

Romantic Comedy Scene # 1

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

About twenty chairs are set up in a circle.

At the corner of the room a snack table is set up. ANGIE (early 30's, good-looking in an unconventional way) helps herself to a doughnut and some coffee.

BEN HARRIS (early 30's, handsome, expertly groomed) struts into the room, wearing a black leather jacket and a buttoned-down shirt that's open to his chest.

BEN

Fashionably early, I see.

Angie startles, now acknowledging his appearance.

BEN

I always favor punctuality in a woman. You know what they say: The early bird always gets the freshest coffee.

Ben fixes himself a cup of coffee.

Suddenly, Angie pushes Ben into an adjoining room and shuts the door, causing Ben to spill coffee on his shirt.

BEN

Hey! I spent over 100 bucks on this shirt!

Inside the room, Angie pulls up a metal chair and shoves Ben onto it, as if she's a detective about to interrogate a suspect.

BEN

Look, I love you, Ange, but I think it's best we take things a tad slower.

ANGIE

Very funny, Ben. You must have me confused with one of your AA sluts.

BEN

Huh?

ANGIE

Come on, Ben, a blind man can see through your whole facade. Do you realize what you're doing? Do you realize there are people at these meetings who were on the verge of killing immediate family members before they cleaned up?

BEN

Yes, I am. That's pretty messed up.

ANGIE

No, you know what's messed up? You ordering a Diet Coke at a whiskey bar.

BEN

What?

ANGIE

I've been watching you, Ben. It's time to throw in the towel.

BEN

Yeah, I ordered a Diet Coke. You know why? Because I'm an *al-co-holic!*

ANGIE

I could understand if it was of our little crappy gatherings over at Finnegan's after the meetings, but you were all-alone. Well... at least at the beginning of the night you were. My point is no one was around to supervise your drinking and you ordered a Diet Coke.

BEN

That's what recovery is all about.

ANGIE

You've never touched a drop of liquor in your life, have you?

BEN

What are you talking about?

ANGIE

I bet you don't even drink champagne on New Year's. You're one of those folks who toasts with a Poland Spring bottle.

BEN

Is there a strait jacket lying around? I think someone needs to get fitted for one.

Ben tries to leave his seat, but Angie pushes him back down.

ANGIE

You think I'm going to let you treat this place like a singles bar? Think again.

BEN

I say it's none of your damn business.

Ben proudly rises from his chair, shooting Angie an uncaring grin.

BEN (CONT.)

You work out your problems, I work out mine.

ANGIE

So *your* problem is that you're a pussy hound?

BEN

Maybe.

ANGIE

OK... fair enough.

Out of the blue, Angie shoves Ben to the wall and kisses him passionately.

BEN

Does this make you an enabler?

ANGIE

Hey, nobody's perfect.

Angie continues locking lips with Ben.