

INT. SUPERMARKET-NIGHT

Nick cruises down one of the aisles and as he takes a corner runs into MARY BELL, who is weeping in the corner. He does a double take when he realizes it's her and sneaks a peak at her trolley, inside are three large bottles of vodka.

NICK

Mrs. Bell?

Mary looks up to see it's Nick and is instantly embarrassed.

MARY

(sotto)

God please take me...

NICK

Is there anything I can do?

MARY

No. I'm fine.

A concerned young grocery clerk approaches them.

CLERK

Excuse me miss, is this man bothering you?

NICK

Hey...

CLERK

What did you say to her?!

NICK

Go away. Move it. Go battle evil on aisle twelve.

He moves on.

MARY

You have no idea how much I hate this.

NICK

What?

MARY

A woman crying. Nothing makes men feel more superior.

NICK

I don't feel superior, I cry all the time.

MARY

You do?

NICK

Oh, I'm famous for it. I mean I've never cried at the supermarket but it wouldn't surprise me if I did. I cry at everything, old movies, old songs, weddings, I cried like a baby at my own!

(beat)

Where's Russel tonight?

MARY

Gone.

NICK

Gone where?

MARY

I don't know! Sometimes he just takes off on his motorcycle and says he'll see me tomorrow.

NICK

I understand.

MARY

No you don't understand, that's not it. Men are not the only reason women cry.

NICK

Well he's nuts for going off and leaving you, I know that.

MARY

No that's just Russel, it's just something he does. Right? And this is what I have come to do, is to discuss my marriage in a supermarket with a perfect fucking stranger. Goodbye, Mr. Falzon.

Nick takes the hint and casually moves on. He doesn't get very far though before he stops and heads back.

NICK

Mrs. Bell?

MARY

What?!

NICK

Listen, I know this great, we're talking great, Italian restaurant. It's a family owned joint, neighborhood joint, best things aren't even on the menu.

Mary can't believe this.

MARY

Are you asking me out?

NICK

No! No I'm not asking you out! My wife has an art class, and you know the thing is I hate eating alone in restaurants and as a pure humanitarian gesture I think we should get some food into you before hitting that vodka.

Long pause. Mary considers it, then...

MARY

Whatever I order will be on me.

NICK

That's all right, we'll get you a bib.

He smiles.

MARY

Tell me something, Mr. Falzon. Are there people who find you charming?

NICK

Well, they pretend ya'know because I try so hard.

They exit scene.