

VALENTINE'S RESERVATIONS

by

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EXT.STREET.EVE.

IT IS VALENTINE'S EVENING AND SHANICE AND LIAM HAVE JUST ARRIVED AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

SHANICE

Oh my god Liam, this is a takeaway shop.

LIAM

Well I didn't know that when I booked it, I found it on line.

INT.RESTAURANT.EVE.

THEY ENTER AND SHANICE SHUDDERS AS SHE SPIES A HANDWRITTEN RESERVED SIGN ON ONE OF THE TWO CANTEEN STYLE TABLES.

SHANICE

Oh my god, I'm going to die. This is the most shameful thing ever.

LIAM

Well we're here now.

SHANICE

What do you mean we're here now? We're where now? I'm leaving.

LIAM

But the food's supposed to be really good.

SHANICE

I don't care if it's got 12 bleedin' Michelin stars; I didn't get all dressed up to sit in a takeaway shop like a tramp!

LIAM SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE.

LIAM

Well I'm starving so I'm staying, you do what you want.

SHANICE STARES AT HIM, HER MOUTH WIDE OPEN, SHE STORMS OUT.

EXT.STREET.EVE.

SHANICE IS MAKING A CALL ON HER MOBILE PHONE.

SHANICE

Yeah, hi, can I get a cab for 29 Darren Street. (PAUSE) Yeah, I'm wearing a red Donna Karan number and I've got a fuchsia pink Marc Jacobs bag. (PAUSE) What do you mean those colours clash? Uh, rude!

INT.RESTAURANT.EVE.

SHANICE RE ENTERS THE TAKEAWAY AND SITS ON THE OTHER TABLE. THEY BOTH SIT IN SILENCE FOR A SHORT WHILE. LIAM'S FOOD ARRIVES. A DRUNK STAGGERS IN AND MAKES A BEELINE FOR SHANICE. SHE GRABS UP HER HANDBAG AND SITS NERVOUSLY CLUTCHING IT AND STARING AT THE DRUNK, WHO HAS TAKEN A SEAT OPPOSITE HER. THE WAITRESS APPROACHES.

WAITRESS

Hello, what can I get you?

SHANICE

Please can you tell him that he is dumped.

THE WAITRESS LOOKS AT THE DRUNK.

WAITRESS

She says you're dumped.

SHANICE

(POINTING AT LIAM) Not him, him!

DRUNK

So does that mean you're single?

HE LUNGES FORWARD AND PLANTS A WET, SLOPPY KISS VAGUELY IN HER MOUTH AREA, SHANICE RECOILS IN HORROR. JUST THEN A CAB DRIVER ENTERS THE TAKEAWAY.

CABBIE

Cab for badly dressed woman.

SHANICE

Are you kidding me?!

SHANICE VACATES HER SEAT WITH A FURIOUS DISPOSITION.

SHANICE

Well thanks Liam, this really has been the best Valentine's night ever. Don't bother calling me.

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR AS SHE EXITS. THE DRUNK GETS UP AND GOES TO SIT WITH LIAM, HE HELPS HIMSELF TO A SPRING ROLL.

LIAM

Cheers mate, you played a blinder.

DRUNK

No worries, but mate, you have got to find a better way of breaking it off with your birds.

END.