

Just Breadcrumbs

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EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY

A young man dressed in a suit and tie, LAURENT, enters the scene. He's clearly overdressed for the venue he's just arrived at. He's also a pigeon from the neck up.

He approaches the HOSTESS of the restaurant, and older dark-haired woman with a bright smile that quickly fades as she spots him. He waves at her nervously.

LAURENT

Good afternoon, miss. It's, uh, it's a beautiful day today, isn't it?

HOSTESS

Um, yes, it is...

The hostess shuffles some papers around at the counter nervously.

HOSTESS

Is it, um, is it just a table for one today?

LAURENT

Oh, no... I'm actually meeting someone here for a blind date.

HOSTESS

Ah, is that right? Well, then, I think I know who you're looking for... Right this way, uh, sir.

The hostess starts leading Laurent to the back of the restaurant and towards a table with a young, fair woman sitting alone. This is BLANCHE. She's classically beautiful, with a sundress blowing gently in the wind.

LAURENT (V.O.)

This is nothing new to me. Yes, I'm half bird. It's really best not to ask questions... It makes me uncomfortable. (short sigh) Believe it or not, I'm actually a hopeless romantic, but it's not always easy for me to establish, well, human connections. It's kind of hard to express how I feel, so i like to write haikus.

Yeast will always rise.

(MORE)

LAURENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But my spirits, they will not.
Oh, what a sad life.

The hostess sits Laurent down at the table with Blanche, who looks at him with curiosity instead of disgust. She seems unphased by his bird head. She waves shyly at him.

BLANCHE

Beautiful day today, isn't it? It's nice to meet you. I'm Blanche.

LAURENT (V.O.)

She spoke to me! She actually spoke to me! She doesn't even look terrified... Could this time be different?

LAURENT

Oh, yes. It's quite nice today. My name's Laurent, it's nice to meet you too-

Laurent spots a basket of bread sitting next to Blanche's chair, and starts to look uncomfortable. He tries to avert his eyes.

BLANCHE

So do you go on blind dates often? I know it can be kind of embarrassing...

LAURENT

Um, I guess so... My friends try to help me meet women because I'm not so good at it on my own.

LAURENT (V.O.)

Idiot! Why would you tell her that? She'll totally think you're some kind of weirdo now!

BLANCHE

Me too. But, I don't mind it too much. I think they're kind of fun, and you meet all sorts of interesting people.

She smiles coyly at Laurent, who seems to be getting more anxious about the bread. He's sweating now and pulling at his collar.

Blanche giggles and wipes her face, noticing that she's

brushed a bit of white powder from her cheek. It's flour.

BLANCHE

Oh, goodness! You'll have to forgive my appearance. I just came from work at the bakery.

LAURENT (V.O.)

Of COURSE she was a baker. I knew there was something else about her. I feel like I could write a haiku about her...

Damn, this baker chick.
Got a lotta ciabatta.
She's out of my league.

Blanche reaches into the basket to her side and pulls out a baguette. She starts to snack on it as she looks at the menu.

Laurent slams his hands on the table, nearly falling out of his chair. He can't help himself around the bread. He's about to say something, but Blanche's phone rings loudly.

LAURENT

You can answer that if you want!

Blanche laughs.

BLANCHE

Oh, no, it's okay! Just my friend Grant. He always gives me a bailout call in case my blind dates don't go well.

LAURENT (V.O.)

Did she just imply our date was going well? Oh man, this must be the perfect girl!

Laurent realizes he has no more distraction from Blanche's bread.

LAURENT

You know what? I'm not even that hungry. Do you maybe just want to go for a walk instead?

BLANCHE

Sure, that sounds lovely!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - EVENING

LAURENT (V.O.)

I didn't realize how long we'd been walking until I looked up at the sky and saw it turning pink. We decided to sit at a bench and enjoy the sunset together.

The two sit down with Blanche's bread basket between them.

BLANCHE

I feel like I've only talked about myself tonight. What do you like to do, Laurent?

Laurent twiddles his thumbs in his lap, still sweating from the bread. He can't think of much else.

LAURENT

Well, this might be surprising, but I do consider myself somewhat of a poet...

BLANCHE

Why is that surprising? That's wonderful! Do you think you could read me one?

LAURENT (V.O.)

Oh, no! She wanted a poem now? I was way too nervous to come up with one on the spot!

LAURENT

Well, I don't have my journal with me, but... Maybe I can bring it on our next date?

Laurent can't take his eyes off her bread, but Blanche seems naive towards it.

LAURENT (V.O.)

Say, it's getting late, how about I take you home?

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Laurent and Blanche approach Blanche's house. They seem to be getting closer, laughing and enjoying each other's company.

BLANCHE

Thank you for such a wonderful day,
Laurent! I had a great time.

LAURENT

Oh, uh, of course. As did I.

BLANCHE

Well, this is my house. It was
really lovely to meet you.
Hopefully I'll see you again...

Blanche smiles lightly at Laurent and puckers her lips, closing her eyes. It's evident that she's expecting a kiss.

LAURENT (V.O.)

Oh NO. A kiss? She's expecting a
kiss! I don't even know HOW to kiss
a girl! I don't even know if that
would work!

A beat.

Laurent stares at Blanche nervously for a moment. He tries to lean in, but the moment he does, his bird instincts take over. He shoves his head into the bread basket at Blanche's side.

Blanche screams and struggles for control. They're locked in a fight for a moment before she eventually throws him to the ground, where he lay still on his back.

BLANCHE

Dammit, Laurent! I should've known!
You only wanted me for my sweet
rolls!

LAURENT (V.O.)

How could I have let this happen?
I'm pathetic. Truly pathetic.

My stupid bird brain,
It gets me in such trouble.
My lonely heart breaks.

BLANCHE

You want my bread so bad? Fine!
Take it!

Blanche starts to unload the abundance of bread in her basket onto Laurent, angrily throwing it at him before dumping the entire basket on him.

Laurent lies hopelessly on the ground as Blanche storms up to her house.

In the background, Blanche's phone rings again. She picks it up this time.

BLANCHE

What do you want, Grant?!

GRANT, a short effeminate man with big glasses, enters. He looks out of place next to the classic styles of Blanche and Laurent.

GRANT

Oh God, Blanche, please don't tell me this loser outside your house was your blind date.

BLANCHE

He was, Grant, but before you say anything-

GRANT

Didn't you learn anything from the last bird you dated?!