The Status of Things

by
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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Dark, red walls with velour curtains hugging the windows.

AMANDA, 26, sits alone at a candle-lit table for two. Crumbs on the table cloth. Two soiled napkins.

A WAITER approaches with the check. He offers it to her. She waves it off to the empty seat. He places it down and leaves.

JIM, 32, approaches wiping his hands on his pants. Amanda smiles. He looks at the check, sighs, and takes his seat.

AMANDA
You get lost?

JIM
No. Sorry. There was a line in the bathroom.

He pulls out his wallet. She leans in.

AMANDA
I’ve been thinking. I really like you Jim. Do you like me?

JIM
Yeah. I do.

She takes his hands.

AMANDA
This is our third date. I think it’s time we take our relationship to the next level.

Jim leans in. Smiles.

JIM
Yeah?

AMANDA
When we get home tonight...

JIM
Yeah?
AMANDA
I think we should both change our Facebook status to “In a Relationship”.

JIM
What?

AMANDA
It’ll be fun. We can both click it at the same time! When they come down the news feed next to each other all our friends will know it’s us.

Jim lets go. Shakes his head.

JIM
No, no, no. That’s gay.

She leans back. Crosses her arms.

AMANDA
It’s gay?

Jim waves his arms around drawing attention to himself.

JIM
Look at me everybody. I’m in a relationship. Oh Jim, we’re so happy for you. Uhp, sorry guys. We broke up. Oh Jim, we’re so sorry. Heh! Look at me everybody. I’m in a relationship again.

AMANDA
So you’re afraid to tell everyone that you like me?

He leans back in.

JIM
It’s not that. It’s just... I never did that with any of the other girls I’ve dated.

AMANDA
So you’re saying I’m just another one of your girls, huh?

He notices a COUPLE in their forties staring at them. Their empty forks frozen in mid air. He lowers his voice.
JIM
No. Amanda, I think your special. I want this to work.

AMANDA
Maybe you’re banging some of those skanks in your friends list and you don’t want them to know. I always see them commenting on your posts.

JIM
They’re not skanks. They’re my friends.

Amanda laughs.

AMANDA
Right. Like that tall blonde, Jenny, who has her tits hanging out in her profile pic?

JIM
She’s a model.

AMANDA
She’s a skank.

JIM
Fine. Maybe I’ll call her up then. At least I’d get some.

AMANDA
Oh, so that’s what this is about. I get it. You just wanna get in my pants.

JIM
A little more then a peck would be nice.

His face goes red. He stares at the check. Motions to it.

JIM (CONT’D)
And what’s this? You think on the third date maybe you’d let the friggin’ moths out of your change purse?

AMANDA
You’re the man. You’re supposed to pay.
JIM
It's called women's lib. I'm all for it.

She grabs the check. He does too. They struggle over it.

AMANDA
Fine! Give it to me.

JIM
No. Why change things now.

He wins the battle. Puts his card in. The waiter snatches it.

AMANDA
Just take me home.

JIM
Screw that. I'm going to the bar across the street and calling one of my skanks.

She shakes her head.

AMANDA
And how am I supposed to get home?

JIM
Take a cab. Oh and here, you need money for that? Since I'm the man?

He reaches into his wallet. She gets up.

AMANDA
You're an asshole.

JIM
You're a bitch.

She walks to the door. Turns around.

AMANDA
Oh, and by the way, when I get home I'm de-friending you.

Jim pulls out his blackberry. Waves it at her.

JIM
I'll save you the trouble and do it from my phone.

AMANDA
Fine.
JIM

Fine.

She exits. The waiter brings the check over to Jim.
Jim rips it from his hands. Signs it. Sighs.

JIM
Fucking Facebook.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.