

THE CYCLIST  
FOR '50 KISSES'

Written by

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**EXT. SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES - DAY.**

A bright mid-February morning (with an odd rosy tint). Faces of fashionable, LOVING COUPLES appear to rush towards us.

A fit young CYCLIST in COLOURFUL CYCLE CLOTHING and TRAVEL POUCH powers along the embankment, stealing covetous glances through his fancy cycling specs at the young women he passes.

UP AHEAD an upmarket COFFEE KIOSK near the waterfront.

A CUTE GIRL (18) and an UNSHAVEN MAN (21) approach the kiosk from the opposite direction, arguing, but not yet in earshot.

The pedalling stops. The cyclist coasts to a halt beside the kiosk and he dismounts flamboyantly.

At the counter, the BARISTA helps a TOURIST find the right coins. The cyclist turns to look at the arguing couple:

UNSHAVEN MAN  
(English as a 2nd language)  
It's not working out. You know it.  
We're just not.. *sympatico*. Simple.

They stop. The cute girl looks at the unshaven man. Tears well in her eyes. He shakes his head sadly at her. She misreads this. She tries to kiss him, but he pulls back.

UNSHAVEN MAN (CONT'D)  
I need a piss.

The man stalks into the nearby toilet, leaving the cute girl conspicuously alone - a few metres away from the cyclist.

She senses the cyclist's gaze and looks at him defensively.

He looks away to find the barista awaiting his order.

CYCLIST  
Ah.. large latte.. Please.

The cyclist swivels around his TRAVEL POUCH and unzips it: a WALLET, an IPHONE, some LOOSE CHANGE and a MUESLI BAR.

The cyclist takes some coins and places them on the counter. Then ZIPS UP and glances across at the cute girl once more.

Again she senses his gaze, but this time looks up slowly and shoots him a pained smile. He smiles back supportively:

CYCLIST (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
*He's not worth it. He's a twat. You can do way better than him. Way better.*

From her position, the cyclist looks funny mouthing the words and miming in his tight, brightly coloured cycle clothes.

Her face creases with amusement beneath sad eyes. The cyclist is charmed, revelling in this unexpected flirt.

UNSHAVEN MAN (O.S.)  
HOY! WHAT THE FUCK!

The cyclist snaps around: the unshaven man bears down on him from the other side of the kiosk. He pushes the cyclist. The cyclist staggers back. The unshaven man closes in again.

CYCLIST  
HEY BACK OFF! BACK OFF!

The cyclist fends him off. The cute girl throws herself between the struggling men. Pushing the unshaven man away.

CUTE GIRL  
No! Leave him! Leave him alone! He hasn't done anything.

The unshaven man thinks better of it and breaks off his attack. He makes the sign of the cuckold at the girl:

UNSHAVEN MAN  
SALOPE!

Then sneers menacingly at STARTLED ONLOOKERS and runs off.

The cyclist looks shaken - the cute girl mortified:

CUTE GIRL  
I'm so sorry. So sorry. Thank you.

CYCLIST  
No problem. Glad I could help. Anytime.

She backs away. She touches her lips with two fingers, blows him a tiny kiss, and hurries off in the opposite direction.

The cyclist smiles as he watches her go. Then slowly senses something is wrong. He looks down into his travel belt.

The POUCH IS UNZIPPED - WALLET AND iPHONE BOTH GONE. The fit young cyclist's world spins around him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY**

The CUTE GIRL is hurrying away from the river, when the UNSHAVEN MAN steps out from a doorway in front of her.

He looks at her with cool eyes. A beat. Then she pulls out the wallet and iPhone with a triumphant smile.

The unshaven man throws open his arms. They embrace and kiss excitedly. Then turn and run off LAUGHING.