

THE DUMB WAITRESS

by
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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TWO GUYS are shown to a secluded booth by a pretty French WAITRESS to a background of much chatter and laughter.

WAITRESS
Bon soir; may I get you a drink?

The two guys look at each other.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Pink Champagne is our spécialité.

PETER
Sounds fun. We'll have a bottle

She heads for the kitchen and Peter, who is dressed younger than his fifty years, smiles at Matt.

PETER (CONT'D)
She thinks we're on a date.

MATT
What?

PETER
It's Valentine's night... two
guys, no girls, one booth.

The waitress passes the table and Matt clicks his fingers, authoritatively. He's in his late twenties and handsome.

MATT
Forget the pink stuff - two
beers, two whiskies, straight -
that's us and the whiskies!

The waitress looks surprised and heads for the kitchen.

PETER
Very butch! It really bothers you
that she thinks we're gay?

MATT
Doesn't it bother you?

WAITRESS
Pink Champagne!

She places an ice bucket and Champagne bottle on the table.

MATT
Didn't you hear me? I just
ordered beer.

WAITRESS
Perhaps you spoke to my twin?

MATT
Save it! Just get the beers.

She takes the Champagne away.

MATT (CONT'D)
Boy, that is one dumb waitress.
Pity - she's got a nice ass.

PETER
Your ass is better.

Matt looks shocked. Peter laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm joking.

Two glasses of beer are planted on the table.

WAITRESS
Are you ready to order?

PETER
We'll have the oysters - get us
in the mood for Valentine's.

The waitress moves away before Matt can respond.

PETER (CONT'D)
Your face is such a picture.

MATT
Why are you wrecking my chances?

WAITRESS
Would you like to order?

She puts down two more beers and two whiskies.

MATT
I don't believe it! Are you
really stupid or is it just your
"spécialité" for Valentine's?

The young waitress's IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER comes up beside her, takes one of the beers and pours it over Matt's head.

WAITRESS
À votre santé!

MATT
What the hell??!!

The twin sisters turn to each other and, in the French way, kiss each other's cheeks, several times.

Soaked in beer, Matt looks at the two women too surprised and too wet to speak. Peter leans across the table, grabs Matt by his jacket and gives him a big smacker on the lips.

PETER
Happy Valentine's, Matt!

He takes a glass of whisky and downs it in one.