

CHRIS: Stop. Me too!

AVA: Wow, this is really weird.

CHRIS: Yeah it really is. Maybe we should talk about something else. Actually, second thought, how about some wine?

AVA: Sure, should we get the waiter?

CHRIS: Allow me

(Chris beckons at the waiter but the waiter stares at him blankly, leading Chris to frustratingly salute at the waiter to approach.)

WAITER: Good evening. How can I be of assistance?

(Chris pretends to peer at the waiter's name tag even though he spoke with the waiter earlier.)

CHRIS: Hi... uhh... Dennis is it? Would we be able to order your nicest bottle of white for our table please?

(Ava slightly uncomfortable by this)

AVA: Actually, if it's okay with you, maybe just a glass?

CHRIS: Let me guess, you're a lightweight?

AVA: In a matter of speaking. I have a... let's just say a history.

CHRIS: Oh.

AVA: Yeah. It was... It was bad. Like really bad. But I'm okay if I just have one glass!

CHRIS: Yeah of course! I uh..

AVA: And maybe not White wine either. Last time I...

(Chris realising the awkwardness decides to ring the bell again as Ava goes to pick up the pen but is too slow.)

CHRIS: Can I get a glass of your finest red for the lady and myself please?

(Waiter now looks confused)

WAITER: So, to clarify, a bottle of our finest white wine, and two glasses of our finest red?

(Chris looks at the waiter suspiciously, then at Ava)

CHRIS: No... Just the glasses of red.

WAITER: Right away sir.

(Waiter walks off to grab the glasses)

AVA: That was really weird. Where did he get the idea of the bottle of white from?

CHRIS: Right?! No idea what the hell he's talking about. Clearly living up to his namesake.

AVA: You mean Dennis? I'm not sure what you mean. He does look really familiar though.

CHRIS: No, no, like Dennis the Menace!

(Ava stares blankly)

CHRIS: You know. *Mr Wilson!*

(Ava still has no idea what he's talking about)

CHRIS: For god's sake, nevermind.