

TILLIE'S ALL NIGHT BEAN MACHINE final script

By

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3 TILLIE'S ALL NIGHT BEAN MACHINE - EPISODE 1: JOB FAIR 3
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4 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN TABLE TOP 4
OVERHEAD C.U. - TABLE TOP

A coffee mug is abruptly placed on the counter, coffee is poured into it.

Tillie appears as an apparition in the coffee. She speaks to the camera

TILLIE
(irritable)
Hello, I'm Tillie. Six months ago
my husband Max quit his high-paying
job as a litigation lawyer

5 INSERT - MAX IN A SUIT 5

6 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 6
WIDE MASTER SHOT FROM WEST ENTRANCE

TILLIE
And bought a coffee shop. This
coffee shop. He named it after me.
I asked him not to.

DOLLY IN, PAST EMPTY CHAIRS - IN SEMI-DARKNESS

Unintelligible VOICES of Max and Tillie emanate from the kitchen. An argument is in progress.

TILLIE (V.O.)
I would have preferred that Max
keep the job that paid for our
hi-rise condo, our matching
Cadillacs and our time share in
South Beach. But suddenly, out of
nowhere, he decided he had -- to --
sell -- coffee.

The ARGUMENT grows more heated as the camera draws near the counter.

CRASH of mugs shattering.

EMPTY COFFEE bags fly from pass-through window.

TILLIE (V.O.)
 During one of our "discussions"
 about his incredibly stupid career
 change - his experimental, high
 pressure espresso machine ... blew
 ... up.

TILLIE (O.S.)
 Five thousand dollars for a coffee
 maker?!

MAX (O.S.)
 Yes -- well -- it's custom made.

TILLIE (O.S.)
 You mean it does something besides
 boil water?

MAX
 Don't touch that!

An explosion blows debris and smoke out of the pass-through.

TILLIE (V.O.)
 I was killed instantly. Max
 received injuries to his brain that
 changed him from a misguided
 dumb-ass to an all-out lunatic.

7 MAX CRAWLS OUT OF THE KITCHEN DOOR, FOLLOWED BY A PLUME OF SMOKE. 7

8 P.O.V. - MAX 8
 Perry towers over him.

PERRY
 I need a refill. Do you mind?

END FLASHBACK

9 PRESENT 9

Max leans over the counter, head in hands. Startled he looks up.

SUPER: 3:02AM

Perry stands there waving his empty mug.

PERRY

Refill?

10 DOLLY BACK FROM COUNTER, PAST PATRONS - MORE LIGHT 10

**** brief credits ****

Max fills Perry's cup.

Walks to

11 FAR END OF COUNTER 11

A picture of Tillie is surrounded by candles. Max reverently lights them. He picks up a cup full of coffee beans and rattles it to the left, the right, the center in front of the picture.

TILLIE'S LIVE IMAGE APPEARS IN PHOTO, SPEAKS TO CAMERA

TILLIE

Now that he's completely insane, my husband's brilliant plan is to bring me back from the dead with some kind of caffeine-based voodoo bullshit ... what a dumb-ass.

Max mumbles and bobs up and down, moans, shakes the can.

DOLORES (O.S.)

Hello?

TILLIE

My plan is to constantly appear when he least expects it and tell him what a loser he is.

Tillie makes the "L" symbol on her forehead.

TILLIE

And remind him how he blew up his wife with an illegally modified espresso machine that he had no business messing with.

DOLORES (O.S.)

HELLO?

12 FAR END OF COUNTER 12

Max stops moving, quivers.

TILLIE
Slowly driving him insane with
guilt.

Max begins gentle sobbing, along with bobbing and shaking
the can.

DOLORES (O.S.)
Is somebody back there?
HEEELLLOOO!!

Max snuffles, collects himself, goes to the counter

13 FOLLOW MAX TO COUNTER 13

Dolores stands at the counter, waiting irritably for a
response. She's confident, with shades of desperate.

DELORES
I'd like to speak to the owner.

14 P.O.V. - MAX 14

HER FACE BECOMES TILLIE'S

TILLIE
(snarls)
You killed me, Maxwell - where's
the love?!

15 P.O.V. DOLORES 15

MAX
(yelps)
Ahh!

16 INSERT - TILLIE'S SHRINE 16

Tillie cackles evilly.

17 P.O.V. - MAX 17

DOLORES RETURNS TO NORMAL

18 RETURN TO SCENE 18

Max blinks, bewildered.

Delores quickly becomes irritable.

DOLORES
Se habla Espanol?

MAX
What?

DOLORES
(wearily, to herself)
Oh god.
(to Max)
Where's -- the -- owner?

MAX
Uh ...

DOLORES
Donde está el dueño?

Dolores sighs, holds up a "HELP WANTED" sign - apparently taken from the window.

MAX
Oh.

CUT TO

19 TABLE 19

Dolores sits down.

Max places an employment application on the table.

Delores takes out a pen, begins filling in the name.

Max reappears with a mug and a carafe

DOLORES
(perfunctory)
No thanks.

Stricken, Max slowly turns and walks away.

20 INT. TILLI'S BEAN COUNTER 20

Max pours a mug of coffee. Stares fearfully down into its murky depths.

Tillie appears.

TILLIE

Hello, loser. Aren't you out of business yet?

21 P.O.V. MUG 21

MAX

I'm hiring an assistant.

22 BACK TO SCENE 22

TILLIE

I noticed. And what's the little darling's name?

23 INSERT 23

Various names on Delores' application have been crossed out repeatedly.

24 TABLE 24

Delores scribbles, scratches out, scribbles again. There are several different names listed and crossed out.

Dolores tries them on for size.

DELORES

(to herself)

Jackie, Cindy, Lori, Cathy, Kelly,
Mel -- issa?

Dolores flips the paper over, starts writing on the back.

DELORES

(to herself)

Maybe last names. Johnson? Me may
ma ma, Murphy? Meyerhoff?
B-B-B-Beaumont? Fraz-- It would
really help if I could remember.

25 P.O.V. MUG 25
Max stares into the mug.
MAX
I don't know her name.

26 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 26
Dolores scribbles.
PERRY (O.S.)
Minerva.
Dolores looks up, discovers Perry watching her.
DOLORES
(terse)
What?
PERRY
I think Minerva's a delightful
name.
DELORES
(not thankful)
Thanks.

27 THE WINDOW 27
BERGER(35) stands outside, observing Dolores. Berger's
serious, observant, a bit spooky.
He turns and walks into the coffee shop.

28 INT. TILLI'S BEAN COUNTER 28
Max steps back from the mug.
MAX
(to mug)
I am not hiring a woman so I can
have sex with her!

29 EVERYONE LOOKS AT MAX. 29

30 BERGER 30

Stops just inside the door, not sure he wants to go further.

31 DOLORES' TABLE 31

Dolores just shakes her head and works on her name choosing.

PERRY
(cheerily)
He's insane, dontcha know.

Dolores looks up at Perry with a "please leave me alone, you freakish old coot" look.

PERRY
Ever since he killed his wife.

Dolores looks back at Max, leaning over the mug, murmuring.

MAX
(to mug)
You know I love you, I always loved
you.

TILLIE
Then what about the Mister Coffee
shrapnel in my forehead, beans for
brains?

Max stands back abruptly, reaches under the counter and
grabs some Sweet'n'Low packets.

TILLIE
What are you doing?

He tears them all open simultaneously --

TILLIE
Not the Sweet'n'Low. Nooooooo!

-- and pours them into the mug.

She disappears in a cloud of artificial sweetner.

MAX
I can only take so much!

Max gives a righteous nod, takes the mug to the sink and
dumps it.

Perry has joins Dolores at the table.

She flips the application back and forth, pairing first and last names.

PERRY
(impatient)
Come on, come on, let's hear some.

DOLORES
Jackie -- uh ... Johnson.

PERRY
Sounds like a hostess at a
Tupperware party. No.

He smacks the table. She's somewhat taken aback by his terse reply.

DOLORES
Kimberly -- Beaumont.

Enchanted, Perry rises, demonstrates Kimberly with grace and hand waving.

PERRY
(gleaming)
Kimberly Beaumont. Kiiiiimberly.
Sounds like a Prom Queen. Dazzling,
ethereal. What every girl aspires
to --

DOLORES
Forget it. Mary -- er, Feinstein?

Perry snaps out of his reverie, flops down in his chair.

PERRY
You know, I don't believe you've
put much thought into this, Ms.
Feinstein.

She scratches out Feinstein.

PERRY
How about --

DOLORES
Becky -- Stardust ... no?

PERRY
Are you some kind of hillbilly
hooker, Ms. Stardust?

DOLORES
(honestly perplexed)
I don't know.

Perry heaves a sigh, gets up to leave.

PERRY
Ta ta.

Dolores scrutinizes the remaining names.

DOLORES
Madison.

Perry sits down.

PERRY
First name or last?

DOLORES
Last?

Perry ponders.

PERRY
Better ...

She flips to the front page.

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| DOLORES | PERRY |
| Lisa Madison, Tracy | No. No. No ... |
| Madison, Eleanor Madison. | |
| Margarita Madison. | |

Perry makes a sour face gets up to leave again.

PERRY
Margarita? Excuse me, I've got to
go stick a nail in my eardrum.

DOLORES
Dolores.

Perry sits down again.

PERRY
Now that's a keeper.

35 MAIN FLOOR 35

Berger backs away as Perry picks the gun off the floor and holds it by the barrel, like a dirty sock.

PERRY
I have to pee now.

Berger discreetly takes the gun and conceals it.

Perry saunters off to the bathroom.

36 COUNTER 36

Dolores slaps the application down on the counter, scribbles and all. Max comes over, peruses it. Frowns.

MAX
Uh ... Miss ...?

Perry passes Max and Dolores at the counter.

PERRY
(to Max)
Hire her. She's got a great name.

DOLORES
(to Max)
Uh, Dolores Madison.

PERRY (O.S.)
I'm lovin' it.

MAX
(examining the application)
Excuse me?

DOLORES
That's my name. Dolores Madison.

Max looks over the scribbled names, rotates the page back and forth while trying to read the scrawl.

MAX
(deadpan)
Oh, I see. This one.

DOLORES
(trying to keep cool)
Uh ... yeah. Ignore the other ones.

Max frowns.

MAX
Dolores - uh, Dolly Madison?

Dolores obviously didn't consider this permutation. She blanks.

MAX
Like those delicious pies? You know
- apple, cherry, even lemon's
pretty good, you know I've been
thinking of adding pastries to the
menu and --

She comes back.

DOLORES
It's Dolores. Not ... Dol-ly.

MAX
So, no pies?

DOLORES
No pies.

Max looks over the rest of the application. Blank.

MAX
There's no job history. No --

DOLORES
I'm new in town.

MAX
How new?

DOLORES
Very new. Brand spanking new. Like
I was born five minutes ago.

MAX
Are you wanted by the police?

DOLORES
Maybe.

MAX
... oh.

DOLORES
And I need a place to stay. Like
here.

Max looks around.

MAX
This ... is a coffee shop. Perhaps
the YWCA could --

DOLORES
I need to stay here. Always.
Starting now.

Max considers this.

DOLORES
Starting now. Right now, start --

MAX
Well, you are the only applica --

DOLORES
I can scare off intruders.

Berger sits discreetly in another chair, this one nearer the
counter.

MAX
What int -- you mean the customers?

DOLORES
People who intrude, or, or protrude
-- look, don't you have a room or
something?

MAX
I ... suppose I --

DOLORES
Great. I'll get settled in.

Dolores hoists her duffle and heads towards the kitchen.

MAX
... But I haven't hired you yet.

He examines the names on the application.

MAX
Wanita Blastoma?

37 MAIN FLOOR

37

Berger watches her go, quickly moves to the counter.

Max puts away the application as Berger approaches.

MEDIUM SHOT

The gun tucked into his waist. Max doesn't see it.

Max returns. Berger smiles.

MAX

Yes?

38 TILLIE OPENING BLURB FROM Poured cup of coffee

38

TILLIE

Let's catch up, shall we? Me --
dead wife of coffee-shop-owning
moron. He --

Picture of MAX

TILLIE

Said moron. She --

Picture of DOLORES

TILLIE

Dolores, or Kelly, or Stardust, or
Margarita. Or Minnie Mouse, or
Eartha Kitt. Who knows... he --

Picture of PERRY

TILLIE

Some ... some old guy. With a
really -- big -- bladder.

Berger approaches the counter.

TILLIE

Now let's get this over with.

39 CUSTOMER

39

Drinks the coffee.

SUPER: 4:35AM

40 INT. TILLI'S BEAN COUNTER

40

Berger at the counter, as previously.

BERGER

(to Max)

I hear you need kitchen help.

MAX
Uh ... no?

BERGER
Counter help?

MAX
No.

BERGER
Tax help, rotate your tires,
lubricate your --

MAX
No. Where do you people come from?

BERGER
Come on, a big joint like this, you
gonna run it all with just you and
her?

MAX
Her? you mean, Ms. Blastoma?

Perry passes through on his way back from the john.

PERRY
Dolores.

TILLIE
Dolores!

MAX
Dolores. Well I haven't hired her
yet.

Berger flashes a faux charming smile.

Max scrutinizes him.

MAX
Do you have any experience? At
anything? Mister, uh ...

BERGER
Berger. With an E. I have a
graduate degree in commercial food
service management, event catering
and shellfish husbandry.

MAX
We don't serve shellfish. Uh ...
I'm a vegetarian.

Tillie's face briefly appears, superimposed on Berger's face.

41 P.O.V. MAX 41

TILLIE
I've seen you choke down a twenty
ounce t-bone, you filthy liar!
Vegetarian my ass!

42 P.O.V. BERGER 42

MAX
Enough already!

43 BACK TO SCENE 43

Berger's unnerved by this outburst, but maintains eye contact.

BERGER
Did I say shellfish husbandry? I
meant convection oven repair.

MAX
Did you?

Berger's trying to say exactly the right thing, whatever that is.

BERGER
Doughnut lamination?

Max thinks.

MAX
(skeptical)
Well ... I do have a kitchen full
of equipment I don't know how to
use and a dangerously modified
espresso machine that's already
claimed one life.

Berger is momentarily bewildered.

BERGER
Wha --

MAX
It might kill again.

TILLIE
Only -- if -- you -- mess -- with
-- it!

BERGER
Where is it?

44 THE ESPRESSO MACHINE IN A DARK CORNER 44

Lights blinking.

45 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN COUNTER 45

Max leans towards Berger.

MAX
Watching. Waiting. For a chance to
kill again.

BERGER
You're kidding, right?

Max leans back, invites Berger to see the shrine to Tillie.

MAX
Its first victim. My wife.

Now Berger's really confused.

46 INT. KITCHEN 46

The coffee machine sits in a far corner. Small. Modified.
Menacing.

Max and Berger maintain a respectful distance.

MAX
I was attempting increase the
percolation pressure to three
thousand P S I --

BERGER
Are you insane?

PERRY (O.S.)
Yes he is.

BERGER

It's a coffee maker, not a nuclear reactor. At three thousand pounds per square inch you're just brewing a mug full of black hole ... where coffee can enter but never leave.

Max snickers, laughs quietly, insanely.

PERRY (O.S.)

Refill!

MAX

Excuse me. He's got a bladder like Lake Superior.

Max leaves.

Berger shifts from confused to intrigued. He steps towards the machine.

BERGER

Killer espresso machine, huh?

He smiles.

BERGER

Bring it on.

XXXXXXXXXXXXTRA

Max pours out a mug of coffee. He sticks the tip of his index finger in it, rolls his eyes in the back of his head.

Tillie appears.

TILLIE

What do you want, loser? I'm still dead, if that's what you're wondering. And get your finger out of my eye.

Max obliges. He leans tearfully over the mug.

47

MUG SHOT

47

MAX

I need your help, baby. I can't seem to get this thing off the ground.

48

BACK TO SCENE

48

Perry hears, starts to rise from his chair.

TILLIE

Well I told you to stick to
litigation, didn't I?

MAX

Yes. I'm sorry.

Perry slowly approaches.

PERRY

It's okay.

TILLIE

But you had to open a coffee shop,
didn't you?

MAX

Yes, I'm really sorry, honey.

PERRY

Let me make it better.

TILLIE

So what part of "bad idea" are you
having trouble with?

MAX

It's just kind of overwhelming.

PERRY

I'm here for you!

Perry embraces Max.

TILLIE

Who's this geezer, your new
boyfriend? This explains a lot.

Max fights off Perry. Perry releases him, stricken.

MAX

Do you mind? I'm trying to have a
conversation with my dead wife.

Max gestures at the coffee mug.

49 MUG SHOT 49

Perry looks into the mug.

50 BACK TO SCENE 50

51 P.O.V. PERRY 51

TILLIE
(Tillie sticks out her
tongue.)

52 MUG SHOT 52

Perry sticks out his. Tongue.

53 DREAM SEQUENCE 53

A dark, dreary basement. A dark form.

A bright light flicks on.

A woman tied to an office chair, her back to us. TORMENTOR enters, head out of frame. Spins the chair around. And around.

It's Dolores, tied to the chair.

DOLORES
Stop spinning the damn chair!

The Tormentor stops the chair, paces behind her.

TORMENTOR
You'll crack, they always do. In a matter of hours you'll be blubbering like a baby and you'll tell me everything.

DOLORES
Oh, I'm ready to tell you everything now. Like you smell. Your B.O. is making my lungs burn. You bring those armpits when you visit your mother? 'Cause that odor could peel the paint off --

Tormentor jams a doughnut in her mouth.

TORMENTOR

Enough! First question. I want you
to tell me --

He holds a mug of coffee in front of her face.

TORMENTOR

How you can make a cup of coffee
taste this bad.

Dolores' eyes bulge in terror.

MAX (O.S.)

Party's over, asshole.

Tormentor and Dolores look off screen.

54 INSERT SHOT - MAX IN DARKNESS, A LIGHT ACROSS HIS EYES. 54

MAX

Let her go and I won't ask for a
tip.

55 BACK TO SCENE 55

Dolores spits out the doughnut.

DOLORES

Will you just untie me you
loony-tune!

TORMENTOR

(to Max)

Tip? Are you nuts? This stuff
tastes like toad sweat.

Dolores turns to Tormentor.

DOLORES

Toad sweat? What the hell does that
taste like?

56 INSERT SHOT - MAX IN DARKNESS, A LIGHT ACROSS HIS EYES. 56

MAX

(thoughtful)

Toad sweat. I wonder if we can add
a dash of vanilla? Vanilla toad
sweat.

64 INT. DOLORES' BASEMENT ROOM 64

Lies on a cot in the basement of Tillie's. She tosses feverishly.

DOLORES
(to herself)
Untie me -- untie me --

Her eyes open.

Max peers down at her.

MAX
Could you come look at something?

Dolores SCREAMS.

65 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN STAIRWELL 65

Max and Dolores ascend the stairs.

DOLORES
Jesus, Max. You're not supposed to wake up a person in the middle of a nightmare. They could drop dead.

MAX
A nightmare?

DOLORES
Yeah with you and some guy with no head.

MAX
No head?

DOLORES
(impatient)
Yes. Sans head ... he seemed familiar, somehow.

MAX
Someone from your past?

DOLORES
Well, if he was from the future he'd be wearing a space suit, wouldn't he.

66 INT. TILLI'S BEAN COUNTER 66

Max slowly rises just above the counter. His nose rests on the edge.

67 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 67

He watches two well-dressed people sitting at a table, chatting amiably while looking around suspiciously. They are VIRGIL and BETTY.

68 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN COUNTER 68

Max nods frantically to Dolores, who stands up next to him.

DOLORES
Yeah, so what is it?

Max pulls her down to the counter level.

MAX
Look.

Dolores rests her nose as well, scans the room.

DOLORES
(muffled)
Just what am I looking at?

She rises enough for her mouth to clear the counter.

DOLORES
(exasperated)
Just what am I looking at?

A customer approaches.

Dolores sighs, rises and serves the customer. Max remains at counter level.

The customer pays, sniffs the mug suspiciously, leaves no tip.

Dolores glares at the tip jar, growls at the exiting customer.

DOLORES
Thanks for the tip!

Let's say Virgil and Betty.

BETTY

So you'd recommend the Glock over the Sig-Sauer?

BERGER

Oh, definitely. I mean you lose some stopping power, but with the control you gain by having less torque on recoil, well, you can actually hit what you're aiming at.

Affable chuckles all around.

VIRGIL

Fascinating.

BERGER

So, you folks are actually from Starbuck's?

VIRGIL

(frozen smile)

Yes. We are. We're Starbucks Secret Shoppers.

BERGER

Then shouldn't you be secret shopping at Starbucks?

BETTY

Uh -- Ah --

BERGER

Just because you both seem to know an awful lot about small-arms performance.

BETTY

Well you're the one holding the coffee pot and packing a forty-five.

BERGER

Does it show?

BETTY

There's only two things that bulge like that.

Berger's flattered.

BERGER
Well, thank you.

He frowns.

BERGER
I think.

73 INT. TILLIE'S BEAN COUNTER

73

Berger approaches the counter.

DOLORES
(to Berger)
Who are you?

MAX
(to Berger)
Who are they?

BERGER
(to Dolores)
I work here.
(to Max)
They're from Starbuck's.

DOLORES
I've never seen you before.

MAX
Starbuck's customers?

BERGER
(to Dolores)
Well, likewise.
(to Max)
I think they're from corporate.

MAX
Oh my God, they're here to steal
the secret formula.

DOLORES
(to Max)
I'll take care of this.

BERGER
(to Max)
You have a secret formula?

Dolores grimly starts for the table.

74 THE TABLE 74

Virgil and Betty watch with amusement.

BETTY
Here she comes.

Berger tries to stop her.

BERGER
Hey, wait a min --

Dolores pokes him in the solar plexus and smacks him in the forehead.

75 THE TABLE 75

VIRGIL
Remind me again why we're tracking her?

76 MAIN FLOOR 76

Dolores is having a hard time getting through the tables.

77 BACK TO SCENE 77

BETTY
She's a dangerous government assassin.

VIRGIL
She looks like a pissed off bakery chef.

Dolores roars up.

DOLORES
All right you two clam-diggers.

She points to the door.

DOLORES
Outta here --

They rise.

VIRGIL
(to Dolores)
It's time to change the kitty litter.

Dolores FAINTS

BETTY
What the hell was that?

VIRGIL
Her secret CIA start code. Once she receives it, she's activated and mission-ready.

Man nudges the unconscious Dolores with his toe.

VIRGIL
Apparently it doesn't quite work.

BETTY
It's time to change the kitty litter? Are you sure that's correct.

BERGER (O.S.)
Hold it!

Berger steps forward, gun drawn and trained on them.

BETTY
Well that seems a bit small.

Berger's focus is thrown.

BERGER
What?

Berger is bumped to one side as Max enters, menacingly waving a large spoon.

MAX
You can't have the secret formula.

VIRGIL
(puzzled)
We don't want it.

Virgil turns to Betty.

VIRGIL
Do we?

Betty sighs and pulls out her PDA.

BETTY
Uh ... secret army base -- secret invasion plans -- secret decoder
(MORE)

BETTY (cont'd)
ring -- no, nothing about a secret
formula.

VIRGIL
(to Max)
Nope, we don't want it.

MAX
(taken aback)
Oh. Well then excuse me.

Max leaves.

BERGER
Yeah, I should be getting back to
-- you know --

He looks at his gun with disgust, puts it away, exits.

Betty points at Dolores

BETTY
What about her?

VIRGIL
I'm not worried. We know where she
works.

BETTY
(scoffs)
Who drinks coffee at three in the
morning?

They leave.

Dolores slowly comes to, raises herself up on one arm. Looks
around.

Back behind the counter, Max and Berger just stare at her.
Dolores finally notices.

DOLORES
(indignant)
Is there a man in the house?

Perry flutters up from his seat.

PERRY
I am a man.

DOLORES
 (resigned)
 I guess you'll have to do.

She extends an arm for him to help her up. He does.

BERGER
 (to Max)
 I could've done that.

MAX
 Is that a gun?

Berger puts it away quickly.

BERGER
 No.

Max is almost convinced.

END OF EPISODE 2

78 EPISODE 3

78

TILLIE
 Great. Another caffeine junkie,
 wandering in to get his fix. My
 husband the drug dealer, and his
 weird little assistants are gonna
 hook him right up.

79 MAIN FLOOR

79

Slo-Mo is halfway across the floor.

PERRY
 (to Slo-Mo)
 What the hell is your problem?

80 INT. RESTROOM HALL

80

Dolores and Berger start to leave restrooms, see each other
 and stop, heads sticking out from doors.

DOLORES
 Excuse me, but what exactly is your
 shift? When are you scheduled?

BERGER
I'm here when he's here --

DOLORES
He?

BERGER
Max.

81 MAIN ROOM 81

SHOT - FROM HALL - OF MAX AT THE COUNTER - SLO-MO OOF in foreground.

82 BACK TO SCENE 82

DOLORES
Right. ... But he's here
twenty-four seven.

BERGER
The place is open twenty-four
seven. As well as three hundred and
sixty-five --

DOLORES
I know -- I know that. So when do
you go home?

Dolores opens her door.

BERGER
I ... do you live here?

DOLORES
What makes you think tha --

BERGER
You're wearing a bathrobe and
carrying a toothbrush.

REVEAL SHOT OF DOLORES

Dolores looks at the toothbrush in her hand.

DOLORES
Yeeees ... maybe the sink needs
cleaning.

BERGER

You're gonna clean the sink with a toothbrush? Are you being punished for something?

DOLORES

(abrupt)

Punished? Why would I be punished? I haven't done anything.

BERGER

Who said you did anything --

DOLORES

Because if I did anything, wouldn't I be in jail instead of here?

Berger opens his door.

BERGER

(messing with her)

Maybe this is jail.

DOLORES

What do you mean by that?

BERGER

We're all here all the time. Sounds like jail to me.

Dolores takes a moment, looks around - genuinely perplexed.

DOLORES

Well maybe in a metaphorical sense, but -- screw this, I gotta pee again -- damn coffee.

Dolores enters the restroom.

Berger frowns thoughtfully, mistakenly pulls out his gun, frantically puts it back, whips out a dictation recorder and enters his restroom.

83

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

83

Berger sits on the toilet, lid down, pants on. He's dictating.

BERGER

Daily report. Uh, I think it's Tuesday. Time seems to stand still in this place.

84 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM 84

Dolores has her ear glued to the wall, but it's obvious from the muffled sound that she can't hear anything.

85 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM 85

BERGER

(into recorder)

Subject seems to be assimilating as expected, no indication that she's aware of her previous life as a highly paid assassin and pediatric endocrinologist with the C. I. A.. Despite her recent trauma and memory loss I remain mindful that she is capable of efficiently killing with any and all items in the kitchen, including the carrot juicer and the milk frother. I will be proceeding with extreme caution and remain alert for incursions by enemy agents hoping to eliminate her while they enjoy a fine mug of french roast and our trademark guava hair croissant.

He clicks off the recorder, thinks of something, then clicks it back on.

BERGER

(into recorder)

Also, the run-off line on the ice maker needs to be diverted to six inch P. V. C. pipe in order to pass inspection for the plumbing code for commercial drain installations, Section two point oh, sub-section three.

He clicks off the recorder, then clicks it back on.

BERGER

(into recorder)

Note to self -- buy more bleach.

86 INT. RESTROOM HALL

86

Berger and Dolores emerge from the restrooms simultaneously.

DOLORES

Who were you talking to?

Berger doesn't even blink.

BERGER

I was praying.

DOLORES

Do you always pray in men's rooms?

Berger strides off.

BERGER

I do in this one.

Dolores gives the men's room door a take.

87 MAIN FLOOR

87

Slo-Mo is nearer the counter. Max is spellbound by his slow progress.

MAX

This is amazing.

Berger enters, stands to the far side of Max, watches as well.

MAX

This has to be the most advanced state of caffeine withdrawal in the history of the world.

BERGER

Why don't we just give him a cup of coffee and get it over with?

MAX

I'm afraid if I move too quickly, he'll be overwhelmed and pass out. He's got to get here in his own time.

DISSOLVE

92

COUNTER

92

Dolores hauls off, ready to deck Slo-Mo.

Berger grabs her arm.

Dolores executes a perfect arm lock and drop on Berger.

BERGER

(through gritted teeth)

I think -- he wants -- a cup -- of
coffee.

Dolores considers this.

DOLORES

You're probably right.

She releases Berger.

Max place a cup of coffee in front of Slo-Mo.

Dolores and Berger re-join Max.

Slo-Mo's lips move yearningly, but he appears unable to bend at the waist.

Max spoons some up to his mouth.

Slo-Mo eventually picks up the mug and drinks. Slowly, twitchingly, he seems to recover himself. Finally --

The last drops slurp up his straw. A new man. A shmuck.

SLO-MO

(rapidly)

Ahhh ... wow, thanks so much. I
really needed that. I'm completely
useless if I don't drink coffee
continuously. Like, I need an I. V.
or something.

Max smiles warmly, his eyes fill with compassion.

MAX

I know what you mean. I'm just glad
we could help. That's why we're
here, to help peopl --

SLO-MO

(quickly)

I lost my Starbuck's gift card, you
know? My girlfriend - actually my

(MORE)

SLO-MO (cont'd)
 fiancée - gave me it as kind of a
 "make-up" present after she spilled
 tomato juice on my Sony
 PlayStation? So I only had a couple
 bucks, but I had the gift card, so
 I thought - hey - I'll just grab a
 free cup of java. So I walk into
 Starbuck's, ask for a half soy
 me-stow with a double mocha shot
 and a piece of coffee cake when I
 realize I don't have the gift card,
 I only have a couple bucks, I --

DOLORES
 Starbuck's? You went to Starbuck's?

Max looks like he's about to cry.

SLO-MO
 Well, you know, nothing personal,
 it's just my usual hangout - you
 can buy a newspaper, they play
 great music, I mean really --

Slo-Mo looks around.

SLO-MO
 You guys are a little rustic in the
 decor department, you know? I mean
 the coffee's okay, but --

MAX
 Okay? Just okay?

SLO-MO
 Well, sure it's just --

DOLORES
 Starbuck's? You'd rather go to
Starbuck's?

SLO-MO
 Wha ... wouldn't you?

Dolores barrels around the counter.

FOLLOW

BERGER
 Uh, Dolores?

DOLORES
Why don't we go right now?

MAX
Wait, uh --

Dolores grabs Slo-Mo and throws him out.

TRAVEL WITH, LET PASS ON RIGHT AFTER A FEW FEET.

DOLORES
I'll drive!

SLO-MO
Hey, HEY!

S/FX - Slo-Mo SCREAMS

BERGER
Wow.

MAX
(glumly)
And I saved his life.

BERGER
Uh ... Max, it's coffee. You didn't
transplant his liver.

Berger heads back to the kitchen.

Max is unappeased.

94 NEW STUFF - EPISODES 5 & 6 94

95 INT. MEN'S ROOM 95

Berger enters, Dolores stands against the far wall, Berger's
dictation device in her hand.

He stops cold. She glares at him pointedly.

DICTATION MACHINE (BERGER'S VOICE)
... and then wait for further
instructions. Subject has assumed
the name Dolores Madison. Name
selection appears to have been
random, doesn't seem to signify
anything. Although it is the proper
version of Dolly Madison, the
famous maker of those delicious
(MORE)

DICTATION MACHINE (BERGER'S VOICE) (cont'd)
 snack pies - apple, cherry, even
 lemon is pretty go --

She snaps off the recorder.

DOLORES
 Well?

BERGER
 Uh -- er -- uh -- your -- your real
 name is --

MAX (O.S.)
 Miz Blastoma?

DOLORES
 (to offscreen)
 What?

Max enters, fidgets at the door.

BERGER
 Your real name is --

MAX
 I could use some help out there,
 Miz Blastoma, You too, Mister
 Glockenspiel.

Dolores and Berger pause, confused by Max. Berger turns back to Dolores.

BERGER
 Your real name is Ivana Banana.

DOLORES
 Are you out of your mind?

Max is confused.

MAX
 (to Dolores)
 Ms. Blastoma?

BERGER
 (to Max)
 Banana.

DOLORES
 (to both)
Madison.

MAX
 (to Dolores)
 Wahnita Blastoma?

BERGER
 (to Max)
 Ivana Banana.

DOLORES
 (to both)
 Dolores Madison.

MAX
 Dolore --
 (to Berger)
 She's not Wahnita Blastoma?

BERGER
 No, she's Ivana --

MAX
 What happened to Wahnita?

BERGER
 No, you don't under --

MAX
 She was such a hard worker.

DOLORES
 Shut up!

PERRY (O.S.)
 Refill!

Everyone stops.

MAX
 (to all)
 Got a bladder like the Erie Canal.

Max leaves.

Dolores approaches Berger, waving the tape recorder like a knife.

DOLORES
 Look, Berger. Glockens -- whatever
 the hell your name is --

Berger backs up, pulls out his gun. Aims at Dolores.

BERGER
Don't come any closer.

She's not particularly scared.

DOLORES
Well that seems a bit small.

The clip falls out of the gun.

BERGER
What?

Dolores sticks the recorder in Berger's mouth like a dog bone.

DOLORES
It's Dolores Madison ... toad
licker.

She smacks him on the forehead. She exits.

Berger picks up his clip, puts it back in his gun, conceals the gun.

He finally removes the recorder, grimaces at the taste.

BERGER
(to himself)
Toad licker?

He wipes off the recorder, fast forwards. Hits record.

BERGER
Report. I think it's -- Christ --
feels like Wednesday, but I'm not
sure what year it is. Anyway,
subject has discovered her true
identity because I told
her--er--sheeee -- beat it out of
me. Yes, the pain was awful.
Unbearable. Kind of like getting
water-boarded in a balsamic
vinaigrette. Then sprinkled with
goat cheese. Oddly enough, she
still insists that her real name is
in fact Dolores Madison.

He pauses to think.

BERGER
Wait a minute.

He digs in his pocket, produces a small card.

BERGER

I have her character synopsis --
er, CIA profile card right here.

He looks it over.

BERGER

Yup, it says -- Ivana Banana,
thirty-eight, twenty-five,
thirty-six. Specialties are light S
and M, topless housecleaning, and
inserting a large -- wait a
minute...

He muffles the recorder against his apron. He studies the
card further.

BERGER

(to himself)

Wha --- how could I have screwed
up? I'm not supposed to be
shadowing an amnesiac C.I.A.
assassin in an all-night bean bar.
I'm supposed to be --

He checks the card.

SOME OF SCOTT'S CHOICES

BERGER

In Reno, Nevada, recruiting pole
dancers for the next CIA leadership
retreat?

OR

In Las Vegas, inspecting brothels
for evidence of Republican party
money laundering?

OR

In Las Vegas interviewing sex
industry workers with more than
three years experience in whipping
confessions out of Senators?

OR

In Las Vegas organizing the CIA's
Be A Dominatrix for Democracy
campaign?

OR

????????????????????

Berger brings the recorder back up.

BERGER

Subject is not - I repeat - not
Ivana Banana ... she may very well
be Miss or Miz Dolores Madison. Or
Dolly Madison.

He clicks off.

BERGER

(to himself)

Oh, who cares - we're sure as hell
not getting any pies.

96

INT. SHRINE

96

Max approaches the shrine. Dolores is there. Max starts his
ritual. Dolores watches.

DOLORES

So, old girlfriend?

MAX

Shhhh ...

Tillie appears.

DOLORES

Well, excuse me.

TILLIE

Is that your little sex toy?

MAX

You know you're the only one for
me, sweetheart.

PERRY

Ex-Wife. She's dead.

MAX

I'm bringing her back.

TILLIE

Oh you have got to be kidding me.

MAX

(to Tillie)

Baby I feel so bad about
everything. I just want to make it
righ--

TILLIE

No way Jose'. You bring me back and I swear to god I'll insert that goddamn coffee machine right up your --

MAX

Coffee machine? Coffee ... wait a minute -- that's it. That's it. It's brilliant, yet simple. Unorthodox, yet conventional. Impossible ... yet inevitable.

DOLORES

He's crazy, yet bonkers.

TILLIE

I HATE YOU!

Tillie disappears.

MAX

I can do it!

DOLORES

(to Perry)

Who is he talking to?

PERRY

Why her, of course.

MAX

(to all)

I'll be right back.

Max disappears into the kitchen.

Berger appears at the counter. He grabs a carafe, goes out to the floor and fills up some mugs, glancing nervously at Dolores.

Dolores gives him a cold stare.

Max reappears, addresses Perry.

MAX

You -- you there.

PERRY

Are you addressing me?

MAX
Can you watch things for -- a
moment.

PERRY
It is my pleasure to serve.

Perry glides behind the counter.

Max disappears into the kitchen.

Perry shoos Dolores away.

PERRY
Go on, a busy worker is a happy
worker. Remember, time for leaning
is time for cleaning.

DOLORES
Now where did I put that broom.

Dolores pointedly moves very slowly towards the kitchen.

Max reappears, spots Dolores.

MAX
Miz Blastoma? Er -- Madison? Wah --
?

DOLORES
(irritable)
Yes? Yes? Yes?

Max decides not to seek clarity on the name thing.

MAX
Uh -- I need your help in the
kitchen.

Max heads for the shrine.

He grabs the urn and heads for the kitchen.

Dolores joins him.

MAX
Oh -- and that guy, uh ... Lima ...
Bean?

DOLORES
Ber ... ger?

MAX
Rrrrrright! Him too.

Dolores sighs heavily.

97 INT. MAIN FLOOR

97

She finds Berger chatting with a customer.

She touches his arm, he flips - feigns a defensive karate pose.

BERGER
Whooooaa!

DOLORES
He wants us in the kitchen, coffee boy.

BERGER
He?

DOLORES
You know, that -- that lunatic we work for.

BERGER
(fearful)
The kitchen? Do you know what's in the kitchen?

DOLORES
A fifty pound bag of Peruvian mocha pellets?

BERGER
No ... the coffee machine.

Dolores blanks on this.

98 INT. KITCHEN

98

Dolores and Berger join Max at the steel-top table in the center of the kitchen.

Max has placed the urn and the espresso machine on the table, and organized an array of tubes and miscellaneous hardware between them.

DOLORES
What the hell is this?

MAX
Mister Hemisphere, um I mean -- uh
-- you ... you gave me an idea.

DOLORES
(to Berger, scolding)
What did you tell him?

BERGER
Nothing. Something?
(to Max)
What?

MAX
The Space-Time continuum my friend.
The Space-Time continuum.

BERGER
Oh God no.

MAX
If I can rip a hole in it, I can
bring back the dead.

DOLORES
Okay, now you lost me.

99 TILLIE'S SHRINE

99

TILLIE
Let me just list three things I
like about the after life. Number
one -- the Gucci store kicks ass.
Number two -- NO ONE DRINKS COFFEE.
Number three -- My skin has never
been in better shape. I'm not
exfoliating, no mud packs, no
facials. I -- just -- glow!

100 INT. COUNTER

100

Virgil and Betty stroll up to the counter. They're
self-consciously wearing casual attire in an effort to blend
in.

PERRY
Good evening, or ... good morning.
May I serve you?

VIRGIL

We're uh, we're looking for the proprietor?

PERRY

Aren't you the Starbucks Secret Shoppers?

BETTY

Aren't you a customer?

PERRY

I have assumed a role. And when I assume a role, I possess it completely.

VIRGIL

We're just looking for the owner.

PERRY

He's not available right now, he's in the kitchen trying to bring his wife back from the dead. Frankly I could never stand the snotty little bitch myself, but I guess she just wasn't my type. Hmmm....

BETTY

Wife?

VIRGIL

Back from the dead?

TILLIE

Nooooooo!

Betty and Virgil confer, in front of Perry.

BETTY

It sounds like he's already activated the portal.

VIRGIL

That's impossible, he's a litigation attorney with brain damage, not a nuclear physicist specializing in non-linear dimensional aberrations.

BETTY

Maybe he just got lucky.

VIRGIL

Hmm....

BETTY

So ... what's our next move?

PERRY

I'd say allemande left.

101 INT. KITCHEN - CONT.

101

MAX

(to Berger)

You're right, uh --

DOLORES

Berger.

Max plugs in a cord.

MAX

It's not a DeLorean. But it's the next best thing.

BERGER

But you can't.

MAX

Yes I can. And I will.

DOLORES

Is this meeting compulsory for employees? Because in about thirty seconds I'm going to die of boredom.

BERGER

But she's dead.

DOLORES

(points to urn)

You mean --

MAX

She's not dead.

DOLORES

Why don't we ask her?

Dolores pops the top off the ashes.

DOLORES
 (into Urn)
 Hello? Hello in there ... anybody?
 Don't be shy, speak right up --

TILLIE
 Why are you looking in there? Why
 would I be in that tacky little
 jug?

Berger looks uneasily into the Urn, half expecting --

Dolores replaces the lid.

DOLORES
 Dead. I'd say terminally deceased.
 Fatally not living. Asleep at the
 wheel - of the hearse.

MAX
 Actually, she exists in an
 inter-dimensional void, or "hole"
 in the space-time continuum. And
 I'm going to bring her back.

TILLIE
 But I've got nothing to wear!

Max starts laying playing cards out on the table.

DOLORES
 (to Berger)
 Why are we here?

MAX
 I will be using a combination of
 voodoo, quantum physics,
 christian-judeo doctrine --

He holds up a vial.

MAX
 My secret formula.

He fans some cards.

MAX
 And five card stud.

Max deals cards to Berger and Dolores.

MAX
I would prefer more players, but
there's no time.

VIRGIL (O.S.)
We'll play.

Virgil and Betty have entered the kitchen.

BETTY
Deal us in.

MAX
Who are you? What do you want?

PERRY (O.S.)
How do you operate the cash
register?

BETTY
A poker game, very clever.

VIRGIL
You're using a game of chance to
randomize the tensor field, aren't
you.

Max begins dealing them in.

BETTY
You increase the pressure on the
espresso machine --

VIRGIL
Ruining the flavor of the coffee,
but creating a gravity well that --

BETTY
Provides a portal from this
dimension to the next.

DOLORES
What the hell are you people
talking about?

BETTY
We're from Starbucks.

BERGER
Really? You really are?

VIRGIL

We need your inter-dimensional doorway to enable Starbucks customers to visit any other Starbucks coffee shop directly from their local Starbucks coffee shop at will, through the portal you're creating. So they'll never ever have to leave --

BETTY

Starbucks. I'll take two.

Max deals two to Betty.

DOLORES

Never leave Starbucks?

BERGER

An endless loop of Starbucks Stores with no way out?

BETTY

They're not stores, they're a unique lifestyle experience.

MAX

Are you insane?

VIRGIL

Hey, you're the one with the hyperactive espresso machine and a bottle full of wife-dust.

TILLIE

Excuse me? EXCUSE ME??

BETTY

(to Virgil)

How do we confiscate the machine? I fold.

VIRGIL

Piece of cake. This is a pathetic little group. Not like those assholes at Caribou.

MAX

I won't let you take it. Not when I'm so close to bringing her back. Are you happy with your cards?

VIRGIL
Is there a house limit?

BERGER
(to Dolores)
I think we're in danger, but I'm
not sure from whom.

DOLORES
My money's on the lunatic with the
dead wife.

BERGER
Yeah ... but these two seem to know
a lot of science stuff.

VIRGIL
A royal flush. So hand over the
machine.

BETTY
And the secret formula.

VIRGIL
Now. Or we'll have to kick ass and
take names.

DOLORES
What ... ?

BERGER
He said kick ass and take names.

Dolores has a few spasms.

BERGER
Uh oh.

Dolores snaps out of it.

She grabs Berger's gun.

BERGER
Hey!

VIRGIL
Was it something I said?

BERGER
Yes. You've set her off, she's --

She holds it on Virgil and Betty.

VIRGIL
Activated and mission-ready. Uh-oh.

BETTY
Well that looks a bit small.

The clip stays in.

BETTY
Well that looks a bit -- crap, it's not working.

DOLORES
Now everyone just co-operate, and no one'll get hurt.

MAX
What are you doing?

BERGER
What the hell's your mission, anyway?

DOLORES
If anyone's going to create a hole in the space-time continuum, it's going to be Canada.

BERGER
Canada? I thought you were working for us?

DOLORES
No -- now I remember everything. I'm a double-agent, working for the Canadian Department of International Trade.

BERGER, MAX, VIRGIL, BETTY
(unison)
What's your name?

DOLORES
Uh ... well -- get over there.

Dolores pushes Berger over next to Virgil and Betty.

DOLORES
We're going to use the inter-dimensional door created by this coffee maker to move cheap labor directly from Mexico, bypassing the United States and making NAFTA irrelevant.

BERGER

You betrayed the United States of America for Canada? What did they promise you, back bacon and free hockey passes?

MAX

You can't take my coffee maker, it's the only chance I have to get her ...

The machine starts to WHIRR and light up.

MAX

It's started working!

A visual distortion begins to appear behind the machine.

POLICE SIRENS sound outside.

DAVID (O.S.)

Cut!

Everyone breaks character.

ADLIBS

"Great, it's the cops." "We're screwed" "Can we do another take?" "I totally messed up my lines"

David comes on camera.

DAVID

Shit, how many pages do we have left?

POLICE BULLHORN (O.S.)

Open the door or we're coming in.

Deanna enters with the script, leafs through it.

DEANNA

Two.

DAVID

Guys, if we pick up the pace, do you think we could maybe get these last --

ADLIBS

"No" "Fuck you, man" "It's three in the morning"

DAVID
(weary)
Fine.

VIOLENT BANGING ON THE DOOR.

SCOTT
We gotta get out of here.

WINI
I can't go to jail, I got two kids
to feed.

SCOTT
So do I.

GREG
I don't.

DAVID
Get rid of the gun.

WINI
Oh yeah, the gun.

Wini hands it to Scott.

SCOTT
I hate guns.

He gently places it in the sink.

DAVID O.
I think they're serious.

MELISSA
Can we just get this over with? I
haven't had a bath in three days.

GREG
We can escape through the
inter-dimensional portal!

Everyone stops.

DAVID
It's -- fictional.

SCOTT
Greg, man - it doesn't really
exist.

GREG
I knew that.

DAVID
And would you shut that thing off,
Christ.

Greg pulls out a cord. The distortion effect stops.

DAVID
Alright, shit -- everyone out the
emergency exit.

WINI
Where's the old guy?

DEANNA
He went home.

WINI
How come he got to go home?

DAVID O.
The extras are letting the cops in.

GREG
Fucking extras. I hate them!

DAVID
Let's go, let's go, let's go, come
on, people.

They head out the back. The exit door ALARM goes off.

The machine starts back up, the visual distortion ("portal")
starts to appear.

Tillie walks through the portal, talking on her cell.

TILLIE
(into phone)
Anyway I told him Gautier was so
nineties and all he could do was
blow smoke out his --

She notices where she is.

TILLIE
(aggravated)
Oh this is just great.

Sounds of police, hub-bub. A spotlight hits Tillie from the
kitchen pass-through.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
You're under arrest.

TILLIE
Where is that idiot husband of
mine?
(sarcastic, with stage "sell
it" gesture)
I'm baaaack!

THE END