MY DATE

Iris and Ben

T180 Studios
2/11/09
INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Ben sits at his regular table. Iris walks over to him carrying a drink on her tray. She notices Ben is reading a psychology book.

BEN
(struggles out loud)
Dee-ooo, dee-oooter, dee-ooo-teran-op...

IRIS
(under her breath)
Deuteranopia.

Ben looks up at Iris, curious and smiling.

BEN
Deuteranopia. Thanks.

Iris smiles awkwardly and puts the drink on the table.

BEN (CONT’D)
You a psych major?

IRIS
No, my uh...I just read a lot.

BEN
So, you read psychology textbooks for fun?

IRIS
(off guard, awkward)
Yeah, I mean, I read other things, too. Like cool stuff. I read, uh, blogs, and, um, graffiti. You?

BEN
Well, as a psych major I’m pretty much chained to this.

Ben taps his textbook.

BEN (CONT’D)
But it’s cool. I am completely fascinated by human behavior. Like, I can tell a lot about you just by how you carry your tray.

IRIS
Really?
BEN
You’re smart, been working as a waitress about, oh, say, six months. And...
(thinks)
...you’re considering going to art school.

Iris is floored. How does he know all that?

IRIS
Whoa. That’s amazing. You know all that by how I carry my tray?

BEN
Yes. And I overheard you talking to the other waitress.

Ben smiles sheepishly.

IRIS
(smiles, nods)
Right. Well, if psychology doesn’t work out, you could always become a spy.

BEN
Well, I don’t need to be a spy to know you’re too smart for this job.

IRIS
You don’t even know me.

BEN
Not yet.

Iris walks off, smiling to herself. This guy ain’t so bad.