

Script Excerpt “Meet Cute”

JOHN

I...um...I probably shouldn't tell you this, but I've kind of been wanting to meet you for a while.

JANE

What?

JOHN

I mean, like, I've seen you, before. I noticed you for the first time about two months ago. We were on the bus, it was crowded, and I was standing behind you. I couldn't see your face, but I could hear the music coming from your earbuds, and you were singing along, quietly.

JANE

Really?

JOHN

It was endearing. You have a nice voice. And your hair smelled good. Oh man, that sounded so creepy....anyway, the bus lurched at a stop and you fell forward. You grabbed onto my arm, and stepped on my foot.

JANE

It was chilly that day - you were wearing this vintage army jacket. I remember because I noticed you'd replaced one of the buttons on your sleeve with a Radiohead concert button.

JOHN

Yes.

JANE

You smelled like discount body spray.

JOHN

You apologized, but you didn't look at me.

JANE

I'm sorry.

JOHN

I started looking every day to see if you were on the same bus; we almost always were. Last week you wore your blue cardigan twice.

JANE

Two weeks ago, I found your Instagram feed, through a friend of a friend and I accidentally double tapped that pic of you at your birthday party. I freaked out. I almost DM'd you, but I didn't think you'd know who I was. I'd seen you on the bus, too.

JOHN

You were always so into whatever game you were playing on your phone or music you were listening to.

JANE

You were always sketching...

JOHN

...but I would keep looking up from it to steal a look at you.

JANE

So how come our eyes never met?

JOHN

Maybe they weren't supposed to until now.

JANE

I can't believe this is happening.