

PIECE OF CAKE

by J. Gordon

INT. MARCELLO'S BISTRO - NIGHT

Upscale restaurant. Dimly lit, classy, hushed conversations.

DENISE and LUKE watch as there plates are bussed always and a server wipes crumbs off of the white linen table cloth.

DENISE

I feel like at a fancy place like this, we have to tip extra to prove we're as good as these other people. Is that wrong?

LUKE

Who cares about these people?

DENISE

I swear I was getting looks all through the meal because I'm underdressed.

LUKE

You look beautiful. Besides, I've seen people here in jeans, so...

DENISE

Wait, you've been here before?

LUKE

Once or twice. Before we got together. I think I came here for my old boss' retirement dinner or something like that.

DENISE

Well thank you...for tonight. I don't want to get all mushy --

LUKE

I don't mind.

DENISE

You've made me a happy lady these past two years.

Luke smiles.

DENISE (CONT'D)

And who knows, when we come back here for our twentieth anniversary, I'll pay.

A WAITER delicately delivers a SLICE of GERMAN CHOCOLATE CAKE with two forks to their table.

DENISE

Oh my god. This is like the perfect slice of cake. Give me your phone.

Luke hands over his phone. Denise unlocks it and...

DENISE

I have to post this before I taste.

...angles the phone to snap a photo of her plate. Now Denise types a few words into his phone and scrolls through a little.

LUKE

Yeah. This place has some of the best desserts.

(beat)

You deserve it. Happy Anniversary sweetie.

She isn't smiling...or even listening. Denise is seriously disturbed by something on Luke's phone.

DENISE

Who's Alex?

LUKE

Who?

DENISE

Someone named Alex texted you four times yesterday....and like ten the day before that?

LUKE

Oh. That's my boy from the gym.

DENISE

Why don't I know him?

LUKE

I don't know. (beat) Can we eat this piece of art now or what?

DENISE

Your *boy* wrote "Sup cutie?"

BEAT. She waits for an answer, but Luke averts his eyes embarrassed. Denise puts his phone on the table.

LUKE

Look, she's just a friend and I
only lied because I didn't want you
to get mad.

DENISE

I'm not mad.

LUKE

I'm sorry. I just --

DENISE

It's fine. Lets just forget about
it.

THEY SIT IN SILENCE - IMMERSSED IN A THICK FOG OF AWKWARD
TENSION. A waiter strolls over.

WAITER

How is everything?

LUKE

Fine.

DENISE

I'd like a to-go box for my cake.