

3-2-1 LOVE!

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CLOSED RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Repurposed as a speed dating venue. Shadows of its former life as a franchise bar and grille linger in the decor.

A PACKED house. The female ORGANIZER (40s) uses a bullhorn.

ORGANIZER
O-K, PEOPLE, THIS IS IT! THE FINAL
ROUND ONLY LASTS THREE MINUTES!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

She blats an air horn. PARTICIPANTS shuffle seats. Namely --

HANNAH (late 20s). Beautiful but unlucky in love. A frequent victim of her own candor. She sits down across from --

NICK (early 30s). But what to make of him? He seems flashy.

HANNAH
Hi, I'm Hannah.

NICK
Nick. It's nice to meet --

HANNAH
Hey, I'm just gonna ask, straight
up: what's with the mirrored
sunglasses?

NICK
Brand new. Just got 'em today.

HANNAH
I don't know about guys who wear
sunglasses indoors. It's kinda hard
trusting anyone you can't look in
the eye, and that's pretty
important when you're trying to
build something on trust, y'know?

NICK
(grins)
Totally! I have this joke about how
those huge muscle guys at the beach
wear shades while showing off their
guns and I think: "aww, is the sun
too bwright for your widdle peepers,
super-stud?"

Hannah doesn't laugh. She leans in. Feigns fixing her hair.

HANNAH

Not too bright in here, though.
There's only two minutes left and
so far I've only seen my own
reflection. Won't you take 'em off?

NICK

I'd rather not.

HANNAH

You heard her. It's now or never.

NICK

No, thanks. I like your perfume, by
the way. Night-blooming jasmine and
lavender, is it not?

HANNAH

(eye roll)

So what do you do?

NICK

I'm a comedian.

HANNAH

No, seriously.

NICK

That's what I'm always saying.
Except it's usually more like, "no,
seriously, folks."

HANNAH

And that's why you're wearing
sunglasses? To be funny?

NICK

No -- that's because I'm sightless.

HANNAH

You're blind? Yikes. I feel like
that shoulda been mentioned up
front, or whatever.

(then)

Wait. You're not gonna touch my
face, are you? To figure out what I
look like?

NICK

Nah. I can already tell you're ugly.

HANNAH

(raises cocktail)

I should throw this in your face.

NICK
Suddenly unhappy with your
reflection, I take it?
(silence)
No. Seriously.

HANNAH
(checks watch)
Well, then. Fortunately, Nick, this
date is over in 3-2-1 --

HONNNK! The organizer's horn blares across the room.

ORGANIZER
THAT'S IT! TURN YOUR CARDS IN AT
THE FRONT! GOODNIGHT EVERYONE AND
THANKS FOR CHOOSING 3-2-1 LOVE!

A group of young WOMEN crowd into the --

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The ladies are all a-flutter. About one suitor in particular.

LADY #1
So... Whom did everyone choose?

VARIOUS LADIES
Nick!/Oh, Nick, for sure./So funny.
/I put Nick./Definitely Nick!

Hannah looks about, shocked. Then weeps uncontrollably.

LADY #2
Oh, honey. Did you have a change of
heart?

Hannah nods in devastated agreement.

LADY #3
Then you better hurry upstairs --
they're closing. It's now or never.

INT. CLOSED RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hannah rushes back in. Changes her card's selection to Nick.

ON DATING CARD - My main hope for tonight is: "Find someone
who sees beyond outer beauty."

FADE OUT.