

HEALTH PARANOID DINNER DATE

By: Tino Gonzalez-Kakouris

INT. Restaurant

(OPEN ON: Two couples seated at dinner: MARK/BECKY, JIM/SHANNON.)

SHANNON

Guys, thanks again for inviting me tonight. I heard this place is impossible to get a reservation.

BECKY

Oh, please. I'm so glad you could join us. Mark's new client is the owners nephew so we were able to snag a table.

MARK

I had to ruffle a few feathers, but it's no big deal.

BECKY

Besides, I thought this would be a great opportunity for you to meet Jim.

JIM

Yeah, this is pretty great. Thanks for setting this up.

SHANNON

I have to tell you - I'm no good at blind dates. I'm so shy at first.

(Mark picks up the wine menu)

MARK

Well, what do you say we loosen up those nerves with a little wine?

SHANNON

Wine? Are you serious?

MARK

Yeah, this place is supposed to have the best wine selection in the country.

SHANNON

Do you know how much sugar is in wine?

MARK

Well, yeah, I guess.

SHANNON

You guess? Jeez Mark, why don't you just order a bottle of their finest caramel triple fudge brownie milkshake while you're at it, huh? "Mmmmm! This cabernet so good. I'm really picking up on notes of plum and DIABETES!"

BECKY

Honey, we don't have to order wine do we?

MARK

No... no, of course not. Water is good for now.

BECKY

Yeah, water is great. Yummy!

JIM

So Shannon, tell me about yourself. What do you do for work?

SHANNON

Well I used to work with Becky when she had her salon, but now I'm thinking of going to law school.

JIM

Law? Wow, that's great! I've always admired a woman in law.

SHANNON

(Laughing)

Well, I'm pretty persuasive if I do say so myself. Plus, I look great in a pantsuit.

(They all laugh as the WAITER approaches the table.)

WAITER

Good evening and welcome to Chez Pierre. I'll give you all a moment to look over the menu, but I've

(MORE)

WAITER (cont'd)  
brought some fresh warm bread from  
our kitchen to hold you over.

SHANNON  
You sick son of a bitch! Are you  
trying to kill us all? What, did  
the Russians send you to poison us  
with gluten? Who are you working  
for? WHO?

WAITER  
Chez Pierre!

SHANNON  
Get those gluten-filled death traps  
out of my Goddamn face. And if you  
drop a single fucking crumb near  
our table on your way back, so help  
me God I will find where you live  
and kill you in your sleep.

WAITER  
Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry!

(The waiter runs away sobbing.)

BECKY  
Shannon, what the hell is wrong  
with you?

SHANNON  
With me? Did you know gluten causes  
potential intestinal damage and  
digestive discomfort?

BECKY  
It's not that big of a deal!

JIM  
Yeah, I eat bread all the time.

SHANNON  
Bread is the devils meal! One  
single oyster cracker can send your  
whole body into shock. Do you want  
to die? Well, DO YOU?!

MARK  
Alright, let's everyone calm down.  
We can still enjoy a nice dinner  
without drinking wine or  
"indulging" in devil's bread, or  
whatever.

(The restaurant MANAGER walks over.)

MANAGER

Pardon me, I'm sorry to interrupt.  
I understand a waiter has upset you  
all on this lovely evening, so I'd  
like to apologize on behalf of our  
staff. Please accept this plate of  
fresh fruit - compliments of the  
house.

SHANNON

Fruit? PESTICIDES?! POISON! IT'S  
ALL POISON! I CAN'T TAKE IT  
ANYMORE! AAAHHHHHHHH!!

(Shannon flips the dinner table and jumps out the window.  
Shocked, everyone pauses in silence for a moment.)

JIM

You know, I think I could go for  
wine after all.

MARK

Yeah, let's take a look at that  
menu selection again.

(BLACKOUT)