

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

Written by

Heather Magee

PRODUCTION DRAFT:

WHITE - 10/09/2018

*BLUE - 10/15/2018

FADE IN:

1 EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY 1

A small flower shop is tucked away on a tree-lined side street. The building is white-washed with vibrant flower boxes beneath both of its Victorian-style bay windows. **Sophie**, 36, is a florist and hopeless romantic. She thoughtfully positions her flower display on the adjacent sidewalk.

VANCOUVER, AUTUMN

2 INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY 2

Sophie flips her open/close sign and flips open her laptop. She hammers FriendBook[dot]com into the search bar and quickly scans her feed, stopping abruptly at a friend's airbrushed, over-styled engagement photo.

SOPHIE

Sort of matching but not really
matching outfits - check. A stolen
moment amidst a rustic backdrop -
check check. Cameo by beloved fur
baby - check check-ity check.
(sarcastic)

*
*
*
*
*

The front door swings open abruptly. **Hannah**, 38, Sophie's overbearing but loyal best friend is perpetually single and always shoots from the hip. She's balancing two coffees and a bag of croissants.

HANNAH

Fuck that's hot. Here, careful.
Apparently the barista
misunderstood extra hot for molten
lava.

SOPHIE

Thanks Han.

HANNAH

Whatcha lookin' at?

Sophie slams her laptop closed.

SOPHIE

Nothing. Aren't you late for work?

HANNAH

I told you, delete your account. FriendBook is nothing but a sizzle reel of chubby babies and people who were chubbier than they were last year. Gotta run, have a good day.

SOPHIE

Thanks for the coffee.

Sophie opens her laptop, fixates on the same, sappy engagement post and sighs. The front door swings open again, startling her. She slams her laptop closed, spilling her molten lava.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Ah! Good morning!

Alex, 40, is dashing, refined and dressed smart but not too preppy. He smiles warmly at Sophie as she soaks up her spilled coffee and pride off the counter.

ALEX

Morning.

SOPHIE

Can I help you?

ALEX

I noticed you had hydrangea listed on your sign. I'd love a half dozen, white if you have it.

SOPHIE

Sure thing.

Sophie fetches a bundle of blooms from her cooler and nervously wraps the bouquet, looking up at her handsome patron briefly to meet his palpable gaze before finishing off her creation with a bow.

ALEX

They're beautiful. Perfect, actually.

SOPHIE

We just got them in this morning. Fresh. Super fresh! Like, cut last night fresh. You could basically eat them.

Sophie stops herself when she realizes she's rambling and smiles.

ALEX
That's great. What do I owe you?

The front door jiggles and opens slightly to reveal a little girl with blond locks and rosy cheeks peeking in. **Frances**, 5 and a half, is trying to push the door open. Alex assists.

SOPHIE
Hi Frances!

FRANCES
Hi Sophie.
(whispering)

Alex motions for Sophie to help Frances first.

SOPHIE
What can I get you today,
sweetheart?

Frances hands her five dollars.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Thank you, let me see what I have.

Sophie pulls together a bouquet of filler flowers. She adds one striking pink rose.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
How's this?

Frances smiles and takes her bouquet out onto the street where her mother is waiting, who waves at Sophie. She turns and pushes the door open a crack.

FRANCES
Thank you, Sophie!
(shouting)

SOPHIE
You're welcome!

ALEX
That was really sweet.

SOPHIE
Frances was one of my first
customers. Comes in every week,
usually. Thanks so much for
waiting.

ALEX
My pleasure. How much do I owe you?

SOPHIE
Twenty even, please.

Alex hands her a crisp twenty dollar bill, smiles and leaves. Sophie melts again, this time into a metaphorical pool of goo.

ONE WEEK LATER

3

INT. FLOWER SHOP - NIGHT

3

Sophie is wiping things down, preparing to close for the night, while Hannah waits impatiently, sprawled out on a nearby chair.

HANNAH
You wouldn't believe the balls on this guy. He borderline badgered me to go for dinner, ordered half the menu -- most of which I didn't touch -- then asked if I'd like to split the bill, which was enormous. Split the bill?! Come the fuck on.

SOPHIE
We're the ones still fighting for equality. Going Dutch is the norm, Han.

HANNAH
Not when you order a tasting menu fit for twenty. He wanted to be a piggy, so the piggy should pay.

SOPHIE
You have a point.

HANNAH
Can we go? I need a drink.

SOPHIE
Sure, let me just...

Before Sophie can flip her close/open sign, Alex slips through the door. Hannah is suddenly lost in her phone.

ALEX
Are you still open?

SOPHIE
I was just closing up actually, but that's alright. What can I help you with?

ALEX

Thank you, I really appreciate it.
Do you have any hydrangea?

SOPHIE

I just might, let me check.

ALEX

White please, if you have it.

HANNAH

Soph! I thought we were leaving?

Sophie shoots Hannah a look implying "don't be rude", nodding her head towards Alex as she moves to the other side of the shop.

SOPHIE

White hydrangea, again. Huh.
(murmurs to herself)

Sophie emerges with the bouquet, wraps them and wrings Alex up. Hannah is still immersed in her phone, viscously swiping left and right.

ALEX

Twenty even?

SOPHIE

Yes. Thanks.

ALEX

Thank you again for staying open,
I'll get out of your way so you can
close up.

SOPHIE

Oh, it's fine. I don't mind.
(fiddling with the counter
display)

ALEX

Have a great night.

SOPHIE

You too.

Sophie let's out a long sigh as she peeks out the front door window to watch Alex walk away from the shop.

HANNAH

Oy! Soph. Are you ready?

Sophie snaps out of a mild trance.

SOPHIE
Yes! Sorry, let's go.

The friends close the shop and head towards the corner bar.

ONE WEEK LATER

4

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

4

Sophie is assisting two women, when the older of the two pulls out a small photo album from her bag.

WOMAN 1
We need a mix of white and pink blooms for my daughter's baby shower. Would you like to see a photo of my beautiful granddaughter?

WOMAN 2
Mom, I'm sure this lady is busy.

SOPHIE
No! I don't mind, I love kids. Oh wow, she's a beauty. May I?

Sophie takes the photo album from the woman's hands and fixates on a photo of the newborn.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I'd love to have children one day. Especially little girls. What a dream, you must be thrilled.

WOMAN 2
Utterly deprived of sleep, sex and regular showers. But yes, we'll keep her.

WOMAN 1
She's a dream baby. Perfect in every way.

SOPHIE
Spoken like a true grandma.

Hannah abruptly enters the shop, swinging the door open with a bang.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Will you excuse me for just a moment?

HANNAH
Hey, you're busy.

SOPHIE
Thanks, Tips. What's up?

HANNAH
I was in the neighborhood. Oh yuck,
look at all the pink that woman is
loading up on.

SOPHIE
Keep it down, it's for a baby
shower.

HANNAH
Gross.

Alex arrives at the shop and squeezes past the mother-
daughter duo. He looks at Sophie and mouths the word "busy."
Sophie smiles and blushes a purplish shade of pink.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hey, what's up with you?

SOPHIE
Well, there's this guy...

WOMAN 1
We're going to discuss over lunch,
thanks so much for your help.

SOPHIE
Thanks for coming in!

Woman 1 remains in place, pausing for a beat.

WOMAN 1
I hope you have some glorious
little girls some day.

We close in on Sophie, contemplating the weighty comment of
this stranger who seemingly can sense her secret desires.
Woman 1 exits the shop.

HANNAH
Speaking of which, I'm going to use
your glorious little girls room.

Hannah heads to the bathroom leaving Sophie and Alex alone.

ALEX
Glorious little girls?

SOPHIE

Sorry?

ALEX

The woman. Who just left. She said...

SOPHIE

Right! Yes. Well, she was looking at flowers for her daughters baby shower. I was just trying to be polite.

(interrupting)

ALEX

You'd be a great mom. I mean, I saw you with that little girl last time I was in. The soft spoken one.

SOPHIE

Frances. Good memory. And yes, I do like kids. What can I get you?

ALEX

Hydrangea if you have some.

SOPHIE

Half dozen? White?

ALEX

Please. Good memory!

Sophie retreats to her cooler to fetch the blooms, overhearing Hannah, who is locked in the bathroom negotiating with her latest Tinder prospect. She wraps the blooms, ties them with a bow and hands them to Alex, who has a twenty dollar bill at the ready.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Thank you, Sophie.

SOPHIE

You're very welcome.

Alex struts towards the door and disappears down the dark street. Hannah suddenly emerges from the bathroom.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Jesus, you scared me.

HANNAH

Easy. So who's the guy you were on about?

SOPHIE

Didn't you notice the painfully handsome man who was just in here? Right before you called your latest conquest?

HANNAH

What guy?

SOPHIE

Never mind.

ONE WEEK LATER

5

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

5

Hannah is helping Sophie haul some buckets of flowers into her shop.

HANNAH

Should I flip the sign?

SOPHIE

Nope, I need to get organized and there's still an hour before opening. Thanks for your help, Han.

HANNAH

What else would I be doing first thing on a Saturday? Oh wait, probably flipping through no less than three dating apps and planning my subsequent suicide.

SOPHIE

Don't be dramatic.

HANNAH

Speaking of the bottomless hole of despair that is dating, there's a guy at work who fancy's you.

SOPHIE

Oh? Who?

HANNAH

His name is Derek. You met him last year when you came as my plus one to my company party.

SOPHIE

I don't remember him? I do remember losing my phone, however, and walking home in stockings...in the snow. Which might explain why my recollection is spotty.

HANNAH

You'd like him. Total prepster, right up your alley.

SOPHIE

I'm so busy with the shop, Han. I have zero time for dating at the moment.

HANNAH

I see you.

SOPHIE

What?

HANNAH

I see you, pining over such-and-such's vomit-inducing engagement photos or gazing adoringly at sticky little babies when they roll into the shop. You're never going to find someone if you don't toss yourself in front of the train.

SOPHIE

Nice metaphor, Han.

HANNAH

If you don't leap from the tallest building.

SOPHIE

It's not a death sentence.

HANNAH

Okay, how about, you're never going to find someone if you don't throw caution to the wind. Ugh, so cliché.

SOPHIE

Fine, give him my number.

HANNAH

Great. Gotta go. I signed up for some tortuous 30-day yoga challenge.

SOPHIE
Good for you!

HANNAH
Yeah, yeah. Nama-fucking-stay.

Hannah kisses Sophie goodbye and flips her sign open on the way out. Sophie opens her laptop and reads an email aloud. *

SOPHIE
Oh fun, another stagette! This time
in...Miami. Price tag \$5,000 per
person. Fuck me. *
(slams laptop closed) *

FLASHBACK TO:

6 INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY 6

Alex is waiting for Sophie to wrap his bouquet. She looks up and they lock eyes. Alex smiles and Sophie blushes as she fiddles a few moments too long with the final touches.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

7 INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY 7

FRANCES
Hello. Hello, excuse me.
(whispering)

Sophie is a million miles away.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Hello! Excuse me!
(shouting)

Sophie shoots up, startled.

SOPHIE
Frances! Hi, sorry. Um, how are
you?

Frances hands Sophie a five dollar bill.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Right. Be right back.

Sophie laughs to herself and gathers some filler flowers.

ONE WEEK LATER

8

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

8

Sophie glances at her watch before reaching to flip her sign to 'closed', but not before Alex casually walks through the door.

SOPHIE

Hi. Come on in.

ALEX

You're about to close, aren't you? God, my timing is terrible. I can come back.

SOPHIE

Don't be silly. It's not very busy today so I was going to sneak out early, but looks like I have a customer after all. The usual?

ALEX

Yes please. I'm Alex, by the way.

SOPHIE

Sophie.

ALEX

I know.

SOPHIE

You do.

ALEX

The little girl, your regular? Frances, I think. I noticed she called you Sophie.

SOPHIE

Right. Yep, that's me. Be right back.

Sophie face palms en route to her cooler where she has kept a shockingly large stock pile of cut hydrangea - white. She returns to the front of the shop to wrap the blooms.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Whoever it is that you're buying these flowers for each week, is really lucky.

ALEX

Lucky? How?

SOPHIE

It's just thoughtful. They're obviously her favorite. Or him. He or she. Ah.

Alex smiles politely.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Here you go.
(trembling)

Alex hands Sophie a twenty dollar bill.

ALEX

Thank you, Sophie.

Alex collects his bouquet and leaves, leaving Sophie more intrigued than ever. She watches him walk down the street.

SOPHIE

That's it. Who is this guy?

Sophie quickly grabs her coat, locks up and steps out onto the street. She follows Alex, trailing behind slightly. First ducking behind a mail drop, then not-so-subtly behind a tree. *

9 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 9

CUT TO: *

10 EXT. CHURCH - DAY 10

We pan out and Alex walks through the shot, passing a bride and groom posing for photos, the bouquet is full of white hydrangea. Sophie soon follows, the flowers causing her to do a double-take.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 11

We pan out again as Alex breezes by another couple, this time a man pulls out a bunch of white hydrangea from his shopping bag and hands it to his partner. They kiss and Sophie stares at the blooms, stumbling as she passes by.

SOPHIE

What is happening?!
(murmurs to herself)

CUT TO:

11A EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 11A

Alex is walking towards us along a tall hedge lining the street. Sophie is trailing behind him in the distance.

CUT TO:

12 **OMITTED** 12 *

13 **OMITTED** 13 *

14 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 14

Alex turns into a graveyard and Sophie stops dead in her tracks, ducking behind the hedge. She watches him for a moment before continuing on into the graveyard, tucking behind a tree so Alex doesn't discover her. He stops at a grave, bends down and gently places the blooms -- now more white and vibrant than ever -- in front of the headstone. We pan out to a wide shot of the expansive graveyard and suddenly, Alex disappears, seemingly into thin air. Confused, Sophie boldly approaches the grave.

15 EXT. CEMETERY/HEADSTONE - DAY 15

SOPHIE

Kathleen Margaret McKnight 1952-
1992. Maybe it was his mother?

Her eyes widen as she continues to read the weathered words.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Alex Anderson McKnight 1950-1992.

She pauses for a moment, confused, staring at the faded script etched into stone. Suddenly her posture stiffens as she slowly walks backwards away from the grave, stumbling slightly, before turning to run.

CUT TO:

16 INT. FLOWER SHOP - SAME DAY, NIGHT 16

Sophie is back in her shop. She's standing with her back to the door, leaning on the counter -- confused and pensive. *

SOPHIE

There has to be someone else who
noticed him. Someone else who saw
him here.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hannah never said anything, which
is shocking. Frances too.

Suddenly there's a knock at the door and we see a silhouette
of a man. Without turning to look, Sophie shouts. *
*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'll be right there, Han!
(annoyed) *

The man knocks again. Sophie swings around expecting to find
her impatient friend and instead discovers a young man
standing at the door. He's dressed smart but not too preppy. *
He reminds her of Alex. Tentatively, she moves towards the *
door, opening it partway. *

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

YOUNG MAN

Are you still open? Your sign says
so, but it looks like...

SOPHIE

So it does! Yes, I was about to
close but happy to help. What can I
get you?
(interrupting)

YOUNG MAN

I noticed you had hydrangea in the
window. I'll take a bouquet of
those, please. White if you have
it. *
*

Sophie stares at the man, incredulously.

SOPHIE

Why white? Why that color?

YOUNG MAN

Oh! Well, my mother liked white
hydrangea. Is that off trend or
something? *

SOPHIE

Nope. I happen to have plenty.

YOUNG MAN

It was her favorite, actually. My
father always bought them for her.
Every week.

Sophie is visibly stunned, puzzled.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Unless they weren't in season, of course. Hey, are you all right?

SOPHIE

Yep! Fine, just fine thanks.

Sophie fetches a bunch and nervously wraps the bouquet of white blooms.

YOUNG MAN

Those are beautiful. This will probably sound like a horribly cheesy line. But, have we met before?

SOPHIE

I don't think so?

YOUNG MAN

Strange. I feel like I know you.

SOPHIE

I'm quite certain you don't.

YOUNG MAN

Well, what if I wanted to? Get to know you, I mean. Take you for coffee maybe.

Suddenly, there's a loud knock at the door. Hannah.

SOPHIE

Sorry, can you excuse me for just a moment?

YOUNG MAN

Sure.

Hannah pushes her way in, not-so-subtly sizing Young Man up. *
Sophie exits the scene and meets her friend on the other side *
of the shop. *

SOPHIE

I'm just wrapping up with my last customer. Can you wait a minute? *

HANNAH

Cool, I'll hang. *

SOPHIE

Wait. Can you see him?
(whispering)

HANNAH

Who? Him?

Sophie reemerges behind the counter to assist her handsome customer. She locates a business card and hands it to him.

*
*

SOPHIE

I'd love to. Go. For coffee some time? Here's my number.

*

The young man blushes and smiles warmly, reminiscent of Alex, taking Sophie's business card and handing her his.

*
*

YOUNG MAN

Great. I'll call you. Thanks for staying open for me.

Sophie nods and smiles.

The young man waves before turning to leave. Sophie sits for a moment behind the counter, smiling to herself, before Hannah suddenly moves into frame.

*
*
*

HANNAH

What was that all about?

SOPHIE

I'm not sure. He asked for my number, though.
(still staring towards the door)

*
*

HANNAH

Oh? I thought we were too busy? I thought we were focusing on the store and being a real dedicated career gal.

Sophie shoots up.

*

SOPHIE

Let's go, I might let you buy me a drink.

CUT TO:

*
*
*
*
*

The two friends exit the shop out onto the street and Sophie locks up. They leave arm-in-arm.

Back in the shop, we close in on the young man's business card, which reads Ryan A. McKnight. A moment later we see Frances pass by the shop. She stops for a moment to peer into

the window, her mother is no where in sight.

FADE OUT