

Date Mate - Jake draft

written by

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Address
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INT. CAR - EVENING

Jake has his eyes closed in the driver seat of his parked car, meditating. A PODCAST HOST with a soft-voice is heard:

PODCAST HOST (V.O.)
Mindfulness is about taking in your
surroundings, not escaping them...
(a chime rings)
and so you let your environment
bring you relaxation, wherever it
may be.

A car horn honks and takes him out of his trance. Eyes opened.

JAKE
Easier said than done...

He pauses the podcast in his phone and taps on the notification from a dating app. He opens the notification to show an attractive woman's profile. Jake scrolls through the profile.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Okay! Likes dogs, is a nurse...
(phone chimes)
...And texts first!

He chuckles at his unwitting rhyme. Opens message: "Hey you're cute! I'm not on here much but if you check out this link you can follow all my socials and we can msg there!"

JAKE (CONT'D)
And... isn't a real person.

He tosses the phone on his passenger seat- but then it buzzes again quickly. He picks up the phone and see it's for a food delivery. He puts the phone back on its holder and the car pulls away as he tries to put on a hopeful smile.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - EVENING

Jake walks down a hallway with a bag of food. He knocks on one of the doors. A beat. Then the door slowly swings open. A man in a robe peaks his body through the crack in the doorway, a delivery customer, PAUL. Jake hands over the bag, the man rips it open and begins shoveling fries in his mouth.

PAUL
(mouth full)
Thanks.

The apartment door next door swings open.

A neighbor, SAM, steps out into the hallway and approaches Jake and the delivery customer.

SAM
Paul, this has got to stop!
(to Jake)
This is not #1207.

The neighbor reaches for the number plate on the wall of their apartment reading "#1208" and rips it clean off. Then rips the number plate "#1207" off the next door and replaces it with the "1208" plate from his doorway.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm #1207. My neighbor Paul keeps
tricking delivery people into
giving him my food.

He takes the bag from .

PAUL
C'mon! It's not a big deal, Sam.
Just report that you never got your
order and they'll give the money
back.

JAKE
Hey, that affects my account.

SAM
See, it affects his account,
asshole.

PAUL
(sarcastic)
Name calling, oh that's really
adult.

SAM
You're the one stealing fries from
his neighbor!!

The two men continue arguing, ignoring Jake.

JAKE
Okay... have a good one.

Jake takes a picture of the two men fighting over the bag for confirmation. Then backs away cleanly like he's escaping two wild animals fighting, not wanting to get involved further.

Jake opens a new notification on his phone. Message: "Thank you for signing up to host speed dating. Your event starts in one hour."

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

Jake enters a wine bar and goes to the bar where two BARTENDERS are working. Gets the attention of TIGGER (20s), a woman with gothic make-up and an array of intricate tattoos peaking under a dressy blouse.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm hosting the speed dating event tonight.

TIGGER

Oh hi, I heard we were doing that now- That's so cute. You're helping people find love!

Jake smiles off her energetic demeanor that seems to contrast her style.

JAKE

This is actually my first time so I don't really know what I'm doing.

TIGGER

Well, all I know is that those tables over there are reserved for you- you can call me Tigger by the way- or Tig. They say I'm always bouncing around- Oh and if you need anything just holla!

(just a little too loud
and giggles in
embarrassment)

We have wine, wine and more wine.

Focus on wine bottles all around the bar.

JAKE

Well, I won't holler at you. I'll be respectful. My name is Jake.

TIGGER

Eh, I'm used to it.

They smile at each other and Tigger goes back to making drinks. Jake moves to set up at the back of the room. He slaps a name tag on.

A MAN in a SUPREME SHIRT enters the bar. Tigger is shocked to see him and suddenly ducks behind the counter as soon as she sets eyes on him. She starts to move to the bar exit. Tigger panics and grabs a near-empty bottle of wine from below the counter and tosses it in a trashcan.

TIGGER (CONT'D)
(to other bartender)
Sorry, need to grab another bottle
of rosé. Be right back.

She quickly exits the bar to the back hallway.

BARTENDER
But there's one right behind you-
and she's already gone.

Jake sits down at a nearby "check-in" table near the front.

The supreme shirt man approaches Jake. MILES (20s) is tall
and dashing and exudes the energy of someone who follows
"hustle culture."

MILES
(before Jake can talk)
-Hi, I'm Miles, cause I can go for
them.

JAKE
Huh? I mean- I'm Jake.

MILES
I'm here for speed dating. So
what's the talent looking like
tonight? I don't want to waste my
ticket on dates with a bunch of
"4s". Know what I mean?

JAKE
Well, I think it's also about
meeting someone you connect with on
a personal level...

MILES
Personally, I'm looking for an ass
I can worship.

Miles stares down the rear-end of a bar patron walking by.
Jake is clearly not on board with Miles' personality.

JAKE
Well, we'll get started here
shortly so just hang out.

MILES
Sweet. I don't do wine so Imma
pregame next door at a real bar.

Miles exits. Jake's eyes follow him with judgment.

Tigger is ducking behind a wall, her eyes also following Miles. She returns to the bar and summons Jake. Jake follows.

TIGGER

Hey did that guy you were just talking to ask about me?

JAKE

No, he's just one of my speed daters.

TIGGER

Shit.

She has to put down the drink she was just pouring and starts nervously giggling.

JAKE

What?

TIGGER

(composes herself)

Whatever you do tonight, can you try to help me avoid him?

JAKE

Uhhh, sure. I'll try to keep him focused on the other speed daters. He seems pretty shallow so that shouldn't be too hard.

TIGGER

Oh, you got that right. Thank you so much. Whatever you want tonight, it's on the house, babe!

She touches him supportively and then goes back to making drinks.

Jake spins around and is instantly met with a group of speed daters.

JAKE

Hi, you're here for speed dating, right? Let's get you checked in and I'll go over how it works here in a minute.

CUT TO:

Jake gathers a group of daters huddled in a corner of the bar. He puts on a confident demeanor.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(reading off phone)
Welcome, speed daters. My name is
"Your name" and I want you to
welcome me- you- to...

His words turn to a garbled mess as he flails quickly and unexpectedly. Some of the daters chuckle at him. Jake hears Tigger cough over at the bar and looks over. She does her best to imitate laughing encouragingly. Miles follows Jake's eyes as he looks over at the bar. Tig can see Miles' head turning and duck below the bar again. Jake imitates her nervous giggle with a smile crawling across his face.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(restarting, improvising)
My name is Jake and as you can tell
I'm a little new at this. But
that's okay because this is new for
a lot of you as well. Now I can get
into the legal mumbo jumbo.
Let's... try this again...

He looks at his phone again, demonstrably. Some more chuckles, but lighter this time.

CUT TO:

The speed daters are settling into their seats now. Jake looks around at the tables and realizes there is an empty seat across from one of the women. He scrolls through the FAQ page of the speed dating app. Stops on a question that reads "What if I have an extra dater?" A-ha. Read it it says "If you have an extra dater, keep them company. You never know if you might meet a new friend or even a potential match yourself!" Jake is very intrigued.

The woman at the empty table is a shy, mousy woman, PAIGE, in a thick sweater. Jake sits in front of her. He cranks an egg timer to five minutes and sets it between them.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hi. Uhhh... so what brings you out
tonight?

The mousy woman recoils shyly. As if she wasn't even expecting to have a conversation.

PAIGE
(a tiny whisper)
Oh, I was excited to meet new
people.

JAKE
Sorry, say that again.

PAIGE
(still a whisper)
I wanna meet new people.

JAKE
Could've sworn I got something
about "nude people."
(putting it together
himself and cutting her
off)
-Oh! You want to meet new people.
Of course. This is a great
opportunity to do that. What are
you looking for in someone new?

The mousy woman tries to respond, but once again is
completely inaudible...

JAKE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Hopefully one of the things you
said was a good listener cause I
got none of that.

PAIGE
Thank you!

JAKE
Are you hearing me?...

He takes in the growing loudness of the conversations all
around them.

JAKE (CONT'D)
It is pretty loud all of a sudden.

CUT TO:

The egg timer is mere millimeters from reaching its
countdown.

Jake is now sitting right next to Paige as she talks directly
in his ear. The egg timer chimes.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wow, you're really a badass person.
I bet you could take me down. It
was a pleasure, but we have to get
switched to our next dates.

Jake stands and announces to the room.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Alright everybody we're going to switch to our next dates. Every guy move over one chair to their left...

(he gets confused as bodies start randomly shifting around him)

Okay, you're right is going to circle around. No, you there- No you. Uhhh...

He looks around and realizes the only open chair is back directly in front of Paige. Jake sighs and approaches Miles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Miles. You're in the wrong seat.

MILES

I decided to call an audible, but whatever bro.

Miles switches to another seat. Jake's phone chimes and he gets a notification from the speed dating app. Notification: Paige has selected "not a match" next to Jake's name.

JAKE

Oh, well... maybe there will be a spark on the next date.

CUT TO:

The tip of a vape lights up. Jake sits down in front of a woman in a tie-dye hoodie, MISTY on her name tag. Misty sucks on the vape and lets out a huge puff of smoke.

MISTY

I only have water Pokemon on my team. What's your favorite?

JAKE

I always liked Bulbasaur since I'm pro-nature.

MISTY

Hmmm, those go together well on a team- water and grass- like a bong. Unless it's just a grass type, then it's weak to water types.

JAKE

Huh, that's not how it works in nature.

Jake chuckles. Misty lets out another cloud of smoke that invades the table next to them, causing them to cough. A woman with "CAITLIN" on her nametag at the table puts a hand on Misty's table.

CAITLIN
Could you not vape near us please?

MISTY
(defensively hiding her
vape)
It was actually smoke from the
candle.

CAITLIN
They're LED candles.

She picks up one of the candles and touches the plastic flame directly. Misty ignores her.

Jake looks at Caitlin, clearly agreeing with her, but not wanting to ruffle any feathers. Then his gaze shifts to the concealed vape. Misty notices.

MISTY
Oh? How rude of me. Do you want a
puff? It's mango-cotton candy.

She extends her hoodied hand with the concealed vape.

CUT TO:

Jake sits in front of a new woman wearing leather bracelets. "TARETTA" on her name tag.

TARETTA
Do you like being tied up?

JAKE
Uhhh...

CUT TO:

Jake sits in front of a new fascist woman with "LAUREN" on her name tag.

LAUREN
It's not about racism like some
people say, it's about keeping our
borders safe.

Jake isn't able to keep his composure and looks at her strangely.

CUT TO:

Jake sits in front of a demure woman who takes a big chug from her wine glass. ELAINE on her name tag.

JAKE

You're probably fun when you're sober, too. What's stressing you out? Nerves or maybe work stress?

ELAINE

Nerves from my work. I'm a psychologist and that really puts men off. Hence why I drink, to get out of my psychology brain and loosen up.

JAKE

You seem fine just the way you are.

ELAINE

Oh, just wait for two drink me...

She holds up two fingers, but her elbow hits the wine glass and it spills.

JAKE

That's okay. Luckily you drank most of it.

Jake stands out of his chair to grab some napkins.

ELAINE

Could you get me another?

Jake nods. Picks up her spilled glass.

Jake walks back to the bar, looking at his phone. The speed dating app shows he has no matches next to his name.

He finally lets a flustered look crawl across his face. He returns to Tiger, who's looking similarly flustered.

JAKE

Speed dating is a lot tougher than I thought.

TIGGER

It's dating in general.

JAKE

Well, it's definitely not easy to have a deep conversation with someone while you're working.

TIGGER

That's why I'm a professional-

She suddenly ducks behind the bar as Miles looks over, clearly bored with his date with Paige. Tigger pops back up.

TIGGER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

...Let me confide something in you. The guy I'm trying to avoid is my ex and we didn't exactly break up on good terms.
(Jake is intrigued)
I ghosted him because I was scared of how he might react to getting dumped. He's one of those ultra-ego guys who never learned how to take an "L."

JAKE

I can tell.

TIGGER

Anyways he's a douchebag and I shouldn't have to feel guilty about ditching him... Because he's a douchebag... Ah, that feels good to say out loud. But that doesn't mean I'm ready to face him.

JAKE

Luckily he's such a narcissist he hasn't noticed you yet.

TIGGER

Yup!

She says it just a little too loudly and has to duck Miles' gaze again.

The other bartender goes behind the bar, sees Tigger hiding.

BARTENDER

Tig, you can't keep hiding behind the bar. Go deliver some drinks.

The bartender slides a tray full of drinks to her.

JAKE
(instinctively, to Tig)
I'll help.

Tigger takes the tray and moves out onto the floor, back turned to Miles awkwardly. Jake stands in front of her for cover.

She drops a few drinks at a table and looks at the next ticket. Her eyes go wide. She nervously starts to move directly towards Miles' table. Luckily for her, Miles is distracted on his phone, ignoring Paige. Jake notices and grabs the egg timer off the table and cranks it to chime.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Alright everyone, let's move
to our next dates!

The men start picking themselves up from their tables.

MILES
(to Paige, avoiding eye contact)
Good to meet you.

Tigger meets eyes with Jake, looking thankful for the help. She places a wine glass in front of Paige with her back turned to Miles.

The men settle into their new seats with their next dates. Miles sits with Caitlin.

CAITLIN
(tapping Tig on the
shoulder)
Hey, can I get another glass?

Tig freezes and tries to ignore her. Jake looks concerned.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

Tig makes eye contact with Caitlin. Then makes eye contact with the other bartender staring her down. Tig knows she has to serve her. Tig tries to carefully scoop the woman's empty glass onto her tray but bumps into the table.

Miles looks off at the waitress away from his phone. At first he notices the tattoos snaking around her arm. Recognizes them, actually. His face turns to shock as he looks up, straight into Tigger's eyes.

MILES
Tig? Wh- what happened to you?

TIGGER

...Miles, this isn't the right time for this.

MILES

You're not even going to say "sorry" for breaking my heart!?

The entirety of the bar takes notice of the commotion.

TIGGER

I just want to move on with my life which is what you seem like you're trying to do as well.

MILES

I don't want to do this bullshit speed dating. This is what I have to resort to after you ghosted me.

TIGGER

Please, I'm at work.

She turns, Miles grabs her arm. Jake rushes over to help.

JAKE

Hey, let's keep it civil. Why are you being so aggro?

MILES

Cause she's a bitch! I mean, I want her back, but she's being really, really shitty right now.
(to Tigger)
Let me make it up to you...

A beat. His energy is entirely confounding. Miles waits for Tigger to respond. But she's speechless and suddenly scurries away out of his grasp with a nervous laugh. She's had enough.

MILES (CONT'D)

I'm not done with you. Don't you ghost me again.

Jake moves between him and Tigger, creating a barrier.

JAKE

Hey, buddy, you need to chill out.

MILES

I'm not your buddy, little speed dating boy.

He uses his strength to move Jake out of the way and makes a

beeline for Tigger.

O.S. VOICE

Ky-ah!!

A thud and Miles suddenly stops and drops to his knees. He looks back to see Paige standing in martial arts formation.

PAIGE

Never put your hands on a woman.

MILES

I'm not afraid of you.

He stands and towers over Paige.

PAIGE

You should. I'm black-belt in Jiu Jitsu. You'd know that if you didn't ignore me on our date.

JAKE

(intervening)

You should leave, dude. You're causing a scene.

The other speed daters start to speak up in agreement. They stand next to Paige in support with their various looks like a group of superheroes.

MILES

Fine. You were all 4's anyway.

(turns his attention to Tig)

You'll regret not having me one day.

He slams through the front door back out onto the street.

Jake goes to Tig for comfort. She looks like she's on the verge of crying.

JAKE

It's okay- he's gone.

But she bursts out into laughter instead.

TIG

I can't wait to pull that up on the security video.

INT. WINE BAR - LATER

Jake at the bar with Tig on the other side. Paige taking a drink from Tig.

JAKE
Guy was douchemaxxing on another level.

TIG
(to Paige)
I think he's too embarrassed to ever show his face around here again. Thank you.

JAKE
(insinuating Paige)
...If they ever need a bouncer.

Paige smiles sheepishly off his joke and walks away.

JAKE (CONT'D)
It is really hit or miss with her...

TIG
So no matches for you?

JAKE
(looking off at Paige)
It was hard to get on the same page with anyone- I bet she's heard that a thousand times.

TIG
Lots of girls other than her will find you funny.

JAKE
I'm a lover, not a fighter, anyway.

CAITLIN approaches Jake.

CAITLIN
I just wanted to say "thank you" for everything you did tonight.
(with implication)
Even if we didn't have time to go on dates with everyone.

JAKE
No, thank you for putting up with my first time hosting. And sorry about that ultra-chad.

Jake notices a key chain on the key ring she is holding.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey, is that a Colorado Film logo?

CAITLIN
It is. I'm an actor and a writer.

JAKE
I love filmmaking. One of my gigs
is doing photography at red rocks.

CAITLIN
Very cool.

JAKE
Yeah...
(lets out some nervous
laughter)
It is...

TIGGER
Well, the event might be over, but
how about a free drink for your
patience dealing with my ex?

She gives a pregnant look to Jake.

CAITLIN
Might as well if I'm here. Gives us
a chance to meet.

Tigger pours a glass of wine and places it on front of
Caitlin.

CUT TO:

The wine glass is now drained as Caitlin circles the rim of
her glass with her index finger flirtatiously. Laughing at
something Jake said.

Tigger approaches.

TIGGER
Hey, I hate to cut you off, but
it's last call.

CAITLIN
(checking her phone)
Probably a good time- I need to get
to get something to eat and get to
bed. It's been a draining day.

JAKE
It was a pleasure to meet you. Best
conversation I had all night.

CAITLIN
You too. And same.

Caitlin pauses awkwardly for a beat, staring at Jake.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
Okay... bye.

JAKE
I'll see you around.

She turns and leaves. Jake takes a seat back at the bar. Tig is looking at him strangely.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(off her stare)
What?

TIGGER
Why didn't you get her number?

JAKE
We're in the same film group. I'll run in to her again.

TIGGER
No, but she was clearly *in* to you.
You should've asked her out.

JAKE
Oh, well... I guess I just thought we were vibing over movies.

TIGGER
It was more than that. Trust me. I see people's romantic lives on a daily basis.

JAKE
I was already on a cold streak.
Didn't feel like it was gonna get hot.

TIGGER
Just because you didn't match with anyone doesn't mean you have to be down on love all together. Be in the moment.

The chime from the earlier podcast rings in his imagination. Tig leaves the bar to do some more closing work, leaving Jake in a moment of realization.

EXT. OUTSIDE WINE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jake smiles with some renewed confidence. Walking down the street with a pep in his step. As he gets to his car he gets a notification for a food delivery on his phone and accepts.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake is holding a food bag and knocks on an apartment door.

Caitlin, now wearing pajamas, opens the door and looks surprised to see Jake.

JAKE

Well, there's a lot of Caitlin's out there, I didn't assume it was you when I accepted the order.

CAITLIN

Oh, I just really needed a late-night snack before bed.

A quiet beat. Neither of them knows what to say.

JAKE

-Do you want to go out? Sorry- I know I should've done it before, I was just overwhelmed from the ni-

CAITLIN

Yes, definitely...
(taking the food bag)
Except we don't have to wait... I can't possibly eat all of this orange chicken myself.

JAKE

Consider it a tip.

CAITLIN

As long as you're not a creep.

JAKE

You have my identity in two apps now. You're pretty safe.

Caitlin motions Jake inside. She is smiling big. And so is he. She closes the door behind them.