

INT. A LOCAL CAFE - AFTERNOON

A dim ambiance fills the shop littered with busy twenty-somethings taking pictures of their cups and waiting to be served. Alternative plays from speakers in the ceiling.

Three BARISTAS (two females and one male. All in their mid to late twenties, attractive, and well groomed) vibe behind the counter to finish off the very much rehearsed "millennial" atmosphere.

ANYES (26, overweight, well dressed) talks with MAXWELL (28, average build) sips his latte in his break up clothes. Anyes has a half-eaten muffin and frap, and Maxwell has a few bites of a decadent slice of cake and a latte.

MAXWELL drops His phone onto the table

MAXWELL

I give up! I seriously can't do this anymore, Anyes.

ANYES

Maxy you can't give up. How am I going to live vicariously through your love life if you give up on love?

MAXWELL

No, it's ridiculous. The whole reason I stopped hooking up with guys in bars is because it always ended up being about sex!

ANYES

But you love sex.

MAXWELL

I know I love sex, but it's called a love life not a "my knees can read the tile pattern of most public bathrooms like braille" life.

ANYES

True, BUT, it can't be THAT bad

MAXWELL

No? You don't think? Ok, go ahead, name a dating site.

ANYES

Okay ummm Tinder!

MAXWELL
Nothing but dicks and assholes

ANYES
Match.com

MAXWELL
Dicks and assholes

ANYES
Grindr

MAXWELL
(with a snort)
both literally and figuratively dicks
and assholes.

Anyes has an inquisitive look as her finger glides across
her phone screen.

ANYES
(Slightly drawn out)
Ya don't say?

MAXWELL
I'm here trying to get my life
together, and torso eighty-two wants
me to "cum" over.

Anyes' eyes buck.

MAXWELL (cont'd)
Faceless profile number three
thousand thinks they're God's gift to
gays even though they're living a
double life.

Anyes' shields her phone with body and grins.

MAXWELL (cont'd)
And mister no beans, no rice, no
blacks seems to think men are a take
out menu...

Anyes audibly gasps and mouths "o.m.g."

MAXWELL (cont'd)
Anyes are you even listening to me.

.

ANYES

Obviously...you were talking about the guy who's gonna have an A&E docudrama about himself one day after his daughter walks in on him with her boyfriend. I'm a GREAT listener.

She giggles and smiles devilishly.

MAXWELL

(flat)

Anyes...

ANYES

What?

MAXWELL

You're on Grindr aren't you?

She clutches her pearls but her eyes stay glued to her phone.

ANYES

what!? Me? No!

Maxwell takes her phone. Anyes frantically grabs for it. Maxwell holds it, but he doesn't look at the screen.

MAXWELL

Anyes we've been over this. You can't keep making Grindr profiles to find gay men to be friends with. We're not straightcessories.

Anyes shrugs it off with a smirk. Maxwell looks at the phone screen. He's shocked but mostly interested.

MAXWELL (cont'd)

Hunh? I don't remember taking this picture. Where'd you get it from? You could have just left the profile blank b-t-dubs.

She gives a look that says, "Really? Leave it blank" before responding:

ANYES

Oh it was a few weeks ago when we had that party at Jessica's and we both took WAY too many shots and blacked out by the toilet.

Maxwell shrugs as if it's as normal, everyday Anyes.

The male barista walks by and heads into the bathroom.

ANYES (cont'd)
Regardless I think you're throwing in
the towel way too soon.

Anyes's phone beeps. It's a notification. Maxwell reads it,
he sighs.

MAXWELL
(To himself)
Fuck love.

He gets up to head for the bathroom leaving Anyes's phone on
the table.

With a mouth full of coffee Anyes objects.

ANYES
mmph, where are you going? We have to
leave soon.

MAXWELL
To call God and hope he doesn't
answer. He goes to the bathroom

Anyes shrugs and picks up her phone. Her eyes buck. It's a
message from a torso: "You had the latte with no whip. Come
to the third stall for an even better cream." She curtly
laughs before returning to her treats.

END