

Excerpt from “Table for Six”

CUT TO SMALL QUAIN ITALIAN RESTAURANT. Greg Simons, who is waiting for a table at the Italian Restaurant. He seems to be a regular there as the maitre d' speaks to him by name.

MR. CASCONI

Table for one again Mr. Simons?

GREG

Yes, Antonio, table for one.

MR. CASCONI

What am I going to do with you?

GREG

Antonio, just the table, please.

MR. CASCONI

But MR. Simons, night after night I see you here eating alone. It is not healthy. You need to find a beautiful woman and settle down. It is time.

GREG

Well, Antonio, point her out and I will be the first to jump on the bandwagon but until Ms. Wonderful appears it is table for one.

MR. CASCONI

I have a niece who, no, no. How old are you? I don't think, no she is too young. Well, her mother is available. How thin do you like them?

GREG

Antonio, I come here because I love your cooking, don't make me cheat on you because you know I will. You know my appetite and I will do it, I don't want to, but you are pushing me away.

MR. CASCONI

All right Mr. Simons, you know I just hate to see you alone. People are not meant to be alone.

GREG

I know, I know I appreciate your concern, but I am fine really, just the table tonight Antonio please, thank you.

MR. CASCONI

Sure, sure here is our finest table for our best customer. (Leans over and whispers) I will try to see if there are any single females in the restaurant tonight.

GREG

Antonio, you are pushing me away. I can not be held responsible for my actions.

MR. CASCONE

Sorry, sorry no more talk, just eat.

GREG

Thank you. I appreciate it but just the food, please.

MR. CASCONE

So, will it be the usual?

GREG

Yes, please, I want to get home before the Angels play.

MR. CASCONE

Okay, okay anything for you Mr. Simons. Still, I will keep my eye out.

GREG

You do that.

Greg opens up his briefcase and takes out some paperwork as he munches on breadsticks and drinks wine. People are eating around him but not many because it is a small cozy Italian Restaurant.

CUT TO STACY'S HOME IN A MIDDLE-CLASS SECTION OF THE TOWN.

Stacy arrives home. It is small but very welcoming. Her 18-year-old daughter Sierra is playing music in her room and changing for a tennis date. Lauren her 13-year-old arrives home just after stacy walks in the door.

STACY

Did the bus run late?

LAUREN

No, we have a new bus driver; I swear she is going to kill us.

STACY

What?

LAUREN

I'm not lying Mom. The woman went down the wrong street and tried to turn around, almost hitting a parked car and some of the kids she had just dropped off and I'm not sure the cat is going to make it. She drives like Stevie Wonder.

STACY

Really? I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

LAUREN

Oh, no? My heart is still pounding. I tell you Mom, the sooner I start driving the better.

STACY

That won't be for a while if I have anything to say about it...well, how was school?

Written By Stacy Thowe