

PINEAPPLE

Written by

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1 INT. SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - EVENING 1

Shelves lined with produce, the noise of supermarket life.

At the end of an aisle, a pineapple rolls across the floor, recently disturbed. *

2 INT. SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - EVENING 2

MABEL (twenty-three, mixed-race) walks with her phone pressed to her ear, past the busy aisles of the supermarket, full of shoppers huddled with pineapples in their baskets.

MABEL
(into the phone/excited)
Gem, did I show you his profile...?

She turns down the aisle, has to squeeze past two people leaning into one another, flirtatious, each holding baskets that are touching, lopsided pineapple crowns visible.

Her eyes hover over the couple, bemused as she continues on.

MABEL (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yeah, yeah, I'll send you my location now... Okay, bye.

3 EXT. OUTSIDE SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS 3

Mabel walks by, her phone buzzing with a notification, causing her to stop in her tracks.

Unaware, she's standing next to RORY (twenty-three, quirky and unconventional) wearing a Super-Scot fleece, name-badge pinned on, smoking a cigarette, relaxed and content.

She opens her *Slyde* online dating app, checking her profile: Mabel, she/her, 23, art teacher, long-term but open to short. A flattering picture of herself to match her details.

There are lots of notifications but she opens a private message from JACK: 'Just arrived. I'll grab us a table x'.

Smiling, excited, she starts to type a reply.

Suddenly, an old-school ring tone pings out, startling Mabel.

She turns to see Rory remove a 'dumb phone' from his fleece pocket, pressing buttons, inspecting a message.

Mabel watches him, intrigued by this old-school spectacle.

He looks up, pocketing his phone, to catch her eye.

The Super-Scot manager appears then, over-worked and annoyed.

SUPERMARKET MANAGER
 (addressing Rory)
 Come and help me! This whole thing
 is getting ridiculous...

RORY
 (deadpan)
 The heart wants what the heart
 wants.

Dismayed, she waves him back inside before leaving.

Rory, in mock despair, rolls his eyes, offering Mabel his barely-smoked cigarette but she shakes her head, polite.

He shrugs, stubbing it out before walking away.

Alone, Mabel returns her attention to the dating app.

4

INT. GLASGOW BAR & RESTAURANT - LATER

4

Mabel sits at a table, self-conscious but excited, running her finger round the rim of a foamy cocktail glass.

Sitting opposite her is JACK (thirty), conventionally good looking and well-groomed. He is sipping a yellow-coloured cocktail with a piece of pineapple wedged into the glass.

MABEL
 (impressed)
 So, you're an anaesthetist...

Jack nods, smiling all friendly.

JACK
 And you're a teacher... Very
 wholesome for these times.

MABEL
 (smirking)
 I'm not sure I'm very wholesome...

He laughs, and she laughs, their chemistry bubbling.

He takes another sip of his drink, at ease, eyes on her.

Mabel, in turn, lifts her finger to her mouth, sucking foam from her cocktail, all suggestive.

JACK
 (leaning forward)
 Mabel, I think you're lovely and
 this feels like a good match...

Mabel nods, smiling, but a tension is growing.

JACK (CONT'D)
 The thing I should say is...

He pauses again.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I'm in a long-term relationship and
 what we're actually looking for is
 someone to join us, casually...

Mabel stares back, a rabbit in the headlights.

JACK (CONT'D)
 We both liked your profile. And now
 I've met you, I think this could be
 really great...

A beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (wishful)
 So what do you think? Would you be
 open to something like that?

She stares at him, before sitting back, her posture hostile.

JACK (CONT'D)
 We only live around the corner...

Unimpressed, she takes a large, defeated gulp of her drink.

5 INT. TILL CHECK-OUT, SUPER-SCOT - LATE EVENING 5

Mabel, dejected, steps forward to the front of the manned
 till, dropping an egg and cress sandwich down on the counter.

Rory faces her in his Super-Scot fleece and name badge.

RORY
 (amused)
 Good night?

She doesn't acknowledge his comment.

MABEL
 Scratch card too, please.

Rory nods, retrieving it, while Mabel checks her phone, flicking through endless possible matches on her dating app.

He scans the scratch card first, then the sandwich.

RORY
(under his breath)
Egg and cress... Excellent choice.

This catches Mabel's attention, her eyes darting up from her phone, taken aback, unsure if he's joking or not.

Rory stares back, cheeky, waiting for her to pay.

She brings her phone to the card reader but it doesn't work.

Rory clocks her dating app, raising his eyebrows to what's on show - the new notification disrupting her payment.

Irritated, Mabel looks at her phone, clearing the notification, allowing her to now pay for her shopping.

Irked further, she taps her card again, the payment approved, before hastily grabbing her items and departing.

6 EXT. OUTSIDE SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - AFTER 6

Mabel stands, deflated, endlessly scrolling her Slyde app as she forces some of her egg sandwich into her mouth.

An incoming call from MUM flashes up on the phone and Mabel hesitates before attempting to swallow, answering the call.

MABEL
(into the phone)
Hey... No, it was a disaster. I'll
be home in twenty, see you soon.

7 INT. BAR & RESTAURANT - EVENING 7

Mabel sits at the same table in a different outfit.

Phone in hand, she looks at the profile of her date - a youthful photograph of LEWIS (mid-twenties). She looks up, confused, the Lewis facing her visibly much older (forties).

LEWIS
(lifting his pint)
So do you think you want kids?

MABEL
 (defensive)
 I don't know yet.

He nods, taking a gulp of his pint.

LEWIS
 Full disclosure, I've got one but I
 barely see him.

Mabel stares at him - lost for words.

A waiter arrives, placing pizzas down, ham and pineapple for Lewis and Mabel stares at his pizza with further distaste.

8 INT. MEAL DEAL SECTION OF SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - LATER 8

Mabel stands, dejected, gripping an egg and cress sandwich.

She continues to stare at the produce - a whole shelf of fresh pineapple chunk pots on promotion.

She reaches for a mixed-berry pot, accidentally dropping it, the packet splitting open, berries rolling across the floor.

Shifty, she looks around the empty aisle, before departing.

Rory appears then from the other end, coming to a stop in front of the berries, hands-on-hips, exasperated.

9 INT. BAR & RESTAURANT - EVENING 9

Mabel sits at the same table in a different outfit.

Opposite, the chair is empty.

She checks the time on her phone, looks around, vulnerable.

She opens her Slyde app, clicks her match's profile but she's been blocked. Bewildered, she puts her phone down.

She sits for a moment, wounded.

Angry, she grabs her phone again, opening up 'settings' on the app and makes to delete her profile, finger hovering.

But another notification arrives - a 'super flame' request by DYLAN, expressing a strong interest in her profile.

She clicks his profile, inspecting his attractive photo, her interest piqued. Contemplating, she accepts the match.

10

INT. CONFECTIONARY SECTION OF SUPER-SCOT - EVENING

10

Mabel wears a new outfit, tote bag hanging off her shoulder.

She stands facing the selection of sweets and mints, phone pressed to her ear with an excited smile on her face.

MABEL
(into the phone/buzzing)
Yeah usual place, we'll see...

She picks up a packet of mints, absently inspects the flavour, before putting it down and lifting another.

MABEL (CONT'D)
(into the phone/ laughing)
I have every intention of going home tonight, Gem.

She's aware then of an old man approaching her, stopping, very deliberate as he hands her a box of chocolates.

She stares at him, confused, still on the phone.

COLIN
Aren't these your favourite, Nancy?

He's standing so close to her now, uncomfortable.

COLIN (CONT'D)
(with authority)
Don't tell me I'm not good to you!

She looks around, unsure - a sense of needing rescued.

Rory appears then, almost as if expecting to see them.

RORY
(jovial)
Colin! What have I told you about flirting with other customers?

Colin looks at him, sheepish, before letting Rory lead him away, Rory smiling and shrugging to Mabel as they depart.

She watches on, still holding the box of chocolates.

GEM (O.S.)
(through the phone)
Hello...?!

Mabel comes-to, casts the chocolates down on a shelf.

11 INT. BAR & RESTAURANT - EVENING

11

Mabel and DYLAN (mid-twenties) are laughing, bodies drawn close together, their table littered with empty wine glasses.

DYLAN
(self-deprecating)
I didn't even make it past the pool... Apparently, I'm the first person they've ever asked to STOP scuba diving.

Mabel laughs deeply, nodding, eyes lingering on Dylan.

Dylan takes a sip of his red wine, still smirking.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(drunk)
I'm having a really nice time...

MABEL
(smiling, genuine)
Me too.

Dylan leans in closer, really taking her in.

DYLAN
Can I kiss you? Would that be alright?

Slowly, blushing, she nods.

Dylan brings his mouth to hers and they kiss, eyes closing.

We stay on Mabel, she pulling back, slowly opening her eyes, happy, to find that Dylan's eyes are wet, his face crumpling.

MABEL
(horrified)
Oh my god, are you okay?

He nods, but he's not okay, frantically rubbing his eyes.

DYLAN
(still struggling)
Sorry... I just. I split with my ex of like four years a few months ago and I... I thought I was okay.

Mabel's eyes dart, aware now of others watching.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(wallowing in self-pity)
We've had to sell the flat...

Reluctantly, Mabel places her hand on his back, patting it.

MABEL
I'm sorry...

He shakes his head, looking up at her, childlike.

MABEL (CONT'D)
(consoling/awkward)
Good that you got on the property
ladder though.

12 EXT. OUTSIDE SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 12

Mabel tries to call GEM but there's no answer.

Exasperated, she opens up the Slyde app on her phone, can't stand the sight of it now - angrily deletes her profile.

A loved-up couple walk past - she watches, so palpably alone.

13 INT. ENTRANCE OF SUPER-SCOT SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS 13

A poster on the wall - STOP and underneath, an upside down pineapple in a red prohibited sign.

Mabel enters, passing Rory as he's chastised by his manager, she pointing to the fruit section, the place awry, stray pineapples everywhere.

SUPERMARKET MANAGER
Why didn't you stop them?

RORY
(deadpan)
Maybe this supermarket's ruthless
capitalist approach is in fact the
real criminal of this situation...

Mabel keeps walking.

14 INT. MEAL DEAL SECTION OF SUPER-SCOT - CONTINUOUS 14

Mabel stares at the shelves, egg and cress sandwich in hand.

The same overly affectionate couple from outside pass her, their basket laden with shopping, enjoying a private joke.

She watches them, her gaze akin to contempt.

She turns, startled, to find one abandoned pineapple sitting on the floor. She stares at it, something solidifying.

15 INT. FRUIT AND VEG SECTION OF SUPER-SCOT - CONTINUOUS 15

Mabel, with an empty basket over her arm, stands in front of the pineapples, contemplating.

She presses a finger against one pineapple's spiky skin.

She looks around the aisle, shifty, other shoppers paying her no attention, before she picks up a pineapple, deliberately turning it upside down and placing it that way in her basket.

She swallows - a nervous, committed expression surfacing.

16 INT. ALCOHOL SECTION OF SUPER-SCOT - CONTINUOUS 16

Mabel lingers by the red wine section, eyes darting from the pineapple in her basket to other customers, expectant.

Rory turns down the aisle carrying a cardboard box full of wine bottles to see Mabel moving awkwardly out of the way as the same couple from before reach for a bottle of red.

We focus on Mabel - doubt surfacing - then someone deliberately, forcefully nudges her basket, startling her.

She turns, expectant, to see Rory, her expression faltering.

RORY
(tentative)
Are you... Doing that pineapple
dating thing?

MABEL
(flustered)
No...

Panicked and embarrassed, Mabel grabs the first bottle of wine she can, thrusting it forcefully into her basket.

RORY
It's okay... I was just...

Her face reddens - the sudden ridiculousness of her actions. She opens her mouth but the words won't come.

RORY (CONT'D)
(smiling/cheeky)
What does a dating app know that a
pineapple doesn't?

She continues to stare at him, her face reddening further.

RORY (CONT'D)
(extending his hands)
Like, compatible geography...

She straightens - believes he's taking the piss out of her.

MABEL
(indignant)
What are you even talking about?

He stops, startled - has he miss-read the situation?

RORY
(confused)
Sorry... My mistake.

She turns then, quickly departing the aisle and he stares after her, aware of others watching, embarrassed.

17 INT. MEAL DEAL SECTION - CONTINUOUS 17 *

Mabel walks through the meal deal section, muttering, mortified. She stops, pressing her forehead up against one of the doors. *

She looks down at her basket, shaking her head, feeling stupid, turning the pineapple upright, angry at herself.

18 INT. SELF-SERVICE CHECK OUT OF SUPER-SCOT - LATER 18

Mabel places her basket on the metal shelf, exhausted.

She scans the pineapple first, placing it in the bagging area, reaching then for the bottle of wine, scanning it.

An alcohol alert flashes up, stopping her from proceeding.

Rory appears then and Mabel scoffs - of course it's him - she unable to take much more humiliation.

MABEL
(exhaling)
Why are you everywhere?

RORY
(with no warmth)
You got ID?

Mabel stares at him in disbelief - her anger rising.

RORY (CONT'D)
 (unapologetic)
 They make me ask anyone obviously
 under twenty-five.

Mabel begins to pull her ID free from the back of her phone case, her fingers clumsy, finally handing it to him.

He looks at the card, really makes a point of inspecting it, before handing it back, typing a passcode into the screen.

He goes to turn away but stops and clears his throat.

RORY (CONT'D)
 Mabel...

She startles - the boldness of him using her name for the first time - eyeing his name badge yet again.

MABEL
 Yes, Rory?

RORY
 Did I do it wrong or are you just
 not interested...?

He waits, expectant, at risk of further embarrassment.

MABEL
 I...

Flustered and unprepared, she taps the screen with her phone to pay, the machine registering it with a beep.

With his confidence bruised, he begins to walk away.

RORY
 (over his shoulder)
 Whatever, don't worry about it.

She watches him, clumsily forcing her shopping into her bag, hesitating, before departing in the opposite direction.

19 EXT. OUTSIDE SUPER-SCOT - CONTINUOUS

19

Mabel stands shell-shocked - everything awkward.

Colin walks past, wrapped up, an older woman with him, their hands clasped together, talking and laughing with affection.

She stares after them - slow recognition evolving into a wide smile. A sudden, hopeful realisation about something.

20

INT. FRUIT AND VEG SECTION OF SUPER-SCOT - CONTINUOUS

20

Rory is re-organising the pineapples, still embarrassed.

Behind him, a hand reaches out, tapping his arm.

He turns to find Mabel standing there, holding the pineapple upside down in her hands, practically offering it to him.

MABEL

I know I'm late but...

He stares at her, showing no emotion.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Where would you head after?

He narrows his eyes, confused.

MABEL (CONT'D)

(vulnerable)

Like, are you heading for the long-lasting dried goods, or the short-expiry reduced aisle?

He stops, understanding, thinking before replying.

RORY

I'd probably go to the cereal section and take it from there...

Mabel smiles, gesturing for him to take the pineapple and he does so, turning it the right way up, cupping it in his palm.

MABEL

(tentative)

Are you free tomorrow?

He shakes his head.

At that moment the tannoy cuts in.

SUPERMARKET MANAGER (O.S.)

(over the tannoy)

Rory, clean up at the milk.

Rory holds Mabel's eye, exasperated, she disappointed.

He glances around the aisle, thoughtful, making a decision.

RORY

How about now?

MABEL
(taken-a-back)
What, right now?

He nods, suddenly very sure.

She stares at him, eyes narrowed, before nodding back.

He holds out his hand and she takes it.

As they go to leave, Rory places the pineapple on the shelf *
behind him, then playfully knocks a few onto the floor. *

Mabel and Rory continue on, laughing, departing from view. *

Behind them, a pineapple rolls slowly across the floor. *

FADE TO BLACK.