

MATCHED

"Pilot"

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DRAFT NAME
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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A narrow bedroom with just the basics. The in-wall closet reveals an all-black wardrobe with three colored blazers. Is this minimalism or poverty?

IRENE, 32, a Caribbean Cheshire cat in human form, sits crossed-legged with her laptop on the floor.

PIETRE, 35, nudges Irene with his foot as he pulls down the Murphy bed. She's like a cat underfoot who reluctantly gets out of his way. His energy is grounding. He's the straight guy of this duo.

Irene closes her laptop and savors a wicked thought. She hops into bed and covers her eyes with a sleeping mask.

IRENE

Would you let a Saudi prince take a
dump on your chest for \$50,000?

PIETRE

What?! Absolutely not! I'm not a cheap
whore. I need at least six figures--
plus travel and accommodations.

Irene does a Happy Baby pose on the mattress instead of helping with bed prep. Pietre tosses the pillows and comforter on the bed. He does a single pull-up using the bar in the closet.

IRENE

But what if they only gah 95K? You
gonna leave 95K over 5K?

PIETRE

Yes. I want my 100K.

IRENE

But with travel and accommodations, I
would have spent 100K. Take da 95.

PIETRE

You would have spent?

Irene raises her mask.

IRENE

I'm role-playing now. I'm the Saudi prince, not your wife of five years.

PIETRE

Well, the answer is still 'no'. 100K or I walk.

IRENE

What if I give you 75% up front?

He waves her off. Irene crawls to the edge of the bed.

IRENE (CONT'D)

What if I throw in a pair of Yeezys?

PIETRE

What am I gonna do with Yeezys? 100K.

IRENE

How you gonna say no to 95K?

Pietre whips off his shirt and looks her in the eyes.

PIETRE

How you gonna say no to my *virgin* chest? It's never been shat on before -
- Not even by our baby!

IRENE

Touche.

He pounces on the bed. CRACK! The mattress slumps to the floor. C'est la vie. They kiss anyway.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm rings at 6:30 AM. Without removing her mask, Irene silences the alarm and slithers out of bed like a cat.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

By this time we know their combination kitchen, living room, dining room area is not an open floor plan, it's poverty.

Using a slice of bread that's been bitten into and a half-eaten banana, Irene assembles an open-face sandwich: bread, peanut butter, banana slices, hazelnut spread.

Irene goes to a door at the other end of the apartment. After placing the chopping board with food on the floor, she very gently cracks the door open.

IRENE

Morning, Oscar. Come get your food.

Come on. Come on. Good boy.

As she sneaks away, a little hand grabs a square of banana-chocolate-bread from the board.

Irene disappears to her bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Pietre cuts his hair with an electric trimmer. He has a trash bin in the sink to catch the clippings.

IRENE (O.S.)

So, what do you think?

Pietre keeps trimming, oblivious.

IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, what do you think?!

He switches to scissors to clean up his edges and uses the trifold cabinet mirrors to get a closer view.

Irene appears in the doorway. She doesn't enter because their bathroom is pretty small.

IRENE (CONT'D)
(pointing to ears)

Dread, why you'n got yuh ears in?

PIETRE

Huh? I'm cutting my hair.

Irene rolls her eyes. She shouts throughout the scene because her dang hard-of-hearing husband isn't wearing his hearing aids.

Ooh, Pietre's sagging pajama pants expose his butt crack. Her annoyance turns into predatory lust.

IRENE

Look at yuh. Got yuh buttcrack out
like some common Jezebel.

Pietre doesn't catch on to her game.

PIETRE

I should actually take my pants off so
I don't get hair on them.

IRENE

Ooh, how convenient an excuse ta be
nekked. Yuh just playin' da harlot.

Okay. She's got his attention.

PIETRE

So, this really is your trauma. This
whole 'respect yuhself' shtick.

He's struck a nerve. She struggles to verbalize a response.

PIETRE (CONT'D)

You poor thing. All your life your
super-strict, Caribbean mother put
militaristic pressure on you and now
you have a Madonna-whore complex.

Irene turns her back to him. Pietre's amused.

IRENE
(joking, upset, unsure)

You...You don't know me!

Pietre laughs.

PIETRE

Yes, I do. That's your trauma.
(beat)

Where's the lotion stuff you wanted me
to put on my face?

Irene turns to face him again.

IRENE

I didn't get it yet. Why?

PIETRE

You were right. My skin is super dry.

Her mood transforms from upset to playful.

IRENE

'You were right.' The three most
erotic words.

Pietre pumps a tiny dot of body lotion onto his finger and
then rubs it onto his forehead.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh! You're putting body lotion
on your face?!

PIETRE

What?

IRENE

I guess it's better than nothing. Go
ahead white man.

(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)

Your Filipino genes are probably thankful for any bit of moisturizing they can get.

PIETRE

What's wrong with putting body lotion on my face?

IRENE

The skin on your face is biologically different.

PIETRE

Ah. See, now you're just falling for Big Lotion's propaganda.

IRENE

You poor thing. Your trauma is that your Socialist parents warned you about the corporate consumer megalopoly and now you live in fear of accidentally clicking an ad.

Pietre's smug nod and smile reveals that her accusation doesn't hurt his feelings. Irene snarls her lip.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Es-squeazy, I need to pee.

Irene thrusts her crotch into his butt as she inches her way to the toilet.

IRENE (CONT'D)

We need to spend Latricia's \$25 Amazon gift card.

PIETRE

Maybe Jevon will buy it. Who is this again?

IRENE

Latricia is my friend from Florida who got us the bottles and then the duck. She also sent cash for Oscar's birthday.

PIETRE

Dang. Alla dat?

IRENE

Alla dat, *oui*. We only got them a gift when their daughter was born. I don't wanna give Bezos more money.

PIETRE

Well, we have to spend it because he already has the money.

Irene wipes and flushes. She would wash her hands but the trash bin is in the sink.

PIETRE (CONT'D)

Just wash in the kitchen.

IRENE

I should wash 'em in your ball sweat. She grabs Pietre's crotch.

PIETRE

See, more sexual aggression. You need help.

She's unfazed and slaps his butt on her way out.

IRENE

Es-squeazy me.

She doubles back.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Hurry put your ears in. I tired
screaming my head off.

He puckers his lips. She kisses him and slaps his butt again.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Ole juicy flat pancake butt.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Irene and JEVON, 25, (Pietre's low-key hip younger brother) are in the living room doing Russian Twists (ridiculous side-twisting sit-ups). They're exhausting to watch.

Jevon attacks his set with military discipline. He has a proper yoga mat and weights.

Irene is more like a cat, minimizing sweat and effort, maximizing style. She is on a folded sheet using a large, glass jar filled with coins as a weight.

IRENE

Things I learned on the Internet:
mixed-weight couples.

JEVON

Some skinny guys love thick chicks.
And?

IRENE

I read that plus-sized women are
paying some lifestyle guru for advice
on how to pick up skinny guys. Scam!

JEVON

What? Like a course? An e-book?

IRENE

No! It's just a Patreon to get, like,
daily videos. TikToks. She word vomits
for 15 minutes a day. She's raking it
in! That could be me. That could be
us! Why we don't got no grift?

Jevon smiles but remains focused on the workout.

Irene becomes the guru.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Love yuhself. Radically accept yuh
body. Radically accept yuh curvaceous
vivaciousness.

Jevon catches the guru spirit.

JEVON

Fat don't crack. Ride that dick and
break his back!

IRENE

Floss your buxom bosoms with that
spaghetti noodle man!

JEVON

Flip. Let's plank.

IRENE

Boo!

They get into plank position.

IRENE (CONT'D)

When am I gonna see progress on my
abs?

JEVON

You can't talk and engage your core.

IRENE

Yes I--

JEVON

--Shhh.

Pietre enters the kitchen. We hear Oscar splashing in the bathroom.

PIETRE

I'm going to soap him in 15 minutes.

JEVON

Reverse crunch.

IRENE

Jah, yes.

They get on their backs and lift their legs over their heads.

Pietre prepares dinner.

JEVON

Almost there. Final countdown.

IRENE

(to Pietre)

Um...just so we're on the same page,

is it official family policy that

Oscar can be in the bath solo?

PIETRE

He's not alone the whole time.

Irene stops crunching and sits with legs crossed.

IRENE

I know. But, like, I also need us to officially agree that this is now family policy, so that when he goes belly up--

JEVON

--*When* he goes belly up? Should I go watch him?

PIETRE

You're the one placing his food on the floor like he's some dog just so you can get 30 extra minutes of sleep.

IRENE

Sir, I'm teaching him to hunt and gather. That's a life skill. You're leaving him to go bubble bubble toil and trouble.

PIETRE

The water isn't high.

A challenge? Flirtation? They do that silent, eyes-only telepathic communication thing.

Jevon starts towards the bathroom.

JEVON

I can watch him.

Irene grabs Jevon's ankle.

PIETRE

No, little brother. I'm watching him.

IRENE

So, family policy is we don't get mad
if Oscar drowns in the tub?

Pietre rolls his eyes.

Jevon pries Irene's fingers off his ankle. She grabs the
other ankle. He tries again and fails.

PIETRE

That's silly. We're listening to him.

IRENE

Why won't you say 'yes, this is
policy?' If we make it official, we'd
both accept blame, and resume our
happy marriage following the untimely
death of our firstborn.

Raised brows. Squinted eyes. A silent stand off.

JEVON

Y'all are really calm for people whose
only child might be drowning.

PIETRE

I'm gonna do his hair now.

Pietre exits to the bathroom. Jevon's anxiety visibly
reduces. He returns to his mat.

IRENE

'Irene was right'. Three most erotic
words.

JEVON

Let's do In and Outs.

Irene and Jevon extend their legs back and forth in a V.

JEVON (CONT'D)

You're putting his food on the floor,
floor?

IRENE

Absolutely. The details are in my
book, 'The Languorous Mama: A radical
feminist parenting guide.'

Spotted: Irene's signature Cheshire cat smile. Jevon shakes
his head.

Pietre returns.

PIETRE

He's alive. He's happy. The
conditioner is working into his
follicles.

IRENE

(to Jevon)

Take five. I'm done.

JEVON

Okay, you're watching Oscar now?

IRENE

(to Jevon)

I can hear him.

Instead of going to the bathroom, Irene stalks Pietre around
the kitchen ready to pounce.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(to Pietre)

Sooo...

Pietre pokes her nose with a spatula.

PIETRE

Can I help you?

Jevon shakes his head and disappears into the bathroom.

IRENE

Would you charge less for pee?

PIETRE

Are you still on that poop on the chest bit?

Jevon's head pops out of the bathroom.

JEVON

Whoa. What are we talking about?

IRENE

Sir, the people wanna know if you'd charge less for pee.

PIETRE

No. Having someone pee on you might actually be worse.

Jevon steps out the bathroom.

JEVON

Who is peeing on who and why?

Irene is bewildered at Pietre's response. A squeal from Oscar calls Jevon back to the bathroom.

IRENE

Sir!

PIETRE

Pee bounces. Some might splash into my mouth.

JEVON (O.S.)

On what planet is pee worse than poop?

IRENE

Exactly! Getting peed on is unsweetened lemonade. Getting shat on presents a host of unknown variables.

PIETRE

Is this really what keeps you up at night?

IRENE

Peeing is: you do it and done. Have you ever seen someone take a dump? People sit on the toilet for hours reading, scrolling, hmm-ing and hawing. And then, when something does pop out the chute, there's no way of knowing whether you're getting a mudslide or a log so thick it's like taking a brick to the face.

PIETRE

The face? I thought the agreement was chest only.

IRENE

Yes, but now there's the poop physics!
Alright, Jevon abandons Oscar.

JEVON

Can you start from the beginning?
Irene lets out a deranged laugh.

IRENE

Jevon, your brother is willing to have someone shit on his chest for 100K.

JEVON

Dollars or Pesos?

PIETRE

Dollars! Or Euros.

IRENE

The 'Love and Hip Hop' chicks get shat on in Dubai for BBL and Berkin money.

JEVON

Couldn't be me.

IRENE

But it could be your brother.

Irene cackles.

JEVON

P, for 100K, you know there will likely be some scat play.

PIETRE

What do you know about scat play?

They shoot Jevon questioning, but playful looks.

JEVON

Oh, grow up. Everyone knows about scat play.

OSCAR (O.S.)

Cat play!

Jevon disappears into the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pietre lays on top of the covers scrolling on his phone. Their mattress flops at an incline because the bed is still broken.

Irene is at the closet. She tosses the three colored blazers on the floor near a garbage bag.

IRENE

There! An all-black capsule wardrobe.

She's about to put the blazers in the bag, but notes the fine labels, the good stitching, the secured buttons.

PIETRE

You won't need those in your full-time mommy life.

IRENE

'No, you're wrong' are the second three most erotic words. I'm keeping the blazers. They are timeless and kind of expensive.

PIETRE

Mom is gushing about that viral poet in the family chat.

IRENE

(mocking slam poetry cadence)

Just is isn't always just-ice.

Pietre scowls. He is offended.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Low-key cringe. Couldn't be me.
(beat)

Wanna hear some poetry?

PIETRE

Sure.

IRENE

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cry.

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cry.

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cry.

Cryyyyyyy.

On some days I sit and cry,

If you ask me why I don't know why,

On my sheet, on my pillow,

Where my something-some it just

something-some,

Let these tears fall.

PIETRE

Did you write that?

IRENE

Sir, I have a Masters and a baby.

PIETRE

Right. So, was that improv?

IRENE

No. I wrote it when I was 17.

Pietre lowers his phone and looks at her.

PIETRE

How do you still remember that?

She busies herself with putting the blazers in the closet.

IRENE

You don't wanna know.

Now he's all in. She can't hold back even if the truth is shameful.

IRENE (CONT'D)

It's not a poem. It's actually song lyrics. I wanted to be a pop star.

Pietre cracks up. Irene also laughs.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I really wanted people to rock out to cry 25X. That's what I wrote down, 'cry 25X.'

PIETRE

(Midwestern mom accent)

I don't get why this is funny. This just seems like just a very sad time in your life. Is that, like, Millennial humor?

Irene makes an exaggerated crying-laughing face.

IRENE

Yes. You wouldn't get it unless your pubescent early-late-stage-capitalism hopes and dreams are crushed.

PIETRE

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cryyyyyy!!!

Irene covers her face.

IRENE

I printed 50 pages of bad poetry and gave them to my high school English teacher to read.

PIETRE

Dear God.

(beat, Maury Povich voice)

So, you said reciting cringe poetry
couldn't be you but the lie detector
proved that was a lie.

She crumples into a ball.

IRENE

Sometimes I hate myself.

Pietre climbs out of the bed to cradle her in his arms.

PIETRE

Nooo. Me love you. You special.

Okay, enough of that. She pushes him off of her.

PIETRE (CONT'D)

Did you know that poet is 22? She
looks 12.

IRENE

Sir, she does not look 12.

PIETRE

Have you seen her face?

IRENE

Yes, I watched the clip!

PIETRE

She looks 12.

IRENE

Yes, she looks young because she isn't
wearing heavy makeup. But, she
definitely is not 12.

Irene crosses the room for her phone. She pulls up a photo of a black teenager. She shows Pietre the image.

IRENE (CONT'D)

This is a 16-year-old black girl. Are you saying that poet looks younger than her?

PIETRE

Yes.

Irene grabs his phone.

IRENE

No! She doesn't! You're just being stubborn.

PIETRE

Look at this chick, she looks 12. Well, at least in the tiny thumbnail.

IRENE

Sir, yuh sound like a Neanderthal calling a grown woman a 'chick.'

Irene changes into her pajamas. It's Pietre's turn to take pleasure in her body. He embraces her from behind.

PIETRE

It's possible.

IRENE

Sir, you're saying she doesn't look like she has hair on her vagina -- that she's jail bait. Does this woman look like she has a hairless vagina?!

PIETRE

Technically, wouldn't it be her vulva
or mons pubis?

Things would be tense, but now they're aware of the absolute ridiculousness of their conversation. Pietre concedes by breaking eye contact.

IRENE

That's what I thought.

Irene goes under the covers. She wraps her hair with a silk scarf. She covers her eyes with her sleeping mask. She looks silly sleeping on an incline.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pietre pushes Oscar in the stroller as he and Irene head towards the train terminal. Pietre pops wheelies and aggressively rattles the stroller. Oscar giggles.

IRENE

Sir, yuh gonna scramble ma child's
brains.

PIETRE

He's okay.

They stand outside the train station terminal. Pietre groans at a movie poster for a romantic film. A quick-thinking Irene improvises lines as one of the film's protagonists.

IRENE

You da the most excruciating,
difficult, stubbornly obnoxious, big-
bootied ho I have ever met in my
entire life. I love you, Marie-Pietre.

She puckers her lips. He grants her a kiss. They laugh obnoxiously.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Imagine being in a relationship and
saying stuff like that.

PIETRE

Couldn't be me.

IRENE

That's exactly why the love algorithms
gave us a 98% match.

Pietre checks the time. He crouches before the stroller to
tickle Oscar.

PIETRE

God, help me. I'm pulling a double
with Jenny as my sous-chef.

IRENE

Me sorry.

She strokes Pietre's head. He kisses Oscar and then Irene.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Say, 'bye Daddy!'

PIETRE

Love you. See you.

He enters the train station.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pietre is fussing with the mattress. A freshly showered Irene
enters.

IRENE

Read my Bible, loved on my baby,
exercised, and showered. Give me five.

Pietre high-fives Irene.

PIETRE

Good job wife.

IRENE

Did you workout?

Pietre shrugs and returns his attention to the bed.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Do it! I'm over here allowing Jevon to
drag me to death's door four days a
week. Do it!

Pietre plops onto the still slanted bed.

PIETRE

No.

Irene grabs his feet and attempts to drag him off.

IRENE

I'm working hella hard on my snap
back. I'll be damned if I let you get
all flibby flammy on me.

Pietre begrudgingly walks towards the closet. He does exactly
one pull-up.

PIETRE

There. Done.

IRENE

Thank you. Can't believe I gotta cuss
you out every night to do one stinking
pull-up.

Irene goes under the covers. She wraps her hair with a silk
scarf. She puts on her sleeping mask.

Pietre props himself up on his side of the bed.

PIETRE

We forgot to ask Jevon if he wanted
the Amazon gift card.

IRENE

We didn't. I asked and he said he
didn't need anything.
(beat)

The worst part of all of this is we've
gotten so many gifts from Latricia
that I feel compelled to return the
favor. I hate gifts.

PIETRE

No, you don't.

IRENE

Yeah, that was a lie.

They're momentarily amused. The torture of figuring out what
to do with the stupid gift card brings the mood down again.

PIETRE

What if we just bought her something
with the gift card?

Hold the phone. Irene's head twitches in several directions.
Her mental gears are turning.

IRENE

Dude.

Pietre lowers his phone.

PIETRE

Did I just? Did we just?

Without removing her mask, Irene pretends to masturbate
aggressively.

IRENE

Talk frugal to me, Daddy!

Pietre dry humps Irene over the covers.

PIETRE

Buy them a gift with their own money.

IRENE

Yes! Yes!

Irene sits up, grabs Pietre's face, and kisses him fiercely.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Choose a gift that's lightweight and costs less than \$15, so we don't have to pay out of pocket for the shipping.

PIETRE

Talk frugal to me, Mommy!!

Their bodies rattle violently. Exaggerated fake orgasm! They pant.

PIETRE (CONT'D)

Why did the gods bless me with such a brilliant woman?

He caresses her frame.

PIETRE (CONT'D)

Wanna poke for real?

IRENE

Desperately!

She whips off her mask and head wrap in one smooth move. They spring into an embrace. CRACK! The bed breaks more.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT