

IT'S A MATCH!

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

LYLA, 27, is a blonde fiery young woman who's life is put together is almost everything but the boy department. She is applying make up in a mirror on top of a dresser, the only piece of furniture in the room other than a mattress on the floor.

Lyla is talking on speakerphone with her best friend GRACE, 27, a supportive, or better known as pushy, caring friend that tends to try to "fix" Lyla often.

LYLA

I don't know Grace, what if this guy ends up being a serial killer? Or worse, an unmotivated fat 40 year old still living with his parents.

(beat)

I'm messaging him right now and cancelling this date, this is stupid.

Lyla puts down her make up and reaches for her phone. She pulls up the app TINDER and before she can start messaging a boy Grace interjects.

GRACE

Don't you dare. I'm putting my foot down. You're going on this date, you're going to feel pretty, and you're going to meet a nice guy. No if's, and's, or but's about it, capishe?

Lyla rolls her eyes behind the phone, and her tone of voice becomes sadder.

LYLA

But remember last time I tried one of these online date-y things?

Grace gets off her high horse and starts to genuinely sympathize with Lyla.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Yeah, I remember Ly. But, you gotta get back out there. What happened sucked, but how else are you going to move on?

Lyla purses her lip acknowledging Grace is ultimately right.

GRACE (CONT.)

And you just moved, so the worst that can happen is that you make a new friend from this whole thing.

LYLA

(sigh)

You're right, you're right.

GRACE

(smirks)

Per usual.

LYLA

OK, I'm going to finish my make up and get dressed.

GRACE

Call me tomorrow for all the dirty deets?

LYLA

(laughs)

Yeah, yeah, you perv. Miss you.

GRACE

Miss you too, Ly.

Lyla hangs up the phone.

MONTAGE:

-Lyla resumes doing her make up

-Lyla searches through her boxes for a perfect outfit

-Lyla puts on outfit after outfit until she's satisfied with the right one

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

After the montage, Lyla looks herself up and down with her final outfit. She opts for a simple dress that would look just "eh" on anyone else, but not Lyla. She turns simple into a showstopper. She takes a deep breath and gives herself a pep talk:

LYLA

If everyone else can use Tinder, so can you. You've probably already met every disastrous guy out there, so what's to lose?

Lyla smiles and nods at herself in the mirror. She is taken by surprise when the doorbell rings.

LYLA

Crap.

Lyla fake coughs.

LYLA

Looks like I'm not feeling well anymore, I'll have to cancel.

Lyla tries out her fake cough a few more times and is satisfied with how realistic it sounds. Lyla runs down the stairs.

INT. DOORWAY - EVENING

Before opening the door, Lyla presumes her "sick" role. Lyla then opens the door to BEN, 28, a tall handsome works on Wall Street type, without the cockiness. He looks cuter in person than he does in pictures.

BEN

Hi... um... Lyla, it's nice to meet you, I'm Ben.

Lyla is still standing in the doorway in awe of how perfect this man is. She then realizes she's waited way too long to respond and recollects herself and loses the sick act.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

H-

(clears throat)

Hi Ben. It's nice to meet you too.

Ben flashes her a sparkling, bright, white smile.

BEN

You look...

Ben one up's Lyla. Lyla blushes.

BEN

Amazing. Ready to go?

LYLA

Yes, let me just get my coat.

Lyla flusters and nearly trips on the two foot walk to get her coat. Ben is not phased.

Lyla locks the door behind them.

INT./EXT. BEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ben opens the passenger side for Lyla, like a gentleman. Once he closes the door, Lyla does a mini happy dance that abruptly stops when Ben enters the car. The two engage in lots of small talk and lots of laughing on their way to the restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Ben parks the car and the two of them walk towards the entrance of a nice, yet mellow restaurant. Ben holds the door open for Lyla... of course, and the two enter.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

The restaurant embraces dimmed "mood" lighting and a sophisticated atmosphere.

HOSTESS

Hi, how can I help you guys?

BEN

Hello, I have a reservation for two under Ben Howie.

HOSTESS

Ah perfect. Right this way.

The hostess leads Lyla and Ben to their seats. And guess what? Ben pulls Lyla's chair out for her... like a gentleman. Classic Ben.

LYLA

This place is really nice, have you ever been here before?

BEN

I haven't, but I saw on your tinder bio that you really liked mediterranean food and this place had raving reviews so I just thought-

(beat)

Sorry, I don't mean to come off too strong.

Ben laughs.

BEN

I've just been really looking forward to this night, that's all.

Lyla blushes. No one has ever treated her this nicely before.

LYLA

No, no! You're perfect.

(beat)

I...uh... mean you're doing perfect.

Lyla looks away in embarrassment but Ben is gazing at her like she's the prettiest girl at prom.

BEN

I'm not gonna lie, I've never used Tinder before and I didn't really know what to expect. But, wow, I'm

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (cont'd)
glad I did.

Lyla looks back at Ben and smiles. She changes the subject in hopes of learning more about her future husband.

LYLA
So, what do you do?

BEN
Boring accounting stuff, all jumbled numbers. How about you?

LYLA
I'm a magazine editor. I actually moved here from Ohio because I got offered a job with the New Yorker.

BEN
No way! Congratulations, that's incredible.

LYLA
(laughs)
Thanks. Yeah, it's big. Just hard being away from home. Don't really know anyone from around here, you know?

Ben's pleasantly surprised by this comment.

BEN
Yeah. I remember that feeling from when I first moved here. It gets easier, I promise. Maybe I can introduce you to my friends sometime.

LYLA
(smiles)
Yeah, I'd like that.

Both Ben and Lyla make eye contact for a second too long, which increases the sexual tension. They then look down at their menus.

BEN

I'm going to be completely honest here, I've never had mediterranean food before. Do you have any recommendations?

Lyla flirtatiously drops her jaw.

LYLA

You're kidding.

BEN

(laughs)

Oh no, is this going to be a deal breaker?

LYLA

(straight face)

Only the biggest of them all. You should probably just leave now. But, don't forget to leave your credit card.

Lyla laughs.

BEN

(laughs)

You're fully serious right now, aren't you?

LYLA

Oh. 100 percent.

The two of them laugh at each other's jokes.

LYLA

But, in all seriousness get the beef shawarma over rice. You'll feel transformed.

BEN

(laughs)

Beef shawarma it is.

The waitress comes to Lyla and Ben's table.

WAITRESS

Hi, are you guys ready to order?

LYLA

Yes! I'll have the chicken kabobs
and he'll have the beef shawarma
over rice.

Ben is impressed. He likes a girl who can order for him.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ben and Lyla exit the restaurant and walk towards his car.
They're laughing even more than we saw them last, and
they're noticeably more comfortable with one another.

BEN

I'm stuffed.

LYLA

Me too. By far the best
mediterranean food I've ever had.

BEN

10/10?

LYLA

11/10.

Ben and Lyla get into his car. Ben opens the passenger door
for Lyla, but we wouldn't expect anything less from him.

EXT. LYLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Lyla get out of the car and walk towards the doorway
of Lyla's apartment.

BEN

I had a great time with you
tonight.

LYLA

Me too.

BEN

Can we do this again sometime?

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

Of course.

Ben gently kisses Lyla on the cheek and heads back to his car. Lyla walks inside her apartment and locks the door shut.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Lyla's lounging around in bed reminiscing over last night's events, when she gets a call from Grace.

GRACE

Spill.

LYLA

Ugh, Grace. It was amazing.

GRACE

Give me more!

LYLA

He was truly a gentleman, but also funny, and he has this amazing smile.

GRACE

(joking)

When are the wedding invites coming out?

LYLA

(laughs)

Shut up! But, I'm serious. I really like this guy.

A weird creaking sound emerges from what seems like down the stairs. Lyla is startled by it and jolts up from her bed.

GRACE

Lyla? Everything OK?

Lyla calms down a little.

LYLA

Yeah, just still not used to this new apartment and it's noises, you know?

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Yeah. So when are you going to see him next?

Lyla's more at ease now and eases back into her bed.

LYLA

I don't know! He still hasn't messaged me yet. GRACE
It's also only 10 in the morning.

Another weird noise comes from the downstairs, and Lyla becomes startled again.

GRACE

Lyla?

LYLA

Yeah, sorry. My apartment just won't stop making creepy noises.

GRACE

I'm sure your fine. You're just not used to it yet.

LYLA

Yeah you're right.

A third, louder, creaking noise comes from downstairs. Lyla is totally spooked at this point.

LYLA

It just happened again.

GRACE

Ok, ok. Why don't you just call the police and ask them to send a patrol car over to keep you company for an hour, or so?

LYLA

You sure that's not dramatic?

GRACE

Yeah, why not. It's better to be safe then sorry.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

OK.

GRACE

Call me when they get there?

LYLA

Yes. Love you.

GRACE

Love you too.

Lyla hangs up the phone and proceeds to call 9-1-1. The line rings a couple of times and a female dispatcher answers.

DISPATCHER

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

LYLA

Hi, my name's Lyla Sommer and I live at 435 W 31st Street, Apartment #2. I'm new to town, and I'm just getting a really bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. Is there anyway you could send a patrol car over here to check things out? It would really put me at ease.

While Lyla is talking on the other end, we see the dispatcher has Lyla's apartment on her computer screen with two red dots indicating two cell signals coming from the apartment.

DISPATCHER

Yes. Sure. Are you alone, miss?

LYLA

Yes.

The dispatcher starts to look worried, and silently sends 5 police officers to Lyla's address. The dispatcher remains calm, hoping not to worry Lyla.

DISPATCHER

OK, I'll dispatch an officer over to your place right now.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

Thank you!

Lyla hangs up the phone. When the phone is hung up, the Dispatcher starts shouting at the rest of the officers in the station.

DISPATCHER

Move it people!

EXT. LYLA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

After two minutes, five patrol cars halt to a stop in front of Lyla's apartment with their sirens on. The officers rush to the door of Lyla's apartment and break open the door.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Lyla looks out her window to see what all of the commotion is about. It turns out it's all happening outside her apartment. Lyla starts to get scared, and locks her bedroom door.

INT. LYLA'S BASEMENT - MORNING

The five patrol officers rush down the stairs to Lyla's basement, the site of the second cell signal, with guns in hand. We don't yet see what is down there.

OFFICER #1

Put your hands where we can see them.

We now see the back of a man kneeling over a tarp he has set on the ground. He is surrounded by various tools with sharp edges that could easily dismember a body.

OFFICER #2

You heard him, put your hands up!

The man slowly puts his hands behind his head and steadily stands up. As he turns around to face the officers, it is revealed that the man is indeed our gentleman, Ben. WHAT?!

The officers arrest him and in the midst of all the chaos we can hear his Miranda rights being stated to him faintly.

INT. DOORWAY - AFTERNOON

Ben is being taken away by the cops on Lyla's door step. Lyla slowly comes down the stairs and sees that it's Ben who they're arresting. Lyla's confused and turns to a cop to timidly ask:

LYLA

What's going on?

OFFICER #1

This kid was found in your basement, miss. He was setting up what looked like the start of a murder scene.

Lyla looks like she's going to be sick.

OFFICER #1

Do you know him?

Lyla looks at Ben being taken away to a patrol car. Ben looks right back at her and flashes that same bright white smile we once loved. Lyla is paralyzed in disbelief.

LYLA

I guess not.

FADE OUT

THE END.