

AFTERNOON TEA

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INT. CAFE LE ROUGE - LOBBY - DAY

Four women enter the restaurant and quickly greet one another.

MARGIE, late 30s, hair in a rushed ponytail and lacking her usual make-up, lumbered towards the podium.

REBECCA, mid 30s, baring a golden cross and grey pantsuit, trails behind along with SAM, early 40s, wearing a tight dress with a low neckline complimenting the absence of a ring on her left hand , and DANIELLE, late 20s, designer jeans and a crop top hold a new set of breasts her husband just bought her.

MARGIE

I have a reservation under Mrs.
Evans.

The perky hostess shifts her smile down towards the reservation book.

HOSTESS

Ah, yes. Mrs. Evans party of four,
right this way.

The four women follow the hostess inside the restaurant. The CLACKING of heels follows them.

INT. CAFE LE ROUGE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Utensils and cutlery align perfectly on a clothed table by a window.

HOSTESS

Here you go. Your waiter will be
right with you.

Rebecca smooths down her dress and gives the hostess a half smile. The hostess turns to leave and Rebecca faces the other women.

REBECCA

Alright, ladies. First, thanks
Margie for recommending this place.
It's gorgeous. I'm glad we were
able to get together here today--

SAM

Oh, cut the crap Becky, we're not
at work so take that pole out your
butt.

Sam flips the menu to the wine section and scans the menu. Margie hides a chuckle behind her hand. Rebecca and Danielle hang their purses on the chairs. TODD, early 20s, a handsome young waiter approaches the table.

TODD

Good afternoon, ladies. What can I start you all with today?

All four women turn to the waiter. Margie has small smile and waves at Todd. Danielle and Sam grin and look the waiter up and down. Sam licks her lips.

SAM

Well, for starters you can tell us what you have here that truly satisfies.

The waiter stiffens and blushes red. He looks down at his scratch pad.

TODD

Today, we have are having a salad special. Um, all lunch combos come with a fresh garden salad and--

Rebecca lifts a hand in Todd's direction.

REBECCA

To start, we'll have 2 Red Wine Sangrias, a Peach Ginger Bellini, and a Martini. Dry.

Sam's leg thumps under the table and the drinks jump and CLATTER. Danielle fixes her a narrowed gaze.

MARGIE

And a plate of mozzarella sticks, dear.

Margie looks up from the menu and smiles at Todd.

TODD

Sounds good, Mo- uh Ma'am. I'll get those right out.

Todd scurries back to the kitchen. Rebecca clears her throat.

REBECCA

Sam, Dani, please control yourselves. That young man, although very handsome, is working. It is very unprofessional for the both of you to ogle the poor boy.

Sam scoffs and Danielle rolls her eyes. She begins typing on her cell phone.

SAM

Becks that boy's job is to serve us, and I'm ready to see if he can deliver.

Margie's fist clenches around one of the clothed napkins.

SAM (CONT'D)

By the way Margie, how did you hear about this place? It's absolutely cozy and the view is amazing.

Sam turns towards the kitchen with a toothy smirk. Rebecca pulls out a tube of lipstick and a compact. She reapplies her lipstick.

REBECCA

Yes but Sammy, dear, what you want isn't on this menu and he's already bringing our drinks. That should be enough to quench your thirst.

Sam opens her mouth as Todd returns with a tray of drinks. The women all straighten up in their chairs. Todd passes out the drinks.

TODD

Are you ready to order or need a few more minutes?

MARGIE

We're ready, sweetie.

The women place their orders. Sam leers at Todd the entire time. Todd reaches for Danielle's empty glass and lets out a squeal.

DANIELLE

Sorry, honey. I just had to see if it was as firm as it looked.

Margie slams her drink down. The ice CLINKS in the glass.

MARGIE

I'd like a refill.

TODD

Right away ma'am.

Danielle smirks and high fives Sam.

SAM

This is the most fun I've since
Jason left me.

REBECCA

We are supposed to be discussing
the school fund-raiser in May. We
need to choose a theme.

DANIELLE

Fine, Rebecca, fine. Let's actually
do some work here.

The women quiet down as they begin to think. Margie's fist
clenches and unclenches rhythmically on the table.

SAM

Margie, dear what do you think
should be the theme? I think since
you're the one spending most of her
time on it you should get final
say.

Margie narrows her eyes at Sam who is still leering at Todd
busing a nearby table.

REBECCA

Of course, it does have to be
approved by the school board and
myself.

Margie turns to look at Rebecca.

MARGIE

I should be fine. I mean I am the
most sought out event planner on
the west coast.

SAM

Don't you mean was?

Rebecca pulls out a folder from her over-sized purse and
places it on the table.

REBECCA

We have to get the theme, order the
attractions, assign who's brining
what and who's manning which booth,
and lastly get donations for the
raffle. Do you think you can handle
all of that by yourself?

Sam and Danielle groan and slump in their chairs. Margie types away at her phone and looks over the list Rebecca has in the folder.

MARGIE

We could like a carnival theme and have a face painting booth and stuff.

SAM

That's not a bad idea. See, Danielle, the newbie is useful for something.

The utensils CLANG with on plates. Rebecca's eyes widen and her mouth falls open. Danielle turns to Sam with her brow scrunched together. Margie clenches both fists on her napkin. The napkin rips at the strength of Margie's grip.

TODD

Okay, who order the turkey Panini on wheat?

The women all spin to face Todd. Todd's smile fades as the tension thickens in the room.

MARGIE

You guys think I'm not good for anything? Is that it?

Rebecca closes her eyes and exhales. Danielle crosses her arms and avoids Margie's gaze. Sam locks her gaze with Margie.

SAM

Let's be real, Marge. You don't exactly have anything you can bring to the table. Why else would Occasions by Marcy let you go?

Margie looks to Rebecca and Danielle who remain quiet.

MARGIE

Are either of you going to say anything?

Rebecca studies her folder. Danielle fidgets with her phone.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

You know what, fine. I know when I'm not wanted.

SAM

Is that what you told Marcy?

MARGIE

Shut it Sam. God, you've been such a pain in the ass since Jason left you for his secretary.

Sam's jaw drops.

SAM

That's a low blow Margie. I couldn't care less about Jason and his new boy toy.

Margie stands up to leave.

REBECCA

Margie, don't overreact.

MARGIE

Overreact. You think I'm overreacting? Wow, Rebecca. I can believe this from them.

Margie gestures to Danielle and Sam.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

But aren't you supposed to be better than all this? Aren't you above this?

Margie makes air quotes.

REBECCA

I think it would be best if you left.

MARGIE

I'm already gone. I'm sure I'll see you in hell.

Margie storms off.

EXT. CAFE LE ROUGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Margie is leaning against her car. Her phone rests in her hand. The phone DINGS with a new message.

TODD (TEXT)

Clocking out soon. Thanks again for picking me up mom.

MARGIE (TEXT)

No problem sweetie. And sorry again you had to see all of that earlier.

Margie sighs as she reaches through the open window and retrieves the folder. A door SLAMS closed from the side of the building.

TODD

Mom, I'm sorry about what they said. You don't deserve to have them talk to you like that.

Margie looks up at Todd and gives a half smile.

MARGIE

It's okay. They aren't the type of people I want to hang around anyways. And you should consider reporting sexual harassment.

Todd laughs and rubs the back of his neck.

TODD

Yeah. I've had customers flirt before but never to that extreme.

MARGIE

It was overboard and downright disgusting to see those women who are old enough to be your mother looks at you like some piece of meat.

TODD

Hey, hey, it's okay, Mom. They won't do it again.

Marge leans back against the car door.

TODD (CONT'D)

Why do you still have that folder? I thought the next time you'd see those women would be in hell?

Margie laughs.

MARGIE

I honestly have nothing else better to do. And it's for a good cause so, hey, bonus points.

Todd nods.

TODD

Things'll get better.

Margie looks up and sighs.

MARGIE

I hope so. But promise me one
thing.

Margie goes around the car and slides in the driver's seat.
Todd opens the passenger's door and hops in.

TODD

What's that?

MARGIE

Never let me host another brunch
with the girls.

Todd laughs and nods.

The car drives off.