

A CONVERSATION DURING BREAK

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

There's a BIG, BLACK CAR parked outside the only restaurant in town that's open this late. SAMSON (mid 20s, Irish-Catholic, altar boy burnout) and DALLAS (late 20s, buzzcut, covered in tattoos, street-smart but she has a few screws loose) are having some food in the car before a job. SAMSON is eating, DALLAS hasn't touched her food yet.

DALLAS

Y'know, I'm thinkin' of going on a diet.

SAMSON stares. He sighs before deciding to indulge DALLAS.

SAMSON

Okay, I'll bite. Why?

DALLAS launches into a tangent:

DALLAS

Ok, well I've been thinking: we're totally rich now, right? Like we each brought home 'round 100 grand last month--say we do that for the rest of the year, that's more than a million. Like, we're kinda loaded now.

SAMSON

...ok?

DALLAS

I was doin' the math yesterday, and then I realized...I don't know the first thing about being rich. Like, being really rich. Powerful rich, rich like the guys who hire us on jobs. Anyway, I was brainstorming strategies--because the these guys are all about strategy--on how to become like all these celebrities and politicians and CEOs or whatever...and I found the answer. Dieting.

SAMSON

Dieting?

DALLAS

Dieting.

SAMSON
 (already getting half an aneurysm
 from this conversation)
 ...why dieting?

DALLAS is glad he asked.

DALLAS
 (thinks she's about to
 blow his mind)
 Because nobody who's rich chooses
 what they eat! I mean, look at all
 these diets that they got going on:
 Vegan, vegetarian, gluten-free,
 keto, paleo, liquid, Weight
 Watchers, South Beach,
 Mediterranean...

SAMSON
 Okay--

DALLAS
 --low carb, no carb, low fat, ultra
 low fat, no fat--

SAMSON
Please stop.

DALLAS
 Right, my bad. But still, even
 outside of dieting, someone is
 always telling them what to eat!
 Private chefs, nutritionists, those
 fancy restaurants with no menus and
 they just serve you endangered
 rhino ankles or whatever...nobody
 eats! But then I started thinking
 some more...

SAMSON
 Twice in a day? Don't strain
 yourself.

DALLAS
 (completely ignoring)
 What if isn't even about not
 eating? What if it's about
 just...keeping up appearances? I
 mean, really what all of these food
 restrictions are good for is
 looking the best and living the
 longest.

(MORE)

DALLAS (CONT'D)

And that's cool if you wanna better yourself or whatever, but they're not doing it for themselves. They're doing it so that magazines will talk about how well they've aged, and how they've still got it. Like, at what point does a person just realize that they've become so obsessed with what other people think of them, that their own body-- their own personhood--has become not even theirs anymore, but, like, a display for consumption of others?

SAMSON is completely baffled that something so contemplative could leave DALLAS' mouth. She never fails to surprise him.

SAMSON

(unsure, lost in thought)
Maybe... you shouldn't go on a diet then.

DALLAS ponders this for a moment.

DALLAS

(satisfied with that answer)
Yeah. That's a good idea. Thanks, man.

DALLAS takes a big bite of her burger. SAMSON is still visibly disturbed by this quandry.

END OF SCENE.