

Female Role of Amelia
Male Role of Jordan

21-older

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Jordan (21) sits at a two top table in a dimly lit restaurant. The restaurant oozes with ambience and reeks of fine dining.

Jordan is dressed semi-casually in a t-shirt and a blazer, clearly waiting for someone to arrive. He starts a live stream:

JORDAN

What's up guys! Ya boy's back to let you know that she did not cancel! Date night is a go.

Jordan turns around in his chair, throwing a leg over the seat back, facing away from the table.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Drop some recs for a good make out spot in the DM's. Talk to you trolls in the A.M.. I'm out!

Jordan reviews the video on his phone. Clearly impressed with himself.

AMELIA (22) approaches the table from the other side, Jordan unaware of her presence.

AMELIA

Are you Jordan?

He bends over backward to get a look at her.

JORDAN

Wow.

He spins around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Ah. Stunning. I mean, look at you.

Jordan stands up to hug Her. Their height difference apparent.

Jordan goes in for a hug. She accepts awkwardly.

AMELIA

And you're... not 6'3".

JORDAN

Hey, I'm not a Virgo either. Total Gemini. Like dating two people for the price of one.

AMELIA
Right. I'm just-

Amelia turns to leave.

Jordan turns her around, corralling her back toward the table. He pulls out her chair and takes her coat, tossing it on to the empty table next to them.

JORDAN
Okay, okay, here we go.

AMELIA
I think I forgot something in my-

JORDAN
Come on now! It's just a little ice breaker. If I distract you with a tall tale, we get to skip the awkward small talk.

AMELIA
So you lied about your height?

JORDAN
A minor thing.

AMELIA
And your astrological sign.

JORDAN
Tiny, tiny details.

AMELIA
Anything else?

Jordan struggles to remember. His face balled up in thought.

JORDAN
No. Well, yes. No.

Jordan pulls out his phone, reviewing his profile.

AMELIA
Find something?

JORDAN
I don't have a cat. That's not true. I don't know why I put that, honestly.

He puts his phone away, and pours water into their glasses from a pitcher stationed there.

AMELIA
The cat would've helped.

JORDAN
I'll buy a cat.

AMELIA
I've got to say, red flags are
popping up everywhere.

Jordan looks pleased rather than perturbed.

JORDAN
My favorite color is red.
He gives her a flirtatious grin.

AMELIA
I, oh-
She looks surprised.

JORDAN
How'd you know that? Mind reader?
Huh? Did you look me up on social?

AMELIA
Your page was private. Where is our
server?

Amelia looks around the room for a distraction, or an escape
route.

JORDAN
Everybody loves a mystery.

AMELIA
I can't say that I do.

JORDAN
Ahh, you might.

AMELIA
I don't. I love clear, concise and
honest.

JORDAN
What is this a court?

AMELIA
No. I just-

Jordan slams a hand down on the table.

JORDAN
(Shouting)
I object, your honour!

AMELIA
Are you always like this? I mean I
can't get a word in edge wise.

JORDAN
I'm holding back a little. Nerves I
guess.

AMELIA
You sure you didn't take a
speedball?

JORDAN
A who?

AMELIA
Okay, so not a drug addict. I'll
take what I can get. Honestly
though, our server?

Amelia looks around desperately.

JORDAN
If you stay through the entrees,
I'll pay for the whole meal.

AMELIA
And if I don't?

JORDAN
Well they usually don't.

AMELIA
Uhuh.

JORDAN
They get up dramatically, throw
some cash on the table, and storm
out.

AMELIA
I wonder why.

JORDAN
Me too.

AMELIA
Honestly?