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Counter Guy 19. ~~10/3~~

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - EARLY MORNING

Los Angeles. Beautiful, sunny Los Angeles. Connie and Carla hang out of the car and scream.

They drive down the sexy Sunset Strip, squealing, and pull up in front of The Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf. They leap from the car - and fall over with leg cramps.

CARLA

Ow. Ow.

CONNIE

Help me. Ow.

They hobble into the cafe.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Carla, now remember, blend in.

CARLA

Right.

Ultra-skinny MODELS and oily pretend-PRODUCERS turn around to see "who" just came in. Carla waves.

CARLA (CONT'D)

We just moved here from Chicago!

Connie pinches her.

No one cares. They all turn back around. Carla points to a truly SKINNY WOMAN and whispers.

that

start

CONNIE

Hi, two coffees please.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, this? It's a travel zit.

COUNTER GUY

T.M.I.

CONNIE

Yeah...who?

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COUNTER GUY
Too Much Information.

CONNIE
Okay, um, thanks. Two coffees
please?

COUNTER GUY
Should I leave room for a lactose
product or are you in ketosis? And
I am legally prohibited from giving
you the Nepal Blend if you've
recently had a colon cleanse.

CONNIE
His voice is giving me epilepsy.

COUNTER GUY
Do you have epilepsy?

CONNIE
Huh? No, sorry, I was making a,
um, a joke.

COUNTER GUY
(ultra serious)
You shouldn't do disease humor.
People suffer.

CONNIE
Oh. I'm really sorry.

CONNIE
So, you have epilepsy?

COUNTER GUY
No, I belong to a trauma support
group, Survivors of High School
Taunting. Jokes aren't funny.
They hurt.

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CONNIE
Who's in that group? Everyone?

COUNTER GUY
And by the way, for you, I suggest
the non-fat milk. That'll be eight
dollars.

End

Connie stares, then digs in her pocket and pulls out clumps
of change. It, of course, spills all over the counter.
Pennies roll. Long moment. Connie and Carla shuffle away.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Connie and Carla are tired, driving through a seedy and run-
down area off Hollywood Boulevard. *

CARLA
This looks depressed. *

Connie peers at a map.

CONNIE
I'll try -- here -- West Hollywood. *

EXT. NEW STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

A pleasant street.

CARLA
It may be more expensive, but we'll
be safer here. *

A plank falls off a truck, hits the ground with a loud bang.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Gunshot!

Connie and Carla dive for cover.

CARLA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Are we dead?

Connie looks up, sees the plank. *

CONNIE
It's okay...

They peer around. TRIM, HAPPY MEN stroll past them. *

CARLA
Cute guys...