

MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER

Written by

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INT. A GIRL'S DORM ROOM. MORNING.

JULES (18), eyes shut, perches on her lofted bed, a fuzzy blanket around her shoulders, her face lit by fairy lights.

JULES
(murmuring)
Hmm. I'm seeing... a--a boy. He's tall... but not too tall. He has decent hair. He smiled in your direction at a party once.

Excited SHRIEKS break out from a gaggle of girls sitting around the bed. ELLA (19), a pretty blonde, is at the center.

GIRL #1
Oh my god! Ella, it has to be Matt!

AARON (18), in his skinny jeans and Doc Martins, stands protectively clutching an iPad by the bed. He throws the girls a sour look. They fall silent.

JULES
Hang on. I'm getting something. His name... is...

The girls grab hands, leaning forward in anticipation.

GIRL #2
(whispering loudly)
I am telling you, it has to be Matt! It just has to!

AARON
Shhh! You're distracting her!

The girls glare at Aaron who glares right back.

Suddenly, Jules's eyes snap wide open.

JULES
Matt!

All hell breaks loose. SCREAMS echo around the room.

ELLA
(grabbing Jules's hand)
Jules, you're amazing. Thank you so much!

JULES
Of course, honey. Happy to do it! Aaron, can you show these lovelies out for me please?

Aaron sighs. He shepherds the herd towards the door.

AARON
Let's go ladies. Keep it moving. We
don't got all day!

Aaron slams the door shut and falls back on it exhaustedly.

AARON (CONT'D)
Well, they were... somethin' else.

Jules laughs, stretches, and flips upside down, hanging over the edge of the bed. Aaron clambers up beside her and mimics.

JULES
Yo, can I get the iPad?

Aaron fakes like he's going to throw the iPad. Jules grabs the iPad and opens Instagram to Matt's finsta.

MONTAGE OF SCROLLING PICTURES: Matt drunk at a party. Matt proudly holding a fish. Matt posing for a bathroom mirror selfie.

Suddenly, an alert for a new post from @daniel23smith pops up. Jules clicks on the post and instantly smiles. Aaron leans over and glances at the iPad.

AARON
Who's the hottie?

Jules quickly closes Instagram.

JULES
Nobody.

AARON
Uh huh. Listen girl, we gotta get
you a mans.

Jules rolls her eyes and laughs.

AARON (CONT'D)
It doesn't have to be serious! Just
a little action on the side.
Consider it a form of self-care.

JULES
Babe, we've been over this! I'm
just fine on my own.

AARON

I'm not saying that you *have* to have someone. But are you really ok with being alone?

JULES

Hey, who said I was alone? I've got you, don't I?

Jules tilts her head and kisses Aaron on the cheek.

JULES (CONT'D)

I gotta pee before the next client. Watch the door, ok?

As soon as Jules exits, Aaron snatches the iPad and reopens Instagram, grinning mischievously.

INT. JULES'S DORM ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Jules adjusts a "The Doctor is in" sign in the window. Aaron busies himself with the iPad.

A KNOCK at the door. Aaron strides over and opens it.

AARON

(looking at Jules)
Oh my, would you look who it is?
(looking back at Josh)
Josh, sweetie, come right in.

JOSH (18), a nervous-looking boy, stumbles his way into the room. Everyone stands around awkwardly.

AARON (CONT'D)

(in Josh's ear)
Sit the fuck down!

Aaron pushes Josh down. Jules perches on the edge of the bed.

JULES

Alright, Josh. Let's start off easy. Are you looking for something more long-term or one night stand?

JOSH

Um, I thought I was here to play Mario Party.

JULES

Oh, really? Aaron, I think you and I might need to have a little chat.

Aaron drags Josh off the floor and towards the door.

AARON
(in Josh's ear)
Thanks for nothing you piece of--

JULES
Aaron!

Aaron pushes Josh through the door and slams it shut.

JULES (CONT'D)
What on earth was that poor thing
doing here?

AARON
I apologize for his awkwardness. He
looked so much more suave in his
picture...

JULES
His picture?
(beat)
Oh God. Aaron, are you trying to
matchmake the matchmaker right now?

AARON
(holding his hands up)
Guilty!

A KNOCK at the door. Jules and Aaron freeze. They both slowly
turn their heads.

Jules crosses to the door and opens it.

CHASE (19), a fit frat boy, leans against the wall.

CHASE
Hey baby.

JULES
Who are you?

CHASE
Doesn't matter. All that matters is
that you're hot and I'm hot. You
down to fu--?

Jules slams the door shut in Chase's face.

JULES
That's enough of that.

AARON

Jules, I'm sorry. I didn't know these guys were going to be such dumbasses.

JULES

It's ok, love. I know you meant well. It's just-- even if these boys were the "right" ones, I'm not sure I would actually be able to make a move.

Aaron sighs.

AARON

Girl, have some confidence in yourself. Anyone would be lucky to have you.

Jules and Aaron hug goodnight. Jules closes the door.

INT. JULES'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT.

Jules lays in bed, cocooned in a blanket. She is slowly scrolling through @daniel23smith's page on Instagram.

Jules clicks on a post from a few years back.

Her finger slips. A look of horror spreads across her face.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JULES'S DORM ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

DANIEL (18), an endearing boy with tousled hair, works up the courage to knock on Jules's door.

A NOTIFICATION that @Julesthepsychic liked his post.

Psyching himself up, Daniel KNOCKS.

INT. JULES'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT.

Panic. Jules throws off the blanket and hurries to the door.

JULES

Hey. I'm sorry, but we're not seeing anyone else today. My assistant is out.

DANIEL
Oh, my bad. I'll go...

Daniel turns to leave. Jules bites her lip.

JULES
Wait up!
(beat)
I guess I could see one more. Come
on in.

Daniel wanders into the room and Jules shuts the door.

DANIEL
Nice set-up you got in here.

JULES
Thanks.

DANIEL
Could stand to get a few more
chairs for your clients though.

JULES
Well whaddya know folks? He's only
been here two minutes and he's
already trying to tell me how to
run my business.

The room falls into an awkward silence. Jules forces a laugh.

JULES (CONT'D)
That was supposed to be a joke.

DANIEL
Geez. Maybe you should think about
getting a sense of humor when you
get the chairs then.

JULES
(throwing a pillow at
Daniel)
Hey!

The pillow hits Daniel's face. The two burst into laughter.

DANIEL
Actually, don't worry about it.
This tiny cushion should be fine
for at least half my ass.

JULES

Please. Your ass is so small, you should have no problem fitting it all on that pillow.

DANIEL

Oh, so you admit it then?

JULES

Admit what?

DANIEL

You looked at my ass.

Jules blushes.

JULES

What? No--no, I didn't. Let's just get started on the consultation.

DANIEL

Ok. Whatever you say, boss.

JULES

So are you thinking more long term or hook up?

DANIEL

Long term definitely.

JULES

And what do you look for in a girl?

DANIEL

Mainly just personality. Somebody funny. Someone I can trust.

Jules smiles but quickly stifles it. She closes her eyes.

JULES

(murmuring)

I see... a girl. She's tall but not too tall. She has messy hair, but in the cute way. She's a lot closer than you think.

DANIEL

Really?

JULES

Yes. Her name is...

Jules hesitates. Panic creeps in.

JULES (CONT'D)
(opening her eyes)
Vanessa.

Daniel casts his eyes downward dejectedly.

DANIEL
Oh. Vanessa? Really?

Silence.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Well, um, thank you for your help I
guess. Maybe I'll see you around?

Jules nods. Daniel exits.

INT. JULES'S DORM ROOM. MORNING.

Jules, in PJs, stands in the center of the room with a
toothbrush hanging out of her mouth.

A KNOCK at the door. Jules glances through the peephole.

AARON
Open up! It's Britney, bitch.

Aaron sashays past Jules and flops down on the bed.

JULES
Hey, the last boy you sent over was
pretty cute.

AARON
Chase? I mean yeah, but his
personality could definitely use
some work.

JULES
Ew, no. Not Chase. Daniel.

AARON
I didn't send Daniel over last
night. If he came here, he came on
his own.

Jules runs to the sink and spits, quickly rinsing her mouth
and rushing to the door.

AARON (CONT'D)
Go get him girl! You got this!

CUT TO BLACK.