

**MISSING INGREDIENT**

Written by

Terry Paquet  
&  
Billiam Coronel

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Billiam Coronel  
1167 Casiano Rd  
Los Angeles, CA 90049  
Billiam@TheCoronels.com

Terry Paquet  
157 Simcoe Ave  
Montreal, Quebec H3P-1W6  
Canada  
wordboy@videotron.ca

**INT. MORGUE OFFICE -- NIGHT**

JANITOR 1 sits behind a computer, absorbed in something on the Internet. JANITOR 2 walks in and sees the screen.

JANITOR 2  
You're sick. You know that?

JANITOR 1  
This is the human form, my friend.  
God's art.

JANITOR 2  
Looks like his old stuff, before he  
got good at proportions. Let me  
surf for awhile. I just scraped  
colon off the floor.

JANITOR 1  
I'm not done.

Janitor 1 continues to surf his website.

JANITOR 2  
See the guy in seven yet? Beats the  
guy last week by a mile. Go look.

JANITOR 1  
You're lying. You just want me to  
get up from the computer.

JANITOR 2  
Fifty bucks says I'm wrong.

Janitor 2 considers the bet.

JANITOR 1  
You're on.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: "SIX DAYS EARLIER"

**INT. HOOTERS IN LOS ANGELES -- FRIDAY EVENING**

Classic rock tunes blare from the speakers. The place is packed. Testosterone hangs heavy in the air.

Our hero, GEORGIA LEAMAN, mid-30s, serves nachos to a table of NEANDERTHALS.

Despite signs of wear and tear, she's still pretty enough for them to ogle her ass as she walks away.

**INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

MR. BINGARDEN, the boss, is at his desk. An array of open liquor bottles sit in front of him. Georgia walks in just as he begins to carefully pour water into each one.

GEORGIA

Are you doing what I think you're doing?

BINGARDEN

Reducing the number of customers who drive home drunk? Yes.

(then)

What's up?

GEORGIA

You said you were gonna put me in the management program if I waited a few months.

BINGARDEN

When did I say that?

GEORGIA

A few months ago.

He stops pouring.

BINGARDEN

Huh. I didn't think you'd still be here.

(then)

Not gonna happen. You're too smart to be a manager here.

GEORGIA

Too smart? That's preposterous.

BINGARDEN

See? Not a word a manager at Hooters would use.

(leveling)

Your tits are worth more to me on the floor.

GEORGIA

Excuse me?

BINGARDEN

I've worked with breasts since  
nineteen ninety-two. You got about  
a year left on yours before they  
start sagging.

BINGARDEN (CONT'D)

Take my advice -- start scheduling  
some double shifts and put some  
money away. Milk 'em while you can.  
So to speak.

**INT. DIRK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Dirk, 29, is intently watching himself acting on a TV show.  
He's a TV star - all white teeth and golden tan.

Georgia walks into the room, puts her purse down and opens  
her blouse to expose her chest.

GEORGIA

Do these look like their getting  
old?

DIRK

(eyes glued to TV)  
Can't talk. Watching.

Georgia maneuvers into Dirk's eye line.

GEORGIA

Dirk! Answer my question.

Dirk cranes his neck to look around her.

DIRK

Move! This is my big scene this  
week.

Georgia reluctantly obliges and sits next to him on the  
couch.

When the scene is over...

DIRK (CONT'D)

Think I played it too big?  
(beat)  
Why's your shirt open?

All of her emotions are bubbling to the surface now.

GEORGIA  
They're not gonna make me a  
manager.

DIRK  
What? Why?

GEORGIA  
I'm too smart.

He gently strokes her hair.

DIRK  
Too smart? Why that's...

He searches for the right word. Georgia helps.

GEORGIA  
Preposterous?

DIRK  
(finding word)  
Shitty.

GEORGIA  
I put in three years at that dump.  
Am I supposed to keep waiting  
tables forever? I just-- I feel  
horrible.

Dirk starts rubbing her back. He then kisses her neck. It  
becomes clear he's working towards a goal.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Not now.

DIRK  
C'mon, I ordered pizza. We only got  
a couple of minutes to do it before  
it gets here.

She pushes him away and stands up.

GEORGIA  
I shouldn't have come over tonight.

Dirk gets the message.

DIRK  
I'm sorry. I'm ignoring you again,  
aren't I?

He grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
No distractions. You have my full  
attention.  
(adding)  
With no expectation of this leading  
to sex.

SFX: PHONE RING

Damn. Dirk knows he's not supposed to answer it after what he  
just said.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Full attention. Nothing is more  
important than you right now.

SFX: PHONE RING

He sneaks a peek at the call display.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
It's my agent.

SFX: PHONE RING

DIRK (CONT'D)  
If she calls at this hour, it's  
probably important. You know that.

SFX: PHONE RING

Georgia is just looking at him, waiting to see what he's  
gonna do. He has to make a choice...

He picks up the phone.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
How'd I look?

Frustrated, Georgia buttons up her shirt, puts on her shoes  
and heads down the hallway to leave. Dirk is too absorbed in  
the phone call to notice.

She turns the corner, opens the door, and comes face to face  
with a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY who was just about to knock. She  
grabs the pizza and points inside.

GEORGIA  
TV star's paying.

She crosses out leaving the pizza guy alone in the doorway.

**INT. GEORGIA'S APARTMENT -- LATER**

Georgia is in a bathrobe on the sofa, drinking wine and eating Dirk's pizza.

SFX: PHONE RING

She makes no effort to answer it.

The machine picks up.

GEORGIA  
(thru speaker)  
It's Georgia. I'm not home. Duh.

SFX: BEEP

DIRK  
(thru speaker)  
Come on, Babe, pick up. I HAD to  
take it. It was my agent. You and I  
can talk anytime.

Georgia takes a swig of wine, and gives him the finger.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Come back over. C'mon. We can talk  
now.  
(beat)  
And then maybe..you know.  
(frustrated)  
I'm gonna keep calling 'til you  
answer.

He hangs up. She takes a bite of pizza. Then...

SFX: PHONE RINGING

She's had enough. She angrily picks up the receiver.

GEORGIA  
Forget it. I'm not coming over  
there to fuck you.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Ooo-kay. How about we meet mid-way?  
Say Vegas?

The voice belongs to MIMO CROCETTI, early 40s, lean and full of nervous energy.

GEORGIA

Oh my god! Mimo? I thought-- I'm so embarrassed. What's going on?

INTERCUT BETWEEN...

**INT. RESTAURANT OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS**

MIMO

Not much. Just thought I'd give you a call.

GEORGIA

It's great to hear your voice. Still in Austin?

MIMO

Yeah. Uh...

GEORGIA

What's wrong?

MIMO

Okay, I'll just spit it out. I was wondering-- your brother and I were wondering if you'd fly in and take a look at the restaurant.

GEORGIA

Why?

MIMO

The place ain't doing so great. Paul felt you might be able to figure out why.

GEORGIA

Paul wants my opinion? Did hell freeze over?

MIMO

He's changed Georgia. He needs you. C'mon, it's just for a couple of days. There's a big street festival going on. It'll be fun.

(adding)

Plane ticket's on Paul.

(long beat)

Hello?

CUT TO:

**EXT. AUSTIN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- SHORT TIME LATER**

SUPER: SATURDAY

Colorful banners around the airport read ANNUAL BUSKER FESTIVAL. STREET PERFORMERS in full costume walk past with luggage.

Georgia comes out of baggage claim and spots Mimo waiting next to his Smart Car. She crosses over. They exchange hugs and greetings.

GEORGIA

Wow! You haven't changed at all.

MIMO

Neither have you.

GEORGIA

(re: luggage)

I don't think all this is gonna fit.

MIMO

Bring the cart back. I'll work my magic.

Mimo takes her 4 bags off the cart and Georgia crosses out to return it.

Mimo opens the trunk and puts in the first suitcase. The trunk is now full. He looks at the 3 remaining bags and scratches his head: How AM I going to fit these in?

CUT TO:

**EXT. RADISSON DOWNTOWN HOTEL DRIVEWAY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

They pull up to the hotel entrance. Mimo gets out and opens Georgia's door.

MIMO

Meet in the lobby, twenty minutes?

Georgia nods and heads inside.

Mimo opens the trunk, pulls out Georgia's first suitcase and puts it on the valet cart. He checks to make sure Georgia is out of sight then pulls out the 3 remaining suitcases that he emptied and folded. He opens them on the ground and quickly refills them with loose items of clothing he secretly stuffed into all the crevices of the car trunk.

**INT. RADISSON HOTEL LOBBY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

A DESK CLERK is checking-in Georgia.

DESK CLERK  
 (re: looking at computer)  
 I see you'll be using hotel points.

GEORGIA  
 If you have something with a view,  
 that'd be great.

DESK CLERK  
 (under her breath)  
 Certainly would be since you're not  
 paying for it.

TWO MIMES walk by in full garb. One of them spots Georgia and grabs his heart, signaling his attraction to her. He sidles up beside her, puts his head on her shoulder and flutters his eyes.

GEORGIA  
 (annoyed)  
 Not interested.

The mime's face changes from happy to sad. He backs away, grabs his heart again and pretends to rip it out. He throws it to the ground and falls to the floor "dead." The other mime drags him away, shaking his head.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
 How long's this festival in town?

DESK CLERK  
 Two weeks.

GEORGIA  
 (re: Mime)  
 Any rooms high enough that if I  
 have to I can dive out the window  
 and kill myself?

DESK CLERK  
 (serious)  
 Sorry. There's a health care  
 convention in town. The good  
 jumping rooms are all taken.

GEORGIA  
 It was a joke.

DESK CLERK

I do have something on four. If you land right you could probably do some spine damage.

GEORGIA

Really. I was kidding.

DESK CLERK

Of course you were.

(by rote)

Hotel policy is to charge your estate an extra day if you jump after check- out time. Sign here.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Mimo sits on a couch waiting for Georgia to come down. Next to him is a large plastic garbage bag stuffed to the max.

Georgia gets off the elevator dressed in different clothes.

Mimo sees her and instinctively stands. He picks up his bag, gestures "after you," and they head to the hotel exit.

GEORGIA

All my stuff's balled up and in different suitcases but the valet denies he went through it. I hate this hotel already.

(re: Mimo's bag)

What's that?

MIMO

Toilet paper. From the men's room. Paul pays ten cents a roll.

GEORGIA

You lied. You said he changed.

They walk to the front exit.

**ANGLE ON: THE FRONT DOOR**

The red lights of a paramedic vehicle are flashing outside.

Through the front window a group of DETECTIVES can be seen analyzing the scene. One points up to the hotel balconies. Next to them, a body lays on the ground covered with a sheet.

**ANGLE ON: FRONT DESK**

The desk clerk looks up and realizes it was Georgia who walked by.

DESK CLERK  
(calling out)  
Miss Leaman? A room on a higher  
floor just opened up.

Too late. Georgia and Mimo are already out and didn't hear.

CUT TO:

**INT. MIMO'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER**

Mimo drives and makes conversation as Georgia looks out the window, soaking in the sights of her hometown.

MIMO  
So you're still with that TV guy,  
huh. Good for you. Must be hard to  
have a relationship with a  
celebrity when they're surrounded  
by beautiful women all the time.  
(catching himself)  
Not that you're not beautiful too.

Mimo shuts up. He just embarrassed himself.

Georgia smiles but doesn't look at him or say anything. It would just make the moment more embarrassing.

After a noticeable silence, Mimo dares to speak again...

MIMO (CONT'D)  
I saw him on that red carpet thing  
at the Emmys. He was with some girl  
in a blue dress. What was that  
about?

GEORGIA  
One of his agent's other clients.  
She needed publicity or something  
so he asked him to take her.

MIMO  
That sucks. But you probably go to  
those things with him all the time.  
Right?

GEORGIA  
(changing subject)  
So what about you? What's new with  
you these past couple of years?

MIMO

Nothing. Just...you know. Same.  
 (adding; casually)  
 Still single.  
 (then)  
 Here we are.

They pull up in front of...

**EXT. LEAMAN'S RESTAURANT -- DAY**

A large, diner-style sign identifies "Leaman's Restaurant".

The street is busy with locals, tourists and STREET PERFORMERS.

Mimo pulls up and spots half a parking space. He pulls the Smart car in so its front end faces the curb and the trunk faces traffic.

They get out and walk past a STREET MUSICIAN. Georgia drops a few coins into his hat. Mimo, feeling peer pressure, reaches into his pocket but comes up empty. He pulls a roll of toilet paper from his bag and puts that in the hat.

**INT. DINING ROOM OF LEAMAN'S RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER**

A typical 1940s coffee shop that was renovated in the 1970's-- worn out formica surfaces, faded travel posters of Argentina and Egypt, peppers submerged in large bottles on the shelves... On each table is a Perrier bottle with a flower in it.

Mimo and Georgia enter. She's hit by a flood of memories as they walk through...

**INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Pots and pans hang from the ceiling. Shelves are lined with dehydrated chicken stock, canned veggies, ketchup and aspirin.

A waitress, SHELL, mid 20s, is there with VINNIE, 20s, an Italian, greasy-haired busboy. Shell is wiping down the menus. She looks like your cousin Barry.

MIMO

Shell, Vinnie, this is Georgia.

They shake hands.

SHELL

Hi. The owner has a sister named Georgia. But he says she's a cunt.

MIMO

This IS Paul's sister.

SHELL

I'm sure he didn't mean it in the bad way.

VINNIE

(bone to pick)

Tell your brother we busboys want a union.

GEORGIA

Union? This is just a small place. There's no need for a union.

VINNIE

Spoken like a true gringo. Hold us Mexicans back.

Vinnie exits.

GEORGIA

(to MIMO)

Isn't Vinnie an Italian name?

MIMO

Yeah. But he thinks he's Mexican now. You gonna argue with an Italian?

HAROLD, the assistant chef, and BERNIE, the prep cook, both mid-30s, enter from the back. Harold's muscles have muscles. Bernie is bald with piercing eyes. He just stands there like a scared puppy.

HAROLD

You must be Georgia. I'm Harold.

SHELL

(to Harold; leaning in)

Ex-nay on the word unt-cay.

MIMO

Bernie, you wanna say hi to Georgia?

Bernie forces a smile and apprehensively shakes her hand.

BERNIE

I take medication.

He quickly exits back to the prep room. Harold follows.

MIMO

Bernie and Harold are on a prison release program. Paul decided to give them jobs. Help 'em out.

Georgia stares. No way is she taking that at face value.

MIMO (CONT'D)

(coming clean)

The State pays half their salary.  
Paul saves money.

PAUL (O.S.)

I heard my name.

PAUL LEAMAN, 40s, enters carrying a handful of tired-looking flowers. He's pudgy and decked out in polyester. He gives Georgia an awkward hug. Mimo crosses to tend to some simmering pots.

PAUL

I see you got here in one piece.  
How was your flight?

GEORGIA

(cautious)

Good. Thanks.  
(re: flowers)  
From your garden?

PAUL

These? Nah. Got 'em from Cook-Walkins. The dumpster behind the crematorium.

(then)

Mimo introduce you to all the morons?

Georgia nods although she would have phrased it differently.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(leaning in)

Stay away from Bernie. He's not cooking with a full set of pots.

Paul pulls out some TUMS, eats a handful and gets to business.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I imagine Mimo also told you the place is in the shitter. Summers are always slow but I've never seen it like this.

GEORGIA

Yeah. So what exactly do you want from me?

PAUL

Advice. I don't know. You know.

GEORGIA

I'm gonna need more.

PAUL

Tell me what Mimo and Harold are doing wrong. How can the waitresses pump up the check totals. Stuff like that. How do we get it back to what it was like when Dad ran it.

GEORGIA

I can do that.

PAUL

Good. You have full run of the place. I'd hang out but I got a horseshoe tournament tonight. Mimo will drive you to the house after. We'll talk.

Paul starts to exit. Mimo catches his eye to remind Paul there's something he's supposed to say...

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh. Right.

(to Georgia)

Thanks for..you know, doing this.

He finishes exiting.

MONTAGE

MUSIC UP

**INT. DINING ROOM**

She runs two fingers along the "decorative" pepper jars near the cash register and pulls up a clump of greasy dust.

**EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE**

She watches TWO TOURISTS looking at the menu. Not seeing anything to their liking, they leave.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

She peels back the bottom corner of a poster on the yellow wall and discovers the wall is really white. She winces and puts it back.

She notices a FAMILY standing at the front waiting for a table. No one helps them. After a few moments, they exit.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

She eyeballs a Perrier bottle holding plastic dollar-store flowers.

**INT. KITCHEN**

She inspects a bus tub filled with plates holding a lot of uneaten food. Her attention is diverted to a pot boiling over, unattended. She rushes over and turns off the burner.

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM**

She walks in on Vinnie and another busboy, SCARLO, having a wet-towel fight. Scarlo scurries away. Vinnie defiantly stands his ground. Georgia shakes her head and exits.

END MUSIC

VOICE (O.S.)

Yo Vinnie. Come out. I wanna ax you something.

Vinnie goes outside.

**EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS**

VINNIE comes out the alley door. The voice belongs to PEEWEE, a drug runner.

PEEWEE

My bag and me need to hang out for awhile.

VINNIE

By "bag" do you mean your girlfriend or your nut-sack?

PEEWEE

Be serious. I'm holding a bag of powder here and there's way too many cops around. I gotta get off the street.

VINNIE

Forget it, you can't stay here.

PEEWEE

C'mon, Vinnie. I can't be walking around with this. Let me hang out awhile. You owe me.

Vinnie doesn't want to but he also doesn't want to leave PeeWee hanging. Against his better judgment...

VINNIE

Okay look, I'll hide the bag for ya. But that's it.

PEEWEE

Just leave it with you? No way!

VINNIE

Hey, you came to me.

PeeWee knows he has no better choice. He begrudgingly hands the bag to Vinnie.

PEEWEE

You know who this coke belongs to, so don't fuck around. I'll be back tomorrow for it.

**EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT**

The property is rundown and neglected. A plastic bag tops the porch light. The lawn hasn't been mowed in months.

Mimo and Georgia pull up to the curb.

**INT. PAUL'S FRONT HALL -- CONTINUOUS**

Mimo and Georgia close the front door behind them.

MIMO  
 (calling out)  
 We're here!

PAUL (O.S.)  
 Be down in a sec!

Georgia removes her jacket and opens a closet. Dozens of toilet paper rolls spill out.

MIMO  
 Looks like Paul has a FEW of us  
 working on the side.

They put the rolls back in the closet and close the door.

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

The room is decorated with yard sale chairs, milk carton end-tables and mismatched drapes.

GEORGIA  
 Nice to see he's still living in a  
 stake-out.

Georgia notices some family pictures on the wall and crosses over to check them out. Memories come flooding back.

Mimo looks at the pictures and has a few memories of his own. He stays silent, not wanting to ruin the moment.

A photo of her with her dad strikes an especially deep vein of emotion. Mimo sees her trying to hold back tears and isn't sure what to do - does he walk away to give her privacy? Does he hold her? Finally...

MIMO  
 I miss him too.

GEORGIA  
 (embarrassed)  
 I'm sorry. I just...

MIMO  
 It's okay.  
 (then)  
 Why didn't you come to the  
 funeral?-- I shouldn't have asked  
 that. I'm sorry.

GEORGIA

No. It's fine.

(searching for words)

I didn't get along with Catherine.  
As you know. I reminded her of my  
mom I guess. I don't know. She'd  
put me down every chance she could  
and Dad never defended me  
'cause...well...

MIMO

(nodding)

He hated confrontation.

GEORGIA

Anyway, that's why I didn't come. I  
wanted Dad's funeral to be  
remembered as a tribute to him, not  
her and I arguing. I know it's  
stupid.

MIMO

It's not stupid. It's sad though.

Paul enters wearing a bathrobe with a Hyatt logo.

PAUL

Sorry I took so long. I put an  
extra water-saving thingie in the  
showerhead. It takes forever to  
rinse.

GEORGIA

(re: stolen robe)

Take the towels from the hotel  
also?

PAUL

(oblivious to insult)

Of course.

They all cross into...

**INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

As Mimo and Georgia take a seat, Paul pours some coffee.

PAUL

So. We're not in such bad shape.  
Adjust a few things, put a new item  
or two on the menu--

GEORGIA

The place is a disaster.

PAUL

That's a little dramatic.

GEORGIA

The service is shoddy, the menu's all over the place and the dining room needs an overhaul.

PAUL

There's no money to remodel.

GEORGIA

Okay, let's just talk about the food--

PAUL

(dismissive)

The food's fine.

Beat. Georgia takes stock in the conversion so far. It's clear Paul is not going to listen.

GEORGIA

Well then I guess my job is done here. Good luck with the place.

Georgia stands, ready to be taken home.

PAUL

(to Mimo)

See? I told you this wasn't going to work. I held up my end of the deal. I was nice.

GEORGIA

What'd you expect me to say?

PAUL

"Sell espresso." "Replace the posters." Stuff that's doable.

She pulls a menu out of her purse and holds it up.

GEORGIA

At least admit your menu's a mess.  
(re: items)  
Tacos, potato skins, spring rolls...

PAUL

People order those.

GEORGIA

They can get this stuff at bars.  
There's nothing special here. You  
should be making food they won't  
serve at chain restaurants.

PAUL

Forget it. I'm not serving Menudo.

GEORGIA

No. Stuff that isn't frozen. Or  
deep-fried. People want food that's  
fresh.

PAUL

Slim Jims aren't fresh. They sell  
fifty million a year.

GEORGIA

Wow. You got me.

PAUL

Fresh ingredients cost too much. I  
need ways to CUT expenses.

GEORGIA

No, no, no. You're looking at this  
all wrong.

PAUL

Oh, so I'm an idiot now--

GEORGIA

Make me the manager.

PAUL/MIMO

What?!

GEORGIA

Make me Manager. I'll turn this  
place around.

MIMO

You'd move back to Austin? Really?!

PAUL

(to Mimo)  
She's not serious.

GEORGIA

I am serious.

MIMO

The place COULD use an actual manager. Paul. You keep saying you're tired of doing everything yourself--

Paul holds up his hands to cut him off.

PAUL

(skeptical)

You'd work for me? Why?

GEORGIA

Remember that first summer Dad let us bus tables? He gave us a quarter for every piece of gum we scraped off the bottom of a chair--

PAUL

Your point?

Georgia gestures to the living room wall.

GEORGIA

All the family pictures are in the restaurant. We grew up there. Dad spent his life building that business and I'm not about to let our place go under.

PAUL

First off, it's not "our" place. It's my place--

GEORGIA

Only 'cause Catherine talked him into changing the will--

PAUL

I'm not gonna rehash this again. Dad, Mom and Catherine are dead. Fair or not, I own the place. I decide how it's run.

GEORGIA

How's that going? I hear not so well.

That got under Paul's skin.

PAUL

Hey, Dad never had to deal with his fucking costs going up every fucking minute. He didn't have to deal with the fucking city changing fucking zoning laws so that they can open a fucking Hooters on one side of us and fucking Double Dave's on the other.

GEORGIA

What was that, like ten fucks in a row? Mimo call Ripley's.

MIMO

I think it's a good idea, Paul. And you DO have to leave by Tuesday.

PAUL

Where does it say "Mimo speaks?"

GEORGIA

What's on Tuesday?

PAUL

Don't worry about it.

MIMO

He sold an old ice machine to some guy in Arizona for fifteen hundred bucks. He has to leave by Tuesday to drive it there.

He gives Mimo a look - shut up!

GEORGIA

Tuesday's right around the corner, isn't it? Sounds like you need me.

Paul considers his options.

MIMO

She has experience. And she already knows the place--

Paul cuts Mimo off with a gesture - he's not helping.

PAUL

(begrudgingly)  
I'd be the one in charge. I call the shots. Not you.

GEORGIA

(no deal)

You want me to turn the place  
around you have to let me make  
changes.

Stalemate.

PAUL

(breaking)

You can change some things. SOME  
things. You want to take spring  
rolls off the menu, stuff like  
that, fine.

(firm)

BUT anything that costs money you  
run by me first. Start tomorrow.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY -- MORNING**

SUPER: SUNDAY

It's a beautiful day. Georgia starts her walk to work.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Georgia sees a Farmer's Market and decides to take a stroll  
through...

**EXT. FARMER'S MARKET -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Georgia passes by the tables admiring the fresh fruits and  
veggies, flowers, bags of nuts and jars of honey...

**EXT. STREET -- SHORT TIME LATER**

In the window of the bookstore is a large poster announcing  
an upcoming book signing: "Victor French, world renowned  
restaurant critic. Wednesday." It features a picture of  
Victor French- he's enormous. 500 pounds.

Georgia stops to look at the poster but her attention is  
drawn to the bakery next door. The wonderful smells beckon  
her to come inside.

She can't fight the aroma and walks to the bakery entrance.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEAMAN'S DINING ROOM -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Georgia enters the restaurant, sits down and pulls a fresh croissant out of a bakery to-go bag. She smells it and gets an idea...

**INT. PREP ROOM -- LATER**

CLOSE on a cookbook titled MAKING BREAD.

REVEAL Georgia at Bernie's prep table surrounded with open bags of flour and yeast, water and baking soda. She refers to the book one last time.

Armed with the right recipe, she removes her ring, puts it on the shelf, rolls up her sleeves and starts mixing everything into dough.

A moment later, Bernie enters, startling them both.

BERNIE/GEORGIA

Aaahhh!

GEORGIA

(regaining wits)

Bernie, right? I'm Georgia.  
Remember? The new Manager?

BERNIE

There's usually nobody here.  
(re: dough)  
We don't make bread.

GEORGIA

I thought we'd try.

BERNIE

Want me to help knead that? This is  
my place. I like helping.

GEORGIA

That'd be great.

Bernie rolls up his sleeves and washes his hands in the sink next to the table. He starts kneading the dough with Georgia.

BERNIE

(making conversation)

I'm on medication.

GEORGIA

I think you told me that already.

BERNIE

I have no family.

GEORGIA

Oh. That's too bad.

BERNIE

Both my best friends died.

GEORGIA

(thrown)

I'm sorry to hear that.

BERNIE

I could'a got life but they never found the weapon so the State's case fell apart.

(off her look)

Don't worry. I don't kill people anymore. I'm on medication.

GEORGIA

I'm gonna...check the front.

Georgia leaves him to knead the dough and exits.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Paul and a DELIVERY GUY are standing by a dolly with boxes of meat. Paul reluctantly signs for it.

PAUL

You're killing me here. These are really the cheapest cuts you carry? What about tail meat? You guys carry that?

The guy shakes his head and pushes the dolly to the kitchen, passing Georgia as she crosses in.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(yelling out)

Bernie! Incoming. It's a friend.

(to Georgia)

Why are you covered in foot powder?

GEORGIA

It's flour. We're making bread. I also thought of this.

Georgia hands Paul a flyer.

PAUL

"Leaman's Restaurant. Free coffee with every order--" What'd I tell you about spending money?

GEORGIA

We already had the flour and coffee costs a dollar a bucket. If one extra customer comes in, these ideas will have paid for themselves.

She waits for Paul to compliment her on her great ideas. It's clear none are voluntarily coming.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Smart. Right?

Forced to answer, Paul begrudgingly shakes his head.

The channels on the TV start changing by themselves.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Let me guess - you piggyback on someone else's signal.

PAUL

We used to get HBO but the guy canceled it. Cheap fuck.

Georgia takes the flyer from Paul.

GEORGIA

I'll make copies. Is there a Kinkos around here?

PAUL

At eight cents a page?

Paul grabs the flyer back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'll take care of it, Miss Rockefeller.

Paul exits with the flyer.

**INT. KITCHEN -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Harold is stirring a large pot with one arm and doing barbell curls with the other.

Mimo is unloading some boxes of vegetables onto the center table.

Georgia enters.

GEORGIA

There you are. You always start this late?

MIMO

Paul has me drive to Lockhart twice a week for vegetables.

GEORGIA

Lockhart? That's twenty minutes out of town.

MIMO

And half the price.

Georgia looks - the vegetables have seen better days.

MIMO (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We've gotten good at cutting away the bruised parts.

Bernie enters and hands Georgia her ring. He avoids looking at her directly.

GEORGIA

Oh my God! I took this off to make bread. You're a lifesaver!

Bernie smiles and crosses back to his prep room, embarrassed by the attention.

She puts the ring back on and Mimo admires it.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

My mom's wedding ring. Whenever I get depressed I look at it and it reminds me there's more important things in Life.

MIMO

Like marriage and family?

GEORGIA

That and staying thin so it fits on my finger.

Mimo and Georgia share a smile. She then takes a spoon and dips it into a sauce on the stove.

HAROLD  
 (volunteering)  
 Vongole sauce.

GEORGIA  
 (tactfully)  
 Not bad. It needs...

HAROLD  
 Wine that's not from a box, clams  
 that aren't from a can and garlic  
 that's not from a jar.  
 (to Mimo)  
 What does Paul always say? "If  
 customers want more taste..."

MIMO /HAROLD  
 "...They can get the salt out or get  
 the fuck out."

Mimo and Harold LAUGH.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER**

Georgia flips over the sign on the door to "Open."

LACY, 30s, 7 months pregnant, walks in smoking.

GEORGIA  
 Sorry, no smoking in the  
 restaurant.

LACY  
 I work here.

GEORGIA  
 Oh. I'm Georgia, the new manager.

LACY  
 Lacy. Listen, if customers are  
 gonna order ceviche don't put 'em  
 in my section. Raw fish isn't safe  
 for an unborn.

Lacy takes a drag on her cigarette.

GEORGIA  
 (gingerly)  
 This might not be my place to  
 say...

LACY

(defensive)

Let me guess... Smoking's bad for a baby also? So's having him out of wedlock. I'll tackle my addictions to tobacco and bar cock when I get to 'em, okay? Back off.

She takes a final drag and crosses out.

Paul returns through the front door.

PAUL

I've never seen so many street performers in my life. It's like Cirque du Soleil took a shit out there.

He puts down a stack of flyers on the counter and then takes a bunch of ketchup and mustard packs from other restaurants out of his pockets.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(off her look)

What? I save four cents each.

GEORGIA

I can't imagine the monsters that live underneath your bed.

(re: flyers)

What's with these copies?

PAUL

They're from a mimeograph machine. Made them at the elementary school. Smell.

He holds up a flyer so she can enjoy the aroma.

GEORGIA

You copied these at a school?!

PAUL

That machine was bought with tax dollars. It's just as much mine as theirs.

GUY (O.S.)

I WARNED YOU TWICE ALREADY!

A GUY wearing a DOUBLE DAVE'S shirt storms in.

GUY

Take these again and I call the  
cops!

He scoops up the condiments and exits. Before Georgia or Paul  
can say anything...

BERNIE (O.S.)

Psst!

Georgia turns and sees Bernie. He has his head stuck out the  
kitchen door and is motioning frantically to get her  
attention. He's scared of something.

Georgia quickly heads into the kitchen...

**INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

There's a flaming pan on the stove!

Georgia dashes over, takes the pan off the burner and covers  
it with a lid, suffocating the flames as Bernie watches in  
fear from a safe distance.

GEORGIA

Why the hell didn't you put it  
out?! What, are you afraid of  
fire!?

(realizing)

Oh God. You are!

SFX: PHONE RINGING

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't realize...

Bernie slinks out of the kitchen.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

It's Georgia's cell phone. She looks at the call display.

CLOSE UP ON SCREEN: Dirk.

She wants to go talk to Bernie but decides to quickly get  
this out of the way first. She answers.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(curt)

What?.. In Austin...

Lacy sticks her head in, getting Georgia's attention. She has  
a very impatient look - this is important.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Dirk... Dirk! I don't have time to  
hear this now... I don't KNOW when.  
(blurting it out)  
I'm moving back here. I gotta go.

Georgia hangs up. She's now ready to hear Lacy's emergency.

LACY

Table 4 needs wine opened.

That's it?!

GEORGIA

And you're telling me because..?

LACY

Hello? Alcohol, pregnancy?

GEORGIA

You can TOUCH the bottle, Lacy!  
Just don't drink it.

LACY

Excuse me! I'll make the calls on  
how I keep my baby safe.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Georgia is uncorking the bottle at Lacy's table when several  
CUSTOMERS CLAP and point at the TV.

Georgia looks up - there's porn on!

Paul rushes towards the front door.

PAUL

You're kidding me! You're jerking  
off now?! It's not even noon!

Georgia sees several CUSTOMERS WITH KIDS shocked at not only  
the porn but also Paul's language.

Georgia chases after Paul.

**EXT. FRONT OF RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Paul storms out of the door and yells to the apartment above.

PAUL  
 HEY! BOB GUCCIONE! WE'RE A FAMILY  
 RESTAURANT DOWN HERE. WHACK OFF AT  
 NIGHT LIKE THE REST OF US!

A WOMAN walking by gives Paul a look as Georgia comes  
 outside.

GEORGIA  
 Can you be a little less rude  
 around the customers?

PAUL  
 What are you talking about?

They're interrupted by a GROUP OF CLOWNS leaving.

SAD CLOWN  
 You the owner? Those rolls were  
 delicious!

PAUL  
 Really? Tell your face.

They leave, unsure if Paul was being rude.

GEORGIA  
 THAT'S what I'm talking about.

Vinnie pokes his head out the door and interrupts.

VINNIE  
 (to Georgia)  
 I need to talk to you.

PAUL  
 We're busy.

VINNIE  
 It's important.

PAUL  
 What, you ran out of Brillo? Get  
 back to work.

GEORGIA  
 (to Paul)  
 Don't talk to him that way. Maybe  
 what he has to say IS important.  
 (to Vinnie)  
 What is it?

VINNIE  
 In private.

She heads back in leaving Paul alone.

A ONE-MAN BAND, CLANGING and BANGING, stops in front of the the restaurant and considers having lunch inside.

PAUL

Don't even think about it.

He keeps going, CLANGING and BANGING as he continues on.

CUT TO:

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM**

Vinnie and Georgia are alone.

VINNIE

Did you move a bag that was here?

GEORGIA

A bag?

VINNIE

Yeah. One that wasn't mine.

GEORGIA

I grabbed some flour and yeast and stuff from here. Why?

This confirm's Vinnie's worst fears.

VINNIE

Shit. Shit, shit, shit! Where are the bags now?

GEORGIA

Gone. We used the stuff to make bread. Vinnie, what was in the bag?

VINNIE

Uh, from what I understand -- and remember it wasn't mine--

Georgia senses where this is headed.

GEORGIA

Vinnie, what was in the bag?

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN -- FEW MINUTES LATER**

Georgia and Shell are putting all the contaminated bread into buckets.

SHELL

Fresh rolls can't be more than an hour old? I didn't know that.

GEORGIA

Yeah. So I need you to go make sure there aren't any left on the tables.

Georgia pushes her back out into the dining room as Lacy enters with more rolls and dumps them in the bucket.

LACY

Why are we throwing these out?

Georgia knows that Lacy isn't as gullible as Shell.

GEORGIA

Just..don't worry about it.

Lacy doesn't like Georgia's tone.

LACY

When Paul hears you're throwing all this bread out, he's gonna shit nickels. You know that, right?

GEORGIA

That's why this is going to be our little secret.

LACY

And I won't come in next Saturday. That'll be our little secret too.

GEORGIA

Nice try.

LACY

You know, I think we have special garbage bags around here to throw away perfectly good rolls. Should I go ask Paul where they are?

Lacy has called her bluff. And won.

GEORGIA

Fine. Take Saturday off. Just keep your mouth shut.

LACY

(patting belly)

Mum's the word.

Lacy exits, smiling. Georgia grabs the buckets and heads into...

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM**

Vinnie is nervously pacing back and forth.

VINNIE

I'm dead... I am so dead...

Georgia enters and puts down the buckets. She's now ready to deal with Vinnie.

GEORGIA

Are you dealing drugs?

VINNIE

What?! No. It wasn't my shit. I was holding it for someone.

GEORGIA

And I'm just supposed to believe that?

VINNIE

Believe whatever you want but I ain't taking the blame for this. You're gonna tell the dealer what happened. This is YOUR fault, not mine.

GEORGIA

Point fingers later. Get rid of these rolls first.

Vinnie drags the buckets to the back door.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Wait. Not out back. Rats might eat 'em and die and we'll end up having health inspectors all over the place.

(thinking)

(MORE)

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Put 'em in your car and dump 'em later. Somewhere far away.

VINNIE

I don't have a car.

GEORGIA

Can you borrow one?

VINNIE

Why me? YOU put the coke in the rolls.

GEORGIA

By accident! Coke YOU brought in.

VINNIE

Okay. Okay. I'll borrow my cousin's car tomorrow night but you have to go with me AND you have to tell the dealer what happened so I don't killed for something I didn't do.

Georgia considers this.

GEORGIA

Deal.

VINNIE

(pushing it)

And the busboys get a union.

Georgia is in no mood. She decides to play along cause it'll never happen anyway.

GEORGIA

And a union. Fine. Whatever. Just don't tell anybody there's cocaine in these rolls.

Vinnie nods. Georgia exits.

**INT. PREP ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Georgia enters and bumps into Paul at the doorway.

PAUL

Whoa. Easy. You okay?

GEORGIA

Yeah. Fine. Just trying to stay on top of things.

Georgia crosses out.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN -- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Meal service is over. The crew is sitting around the center table opening up Paul's collected packets of ketchup and mustard and squirting them into big containers.

Georgia is walking around, taking notes on what needs to be improved. She points to a pile of plates stacked on the table.

GEORGIA

What's this?

MIMO

Meals that were made by mistake.

GEORGIA

That's a lot of waste.

MIMO

Happens every night. But we think we finally figured out why - Harold's been using a different word for chicken than I use.

HAROLD

I grew up calling those birds "pork."

They continue opening packets and Georgia continues with her inspection.

She comes across a blender that looks broken so she tests it. It doesn't work.

MIMO

That's been broken for awhile now.

GEORGIA

I'll have Paul buy another one.  
(off their snickers)  
What?

HAROLD

Your innocence is refreshing.

Mimo pulls out a chair and offers to have her join them opening the condiment packets. She sits between Mimo and Bernie. After a beat, Bernie turns to her...

BERNIE  
I take medication.

Georgia smiles and wishes she had sat somewhere else.  
After a few beats...

GEORGIA  
(making conversation)  
So Harold, why were you in prison?

The room falls silent. An uncomfortable beat.

HAROLD  
It's okay. I'll share. I was in a weight-lifting competition and I found out two of judges had it in for me. Long story short, I made a bad decision and ended up in the slammer. Six years of my life but at least I learned something.

GEORGIA  
What's that?

HAROLD  
I'm good with a cleaver.

VINNIE  
(sharing)  
I went to jail for a couple of days. For something I didn't even do.

Harold and Bernie LAUGH.

HAROLD  
You were innocent, Vinnie. We believe you.

VINNIE  
I was. I swear. But nobody would finger the real guy 'cause they were afraid they'd be called a snitch.

Harold can't keep a straight face and LAUGHS again.

VINNIE (CONT'D)  
Have your fun. You don't know what it's like when people don't come to your defense. You're not Mexican.

MIMO

You're not either.

VINNIE

That's for me to decide, not you.

GEORGIA

I know what it's like, Vinnie. I can't remember the last time somebody came to my defense.

MIMO

What about in high school? The football thing?

GEORGIA

Oh, wow! I forgot about that.

NAGI

You guys went to high school together?

MIMO

She was a grade behind me. We had some mutual friends but she barely knew I existed.

GEORGIA

That's not true.

NAGI

So what happened?

GEORGIA

(to MIMO)

I'm amazed you remember this.

(to room)

The football players started a rumor that I slept with the whole team. I didn't but there were like 20 guys saying it so naturally everyone believed it. Then one day, during lunch, a player stood up and announced in front of the whole school that it was a lie and the teasing stopped. The rest of the team probably hated him after that. It was such a great thing, what he did. And wanna know the sad part? I can picture the guy's face but I don't even remember his name.

Georgia looks at her watch and gets up from the table.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
I've gotta do the books.

She grabs a salad from the counter and exits.

**INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Georgia picks at the salad as she deals with the day's bookkeeping. Credit card receipts and chits are in various piles as well as some cash.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(British accent)  
Four seventy-five for that wretched  
pile of greens?

Georgia is startled. She looks up to see a dapper MAN, 50's, standing in the doorway with an umbrella hooked on his arm, holding a menu.

He walks in like he owns the place.

GEORGIA  
Can I help you?

MAN  
All business, are we? Fine then. I  
just had a chat with Vinnie.

Georgia realizes he's the drug DEALER.

GEORGIA  
How much do I owe you?

DEALER  
Three thousand, five hundred  
dollars.

GEORGIA  
Oh. No. I can't-- We're not doing  
that well.

The dealer plucks a tomato from her salad and examines it.

DEALER  
That's not surprising.

He drops the tomato back in her plate. He lets his eyes take a walk over Georgia's body. Georgia is scared now.

DEALER (CONT'D)

I must say, I didn't expect to meet someone as lovely as you today. And I was so looking forward to 'kicking some ass' as you Americans say. Pity.

He picks up the cash and quickly counts it. Georgia watches, not saying anything.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Is this all the money you have?

GEORGIA

Everybody uses credit cards.

The dealer pockets the money.

DEALER

So, here's what's going to happen -- I'm going to keep this money -- we'll call it a finance charge -- and you're going to bring me five hundred more each night for the next week.

GEORGIA

Each night? I don't know if I can get that much.

DEALER

Let me see if I can help with that. Are you familiar with a chap by the name of Cortez?

Georgia shakes her head.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Hernan Cortez. A magnificent conquistador from the colony. When he sailed into Vera Cruz he wanted to motivate his men to fight harder. So he burnt all his ships. That way they couldn't escape. They had to give Cortez what he wanted -- Victory. Let's pretend I'm Cortez.

GEORGIA

I don't understand.

DEALER

I just burnt our ships so now you have no way to escape. Either you figure out a way to give me my money or you die. Motivated now?

Scared, Georgia nods.

DEALER (CONT'D)

You will meet me at the end of the alley, eleven o'clock every night. I'll be in a black Rolls Royce.

He starts to exit but stops and turns...

DEALER (CONT'D)

Don't let my manners suggest a lack of ability to follow through. I WILL kill you. Do be prompt.

He looks at the menu one last time and chuckles.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Spring rolls. How charming.

He exits.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- MORNING**

Paul has a tray of tiny sandwiches on the display counter. He's cutting them into bite-sized portions.

Georgia enters. They exchange greetings.

GEORGIA

I bought a new blender. The old one broke.

PAUL

Again? Good thing I buy the cheap ones. Those things don't last.

GEORGIA

(re: sandwiches)  
Samples?

PAUL

Gonna hand 'em out in the park.

GEORGIA

(fishing for compliment)  
Sort of like yesterday's flyer idea to pull people in.

Paul pretends he didn't hear. He takes the tray and heads out the front door to pass out the freebies.

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Vinnie is running a tray of dirty dishes through the machine as Georgia crosses in.

GEORGIA

We all set for tonight?

Vinnie nods. She notices the tarp covering the buckets has moved. She looks underneath and discovers something.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Why are half the rolls missing?

Vinnie shrugs. He's as surprised as she is.

**INT. PREP ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Georgia and Vinnie stand next to Bernie at his prep table.

GEORGIA

Where'd you get the bread for those little sandwiches you made for Paul?

BERNIE

The old rolls in the back.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. PARK - SHORT TIME LATER**

Georgia is holding the tray of sandwiches that she just grabbed from Paul. Paul tries to grab it back but she won't let him.

PAUL

Give me those back!

GEORGIA

They're made from old bread. We can't serve old bread.

A CROWD gathers as the argument heats up...

PAUL

What are you talking about? We do  
it every day! Businesses survive by  
not wasting money.

Georgia realizes everybody standing around is hearing this.

GEORGIA

We'll talk about this later.

She starts to walk away but Paul grabs her.

PAUL

No. We'll talk about this now! The  
only reason our restaurant's still  
around is because I know how to  
stretch a buck -- I reuse bread. I  
refill Evian bottles with tap  
water--

GEORGIA

Paul--

PAUL

(building steam)

I'm not done yet. I soak old shrimp  
in lemon juice--

GEORGIA

Paul!

PAUL

I save expired milk for clam  
chowder 'cause the fish hides the  
smell--

GEORGIA

PAUL!!

This outburst stops his rant just long enough for her to make  
eye contact - she motions with her eyes: 'look around' - The  
crowd is disgusted.

PAUL

(for the crowd)

And that's why, thanks to me,  
DOUBLE DAVE'S is still in business.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER**

Georgia enters holding the now empty tray.

LACY

Table four said this meal's on you.

Georgia sees the Dealer with a henchman, JONNY about halfway through a meal. She crosses over.

DEALER

There she is! This is my associate, Jonny.

JONNY

How you doin'? Jonny, no "H".

Jonny holds his hand out. Georgia shakes because she has to.

GEORGIA

The meal is on me?

DEALER

Oh right. I neglected to mention some of the details in our new relationship. One is that I, along with my associates, dine free. I assume you have no problem with that?

Georgia knows the answer. She nods to Lacy - meal's on her. The dealer smiles. Georgia crosses out.

**INT. OFFICE -- LATER**

Georgia is at the desk doing work. Paul enters in a huff holding a stack of just-opened mail. He waves an invoice in the air.

PAUL

Thirty dollars for flower vases?!  
What'd I say about spending money?

Georgia takes a second to process this. Then...

GEORGIA

They'll add color.

PAUL

We're not a fricken' daycare. Send 'em back.

GEORGIA

Those Perrier bottles look cheap.

PAUL

Perrier is one of the top selling brands in the world!

He holds up another bill.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And we don't need more silverware. We get all we need from the Senior Center. Free!

GEORGIA

They're all mismatched.

PAUL

What part of free did you not understand?

Georgia squeezes the pressures points between her eyes on the bridge of her nose. A headache is coming on.

GEORGIA

Why do you fight me so much?

PAUL

I fight YOU? I told you no spending and what do you do? Spend like a drunken sailor. Worse actually! They don't buy silverware and vases. I'm only gonna say this once more - no spending.

Paul exits. Georgia follows after him.

**EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER**

Paul exits out the back door with Georgia seconds behind.

GEORGIA

Will you stop. We need to talk.

PAUL

I'm not stopping. I have a long walk home.

GEORGIA

Where's your car? Stop!

Paul stops, annoyed.

PAUL

My car broke down. It's stuck in  
the shop until they get some  
parts--

Scarlo comes out the door for a break.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get back to fucking work!

Scarlo scampers back inside, not knowing what hit him,

GEORGIA

Jeez, Paul! He's just a kid.

PAUL

What, you think I treat him badly?  
If it wasn't for me he wouldn't  
have a job.

GEORGIA

Spoken like a true plantation  
owner.

PAUL

Oh, I'm heartless. Is that it? How  
many people do you know hire ex-  
cons? Huh? Or pregnant women? Don't  
lecture me about how to treat  
people. Are we done?

GEORGIA

This manager thing's not working  
out.

PAUL

What are you saying?

GEORGIA

I'm gonna go back to L.A.

PAUL

Whoa! You're quitting?!

GEORGIA

I think it's for the best--

PAUL

Are you fucking kidding me! I'm  
supposed to drive to Arizona  
tomorrow. Now there's nobody to run  
the place. You just cost me fifteen  
hundred bucks!

GEORGIA

How were you gonna drive? You don't have a car.

PAUL

I had a plan B.  
(shaking head)  
I should've seen this coming. You always run away when things get hard.

GEORGIA

When?

PAUL

Let's start when Dad got remarried.

GEORGIA

Catherine treated me like garbage.

PAUL

And you ran away. Let's go down the whole list -- College boyfriend dumps ya so you move to New York--

GEORGIA

Okay, you know what? I'm not gonna give you the pleasure of holding this one against me. I'll stay until you get back. How's that?

PAUL

If you're expecting me to kiss your feet in gratitude it's not gonna happen.  
(as he walks away)  
And bring the blender back. I'm not reimbursing you.

**INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Georgia does the books. Mimo enters with a plate and a glass of wine.

MIMO

A little something to welcome you back.

GEORGIA

Aww, Mimo...

MIMO

Squab in a Truffle Cream Sauce with  
Saffron Risotto.

Georgia takes a bite and smiles. She's impressed at the complexity of flavors.

GEORGIA

Mmm. This is really good. Earthy.

MIMO

That's the Black Summer truffles. They're not as pungent as the winter ones but when they're cooked real slow in a cream reduction it brings out their woodsy flavor which tones down the gaminess of the squab.

MIMO (CONT'D)

The risotto is Harold's mom's recipe. It wasn't easy to get him to make it either since she testified against him.

GEORGIA

It's all delicious.

MIMO

(searching for words)

I'm glad that-- WE'RE glad you're here. For the first time in a long while there's hope. Like we can finally turn the restaurant around.

Georgia smiles at the compliment and takes another bite. She continues to be surprised at how good it is.

FADE TO:

**INT. FRONT OF RESTAURANT -- LATER**

Georgia wipes down the tables, deep in thought. Mimo comes out the front door on his way home.

MIMO

Good-night.

GEORGIA

Night.

Mimo stops and bravely turns to Georgia. He pulls a pair of tickets from his pocket.

MIMO

Listen. Uh...I have a couple of tickets to see Blue Man Group this weekend. Wanna go?

Georgia knows this is gonna break his heart...

GEORGIA

Mimo, I'm not staying in Austin. I'm gonna go back to L.A.

MIMO

Oh.

He puts the tickets back in his pocket.

GEORGIA

Paul's not the one who paid for my airfare, is he?

MIMO

(caught)

I used my frequent flyer miles. If it makes you feel better, that squab tonight cost more. They only sell 'em at the Farmer's Market and they wouldn't take miles. Otherwise I would've upgraded to quail.

Georgia can't help but smile. Mimo smiles back. They almost share a moment.

GEORGIA

Why do you stay with Paul?

MIMO

I thought he'd change. Become more like your father. And when he didn't, well... When you really, really want something you never lose hope. You know what I mean? You just sorta pray that something out of the ordinary will happen. Something that will change the order of the universe and finally give you what you dreamed of-- Listen to me.

GEORGIA

I can't turn this place around, Mimo.

MIMO

You've only been here three days.

GEORGIA

Paul isn't gonna let me.

MIMO

Oh. Please. If anybody can change his mind, it's you.

GEORGIA

I'm the LAST one he's willing to listen to.

MIMO

You're right. He won't WILLINGLY listen to anybody. And if Harold or I argue with him too much he'll get rid of us. But he can't do that to you.

GEORGIA

He can fire me too.

MIMO

As Manager. But not from being family. You'll always have his ear whether he likes it or not.

Georgia never thought about it like that.

MIMO (CONT'D)

You said you can turn this place around. Do it! If you know he's wrong about something, don't let him win. Wear him down. He'll come around once you start putting money into his pocket. You just need to stay in the fight.

These words hit Georgia.

GEORGIA

Stay in the fight.

MIMO

(yes!)  
Stay in the fight.

GEORGIA

(to herself)  
Not run away.

She gives him a thank-you kiss on the cheek and heads back inside.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Mimo.

Mimo stands there, letting the kiss work its magic.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CORNER OF ALLEY -- LATER**

Georgia stands on the corner. A Rolls Royce pulls up and the back window rolls down revealing the dealer.

Georgia pulls an envelope out of her purse.

DEALER  
Put that back in your knock-off.

Georgia puts the envelope away, confused.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
An envelope stuffed with money?  
Really?

DEALER (CONT'D)  
Why not paint a big Union Jack on it? Go back, seal the money in a baggie, put that in a to-go container, cover it with some of the vomit you poison your customers with and put THAT in a bag. Then, if I get pulled over and an officer looks inside, all he's going to see is food.

GEORGIA  
It's only five hundred dollars. Why would they care?

DEALER  
Stop asking questions and do what I tell you. We'll return in five minutes.

The Rolls Royce pulls away.

**EXT. ALLEY -- LATER**

Georgia comes out the door with a new to-go bag just as a pair of HEADLIGHTS come down the alley. But it's not a Rolls. It's a beat-up van with ROOSEVELT CARPET CLEANING on the side. The van pulls up and stops. Vinnie gets out.

GEORGIA  
Your cousin cleans carpets?

VINNIE  
What?  
(seeing side of van)  
Oh. Yeah.

GEORGIA  
Go get the rolls. I'll wait out here.

Vinnie goes inside.

Seconds later, the Rolls Royce comes back down the alley. The back window opens. Georgia hands him the to-go bag.

DEALER  
Much better. I apologize if I was a little abrupt before. Let me make it up to you with a glass of Chardonnay.

GEORGIA  
Thanks but that's never gonna happen.

DEALER  
I'll try not to be insulted.

The window goes back up and the car drives off just as Vinnie comes out carrying a full plastic bag. He saw nothing.

**INT. CARPET CLEANING VAN -- NIGHT**

Georgia and Vinnie are driving down the street. Georgia notices the ignition is missing something.

GEORGIA  
Where are the keys?

VINNIE  
(scrambling)  
Uh. This van doesn't use a key. It has one of those remote starter thingies.

GEORGIA  
It starts by a remote?

VINNIE  
Right. That only my cousin has.

GEORGIA  
Roosevelt.

VINNIE  
What?

GEORGIA  
Your cousin. Roosevelt.

VINNIE  
Yeah.

GEORGIA  
Turn here.

Vinnie drives into an alley.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
An Italian pulls a white van into  
an alley to throw a large garbage  
bag into a dumpster. How cliché.

**INT. RADISSON HOTEL LOBBY -- LATER**

Georgia is waiting for the elevator. The MANAGER, dressed in  
a blazer with the Radisson logo on the lapel, crosses in.

MANAGER  
Excuse me. Are you Miss Leaman?

Georgia nods.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
I was talking to the desk Clerk. As  
you know the hotel is over-booked.  
This is a little delicate-- If  
you're gonna jump it would be nice  
if you could do it tonight. We need  
the room.

Georgia stands there shocked.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
We're not saying we want you to,  
you understand. And this isn't an  
incentive but I can do an  
adjustment to your room rate, make  
it a little less of a burden on  
your estate during probate. You  
don't have to answer right now. I'm  
just putting it out there.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Dark.

SFX: KEYS JINGLING.

Georgia steps in and flicks on the light. Her jaw drops. The room is filled with beautiful flowers.

She picks up a card on the nightstand next to the flashing answering machine. She hits the play button.

SFX: BEEP

DIRK

(on speaker phone)

Hi. It's me, Dirk. Do you know how many hotels I had to call to find you? I hope you have your flowers by now.

(beat)

Look, I don't know what's going on. You're gonna move there? I don't understand. Let's talk about this. I don't wanna, like... just not see you ever again-- Call me. Please?

SFX: BEEP

She shakes her head at the nice gesture, then catches herself. She drops the card in the garbage and heads to the bathroom.

FADE OUT:

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- MORNING**

SUPER: TUESDAY

Mimo stands beside his car looking at the empty landscape. Paul stretches.

MIMO

Are you sure about this?

PAUL

I told you. Nobody's gonna pick up a guy with an ice machine in the city. Out here, they'll pity me.

(re: ice machine)

Quit gabbing and grab an end.

They drag the ice machine from the car roof and place it on the dirt shoulder. Paul stands next to it, posing.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Do I look like someone you'd feel  
sorry for?

Mimo nods 'yes'.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Good. Now go. I'll see you on  
Friday.

Mimo hops in the car, waves and drives off leaving Paul alone.

A tumbleweed rolls by.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING**

Harold walks in and sees all the other employees except Mimo.

HAROLD  
Any idea why Georgia called a  
meeting?

LACY  
Maybe Paul's putting in a day-care  
center.

HAROLD  
You're the only one with kids.

LACY  
You're the only one who farts. We  
shouldn't have windows?

Georgia arrives carrying Farmer's Market grocery bags.

GEORGIA  
Thanks for coming in.

She puts the bags on the center table and addresses the crew...

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Paul's gone for three days so we're  
gonna make some changes.

She takes out some vegetables from the bags.

HAROLD

Wow! They're so perfect.

GEORGIA

From this day forward Leaman's is only going to serve fresh food.

SHELL

You can get fresh food pre-made in boxes?

VINNIE

Does Paul know about this?

GEORGIA

Don't worry about Paul.

VIN

I'm talking about Paul the owner. Which Paul are YOU talking about?

GEORGIA

He hired me to turn this place around. And that's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna bring it back to the way it was when my Dad ran it. We're gonna cut half the menu, cook better food and give better service. And we're gonna do it before Paul gets back.

LACY

My turn. I want a unicorn.

GEORGIA

If you're not onboard, Lacy, tell me. I'll find someone to replace you.

LACY

(backing down)  
Sheesh. Take a joke.

GEORGIA

(to everyone)  
We're gonna close for lunch today and give the place a facelift. Bernie.

Bernie enters holding mops, paint cans, new tablecloths...

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- LATER**

It's been hours and Paul is still waiting for a ride. He's sweating and sunburned. A VULTURE circles overhead.

Finally he spots a car coming. Hopeful, he sticks his thumb out. The car pulls up and the DRIVER rolls down the window.

DRIVER

How much for the ice machine?

PAUL

(confused)

It's already sold.

The driver peels away leaving Paul in a cloud of dust.

A few moments later a beat-up Honda Hatchback approaches. The window rolls down and the HONDA DRIVER sticks his head out. He has jet black hair and sports a thick mustache.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Great. I'm in The Cannonball Run.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- AFTERNOON**

The restaurant has been transformed -- the old trellis and posters have been replaced with freshly painted walls, the tablecloths are crisp, new menus have been printed...

There's just one more thing to do -- Georgia hangs up a black and white picture of her dad behind the counter.

Shell takes a flap from a delivery box and tapes it to the bottom of the picture - it reads FLOUNDER.

Georgia grabs some White-Out and blots out the L, correcting it to "FOUNDER."

GEORGIA

Looks good. Let's hope dinner turns out as well.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN -- DINNERTIME**

It's chaos. Orders are behind and service is slow. Plates are everywhere in various levels of readiness. Georgia is trying to expedite the orders.

GEORGIA  
 (re: set of plates)  
 Still waiting on an order of lamb  
 for this table.

HAROLD  
 It's coming, it's coming. I think.

GEORGIA  
 Shell, you really need to take some  
 of these plates out.

Shell, wearing a new Leaman's T-shirt, is totally lost,  
 trying to figure out which tickets go with which plates.

Lacy, also in a Leaman's T-shirt, enters with a return order.

LACY  
 These hotcakes aren't hot. I told  
 'em we do that for irony but they  
 didn't buy it.

GEORGIA  
 (to Harold and Mimo)  
 Come on, guys. How can we be so  
 lost? This new menu has only half  
 the items.

MIMO  
 Yeah, but each one takes three  
 times as long to cook from scratch.

LACY  
 (to Georgia)  
 Does this t-shirt have polyester in  
 it?

GEORGIA  
 Just wear the damn thing!

Mimo hands Lacy another plate of hotcakes and she exits.  
 Shell is still confused.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
 Shell, you have to take these  
 plates out. Let me help.  
 (noticing)  
 There's no number on this chit.

SHELL  
 I've been doing it by costume.  
 (looking at chit)  
 That's for a pirate.

Georgia shakes her head and rushes out with the plate.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

It's chaos out here too. Half the customers are wearing costumes. Georgia doesn't see any pirates.

GEORGIA  
(yelling)  
Who ordered the mac and cheese?

TWO PEOPLE raise their hands.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
What are you supposed to be?

PERSON 1  
A Court Jester.

GEORGIA  
Close enough.

She gives him the dish.

FADE TO:

**INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING**

Dinner is over. Everyone is exhausted. Shell and Lacy are counting their tips.

LACY  
How'd you do?

SHELL  
Not great. I have fifteen dollars  
less than when I came in.

GEORGIA  
(to the crew)  
It'll get easier tomorrow. And even  
easier after that. We just have to  
work out the kinks.

Georgia gets a to-go bag and puts in some leftover food.

MIMO  
(re: to-go bag)  
Snack for later?

GEORGIA  
What? Oh. Yeah.

MIMO

Wanna maybe get a drink? Or something?

GEORGIA

I'm just gonna head back to the hotel.

MIMO

I'll give you a lift. It's gonna rain.

GEORGIA

Actually, I'm gonna walk. I kinda like the rain.

Mimo sees the writing on the wall. He nods and crosses out.

**EXT. STREET CORNER -- NIGHT**

It's raining. Georgia waits by the curb with the to-go bag. The Rolls Royce pulls up. Georgia hands the dealer the bag. He opens the door.

DEALER

Get inside. I'll drive you to your inn.

GEORGIA

I'll be fine.

DEALER

None of that. It's raining and you don't have a brolly. I won't bite.

SFX: THUNDER

The rain comes down a little harder. Georgia gives the sky a look - you're working for him too?

**EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS**

Mimo comes out the back door with some garbage and spots Georgia at the end of the alley getting into the Rolls.

He takes the Blue Man Group tickets out of his pocket and tosses them into the trash.

**EXT. RADISSON HOTEL DRIVEWAY -- LATER**

The car stops in front of the hotel.

DEALER  
May I come up for a nightcap?

GEORGIA  
I don't think so.

Georgia goes to open the door but it's locked. She tries again. She's getting nervous now.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Please open the door.

Long beat.

DEALER  
Pity.

The dealer finally unlocks it. Georgia gets out and heads into the hotel.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
You're only delaying the inevitable.

**INT. BAKERY -- MORNING**

SUPER: WEDNESDAY

Georgia waits in a long line for her morning coffee.

MAN (O.S.)  
Ooooh. I'd like a mouthful of that.

She turns around and sees VICTOR FRENCH, 40s, the 500 pound food critic from the poster.

VICTOR  
(realizing)  
Oh, no, no. I was talking about the danish. I wasn't being rude.

No offense taken.

GEORGIA  
You're Victor French.

VICTOR  
A fan!

GEORGIA  
I recognize you from your picture.  
In the window. Next door?

VICTOR

Oh! The book shop, next door. Of course.

(making conversation)

Yeah, I have a long day ahead -- a book-signing, reviewing a bistro near the university, after that a truffle tasting...

(re: danish)

I need my energy.

GEORGIA

I just ate some truffles the other night.

VICTOR

Really?! What kind? Do you know?

GEORGIA

Black Summer truffles. I think.

VICTOR

Oh my! Black Summers are hard to come by. I didn't catch your name.

GEORGIA

Georgia.

VICTOR

It's nice to meet you, Georgia.

He sticks out his moist claw and Georgia shakes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Where'd you find a place serving those?

GEORGIA

My family has a restaurant. The chef made a dish with 'em.

VICTOR

I'd love to visit your restaurant.

Georgia realizes he thinks he's making a love connection here. Yuck!

GEORGIA

Oh, no. It's not nice. It's just a coffee shop.

VICTOR  
 Now, now, there's no need to be  
 modest. Coffee shops don't serve  
 black truffles.

GEORGIA  
 They're not normally on the menu--

VICTOR  
 Hey. I have a great idea...

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN -- LATER**

Mimo was prepping when he heard the bad news.

MIMO  
 He's coming to review our  
 restaurant? He'll bury us!

GEORGIA  
 I know! I tried to talk him out of  
 it. He just sorta invited himself.

MIMO  
 Why would he come here?

GEORGIA  
 (grossed out)  
 I think he likes me.

Harold enters.

MIMO  
 He's definitely coming?

Georgia nods her head.

HAROLD  
 Who's coming?

MIMO  
 Victor French. Tomorrow night.

HAROLD  
 The fat food critic?  
 (laughing)  
 Yeah. Right.  
 (realizing he's serious)  
 He eats in some of the best  
 restaurants in the world! He'll  
 kill us!

Harold is now as panicked as they are.

MIMO

Okay. Let's calm down. Let's find the bright side.

Long beat.

MIMO (CONT'D)

Paul won't be here to insult him with fat jokes?

GEORGIA

(making lemonade)

You know what? Maybe this is for the best.

MIMO

Yeah, who we kidding? This place isn't turning around.

HAROLD

(in agreement)

A final death blow. Get it over with.

GEORGIA

No! Why do we assume his review will be bad?

HAROLD

Because our food sucks and nobody here's gonna blow a 500 pound fat guy.

(getting idea)

Is Lacy working tomorrow?

GEORGIA

Look, he's not gonna compare us to The French Laundry. We're just a family restaurant. He'll see that.

(getting idea)

Make him that squab dish. That was great.

MIMO

I can't cook a gourmet meal in the middle of our dinner chaos.

GEORGIA

Well you'll just have to. I'm not gonna give up and you're not going to either.

(MORE)

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

You were right the other night,  
Mimo. We need to stay in the fight.  
We need to dig down and make this  
work. Victor French just became  
Cortez and burned our ships.

Georgia crosses out, more determined than ever.

HAROLD

Who's Cortez?

MIMO

(shrugs)

Ask Vinnie. He's the Mexican.

**EXT. FARMERS MARKET -- AFTERNOON**

Georgia pushes a large cart filled with fresh produce to the cashier. The CLERK looks familiar.

GEORGIA

Has anyone ever told you--

CLERK

(annoyed)

I look like Jesus Christ. Fifty  
people a day. Thanks for playing.

(then)

Bring your own bags?

GEORGIA

(not sorry)

Sorry.

CLERK

Save your hollow apologies for  
Mother Nature.

Georgia hands him her credit card.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Cash only.

GEORGIA

Is there ANY plastic you don't have  
a problem with?

CLERK

I like fake tits. Do I still remind  
you of Jesus?

Georgia looks through her purse but comes up way short.

GEORGIA

Shit. Can I open a line of credit here? I'm the new manager at Leamans Restaurant.

CLERK

Paul Leaman's place?! Not a chance. And tell him to bring back the shopping cart he stole.

**INT. KITCHEN -- LATER**

Georgia just finished sharing her experience with the crew.

VINNIE

Denied credit. Now you know what it's like to be one of us Mexicans.

(then)

Why can't you just make the damn dish with chicken?

MIMO

If you were making steak and eggs would you use Spam instead?

VINNIE

If I ran out of eggs, sure. What is squab anyway?

HAROLD

It's a type of kangaroo.

GEORGIA

No it's not.

HAROLD

It's not? Oh. Then I guess I owe the Darebin Chamber of Commerce a letter of apology.

GEORGIA

(to Vinnie)

It's pigeon.

VINNIE

Pigeon?! Get me a BB gun. I'll get us all the squabs we need.

GEORGIA

These pigeons are raised organically, Vinnie.

MIMO

So what are we gonna do? The only place in the city that sells squab is that Farmer's Market. We can't cook squab without squab.

Everybody stands there letting the hopelessness of the situation wash over them.

Georgia walks away, depressed.

**INT. OFFICE -- LATER**

Georgia is searching the office - looking in drawers, behind things on the shelves, opening up containers...

GEORGIA

(to herself)

C'mon, you've got to have money hidden somewhere.

Nowhere else to look, she picks up the phone and dials Paul.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

**EXT. REST STOP ON TURNPIKE -- CONTINUOUS**

Paul leans against the Honda that picked him up earlier. The ice machine is tied to the roof.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

PAUL

(into cell phone)

Yeah?

SFX: TRUCKS SPEEDING BY

GEORGIA

(re: noise)

Where are you, a runway?

PAUL

Some rest stop in Arizona. I got a ride from one of the Mario Brothers. Whad'ya want? We're using minutes.

GEORGIA

I need to know if you have any cash hidden somewhere.

PAUL

No. And tell Lacy it's too late to  
abort the child this time.

GEORGIA

It's not that. The restaurant's  
credit card is maxed out.

PAUL

I could've told you that.

GEORGIA

Well, we need some supplies.

.PAUL

We have credit in Lockhart. Mimo knows where.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

We need stuff they don't sell  
there.

PAUL

(annoyed)

The flower vases are fine.

Georgia sees she's gonna have to level with him.

GEORGIA

Look, you know who Victor French  
is?

PAUL

The butler guy. From that show  
where the kid killed himself. Why?

GEORGIA

Not MISTER French!-- He's a famous  
food critic. He's coming in  
tomorrow.

PAUL

Are you fucking kiddin' me?! You  
invited a food critic to my  
restaurant?!

GEORGIA

I didn't exactly invite him--

PAUL

He's gonna tell the world our food  
sucks!

GEORGIA

Look, I'm not happy about it either  
but Mimo makes this squab dish--

Paul isn't listening. He's deep into planning...

PAUL

(to himself)

I'm barely out of Flagstaff. I'll  
never make it back by tomorrow  
night. This sucks!

Paul hangs up.

GEORGIA

Wait!-- Hello?

Georgia considers calling him back but looks at the clock.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(re: time)

Damn!

She quickly counts out \$500 and puts it into a baggie for the  
dealer. Georgia starts to exit but stops.

She stands there for a beat, reconsidering things.

Georgia pulls the money out of the bag and puts it in her  
purse. She puts her purse on the desk and sits back down. She  
takes another beat and decides she's comfortable with her  
decision. She gets up and exits.

**INT. ROLLS ROYCE -- SHORT TIME LATER**

The dealer checks his pocket watch.

DEALER

She's not coming. Let's go.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CEMETERY -- AFTERNOON**

TITLE: THURSDAY

Georgia is walking through the graveyard looking for her  
father's tombstone. She finally finds it - "Harold Leaman."

GEORGIA

Hi Dad. It's me. This is nice. You  
always wanted a view.

She pulls weeds from the ground as she talks softly to him.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

So I'm managing the restaurant now. Yeah, I know. Paul and I working in the same building. I bet you thought you'd never see that again! Paul's fine. I don't know if he visits here that often. I didn't see anything at the house with OAKWOOD CEMETERY on it so I guess not. Hey, you'll be happy to know there's no gum on the bottom of the chairs.

Time to get down to business.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Here's the thing, Dad. I wanted to say I'm sorry. For not being here at the end. I should have come to the funeral. I was just worried I'd get in another argument with the woman who sucked out your soul.

She looks at the neighboring tombstone: "Catherine Leaman".

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I never understood what you saw in her--

(catching herself)

I'll stop. I'm sorry. I know you loved her.

(then)

I'm trying to save the restaurant, Dad. It's sorta gotten off the right path since you left. But I think I can bring it back. I hope I can. So how about a deal? I'll forget I never got that Easy Bake Oven when I was kid a if you can work out some kind of divine intervention or something to get us through tonight. What do you say? I know, first time I see you in almost four years and I ask for something. I guess this is sorta for you too though. And Paul.

She pauses a moment to give her respect.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I miss you.

She gets up to leave and tosses the clump of weeds she's collected at Catherine's tombstone.

It makes a weird THUMP. Curious, she stops, turns back and KNOCKS on the tombstone. It sounds hollow. She KNOCKS on her dad's tombstone to compare - his is solid granite. She KNOCKS on Catherine's again. Catherine's tombstone is wood with a faux marble covering!

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
 (smiling; to herself)  
 THERE'S the brother I know and  
 love.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER**

Georgia, freshly showered, steps out of the bathroom in her underwear and looks at her watch on the nightstand - late!

She quickly puts on a fresh work-shirt and pants that were laid out on the bed. She grabs a hotel laundry bag and fills it with Dirk's flowers that are still in the room.

As she fills the bag up, she notices the LIGHT on the answering machine blinking. She hits the button and continues loading the bag.

DIRK (V.O.)  
 (on speaker)  
 Are you there? Pick up. It's me.  
 (long beat)  
 Damn.

He hangs up. She has no time to deal with Dirk now. She slips on her shoes and zips out of the room with the flowers.

**EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY -- LATER**

Georgia runs to a waiting cab and gets in.

**INT. CAB -- CONTINUOUS**

GEORGIA  
 6th Street.

The driver turns on the meter but before Georgia can close the door...

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Wait! Georgia!

Georgia turns and sees Dirk rushing over.

GEORGIA

Dirk?!

CAB DRIVER

Hey, you're that guy from TV!

GEORGIA

What are you doing in Austin?!

DIRK

(catching his breath)

I sent flowers, I left messages.  
You didn't call me back so I flew  
in.

CAB DRIVER

My wife says you're good on the  
show. Like she'd know.

A few WOMEN also recognize Dirk and gather.

DIRK

Look, I've never been good at  
commitment. I know that. But not  
having you there at all... I'm  
ready to make a commitment. I'm  
ready.

We hear "AHHS" from the WOMEN in the crowd. Georgia doesn't  
say anything. She just listens as Dirk lays himself bare.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Give me a chance. Come back to LA.

WOMAN IN CROWD

I'LL go to LA with you!

Dirk reaches into his jacket and hands Georgia a plane  
ticket.

DIRK

I have to fly back tonight. I have  
a meeting with Zac Efron in the  
morning. Come back with me. I'll  
even take you to the meeting and  
introduce you. As my girlfriend!  
I'll use those words. Please.

CAB DRIVER

You don't have your own plane? Puff  
Daddy has his own plane.

GEORGIA

(to driver)

Excuse me!

(to Dirk; torn)

I can't just leave now. I have a job here.

DIRK

Oh, I didn't tell you! I got you that manager job. I called your boss and convinced him he'd be stupid to lose you.

GEORGIA

(touched)

Really? You did that?

DIRK

I'd be stupid to lose you too.

Dirk smiles the tender movie star smile that sucked her into the relationship in the first place.

CAB DRIVER

Can I get an autograph?

This interruption breaks the spell just long enough for Georgia to get a moment of strength and pull herself loose from his magnetism.

She closes the door. Dirk is outside the car.

GEORGIA

Drive.

CAB DRIVER

After I get the autograph.

GEORGIA

(to driver; firm)

Drive!

The driver begrudgingly drives away.

Georgia doesn't look out because she knows she'll see Dirk. She falls back into the seat and looks at the ticket. She then stuffs it away and tries to dismiss him. A moment later she pulls the ticket out again. A smile escapes.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Mimo and Harold are doing prep work when Georgia enters carrying the flowers from the hotel and a bag from the Farmer's Market.

MIMO  
There you are!

GEORGIA  
Sorry for just getting here. I had some loose ends to deal with.

She puts the bag and flowers on the counter.

MIMO  
You got the squab! Where'd you get--

GEORGIA  
Doesn't matter. You have all the other stuff you need? -- the truffle, saffron...

Mimo nods, excited.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
How'd lunch go?

MIMO  
Real smooth. We figured out how to keep up. Look, we made work stations.

Mimo takes her hand and gives her a tour of the newly organized kitchen.

MIMO (CONT'D)  
Fish and chicken get breaded here, this area's for dressing the salads...

HAROLD  
And we went over the names of the different animals. So there won't be any goat meat in the beef stew anymore.

Bernie enters from the prep area with a large bowl.

BERNIE  
More croutons.

He dumps them into a large bowl on the work table and exits.

MIMO

We told Lacy and Shell to push the Caesar salads and it worked. Half the lunch orders were for salad and we were able to keep up with the cooked stuff.

Georgia grabs a crouton and eats it.

GEORGIA

These are good. I'll tell 'em to push the salads again tonight.

Mimo and Georgia realize they're still holding hands. They quickly let go, making sure it doesn't become a moment.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(filling the awkward  
silence)

Sounds busy out there. I better go.

She exits to the dining room.

FADE TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER**

The place is filled. The flowers Georgia brought from the hotel now decorate the restaurant.

Georgia finishes seating a GROUP of customers and hands them menus.

GEORGIA

I highly recommend our Caesar salads.

She crosses out and passes Lacy...

LACY

Some messenger guy dropped something off for you.

Georgia looks on the counter and sees a large envelope.

She crosses and opens the envelope. Inside is a photo.

CLOSE UP on photo: The outside of Paul's house.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

Georgia picks it up.

GEORGIA  
(into phone)  
Leaman's Restaurant.

DEALER (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Where were you?

Georgia looks around. How would he know she's there?

INTERCUT BETWEEN

GEORGIA  
I didn't see your car last night.

DEALER  
Rubbish. There's an envelope that  
was just dropped off. Open it.

GEORGIA  
I already did. Please, Paul has  
nothing to do with this--

DEALER  
Tonight you bring last night's  
money AND tonight's money AND an  
extra \$500 for my trouble or by  
morning your brother's house will  
be a parking lot.

The dealer hangs up. Georgia looks worried.

CUT TO:

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM -- LATER**

There's a knock at the door. A WIRY GUY pokes his head in and  
looks around to make sure no one else can hear.

WIRY GUY  
Hey, Vinnie! I'm here for a snack.

Vinnie crosses over to the buckets, reaches under the tarp  
and pulls out a coke roll. He returns to the back door.

VINNIE  
Ten bucks.

The wiry guy forks over the cash, takes the roll and leaves.  
Vinnie turns and comes face to face with Georgia.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Aaahh!

GEORGIA

Tell me you're not doing what I think you're doing?!

VINNIE

Define doing?

GEORGIA

Vinnie! I covered your ass! Jesus, How many did you keep? And don't lie.

VINNIE

All of 'em.

GEORGIA

That can't be. We dumped that bag last night.

VINNIE

A bag full of toilet paper rolls.

GEORGIA

You idiot! People can DIE eating these.

She pulls back the tarp.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

You sold THAT many?!

VINNIE

What are you talking about? I sold eight.

GEORGIA

These buckets are almost empty!

Vinnie crosses over and looks in the empty buckets.

VINNIE

Whoa! These were full when I left yesterday. I only sold eight. I swear.

CUT TO:

**INT. PREP ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

GEORGIA  
(scared to ask)  
Bernie, did you make those croutons  
from the rolls in the dish room?

BERNIE  
Yeah. Why?

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Georgia walks to the middle of the dining room.

GEORGIA  
(announcing)  
May I have your attention? Stop  
eating! The food is not safe!  
Everyone stop eating!

The customers drop their utensils.

FLIP TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

The last of the customers are flocking out. Lacy holds the  
front door open...

LACY  
Thanks for not eating at Leamans.  
Please come again.

Paul enters just as the last of the customers left. He  
notices the place is completely empty.

PAUL  
(to Lacy)  
Where is everybody?

Lacy gestures towards Georgia - ask her.

Paul checks his watch just to make sure he knows the correct  
time.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Critic come in yet?

GEORGIA

Not yet. What are you doing here?  
You said you couldn't make it back  
in time.

PAUL

I offered some guy 200 bucks to  
drive straight through.  
(more importantly)  
Why's there nobody here?!

GEORGIA

You actually parted with 200  
bucks?!

PAUL

No. When we got here I denied I  
said it. For the last time -- Why  
are there no customers in my  
restaurant?!!

LACY

She told everybody the food is  
poisoned.

GEORGIA

What?  
(to Paul)  
I didn't say that.

LACY

Check out the flowers.

PAUL

Are those REAL?!

Handing Paul a menu...

LACY

Gets better.

PAUL

(looking at menu)  
FRESH fish?! FRESHLY made pasta?!

Paul struggles to hold his temper.

LACY

Oh, and she let the busboys form a  
union.

PAUL

(to Georgia)  
You're fired!! Get out of my sight!

GEORGIA

Paul--

PAUL

You heard me! Get out!

GEORGIA

Will you just listen--

PAUL

Go! Now!

Georgia exits. She knows it's not worth arguing.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to Lacy)

Clean up these tables. And tell  
Vinnie I need him to run an errand.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Georgia wanders down the crowded street. She takes a  
cleansing breath, grabs her cell phone and dials.

**INT. HOOTERS -- CONTINUOUS**

BINGARDEN

(answering phone)

Hooters Santa Monica.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN**

GEORGIA

It's Georgia.

BINGARDEN

Hey! I'm gonna make you a manager.

GEORGIA

I heard. I wanted to check if it  
was true--

BINGARDEN

Hold on.

(yelling off)

Tell Alan to bring the mop and  
sawdust.

(to Georgia)

Sorry. Some guy's throwing up. So  
yeah, your boyfriend went to bat  
for ya. He looks taller on TV.

(MORE)

BINGARDEN (CONT'D)  
 Anyway he said your tits were  
 starting to go anyway so I might as  
 well hire you--  
 (yelling off)  
 No! Not on the bar!!  
 (to Georgia)  
 I gotta go. Come in tomorrow ASAP.  
 We'll fill out the papers.

He hangs up.

Georgia sits on a bench and considers her options.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Victor French enters. The place is empty.

VICTOR  
 Hello? Anybody home?

Paul enters from the kitchen.

PAUL  
 Welcome to Leamans.

VICTOR  
 You closed?

PAUL  
 No, no. We're open. Sit.

VICTOR  
 Nobody's here.

PAUL  
 You just missed the rush.

Paul gestures to a booth but quickly realizes Victor will never fit. Embarrassed, he tries to cover...

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Actually, that booth is reserved.

Paul gestures to a table and pulls out a chair. As Victor lowers his massive carcass, Paul grabs a second chair and puts it next to the first one.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Just to be safe. Some of these  
 chairs have loose legs.

VICTOR  
Please tell Georgia I'm here.

PAUL  
Uh. Actually...she left.

VICTOR  
Left?! She's the reason I'm here. I  
don't like to be stood up.

Victor considers his options.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I'd leave but I haven't eaten a  
meal since dinner.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(annoyed sigh)  
Let's get this over with. Fetch me  
a menu.

Victor takes out a notebook and pen, looks at the  
surroundings, makes an unimpressed expression and jots  
something down.

PAUL  
Did I say she wasn't coming back? I  
guess I wasn't clear. She'll be  
here. She's just on a break.

VICTOR  
For your sake let's hope she's back  
soon. I believe I asked for a menu.

Paul rushes off to get a menu.

**INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Mimo is at the stove. Paul enters, nearly plowing over Shell  
and Harold who are looking through the window in the kitchen  
door.

HAROLD  
Is that really Victor French?

PAUL  
(exiting into dish room)  
No. It's the Pope. He flew in for  
waffles.

Shell is suddenly nervous.

SHELL

Wow. This is a surprise, huh? I wonder why they can't make him waffles at the Taj Mahal.

Before Harold or Mimo can answer, Paul reenters with a basket filled with some rolls. He hands them to Shell.

PAUL

Take these out and stall. Mimo, heat up some Mac and Cheese as a backup.

Paul picks up the phone and dials.

**EXT. STREET -- EVENING**

Georgia walks down the street. Her cell phone rings. She looks at the caller ID - it's Paul. She answers it.

GEORGIA

(into phone)

Yeah?

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

PAUL

I'm sorry. I should not have said the things I said.

GEORGIA

The critic's there, isn't he?

PAUL

Yes. And he's asking for you.

GEORGIA

You tell him you fired me?

PAUL

Oh, come on. That was a joke.

(hat in hand)

I admit I let my temper get the best of me. I'm sorry. Now will you accept my apology and come back?

GEORGIA

(milking it)

Sounds like you're in a bad position.

PAUL  
 What do I have to say to get you  
 back here?

GEORGIA  
 Two things. First, apologize.

PAUL  
 (annoyed)  
 I just did.

GEORGIA  
 Uh, uh. Be nice. And include the  
 word respect.

PAUL  
 (as sincere as possible)  
 Please accept my apology. I need  
 you and..respect you.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (then)  
 Now what's the other fucking thing?

GEORGIA  
 I get half the restaurant.

PAUL  
 Hell no!!

She hangs up.

Seconds later her phone RINGS. She waits a few beats before  
 answering.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Fine.

GEORGIA  
 I need to hear you say it.

PAUL  
 I'll give you half the restaurant.  
 But if Fat Boy leaves the deal is  
 off.

Paul hangs up. Georgia does a tiny victory dance.

**INT. KITCHEN -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Mimo and Scarlo peek through the kitchen door.

VINNIE  
How does someone get that large?

SCARLO  
I think you'd have to quit school  
to eat full-time.

Georgia enters through the back door.

PAUL  
Finally! Get in there. Cheer him  
up.

GEORGIA  
Did he order yet?

PAUL  
Don't worry about that. Tell him  
the chef's cooking something  
special.

She looks at Mimo.

GEORGIA  
Your squab dish?

PAUL  
I'll take care of the food. Just  
go.

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Shell is standing next to Victor's table.

SHELL  
I'm sorry if I seem a little  
nervous. It's just I never thought  
I'd be in your presence.

Victor checks out her body.

VICTOR  
You live alone?

SHELL  
I know you probably get asked this  
all the time but...Will you sign my  
bible?--

GEORGIA (O.S.)  
I'll take it from here, Shell.

Victor's face lights up. Shell exits...

SHELL  
 (to Victor)  
 Ex-nay on the word unt-cay.

VICTOR  
 (to Georgia)  
 You look ravishing.

GEORGIA  
 Thank you.

VICTOR  
 I haven't gotten a menu yet.

GEORGIA  
 Oh, you won't need one. The chef is preparing something special.

VICTOR  
 With Summer Truffles?

GEORGIA  
 Uh..that's a secret.

VICTOR  
 Mmm. I love secrets.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 (leaning in)  
 I have one. I wasn't actually talking about the danish the other day.

Georgia tries to hide the fact she just threw up in her mouth.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Here's another one.  
 (seductive)  
 Sometimes I'm offered things that aren't on the menu to ensure my review is a good one.

She suddenly notices he has a basket of 'coke' rolls. She snatches them away.

GEORGIA  
 Let me take these. You don't want to ruin your meal.

VICTOR  
 No. Leave 'em.

Georgia exits in a hurry, pretending she didn't hear.

**INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Lacy is looking through the window in the kitchen door. She gets out of the way as Georgia comes in with the basket of rolls.

LACY  
Looks like Fatty has the hots for you.

PAUL  
(to Georgia; re: rolls)  
What are you doing? Bring those back out.

GEORGIA  
We can't serve these.

VINNIE (O.S.)  
Food is here.

Vinnie crosses in with some to-go bags.

GEORGIA  
(shocked)  
You're serving him food from another restaurant?

Paul starts to open the bags.

PAUL  
Not just ANY restaurant -- Antonios. The best food in Austin.

Paul takes a salad out of the to-go bag, dumps it on one of their plates and makes it presentable.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Look at that. Why can't you guys make a salad like this?

GEORGIA  
Paul, think about what you're doing. You're serving a food critic food from another restaurant. You can't do that-- Whoa, Whoa! Stop!

Paul has sprinkled some croutons on the salad. He hands the salad to Georgia but she doesn't take it.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
I'm not taking that out. We can't serve those croutons--

PAUL  
Fine. I'll take it out.

Paul brushes past Georgia before she can stop him.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Paul enters, proudly holding the salad.

PAUL  
Here you go.

Georgia rushes in from behind and 'accidentally' knocks it out of Paul's hands.

VICTOR  
No!

GEORGIA  
I am SO sorry.

Paul shoots Georgia a pissed off look.

PAUL  
I'll get you another one.

Paul crosses out.

GEORGIA  
I'll help.

She crosses out also.

VICTOR  
(calling out)  
And bring more rolls!

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Paul garnishes another salad with more 'coked' croutons.

GEORGIA  
You can't use those. Paul, listen to me.  
(coming clean)  
There's cocaine in 'em.  
(no reaction)  
There's cocaine in those croutons.  
Did you hear me?

PAUL  
I heard ya.

Paul tries to get past her again but she blocks the way.

GEORGIA  
(eureka moment)  
You knew all along!

PAUL  
(confirming)  
I overheard you and Vinnie in the  
dish room that first day. Can I get  
through?

Georgia keeps blocking the way.

GEORGIA  
(realizing)  
You told Bernie to reuse those  
rolls on purpose, didn't you?

PAUL  
Coke puts people in a good mood.  
They enjoy the food, they come  
back. We need all the help we can  
get.

GEORGIA  
Paul, it's a narcotic!

PAUL  
Stop with the drama. A little  
cocaine never hurt anybody. And if  
there's ever a time we need someone  
in good mood, it's now. Out of my  
way.

Paul maneuvers around her and walks back out with the salad  
and the bread basket.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM**

Victor has obviously been growing impatient. He writes a note  
on his notebook as Paul enters with the salad and rolls.

PAUL  
Sorry about that.

Victor sees Georgia entering and holds out his hand to stop  
her from coming closer.

VICTOR  
Stay there! In fact, send the other  
waitress back. I think I like her  
better.

Paul puts down the salad and rolls. Victor shovels some some into his mouth.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
More butter.

Paul exits and Georgia follows.

**INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Lacy peeks out the door's window. Paul and Georgia almost run her over as they storm back in.

PAUL  
(fuming)  
You pissed him off. Nice job.

GEORGIA  
Oh no! I did another bad thing in the eyes of Paul, the guy who serves cocaine to customers--

LACY  
Guys?

GEORGIA  
Not now, Lacy!  
(to Paul)  
You worried he's gonna write a bad review? Wait until he recognizes the taste of the food and realizes it came from Antonio's--

LACY  
Guys?

GEORGIA  
(losing it)  
We're having a discussion, Lacy!  
Can't you see that?!

LACY  
Don't talk to me that way. Maybe what I have to say is important.

GEORGIA  
Fine. What's so damn important?

LACY  
Your new boyfriend just keeled over. But you're right, it can probably wait.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING**

Paul, Georgia and Lacy rush out. Victor's face sits in the salad, a fork in one hand, a half-eaten roll in the other.

GEORGIA  
Oh God! He's dead!  
(to Paul)  
You killed him!

PAUL  
I killed him?! This is YOUR fault!

GEORGIA  
MY fault?!

Paul rushes to the front door and locks it, turns the sign to CLOSED and closes the drapes.

PAUL  
You don't get fat people mad! They have high blood pressure. Everyone knows that!

GEORGIA  
And you don't serve 'em bread laced with cocaine. Everyone knows that too!

LACY  
Or blow 'em in a heat wave.  
(off their looks)  
I'm the only one who knows that?

Paul starts to pace.

PAUL  
This is great. Just great. We're gonna be on the front page of every newspaper in the world - "Victor French eats at Leamans and dies." That'll really pull in the customers.

Harold, Scarlo and Shell enter.

HAROLD/SCARLO  
Oh shit!

SHELL  
 (to Harold and Scarlo)  
 Don't curse in front of the Pope.  
 (just noticing)  
 Oh my God! The Pope is dead!

She makes the sign of the cross, closes her eyes and prays.

PAUL  
 (deciding)  
 We gotta move him somewhere else.  
 He can't die here.

GEORGIA  
 He ALREADY died here!

LACY  
 You wanna MOVE him?

SCARLO  
 It'd be easier to move the  
 restaurant.

HAROLD  
 (getting idea)  
 Give me ten minutes. I can cut him  
 up and we can carry him out in  
 shifts.

Harold holds up his chef knife.

GEORGIA  
 Are you all nuts?! You can't cut  
 him up!

PAUL  
 You have a better idea?

GEORGIA  
 EVERYTHING! Everything is a better  
 idea!!

Georgia crosses towards the kitchen in a panic.

PAUL  
 (to Harold)  
 She might be right. Don't cut him  
 up yet.

Harold makes a disappointed face.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Figure out a way to move him to the  
 back until we decide what to do.  
 (exiting to kitchen)  
 Somebody call the cops and make  
 this a perfect day.

**INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Georgia is frantically pacing when Paul enters.

GEORGIA  
 (panicking)  
 You can't do this, Paul. Tell 'em  
 not to cut him up. This isn't  
 right--

PAUL  
 I told 'em not to. Calm down.

Paul grabs her and gets her to focus.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Listen to me. You have to get out  
 of here. You have to leave town.

GEORGIA  
 I can't leave.

Bernie sticks his head in the door.

BERNIE  
 Police are on their way.

PAUL  
 What?! Why?

BERNIE  
 You said to call 'em, so I did.

PAUL  
 I was being sarcastic!

Paul stares at him, not sure what to say. Bernie gets the feeling he's done something wrong.

BERNIE  
 I should go take some medication.

Bernie exits. Paul suddenly gets an idea...

PAUL

That's it! I'm gonna blame this on Bernie.

GEORGIA

Bernie?

PAUL

He freaks me out. I've wanted to fire him but I've always been afraid he'll go postal and and kill us all. This is perfect.

GEORGIA

But he's innocent.

PAUL

Really? He made the bread, he's a convicted felon and he's on brain meds... He doesn't look so innocent to me.

GEORGIA

He's not gonna just lay there take the blame. He'll tell 'em I'M the one who mixed the ingredients. 'Cause, by the way, THAT'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!

PAUL

Calm down! Nobody saw you do it, right? I'll say you weren't even here that day. And if they want to talk to you, you'll be a thousand miles away and I don't know where you went. But they're not gonna want to. It'll be his word against mine and who are they gonna believe?

Georgia is shaking her head.

GEORGIA

It's not right. And you'll be lying to the cops. It's stupid!

PAUL

Hey, you're family. Family backs each other-- We don't have time for this. Go!

Georgia sees no other option. She quickly kisses him on the cheek and exits into the prep room.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- SHORT TIME LATER**

Scarlo, Vinnie, Harold, Nagi and Mimo stand around Victor's chair. Lacy stands around watching.

LACY

(shaking her head)  
It's ironic. All his life people probably said, "You know, it wouldn't kill ya to eat a salad."

VINNIE

Okay, everybody ready? Push!!

They strain as hard as they can for about 10 seconds but he doesn't move.

SCARLO

At this rate we'll have him in the kitchen by Christmas.

HAROLD

Maybe he'd be lighter if we drained his bowels.

Georgia enters and pulls Mimo aside.

GEORGIA

There's gonna be a black Rolls Royce in the alley at 11 o'clock. Give him this.

She hands him the nightly to-go bag for the dealer.

MIMO

What is it?

GEORGIA

Money. I can't explain now. Just tell him it's all here. And give him this. It'll cover what I owe.

Georgia gives him her diamond ring.

MIMO

What's going on?

Georgia forces Mimo to keep hold of the bag as she pulls herself towards the front door. She has to get out quick.

Paul sticks his head in from the kitchen.

PAUL  
 (to Georgia)  
 What are you still doing here?! Go!

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (to Mimo)  
 I need you in the dish room.

MIMO  
 Give me a minute--

PAUL  
 Now!

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Paul takes the tarp off the coke buckets as Mimo enters.

MIMO  
 Why is Georgia leaving?

PAUL  
 Later. Right now I need you to put these rolls in the disposal. They're filled with cocaine and the cops are coming.

MIMO  
 What?! How--

PAUL  
 (impatient)  
 A bag of coke got mixed in with the flour. Enough questions. Just get rid of 'em. And the croutons in the kitchen too.  
 (remembering)  
 And the mustards from DOUBLE DAVE'S.

Paul takes a few rolls for himself.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Where's Bernie keep his jacket?

MIMO  
 The prep room.

Mimo dumps the rolls from the buckets into a garbage bag. In his haste, some fall and roll under a shelf.

MIMO (CONT'D)  
 Damn.

Mimo gets on his knees to gather them up. He reaches under the shelf and touches something weird. He looks under.

**INT. PREP ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Mimo enters. He sees Paul planting rolls in Bernie's jacket. He retreats without Paul knowing.

**EXT. PARK CORNER -- MOMENTS LATER**

Georgia is waiting. A cab pulls up with Dirk inside.

**INT. CAB -- CONTINUOUS**

Georgia gets in.

GEORGIA  
(to driver)  
Airport.

The cab pulls away.

DIRK  
You don't have your luggage. What's going on?

She turns and looks into Dirk's eyes.

GEORGIA  
We're gonna make this work, right?

DIRK  
We are. I'm not gonna take you for granted anymore. I promise. Hey, how 'bout this weekend we drive up to Santa Barbara and rent a house on the water? We can lay around all day and eat and drink and just hang out-- You there?

Georgia is staring out the cab window. She catches herself and refocuses on Dirk.

GEORGIA  
I'm sorry. I was just... Keep talking.

DIRK

You know what we should do? Take surf lessons. You always said you wanted to do that. Does that sound like fun?

Again Georgia has drifted back to staring out the window. She realizes she was asked a question.

GEORGIA

(refocusing)

Oh. Yeah. That sounds good.

Georgia looks Dirk in the eyes again and kisses him in a desperate effort to slow down the chaos in her head and reconnect.

It worked -- a moment ago she was mentally scattered but this kiss made her focus.

They fall back into their seats. They are now indeed a couple, committed.

CUT TO:

**INT. DISH WASHING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Mimo nervously paces, trying to sort everything out when he notices the dealer's car pull up outside.

**EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER**

The dealer rolls down the back window.

DEALER

Who are you?

Mimo hands the to-go bag to the dealer.

MIMO

This should take care of everything Georgia owes.

The dealer takes the bag and drives off.

**INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS**

Dirk and Georgia sit next to each other as the cab continues to the airport. They are holding hands.

Dirk pulls up his hand which holds hers and kisses the back of her hand. She smiles. They both go back to looking out their windows.

Georgia goes to twist her mom's ring around her finger out of habit. She looks at the space where the ring would normally be and touches it with her other hand as if the ring was still there.

Georgia stares out the window, deep in thought.

Suddenly...

GEORGIA  
(to driver)  
Stop the cab.

DIRK  
What are you doing?

The cab pulls over and she gets out.

GEORGIA  
I can't go back.

DIRK  
What are you talking about? You just said--

GEORGIA  
I'm sorry.

Georgia runs away and gets lost in the traffic.

CAB DRIVER  
Want me to turn around?

Dirk considers getting out and chasing her but she's already gone. He shakes his head.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

A forklift with MORGUE on the side strains to carry Victor's body out the door.

TWO COPS and Paul stand next to the table where the critic died. There's a comedy-size chalk outline on the floor.

COP 1  
So you suspect he died from eating these rolls?

PAUL  
That's right.  
(pointing to Bernie)  
He's the guy who made 'em.

Bernie is surprised Paul pointed this out.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Any drugs you find would've been  
put in there by him. He's on  
parole, by the way. So it would be  
a violation.

Bernie sees he's being framed. He just stares at Paul,  
confused.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
And if he was hiding any extra  
drug- filled rolls I bet they'd be  
in his jacket in the prep room.  
Back there.

Cop 2 exits to the prep room to check it out.

GEORGIA (O.S.)  
He didn't kill that Guy.

They all turn and see Georgia at the front door.

PAUL  
What are you doing?!

COP 1  
Who are you?

GEORGIA  
Georgia Leaman. I'm the Manager.  
It's my fault he's dead.

PAUL  
It's not! And I don't know who this  
person is but she's not my sister.

COP 1  
(to Paul)  
Sir, let me handle this.

Cop 2 returns from the prep room.

COP 2  
Nothing in the jacket. He's clean.

PAUL  
That can't be. Check again!

COP 1  
Sir, I need you to calm down--

PAUL  
He had rolls filled with cocaine on  
him! I know he did! Someone un-  
framed him!!

COP 1  
Quiet!! Lemme figure this out.  
(to Georgia)  
You say you killed this guy because  
he ate rolls that were not made by  
(re: Bernie)  
this Guy.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
(to Paul)  
You say he had some of these  
poisonous rolls on him which, it  
turns out, he didn't. So...I don't  
know.

Cop 2 leans and whispers something into Cop 1's ear. Then...

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
(announcing to room)  
We're gonna wait for the autopsy.

Beat. Cop 2 leans in again and whispers something.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
(to room)  
We'll send the rolls to the lab. In  
the meantime we're not gonna arrest  
anyone.

He looks at Cop 2, who nods - that is correct.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
But we'll be back. So...nobody  
leave the country. And don't eat  
any of the rolls.

He grabs the basket of rolls and exits with the other Cop.

PAUL  
(to Georgia)  
Why the hell did you come back?!  
The cops are going to hold you  
responsible now!

GEORGIA

Because families back each other.  
Your words.

PAUL

I don't need you to back me. I have  
an alibi.

GEORGIA

Not you! Bernie. He's part of this  
family too. And he didn't do it.

PAUL

(for Bernie's consumption)  
I know that! It was a practical  
joke the cops and I were playing.  
(mock outrage)  
And you ruined it!

Paul doesn't see a way to turn things around and get Georgia  
out of eventually being arrested. He starts to pace.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I really wish you stayed with the  
plan. I don't know how to undo this  
now--

GEORGIA

No, Paul. That's just it. I need to  
face up to my stuff. You were  
right. I need to stop running away.

PAUL

NOW you listen to my advice?! You  
picked a great fuckin' time to  
finally listen.

GEORGIA

I didn't listen, Paul. I watched.  
This whole week I watched you. And  
I realize I don't want to be like  
you any longer.

PAUL

I don't understand. I know that was  
an insult but..what?

GEORGIA

You run away from everything. And  
you're right, I do too. And now I'm  
gonna stop.

PAUL  
(confused)  
I run away?

GEORGIA  
Anybody who disagrees with you, you dismiss 'em. They're a moron. They're stupid. You immediately put up walls so you don't have to deal with what they're telling you. Or trying to.

PAUL  
(annoyed at the analogy)  
It's not the same thing--

GEORGIA  
See? Doing it right now.  
(then)  
Don't feel bad. Dad did it too. Must be a family disease or something.

PAUL  
(lost)  
Dad dismissed people? What are you talking about? If anything he was TOO friendly.

GEORGIA  
After Mom died he changed, right? Can we agree on that? And do you agree he began to hate confrontation more and more and would just let Catherine run everything?

Paul begrudgingly nods.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
That's running away! He ignored, you put up walls and I physically leave. Same thing. We've just been doing it in different ways.

PAUL  
Well, this is all very enlightening but I still wish you would've told me all this in a letter from some place far away.

GEORGIA

Paul, look at our lives. They're a mess. I can't change how you live yours but I can change how I live mine. And starting today I'm gonna face whatever shit is in front of me honestly and head on. Even if it's painful.

PAUL

And sends you to jail.

Mimo enters.

MIMO

Nobody's going to jail. I found the bag of coke.

GEORGIA / VINNIE

What?!

MIMO

It fell behind the shelf. It was never opened so the cops are not gonna find any drugs.

VINNIE

So where's the bag?

CUT TO:

**INT. ROLLS ROYCE -- CONTINUOUS**

Police lights flash through the rear window. Jonny looks worried but the dealer doesn't flinch.

DEALER

Stop fidgeting. I'll handle this.

**EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER**

The car pulls to the side and stops. The dealer rolls down the back window.

COP

What's in the bag?

DEALER

(confident)

No pleasantries? Fine. It's dinner. Had we known you'd be pulling us over we would've ordered more.

The cop gestures to see what's in the bag. The dealer opens it. Inside is a full bag of cocaine.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
Gawd Blimey!

COP  
Out of the car.

The occupants are removed and handcuffed.

DEALER  
How'd you know to look in the bag?

**INT. DINING ROOM -- SHORT TIME LATER**

MIMO  
(explaining)  
I made a call.

PAUL  
So nobody's going to jail?

MIMO  
Nope.

VINNIE  
I say it's time for a party!

The crew CHEERS.

PAUL  
Before you start breaking out the  
booze, Victor French died eating  
here. We're still doomed.

MIMO  
(to Paul)  
Will you shut-up for once?

PAUL  
Excuse me?

MIMO  
Maybe we'll be gone in the morning  
but tonight we're gonna celebrate.

The crowd CHEERS again.

PAUL  
(to himself)  
I can't catch a break today.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER**

The entire crew is celebrating - eating cake and drinking. Harold refills their empty glasses with wine.

Lacy holds her glass up but Harold looks at her pregnant belly and skips her. She grabs him.

LACY

I've been smoking, going to tanning booths and eating blue cheese. A little wine's not gonna make things worse.

She forces Harold to pour her a fifth glass.

Georgia comes running in and turns on the TV.

GEORGIA

Shhhhh!!!

A commercial is ending. The news comes on the TV showing a picture of Victor on the screen behind the NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

In local news - food fans everywhere are mourning the death tonight of

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

food critic Victor French. The world famous reviewer died this evening in Leamans Restaurant.

PAUL

Oh, Jesus.

NEWS ANCHOR

According to an unnamed source, French, who has eaten in some of the finest restaurants in the world, knew his health was failing and had but one last wish: to enjoy Leaman's famous Caesar salad before he passed. And enjoy it he did. Victor French, dead at the weight of 527-- I mean, age of 42.

GEORGIA  
(admitting)  
I made a call.

Everybody CHEERS.

The TV channel changes to porn.

Mimo clinks his glass with a fork and raises it.

MIMO  
To Georgia, the new permanent  
Manager. And Owner.

They all raise their glasses and chant: SPEECH SPEECH

GEORGIA  
(embarrassed)  
I don't know what to say.

PAUL  
How about "I won't spend money?"

Everyone LAUGHS and starts to mingle.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(deaf ears)  
I was serious.

Paul sees Bernie standing off to the side staring at him.  
Bernie makes his way over.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(nervous chuckle)  
Boy, remind me to never play a  
practical joke on you when  
Georgia's around.

BERNIE  
I want half the restaurant. Georgia  
got half. I want half also.

Bernie just stares in silence. Paul starts to sweat, pulls  
some Tums from his pocket and eats a few.

PAUL  
C'mon, Bernie. I can't give you  
half. There's only two halves.

Bernie takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

BERNIE  
(calmly)  
Then I'm gonna stop taking meds.

Paul looks for a sign, ANY sign that Bernie isn't serious. None. Paul pops another Tums as Georgia crosses in...

GEORGIA  
How 'bout a job for life? What  
would you say to that?

BERNIE  
Okay.

Bernie crosses out, satisfied.

PAUL  
Are you nuts? Who taught you to  
negotiate?

GEORGIA  
Get used to it. I make half the  
decisions now.

**INT. PARK -- FRIDAY AFTERNOON**

**SUPER: FRIDAY**

Mimo and Georgia take a walk, enjoying a moment alone.

MIMO  
I want to thank you, by the way.  
When Paul was trashing Harold and  
I, you came to our defense. Felt  
good.

GEORGIA  
Now you know how I felt in high  
school when that guy did it for me.

MIMO  
Lenny Feltz.

GEORGIA  
What?

MIMO  
That was his name. I put him up to  
it.

GEORGIA  
You what?!

MIMO

I would've stood up for you myself  
but it had to be somebody on the  
team. He lived two doors down from  
me. I told him if he gave that  
speech I'd give him my bike.

Georgia shakes her head. After all these years it was Mimo!

GEORGIA

Wow. All these years you've been  
keeping a secret from me.

MIMO

I didn't know how to tell you  
without it coming out wrong.

GEORGIA

There's a secret I've been keeping  
from you too.

Georgia turns and gives Mimo a slow kiss on the lips.

MIMO

(stunned)

That's some secret. Any other stuff  
you want to get off your chest?  
'Cause there's some bushes over  
there that seem private.

GEORGIA

I hate truffles. I only said I  
liked 'em 'cause I know you wanted  
me to.

SFX: RING

MIMO

Oh, I almost forgot.

He takes out her mother's wedding ring and slips it back onto  
her finger.

SFX: RING

She's thrilled. She doesn't know what to say.

SFX: RING

GEORGIA

(re: phone)

You wanna get that?

MIMO

No. I don't want to ruin the moment.

GEORGIA

(testing him)

Could be important.

MIMO

Whoever it is can wait. I'm with you right now.

MUSIC UP

That's all she needed to hear. She pulls him closer and gives him the biggest kiss ever.

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL

SFX: Keys jingling

**INT. MORGUE**

A door opens revealing the silhouettes of the TWO JANITORS.

A light flicks on. They enter to view the fat, lifeless body of Victor splayed out on a slab, partially covered by a sheet.

JANITOR 2

See? Fifty bucks, Pal.

JANITOR 1

How'd they get him in here?

He shrugs.

JANITOR 2

If he was alive, you think you could you take him in a fight?

JANITOR 1

Pfft! Easy. Big guys like this, all you gotta do is give him one blow to the heart. Watch and learn.

He jumps up and slams Victor in the chest, karate-kid-style.

JANITOR 2

That's the most pathetic thing I  
ever saw if we don't count that  
website you were just on.

JANITOR 1

Yeah, whatever. Lets go check out  
the babe in four again.

They exit.

Suddenly...

Victor sits up, alive! Resuscitated by the blow from the  
janitor. Victor spits out a chunk of bread and gasps for  
breath. Disoriented, he looks around to get his bearings.

VICTOR

(breathing heavy)  
Check please.

FADE OUT.