

LIKE BUSES

Written by

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EXT. OUT OF TOWN BUS STOP - DAY - EARLY MORNING

A typical abused bus stop set into a grey pavement, on a slight hill on the edge of town. The grey sky helps the shelter's red frame stand out.

MICKY (30s) totters up the hill behind the bus stop, bleary eyed, confused by the Google Map route, wearing last night's clothes; loud and lairy with the world's tiniest purse.

She turns back to the bus stop and looks up at the digital display, it's broken. Micky's disdain is clear: *Of course it is broken*. But the time flickers clearly: 07:25am.

Micky contemplates the tattered/melted timetable poster as JULES (70s) pootles down the hill, the wheels squeaking on her shopping trolley as it trails behind her. It blocks much of the bench as she perches. Brilliant diamond earrings glint under her grey messy hair, she wears a long dull overcoat.

Micky looks the old lady up and down with pity until she catches Jules raising a judgemental eyebrow at her small purse. Her pity gives way to defiance, albeit she gives a self conscious tug down on her short skirt.

Jules SNIFFS, holds her nose high and stares into the middle distance. Micky turns back to make sense of the timetable, exasperated she looks back to Jules. She stands, hesitant.

MICKY

Do you know when the next bus is?

Jules ignores Micky despite the flicker of acknowledgement.

MICKY (CONT'D)

(louder)

I need to get back into town.

Jules ignores her, Micky gives up and goes back to the board. Jules eyes her up and down TUTTING at that purse.

JULES

You should be more prepared.

MICKY

(incredulous)

I'm sorry?!

JULES

If you're planning on staying out all night; you should be more prepared.

Incredulous, Micky resumes deciphering the board, and Jules stares at the sparse traffic.

MICKY  
It's fine, I do this *all* the time,  
I don't need your help anyways.

Jules lets this take a minute to sink in.

JULES  
All the time?

MICKY  
What's it to you?

They both wince at their impulsive responses.

JULES  
3 minutes.

MICKY  
What?

JULES  
The next bus is in three minutes.

MICKY  
(softer)  
Thanks.

Jules watches Micky move from one leg to the other. She wheels her shopping trolley to her other side, making room.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

She sits and struggles to get her phone in her tiny bag.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
I don't 'do' *this* all the time...

She gestures to her clothes and then to the surroundings.

JULES  
You'd know more about buses if you  
did.

Micky splutters a smile; Jules is right.

MICKY  
I meant I like to get out. You  
know.

JULES  
Never want the party to end?

Fire flashes in Jules's eyes and interest in Micky's.

MICKY  
Interesting people are hard to come  
by...

JULES  
Nothing worse than boring people.

MICKY  
Or sitting at home on your own.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Or being on your own.

They both look at each other, and glance away awkwardly.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
Sorry I was [grumpy]... I just...

JULES  
Want to get home, I expect.

MICKY  
Yeah- I guess...

Both stare into nothing, despondent looks on their faces.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
So you been shopping?

Micky nods at the shopping trolley.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
Out early before the old man wakes  
up?

Jules purses her lips with quiet amusement.

JULES  
I never went in for all that.

Oblivious, Micky looks at Jules with pity.

MICKY  
Must be lonely...

Jules's face brightens.

JULES  
Oh no! I do this all the time.

MICKY  
What? Ride buses?!

Micky's cheeky remark is unexpectedly met with a wicked gleam in Jules' eye. The gleam sparks as Micky squirms with embarrassment; horrified to think Jules thinks she does too.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
Oh?! No! Well I never really  
'do'... [that!]

JULES  
But you did last night?

Micky's blush deepens.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Oh that's how it starts.

MICKY  
No, it's not like that-

Micky looks away, stretches out her legs and arms ignoring the question.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
I meant, it must be lonely at home?  
A moment ago... when I said...

Jules smooths her coat, moves her trolley closer, purses her lips and settles her hands in her lap looking away. Finally the bus pulls up, Micky stands.

MICKY (CONT'D)  
Are you...?

She gestures to the bus. Jules waves Micky towards the bus.

JULES  
Oh no ducks, I'm in no hurry. You  
know what they say about buses!

Micky struggles to get her phone out of that tiny purse, a sense she isn't trying that hard. The bus waits. Micky walks towards it. It pulls away. But Micky's still standing there.

MICKY  
Do you want to get a cuppa?

Jules looks up, surprised, a smile grows on her lips. She uses the trolley to help herself up. Her coat opens and reveals she is wearing last night's clothes too: a little black dress and black stockings. Micky looks her up and down, surprised. Jules is unashamed.

JULES

You have to prepare if you're going  
to stay out.

She pulls the trolley forward then points to Micky's bag.

JULES (CONT'D)

You've no space for a toothbrush in  
that bag let alone anything else!

Jules opens her trolley and pulls out a pair of leopard print  
silk pyjamas, followed by a hot pink sequin washbag.

JULES (CONT'D)

I've got my jammies, a washbag  
(with a wink)  
- *for after*. And...

She lifts out a gold bullet vibrator and enjoys the widening  
eyes on Micky's face.

JULES (CONT'D)

Well, bless them, they try but it's  
always good to have a backup plan.

Micky stifles a laugh.

MICKY

I don't just go out and meet random-

JULES

I prefer the app myself.

Micky struggles to process this.

JULES (CONT'D)

There's a caff on the corner?

JULES (CONT'D)

They're like buses!

MICKY

Buses?

JULES

On this app! Have you tried it?

As they leave chatting, another bus pulls up.

FADE OUT