

LUNCHTIME

An original 2-minute film

By

Phil Charles

August 2012

INT. OFFICE BLOCK/FOYER - DAY

DING! The doors of a lift open. OFFICE WORKERS pile out past -

MICK (late 20's), ruggedly handsome wearing a security guard uniform, sits behind a security desk. He's about to bite into his sandwich when he notices -

RHYS (mid 20's), cute, wearing catering company uniform, enters carrying a sandwich tray usherette style. He doesn't notice Mick's gaze. Office workers queue up to buy.

Mick eats his sandwich keeping one eye on Rhys.

Rhys serves his last customer. Looking up he catches Mick staring at him.

An embarrassed Mick quickly buries his head in his newspaper. He waits a few seconds. He glances back over the top of it.

Rhys is still staring directly at him. Rhys grins - Gotchya!

Mick's mortified. He quickly shields his face with his paper.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK/FOYER - DAY

DING! The lift doors open. Office workers pile out.

Mick takes his lunch box out of a drawer. He notices -

Rhys enters with his sandwich tray, not acknowledging Mick.

Mick has an idea. He puts his lunch box back in his drawer.

LATER:

Rhys looks up to serve his next customer. It's a nervous Mick. He quickly picks up a sandwich and hands Rhys a fiver. Rhys hands him the change with a cheeky smile.

RHYS

Thought you brought your own.

Mick's embarrassed to have been caught out. He scuttles away.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK/FOYER - DAY

DING! The lift doors open. Office workers pile out.

Rhys hands Mick his change. Mick's hand lingers awkwardly, trying to give a sign. Rhys grins - what you trying to say?

Mick's nerves kick in. He scuttles back to his desk.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK/FOYER - DAY

DING! The lift doors open. Office workers pile out.

Rhys hands Mick his change. Mick's plucking up courage.

MICK

Mick! I'm...I'm Mick.

Rhys raises his eyebrows - and? Mick rushes back to his desk.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK/FOYER - DAY

DING! The lift doors open. Office workers pile out.

A floating 'Valentine's Day Special' heart balloon's tied to Rhys's tray. He hands Mick his change. Mick tries to speak.

MICK

Ou...ou...out celebrating tonight?

RHYS

Nah. Got no one to take me.

Mick tries to pluck up courage. A MAN in the queue behind COUGHS impatiently. Mick reluctantly moves off.

RHYS (CONT'D)

See you around then.

(off Mick, quizzical)

Being moved to a different street.

Mick's upset. He attempts to say what he wants to say. But he still can't. He quickly heads off. Rhys is now annoyed.

Mick sits at his desk. He's furious with himself. He lifts his triangular sandwich. One end droops limply, how he feels.

Rhys serves, now blanking him. Mick's gutted - he's blown it!

The sandwich queue gets shorter and shorter.

The TICK of the wall-mounted clock behind Mick grows louder - he's running out of time! Perspiration forms on his brow.

Rhys finishes serving his last customer. He heads for the door. Mick knows it's now or never. He takes a deep breath.

MICK

WAIT!!

Mick assertively stands, office chair rolling back. He crosses towards Rhys. Curious office workers stop and stare.

Mick reaches Rhys. He grabs his face with both hands and plants a smacker on his lips. DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!