

'THE CYCLIST' for '50 KISSES'

2ND DRAFT

17/08/12

Written by

David Griffith

David Griffith
3/2 146 Niddrie Road
Glasgow
G42 8QB
0141 423 1805
07967 587872
david_griffith@btconnect.com

EXT. A POPULAR PROMENADE (BY A RIVER OR IN A PARK) - DAY.

A bright, late-winters day (with an odd rosy tint). FACES of fashionable, LOVING COUPLES appear to rush towards us.

A keen CYCLIST (25) in VIVID CYCLE CLOTHES, iPHONE EARBUDS and BUM-BAG cycles along, stealing envious glances through TINTED CYCLING SPECS at the young women he passes.

A look of alarm. He swerves to avoid a BARKING DOG, then smiles magnanimously at the embarrassed OWNER and powers on.

UP AHEAD an upmarket COFFEE KIOSK. He stops pedalling and coasts towards it.

A CUTE GIRL (18) and her surly BOYFRIEND (22) approach the kiosk from the other direction, clearly arguing.

The cyclist reaches the kiosk and dismounts flamboyantly. There is one CUSTOMER ahead of him. The cyclist UNPLUGS his iPHONE EARBUDS and looks across at the arguing couple:

BOYFRIEND
(a slight accent)
It's not working out. You know it.
We're just not.. *sympatico*. Simple.

They stop. The cute girl looks at her boyfriend sadly. He shakes his head back at her. She misreads this and tries to kiss him. But he pulls away with a disdainful smirk:

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
..I need a piss.

The boyfriend stalks into the TOILET behind the kiosk, leaving the cute girl standing alone - a few metres from the cyclist. She senses his gaze and looks at him defensively.

He looks away to find the BARISTA waiting for his order.

CYCLIST
Ah, large *latte*.. Please.

He swivels around his BUM-BAG and UNZIPS it: a WALLET, his iPHONE, some LOOSE CHANGE and a MUESLI BAR.

He takes out some COINS and places them on the counter. Then glances back at the cute girl.

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

CYCLIST (CONT'D)
(*just mouthing the words*)
*He's not worth it, luv. He's a twat.
Forget him. You can do way better,
I'm telling you. Way better, know
what I'm saying. Course you do.*

From her position, he looks funny, silently mouthing advice and gesturing in his tight, bright coloured cycle clothes.

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

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
HOY! WHAT THE FUCK!

The cyclist snaps around to see the boyfriend bearing down on him from the other side of the kiosk. He shoves the cyclist. The cyclist staggers back. The boyfriend closes in again.

CYCLIST
HEY, BACK OFF! ...BACK OFF!

The cyclist fends him off. The cute girl throws herself between them, trying to push the boyfriend away.

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

The boyfriend breaks off his attack. He turns angrily towards the girl; makes the sign of the cuckold at her:

BOYFRIEND
SALOPE!

He glances around menacingly at STARTLED ONLOOKERS and runs off. The cyclist is a little shaken - the girl mortified:

CUTE GIRL
I'm so sorry, so sorry.. I don't know what to say. ..Thank you.

CYCLIST
No problem... Glad I could help.

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 GONE. The cyclist's world spins around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ADJOINING STREET - DAY

The CUTE GIRL hurries up a side street away from the promenade. The BOYFRIEND steps out of a doorway in front of her. She stops. He looks at her with cool eyes. A beat.

She holds up the iPHONE. The boyfriend beams and embraces her. They KISS PASSIONATELY, then run off LAUGHING.