

BURNED OUT

PILOT EPISODE

"A BRIGHT IDEA / THAT LIGHT BULB MOMENT"

A situation comedy

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE DRIVE-THROUGH WINDOW - EVENING

SCHANDRA (she wears a name tag reading "SCHANDRA WYLES: OWNER/MANAGER") is bent over the small microphone, taking an order from a big sweaty guy in a cowboy hat in an F250. We see the guy's arm pumping rhythmically, as if he is jerking off.

SCHANDRA
(embarrassed)
Excuse me Sir, would you mind not
doing that please and thank you?
You're making me feel
uncomfortable.

GUY
(puzzled)
Pardon me?

SCHANDRA
(indignant)
Sir, you are jerking you off while
you order your coffee!

SCHANDRA stands upright, her POV reveals the guy - in his hand is a 'Jerk-Weight' exerciser.

GUY
(offended)
It's a Jerk-Weight, I'm working on
my upper arm strength.

SCHANDRA
(mortified)
Oh my god! I am so sorry! I thought-

GUY
(angry, offended)
Save it lady!

He drives off, SCHANDRA holds her face in her hands.

CUT TO:

INT - HOUSE O'COFFEE - EVENING

The place is dimly lit, we see customers struggling to read newspapers, knocking into tables as they try to find their seats, spilling their drinks as they miss saucers etc. We see PATRICK pacing the floor, speaking on his cell phone, HAROLD and SERGEI sitting together at a small table (SERGEI is sitting closely to HAROLD, patting his knee as they chat - HAROLD is visibly uncomfortable); In the background, SCHANDRA serves at the drive-through counter.

PATRICK

(speaking on cell phone)
That sounds perfect Mrs. Jakobson,
you'll take the whole truckload -
(pause, listens)
- yes, I am aware that it's a lot
of light bulbs - but you were happy
with the last lot I supplied you?
(pause, listens)
Yes, the newfangled twisty ones -
you said they were perfect for your
strip clubs, nice and dim so
customers couldn't read the drinks
prices
(laughs, listens)
I don't need to tell you again what
demand is going to be like for
tungsten bulbs once they outright
ban them over here, do I? This is
more than just light bulbs Mrs.
Jakobson, it's an investment!
(laughs)
Hey, listen to me - giving you my
trade secrets! Any more of this and
I'll have to put my prices up -
(pause)
- no, no, I'm not saying that I'm
going to put the price up Mrs.
Jakobson, I'm saying that I **could** -

PATRICK puts his phone on his chest.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(to SERGEI)
Hey Sergei, what is it with you
people? Have you all had sense of
humor bypass surgery?

SERGEI

(faux-annoyed, to HAROLD)
Harold my dear, perhaps you would
explain - again - to your friend
that I am Russian - Jakobson and
her associates are Estonian - that
is so not the same thing!

PATRICK

(speaks into phone again)
Mrs. Jakobson? It's Patrick again -
yes, **my** people can meet with **your**
people -

Conversation fades.

A bulb pops, showering a customer and his coffee with glass.
He gets up, walks out in disgust. KYLIE comes in, goes to the
counter.

KYLIE

Hey guys.

SERGEI

Hey Kylie!

HAROLD
You OK? You look kind of flustered.

KYLIE
Yeah, I think so - my new
boyfriend's picking me up later to
go meet his kids and I'm soooo
nervous! (beat) Schandra?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW - EVENING

A white Honda pulls up at the drive through window. We see a Priest driving. SCHANDRA bends over to the mic.

SCHANDRA
Good evening, welcome to the House
O'Coffee, how can I help you?

The Priest says nothing - we see his arm pumping in a now-familiar action.

SCHANDRA (CONT'D)
(friendly laugh)
Working on your upper body strength
Father? I am so gonna have to get
me one of those Jerk-Weights -

PRIEST
- I'm not using a Jerk-Weight.

SCHANDRA stands up slowly, the Priest comes into view.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE - EVENING

SCHANDRA O/S
(shouts)
OH MY GOD!

All heads turn.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

ACT ONE:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE - EVENING

PATRICK
(talking into cell phone)
- no, no, Mrs. Jakobson, you don't
have to remind me what will happen
to me if I let you down again.
(beat) You'll pay me twelve
thousand dollars - cash - on
delivery, perfect! I'll see you
tonight.

PATRICK ends his call.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to ALL)
OK, the deal's on folks! All I need
now is everybody's thousand bucks
and we're good to go!

SCHANDRA
You sure this is a good idea
Patrick? You're buying five
thousand dollar's worth of light
bulbs - with our money?

PATRICK
Schandra, sweetie, we pay five
grand to Sergei's people for the
bulbs, Mrs. Jakobson's gang pays us
twelve - we all double our money in
one evening! You know you can't
lose!
(laughs)
Those Estonians are paying a
premium for the good, old fashioned
light bulbs, not this low wattage,
eco-friendly crap you have in here.

SCHANDRA
Patrick, **you** sold me these light
bulbs!

SERGEI has his hand resting on HAROLD'S knee as they chat.
HAROLD is talking as if what he is saying is the most
interesting thing - ever!

HAROLD
So, as a small business owner, you
currently pay income tax on your
share of business profits on your
personal return -

SERGEI
(feigning interest)
Ya, most interesting -

HAROLD
- but wait, here's the exciting part! The new cost-of-living adjustments to federal income tax brackets means - wait for it! - you can receive more income **without** being pushed into a higher tax bracket next year!

HAROLD makes to bump knuckles with SERGEI who just stares at him.

SERGEI
Tell me Harold, have you ever been on a date and had someone fake death to avoid talking to you?

HAROLD
(thinks)
Yeah. (beat)
(upbeat)
But only two times.

PATRICK joins them.

PATRICK
(laughs)
Hey you two - hope I'm not interrupting anything!
(nods to SERGEI'S hand on HAROLD'S knee)
Where's the rest of the Village people?
(to HAROLD)
Which one are you Harold? Hard Hat?

HAROLD brushes SERGEI'S hand away.

SERGEI
Hey Patrick. (pause) Harold was just regaling me with
(fake laugh)
- hilarious stories about his life as a Tax Attorney.

PATRICK
Sounds fascinating Harold, although I do prefer your re-enactment society stories myself -

SERGEI
You're in a re-enactment society now Harold? Why did you not say so?

PATRICK
Damned skippy he is! It's the Houston Vietnam War Re-enactment Society -

HAROLD
It's not -

PATRICK
- they dress up in authentic
uniforms and spend Sunday
afternoons on the Embassy roof
waiting for a helicopter!
(laughs)

SERGEI laughs loudly. PATRICK slaps HAROLD heartily on the back.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Just yankin' your chain H!

HAROLD
We don't do Vietnam -

PATRICK
Hey! It's all cool with me buddy!
I'm just pleased you finally found
something to do to get you out of
the house that didn't involve
hookers!
(pause)
Your Missus still not liking you
being at home?

HAROLD
(sadly)
No, her OCD is getting worse - she
says I just create dust.

PATRICK
Yeah, funny thing that OCD - you
should see his house Sergei, the
whole place is a dump, apart from
this one corner of the game room -

The three share a laugh.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to SERGEI)
So, we're all good to go for
tonight? (beat) Your guys are all
set?

SERGEI
(nodding)
All I need is the cash from you to
pay them, and the deal's as good as
done.
(pause)
I pay them, they have the truck
with us within the hour, we deliver
to the Estonians at midnight - it
really couldn't be any easier. As
you would say, it will be like
taking brandy from a baby -

PATRICK
Cool, I only have Schandra's
thousand dollars to collect and
then it's all yours.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(beat) we're not going to have any more problems with your friend at the FBI are we?

SERGEI

(laughs reassuringly)
Not at all my friend, he was only supposed to be keeping a casual eye on me for six months after I was released from prison - he thinks I still have contacts with my old Russian gang; Now - I think he only calls by for the coffee that tastes of urine.

(laughs)

PATRICK

As long as you're sure Sergei - I don't want any surprises!

SCHANDRA brings HAROLD'S coffee over.

SCHANDRA

I'll bet you don't - especially after that girl scout incident!
(laughs)

HAROLD

(laughing)
Oh God, yeah! How could we forget that?

SERGEI

Girl scouts? Patrick, you didn't -?

PATRICK

It's not what you think Sergei - it was nothing.

SCHANDRA

Nothing?

(to SERGEI)

Patrick here decided to go into business selling fake Girl scout cookies -

(laughs)

- probably the lowest thing he's gotten involved in since the Casey Anthony diaper bags -

HAROLD

He was making good money too, until the Girl Scout leader found out!

(sniggers)

SERGEI

(mock-scolding)

Patrick, how could you? I hope they made you give every penny back?

SCHANDRA

(laughing)
Oh, they did that alright - right
after they kicked his sorry ass up
and down Main Street!

PATRICK

They caught me by surprise - and I
couldn't fight back because I was
taught never to hit girls.

HAROLD

You should have seen it, Sergei,
Patrick surrounded by thirty girl
scouts - in any other circumstance
it could have been quite the
fantasy -

SCHANDRA

(to PATRICK)
I've never seen you bleed that much
since your wife caught you cheating
with that slut you met in our Salsa
class!
(laughs)

PATRICK

(feelings-hurt)
You had to bring that up, didn't
you? (beat) Now, if you heartless
lot will excuse me, I have business
to attend to. (beat) Don't let me
spoil your schadenfreude!
(to all three, cutting
remark)
You probably need to look that up -
it's under 'S' on Wikipedia.

PATRICK leaves the table. SCHANDRA, HAROLD & SERGEI look
serious, then burst out laughing, SERGEI patting HAROLD'S
knee again.

CUT TO:

KYLIE sits at the counter, talking to SCHANDRA. As KYLIE
speaks, she puts her brown leather bag on the table: and in a
ritualistic way, she takes out a bottle of hand sanitizer,
cleans her hands, puts on a pair of white latex gloves,
starts pulling student papers out of the bag.

SCHANDRA

Grading Mid-Terms again?

KYLIE

(shuddering)
Yep. How did you know?
(big breath)

SCHANDRA

Big giveaway - the gloves ya just put on so you don't touch what the kids touched. (beat) That's quite a problem ya got there lady.

KYLIE

Oh yeah.
(smiles awkwardly)
That reminds me - I need you to do me a huge favor - when my boyfriend comes in, I need you to talk to him and tell him how much I love children - I wouldn't ask but this is important: I really do think he's **the one!** Pleeese?

SCHANDRA

(sighs)
I really don't know where to begin with how wrong that is Kylie.
(pause)
First of all, every guy you've had a relationship with over the past ten years has been **the one** - even that one guy who's idea of seducing you was (does the voice) "hey doll, I ain't watched me any internet porn today!" (beat)
And secondly - you are genuinely, physically repulsed by children!

KYLIE

That is so not true!

KYLIE is gingerly flicking through the papers on her desk, touching only the corners, she has a hole in the finger of one of the gloves - she recoils as her finger touches the paper, grabs for the sanitizer.

SCHANDRA

You really are putting your therapist's children through college, aren't you?

(pause)
Look, couldn't you just tell him the truth? If he's **the one**, he'll understand.

KYLIE

Understand what? That even the thought of children and anything to do with children makes me want to hurl?

(big breath)
That I hate their whiny voices, their sticky fingers - why is it that all kids under the age of ten are permanently sticky? Do they have some gland that just secretes 'sticky'?

(MORE)

KYLIE (CONT'D)

- and I loathe the fact that they
always smell of Play-Doh, no matter
how old they are!

(sighs)

Why is it that I am assumed to have
an natural love of all things to do
with kids? Is it because I'm a
woman?

SCHANDRA

(laughs)

That, and the fact that you're a
school teacher.

KYLIE

You know I only became a teacher
because my shrink suggested it as
aversion therapy - you know, like
when you have arachnophobia and
they start you off by putting those
tiny spiders on your hand and work
up to those big hairy tarantulas?

(pause)

So, I started in Kindergarten and
the way I see it, by the time I get
to Twelfth Grade, I'll be ready to
start popping the little f*****s
(beeped out) myself!

SCHANDRA

And **you** want **me** to tell your
boyfriend that you love kids?

KYLIE

Please?

SCHANDRA

You do know he's gonna see right
through you the minute one of his
wants a hug from Daddy's new friend
and you throw up?

KYLIE

So you'll do it? Thanks Schandra!
You're a pal!

(beat)

So, five minutes before he's due to
pick me up - I'll go to the store
across the road to buy surprises
for his darling children -

SCHANDRA

They'll be surprised alright - it's
a sex toy store.

(pause)

Why not just go to the bathroom
here, if you have to hide?

KYLIE

(shocked)

I don't think so!

SCHANDRA

Why not?

KYLIE

Because - we're not at **that** stage in our relationship yet - he doesn't even **know** that I go to the bathroom. (beat)
Anyhoo, the important thing is that I'll be somewhere that's not here, giving you the opportunity to chat with him, all natural and casual, and tell him what a great maternal person I am, and all about my wonderful love of children!
(pleased with herself)
So, when I get back, he'll already be planning to make me Wife Number Three! (beat) Will fifteen minutes be enough?

SCHANDRA

To tell him everything about your wonderful love of children? (beat)
What am I gonna talk about for the other fourteen and a half minutes!?
(laughs)

PATRICK

(interrupts)
Hey Schandra! Hate to interrupt, but you did remember your contribution? Tonight's the big night!

SCHANDRA opens her purse, picks out a stack of cash.

SCHANDRA

Be careful with this, it's the last of my savings.

PATRICK

Are things that bad?

SCHANDRA

Hell yeah! My credit's so damned bad - there's stores around here that won't even accept my **cash!**

PATRICK

(laughs reassuringly)
Don't you worry, I've got every angle covered on this one - what could possibly go wrong?

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON PSYCHIATRIST'S CHAIR - DAY

Patrick is sitting, looking into the camera, addressing it as he would a shrink.

PATRICK

What indeed?
Apart from a rival Russian gang
hijacking the truck, **and** taking the
cash the Evil Mrs. Jakobson just
gave us - nothing at all.

(laugh)

I guess it's about that time that
things started to get really messed
up for yours truly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

We see PATRICK and SERGEI running after the truck, shouting
at it as it drives away. Realizing they won't be catching up
with it, they stop and walk back to where MRS. JACKOBSON
stands by his car.

PATRICK

(frightened)

Mrs. Jakobson, Ma'am, you just saw
what happened right? I'm sure we
can work something out?

MRS. JACKOBSON just stares menacingly at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I can't believe they took our
money! Did you see that?! They
stole the money **and** the light bulbs
- Oh yeah, and U-Haul are not gonna
be happy when they find out that we
got their truck stolen either!

SERGEI

(quietly)

They don't know we have the truck.

PATRICK

Aw come on! You've gotta be kidding
me! The truck's stolen as well?!

MRS. JACKOBSON

I am guessing that it is just not
your night Mr. O'Shea, those
people, they have taken everything -
including my money.

SERGEI

Technically speaking, it's **our**
money -

MRS. JACKOBSON leans threateningly over them. Reaches into
inside pocket.

MRS. JACKOBSON

(sinister)

A matter of perspective gentlemen.

(MORE)

MRS. JACKOBSON (CONT'D)
Still, I would very much like to hear your ideas about how you are going to get to get my merchandise back.

PATRICK
(conciliatory)
Mrs. Jacobson, there really is no need for unpleasantness. We are all adults here, and I'm sure that we can deal with this - er, incident - in a suitably grown-up manner.
(beat) I think that the best thing we can do here is -
(to SERGEI)
RUN!

PATRICK kicks MRS. JACKOBSON'S shin, then he and SERGEI run off.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE - NIGHT

STEPHEN (KYLIE'S boyfriend) walks in (handsome, sharp suit) and approaches SCHANDRA at the counter.

STEPHEN
Pardon me Ma'am, I'm looking for Kylie, she said to meet her here at nine thirty.

SCHANDRA
Hi. You must be Stephen?
She had to run out to get something from the store, she said she'll be back in fifteen.

STEPHEN
And you must be (air-quotes) 'Schandra the Coffee Shop lady' - Kylie's told me all about you!

SCHANDRA
(laughing)
I hope you don't believe **everything** she said! (beat)
Don't you just love that she loves kids so much!

STEPHEN
(nonplussed)
Pardon me?

SCHANDRA

(babbling)
She **insisted** on being Godmother to my son - and she takes that very, very seriously, even though he's fifteen now!

STEPHEN

Excuse me?

SCHANDRA

(over-compensating)
Yeah, Kylie - she loves those children! She just loves **everything** about those little adults - that's what she calls 'em - little adults!
(nervous laugh)
Why, she was just telling me this afternoon just -
(**slows down as she runs out of momentum**)
- how - much - she - loves (beat) them.

STEPHEN

(smiling)
Yeas, I **do** love that about Kylie - it is so wonderful that she spends her days teaching them, her evenings helping out at the orphanage -

SCHANDRA

The orphanage?

STEPHEN

- and not to mention her weekends volunteering at the children's hospital -

SCHANDRA

- I wasn't gonna mention it, believe me.

STEPHEN

(smitten sigh)
I only hope that she's not going to resent me taking her time away from all of that to spend time with my beautiful brood.

STEPHEN pulls out his wallet, to show SCHANDRA a picture of his kids.

SCHANDRA

I wouldn't worry about that at all Stephen, I'm sure there'll be no resentment -
(shock as she sees the photo)
You have six?!

STEPHEN

Yep,
(mutters to self)
Trust Kylie to hook up with Mr.
Damned Fertile!

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

SCHANDRA

I said, Kylie's one lucky lady,
landing a prize catch like you.

STEPHEN

(laughing)
Why thank you Schandra, that's very
nice of you to say so.

SCHANDRA

Don't mention it. Here's a triple
expresso, I think you're gonna need
it.

STEPHEN stands up.

STEPHEN

If you'll excuse me a minute, I
need to use your restroom.

STEPHEN goes to the bathroom at the rear of the Cafe. PATRICK
and SERGEI run in, They sit in the farthest, darkest corner
of the cafe, hiding their faces behind newspapers. HAROLD
joins them.

KYLIE bursts through the door, clearly upset. She dashes to
the table, grabs her hand sanitizer.

KYLIE

(hysterical)
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god! It
touched me, it touched me! It
touched my freakin' hand!

SCHANDRA

Hey! Calm down! Are you OK? Have
you been attacked?

KYLIE

Have I?
(breathing erratically)
I was coming out of the store and
there was this dreadful woman with
two
(struggles to utter the
word)
- **children** - why can't these people
keep their disgusting offspring at
home?!

STEPHEN comes out of the bathroom, KYLIE has her back to him,
she is smothering her hands with the sanitizer. SCHANDRA
tries to indicate that he is there.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(ranting)
- and the revolting, grubby little thing touched me. IT TOUCHED ME! And the mother - she just laughed and said "aw, he likes you" - you know, like people say when their dumb little dog humps your leg?! "He likes you"! (beat) Well, he can **like** the nurses down at the ER.

SCHANDRA

(shocked)
You didn't - ?

KYLIE

He fell over. (beat)
I never want to see another one of those horrible things as long as I live! (beat)
(emulates Indiana Jones' snake/airplane scene)
I hate kids Schandra, I HATE THEM!
(pause)
He's behind me, isn't he?

SCHANDRA nods. KYLIE turns around.

STEPHEN

(hurt)
Well, if it isn't Indiana Jones and the Lying Bitches.
(pause)
I'm disappointed in you Kylie. All I can say is that I am pleased that I found this out now, **before** I introduced you to my children.
(sighs)
Just what kind of replacement mother would you have been for them?

KYLIE

(defensive)
Is that all you wanted from me? To be a mother for your kids?

STEPHEN

(justifying)
Well, not **just** that my sweetheart.
(pause)
But, you do know I'm busy building my practice and I'm gonna need support for me and my kids - I thought a young school teacher would be perfect.

KYLIE

(angry)
I really don't believe you! All this time, you were checking me out to play Mom - and you never once asked me how I felt about that?!
(MORE)

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Well, let me tell you something
Bucko! One day, I'm gonna want
kids, and hopefully I'll be able to
stand the damned things - but I'll
never - NEVER - want yours - not if
they're going to turn out to be
narcissistic, entitled,
chauvinistic, assholes like you!

(pause)

Now - I suggest that you leave
before I kick you down the stairs
as well!

(to SCHANDRA who looks at
her shocked)

Oh, don't look so surprised!

STEPHEN looks disdainfully at her, walks briskly past her to
leave, looking around to give SCHANDRA the "call me" signal.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(shouts after STEPHEN)

Dick!

He gets to the door, is pushed back in by MRS. JAKOBSON,
brandishing a gun. She turns the "closed" sign around.

MRS. JAKOBSON

(to STEPHEN)

Nobody leaves. Go sit down.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE - NIGHT

We see STEPHEN (looking worried) sitting at a table adjacent
to KYLIE.

KYLIE

Well, this *is* awkward.

MRS. JAKOBSON sits with HAROLD, PATRICK and SERGEI. SCHANDRA
stands behind the counter, looking scared.

MRS. JAKOBSON

(sinister/friendly)

Now, assuming that I believe you
two jokers had nothing to do with
the - **misappropriation** - of my
merchandise -

PATRICK

(scared, interrupts)

- nothing at all Mrs. Jakobson! I
mean, why would we steal stolen
property anyway? - we had a deal!
(frightened laugh)

MRS. JAKOBSON
(impatient)
- as I was saying, I now have
neither my money, nor my light
bulbs.
(pause)
And that, gentlemen, is **your**
problem.

HAROLD
But, we don't even know who
hijacked us - they could be
anywhere!

MRS. JAKOBSON
(laughs)
I know exactly who stole my
property, and I know precisely
where they are hiding the truck.
(pauses thoughtfully)
And **you** are going to get it back.

PATRICK
Wait a minute Mrs. Jakobson! We
kept our part of the bargain - and
this is more your area of expertise
- you **know** the right people.

MRS. JAKOBSON
Yes, I do. I know you Patrick, and
your associates here. (beat) And
you are the people who are going to
retrieve my light bulbs.
(laughs)

MRS. JAKOBSON hands HAROLD a slip of paper.

MRS. JAKOBSON (CONT'D)
Here is the address, **you** have to
midnight to bring me the truck and
its contents -
(to PATRICK)
- you are coming with me, as
collateral.
(to HAROLD)
You can take anyone here with you -
except Patrick, of course -
(to ALL)
- and no one else leaves here until
I say so; I have a man watching
this place, and if anyone other
than the Accountant -

HAROLD
- tax attorney. I'm a tax attorney.

MRS. JAKOBSON points the gun at him. Scared, HAROLD shuts up.

MRS. JACKOBSON
- **anyone** attempts to leave, he'll
start shooting.

PATRICK
There really is no need to do this.
I can just get you some new light
bulbs -

MRS. JAKOBSON leans into PATRICK'S face.

MRS. JAKOBSON
(menacing)
I don't want **new** light bulbs, I
want **those** light bulbs.
(to HAROLD)
So, you had better pick your
accomplice, and go get them.
Otherwise I'll be mailing your
friend here back to you in small
pieces.

SERGEI
How small? Are you talking body
parts, or through the mincer?

PATRICK
Will you shut up!?

JACKOBSON
Very, very small.
(sinister laugh)
So, I suggest that you select your
partner wisely...

FADE TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

We see HAROLD and SCHANDRA by the truck, illuminated only by
HAROLD'S flashlight.

SCHANDRA
- just break the damned window!

HAROLD
OK, OK! Stop shouting at me!

HAROLD swings his flashlight at the window. The flashlight
smashes, they are plunged into darkness.

SCHANDRA
(pause)
Oh, for Christ's sakes!

SCHANDRA turns on her cellphone light.

SCHANDRA (CONT'D)
I'd swear God put you on this
planet just to piss me off!

HARDOLD

(upset)
I never did this before - I'm
sorry, OK?

SCHANDRA

(deep breath, calmly)
OK, I apologize for shouting at
you. But please understand that you
just broke our only flashlight, and
we have a half hour to get this
truck to Mrs. Jakobson before he
starts cutting pieces off of
Patrick - so I'm entitled to be
just a little bit edgy here!
(shouts)
So go find a damned brick!

CUT TO:

INT. JAKOBSON'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

PATRICK is sitting in an office chair. MRS. JAKOBSON stands
in front of him. PATRICK is attempting to keep the mood
light.

PATRICK

Are you sure Mr. Jakobson won't
mind you staying out so late?
(nervous laugh)
If you'd like to let me go and get
off home, I wouldn't mind.

MRS. JAKOBSON

(blunt/sinister)
Mr. Jakobson fell in love with a
younger woman and he died.

Awkward silence.

PATRICK

(nervous)
Ahhh - so - Mrs. Jakobson - I'm
guessing you have been keeping up
with America's Got Talent? - you
look like a talent show kinda gal
to me.

MRS. JACKOBSON

Excuse me?

PATRICK

Just tryin' to keep things nice
here Ma'am, just because you're
pointing a gun at me in a secluded
warehouse, doesn't mean we can't be
friends?
(nervous laugh)
So, do you watch the show?

MRS. JACKOBSON

(deadpan)
If you mean 'America's Got Hard
Luck Stories'? Then no, no I do
not.

(pause)
These shows, they have nothing to
do with talent, it is all about who
has the most depressing back story.
(laughs)

PATRICK

Now, that is very cynical of you
Mrs. Jakobson, if you don't mind me
saying so.

MRS. JACKOBSON

Then explain to me how come week
in, week out, they parade - on
prime time television - ex-drug
addicts, kids from the ghettos in
dance groups, special needs people
who cannot sing -

PATRICK

(nervous laugh)
- of course there's always gonna be
the sympathy element, but talent
always wins out in the end!

MRS. JACKOBSON

So who did you vote for?

PATRICK

An eleven year old blind girl with
a prosthetic leg who's seeing-eye
dog died - (beat) on stage.

MRS JAKOBSON laughs, it echoes around the warehouse.

Establishing shot of the eco-light bulbs illuminating the
warehouse - the same ones as at the House O'Coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

HAROLD and SCHANDRA are sitting in the truck; SCHANDRA with
her hands on the steering wheel, staring forwards, HAROLD
staring at her. We see that it is ten minutes to midnight on
SCHANDRA's watch. There is a small white box of light bulbs
between the seats.

SCHANDRA

You're waiting for me to hot wire
the truck, aren't you?

HAROLD

I thought you'd know how, because,
well, you know -

SCHANDRA
I know damn well what you thought!

Awkward pause.

HAROLD
Well, can you?

SCHANDRA
No Harold! No I can't! (beat) So
thanks to you, it looks like
Patrick's gonna be a human jigsaw!
(sighs)
Let's go, maybe we can reason with
Mrs. Jakobson. I'll take these to
prove that at least we tried.

She grabs the box, opens the truck door.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKOBSON'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A watch alarm sounds. MRS. JAKOBSON walks towards PATRICK,
reaching for her gun.

MRS. JAKOBSON
It would appear that our time is up
Patrick. (beat) such a shame, I was
enjoying our - how do you call it? -
banter?

PATRICK
(panicking)
They'll be here Mrs. Jackobson, I
promise! There's no need to -

MRS. JAKOBSON
There is every reason Mr. O'Shea.
You people have to know that I am a
woman of my word.

PATRICK
Don't you think that you may be
over reacting a little here?
(nervous laugh)
They're only light bulbs.

MRS. JAKOBSON
(serious)
Do you honestly think that I'd be
going to all of this trouble for a
few bulbs?
(laughs)
I'm afraid that your friend Sergei
acquired them from the Russians,
who imported them from China, via
Afghanistan.

PATRICK

Ah, there ya go - I can get you far better quality bulbs than that Chinese trash -

MRS. JACKOBSON

- they are filled with top-grade cocaine Patrick - worth over three million of your American dollars on the streets -

PATRICK

(mutters, to himself)
Sergei, you're a prick.

MRS. JAKOBSON

Indeed - and that is why your people have to be shown that I always carry out my **promises**, otherwise, what will happen to my reputation in this town?

(smiles)

And perhaps, they will appear before I have to cut off anything too (beat) vital?

MRS. JAKOBSON reaches for her gun. Suddenly, a light bulb pops, plunging the whole warehouse into darkness, save for a small fire on the ceiling where the bulb was.

FX: sounds of a scuffle, angry voices, running. A gun shot.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE - NIGHT

The clock behind the counter reads 1:06am. SERGEI, KYLIE, and STEPHEN are sitting at tables by the window - peering outside. Awkward atmosphere between KYLIE and STEPHEN.

STEPHEN

Is he still out there?

KYLIE

Yeah, as soon as he goes, we should all to make a break for it.

(pause)

And don't you ask me anything again, I'm so not talking to you.

SERGEI

Are you positive he's an Estonian hitman Kylie? He looks just like a hobo to me.

KYLIE

Aha! That's exactly what he **wants** you to think!

SERGEI

I'm telling you, that is definitely a hobo - why else would he squatting down like that - is he? - Oh my God, he's pulled his pants down!

KYLIE

Oh yeah, and that cop's approaching him, you really shouldn't walk up behind a guy taking a -

ALL

Ewwwww!
(pause to see horrified expressions)

HAROLD and SCHANDRA burst in, SCHANDRA carrying the white box.

KYLIE

(relieved)
Oh my God! Am I glad to see you guys!?

SERGEI

Ya, us too, she's been driving us crazy with her fake hitman.

SCHANDRA

You meet the hobo outside taking a dump on a cop?
(laughs)

KYLIE

Never mind who's taking a dump on who! Did you get Mr. Jakobson's light bulbs back?

HAROLD

Not exactly.

SERGEI

What do you mean, 'not exactly'?

SCHANDRA

He means no. No we didn't.

ALL

(shocked)
What?

SCHANDRA

Don't panic!
(pause)
Look, we've heard nothing from Jakobson or her thugs, and I'm guessing that you guys haven't received any packages containing Patrick's body parts -

KYLIE

I was hoping they'd send his pinkie
finger first like they do in the
movies. In a little red engagement
ring box. Tied with a pink ribbon.
(beat)

(sighs)

That would be so romantic.

HAROLD

Knowing Patrick, he's probably
charmed his way out of it, like he
always does.

(laughs)

SERGEI

Ya. It is as I suspected, Jakobson
was just trying to scare us.

(pause)

After all, a big time gangster like
her is not gonna go all Godfather
on our asses for something so small
time. It is only a few light bulbs.

(laughs)

SCHANDRA

Let's go home people - Patrick will
turn up in his own sweet time.

They all walk towards the door, KYLIE stops to collect her
papers. STEPHEN hangs back, smiles at SCHANDRA.

HAROLD

You gonna be OK Schandra? It's been
quite an eventful night.

SCHANDRA

Yeah, I'll be fine.

STEPHEN

I'll make sure she gets home safe -
it's the least I can do.

SCHANDRA

Thank you Stephen, I appreciate
that.

(sighs)

I just can't shake the feeling that
I let Patrick down.

HAROLD

(smiles)

He'll be OK - he always is. Now
come on, lock up and get the hell
out of here.

SCHANDRA places the white box on the counter, switches the
lights off. She leaves with STEPHEN.

CUT TO:

Finale:

INT. HOUSE O'COFFEE - DAY

Close up of a waste bin containing energy-saving bulbs. Another one is thrown in, clattering loudly. We pan out, see SCHANDRA up a step ladder changing light bulbs, KYLIE waiting at the counter while HAROLD struggles with the cappuccino machine. SERGEI sits in the far corner, hidden behind a newspaper.

The TV is on, we hear the report:

TV V/O

Firefighters battled through the night to contain the warehouse fire at the Dock area, putting out the last of the flames at six Central time. Police have confirmed that a body, as yet unidentified, has been removed from the burned out building, a tragic victim of a blaze thought to be started by faulty light bulbs. A spokesman for the City fire department said -

TV voice fades into background.

STEPHEN walks in, followed in by a guy in a dark suit - FBI GUY.

STEPHEN

(to KYLIE)

There you are sweetie! I was hoping I'd catch you before you went to work.

KYLIE

(cold)

Hello Stephen. What do you want?

STEPHEN

I wanted to apologize for last night.

(deep breath)

I think we both said things that we didn't mean - except you, possibly. I've had time to think about how much we mean to each other and I think we should start afresh, with a clean slate and such.

KYLIE

(serious)

It won't work, I still feel the same about kids.

(shudders)

STEPHEN
(indignant)
Kylie, my love. It took having sex
with Schandra last night to realize
just how much that doesn't matter
right now -

KYLIE
(horrified)
- you slept with Schandra?

STEPHEN
It meant nothing sweetie, it was
just soulless, physical lust -
probably a reaction to facing death
in here last night.

SCHANDRA climbs down off her ladder, STEPHEN has his back to
her.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
(laughing)
You gotta believe me, it was just a
rebound thing. You were mad at me,
I was angry, she was easy.
(snorts)
Very easy, as it happens - not
surprising I suppose, considering
her weight problem. And needy!
(beat) Jeez, she really is gonna
have to improve her technique if
she's going to find someone to see
past all **that** desperation!

KYLIE
(to SCHANDRA)
How could you?

SCHANDRA
Low self esteem?

STEPHEN turns around slowly. SCHANDRA kicks him hard in the
balls. He collapses.

KYLIE
(to STEPHEN)
She's my best friend. **You** are a
monster. (beat) Get the Hell out of
my life.

STEPHEN leaves (in pain), pushing past FBI GUY who walks over
to SERGEI.

FBI GUY
Hello Sergei.

SERGEI
Hey you! How is it - how you say? -
hanging?

FBI GUY

I heard about the theft of a truck
of light bulbs last night. It
sounds just like the sort of petty
larceny that would have your name
all over it.

SERGEI

Light bulbs?
(laughs)
Is this what you think I have
become? You think prison broke me
and all I can do now is steal light
bulbs?
(laughs louder)
You insult me!

SCHANDRA throws the last bulb in the trash can, walks behind
the counter, towards the light switch.

FBI GUY

(sinister smile)
These were some special bulbs
Sergei, very special, stolen from
the Russians - all the way from the
poppy fields - if you get my
meaning.

SCHANDRA

Now, let's see if these babies
work.

PATRICK bursts in through the door, just as she flicks the
switch.

PATRICK

(breathless, shouts)
NO!

SCHANDRA flicks the switch. The lights come on.

FX: A light bulb pops.

We see FBI GUY, standing over SERGEI, a cloud of white powder
settling on him.

CUT TO BLACK:

END CREDITS

MAIN CHARACTERS:

PATRICK O'SHEA:

Irish-American.

Our central character. He's a chancer, a wheeler-dealer, always got a scheme on the go - happy to bend the law to make a few bucks - lost all his money on Enron. He's a ladies man, has been divorced five years now (his ex-wife is EVIL - they have kids but he can't see them). Patrick uses the House O' Coffee as his 'office'/base of operations.

Involves his friends in his schemes and misadventures.

SERGEI:

Russian.

He is our gay character who has a major crush on Harold. He is a minor player in the local Russian Mafia, and can 'acquire' things on the black market - which he sells to/through Patrick.

He is recently out of prison and under the watchful eye of the Feds.

HAROLD (Harry):

White, middle-class American.

He is a tax attorney. He is married, but his wife has OCD and keeps their house immaculately clean (almost to the point of "show-house sterility") - so she actively discourages him from going home (hence he spends most of his time at the House O' Coffee).

Harold is quite refined, dresses far older than his 30+ years, appears boring with little of interest to say (apart from his occasional conspiracy theory) - but loves to hear about Patrick's exploits (living vicariously!) - does allow himself to be sucked in though, as he tries to 'fit in'.

SCHANDRA:

African-American.

Barrista/owner of the Coffee Shop. Ex-husband was abusive. She bought the place when she divorced him and got a fat payout.

She is the central point character - stays (more or less) in one place).

She is a tough cookie, a savvy business woman (although remarkably 'soft' when it comes to Patrick). Often reflects on the rudeness of customers.

KYLIE:

Half cuban, half white american, very pretty.

School teacher who hates kids - to the point of obsession (e.g. she puts on latex gloves - supplied to her by Liz - to mark her kid's books) - became a teacher as aversion therapy ("my shrink suggested it - like when they put spiders on your hand, starting with the small ones...") - working her way up - because she knows that she's going to have to have them some day! (working my way up from Kindergarten - by the time I get to Twelfth Grade, I should be OK)

Kylie lives in a grubby apartment Downtown, so prefers to spend her time in the House O' Coffee, marking papers, relaxing and enjoying the group!