

Cute Meet

By

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INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

HARRY, mid 40's, a Grizzly Bear in an IT consultant's clothes, leans on his trolley as he wanders aimlessly.

With no regard for labels, Harry drops tins and packets into his trolley until it almost spills over.

He chooses the longest line at the checkouts and just stares into his trolley.

He suddenly abandons the trolley and traipses along to the freezer aisle. He picks up a large tub of ice-cream and heads back to his trolley.

Harry starts throwing his things onto the belt.

The CASHIER, head down, throws things along the belt without checking to see if Harry is packing them.

He's not.

He's busy reaching into the trolley to grab the last packets of noodles.

Sweat drips from Harry's head and soaks through his T-Shirt.

HARRY

Jeez man...

The Cashier still has his head down as Harry moves along to pack his bags.

Harry opens up some bags and starts stuffing his shopping in.

Harry feels the gaze of the CUSTOMER behind him.

HARRY

I'm going as fast as I can. Ok?

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Harry, weighed down with bags tries to shuffle along to the as a BUS approaches.

A HORDE of people shove themselves onto the bus, HARRY keeps his distance and waits until last.

INT - BUS - DAY

Harry finds himself wedged uncomfortably between the other PASSENGERS.

His phone RINGS.

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Harry sighs and reaches into his pocket and answers it reluctantly. He puts his head to his chest and almost whispers.

HARRY

No. It's not a good time for me.

He stuffs the phone back into his pocket with a sigh.

BONNIE, mid 40's, slumping it on the bus, pissed off with having to stand, catches Harry's eye. She rolls her eyes at him. He ignores her.

The bus comes to sudden stop. Harry stumbles and kicks over his bags.

Tins of beans and bottles of Coke roll around the floor.

Harry gets down on his hands and knees and tries to gather up his shopping.

A tin of beans rolls into Bonnie's foot.

She sighs a sigh of dragon-like proportions and swivels her head. Harry notices the disapproving look and forgets his shopping. He stands up and looks at Bonnie.

HARRY

Is that because of me? Is it?
Well I'm really sorry if my beans
touched your feet. I really hope
you haven't suffered a broken toe
because that would be terrible
wouldn't it?

Bonnie looks at him. Thinks about telling him what a hopeless loser he is, but instead sighs again and turns away.

CARYS, late 70's, desperate for chat, has been watching the scene. She can't help herself.

CARYS

You. Young lady. You are
incredibly rude and selfish. His
beans touched my toes too.
That's life. You didn't die. I
didn't hear you scream. Look at
him. He's obviously in a bit of a
mess. You have no idea what that
young man has been through today.
The least you can do is help him
pick up his beans.

Harry, blushing on the outside, but cheering on the old lady on the inside, doesn't know where to look.

He bends down and scrambles around on the floor picking up his shopping.

BONNIE
I've got a spare shopping bag.

Harry looks up.

HARRY
Fine.

Bonnie bends down and helps Harry. She picks up a tin of beans. She slams it into the bag.

Harry picks up a tin of mushy peas. He slams it into the bag.

BONNIE
You're diet is terrible.

Bonnie slams another tin into the bag

HARRY
Well thanks.

Harry throws a packet of biscuits in.

BONNIE
You must be so unhealthy.

Bonnie throws the chocolate ice-cream into the bag.

HARRY
Yeah. So?

Harry places a packet of doughnuts into the bag.

BONNIE
Have you even heard of fresh fruit and vegetables?

HARRY
Yeah.

BONNIE
Maybe you should try eating some?

The shopping collected. Harry stands up.

HARRY
Maybe I should.

BONNIE
I can cook. Not just beans. Proper food.

HARRY

Oh, really?

BONNIE

Yes! Really! Do I need to prove
it to you?

HARRY

If you want?

BONNIE

Yes I do want. We're getting off
at the next stop. Be careful you
don't rip that bag.

The bus comes to a stop.

Bonnie picks up a couple of Harry's bags and leads him off
the bus.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Harry tries keep up with Bonnie as she marches along the
street.

INT. BUS - DAY

Carys glances at HOWARD, late 60's, dapper.

He glances back at her.

Carys kicks over her shopping bag. The contents spill and
roll around the bus.