

**INT. HAROLD'S CAFE**

HARLOW, HENDRIX

***HENDRIX AND HARLOW HAVE A SECOND MEET CUTE***

Hendrix makes his way to the counter - cutting in front of a waiting Harlow.

**HENDRIX**

(to N/S Server)  
Double shot latte, thanks.

**HARLOW**

You're kidding me.

Hendrix turns to find Harlow looking at him pointedly.

**HENDRIX**

(amused)  
We gotta stop meeting like this.

**HARLOW**

You pushed in front of the line.  
*Again.*

**HENDRIX**

Did I?

**HARLOW**

Is queuing and waiting your turn  
such a hard concept to follow?

**HENDRIX**

I'm so sorry. I swear, it won't  
happen a third time.

But he makes no move to right his wrong.

**HARLOW**

Somehow I don't believe you.  
Retract your queue jumping order.

**HENDRIX**

Too late. She's already making it.  
But tell you what...

Hendrix casually pulls out a fifty dollar note.

**HENDRIX (CONT'D)**

Why don't we make this my shout?  
What are you having?

Harlow is far from impressed, responding with a withering look.

**HARLOW**

Hard to decide - clearly all the smug privilege is taken.

**HENDRIX**

Just trying to make good.

**HARLOW**

A word I doubt you're familiar with. Do money and smarm usually get you off the hook when your sense of entitlement isn't enough?

**HENDRIX**

So that's a no on the coffee.

**HARLOW**

You can't just buy your way out of bad behaviour.

**HENDRIX**

Don't you have more important things to do? Like worry about Brexit.

**HARLOW**

You're living proof the art of common decency is dying.

Hendrix curiously looks around to Harlow's behind.

**HARLOW (CONT'D)**

What are you doing?

**HENDRIX**

Just looking for the stick.

She's incensed.

**HARLOW**

Jerk.

**HENDRIX**

Zealot.

**HARLOW**

Muppet.

Hendrix smiles, enjoying the crossfire.

**HENDRIX**

I take it you live around here? We should get better acquainted if we're gonna keep running into each other.

**HARLOW**

Mmmm... Tempting.

Not.

Harlow briskly pushes him aside as she regains front position at the counter.