

**Excerpt from "Table for Six"**

CUT TO SMALL QUAIN ITALIAN RESTAURANT. Greg Simons, who is waiting for a table at the Italian Restaurant, he seems to be a regular there as the maitre d' speaks to him by name.

**MR. CASCONI**

Table for one again Mr. Simons?

**GREG**

Yes, Antonio, table for one.

**MR. CASCONI**

What am I going to do with you?

**GREG**

Antonio, just the table please.

**MR. CASCONI**

But MR. Simons, night after night I see you here eating alone. It is not healthy. You need to find a beautiful woman and settle down. It is time.

**GREG**

Well Antonio, point her out and I will be the first to jump on the bandwagon but until Ms. Wonderful appears it is table for one.

**MR. CASCONI**

I have a niece who, no, no. How old are you. I don't think, no she is too young. Well, her mother is available. How thin do you like them?

**GREG**

Antonio, I come here because I love your cooking, don't make me cheat on you because you know I will. You know my appetite and I will do it, I don't want to but you are pushing me away.

**MR. CASCONI**

Alright Mr. Simons, you know I just hate to see you alone. People are not meant to be alone.

**GREG**

I know, I know I appreciate your concern but I am fine really just the table tonight Antonio please, thank you.

**MR. CASCONI**

Sure, sure here is our finest table for our best customer. (Leans over and whispers) I will try to see if there are any single females in the restaurant tonight.

**GREG**

Antonio, you are pushing me away. I can not be held responsible for my actions.

**MR. CASCONE**

Sorry, sorry no more talk, just eat.

**GREG**

Thank you. I appreciate it but just the food please.

**MR. CASCONE**

So will it be the usual.

**GREG**

Yes please I want to get home before the Angels play.

**MR. CASCONE**

Okay, okay anything for you Mr. Simons. Still I will keep my eye out.

**GREG**

You do that.

Greg opens up his briefcase and takes out some paperwork as he munches on breadsticks and wine. People are eating around him but not many it is a small cozy Italian Restaurant.

CUT TO STACY'S HOME IN A MIDDLE CLASS SECTION OF THE TOWN.

Stacy arrives home it is a small but very cozy home. Her 18 year old daughter Sierra is playing music in her room and changing for a tennis date. Lauren her 13 year old arrives home just after she walks in the door.

**STACY**

Did the bus run late?

**LAUREN**

No we have a new bus driver; I swear she is going to kill us.

**STACY**

What?

**LAUREN**

I'm not lying mom. The woman went down the wrong street and tried to turn around, almost hit a parked car and some of the kids she had just dropped off and I am not sure the cat is going to make it, she drives like Stevie Wonder.

**STACY**

Really, I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

**LAUREN**

Oh, no my heart is still pounding. I tell you mom the sooner I start driving the better.

**STACY**

That won't be for a while if I have anything to say about it...well, how was school.

**LAUREN**

Great, Christie wants to know if I can spend the night on Saturday.

**STACY**

Well if you get your room clean.

**LAUREN**

My room, my side is clean, Sierra doesn't pick up anything and she keeps throwing everything on my side of the room. My side is clean.

**STACY**

Well I will talk to Sierra about her side just make sure your side is clean. Hey sweetie, do you mind putting a pizza in for the kids and maybe making a salad. I was invited by Trish to join them for Tina's birthday party tonight.

**LAUREN**

Yeah, sure, you should go.

**STACY**

Do you think you will be alright?

**LAUREN**

Yeah, we will be fine, you need to get out mom, you never go anywhere.

Just then Sierra exits the bedroom.

**STACY**

Where are you going?

**SIERRA**

I am going to play tennis with Allison.

**STACY**

Is your room clean?

**SIERRA**

Yes mom, my room is clean.

**STACY**

That's funny it doesn't look clean from here.

**SIERRA**

Mom I am eighteen years old I should know if my room is clean beside all that stuff is Lauren's.

**LAUREN**

No it's not, that stuff is yours my side is the one clean.

**STACY**

Okay whatever, I'm going out. Sierra I want you home by 7:00 no later or I swear your car will become a sad memory if I have to block it in with my car and your friends will not remember your name because you will lose your cell phone for even longer than that if you are not home on time. I'm going out and Lauren will need your help with R.J. and Robyn later.

**SIERRA**

Alright, alright I will be back.

**STACY**

By 7:00 no later.

**SIERRA**

Okay, okay I'm going before you think of something else for me to do.

**STACY**

I hate senior year of High School, I swear you all lose your minds and are taken over by some type of aliens that force you to torture you parents.

**SIERRA**

Oh, mom, I'll be back, I'll see you guys later.

Sierra then leaves as Stacy turns back now talking to Lauren.

**STACY**

I will be back I'm going to change for tonight. Can you open the front door for the kids they should be getting off the bus anytime.

**LAUREN**

Don't worry mom I got this covered. You just go get ready.

**STACY**

Thank you sweetie I'm going to try and grade some tests before I leave. I will be upstairs.

As Stacy heads upstairs R.J. and Robyn arrive home. The door slams open as the two enter carrying backpacks and school instruments.

**RJ & ROBYN**

We're home!!!

**LAUREN**

I heard you, mom is upstairs grading some papers. You guys drop your backpacks and get your homework out. Robyn goes over to the table and starts taking her stuff out as R.J. stands there arguing).

**R.J.**

What!! We just got home.

**LAUREN**

You know you can't do anything until your homework is done.

**R.J.**

Yeah but that is what mom says. We don't have to listen to you.

**LAUREN**

She is right upstairs. Do you want me to get her?

**R.J.**

Yeah, because only mom can tell me to do my homework.

**LAUREN**

Alright

Lauren yells upstairs.

**LAUREN**

Mom!!!

**STACY**

R.J. I told you to do your homework as soon as you get home. If I come down there you are going to be so grounded from TV, the computer and anything else I can think of.

Lauren and Robyn smile at R.J.

**R.J**

Alright, mom I'm doing it. How does she know it is me? It stinks being the only boy.

Written By Stacy Thowe