

DARK DATE

by

John Cowdell

Copyright © John Cowdell

[iommi80@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:iommi80@yahoo.co.uk)

This screenplay may not be used  
or reproduced without the express  
written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

A full moon rises over a bustling city. The sound of traffic fills the air.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A classy, upscale restaurant. DINERS with style and sophistication.

SARAH, 20s, blonde and pretty, sits at a table with her date, JAMES, 30s, dark and handsome.

SARAH

This place is really nice.

JAMES

It's Michelin starred.

SARAH

Really? You sure know how to spoil a girl on the first date.

JAMES

Only the best for someone as beautiful as you.

Sarah is flattered.

SARAH

You're not too shabby yourself.

They smile at each other across the table. A hint of attraction.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside Sarah's apartment building. Sarah and James get out.

JAMES

Well, I guess this is where we say goodbye. I had a really great time tonight.

SARAH  
Yeah, me too.

They kiss.

JAMES  
I could always come in for a night  
cap. Sorry, I hope that wasn't too  
forward of me?

SARAH  
No, not at all. You're more than  
welcome to come in.

James smiles. He turns to the TAXI DRIVER and pays him. The  
taxi drives off, leaving Sarah and James, alone.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sarah and James enter the modest apartment.

SARAH  
Welcome to my humble abode. It may  
be small but at least it's tidy.

JAMES  
I like it. Very cosy.

SARAH  
Thanks.

They walk into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SARAH  
Do you wanna drink? I'm afraid I've  
only got beer.

JAMES  
Beer will be fine, thanks.

SARAH  
Okay. Make yourself at home.

Sarah goes into the kitchen, leaving James to wonder around  
the apartment.

A framed photo on the wall catches James's eye. A picture of young Sarah with her parents.

SARAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Did you want a glass or are you okay with just the bottle?

JAMES  
No, the bottle is fine.

Sarah returns from the kitchen with an open bottle of beer. She hands it to James and he takes a swig.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Nice photo.

SARAH  
Oh, thanks. That was taken some time ago, before my parents died.

JAMES  
Oh, I'm sorry.

SARAH  
That's okay. You weren't to know.

James stares deeply into her eyes.

JAMES  
Why don't we change the subject?

He takes Sarah in his arms and kisses her. Sarah pulls away.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

SARAH  
Nothing. Why don't I slip into something a little more comfortable first?

JAMES  
How about I just slip into you instead?

SARAH  
You don't waste any time, do you?

JAMES  
I like to make the most of my nights.

SARAH

Well, I'm sure you can wait just a little longer. Besides, it'll be worth the wait. I promise.

She kisses him and turns to leave.

JAMES

Is it okay if I use your bathroom?

SARAH

Sure. It's just down the hallway.

She exits to the bedroom. James watches her go.

James finishes his beer, places the empty bottle on the coffee table, and heads towards the...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

James tries the first door he comes to, but it's locked. He tries the second door, and it opens to the bathroom. He enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, wearing a silk robe, emerges from the bedroom. She goes into the kitchen, pours herself a glass of wine.

James returns from the bathroom. He starts undressing Sarah with his eyes as she moves seductively towards him.

SARAH

Now, where were we?

They kiss. James pulls away and stares at Sarah with hungry eyes.

JAMES

Right around the part where I kill you.

He smiles wickedly, revealing bloodthirsty fangs. Sarah backs away in fear.

SARAH

Oh, my god. What the hell are you?

James's face contorts into a mask of pure evil. A hideous, demonic being.

JAMES

I'm a vampire, you stupid bitch!

SARAH

But I don't understand?

James laughs maniacally.

JAMES

That's what I love about online dating. It's the perfect hunting ground for people like me.

Sarah's fear gives way to anger.

SARAH

You're absolutely right. It is the perfect hunting ground. But that cuts both ways.

James looks at her, confused.

SARAH (CONT'D)

For the record, I'm not stupid...

Sarah pulls out a wooden stake concealed in her robe.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...But I am a bitch!

She slowly circles James like a predator stalking its prey.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And just so you know. My parents didn't just die. They were murdered. Killed by you and your bloodsucking friends!

James is enraged.

JAMES

And you're gonna be next!

SARAH

I don't think so. How did that beer taste?

JAMES

What?

SARAH

The beer you drank. I added a little extra ingredient of my own. I hope you're not allergic to garlic?

James glances at the empty beer bottle in disbelief.

JAMES

You bitch!

He grimaces as a sudden pain shoots through his body.

SARAH

Don't worry, it won't kill you. But it'll stop you in your tracks long enough for me to drive this stake right through your heart.

She lunges at James with the stake.

JAMES

No!

Sarah drives the stake into James's heart. He screams in agony, staggering back, clutching the stake as it protrudes from his chest.

James's flesh begins to sizzle and smoke, slowly disintegrating into ash, revealing his evil skeleton beneath.

The clothed skeleton remains standing a moment, then clatters to the floor, bones shattering to pieces.

Sarah picks up James's fractured skull from the rubble of charred bones. She blows off the ash and admires her new trophy.

SARAH

Another one bites the dust.

INT. LOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. The sound of a key turning in the lock. The door opens and a light comes on as Sarah enters with James's skull.

A large cabinet displays several demonic-looking skulls. Other vampire victims.

Profile pictures of men are pinned to the wall like mug shots. Some of the men have been crossed out. James is one of the men who hasn't been crossed out.

Sarah opens the cabinet and places James's skull inside.

SARAH

I brought you some company, boys.

She closes the cabinet and turns to the wall of pictures. She picks up a red marker and crosses out James's picture.

Then she focuses on another man's picture, which hasn't been crossed out. She stares at the picture with vengeful eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're next, motherfucker.

FADE OUT.

THE END