

Blind Hate

by
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CHARACTERS:

Patricia (*Female*) - Outwardly polite, but selfish and judgemental. Not one to forgive and forget.

Stan (*Male*) - More of a people person, but defensive and also selfish. Tends to look for the easy way out.

Waiter (*Any*) - Oblivious to any tension. Just doing their job.

"Blind Hate"

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Music plays overhead while PATRICIA sits alone at a table.
Nervous, she checks her phone.

PATRICIA (Internal)
Almost thirty minutes and still not
a single text...Where are they?

WAITER approaches. Patricia looks up.

WAITER
Would you like anything to drink,
ma'am? Perhaps some wine?

PATRICIA
Oh, I'm actually waiting on
someone. They're running a bit
late, but it should only be a few
more minutes.

WAITER
Of course. Let me know when you're
ready.

Waiter walks away. Music continues playing as Patricia drops
their smile. She looks back at their phone, clearly irritated.

PATRICIA (Internal)
(irritated)
I swear, if I get stood up again,
I'm going to—

At that point, STAN enters the scene, frantically adjusting
themselves while looking around the stage.

PATRICIA (Internal)
Oh shit!

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Stan spots Patricia and approaches.

STAN

Hi, you must be Patricia!

Stan offers their hand as Patricia goes in for a hug. After a clumsy moment, Patricia redirects and accepts Stan's handshake.

PATRICIA

That's me! It's so nice to finally be able to meet you!

STAN

(sitting down across from PATRICIA)
I am so sorry for being late; it started pouring by the time I got off work, so I only made it back home an hour ago to get ready...Thank you so much for waiting.

PATRICIA

It's no problem at all. Kim said a lot of good things about you, so I'm just happy you decided to show up. Should we go ahead and order?

STAN

I'm glad! And yeah, that sounds great.

Both Patricia and Stan pick up a menu and begin to read them. A few moments of silence with only music playing pass before Stan's internal voice speaks up.

STAN (Internal)

(slowly and sarcastically)

Way to fucking go, Stan. Show up to your date a half-hour late because

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you decided taking a power nap in
your car would be a good idea.

Stan glances up at Patricia. Patricia doesn't seem to notice.

STAN (Internal, CONT'D)

Okay, you can do this. Just ask her
about her job or something.
Remember: keep it casual.

STAN

So, where was it that you said you
worked again? The salon near the
middle school?

PATRICIA

(looks up at STAN, as if she was
waiting for him to speak up) I did!
Business has been great as well; a
lot of parents bringing in their
kids for the first day of school
next week.

STAN

Man, it's been ages since I thought
about that place. (chuckles) You
know, I used to go there when my
family first moved into town.

Suddenly, Stan raises a fist and jokingly pumps it
in the air.

PATRICIA & STAN (simultaneously)
Go Piston Shrimps!

After a moment, both Patricia and Stan laugh.

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PATRICIA

I can't believe it...You went there too? Small world.

STAN

Yeah, I thought I recognized you from somewhere. Miss Prog's algebra class?

PATRICIA

Oh, Miss Prog! I nearly forgot about her. Her class was so much harder than it needed to be. And don't even get me started on the other kids...

STAN

I know, right? Those people were the worst.

PATRICIA

Do you remember Brandon? The guy who was always falling asleep at his desk?

STAN

Oh my God, yes! Wasn't it during the midterm when he fell out of his chair and sprained his wrist?

PATRICIA

I think it was! He was stuck in a cast until winter break.

STAN

Man, Coach wouldn't let him play basketball until spring rolled around. And honestly? I think we did better without him.

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PATRICIA

Oh, you were on the basketball team?

STAN

Yep, good old #4. Still have the jersey somewhere, but I doubt I'll be able to wear it.

Stan laughs, then pauses in thought.

STAN (CONT'D)

You know, one of the cheerleaders always wore these bright neon pink braces. You would think she gargled Pepto-Bismol before every game.

PATRICIA

(confused)

Braces..?

Waiter returns, cutting off Patricia's musings.

WAITER

Are we ready to order?

PATRICIA

I believe so. (looks back to Stan, her gaze steady) You ready?

STAN

Yep! (looks back down at menu, oblivious) I'll have the...fettuccine carbonara with grilled chicken.

PATRICIA

As for me, I'll go with the spaghetti bolognese. (looks at Stan) Are you a fan of red wine?

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Stan nods.

PATRICIA

(smiles and looks at Waiter) We'll also have a bottle of Sangiovese for the table.

Stan looks over at Patricia in disbelief.

STAN (Internal)

Does she really expect me to pay for a whole bottle of wine?

PATRICIA (Internal)

I hope he's paying for this...

WAITER

Very well. Those will all be out shortly.

PATRICIA

Thank you.

STAN

Thanks.

Waiter leaves.

PATRICIA

(looks back at Stan after a moment, leaning against table) But like you were saying about my old braces...?

STAN

(with rising realization)

Oh..? Oh! I didn't mean it like that! I was just, uhh...