

MEET YOUR MATCH

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is busy. Patrons sit at tables drinking and chatting. A hand holding a smartphone comes into view. On the screen an image of a man smiling, his name is Martin.

STEPHANIE (20s) glances at the image on her phone and scans the room for a matching face. She is an attractive and assertive woman, but her nerves are starting to surface.

MARTIN (20s) sits at a small table for two. He is good looking, but a devilish twinkle in his eye. His eye is caught by Stephanie standing at the door.

He stands and subtly waves to get her attention. Stephanie spots Martin and smiles. She puts away her phone and approaches him.

They shake hands and kiss cheeks.

STEPHANIE

I'm so sorry I'm late. I wasn't expecting so much traffic.

MARTIN

It's fine, I haven't been here long.

Martin sits back down. Stephanie sits opposite.

MARTIN

I took the liberty of getting you a drink. I remember you saying you liked red wine.

STEPHANIE

Oh, thank you.

Stephanie glances at the wine and subtly moves it away from her an inch or two.

STEPHANIE

Excuse me if I seem nervous. This is my first time through online dating.

MARTIN

You hide it well.

Stephanie smiles. She looks around the room.

STEPHANIE

This is a nice place.

MARTIN

Yeah, I come here all the time. I guess you could say it's my local.

STEPHANIE

You live around here?

MARTIN

About 2 minutes away.

Martin glances at the glass of red wine.

MARTIN

Aren't you going to drink your wine?

STEPHANIE

Are you trying to get me drunk?

Martin's eyes widen, innocently. He raises his hands in defence.

MARTIN

No, of course not. I was just worried, maybe I'd made a faux par by assuming what you wanted to drink.

STEPHANIE

Well, if I'm honest I wasn't planning on drinking alcohol tonight. I have a long day tomorrow and don't want to risk a hangover.

MARTIN

From one glass?

STEPHANIE

I'm a bit of a light weight.

They both laugh.

MARTIN

I'll get you another drink.

Martin gestures to a passing barmaid. She approaches.

MARTIN

Can I get a...

Martin looks to Stephanie for an answer. Stephanie turns to the barmaid.

STEPHANIE
A lemonade, please.

The barmaid walks away.

MARTIN
So, what do you do?

STEPHANIE
I'm a nurse at St Benedict's.

MARTIN
Oh, wow. That's got to be a high pressure job.

STEPHANIE
It certainly has its moments. What about yourself?

MARTIN
I'm kind of in-between jobs right now. I do a lot of freelance work though. Odd jobs. I'm something of a jack-of-all-trades.

The barmaid returns and places a glass of lemonade on the table in front of Stephanie.

Stephanie smiles and takes a sip. Martin returns the smile.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Martin and Stephanie exit the bar, pulling on their coats.

MARTIN
Which way are you headed?

Stephanie points down the road.

STEPHANIE
That way.

MARTIN
Ah, I'm going the other way.

STEPHANIE
Well, it was nice meeting you.

MARTIN
You too.

They lean in and kiss on the cheek. There's a brief moment of awkwardness before Stephanie breaks it.

STEPHANIE

Bye.

She turns and walks up the street at a quick pace. Martin watches her momentarily before turning and walking the other way.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Stephanie lies asleep in bed. Her phone on the bedside table vibrates. She rolls over and picks it up. She reads the message on the lock screen.

It's from Martin: "Hey, I had a great time last night. I was wondering if you wanted to do it again sometime. XX"

Stephanie sits up and unlocks the phone. She sends a reply: "I had a great time too, but I just didn't feel a romantic connection between us. I wish you all the best in meeting someone."

She sends the message and puts the phone back down before pulling back the covers and sliding out of bed.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, BEDROOM - LATER

Stephanie enters the bedroom with a towel wrapped around her. She is drying her hair with another towel. Her phone vibrates on the bedside table. She picks it up, another message from Martin.

"Oh okay, I understand, but maybe if we meet up again you'll feel differently. It's hard to be sure after just one date. XX"

She puts the phone down and starts taking clothes out of a drawer.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

Stephanie is dressed in her nurses outfit. She butters a slice of toast. Her phone is on the counter beside her. It vibrates as the screen lights up.

She glances over to see another message from Martin.

"Hey, I was thinking we could go for dinner. I know a really nice restaurant near me and then maybe a walk in the park? XX"

Stephanie exhales with frustration. She picks up the phone and unlocks it ready to reply.

"Look, I appreciate your effort, but I'm really not interested in you that way. Please, stop texting me."

She puts the phone down and picks up the slice of toast, but before she can take a bite, the phone vibrates again. Another message from Martin:

"There's no need to be like that. I just think if you give me another chance you'll feel differently. You shouldn't be so abrupt in life, you may miss out on something special. XX"

Stephanie thinks for a moment and then smirks before taking a bite of her toast.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Stephanie is slowly walking down the aisle browsing the shelves. She carries a basket containing a few items.

On the other side of the shelf a pair of recognisable eyes (MARTIN'S) are watching her following her as she moves.

She picks up something from the shelf and puts it in the basket. She glances toward the end of the aisle and spots Martin standing at the end watching her. At first she looks away casually having not registered his presence, but then double takes only to find nobody there.

She frowns confused and looks around the empty aisle.

EXT. SHOP - LATER

Stephanie exits the shop carrying two shopping bags and walks down the street away from the camera. We pull back to see Martin leant up against the shop wall watching Stephanie.

He starts following her at a distance.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stephanie is stood by the cooking stirring a sauce. Her phone vibrates on the counter beside her. She glances down at the expected message from Martin.

"Hey, how was work? I miss you. XX"

Stephanie shakes her head. She unlocks the phone and blocks his number.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Stephanie sits on the sofa watching television. She sips from a glass of red wine. There is a crash of metal bins outside.

She looks over, concerned. She puts down the glass and rushes over to the window to peer out into the darkness.

Nothing. No sign of anyone outside.

Stephanie pulls the curtains closed.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT - LATER

Stephanie locks the front door and checks the door handle.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, BEDROOM - LATER

Stephanie enters the bedroom and pulls back the duvet covers.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Martin stands outside in the street looking up at Stephanie's bedroom window. He sees the light go out.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The sounds of clicking outside the front door. The lock catch flicks and the handle lowers. The door slowly opens and Martin creeps in.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door opens and Martin's silhouette sneaks in lit only by the moonlight. He spots Stephanie asleep in bed and makes his way over to her quietly.

He grins to himself as he leans over her. He pulls back the covers to find two pillows lined up. He frowns.

A light switches on filling the room. Martin looks up to see Stephanie sitting in the corner of the room pointing a small pistol at him. He stares at her frightened.

STEPHANIE

Well, look who it is. I've been expecting you.

MARTIN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...I'll just go.

Martin turns to leave.

STEPHANIE

I wouldn't.

Stephanie raises the gun. Martin stops, staring at the threatening device in her hand.

STEPHANIE

Stay where you are. I'm ready for our second date.

Stephanie smiles.

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, DINING ROOM - LATER

Stephanie leads Martin into the dining room and over to the dining table. She pushes the gun into his back.

STEPHANIE

Take a seat.

Martin sits down. Stephanie picks up some zip ties from the table and ties Martin's wrists to the chair arms and his ankles to the chair legs.

MARTIN

Look, I know what I did was wrong and I'm sorry. Please, just let me go, I won't bother you anymore. You won't see me again.

STEPHANIE

But I thought you wanted another date? I think this time I may change how I feel about you.

Stephanie smiles. She places the gun on the kitchen counter and takes two wine glasses out of the cupboard. She pours two glasses of red wine and carries them over to the table placing one in front of Martin.

She grabs the gun and sits opposite him. She places the gun on the table and takes a sip of her wine.

STEPHANIE

I can already see I misjudged you after our first date. Please, drink your wine.

Martin frowns looking down at his bound wrists. Stephanie laughs.

STEPHANIE
Oh, how silly of me.

She gets up and enters the kitchen grabbing a knife from a block. She approaches Martin and cuts free one of his hands. She sits back down opposite him.

STEPHANIE
Drink it.

Martin looks at the wine nervously. He looks at Stephanie. She picks up the gun and points it at him.

Martin grabs the glass and takes a large gulp. He puts it down.

STEPHANIE
All of it.

He hesitates before downing the rest of the wine.

MARTIN
You don't need to do this.

STEPHANIE
Don't I?

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN
You've made your point.

STEPHANIE
Not yet I haven't.

Stephanie puts down the gun and grabs her purse on the table. He opens it and takes out a small photograph of a young woman. She places it down on the table and slides it toward Martin.

STEPHANIE
I believe you know this girl.

Martin glances at the photo. He shakes his head.

MARTIN
Never met her.

STEPHANIE
She's my little sister. You went on a date together.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

After, she told you she wasn't interested, but that wasn't good enough for you, so you started stalking her, texting, following her, waiting outside her home until one night, you broke into her flat and you raped her.

MARTIN

I did no such thing.

STEPHANIE

Even though she couldn't see your face, she knew it was you. She recognised your disgusting cologne. She hasn't been the same since. She's a broken woman. Some days she's afraid to even leave the house.

MARTIN

I didn't rape anyone.

STEPHANIE

When we first met I thought I had the wrong man, you were so charming, so generous, but of course that's part of the game, isn't it? To divert suspicion. No point coming off stalker like upon first sight. When the obsessive texting started, that's when I knew, so I let you play out your sick little game, knowing exactly where you would end up. And I was right.

MARTIN

You're crazy.

STEPHANIE

And you're disgusting.

MARTIN

Look, I don't know what you're talking about. I've never met that, we never went on a date and I certainly didn't rape her.

STEPHANIE

So, it's just a coincidence you did exactly the same thing to me?

MARTIN

I wasn't going to rape you.

STEPHANIE

This will go a whole lot easier for you if you just admit to what you did. Otherwise we could be in for a long night.

MARTIN

Just let me go.

Martin's frustration gets the better of him. He tries to break free from the binds, but it's no use.

STEPHANIE

You admit what you did and I will.

MARTIN

Fine, I did rape her. Is that what you want to hear? Now, just cut me free and let me go.

Stephanie looks at her watch.

STEPHANIE

Any minute now.

MARTIN

What?

Martin's vision starts to go blurry. He begins to get drowsy. His head starts swaying side to side before his head drops forward and he falls unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S FLAT, DINING ROOM - LATER

Martin's POV. His eyes start to open again, but his vision is blurry. He can make out Stephanie before him in her nurses uniform, her back towards him. She is sorting through something.

He looks down see he is naked still tied to the chair. She turns to face him holding a surgical scalpel.

STEPHANIE

Oh, looks like I didn't give you enough. Not to worry, I came prepared.

She turns around putting down the scalpel and picks up a syringe. She turns back to Martin and injects him.

She puts the syringe down and collects the scalpel again. She approaches him, the blade glistening. His vision weakens again.

STEPHANIE

Let's make sure you never hurt
anyone again.

Everything turns to darkness as Stephanie kneels down in front of him.

FADE OUT.