

CHECK PLEASE

Written by

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Logline: A shy 20-something year old asks out the girl of his dreams but his inexperience gets in the way.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A man in his early 20s, dressed in a button down shirt and slacks is standing in front of a bathroom mirror. He washes his hands in the sink and combs his hair with his fingers.

He lets out a shaky breath. He takes a pack of gum out of his pocket, slips a piece in his mouth, and whispers to himself...

MAN

Just breathe.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The man exits the bathroom and makes his way through a restaurant. The restaurant is dark, intimate, and high-end. There's a jazz band playing in the corner. He takes a seat at a table next to a woman in her early 20s dressed in a black cocktail dress.

WOMAN

You're back. I was beginning to think you got stuck in there.

The man sits down and nervously chuckles. There is sweat gleaming on his forehead.

MAN

No, I was just...

She takes a sip of her cocktail, anticipating his response. She looks radiant and confident.

MAN (CONT'D)

Just taking a piss. I'm sure you know how it is.

She nods and pauses for a moment. She looks down at the dessert menu.

WOMAN

Yeah, yeah... Well the dessert looks amazing. Especially the Tiramisu. What do you want?

MAN

You're gonna eat that by yourself?

WOMAN

No, to share. I just meant if you wanted to try something else, we could do that instead.

MAN

Oh ok. Right.

He looks down at the dessert menu he's holding in his hands. He pushes up his sleeve, revealing several messages he wrote in ink on his wrist. "CONFIDENCE!" is written in big letters. He quietly repeats the words to himself.

WOMAN

What was that?

MAN

Huh? Nothing.

She looks back at her menu. He stares at her for a moment and then looks back down. He shuts his menu loudly.

MAN (CONT'D)

How about we forget dessert?

WOMAN

Oh, I thought-

MAN

Drinks back at my place.

He starts getting out of his chair.

WOMAN

Where are you going? We haven't paid the bill yet.

MAN

Oh, oh that's right. Sorry.

He sits down. The woman awkwardly smiles.

WOMAN

How about we just stick around for a bit longer? The band's pretty good.

MAN

Yeah, yeah you're right.

She looks at him for a moment, thinking what to say next.

WOMAN

So how'd you hear about this place?
It's so cool. I've never been here.

MAN

Oh, I thought you had been here
before.

WOMAN

Nope. First time.

MAN

Oh, I thought we talked about it. I
swore...

WOMAN

Must have been another girl.

She grins at her own joke. He looks confused and then he
awkwardly smiles.

MAN

Oh you thought... I get it. Haha.
No, no, just today. First time.

WOMAN

Well you've got good taste. In
women too.

The man laughs loudly but it's forced, unnatural. The gum in
his mouth goes flying onto her face. Her head jolts back.

MAN

Oh... oh!

She makes a disgusted face. He takes the gum from her cheek
and puts it back in his mouth. He grabs his napkin and tries
to wipe her cheek.

WOMAN

No, no. Stop. I got it.

The people around them are staring.

MAN

I'm so sorry.

WOMAN

Just stop touching my face please.

She wipes her cheek again. There is an awkward silence. He
nervously fidgets and blurts out

MAN

So, my place or yours?

She stares at him for a moment. Not a muscle in her face moves. A waiter passes by, attending to another table. She grabs the waiter's wrist.

WOMAN

Check, please.