

First Date

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark haired KEVIN 40s sits alone at a small round table. He carries a goatee beard.

He anxiously checks his phone for messages.

DEBBIE 30s enters.

She scans the bar and spots Kevin. She joins him at the table.

He immediately gets to his feet.

She sits down at the table.

KEVIN

Where've you been? You're late.

DEBBIE

Sorry. The traffic was bad.

KEVIN

Let's go.

DEBBIE

Where?

KEVIN

What'd ya think?

DEBBIE

I don't know. I thought...

KEVIN

For a shag.

DEBBIE

(aback)

What? But...

KEVIN

I haven't got time.

DEBBIE

What about a drink?

KEVIN

I don't want one.

DEBBIE

I'll buy you one.

KEVIN

Look, I haven't got the time for all this getting to know each other bollocks.

She gets to her feet.

DEBBIE

(upset)

I beg your pardon?

KEVIN

Where's the best place for a quick shag? I've got get back to my wife before she suspects me of something.

DEBBIE

Oh my god!

Debbie's bottom lips trembles and she quickly turns and exits the pub in tears.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Debbie stands at the side of the road and waves down a passing taxi.

It stops. She climbs in the back.

Kevin appears with a knowing look upon his face.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dance beats ring out across a crowded dance floor as revellers dance.

A bespectacled, hairless JACK 40s stands at the bar. A bottled beer in hand.

He eyes Debbie as she stumbles towards the bar. Her hair dishevelled, her face flustered.

He passes her an unsure smile as she side-eyes him, then turns to face a BARMAID.

DEBBIE

Can I have a barcadi and coke
please - Make it a double.

Jack focuses his suspecting eyes upon her as she waits for
her drink.

JACK

(Irish accented)
How's your night going?

She passes him an intrusive look.

DEBBIE

You wouldn't want to know.

JACK

I think I would.

DEBBIE

Really?

JACK

Yeah, why not?

She looks him up and down then grins.

DEBBIE

OK. Wait here. I'll be right
back.

JACK

Cool. I'll still be here.

Beat.

She returns with her coat hanging over her arm, along with a
handbag.

He stares at her bemused.

DEBBIE

I'm Debbie. And yours?

JACK

Jack.

He knocks back the rest of his bottled beer then follows her
out of the club.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

They stand facing one another on the pavement, kind of lost and doubtful of one another.

DEBBIE

Where shall we go, then?

JACK

We can go back to mine if you like?

DEBBIE

Is it far?

JACK

No. It's walking distance.

DEBBIE

OK. Let's go, then. I'll give you the rundown of my exciting night out.

JACK

Cool.

She takes his arm in hers as they walk off.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

They arrive at the address.

He opens the door. They walk inside.

CU: He closes the door.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

She slips off her coat then sits on the comfy sofa.

He enters with a couple of bottled beers.

He hands her one as he sits down next to her.

JACK

So how comes you ended up alone at the club? It's a bit dangerous for a woman to be out on her own late at night.

DEBBIE

Men do it. Why shouldn't women?

JACK

I'm not saying you shouldn't.

DEBBIE

I met up with a guy I'd been communicating with online for a couple of days. Kevin - He seemed really nice and friendly. We shared the same interests and everything like you do.

JACK

What happened?

DEBBIE

When I turned up at the pub I was supposed to meet him at, he seemed a bit on edge.

(reflects)

He didn't even offer to buy me a drink. So I offered to buy him one instead. And then he just stared at me and told me to stop fucking him around, He said he hadn't the time for all this getting to know each other bollocks.

(reflects)

Then he said, where's the best place for a quick shag? He needed to get back to his wife before she suspected him of anything.

JACK

Wow! He didn't mess about did he?

DEBBIE

No, he didn't. I felt so intimidated. I just wanted to burst out crying.

JACK

What did you say to him?

DEBBIE

Nothing. I just ran and jumped in a passing taxi. I was going to get smashed and fuck somebody. I spotted you standing at the bar. You looked nice. And you have a nice smile.

JACK

Thanks.

DEBBIE

He looked a bit like you, except he had a hair, and he was a Londoner. I couldn't believe my ears when he said he was married and only wanted a quick shag. I could've been anybody.

She puts her beer down and opens her handbag.

She takes out her phone and scrolls her pic gallery, until she finds a photo image of Kevin.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

That was him.

CU: An image of a Jack with a goatee and stylish haircut.

Back to scene.

Her eyes suddenly flit from the image and Jack as she realises the similarities between him and the image.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! No!

JACK

That's right.

DEBBIE

No! Please...

He grabs her by the throat and forces himself on top of her.

KEVIN / JACK

I SHAVED YOU STUPID DRUNKEN BITCH!

He strangles her.

FADE OUT.

