

Untitled Cell Phone Short

by
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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The camera dollies past several couples enjoying themselves at a rather pricey establishment. Candles accompany each table along with the finest of china and glassware.

We stop at JASON, a clean cut 30 year old sitting across from LESLIE, an attractive woman of the same age. Each has a glass of water in front of them. A pitcher of water sits in the middle.

JASON

-And I gotta tell ya, I was a bit apprehensive about even giving this whole "online dating thing" another try.

LESLIE

Oh, I know. You wouldn't believe some of the people I've met on this thing. There's some real creeps out there.

JASON

Yeah, who woulda figured they'd be on the internet though?

Leslie giggles.

LESLIE

Well, my friend swears by this, so I thought; why not? And plus, your picture was cute enough.

Jason smiles, blushing a bit. He nods slightly in response.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Of course, then I actually met you.

Jason chuckles.

JASON

Oh, ok. I see how it is. Well, at least you can actually make me out in my picture.

Leslie breathes in through her teeth.

LESLIE

Yeah, sorry 'bout that. I couldn't find a bigger picture.

JASON

Oh, no, I was actually really relieved when you *weren't* a giant pixilated blob.

LESLIE

Well, you'd be surprised what a little make-up can do.

Jason laughs. Beat. The two share an awkward silence and a smile.

JASON

So, um, your profile said you're-

Suddenly, a cell phone starts to ring from Leslie's purse. Her eyes go wide, as she starts looking through her purse quickly.

LESLIE

Oh, my gosh. Oh, I'm so sorry.

JASON

Wow, that's embarrassing for you.

Leslie laughs.

LESLIE

Shut up.

She retrieves the phone, pushing a button and setting it down on the table.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

There. All yours. Continue.

Jason breathes in, then exhales.

JASON

Yeah, I got nothin'.

Leslie laughs, pushing her chair out.

LESLIE

Well, on that note, I'm going to excuse myself to wash up. Give you some time to think.

Leslie walks away, giving Jason a smile. Jason smiles as he watches her walk away.

Jason turns back to the table, and sits there, thinking. He takes a drink of his water.

Drumming his fingers on the table, he looks around, his vision finally resting on Leslie's cell phone.

He looks away innocently, then looks back at the phone, a look of contemplation on his face.

His hand makes it's way towards it, and he finally snatches it up.

The phone is a flip-open phone with numerous buttons & features. Jason is clearly confused while operating it, flipping it open to look at the main screen.

The main screen is a picture of Leslie smiling into her cell phone, holding a puppy close to her face.

Jason smiles at the picture, then continues to mess around with the phone, still confused at how to operate it.

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leslie checks herself in the mirror, fixing a piece of her hair and smiling at herself.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jason's now off the desktop screen, looking at other stuff on the phone.

JASON

Ok..

Jason starts to press buttons, his face getting frustrated.

JASON (CONT'D)

C'mon, go back.

He presses more buttons, this time frantically.

JASON (CONT'D)

Uhh..ok...return to the stupid menu.

Jason turns the phone to examine it, getting more panicked. Suddenly, he hears the sound of a PHOTO CLICKING. He stops like a deer in headlights.

He looks down to the phone to see a *picture of himself* looking frustrated in the corner of the phone.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Jason whips his head up to see Leslie coming in the distance.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

He returns to the phone, scanning his fingers over the buttons trying to figure it out. He looks back up to Leslie.

Giving up, he quickly returns the phone to the table.

Leslie sits back down.

LESLIE

Did I give you enough time?

Jason, pale and sweaty, looks at Leslie, breathing heavily.

Jason looks down at the phone, causing Leslie to look at it.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Oh. Right.

She snatches the phone up, and puts it in her purse, zipping it up.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

No distractions.

Jason nervously smiles.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So, what's on your mind?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Leslie stabs a piece of her steak with her fork, and brings it to her mouth. From the amount of steak left, it's clear some time has passed.

Jason watches her from the other side, looking even worse than before. His food has barely been touched.

She takes a drink of her water, and sets it back down. He immediately springs to life, grabbing the water pitcher, and pouring her more water before she can even remove her hand.

JASON

More water?

He's already done pouring by the time he finishes asking. Leslie eyes him oddly.

LESLIE
Uh, thanks.

JASON
No problem.

LESLIE
Ya know, I've had guys try to get
me drunk before....hydrated's a
first.

Jason chuckles nervously.

JASON
Well, you know what they say about
water.

Leslie just stares at Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)
It's..um....(**insert something
awkward**).

Beat.

LESLIE
Right....
(pause)
I'll be right back.

Leslie pushes out her chair, and heads towards the bathroom.
Jason watches her go, smiling. Suddenly, Jason springs out
of his seat.

QUICK CUT MONTAGE:

Jason unzips the purse.

Jason grabs the phone.

Jason enters the men's bathroom.

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jason paces, opening the phone up. He begins to play with
it.

JASON
Alright, let's get you off of
there.

He fiddles with it for a moment, then suddenly-

LESLIE (O.S.)
 (yells)
 Hey!

Jason freezes, eyes wide.

LESLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (muffled)
 How are you doing?

Jason looks towards the door, confused.

INT. RESTAURANT - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leslie stands outside both bathroom doors, talking to another 30 year old woman.

WOMAN
 I'm doing good. Here with my
 husband. What about you?

LESLIE
 Oh, I'm on a date.

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jason looks back to the phone, continuing to press more buttons. The conversation continues, muffled in the background.

We see on the screen that Jason has the picture up. He deletes it.

He holds up both hands, victoriously, looking towards the phone.

JASON
 Yes!

No sooner than he says this, the phone in his hand rings. His face dissolves to pure terror.

JASON (CONT'D)
 (mouths)
 NO!

INT. RESTAURANT - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leslie stops talking to her friend, looking towards the bathroom.

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jason hits a couple buttons on the phone quickly, silencing it. He takes a breath, and then quickly heads towards the exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jason bursts through the bathroom door, walking right back Leslie.

LESLIE
Jason, did you-

Leslie watches him walk away, puzzled. She turns to her friend.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Leslie walks off after Jason.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jason briskly speed-walks to the table. He finally makes it to the table, hand in pocket, to find Leslie's purse is gone.

He stands there, completely in shock.

Leslie comes up behind him.

LESLIE
Jason, what the heck is-

Leslie looks down.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Where's my purse?

Jason stares down at the blank spot with an equally blank face.

JASON
It was stolen.

LESLIE
Stolen? I had all my stuff in there! My cell phone was in there!

Pause.

JASON

Yup.

Suddenly, Leslie's infamous ring tone blares from Jason's pocket. His eyes shut tight in a wince of agony.

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END.