

GIRL SCOUT SEASON

2020

Written by

Avery Warsaw

Address
Phone Number

EXT. - BUS STOP - DAY

HAROLD stands waiting for the bus, holding a small suitcase. CLEM walks up and stands next to him with a travel trunk in hand. There's an unspoken tension between them and they stand in silence for a minute.

CLEM
Morning, Harold.

HAROLD
What are you doing here, Clem. I thought I told you.

Awkward silence. Harold looks straight ahead, like stone. Clem tries hard to stay calm, but she taps her foot anxiously and picks at her nails. They stand in the silence until Clem opens her mouth to say something-

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Clem, shut the fuck up.

Harold's face remains stone. Clem can't conceal her emotion at all.

CLEM
And why are you like this, Harold?
Huh? I thought we were over this.

Harold rolls his eyes. Clem shakes her head in annoyance.

CLEM (CONT'D)
Harold, snap the fuck outta your attitude. We're allowed to carry on with our lives y'know.

HAROLD
Oh and what makes you think that?

Clem rolls her eyes and looks away, taking it as a rhetorical question.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
God, Clem.

Neither looks at each other while they talk.

CLEM
Okay. But what's better: feeling guilty or moving on and being happy again, huh? Nothing's gonna change the past, Harold. You're allowed to admit that it was worth it.

HAROLD
(whisper yelling)
Worth it? For goddamn thin mints?
Fuckin...samoas?

Harold shakes his head and checks his watch, then looks at the bus schedule. He's antsy. Clem looks around briefly before sternly speaking.

CLEM
Hey this isn't on me, Harold.

You're the one who—a GIRL SCOUT walks up to the bus stop and sits on the bench near them. She takes off her backpack and starts to dig through it. Clem lowers her voice, acknowledging the presence of the girl.

CLEM (CONT'D)
—It was your fuckin idea if you
remember correctly.

They're both aggressively whispering to each other now.

HAROLD
Yeah when I said I'd kill for those
cookies, I didn't FUCKIN MEAN IT.

CLEM
Harry, you can't blame it on me, no
way am I gonna carry all this. You
did it too.

HAROLD
You always SUCK me into your shit.
If you didn't get us BANNED, we
wouldn't have had to do this in the
first place, Clem.

Clem raises her eye brows and applies lipstick in attempt to ignore Harold.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Now look at us!

Harold is visibly upset.

CLEM
(under her breath)
Coward.

Harold's jaw is clenched and his forehead veins are now prominent. He goes to say something, then restrains himself. He's at a loss for words. He looks away, then down and composes himself back to his calm posture of earlier.

The girl scout on the bench pulls out a clip board and pen, looks toward Harold and Clem and prepares her things to go talk to them.

Harold and Clem make fleeting eye contact with the girl and then they look at each other in silence. They both take a deep breath and look down.