

An Unfortunate Event

by

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INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A small rectangular room, too small to be called a restaurant. Too sparkly with chandeliers to be called anything but.

Fancy jazz plays and the air is alive with conversation and laughter.

ANTONIA MORAN, mid 20s, is cramped into a booth. She wears a tight, black dress that doesn't suit the frown on her face.

She looks like the world is on her shoulders, sagging and droopy.

A noise. A CRACKLE of the earpiece.

HISSES in pain and presses at the piece in her ear.

ANTONIA

Problem?

QUILL (O.S)

Yes. Your face.

ANTONIA

Right, well, I'm turning you off so
--

QUILL (O.S)

Your date won't give us his phone
if you don't cheer up, darling. No
wonder he popped off to the
bathroom the first chance he got.

Antonia closes her mouth with an angry GRUNT. Instead she GLARES a hole into the cushion of the booth opposite her.

QUILL (O.S)

We won't know where the mayor's
daughter is if you don't get that
phone. We know her and Jack have a
relationship, there has to be
some--

ANTONIA

Quill? Shut up.

Antonia leans back, folds her arms.

QUILL (O.S)

Sweet thing, just pretend you're on
a date with someone else. Like...

ANTONIA

Don't say it--

QUILL (O.S)

Why, like me!

A beat.

Antonia scoffs. She refuses to say anymore to QUILL.

Here arrives INDIGO JACK (late 40s) who sticks out like a sore thumb in his signature indigo jacket and the gold chains that are wrapped ridiculously tight around his neck.

Antonia plasters a smile on her face. STRAINED.

Jack gives her a sly wink and sits -- no, SLIDES himself into the booth opposite her, grinning all the way.

He takes off his hat and uses the edge to brush away some crumbs at the end of the booth. Antonia watches on, disgusted.

Finally he turns his attention to her and laughs.

JACK

Well, ain't you a sight for sore eyes now you got that smile on you? Almost thought you were a corpse before.

QUILL (O.S)

Lovely, isn't he?

Antonia's face hardens and she clenches her fist underneath the table. Her smile is pure steel.

ANTONIA

Sorry, I'm just a little nervous. My boss hasn't ever invited me out to dinner before--

JACK

Nah, nah! Forget it! We're here to celebrate ain't we? To our new employee, Antonia! (a beat) Hey, waitress!

QUILL (O.S)

You need his phone to find Rachel, Antonia. Steer the conversation towards it.

Antonia watches as Jack calls over the WAITRESS.

JACK

Two glasses of your finest wine lovely, and uh, two of whatever that fucking French word is for steak.

Waitress leaves.

Antonia's gaze falls to his coat pocket. It's there, the PHONE, right there.

She leans in -- arm reaching out -- hand closing in --

Jack looks down.

She pushes the phone back down into his pocket.

JACK

Damn! Almost gave me a heart attack there!

ANTONIA

Honestly Jack, anyone could steal your phone if you leave it like that.

QUILL (O.S)

Smooth.

ANTONIA

It's a nice phone actually, what model?

JACK

Hell if I know. Here...

Antonia watches -- disbelief on her face- as Jack hands her the phone.

This is all she needs. She doesn't let that particular thought come across her face. She makes the effort to look interested.

Antonia instantly SEARCHES through his messages until she finds the name she wants.

RACHEL.

JACK

Hey now, what you doing on there? I said you could look, but--

ANTONIA

Relax, Jack. I'm just adding my number.

QUILL (O.S)

More like sending everything we need on him and that silly waif of a girl directly to MY number.

Antonia can't stop the GRIN on her face. She makes it a point to make sure it reaches her eyes.

Leans forward to give Jack his phone. He looks delighted.

JACK

Look at you girlie, thinking you're going to get lucky with your boss by adding your number?

ANTONIA
I don't know. Am I?

The waitress interrupts them. Nervous-looking thing, arms strained under the pressure of two hunkering plates.

Antonia WINCES as she puts them down with a CLATTER, sauce splattering everywhere. She says nothing.

Jack is not so kind.

JACK
Watch it! Christ, you clumsy bitch.

He notices a stain.

JACK
Argh! Look at that! Fucking hell...

He gets up, CURSING LOUDLY and shaking at his suit. Looks at Antonia apologetically.

JACK
Sorry 'bout this love. I'll be right back.

Antonia waves him away. The waitress opens her mouth to apologize but Antonia holds up her hand, getting up from the booth.

ANTONIA
It's fine. Take this.

Hands her a twenty pound note. SQUEEZES the hand closed.

ANTONIA
That's your tip. He'll give you the money for the meal.

Waitress watches her go, mouth opened wide. Shocked.

FADE OUT.