

# NO JOKES PRESENTS

BLIND DATE  
by Mitch Koehler

FADE IN:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT — EVENING

We ENTER a dim room, full of tables lined up with mingling singles.

Victor is a blind man wearing thick black glasses with a gross ponytail and a black leather jacket.

HOST

You may now switch partners!

A bell goes DING!

Victor makes his way to the table with his seeing-eye dog. He sits and ties the dog's leash to the leg of the table. He's sitting in front of a new date, a pretty young brunette woman.

DATE

(smiling)

Hey. I'm Janet.

VICTOR

(smiling back)

Hi. I'm Victor. Wow. I gotta say.  
I'm in love with your voice.

DATE

Wow. Thank you. Really? No one's ever told me that.

VICTOR

Yeah it's just so sexy.

DATE

(laughing awkwardly)

Oh. Thanks?

VICTOR

Yeah I could tell right away. Even before I sat down. I could smell your hair.

Her smile fades to a blank stare.

VICTOR

You've got good genes. I can tell.

DATE

Wow...

VICTOR

You must be in real good shape. I can sense it. Let me guess you're about a size five?

He reaches out and feels her nose.

VICTOR

Yeah. That's real good.

DATE

(confused)

Um. Ok. I'm not sure how this is supposed to go.

A waiter approaches the table.

WAITER

A little bread and olive oil?  
Complimentary of the house.

Victor reaches in his jacket and pulls out his parking ticket. He hands it to the waiter and pats him on the shoulder.

VICTOR

Thanks, pal. This one's on me.

Waiter walks away, annoyed. He TRIPS on the dog's leash, dropping the tray of bread.

VICTOR

Janny Jan Jan. Where you from, Jan?

DATE

I actually live 5 minutes from here. I grew up in Philly.

VICTOR

Ah, the grape doesn't roll far from the vine.

DATE

Um, I guess not.

Victor laughs.

VICTOR

You know, I'm never sure how these things are supposed to go either!

The dog farts. Janet gags. She's coughing.

DATE

(holding breath)

So is this your first time on a blind date?

VICTOR

No, I'm a regular. I come here every Wednesday and Friday.

A beat. Victor's chuckle breaks the silence.

VICTOR

Of course! Of course it's my first time! I'm joking. I'm joking! I'm choking!

Victor coughs and clears a fat loogie into the waiters hair. Disgusting.

DATE

Are you alright?

VICTOR

I'll be honest. I'm looking for the right kind of person. I'm convinced there are nothing but fatties and divorced losers at these things (3 women look over at them). It's tough to find a good breeding partner in this day and age.

DATE

Breeding partner?

VICTOR

Yes, for the dog.

DATE

Um, Okay. I'm gonna be straight up with you. Your dog is licking my groin right now. I mean he's really chowing down.

VICTOR

Chester Bennington! Get out of there, mister! I'm sorry he can be really forward and overly friendly.

The dog comes out from under the table and sits next to Victor.

DATE

You named your dog after Chester Bennington?

VICTOR

Yeah. He loves Linkin Park. It's his favorite band. He loves hanging his tongue out the window while I blast "One Step Closer."

DATE

I didn't know dogs could even listen to music.

VICTOR

Oh yeah. He loves it. I swear if this dog was a man, he'd be a black basketball player. Natural athlete getting tons of pussy.

The Camera PANS to the retriever breathing heavy with his tongue hanging out.

She opens a bag of M&M's and eats a couple.

VICTOR

Are those M&Ms?

DATE

Yeah. Do you want some?

VICTOR

I know shelled chocolate when I hear it.

Victor extends his hand and eats one.

VICTOR

Puh! Ugh!

He spits it in her face.

DATE

the hell is your problem?

VICTOR

I'm sorry. I hate brown M&M's. They give me diarrhea. They have to be blue. Or yellow. It leaves a terrible after taste. Like a stink bug. Have you ever eaten a stink bug?

She cleans her face with a napkin.

DATE

(slightly offended)  
No. I-I don't eat insects.

VICTOR

Well, no one does it intentionally!  
You idiot.

DATE

Excuse me?

VICTOR

Look. We have about 3 minutes before that bell rings. I need answers. You seem like a purebred. Are you purely? Bread?

DATE

(shocked)  
I'm half Native American...and I don't like dogs.

VICTOR

No way. I would have bet my life that you were a German Shepard kinda girl. Guess it's good I'm not a gambler!

He laughs maniacally.

DATE

How can a blind man gamble?

VICTOR

I used to be on World Poker Stars  
tour. '09 to '13. They called me  
Mystery Eyes.

Victor removes his glasses to reveal black QUESTION  
MARKS on his eyeballs.

DATE

(screams)

Ah!

VICTOR

(putting glasses back on)

Yeah, pretty freaky stuff.

DATE

...and how did you say you lost your  
eyesight?

VICTOR

Oh, I also played professional pool.  
Caught two balls to the eyes on a  
trick shot. Had to cancel the  
televised event and everything.

The date grabs her coat off the chair.

DATE

We're done here.

VICTOR

So, do you fuck on the first date?  
Cause I can't really use email...

DATE

You're a total creep. And your dog  
smells like shit.

The girl gets up and leaves.

Victor smacks the waiter's ass on her way out. He smiles down at the dog, satisfied.

VICTOR  
She'll be back.  
...They always come back.

THE END