

FIRST DATE

Written by

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INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The candle flames on the table sway elegantly, clearly in tune with the classic symphony playing in the background.

Two pointer fingers tap incessantly on the plate in front of them, disturbing the candle flames. They are clear not in tune with the music.

He rearranges the knife and fork, as if somehow that would ease his tension.

He lets out a sigh.

HER (O.S.)

Hi.

A beautiful woman in a red dress and matching lipstick smiles as she stands by the table.

HER

You're ...

She checks her phone. Before she is able to pull up his information, he stands up and extends his hand for a shake.

HIM

Yes, it's David. I'm David. David is me. David is who you're supposed to

(takes a breath)

Hi I'm David.

Her smile is gentle and compassionate. She shakes his hand.

HER

Lisa. Well my profile says

HIM

-- Lulu because my friends

HER

Lulu because my friends

HIM

made it for you.

She stares at him in awe.

Beat.

The WAITER comes in to interrupt their moment.

WAITER
Is there anything you need sir,
madame?

They snap out of their gaze fumbling to take their seat.

HER
Oh sorry.

HIM
We were just sitting down

HER
Yeah, we haven't looked at the menu
yet.

HIM
We'll do that right now.

WAITER
No worries. Take your time.

The waiter walks away remaining emotionally detached to their little fuss.

They both settle down in their seats and hold their menus to their faces, studying them too closely.

Beat.

He looks up.

HIM
So shall we get started?

HER
Yeah.

They put the menu down.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a beating heart and plumps it on the plate in front of her.

Her face remains non-chalant about it as if it's an every day activity.

He puts on a heavy knight's armor and helmet. Did he have it with him all along? He lifts the front lid to reveal his face.

She wipes the blood on her hand with napkins.

HIM

So ... you went scuba diving last Saturday?

HER

Yeah. You saw that? I just love being under water. I told you about it before. It's not just a hobby for me. Like I feel so free under water. On ground, your forced to move your feet to move forward. But under water, you can simply float and let the ocean carry you.

HIM

You're very passionate about it. I can see that. Cause you don't just do it for the fun of it. You truly believe it's life changing.

HER

It is. And ... how's the writing going?

HIM

Oh no. I don't write much. I write sometimes. But it's not like I'll ever be a writer. I just jot down a few words when I'm bored or ... lonely.

She slowly nods her head.

HIM

So ... umm ... so you say your mom is going through chemo right now?

HER

Yeah. It's not the first time. It's hard. I go see her after work every day. She doesn't want me to come see her every day. Like today, she wanted me to just relax at home before coming here. But I can't let a day go by without seeing her. It's hard.

HIM

Yeah.

HER

What about you? You never talk much about your parents.
(MORE)

HER (CONT'D)

Every time I ask you just say you had a tough childhood. And you leave at that.

HIM

Yeah ... I had a ... tough childhood.

She nods.

Beat.

He casually picks up his fork and knife.

HIM

That quote you sent me. That umm "love is like a candle"

He reaches out into her plate and starts cutting her heart.

HIM

"as long as its lit, it brings warmth and light. But when you blow it out, it leaves you burnt and used".

Red, pink and crimson goo oozes out of her heart as he slices at it. She doesn't react.

HER

Yeah. That wasn't a quote. Just something my ex said. He also said "love is like a bottle of ketchup. When you first squeeze it tight it oozes out generously, but over time it just makes fart noises." He's a writer. Or he wanted to be one. I guess I have a type.

Her heart is no longer a heart. Just drenched meat on the plate.

She picks up her fork and twirls it playfully in her hand.

HER

What about you?

She pokes at his armor with her fork.

HIM

Me?

HER
Yeah. What's your quote on love?

She doesn't stop poking.

HIM
Oh.

He struggles to collect his thoughts.

CLANK.

CLANK.

CLANK.

HIM
Umm, I don't know. I don't think
I've ever been in love.

CLANK.

CLANK.

CLANK.

HIM
I mean, I think I came close once.
But then we split.

HER
Why?

CLANK.

CLANK.

CLANK.

HIM
She got a job in a different state.

HER
Why didn't you go with her?

She's still clanking.

HIM
I don't think I was ready to commit
like that.

HER
Do you think you'll ever commit
like that?

HIM
I don't know.

He reaches out and slices whatever lumps of meat left from her heart.

HER
Do you think you'll ever commit to
me?

She drags the fork across his armor creating a screech.

HIM
I'm scared of getting hurt.

HER
I don't wanna hurt you.

The screeching is still there.

HIM
Aren't you scared of having your
heart broken?

HER
I've had my heart cut open many
times. But I always take the
chance. Because maybe this time
it'll be different.

Now she's stabbing at the armor.

HIM
I don't think I ever want be in
that kind of pain.

She lets out a violent sigh, sits back and pants exhausted by the failed endeavour.

The waiter comes in.

WAITER
Ready to order sir, madam?

He props his armor a little bit and she tucks a loose hair behind her ear.

He looks at her expectantly.

HER
(nods at the waiter)
Yeah, yes we are.

The waiter proceeds to take their order as the camera pans out losing the couple amidst the many other diners in the restaurant.

THE END.