

DREAM DATE

Written by

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EXT. CAFE - DAY.

A semi-busy cafe with outdoor seating, situated on a busy sidewalk.

CHARLIE is sitting at a table for two. He sips his coffee and looks at his watch.

CHARLIE looks around, when he turns back, SAM is in the other seat.

CHARLIE
You're fucking late, man.

SAM
I need some advice.

CHARLIE
Thirty minutes.

SAM
I know.

CHARLIE
You know?

SAM
Traffic huh?

CHARLIE
Every time.

SAM
Listen, I need some advice.

CHARLIE
Sure you do.

SAM
And I don't want your usual
sarcastic witty-

CHARLIE
-thank you-

SAM
-comments about how easy it is to
not do what I did because you're so
amazing.

CHARLIE
You're spoiling me.

SAM
I went on this date.

CHARLIE
Here we go.

SAM

No, now wait a minute. It's not like last time.

CHARLIE

I hope not.

SAM

At least she understood, eventually.

CHARLIE

She didn't drop the charges though.

SAM

That's not the point.

CHARLIE

So what happened this time?

SAM

Well I met this chick. Y'know, 32-28-32-

CHARLIE

-What's that, her prison number?-

SAM

-And we hit it off straight away. We had a drink then I took her for a meal at O'Neils.

CHARLIE

Have they re-opened it now?

SAM

No, you're thinking of O'Mallys.

CHARLIE

That's O'Neils.

SAM

Is it?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

SAM

Ah well Potato-Potato, what's important is that we were on a date. And she was hot. I'm talking your Eighties Kidman hot.

CHARLIE

That's hot.

SAM

I know, right? Now I'm thinking 'I gotta do this right. I'm onto a winning ticket here, most of the ground work is done, just keep my cool and I'll lap up the rewards later'

CHARLIE

Good pep talk.

A WAITRESS approaches the table.

SAM

It get's me by. So anyway, the evening's going by without incident. We're onto our third bottle of wine and I'm seconds away from running my hand up that silky smooth thigh as I lean in to smack her one.

The WAITRESS is at the table.

CHARLIE

You hit her?

SAM

(To WAITRESS)

Hi there.

WAITRESS

I'll... I'll give you another minute.

The WAITRESS quickly retreats.

SAM

No, a kiss you dummy. 'Smack her one' it's a saying. What the fuck?

CHARLIE

"Plant a smacker". *That's* the saying.

SAM

Well what did I say?

CHARLIE

You were about to punch her.

SAM

Oh. Well I didn't.

CHARLIE

Punch her or kiss her?

SAM

Both. God. Y'know you can be so frustrating at times. This is exactly what I mean when I say how hard it is to tell you about my problems.

CHARLIE

I'm not your shrink.

SAM

I don't need one.

CHARLIE

I do.

SAM

So I'm about to lean in to *kiss* her, when she asks me a question.

SAM looks to CHARLIE expectantly.

CHARLIE

What?

SAM

Don't you think that's a little weird? I mean, we're done talking. We had all evening to talk. We talked throughout the entire meal.

CHARLIE

Unbelievable(!)

SAM

Right? Less talking more fucking.

CHARLIE

Is that what you told her?

SAM

What do you think I am?

CHARLIE

How did she take it?

SAM

I didn't *tell* her that. Man.

CHARLIE

So what did she ask you?

SAM

She asked me what the worst dream I ever had was.

CHARLIE

Pretty standard.

SAM

Is it? I mean, at the end of the meal? On a first date? I don't wanna get into her head I wanna get in her panties.

CHARLIE

Again, pretty standard. So what did you do?

SAM

I told her about the worst dream I ever had.

CHARLIE

You actually engaged in a meaningful conversation?

SAM

Hell I'd sing fuckin' Starlight Express if it was gonna get me some snatch.

CHARLIE

Sure. Why play hard to get.

SAM

Exactly.

CHARLIE

So what's the dream?

SAM

I dreamt I was in the fifties.

CHARLIE

Okay.

The WAITRESS approaches the table again.

SAM

And I was watching my dad being born. There I was, seeing the birth of my own dad, but when he was born, he died. So did his Mom.

CHARLIE

Wow. That's pretty bad.

SAM

So I started fucking him. Right there. I fucked the baby of my dead dad over the corpse of my grandma.

The WAITRESS, who heard the last, continues walking by the table.

SAM (CONT'D)
(To WAITRESS)
Excuse me? Miss? Miss? What the
fuck?

SAM picks up CHARLIE'S coffee and takes a sip.

SAM (CONT'D)
I hate the fuckin' fifties. Anyway,
this chick then told me she had to
go to the bathroom but never came
back. The waiter told me she
squeezed outta the window and gave
me the bill. Fuckin' bitch.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Charlie?

CHARLIE
What did you say?

SAM
When?

CHARLIE
About the dream?

SAM
Which part?

CHARLIE
The part that I hope you didn't
say.

SAM
I dreamt my dad was a stillborn and
I fucked him over my dead grandma.
What?

CHARLIE
Fuck.

SAM
Then my date left through the
bathroom window.

CHARLIE
That's messed up.

SAM
I know, right? The check was over a
hundred dollars.

CHARLIE
You *dreamt* that?

SAM

It was a few years ago.

CHARLIE

Jesus, Sam. You're fucked up.

SAM

Not you as well.

CHARLIE

As well as who?

SAM

Y'know, people. Dan, Stu, Sylvia, my mom.

CHARLIE

You told your mom? Fuck!

SAM

It was a dream! Fuck me, why does everyone get so techy about this?

CHARLIE

Because it's fucked up!

SAM

It was a dream! It wasn't real!

CHARLIE

That doesn't matter! You can't go around tellin' people that sorta thing! It's not natural! It's... it's fucked up!

SAM

Well what *do* I tell people?

CHARLIE

I dunno, anything! Anything at all! Tell them you were chased by lions, you lost your front teeth, your boss made a move on you. Anything but tellin' someone you fucked the... oh Jesus! Really?

SAM

It was a dream!

CHARLIE

No wonder she walked out on you. *I* wanna walk out on you. That's wrong, man. That's wrong.

SAM

Well fuck it anyway. It's my dream, I ain't gonna lie about what I dream about.

CHARLIE

You've gotta. You can't tell people that.

SAM

I can.

CHARLIE

Stop trying to defend it!

SAM

I'm not!

CHARLIE

You are! It's like your trying to justify your actions.

SAM

It was a dream! I didn't *do* anything!

CHARLIE

You're fucked up, you know that?

SAM

I didn't do anything! It was a dream!

CHARLIE

Okay, okay. Alright. Fuck. Let's back it up a little. Now you said you wanted my advice. What? What advice could I possibly give you after hearing that?

SAM

Well this chick called me.

CHARLIE

The one from the restaurant?

SAM

No, that's the thing. It's her friend. She called me and said that she heard what happened.

CHARLIE

And?

SAM

And she want's to hook up with me.

CHARLIE

She wants to meet you?

SAM

Yeah.

CHARLIE
After being told about your dream?

SAM
I guess.

CHARLIE
Fuck.

SAM
What should I do?

CHARLIE
Well you can't meet her.

SAM
Why not?

CHARLIE
Holy fuck. You're seriously
thinking about meeting a chick
whose only reason to meet you is
because of your fucked up dream?

SAM
Hey, if it's gonna get me results.

CHARLIE
Holy fuck.

SAM
I'll tell her, I'll put her
straight. Anyway, she's hot. Look.

SAM shows CHARLIE his phone.

CHARLIE
We truly live in a fucked up world.

SAM
So you think I should?

CHARLIE
Are you insane? I mean clinically
insane? Is that what you are?
Because nobody in their right mind
would wanna meet someone who did
what you did.

SAM
Holy shit it was a *dream*! I didn't
do anythin'!

CHARLIE
I gotta go.

CHARLIE gets up to leave.

SAM
Charlie, come on, man.

CHARLIE
You gotta sort your life out.
Seriously, you're fucked up.

SAM
Charlie!

CHARLIE
Just, don't. Just... fuck.

CHARLIE leaves

SAM
What the fuck? Fuck. Fuck! It was a
dream!

SAM composes himself.

He picks up CHARLIE'S coffee and drinks from it again.

The WAITRESS approaches the table once more. She places a bill.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh this isn't... I didn't... not
again. Charlie! Shit!

WAITRESS
I'm calling the police.

SAM
No, no. It's fine. Fuck.

SAM pays and gets up to leave.

He notices an attractive woman sitting with a friend at the table behind him.

He smiles at her.

Disgusted, she looks away.

SAM (CONT'D)
It was a *dream!* Fuck!

SAM leaves the cafe.

WAITRESS
(Calling after)
Pervert!

FADE TO BLACK.