

SHOPGIRL

Knock on door/door buzzer sounds. MIRABELLE opens the door. JEREMY holds out a bag of greasy French fries.

JEREMY: Hi.

MIRABELLE: HI.

JEREMY: I brought fries.

MIRABELLE: I can tell.

JEREMY: How could you tell?

MIRABELLE: I can see through the bag.

JEREMY: Oh yeah. They're really good.

MIRABELLE: Come on in.

JEREMY: Yeah? Great. Oh, great place man.

JEREMY looks through MIRABELLE's things, in particular her cds have fascinated him... noticing this, MIRABELLE takes the stereo remote and starts the music—it blasts LOUD!

MIRABELLE: Oh, sorry, sorry, sorry.

MIRABELLE turns it off.

JEREMY: That's okay. Hey, is that the bedroom?

MIRABELLE: What? Yeah.

JEREMY: Yeah?

They go into the bedroom. Awkwardness ensues. MIRABELLE encourages JEREMY to move towards her. He lurches onto her. They moan as they kiss.

MIRABELLE: We'll need a condom.

JEREMY: Oh, oh. I got it, I got it, I got it. Oh shit.

MIRABELLE: What?

JEREMY: It's a mint.

MIRABELLE: What?

JEREMY: I... I grabbed the wrong package. It's a mint, not a condom. Do you have one?

MIRABELLE: No.

JEREMY: This is stupid. (Eats the mint) Ooooh, yeah! Um, do you have, um, a baggie?

MIRABELLE: What?

JEREMY: If you had, like, a Jiffy baggie, well, I could, I could like use that, you know?

MIRABELLE: Oh, God. You're going to have to go and get one.

JEREMY: Okay. Cool. Where do you keep them?

MIRABELLE: What?

JEREMY: The Jiffy baggies. Where do you keep them?

MIRABELLE: No, a condom.

JEREMY: Kind of breaks the romantic mood.

MIRABELLE: Do you want to just hug?

JEREMY: Yeah. (and walks out)

JEREMY returns.

MIRABELLE: That was quick.

JEREMY: Yeah.

MIRABELLE: Where'd you get it?

JEREMY: Well, I was out there, and I bumped into your neighbor... Kenny?

I just asked him if he had any uh--

MIRABELLE: Ohhh....

JEREMY: ...and he does, so great. Do you still want to do it? Do you want a massage?