

Blind Date With Destiny

by

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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Beads of sweat form on a forehead. One trickles down the side of a MAN's face and stops on his jaw line.

A quivering hand, with dirty nails, wipes it away.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Ya coulda cleaned ya nails, pal!

In a quiet dining area, a waiter, STEVE KINDLE, (22), checks over the appearance of an anxious WILL BUTLER, (26).

WILL
I feel like I could pass out! Am I still sweating?

STEVE
Little bit, yeah. You'll be fine, you'll be fine. Just don't say anything stupid!

Will sucks in some deep breaths and checks his watch. Steve adjusts Will's shirt, looks him over like a proud father.

STEVE (cont'd)
Beautiful!

Steve grabs him by the jaw and plants a big wet kiss on his cheek. Will pushes him away, wipes his face.

WILL
I won't lie to ya, Steve. That was a little weird.

Steve laughs it off. A door opens, grabbing their attention. They turn and widen their eyes in disbelief.

DESTINY WILLIS, (19), a raven haired goddess, approaches them. Steve squeezes Will's arm involuntarily.

STEVE
Oh god...If I had a tongue like my Aunt Judy's, she would literally be tripping over it right now. Swap with me!

WILL
Nope!

Will stands eagerly, nearly knocks Steve out of the way.

WILL (cont'd)
Destiny?

DESTINY
That's right, yeah. And you're... Will?

WILL
Yeah, er...yep...indeedy!

Steve suppresses a laugh. Will winces at his comment. Destiny and Will hug, awkwardly. They sit down.

DESTINY
Could we get some menu's, please?

STEVE
Yep indeedy!

Steve grins at Will, shakes his head and walks away.

INSERT - CAPTION - '3 Courses later'

Will and Destiny lean forward, engrossed in their conversation and completely at ease in each others company.

Steve cleans a table within earshot. Destiny smiles and circles her finger around a wine glass while Will talks.

WILL
Yeah, when my brother first brought my niece round I was shaking that much I think I rocked her back to sleep.

Destiny laughs, tilts her head and smiles warmly.

DESTINY
I'd like two kids...eventually. A boy and a girl, maybe.

WILL
Oh really...well I've got a couple tied up in my car boot if ya want 'em?

Steve drops a handful of cutlery. Will smiles, hopefully. Destiny's face drops. She leaves in a hurry.

Will looks down, dejected, puts his head on the table. Steve sits opposite, tucks into Destiny's dessert.

STEVE
Well...that joke never worked, pal. Any chance of getting her...

Will looks up, not amused. Steve holds up his hands, apologetically.

STEVE (cont'd)
Too soon...got it! This is delicious by the way.

Steve eats more. Will rests his sad face back on the table.

