

UNDER THE TABLE

Written by

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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We're near a busy upscale bar area of the restaurant. It's all mahogany and brushed chrome. A sexy atmosphere.

ANGELA, late 20s, casual with a hint of skank, stands facing DOMINIC, early 30s, all work and no play. They're at the bar, they've had some beers already.

There is some heavy sexual tension between them.

Angela catches Dominic looking at her over his beer glass. She plays coy. She leans into him and puts her hand on his shoulder. Close enough so it's just over a whisper.

ANGELA
So what's your thing?

DOMINIC
My thing?

ANGELA
Yeah, what do you like in bed?

DOMINIC
Ang, I'm not sure we should talk about...

ANGELA
Oh, come on. Give a girl a hint.

Dominic takes a sip of beer.

Angela grabs his tie, yanks it down a bit to loosen it. Then, she slams her beer glass down, a little drunkenly. It tips over and spills on the bar.

As she moves in close to him and starts to run her fingers through his hair, down his neck and over his chest, the BARTENDER comes over to clean up.

DOMINIC
Ang, what are you doing?

ANGELA
Do you like?

DOMINIC
(distracted)
Let's talk about that file we're working on...

Angela drops her hands. She pouts.

ANGELA
We said no talking about work.

DOMINIC
I'm just not comfor-

ANGELA
For christ sakes, everyone thinks
were bangin' anyway.

Angela motions to the Bartender for another beer and gets
some money from her wallet.

Dominic looks very uncomfortable, he doesn't know where to
look next.

THEN--

A little space ship like object on the bar starts to blink.

Dominic picks it up.

DOMINIC
Our table is ready.

ANGELA
Good. I'm fucking starving.

A WAITRESS with two menus walks over to them. She leads them
to a table far off in the corner.

LATER

Two plates - the food is half eaten.

Dominic picks up a nearly empty bottle of red wine and fills
Angela's glass.

Angela smiles.

Dominic fills his own. His tie is off and on the table.

Dominic holds up his glass and toasts.

DOMINIC
To success!

ANGELA
To us!

DOMINIC
(slurred, slightly)
We do make a pretty good team,
don't we?

ANGELA

The best.

DOMINIC

No wonder Mandy put us together.

Under the table, Angela kicks off one of her high heel shoes. She slips her toe under Dominic's cuff on his left pant leg.

Dominic notices and puts his glass down, but not right away.

ANGELA

You never did answer my question.

DOMINIC

You're my colleague. I have rules...

Angela runs her foot up and down the side of his leg.

Dominic gulps back some wine.

ANGELA

I hate rules.

DOMINIC

Right.

ANGELA

Rules keep you in a box. I much prefer a net.

(beat)

So much easier to capture people that way.

Angela smiles, mostly to herself, takes another drink of wine and nearly finishes the glass.

She drops her foot to the ground.

Dominic looks relieved. He motions if she would like more.

Angela nods and Dominic catches the waitress' attention.

DOMINIC

(sly)

Okay, I'll answer your question. But first, one of mine.

Angela's interest had been piqued. She'll play.

ANGELA

Go for it. I'm an open book.

DOMINIC

I'm just not sure what you're going to think of it, of me, afterwards. You know?

ANGELA

I'm cool with whatever. Besides. You shouldn't care so much what other people think. People are mostly assholes.

Dominic laughs.

Angela takes a sip of wine and looks squarely at Dominic over the rim of the glass.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Well, it's true.

DOMINIC

Alright then.

(beat, coy)

Would you let me rape you tonight?

Angela sets the glass down - hesitant.

ANGELA

What kind of question is that?

DOMINIC

It's a question.

ANGELA

You into that role play shit? You need that to get off?

DOMINIC

No.

Angela looks around the room a bit. Not sure what to say next.

ANGELA

Look, I wanted to see if you were maybe into having a friend with benefits, but I'm not going to let you rape me. No.

DOMINIC

You've been in love with me for a very long time, Angela. I'm assuming that's why you brought me here.

Uncomfortable silence.

Angela stares at Dominic. She quickly picks up her purse.

ANGELA
(still shocked)
Wow. Just wow. I didn't see that coming.

DOMINIC
Did I say something wrong?

ANGELA
(mad, but not leaving)
What's your gig?

DOMINIC
My gig?

ANGELA
Yeah.

DOMINIC
I don't have a gig.

ANGELA
Fuck off.

He leans over and grabs her arm across the table.

DOMINIC
You asked me what gets me into bed,
then you proceed to run your foot
up and down my leg, and you want to
know what my gig is?

Angela is scared. Dominic grasps her arm even tighter.

ANGELA
You're hurting me.

DOMINIC
That's right. I hurt the ones I
love.

Angela tries to pull away. She can't.

ANGELA
Let go of me, you fucking freak.

DOMINIC
(mean streak)
Didn't you ask me here to dinner?
(MORE)

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Didn't you want to take me home tonight? What's changed your mind, Ang?

ANGELA

Let go of me.

DOMINIC

What, your little love seduction plan didn't work out the way you planned?

Angela struggles to pull her arm away. She can't. She catches the eye of the waitress at the next table.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Why was it all fun while you were in charge, and now, not so much?

ANGELA

I'm going to leave now. This is how it's going to go. You are going to let go of my arm. I am going to collect my purse and my coat. I am going to walk out of here alone.

Dominic notices the waitress looking at the scene. He immediately drops Angela's arm.

DOMINIC

Right. Right.

Angela collects herself. She reaches into her wallet, gets some money and throws it onto the table.

ANGELA

That should cover my part.

DOMINIC

Yes.

ANGELA

Goodnight, Dominic. Don't think this will not get back to the boss. It will. I'm going to send her a text as soon as I leave.

Dominic grins.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

DOMINIC
Mandy said you would back off.
You're pretty predictable.

Angela looks at Dominic confused.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
She's in love with me. She was
jealous.

ANGELA
Wow, this is even more fucked up
than I thought.

Angela backs up and leaves the table.

DOMINIC
(yells)
We could have been great together.

The restaurant all turns to watch Angela walk out.

Dominic pours himself another glass of wine.

He picks up his fork and begins to finish his meal.