person.

Jennifer laughs out loud. As if perfectly timed, the waiter reappears, placing two entrees in the center of the table, before quickly disappearing again.

Ron and Jennifer almost go for their meals at the same time, but stop abruptly. Jennifer motions to him.

JENNIFER

Go for it.

RON  
It's all you.

JENNIFER  
You're sure...

RON  
Positive.

After a beat, Jennifer grabs her plate-- and Ron briskly reaches for his at the same time. Wrist bands blink red.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Proximity alert. Please distance yourself.

Ron starts laughing.

JENNIFER  
I knew it! Asshole.

She takes a roasted potato off her plate and throws it across the table at him.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Ron and Jennifer's plates are empty, as are their wine glasses.

JENNIFER  
Seriously, that's the one good thing that came out of this. I can order a personal pizza on a Friday night, sit alone on my couch, watch television... and it's perfectly acceptable.

RON  
I mean, that sounds like a perfect Friday night to me.

JENNIFER  
Tell that to my ex-roommate. She would judge me hard. Like... with her eyes, as she would leave to go clubbing or whatever.

RON  
Extroverts.

JENNIFER  
How do you know I'm not an extrovert?

RON  
Friday nights alone on your couch?  
That's text book introvert. Takes  
one to know one.

The waiter appears, places a check in the center of the table.

WAITER  
No rush, whenever you're ready.  
Thanks guys.

The waiter disappears. Ron and Jennifer look at the check; a signal that their night is nearing its end. Neither of them reach for it. The atmosphere suddenly solemn.

RON  
You know, I would totally spend Friday  
nights introverting with you. If--  
well, you know.

Jennifer smiles at him warmly.

JENNIFER  
Yeah...

The two of them stare at the check. Ambient sound fades away. Silence.

EXT. RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

An empty city street, illuminated by street lights. Harsh shadows. Unusually quiet.

Ron and Jennifer face each other, great distance between them. On the ground around them, a large red painted semi-circle protrudes from the restaurant entrance.

RON  
This was nice.

JENNIFER  
It was.

They stand there, clearly not wanting to leave. They look at each other, focusing on their subtle features. Ron's kind smile, Jennifer's compassionate eyes. A warmth between them.

RON  
I wish.. You know. I wish it wasn't  
like this.

Jennifer nods, looks down at the ground. After a moment, Ron hesitantly takes a step forward. Jennifer abruptly takes a small step back.

JENNIFER

Ron...

He stops, self aware. She looks at him, anguished. Raises her wrist band, manages a subtle smile.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Proximity alert.

Ron sighs, nods his head.

He looks at his own wristband.

RON

You know, sometimes I want to tell this thing to go fuck itself.

JENNIFER

Hell. Yes.

Beat. A look of intent in Ron's eyes.

RON

Why don't we?

Jennifer looks at him a long moment.

Then, an empathetic smile.

JENNIFER

Good night, Ron.

Ron smiles sadly in return.

RON

Good night, Jen.

With that, Jennifer turns and disappears into the harsh shadows of the city, leaving Ron there alone.

He stands there, deep in thought.

Slowly, he turns and leaves in the opposite direction.

Nothing left but an empty street, distant sounds echoing through the night.

CUT TO BLACK:

END