

Fine Dining

written by

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INT. FINE DINING RESTAURANT - EVENING

Ingrid and Matt eat across from each other at a small candle-lit table. The interior is dimly lit and tastefully decorated. Patrons speak in hushed tones as waiters bustle past.

INGRID

So you're a lawyer in the entertainment industry? That must be so interesting.

MATT

It is if you like doing paperwork. However, I did get to meet Katy Perry's dog groomer. That woman really knows her way around a dog's asshole.

INGRID

Oh wow. I've heard she takes an energy-reading approach to styling her clients.

MATT

Oh yeah. It's important to let the canine guide you in the grooming process, not the other way around. Do you have any pets?

INGRID

I had a parakeet for a few years but she committed suicide.

MATT

What?! How is that even possible?

INGRID

She smothered herself in the feeding receptacle...she didn't even leave a note. Her name was Lil Kim.

Matt raises his wine glass.

MATT

Well. To Lil Kim.

INGRID

To Lil Kim.

They clink glasses and take a sip. A snappily-dressed waiter approaches with his hands clasped.

WAITER

Sir, miss, could I get you anything else? Another bottle of wine perhaps?

MATT

I'm fine, thanks. Ingrid?

INGRID

(to waiter)

Actually, could I get a knife?

Record scratch. A beat.

WAITER

A knife?

INGRID

Yeah. To eat with...?

WAITER

Madam, with all due respect, any cutlery you could possibly need is already at your plate.

Ingrid looks down at the two spoons and three forks, all of varying sizes, at her plate.

MATT

I thought you were American?

INGRID

(flabbergasted)

I am. I'm from Des Moines.

MATT

Then why would you need a knife?

INGRID

For eating.

WAITER

Ma'am, I'm sorry, but this is America where we eat with our hands and, occasionally, a fork or a spork. We have a zero-tolerance policy against that sort of anti-patriotism.

Matt narrows his eyes toward Ingrid.

INGRID

What?! I'm sorry, I'm incredibly confused.

WAITER  
(speaking into a radio  
hidden in his jacket  
sleeve)  
We've got an OB Laden at Table 4.  
Statement necklace with a 2012  
haircut.

Ingrid's jaw drops. She reflexively touches her hair.

INGRID  
Excuse me, what is happening?

A pair of security guards in suits swiftly approach the table and grab Ingrid by each arm.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Matt! Help!

MATT  
People like you make me sick.

The security guards escort her out as the waiter follows after. Nearby patrons take notice of the scene.

INGRID  
(to Matt, over her  
shoulder)  
Please grab my purse, ok?! Text my  
mom!

Matt scoffs. He grabs the cornish hen on Ingrid's plate with his hands.

MATT  
No can do. This is 'merica, baby.

Matt savagely takes a bite of the cornish hen.

END