

CONNECT

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A couple, SAM and LYLA, mid-20s, are seated on two adjacent mismatched, second-hand armchairs in an indistinctly lit living room, a cheap Tiffany-style lamp divides them. The TV murmurs in the foreground.

Lyla powers off the television, the room's silence seems to echo. Sam, comfortable in his seat, begins to scroll on his cell phone.

Lyla looks to Sam. Her peering intensifies, as if she's trying to summon his attention with her silent gaze. He continues to scroll, aloof to the attention.

She looks around and finds she's sitting on a small throw pillow. Playfully, she pulls it out from under her, and tosses it into Sam's lap.

As it lands, he swiftly pulls his hand away continues scrolling. Without missing a beat, he grabs the pillow with his free hand and stuffs it behind his back.

SAM

Thanks.

Lyla gives up quietly. She adjusts in her seat and takes out her phone and begins to mimic her boyfriend's action,- though she's less fixed on it.

A few moments pass. Lyla's eyes stop on her screen; she stops scrolling and perks up.

LYLA

Modest Mouse is playing soon.

A long pause.

SAM

(not looking up)

When?

LYLA

The Welmont, two Sunday's.

SAM

(still not looking up)

Game of Thrones.

LYLA

Okay.

(beat)

I guess we'll just sit here on our phones.

(CONTINUED)

He keeps scrolling.

Lyla appears more defeated now, as the silence and scrolling continue.

Then, a desperate idea pops into her head. She begins to shift in her seat.

She pulls her hair up delicately and ties it in a high pony, revealing the light hairs on the back of her neck. In a smooth motion throws her legs over the arm of the chair, leans back against the opposite side. She gingerly rests her bare neck on the corner of the chair's back. Her head tilts closer toward Sam.

Another thought: Lyla pinches the sides of her shirt's fabric and shimmy's the neck of her blouse down a couple more inches. She puffs out her chest a tad, points directly towards him.

SAM

Rich and Kory got a dog.

She scoots closer, lowering her shirt simultaneously.

SAM (CONTD)

(to himself)

We should get a dog.

Lyla deflates.

Focused, Lyla carefully sits back up in a natural position, pulling her shirt up higher than before, takes her hair down, and fixes the shoes on her feet.

She stands. And crosses the room.

Sam continues to scroll. A door SLAMS in the background. Then more silence.

Through the window behind Sam's seat, Lyla is seen walking towards the street, keys jangling in her hand.

The silence grows. He perks up his head and looks around, towards the dining room.

SAM (CONTD)

Can you grab the charger?