

THE THIRD DATE

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

WES, 25, begins to tell the story of a third date and the rest of his sweet life.

WES (V.O.)

I was going on a third date. And things were going great. What does the third date mean when things are going great? That's right, It's the sex date.

A white fender, rusted Ford Focus cruises down the street. At an intersection it blows through a stop sign as an ice cream truck toot-a-loos its horn.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

WES (V.O.)

I had saved up just enough money to take Mary to her favorite restaurant. The one she's always goes to with friends and family.

The Ford Focus pulls over and stops for a minute in front of Mezzo's Italian restaurant.

Someone in a gorilla suit strolls up and slides a promotional flyer for a basement can beer strip club under the windshield wiper. The beast taps the hood then saunters on.

The Focus backfires, then speeds off.

EXT. TARGET PARKING LOT - DAY

WES (V.O.)

Brand new stylin' shirt, not on sale and no coupon. In my pocket a box of those mints that burn your tongue while turning your breath into mint dragon ice vapor.

The Ford Focus starts to back out of a parking space, it stops and rocks an inch from a pregnant woman as she pushes a stroller behind it.

The woman SCREAMS and freezes with a death stare.

Intense and calm, she reaches down into the back of the stroller and slams a dirty diaper with a brown slop on the back windshield.

INT. PHARMACY ISLE - DAY

WES (V.O.)

I stopped off at the pharmacy for Medium condoms. Yes I am what they call part of the C+ crowd of lovers.

They were out in the isle so I had to go to the pharmacist counter and ask if they had any in the back.

I had no way of knowing at the time that the pharmacist was Mary's Father. But he knew he had a daughter my age. I'll bet he was a medium to.

A older woman store clerk with a wide smile on her face points Wes to the Pharmacy section sign.

At the pharmacists counter the pharmacist, who doesn't blink but flexes his jaw, slaps the box of condoms down.

A box of small condoms.

WES (V.O.)

If only there was a changing room.
But I had confidence.

Wes waves his hand no at the box.

The pharmacist pulls mediums out of his smock and tosses them at Wes.

WES (V.O.)

Did I mention things were going great. On the sex date!

EXT. MEZZO'S RESTARAUNT - NIGHT

The focus pulls up to the curb.

MARY, 25, dressed in a black spaghetti strap dress with and red belt and red heals, gets out and walks around and opens the door for Wes, who fights with the door handle.

Wes spills out and almost whacks Mary with the door and into a car as it zooms by.

WES

Thanks for driving tonight. I think my starter went out or something.

MARY

It's OK 'cause we are definitely going back to my place. I think that orange tint on your shower floor is probably a new species of slime mold.

WES

And you would think that the feet moving and soap splashing down there, that would keep it clean.

MARY

Why was there a diaper on the trunk of your car?

WES

Is that what that is?

Mary slaps his butt, grabs his hand and turns him towards her and gives him a long slow kiss.

MARY

Don't you dare order an appetizer or dessert.

WES (V.O.)

Oh this was a sex date alright, definitely THE sex date.

EXT. MEZZO'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wes swings open the door for Mary and begins to follow her in.

WES (V.O.)

And then I heard it 7.9 on the embarrassment scale. I felt the breeze down to a Chippendale in seam.

Wes spins and slaps his hand to the side of his pants.

Mary turns, eyes wide, mouth agape to the humanity.

MARY

What did you do?

WES

I got caught... My pocket got caught on the Damn door handle.

MARY
Good God we're here now.

WES
I can just hold my hand at my side
and put my napkin over my lap, I'll
order two napkins.

MARY
Order two napkins?

Mary motions her arm gameshow style to the full restaraunt crowd as they look on.

A sweet adorable elderly woman twinkles and gives a dainty wave.

Wes motions a slow pageant waves back.

The elderly woman gives a double thumbs up.

Mary starts to dig into her sequined clutch purse.

MARY (CONT'D)
Don't worry I have some saftey pins
in here somewhere amongst all my
happy hour collections.

Wes lips an air kiss at Mary.

WES
You were gonna take them off anyway
later.

Mary doesn't acknowledge his response.

MARY
Here they are, I've only got a few
so I'll have to make them count
more than usual.

Down on one knee beside Wes, Mary places the pins in her mouth, her eyebrows pull close and down.

WES
Beyond embarrassing.

MARY
It's not like I'm pinning a whole
in my heart or anything. In front
of everyone.

Wes leans on the hostess station with a sheepish grin, as Mary practices her Mom skills.

WES (V.O.)

That's actually the moment Mary became my wife. At some point every romance goddess is stranded on the rocky shore of love with a dufus. I was just lucky enough to get it out of the way early without too much build up and hope it would never happen to her.

Wes stands straight and still as he looks out at the restaraunt goers and simpers.

Children point and mothers scold them for not being polite.

A summer job, baby fat high schooler hostess strolls up.

She winks at Wes and strokes her hand on his forearm.

Wes glances down at the hostesses hand and straightens his back a bit.

HOSTESS

I'm sorry Sir, it will be ten to twenty minutes before your table is ready.

WES

Oh I'm sure it's nothing you did, no need to be sorry.

Mary glances up as she sighs.

HOSTESS

Just waiting for a double lemon cello to go down. What's your favorite drink?

WES

Is she using a cinnamon stick?

HOSTESS

Might be a while. It is indeed, a very long one.

The nubile cheerleader hostess lasers a wink at Wes.

Wes suddenly slaps the hostess podium and YELPS out.

WES (V.O.)

And then I squealed out like I was being killed to be put on the menu that evening. Mary had seen the wink and had stuck me in my medium.

The hostesses tantric eyes stare down tight on her Tinder screen.

The smile is gone away from Wes' face.

Mary looks up at him with a beam of a grin.

The diners wince and groan. And defiantly all the men.

Wes lets out a hernia check cough, with loud enough force to rock the hostess podium.

Mary hops up with a wide smirk.

MARY

All pinned up nice and neat love.

WES

Love? Wait...

Mary smacks him in his butt.

The elderly woman who had waved at Wes earlier sucks on her cinnamon stick in her lemon cello, her whole head follows the bark straw around the bottom of the glass as she gives her old world lungs a workout with one long slurpy slurp to make sure she got it all.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

WES (V.O.)

Our waiter Vinny was showing off
his new off brand cloud white
veneers as he brought us our dinks
and took our orders.
Mary had the pan seared salmon
risotto, I had the spaghetti and
pork meatballs with marinara sauce
that she suggested.

Mary and Wes sit relaxed at their white linin clothed table.
They necks tip back as they both chuckle.

Vinney brings them each a three olive martini and flashes his
tip smile twinkle.

He whips out his old school order pad and starts to scribble
as Mary pulls down Wes' menu from in front of his face and
flick snaps her finger on an item.

He nods and almost spills his drink as he hands the waiter
his menu.

The waiter does not lose his get that tip grin.

WES (V.O.)

All normal conversations as we sipped our martini's. Her friends denied baby bump, and how ever mancave just has to have a "Family Guy" pinball machine. Just living the sex date dream. I was going to do my polite best to wolf down my spaghetti and meatballs quick to get to the big cannoli dessert.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Mary and Wes both sip there martinis and chat as the waiter brings them their entrees.

Wes and Mary exchange flirty expressions.

Mary blows Wes a kiss as the begin to eat their meal.

As they keep eye contact with each other, Mary takes a bite of salmon and Wes nibbles a bit of meatball.

WES

This meatball is super great. I've never had pork meatballs before. I think the Cajuns do this.

Mary finally glances down.

MARY

Authentic Cajun and Italian meatballs are all made with pork.

WES

How's the salmon?

Wes reaches over with his fork towards her plate.

With an immediate flash of her arm she strikes his fork with hers like a three musketeer.

MARY

Have you lost your mind? Not here at this place, only at home.

WES

Like in our home together?

MARY

Lets buy the clothes for going to mass first before we decide which church to join.

WES

I've never been to a mass.

MARY

Exactly, and I've never eaten a Cajun meatball.

WES

Did you know I've never had a meatball sandwich. It just doesn't seem to lend itself to being the perfect sandwich material. All roly and sloppy. They'll just slip right out.

MARY

I guess if you love them you have to believe it will work out.

They both take long sips of their martinis and gaze into each others eyes.

WES

Lets eat up!

MARY

We have to let the food digest first.

WES

I guess it kind of is like swimming isn't it.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

WES (V.O.)

And then it happened. So innocent, at least to me. Sometimes one has no idea how bad they just messed up, with the simplest thing. Forever life altering simplest thing. Had I mentioned the Olive Garden in conversation? No I did not. And what had I done to make all of Italy shriek on the inside with shock and horror?

Diners heads go back, mouths go open.

Audible gasps can be heard.

A wine bottle crashes to the floor, then another and another.

WES (V.O.)

It was the million fingernails on a
chalkboard sound of my knife
SCRAPED AND SCREECHED across my
fine china plate as I cut my
spaghetti criss cross applesauce.
The red marinara grew redder with
each slice and dice.

The elderly woman stood straight up for the first time in
forty years.

The off white flash of Vinny's veneers was gone.

The candle on our table when out.

Mary just stared straight ahead at me as she chewed slow.

WES (V.O.)

I had murdered Italy. Flag forever
at half mast.
Lets not forget this was the third
date, the sex date. Not the faux pa
of centuries date.
I'm sure at that moment I was an
American Pope holding a Chicago dog
up to the heavens.
This would be forever known in
family lore as the incident.
Every time me and Mary go out for
the next twenty years, I can hear
it and hear it loud. Lets not have
another incident tonight Dear.

Children who moments before ran around the dinning room
suddenly crouch and hid behind their Mothers.

Everyone looked away from our table.

Heads hung down.

The cacophony of grumbles throughout the restaraunt mimicked
a roll of thunder.

Pots slammed down on metal counters back in the kitchen.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Mary, very calm, puts down her fork and takes a deep breath in.

She stares straight ahead. Not even a flutter of a blink.

WES (V.O.)

Behind her eyes I could see the
reflection of breadsticks smashing
cannoli's to smithereens.

Mary take a last long slow sip and downs her martini.

MARY

Right now, right this very second.
You ask YouTube or anyone in this
room to teach you how to eat
spaghetti.

WES

My Mom started cutting my spaghetti-
-

MARY

Exactly. When I get back we'll
discuss what you've learned.

Mary gets up slow and then powerwalks off down the hall
towards the bathroom.

Wes looks around the room as the diners begin to eat their
meals again in silence. Silverware clinks and dinks.

Children color there placemats. They don't look up.

Wes gives a sheepish wave to everyone as he takes out his
phone.

Wes is suddenly surprised.

The Pharmacist strolls up from behind with a disconcerted
look on his face.

He has a fork white knuckle gripped in his fist.

WES

Oh hi, hello again...

The pharmacist suddenly stabs the fork into Wes' disheveled
mound of spaghetti and twists and twirls it round and round,
in a blur of whirls, until it was the tightest rotation of
spaghetti the world had ever seen tornadoes up.

As he shakes his head the pharmacist walks away.

WES (V.O.)
It was the medium thing to do.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Wes sits at the table as he admires and looks all around the twist of spaghetti.

Mary strolls up and sits down with a smile.

MARY
Well at least you're coachable.
You've got that going for you.

Mary turns his place as she admired his work.

MARY (CONT'D)
A bit phallic don't you think?

Vinny comes up with two more three olive martinis and relights our candle.

Wes waves his hand over the flame to feel the warmth.

WES
Well to tell the truth... My
pharmacist is here and he is the
one who actually did that.

Mary glances across the room over at the pharmacist.

MARY
Oh he did, did he.

He flashes back a fake smile.

WES
But I paid very close attention to
his technique. It's so perfect, I'm
just going to eat my meatballs.

MARY
I think that is for the best.

Wes yanks his hand away from the candle flame and shakes it in pain.

Mary takes a slow sip of Wes' martini.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

A third martini in front of them both, empty.

WES (V.O.)

The horror of embarrassment, in the medium of being halfway between a between a meatball and sex, martinis and the bladder of a squirrel, I was in a high step quick walk off to my turn in the bathroom.

Wes gets up and walks quick down the hallway eyes glued to the sign that read "Signori."

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Wes stands at the urinal as he taps his foot and WHISTLES the tune to "Puttin' on the Ritz."

In rambles the bus boy whose nametag reads "Freddy."

Freddy then saddles up to the other urinal and begins to WHISTLE a harmony.

WES (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking. I thought it was weird to, but it was actually quite a nice musical moment. Actually a moment never to happen again in the history of the universe, real special. We both kept whistling way past time we both stopped the water works. And yes I did see him glance down once trying to get a look at my crucifix, but I guess some guys do it like some kindergarteners eat their boogers. The last notes whistled, we both zipped and flushed at the same time like a couple of bass drums ending the show.

Both Freddy then Wes wash there hands one at a time.

FREDDY

So how do you think Milan is gonna to do this year?

WES

Are you talking about soccer?

FREDDY

Football.

WES

Or yes that's right. Never seen a game, sorry.

FREDDY

You wanna get high? I have half a blunt.

WES

Like here now?

FREDDY

You're funny. No come to the kitchen. We're cool in the kitchen.

WES

Uh... I would love to but I should get back to my date. It's a very important date.

FREDDY

You gonna get some tonight? Do you love her?

WES

Oh Wow... Uh.

Freddy ribs Wes with his elbow as he smirks.

WES (CONT'D)

Well it is the third date. And I bought condoms just in case.

FREDDY

Smart man you have to be careful not to get an std from the bambina.

WES

Oh no she's my Mary... She would never have a--

FREDDY

Calmati, You come to the kitchen and bring your date.

WES

Well I will ask.

FREDDY

We'll give you a plate of spaghetti.

Freddy combs his hair with one swipe and strides out the door.

INT. HALWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOMS - NIGHT

Wes saunters out of the bathroom.

WES (V.O.)

In the hallway on the way back to our table I suddenly noticed. I noticed the pictures. And Wow did I notice.

As my head and eyes darted around, I went into sensory overload. I actually felt kind of dizzy. I just couldn't believe what I was seeing. Every single person in the pictures on the walls were either working at or dinning at the restaraunt. I was in a generational family reunion flash mob. It was unreal, like in the Shining where you see Jack Nicolson's face in the old timey pic.

Then suddenly Wes glances to his right then stops in his tracks.

He squints at a picture on the wall.

He looks up, he looks down. Then stares out into the dinning room.

Switches his gaze to the opposite wall and gets close as he peers at another photo.

He spins and his eyes follows each row of pictures, then down, back again, then up.

His eyes get wider, his mouth now agape in a stupor.

Wes stares way up, then way down and all around.

WES (V.O.)

So as I stumble march back to our table I suddenly began to see the whole wedding party. The maids of honor, Vinny the Priest, why not. The ring barer, heck five flower girls. And I might as well ask my pharmacist to be my best man.

(MORE)

WES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Two mediums in the same family,
we've got to stick together you
know. I still had no idea he was
Mary's Dad.
I wondered where my picture would
end up. Prolly down low near the
bathroom, right next to Freddy's.

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Wes steps up to their table just as the elderly lemon cello
woman slides a diamond ring onto Mary's hand.

Mary glances up embarrassed.

MARY
Oh sorry, where are my manners, Wes
this is my Nonna Mary.

WES
I know, I just saw the pictures.

MARY
Oh... Yeah...

NONNA MARY
I'm her namesake young man.

Wes just bites his lip.

MARY
She was just showing me this ring.
Isn't it pretty?

NONNA MARY
My late husband Fred gave it to me
sixty years ago.

WES
You don't want to be buried with
it?

Mary plops it off and hands it back to Nonna Mary.

WES (CONT'D)
I didn't realize this was a family
reunion.

MARY
Oh trust me I had no idea it was
going to be either.

A lot of the diners begin to look away, their heads down as they suck in the spaghetti.

Nonna Mary grins and her eyes sparkle as Mary and Wes begin to argue.

NONNA MARY

That's my son-in-law right over there.

Nonna Mary points and waves with a crooked finger at the pharmacist.

The Pharmacist waves back as he stares at Wes.

The pharmacist twirls his fork over and over in his hand.

Mary takes her napkin and daps her forehead.

Wes moves and stands behind his chair.

WES

Turns out your Father sold me condoms today. Did I mentions that?

MARY

Wes Please, we are at a restaraunt.

WES

A nice FAMILY restaurant.

NONNA MARY

I always say Dear, if you are going to go humpity bumpity it's always best to pop it in a bag.