

EXT. CITY STREETS -- EVENING

SUPER: An Uber-style "RATE YOUR RIDE" screen appears, showing three out of five stars and a review: "A few wrong turns but he paid for the cleaning bill."

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- EVENING

Harry drives alone. Clearly smitten, he pulls up to the window of a drive-thru restaurant, and hands his credit card to WENDY, the sweet but bored attendant who waits with her headset on. She is amused by Harry's personality.

HARRY

Hi Wendy.

WENDY

Hello again! Good day?

HARRY

Excellent day. Do you like dogs?

WENDY

Dogs? Um, yeah, I love dogs.

HARRY

Me too. What's your favourite colour? Mine's turquoise.

WENDY

Oh, um, red? I like green too.

Harry nods, seriously, and peers down at his notebook.

HARRY

Do you have hobbies?

WENDY

Yeah, I like reading, and I like to draw too. What about you? Any hobbies?

She hands him a sundae. Harry closes his notebook.

HARRY

Yep, I have hobbies too. OK, bye!

He drives on, a huge smile on his face, and proudly eats a scoop of ice-cream.

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.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2 (cont'd)
 You feel like ice-cream? Yeah,
 let's go get us some ice-cream,
 come on Harry!

Harry hesitates.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #1
 It's your job, son. We're paying.

Harry considers this, then turns the car around.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

The Hip-Hop Artists lean out the window at the drive-thru,
 talking to the ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT
 Wendy's finished for the night.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2
 She go home? She go out? Where she
 go? Our boy here's gotta see her,
 it's life and death.

ATTENDANT
 There's a cafe a few of the girls
 here go after their shift.

The Hip-Hop Artists slap Harry on the shoulder, laughing.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #1
 Let's ride, Harry, come on boy!

HARRY
 I don't even know what to say!

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2
 Leave that to us.

EXT./INT. CAFE/HARRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Harry and the Hip-Hop Artists watch from the car as people
 come out of a cafe. Wendy emerges, and Harry hides his face.

HARRY
 This isn't going to work.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #1
 Harry, Harry, Harry. This is love.
 This is important, son.

Harry hesitates. The Hip-Hop Artists lean out of the car.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2

(shouts)

Yo, Wendy!

(to Harry)

Just follow our lead.

Wendy approaches, with her GROUP OF GIRLFRIENDS. The Hip-Hop Artists shove Harry to open the door. He gets out, nervously. Wendy gestures to her Friends to wait as she approaches, uncertainly. Then...the Hip-Hop Artists start beat-boxing... and they improvise a surprisingly sweet serenade:

HIP-HOP ARTISTS

(singing)

*Wendy, Wendy, you brighten up my
day, when I drive through your
drive-through, you take my cares
away. Wendy, Wendy, I drive people
around all day, but all I want in
the world right now is for you to
hear me say.....*

They look expectantly at Harry. Everyone looks expectantly at Harry. Harry swallows, and clears his throat: is he really about to sing?! He closes his eyes... He opens them...

HARRY

(singing comedically high)

Would you--

(quickly back in his
normal voice)

Sorry, I don't want to sing, um.

He coughs, takes a breath. Wendy watches him, uncertainly.

HARRY

Um, Wendy, my Dad says I shouldn't expect everything to go the way I imagine it in my head, like... I really love pineapple juice, and I really love Milo, so once I mixed pineapple juice and Milo together because I thought it would taste really good, and it tasted really bad, and I had to pour it down the sink, and the sink got blocked up and Mum asked me where all the Milo had gone, and I didn't want to get in trouble so I said someone stole it... ..but she didn't think that someone would just steal a tin of Milo, but there was one time on the news--

BEEP! Harry flinches and turns around: the Hip-Hop Artists have honked the horn. They gesture for him to get on with it.

HARRY

But, regardless of how I imagine
it: do you want to go out with me?

Wendy is taken by surprise. Harry tries to smile, fails.

WENDY

Oh...! I... Um...

She turns and hurries back to her Group. Harry's face contorts in anxiety: what's wrong? Wendy returns... with a pen and a scrap of paper, writing. She proffers it to Harry.

WENDY

That's my phone number. Bye Harry!

The Hip-Hop Artists hoot and holler in delight, slapping Harry on the back. Wendy hurries back to her Group and they move off into the night. Harry turns back to the Hip-Hop Artists and shows them the paper, confused.

HARRY

But does she want to go out with--?

HIP-HOP ARTISTS

YES! Harry, yes!

Harry turns back to watch Wendy, and back at the paper, a grin that he can't hide spreading slowly across his face. He gets back in the car and starts it. They drive off into the night, and the Hip-Hop Artists keep singing.

UBER SUPER: Five out of five stars and a review: "Playa!"

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- NEXT MORNING.

Harry looks tired and anxious as he listens, waiting for someone to pick up the phone. BRR-BRR. BRR-BRR. BRR-BRR.

DAD (O.S.)

*Harry, I was worried you'd gone out
last night, is everything OK?*

HARRY

No. It's not. Dad... what are you
supposed to do on a date?