

TABLE FOR ONE

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. DINER- DAY

A classic shit-hole diner. Judging by the buzz of traffic outside, it's in a relatively large city. The upholstered booths and bar stools scream 50's. If you had to give the place a compliment it would be "classic" but any compliment is a stretch.

An OLD MAN (77), sits at the counter alone with a cup of black coffee, deep in thought. Not a typical grumpy old man but the type of guy that looks like that friendly grandfather you never had. He's dressed in a Sunday church SUIT that's twice his size.

The WAITRESS (42), goes over to refill his coffee. She matches the diner's class with her boobs unmistakably out and her drug store make-up.

WAITRESS

Hey pal, watchya all dressed up for
huh?

Her accent would make anyone cringe. It's unidentifiable as either Boston or Jersey. Bottom line it's obnoxious.

The old man seems to be unphased by both the accent and the question and just gives her a slight smile and nods.

The waitress forces a smile back but wears a look of annoyance as she heads back towards the kitchen.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

She goes up to the window where you can see the COOK (47), putting a half-assed effort in flipping eggs. He's completely emotionless and looks like the human form of Eeyore.

WAITRESS

Did ya see that?

She nods towards the old man. The cook briefly looks in his direction.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Here I was goin' out of my way to be a friendly gal and he can't even say a kind word to me. Ya know just cuz you're old and don't got nobody doesn't mean you can act however you want.

The waitress looks to the cook for support but he's clearly stopped listening and only pauses his flipping to give her a slight nod of reassurance. This seems to somewhat satisfy the waitress and she goes off to tend to other customers.

CUT TO:

DINER COUNTER

The old man continues to stare deep in thought at his cup of cooling coffee. His FINGERS drum on the counter and he methodically reaches into his POCKET every couple seconds.

CUT TO:

FRONT OF DINER

A LITTLE BOY (6), enters the diner with his MOTHER (36). The little boy is dressed in prep school clothing, but looks uncomfortable in them. The mother is distracted gossiping on her phone, she wears expensive clothes and way too much JEWELRY.

MOTHER

I know can you believe it?

(beat)

Yes you heard right, a plaid two piece. In the spring! Shelia it was so embarrassing to even have recognized her.

(beat)

No of course she's not invited anymore. After that disaster? Never. Oh hang on a minute Shelia, hang on. Excuse me?

The mother waves down the waitress who is across the restaurant taking down the order of another table.

WAITRESS

I'll be right with youz.

The mother nods and continues her conversation.

MOTHER

What was that?

(beat)

No... no he won't be there either.

She looks outside with a sadness plaguing her previous cheery disposition. She snaps out of her sad trance shortly after and assumes her previous bubbly attitude.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Yes of course I'm fine! But Shelia
darling I've got to go, the service
here is absolutely tragic-

Her voices fades into a jumble of high pitched gossip as we

CUT TO:

DINER COUNTER

The old man reaches into his pocket once more but this time
retrieves a sparkling WEDDING RING. The sparkle gets caught
in the sunlight and shines into the mother's eyes.

The mother's attention snaps towards the ring and away from
the phone conversation. She is completely engrossed by the
shining object, her eyes are greedy as she walks towards the
old man and hangs up her phone.

MOTHER

Miss, your ring is absolutely
fabulous- oh!

The mother is shocked to see the holder of the ring is in
fact the old man. She quickly glances to the seats next to
him, noticing that he is sitting completely alone. She
blushes at her mistake.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Oh I'm so sorry, I just thought
that- it really is a beautiful
ring.

She smiles sympathetically towards the old man. The old man
simply nods politely at the mother and smiles down at the
ring.

WAITRESS

You want a table or sumthin?

The waitress has finally made her way up to the front. She
looks at the mother with disgust, examining her expensive
outfit.

MOTHER

Um, yes. Way over by that window
please.

The mother points to a table in the far corner, as far away
from the old man as possible. The waitress begins to lead
them over to the table and the little boy looks up at his
mother.

LITTLE BOY

Why does he get to have girly things?

MOTHER

Honey, shush! Don't be so rude.

CUT TO:

CORNER TABLE

The waitress seats them down at their table, throws the menus down and walks back to the kitchen. The little boy turns his head around and continues to stare at the old man, who is still looking at the wedding ring.

MOTHER

Stop staring Bobby!

The little boy looks at the mother, annoyed with her demands, but starts to read a menu. Now the mother stares at the old man with complete pity. She then looks down at her left ring finger. There's a crisp TAN LINE in place where a wedding ring would normally call home.

The little boy peaks at the old man from around his menu despite his mother's requests. The mother self-consciously puts the ring-less hand under the table where it can't be seen.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

The cook is semi hard at work behind the window while the waitress is engrossed in fiercely judging the mother.

WAITRESS

Ugh gawd. It's bitches like that makin' this city practically unbearable for me. She comes in here with her Gucci and her wrinkle-free face lift thinkin' she owns the place. I mean did you see her wavin me over like she was the only god damn customer in this place?

The cooks nods slowly without looking up.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

And that old fucker, takin' out
that ring puttin' it on display for
all of us to see. Like we get it,
you're lonely.

The cook looks up and examines the old man without the malice
of the waitress.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Like honestly what did he expect to
happen? He's old. Old things die.
And here he is drawin' so much
attention to him and that stupid
ring just because he misses the old
hag. Selfish, just selfish.

The cook has completely stopped listening to the waitress and
continues to stare at the old man in between flipping eggs.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

People in this world are so awful.

The waitress walks off to take more orders as the cook
appears to be lost in thought.

CUT TO:

DINER COUNTER

The old man has put the ring back in his pocket. He's gone
back to staring intently at the coffee like it has all the
answers he needs.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

The waitress comes back with more orders. The cook has
stopped staring at the old man but now flips the eggs with
more vibrancy than before.

The waitress glances at the old man who hasn't sipped his
coffee once and looks utterly depressing.

WAITRESS

Alright time's up. I don't wanna
catch his wrinkles.

The waitress goes up to the register and prints out a BILL.

CUT TO:

DINER COUNTER

She walks over to where the old man is seated at the counter and places the bill right under his nose.

WAITRESS

You have a good day now mister.

The waitress smiles but it turns into more of a grimace. The old man doesn't react to her statement or the bill and continues deep in thought. The waitress walks away with a hasty strut.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

The waitress picks up food that's ready and mutters to herself.

WAITRESS

Son of a bitch had better leave a good tip if he's gonna sit there forever.

The waitress leaves with the food and the cook glances up at the old man. He looks over to where the waitress appears to be arguing with a customer that got their order wrong.

The cook puts down his spatula and makes his way out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

DINER COUNTER

The cook walks slowly and stops where the old man is sitting. He grabs the bill, crumples it up, throws it in the trash and heads back to the kitchen.

The old man looks up suddenly realizing what the cook did. He glances towards the kitchen where the cook simply gives him a humble nod.

The old man smiles but reaches into his pocket and retrieves a five dollar bill and some change that he sets on the counter.

He gets up, puts on his hat and puts his right hand into the pocket with the ring.

With the other hand he tips his hat towards the cook with a smile. The cook returns the smile, this is the first emotion we've seen on his face.

The old man turns and leaves the diner. We can see him walking down the sidewalk through the windows of the diner.

CUT TO:

CORNER TABLE

The mother watches the old man leaving with a mix of pity and sadness and glances down once more at her ring-less wedding finger now under the table.

The little boy watches the old man walking down the sidewalk too but not with sadness, with curiosity. He also looks down at his hands. We see he's painted his NAILS PINK.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

The waitress makes her way back to the kitchen window with a huge grin on her face. She holds the five dollar bill in her hand.

WAITRESS

A five dollar tip for a coffee can you believe that?! Well I guess I shouldn't be surprised cuz after all what else is he gonna spend that money on? Ha!

The waitress stuffs the five dollars into her bra with the upmost class and walks away from the window.

The cook's eyes intently follow the old man as he walks down the sidewalk. After the old man is out of sight the cook simply shakes his head.

Before we leave the cook we see he has a PICTURE taped up of himself and a woman. He wears the same rare smile he gave to the old man in the picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK- DAY

The old man strolls down the street, everyone around him is dressed in modern clothes which severely contrasts with his old fashioned suit.

Sad music plays. He's all alone.

Soon the old man crosses the street and enters a PARK. He continues to walk down a park path, out of place in his dress clothes and alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH- DAY

The old man has made it to a park bench where an OLD WOMAN (75), sits reading a novel. She has a kind face and wears clothes as old fashioned as the old man's suit.

He spots her and smiles a smile that reaches every wrinkle on his face. She is too engrossed in her novel to notice he has spotted her.

He sits down next to her and taps her shoulder. She jumps, surprised but happy to see him. He kneels next to the bench and retrieves the ring in his pocket.

She gasps and puts her hands over her mouth. We can't tell if he's saying anything but she begins to cry and nods her head yes.

We close on their holding hands with the engagement ring sparkling in the light.

FADE TO BLACK.