

Carla's

# COUNTER GUY

19.

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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.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Look at that X-ray.

*start* Connie goes to the counter.

CONNIE

Hi, two coffees please.

The pony-tailed COUNTER GUY stares. Connie touches a mound on her chin.

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  
(rude)  
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 looks at Carla.

CONNIE  
(sotto)  
His voice is giving me epilepsy.

COUNTER GUY  
(gasps)  
Do you have epilepsy?

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

He abruptly turns, pours the coffees, and hands them to her.

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

CONNIE  
(embarrassed)  
Oh. I'm really sorry.

A moment.

CARLA  
So, you have epilepsy?

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

Connie looks up. Did she just hear that?

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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...