

WORST DATE EVER

Written by

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INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's almost closing time. Most of the customers have cleared out. A jukebox plays a Golden Oldie.

At a corner booth sit ANDREW (17), lanky, awkward, and KATE (17), wholesome, sweet, girl-next-door type.

Their meals are long gone. What's left of ice cream sundaes sit between them.

Andrew looks at Kate longingly, unable to take his eyes off her.

Kate smiles through this, but doesn't look quite comfortable with Andrew's undivided attention.

ANDREW
I had a great time tonight.

KATE
Me too.

ANDREW
I was wondering if you'd like to
go out again next week?

Andrew reaches for Kate's hand -- Kate pulls it away quickly.

KATE
Oh... about that... Um... I don't
know how to say this -- you're
such a nice guy...

Andrew frowns. Those are the words you never want to hear. The mark of death.

ANDREW
I'm sorry, I thought we had a good
time.

KATE
We did. I did. It's just --

ANDREW
You like someone else?

Kate looks almost ashamed. She can't seem to formulate a response.

Andrew sinks back, almost collapsing in on himself.

ANDREW
Then why'd you agree to go out
with me?

KATE
I didn't want to hurt your
feelings. I like you a lot --

ANDREW
Just not that way, right?

A beat.

Finally, Kate nods. She leans forward, trying to keep her voice low.

A few of the STAFF have tuned into their conversation, but are trying to keep it inconspicuous. They're failing.

KATE
I'd never want to hurt you. Any
girl would be lucky to have you. I
think you're a really great guy --

ANDREW
Will you stop saying that!

Kate looks around -- now aware that everyone is watching them.

KATE
But you are. I still want to be
friends. Is that okay?

Andrew shoots Kate a dirty look. He can't believe what he's hearing.

ANDREW
You wanna be my friend?

Kate looks optimistic. Like there might be a chance to salvage this after all.

KATE
I'd like that a lot.

ANDREW
I've got enough friends, thanks. I
don't need another one.

KATE
Come on, please don't be like
this. It's complicated --

ANDREW

It's not complicated! What's complicated?! I like you -- I've liked you since second grade -- and finally I got a chance to go out with you. I thought this would be great, things might finally work out. Then you hit me with the "lets just be friends" slap in the face.

Kate looks over her shoulder --

The staff have given up on the facade. They've put down their work and lean on the counter, watching intently.

The few CUSTOMERS sit mid-bite, also watching. The things you have to do when there's nothing good on TV.

Kate tucks her hair behind her ear, trying to retain composure.

KATE

Andrew, please -- people are watching.

Andrew stands up. Leans on the table.

ANDREW

Good! Let 'em look. They can see a guy have his heart ripped out and stomped on by the girl he's liked for as long as he can remember. They can watch him be told by that girl that she's into someone else.

Andrew looks around the room, throwing his arms up in a faux-celebratory fashion.

ANDREW

Get a good look, everyone. This is what a loser looks like. This right here. Are you looking?

Andrew turns his attention back to Kate. She looks like she could die from embarrassment at any moment.

ANDREW

Who is it?

Kate looks at him. Mouth agape.

KATE

What?

ANDREW

You heard me! Who is it? I wanna know. I have a right to know who out there could treat you better than me? Who else will listen to your problems and be there as a shoulder to cry on? Who else will come over and watch Netflix until you fall asleep, just so you're not alone?

A MALE CUSTOMER (40s) across from them almost snorts his soda. He laughs obnoxiously.

MALE CUSTOMER

Sounds like you've been in the friend zone for years, kid.

ANDREW

No one asked you!
(to Kate)
Come on, tell me. Who is it?

KATE

Can we please not do this here?
You've made your point.

ANDREW

You think I've made my point? I haven't begun to make my point. I am nowhere near making a point. I'm so far from making a point, it might as well be in another galaxy!

KATE

They're gonna close soon.

The WAITRESS (30s) behind the counter, half-way through counting her tips, gestures for them to continue.

WAITRESS

Take your time. We're in no rush.

KATE

(sarcastic)
Thanks.

WAITRESS

No problem.

ANDREW

So come on, tell me. I wanna know who it is.

KATE

You're acting like a dick, okay? I have a right to like whoever I want.

ANDREW

Yes, you do. But I have a right to know who you like if it's not me. Who?

Kate grabs her coat and purse. Stands. Crosses her arms, locking eyes with Andrew.

Andrew's confident demeanor crumbles. He looks afraid Kate will slap him.

KATE

You know what, Andrew? Screw you! You could've had a good friend -- a great friend. But you just had to screw it up. Well you lost your chance, asshole. I hope you're satisfied.

Kate storms towards the exit, leaving Andrew slack jawed as she goes.

Kate stops at the door, hand on the knob. Turns back to Andrew. A new confidence on her face.

KATE

By the way, the person I like, *her* name is Amber.

Kate turns and leaves without another word.

Andrew slumps into his seat, leaning his head against the wall. The realization of what a jerk he is sinking in.

He doesn't care that all eyes are on him. He'd be more than happy to stop existing at this very second.

The Waitress approaches his table, check in hand.

WAITRESS

Smooth.

The Waitress lays the check in front of Andrew, then starts to walk away.

ANDREW

What that as bad as I think it was?

The Waitress turns back to Andrew. Shaking her head.

WAITRESS

If you wanna move somewhere far
away and change your name... I'd
understand.

She walks away.

Andrew looks defeated.

The Male Customer is nearly falling out of his table from
laughing so hard.

Andrew glares at him.

ANDREW

Shut up.

Andrew pulls out his wallet. Fishes out some cash, then throws
it on the table. He lets out a long, agonized sigh.

Andrew puts his face in his hands. Utterly obliterated.

As customers leave their money on the table and make their way
out of the diner, as a Golden Oldie still plays on the jukebox,
as Andrew would rather be anywhere else in the entire world --

FADE TO BLACK.