

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.