

Blind Date
(working title)

written by
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FADE IN:

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE on a KOI POND. FISH are swimming about, bumping into each other, squaring off. Advancing and retreating.

CUT TO a SMALL WATERFALL feeding the KOI POND.

CUT TO a BUDDHA STATUE, seated at the edge of the pond, smiling implacably.

RACK FOCUS to RED ROSE drowning upside down in a water glass on a TWO TOP TABLE.

A HAND reaches out, picks up a SAKE THIMBLE and draws it to the lips of a MAN sitting alone.

He looks up. There are TWO WOMEN at a table diagonally across from him by the pond. The WOMAN facing him FLIRTS briefly. He returns her look.

BACK OF THE RESTAURANT. A WOMAN clutching a RED ROSE to her chest walks between tables looking for someone, a date perhaps.

BACK TO THE MAN'S TABLE as he sips from his SAKE GLASS. The WOMAN with the ROSE approaches him tentatively.

WOMAN

Hi.

(she sits)

It's nice to finally meet you.

MAN

You're late.

WOMAN

Three minutes...

MAN

Try an hour.

WOMAN

I thought we were on for eight.

MAN

Seven.

WOMAN

Are you sure? I wrote it down.
Somewhere.

MAN

(reaches for his wallet)

Try the sashimi. It's quite good.

WOMAN

Oh, uh. Can't you just stay for one drink?

MAN

I did. The sake's not bad. For California.

WOMAN

You're a sake expert?

MAN

I know enough to know California sake is...

(drops cash on the table)

Uh, good night.

WOMAN

It was nice almost meeting you.

MAN

Look. I understand fashionably late. It's that cute thing you girls do to get home court advantage. Fifteen minutes, that's fashionably late. An hour late, that's forty five minutes out of fashion.

WOMAN

What on earth would make you think I'd be attracted to the man who would take that kind of abuse?

MAN

First, I wasn't waiting for you. I was finishing my sake.

WOMAN

(interrupting)

My guess, this is your first date in a very long time. And about fifteen minutes into waiting, I'll bet you had the impulse to get up and leave. But you didn't. Cause you're a couple shades this side of desperate...

MAN

Desperate?

WOMAN

Desperate. So fifteen minutes turns into thirty. And one bottle of sake turns into two. And an hour rolls by and now you're committed.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You want to see what I look like?
Find out if it was worth the wait.

MAN

I wanted to see what kind of woman
would show up an hour late and then
have the balls to pretend she's here
on time. Where do they teach that,
some Teen Beat column on how to
manipulate a man?

WOMAN

I stopped reading Teen Beat...

MAN

Twenty years ago?

WOMAN

Ooh, you really are hurt.

MAN

Was that the point? Get the first
jab in. Reject before you're
rejected?

WOMAN

You think I'm being rejected?

MAN

(standing up, leaning
in)
Isn't it obvious. I'm the one who's
leaving.

WOMAN

(standing up,
confronting him)
And yet here you are.

A YOUNG MAN appears, holding a RED ROSE in his hand. He
looks at the woman.

SECOND MAN

Deborah?
(she doesn't answer)
I'm Frank.

WOMAN

Frank?

SECOND MAN

I'm sorry. Am I interrupting
something? I know I'm late. Traffic
was insane.

On their LOOKS OF CONFUSION, then EMBARRASSMENT.

CLOSE ON the RED ROSE in the water glass, then

RACK FOCUS back to the BUDDHA, sitting implacably.

FADE OUT.

END.

Under CLOSING CREDITS we are back to the KOI POND and the fish swimming and bumping about.