

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- DAY

Harry watches a BUSINESSWOMAN drag her 10-year-old son, SIMON, to the car as she talks on her phone the whole time. She opens the door and Simon climbs in, holding a wrapped birthday present. Harry tries to get her attention.

HARRY

Don't worry, you can track us the whole way on the App, and-- oh, she's gone. Um, OK, seatbelts on.

Simon puts his seatbelt on, and Harry starts the car.

HARRY

Going to a birthday party, huh?

No answer. Harry drives.

HARRY

Get to hang out with all your friends, that's pretty cool.

Still no answer.

HARRY

Something wrong? You seem scared. Don't worry, you're safe. You feel safe, right?

Simon shakes his head. Now Harry becomes anxious.

HARRY

Hey, hey, hey, listen to me: we've got seat-belts, air bags, ABS brakes, and I'm a *really* good driver. I go below the speed limit *all* the time, even when it annoys people. And it annoys people *heaps*. So, are you OK?

Simon shifts in his seat.

HARRY

Or... are you worried about the party?

Simon hesitates, then nods.

HARRY

You don't like talking to people, huh? I used to be like that.

Simon nods again.

HARRY

And you don't like parties, because there's all these people, and you're supposed to talk to them? And sometimes you talk, but they get annoyed at you for no reason?

Simon nods again.

HARRY

I used to be like that too. But do you know what? My Dad taught me these tricks, and now people love talking to me.

(beat)

Well, I mean, I love talking to people.

Simon looks up at Harry.

SIMON

What tricks?

HARRY

Well, do you sometimes feel like people talk to you about things that *they* like, but *you* don't like, and it gets boring, but you're not supposed to tell them that it's boring?

SIMON

Yeah.

HARRY

Right! So, what's something you're interested in?

Simon hesitates. Harry beckons him, encouraging him.

SIMON

Geography.

HARRY

OK! What do you know about it?

SIMON

Um, well, I know all the capitals of all the countries in the world. Like, the capital of Botswana is Gaborone.

(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)
And the capital of Uganda is
Kampala. And Uganda is divided into
112 districts and 181 counties and
1,382 sub-counties.

Harry smiles and looks amazed and impressed.

HARRY
Wow! That's *amazing*.

Simon smiles, proudly.

HARRY
See? See how I smiled and nodded
and acted all interested, even
though what you were talking about
was, just, super boring, like,
really, really not worth talking
about at all?

Simon frowns, confused.

HARRY
And I bet the other kids tease you
about how short you are too.

SIMON
No...?

HARRY
Really? But you're tiny. You must
be shorter than all the other kids,
by at least a few inches. Don't
they call you names? Like
"shrimpy", "midget", "short-arse"?

SIMON
No.

HARRY
OK, well, don't worry, they
probably haven't thought of that
yet. But they will. So, when they
do, I mean, when they call you
"E.T." and "Pee-Wee" and "Half-
Pint" and "Mini-Me" and "Short
Fry", and... and... I'm trying to
think of the other names... "Ewok".

Harry pulls over.

HARRY
OK, here we are!

Simon clutches his knees again, rocking, and makes a nervous moaning noise. Harry panics.

HARRY

No, no, no, no, no...

Simon gets louder. Harry starts making the same noise. Simon gets even louder. Harry gets louder. They become a chorus of nervous moaning. Finally, Harry bumps the horn with his head-- BEEP!!!--startling both of them.

HARRY

Hey, hey, hey... I'm trying to make you feel safe, but you're... you're feeling the wrong thing!

Simon stares out the other window. Harry watches him, concerned. He looks around. Then he has an idea.

HARRY

OK, do you want my real secret?

Simon stares, mistrustful. Harry sighs, theatrically, and opens the glove compartment. He pulls out a packet of mints and looks out the windows, "checking for spies". He opens the packet and pulls out a mint, shows it to Simon.

HARRY

This is a super secret formula I made. Do you know what it does? It stops anything that anyone says from being able to make you feel bad.

SIMON

It's just a mint.

Harry raises an eyebrow, unimpressed with Simon's lack of faith. He puts the mint in his mouth.

HARRY

Say something mean to me.

SIMON

You're ugly.

Harry is actually hurt for a moment, then remembers what the point of this is and swallows the mint. He shrugs, pretending not to care. Simon is intrigued. Harry proffers the bag to Simon. Simon takes a mint and puts it in his mouth.

HARRY

You're weird.

Simon frowns, and sucks on the mint. Harry takes another mint and puts it in his own mouth.

SIMON
You're a dork.

HARRY
You're a dweeb.

SIMON
You're a stupid geek with no
friends and nobody likes you.

Harry struggles, but shrugs, pretending not to care. Simon smiles. Harry holds up his palm for a high-five... and he gets it. Harry hands Simon the bag of mints. Simon puts them in his pocket and gets out, as Harry watches him go.

SUPER: Uber-style "RATE YOUR RIDE" five out of five stars and a review: "Our son apparently loves mints now?"

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- LATER

Harry pulls up to the drive-thru window. Wendy appears, to Harry's surprise.

HARRY
Oh, I thought... I didn't think you
worked this shift.

WENDY
I swapped with someone. Hey, you
wanted to ask me something the
other day, remember? What was it?

She smiles, expectantly. Harry nods and takes a breath.

HARRY
Do you want to have kids?

WENDY
Oh... wow, that's a long, long way
off. I'm in my twenties, and, you
know, I'm *single*, for starters.
And, I work in a drive-thru. I
mean, can you imagine trying to
have a family on *your* salary?

Harry freezes, processing. Then Wendy realises that she has upset him: he was talking about them. She backtracks... but before she can stop him, he drives away, quickly. She watches him go, helpless, and disappointed by what just happened.