

REBECCA AND STANLEY

Written by

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Based on, Some kinda bullshit or whatever

REBECCA, 25, self-assured, observant, and bored wears a pretty, causal evening dress and sits at a table for two. There are two plates with finished meals and a half empty bottle of wine.

She rests her head on her left hand and swirls a wine glass in her right. Her eyes look around.

COUPLE converse and laugh.

MARRIED COUPLE eat their food quietly.

WAITER, male, 25, tired and uninterested takes the two plates from the table and leaves.

STANLEY, 25, witty and nonchalant wears a button-down shirt and slacks. He pulls out a chair and sits. Rebecca blows a hair from her eyes, she stares off in another direction. Stanley shifts in his chair.

STANLEY

So...how was dinner?

She breaths.

REBECCA

(Into her hand)

Wine.

Stanley smiles and nods.

STANLEY

Yeah, mine was fine too. The potatoes were a bit--

REBECCA

No.

They stare at each other. Stanley blinks. Rebecca holds out her glass.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Wine. Please.

Stanley breaths.

STANLEY

Ah...right.

He pours wine into Rebecca's glass.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Nice interior. Quite...lush.
Wouldn't you say?

Rebecca sips her wine.

REBECCA
Oh, I don't know.

She tilts her head.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I find the atmosphere a bit...dull.

They narrow their eyes at one another, then laugh wryly.

Waiter enters.

WAITER
Could I interest you in the dessert
menu this evening?

STANLEY
Please.

REBECCA
Just the check.

Waiter's eyes dart between Rebecca and Stanley who are
glaring at each other. Stanley takes a breath, smiles and
looks at Waiter.

STANLEY
It's our anniversary.

WAITER
How happy for you both.

Rebecca blinks.

STANLEY
Yup. Five wonderful years. Isn't
that right, love?

Waiter looks uninterested and blinks between them. Rebecca
looks at Waiter.

REBECCA
We're not--

Stanley smiles broadly.

STANLEY

--telling you anything you haven't
already heard, I'm sure. I could go
on and on about my wife.

Stanley's face relaxes into a thousand yard stare.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Five wonderful years. Seems like
yesterday...

Stanley chuckles dryly. Rebecca and Waiter share a look.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You're just so young... Dad needed
to pay that debt off somehow...
'It's okay, son, nothing to worry
about' he says. A sure thing... It
was always a sure thing, wasn't it,
Dad?...

Stanley grabs Waiter's arm. Waiter gives Rebecca a tired
look. Rebecca fights a smile. Stanley looks at Waiter.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Don't gamble, son.

WAITER

We're the same age.

Stanley pulls the Waiter down and looks him in the eyes.

STANLEY

Don't get married.

Rebecca stifles her laughter.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Don't ever get married.

WAITER

Uh...okay.

Stanley shakes the Waiter.

STANLEY

Promise me, man!

Waiter sighs.

2 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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Rebecca and Stanley exit laughing. Stanley puts his hands in his pockets.

STANLEY

That waiter, what a weirdo, huh?

Rebecca smiles, looks at Stanley and reconsiders him.

REBECCA

Yeah, the waiter.

Stanley looks down and shuffles his feet. Rebecca runs her hand through her hair.

STANLEY

Would you--

REBECCA

Can I--

They chuckle.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Sorry I--

STANLEY

No, you go--

They clear their throats. Stanley rubs the back of his head. Rebecca goes through her purse. Stanley watches and Rebecca glances at him through her hair.

She holds a marker. She takes Stanley's hand and writes on his palm: 232.1313.

Stanley looks up from his palm and smiles. Rebecca smiles back, then shrugs.

REBECCA

Or don't. Whatever.

She turns on her heel and struts away.

Stanley grins, looks at his palm, and his expression turns serious.

STANLEY

Hey! This is permanent!

Rebecca grins.

FADE TO BLACK.