

Breakfast

*by Suzy Hopkins*

FADE IN.

Interior: crummy diner.

Been there/done that kind of waitress: "Are you ready to order?"

Pimple-faced teenaged boy: "I'll have #7."

Mousy looking teenaged girl: "I'll have #3 but I want French fries not hash browns and I want fake eggs and put the spiced apples in the microwave for 30 seconds."

Waitress: "Miss, look at the bottom of the menu. NO SUBSTITUTIONS."

Girl: "I guess we'll have to go somewhere else for breakfast where I can have it MY way."

Sounds of a door slamming.

FADE OUT.