

THIS IS WORKING

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. ELEGANT SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

It's morning. BYRON (African-American, chubby, 30s) sits at a kitchen table in his bathrobe, sketching with COLORED PENCILS. He's just begun a drawing of a HUMMINGBIRD. The detail is remarkable. He's very good at this.

His girlfriend, JANE (Chinese-American), sets a bowl of berries beside him. After a long, sad look at the berries...

BYRON
Think I could have a waffle?

JANE
You had a waffle on Sunday.

BYRON
What if it's buckwheat?

JANE
Byron.

BYRON
What if I make it myself?

JANE
(more sternly)
Byron.

BYRON
I know. Sorry.

He goes back to drawing.

INT. BUSY DINER - DAY

Byron is now at a BOOTH, still drawing.

In the next booth sits AMANDA (White, 30s). She's in her own world, until she catches a glimpse of Byron's drawing: a gory rendering of a PRAYING MANTIS removing a HUMMINGBIRD'S WING.

She recoils, disturbed. But can't help leaning in for another look. Just then a WAITRESS arrives to take Byron's order.

WAITRESS
There he is!

BYRON
Hey Carol.

WAITRESS
What can I getcha?

BYRON
Um. A waffle please.

The Waitress casts a suspicious look.

WAITRESS
Hold on a sec'.

She steps out of earshot to confer with two other WAITRESSES.
After a minute she returns to the booth.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Chrissy says you had a waffle last
Thursday?

BYRON
I guess so.

WAITRESS
We talked about this, honey.

BYRON
I know, I just have a big morning
at work and --

WAITRESS
Diabetes is the #1 killer of
African-American men in their
thirties. You gotta take this stuff
seriously.

BYRON
Yeah but --

WAITRESS
I'll make you a nice parfait.

BYRON
Okay.

Amanda decides to intervene. She has a thick BOSTON ACCENT.

AMANDA
Just give him the waffle.

WAITRESS
Excuse me?

AMANDA
He wants a waffle, so give him a
waffle.

WAITRESS
If you don't mind, I'm talking to
my friend here.

Amanda rolls her eyes.

AMANDA
You're not friends.

WAITRESS
(challenging)
Are we friends, Byron?

Byron isn't exactly convincing when put on the spot.

BYRON
Sure. When you see me, you say "Hey
Byron." And then I say "Hey Carol."

WAITRESS
See?

AMANDA
Totally.

WAITRESS
As your friend, I think you should
have a parfait.

BYRON
I'm not sure a parfait has anything
to do with friendship.

AMANDA
Sure it does. I'm a stranger and I
just undermined her. Now you have
to order the parfait out of
loyalty. That's what a "friend"
would do.

WAITRESS
So can I get you that parfait?

AMANDA
Or do want the one fucking thing
you came here for... a waffle.

After a tortured beat, Byron renders his decision.

BYRON
Thing is, Carol, I just have a
really big morning at work.