

COMINGS & GOINGS

"PILOT EPISODE"

"WELCOME TO L.A."

Written by

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HECTOR
He really needs this job.

EDIE
You've got too big of a heart, my
friend.

HECTOR
Says the woman who fosters kittens
in her spare time while working a
ridiculous amount of shifts so she
can send her daughter to private
school.

Hector hands the drinks to Edie who effortlessly puts them on
a tray. Edie turns away.

EDIE
(over her shoulder)
What's your point?

Edie moves to a table to dole out the drinks.

The Young Couple exit.

BEN CHAMBERS, (who could be anywhere from thirty to fifty,
depending on his day), hair sticking up in more directions
than a freeway interchange, busboy, RUSHES into the bar while
he buttons his shirt; his backpack with papers and clothes
holding on for their dear lives. He makes it to the bar and
grabs his apron from a hook behind the bar. Sets his backpack
down. Ties his apron on while he starts to move to one of the
tables until...

HECTOR
Hang on a minute there, Ben.

BEN
Oh, hi Hector.

HECTOR
You're late.

BEN
I know. I'm sorry. I missed the
bus. And the other one let me off
too soon, and I didn't want to wait
for the next one cause I didn't
know if it was going to be on time,
so I... I....

Ben pauses, bends over BREATHING heavily.

HECTOR
Did you run here?

BEN
(nods, still panting)
I'm sorry, Hector. Really sorry.

HECTOR
Okay, okay.
(hands Ben a glass of
water)
Drink this. Take some deep
breaths...

Ben takes a drink. Hector BREATHES with Ben.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe
in, breathe out.
(beat)
You okay?

Ben nods, noticeably better.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
All right. Get to work.

Ben heads to some of the tables. Cleans off dirty dishes, glasses, etc. Hector moves to the other side of the bar where an open window to the kitchen sits. On the other side is SOL SULLIVAN (40s), stocky, taciturn, a smile nowhere to be seen, cook, HITS the BELL, sliding out two orders of burgers and fries.

SOL
Order up!

HECTOR
I'm standing right here, Sol. And
haven't I reminded you we're not in
a diner?

Sol nods and turns back to his grill. Hector grabs the plates and takes them to the other side of the bar. Edie sweeps in and snags them. Ben, carrying a tray of dirty dishes and glasses, almost bumps right into Edie who masterfully maneuvers out of the way and continues to her table.

Edie places the burgers down for a MIDWESTERN COUPLE - MARGARET and MIKE MULLIGAN - (mid 50s), overly friendly.

MARGARET
Oh, this looks so good. Doesn't it
look good, honey?

MIKE

Yes, Margaret. Really good.

MARGARET

(to Edie)

Thank you! Ummm, I can't quite read your name badge...

EDIE

Edie.

MARGARET

Thank you, Edie. Where are YOU from?

EDIE

Silverlake.

MARGARET

A lake? I didn't know you could be from a lake.

EDIE

That's the name of the area in L.A.

MARGARET

Oh! We're from Wisconsin.

MIKE

Cheesehead country. Go Packers!

Margaret and Mike LAUGH. Edie smiles politely.

EDIE

Can I get you anything else?

Margaret turns to Mike. Blushes. Mike nods.

MARGARET

Well, we're here on a pretty long layover on our way to Aitutaki.

EDIE

Okay...

MARGARET

(lowers voice)

And we heard that there were some... naughty distractions we may be able to... experience.

EDIE

How naughty?

MIKE

We were thinking of maybe getting some...

MARGARET

(blurts)

Massages.

EDIE

What kind of massages?

MARGARET

The rubbing kind.

EDIE

No. I mean, Swedish? Deep tissue? Thai? Shiatsu?

MIKE

Wow. I didn't realize there were so many to choose from.

MARGARET

What do you recommend, Edie?

EDIE

It depends. They all have their pluses.

MARGARET

Well, Mike and I just want to make sure we feel good afterwards.
Really good.

EDIE

(gets it; lowers her voice)

I see. So, you're interested in "happy endings" with your massages.

MARGARET

Definitely.

Edie scrutinizes the eager couple. Takes out her phone. Taps on it until she brings up...

EDIE

Okay. Try this one.

Edie shows the phone to Mike and Margaret. Margaret grabs a pen from her bag and jots down the info on a napkin.

MARGARET

Thank you, Edie.

MIKE

Should we say you recommended them?

EDIE

No need. Enjoy.

Mike and Margaret grasp hands, delighted. Edie puts down their bill and moves away shaking her head. Goes to another table.

TRUDY PLIMPTON (30s), the bloom coming off her rosy good looks just a tad, struggling actress, works at the gift shop across the walkway, sidles up to the bar.

TRUDY

Hi Hector!

HECTOR

Trudy! The usual?

TRUDY

Yes. Please. You are not going to believe what just happened.

Hector mixes a drink. Edie joins them.

EDIE

Trudy. How's tricks?

TRUDY

Out of that life, Edie. I have an audition on Thursday.

EDIE

Congratulations. What's this one for?

TRUDY

I would play a hooker with a heart of gold. But, get this: she's also a serial killer.

EDIE

A serial killer with a heart of gold?

TRUDY

I know, right? The complexities of the character are tremendous.

Hector sets Trudy's drink in front of her.

HECTOR

One "Bacon Me Angry."

TRUDY
Thanks, doll.

HECTOR
You were saying?

TRUDY
Oh, right. These two little shits
tried to shoplift like two Red
Bulls each. I mean they couldn't
have been more than ten years old.

HECTOR
What did you do?

TRUDY
I told them they were on camera and
that the airport police keep their
tapes on file. And if they ever did
anything like that again, they
would be taken away from their
parents and put in foster care.

EDIE
You didn't!

TRUDY
I sure as hell did.

HECTOR
What did they do?

TRUDY
Cried. Put back the Red Bulls and
hustled out of there with their
tails between their legs.
(beat)
I love kids.

Hector's cell phone RINGS.

HECTOR
(looks at his phone)
Gotta take this.

Hector steps away and answers his phone.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(into phone; in Spanish)
Hello, Mom... No, I said it's the
red button. You need to hold it for
twenty seconds... The one on the
right... Try it again... What
happened?... What disco ball? Mom.
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