

THE WAITING GAME

Eps. 1
"Server-tude"

(Pilot)

By

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FADE IN:

MONTAGE OF BOSTON AND PEOPLE WAITING

A man waits for a cab, people wait for a train. People in line at the grocery store. A shot of the interior of a DMV.

MATT (V.O.)
Let's face it, life is just one big waiting game.

INT. MESSY APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

We meet MATT JACOBS (28) smart, handsome, athletic, sarcastic, as he is scrambling around his bedroom, one sock on, one sock off frantically trying to get dressed.

MATT
This didn't happen. This definitely did NOT happen. How is it already ten o'clock?

We glance over to see TOM ROBERTS (20), handsome, muscular, tall and noticeably a few years younger than Matt, naked in Matt's bed covered only scantily by a thin sheet.

TOM
It happened. I wanted it to happen. Didn't you?

MATT
Tom, you are my roommate. You are my brother's best friend, you're twenty for God's sake!

TOM
Twenty-one next week!

MATT
No. No. No. No. Critical lapse of judgement. Please just sneak back through the bathroom to your own room. I'm late. It's my first day at this stupid new job that I don't even want and I'm late.

TOM
Hey, its a job, right?

MATT

Yes. Yes its a job. A job that I could have gotten without spending a hundred and fifty thousand on an education. A job that probably won't even cover my student loans, but yet its a job. Where's my tie?

TOM

Ahem.

Tom clears his throat, and pulls back the sheet to reveal that his wrists are still tied to the bed frame with Matt's necktie.

MATT

Jesus Christ!

Matt grabs the tie from Tom.

TOM

Want me to drive you?

MATT

(incredulous)

No. No. I don't want you to do anything except get out of my bed before someone sees you there!

Tom laughs. Matt finishes tucking in his white button down shirt while shoving his feet into dress shoes and matting down his thick curly hair as he reaches for the door handle.

MATT (CONT'D)

It's not funny! This never happened.

Matt peeks out into the hallway and when the coast is clear he runs out of the room shutting the door quickly behind him. Only to run directly into NINA (29) pretty, witty, Matt's best friend and another roommate.

MATT (CONT'D)

NINA!

NINA

First day huh? Good luck. Hey do you still have my tweezers?

Nina reaches around Matt to push into his bedroom. Matt grabs the doorknob and yanks the door shut.

MATT

Tweezers? No. I never had them.

Nina sighs, annoyed.

NINA

C'mon I gave them to you yesterday!

MATT

Can I find them later? You don't want to go in there, I just dropped a major deuce.

NINA

You're gross. And it's not like it's the first time I've smelled your shit, Matthew!

Nina pushes past Matt into his room. Tom is gone. Matt looks relieved. He glances at his watch and runs out.

MATT

Shit!

INT. T STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is running down the stairs to the T station as the train speeds away.

MATT

NO! Goddamnit!

MATT (V.O.)

We wait for trains.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

It's pouring outside and Matt is trying to hail a cab. One drives right by him splashing him.

MATT (V.O.)

We wait for cabs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Matt is sprinting down the street, dodging people left and right, just as his phone rings. "MOM" shows up on his screen and he answers it while running and dodging pedestrians.

MATT (INTO PHONE)

(breathing heavy)

Hi, Mom, what's up?

MATT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
No, I'm headed there now.

He listens.

MATT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'm breathing heavy because I'm
running.

A beat.

MATT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Because I'm late!

Rolling his eyes.

MATT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
I am *not* always late!

MATT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yes, yes of course I remember. The
twin's graduation party, yes.

He mouths the word "FUCK."

MATT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Ok. Yes. I know, I know. I know,
Mom! I won't be late. Yes, Mother.
I won't be late! Love you too.

He hangs up.

MATT (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

INT. BISTRO RESTAURANT - DAY

Bistro is an upscale Chicago, Italian, Frank Sinatra type of restaurant. Marble tiled floors, red velvet drapes, jazzy music. JOHNNY K (45), Greek-Italian, the smooth, handsome Maitre d' of Bistro in full black tie, welcomes the soaking and filthy Matt in the lobby.

JOHNNY K
(with arms outstretched)
Welcome to Bistro! You must be one
of the new guys, huh? Look at you,
you're a mess! I'm Johnny K, I'm
here to help you, brother. Come
with me.

Puts his arm around Matt and leads him to

INT. COAT CLOSET DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt finishes changing his soaked and dirty clothes and comes out.

MATT

Thank you, I--

JOHNNY K

Don't mention it, now get in there,
you're late!

MATT

(under his breath)
Story of my life.

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matt blends in to a large group of people including TONY, RACHAEL, JESS, TAYLOR and CAROLIN to name a few. Servers, bussers, food runners, chefs, sous chefs, even the valet is assembled listening to DAVID the corporate coiffed General Manager.

DAVID

Thank you all for coming in early
for training day. We have a few new
hires, please make them feel
welcome. We have over eight
hundred covers on the books tonight
not including walk-ins. I need
everyone's head in the game. Vets,
you're gonna be shadowed by the new
guys. Tony, you take Matt. Where's
Matt?

Matt raises his hand in the back.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There you go, Matt you're with
Tony.

TONY (30), an attractive, but short arrogant Napoleon type who management would've fired long ago if he wasn't so damn good, stands next to CAROLIN, an angular and attractive German woman with a slight accent and TAYLOR, a hipster too cool for school type.

TONY

Fucking pissant slows me down he's
toast.

DAVID
Carolyn, you got Jess

Carolyn eyeballs JESS, (25) pretty, sorority type. To Taylor.

CAROLYN
I'll trade you?

DAVID
Rachael, you're with Taylor.

RACHAEL, (30) nerdy, stands alone looking utterly uptight.

CAROLYN
(to Taylor)
Ha, what are you going to teach her?

TAYLOR
I'd like to teach that Matt kid a thing or two.

CAROLYN
Seriously? He doesn't even look gay.

TAYLOR
It's not Down Syndrome, Hitler.

CAROLYN
Leave my heritage out of this.

Johnny K interrupts the meeting, from across the room.

JOHNNY K
Yo David, just got a call we got a bus load of geriatrics inbound, they need to be in and out in forty-five minutes, they got a hot date with the BSO!

DAVID
How many?

JOHNNY K
I need this room set for fifty five! Family style, the works.

People start to disperse and scramble. Chef yells out.

CHEF
Eighty six salmon! Truck didn't deliver.

TONY

(to Matt)

Look, they may be cheap but anything over six is auto eighteen percent, you want to learn something? Follow me but do me a favor? Stay the fuck outta' my way.

Tony approaches Johnny K.

TONY (CONT'D)

Johnny, baby!

JOHNNY K

Don't worry you're on it with Taylor and Carolin.

TONY

Great, two broads, a homo, and three fucking newbies. I bet you'll be wanting me to split the Goddamn tip too?

Tony storms off with Matt on his heels. Off Johnny K.

JOHNNY K

It's gonna' be a long day.

INT. SIDE DINING ROOM - LATER

Fifty five women, in their late eighties and beyond are crammed into a few long tables. They are dressed in their finest matching sweat suits. White hair teased into static fro's and coke bottle glasses glistening in the soft candlelight of Bistro. Bussers and food runners are finely choreographed around the table.

OLD FAT WOMAN

(to no one in particular)

Can we get more lasagna?

TONY

(sweetly)

Yes, of course, Ma'am

Tony turns to Matt who is standing with his hands behind his back.

TONY (CONT'D)

You heard the heffer, move it, get her more lasagna!

Matt is off and running.

MATT

Got it!

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - COMPUTER

Carolyn is punching in items into the screen explaining to Jess as she goes.

CAROLYN

You need to mod the drinks, or Claudia won't get it. All drinks need to be in the system, we can't get our own. I mean I pour my own wine sometimes but only when no ones looking.

JESS

(incredulous and not listening)

It's literally all you can eat?

CAROLYN

Oh yea! Its freaking disgusting how much some people can put away. This place has it figured out, though. Mostly pasta, any meats are covered in bread crumbs. They carb out or go into diabetic shock before we lose any money on 'em. Unless of course you get a bulimic, then you're fucked. Had one of those last month. Not pretty.

Jess who is super skinny, looks horrified.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor and Rachael are taking martinis from CLAUDIA (20's) the short beautiful Colombian bartender and putting them onto a beverage tray.

CLAUDIA

Hey Taylor! How's that cute man of yours.

TAYLOR

Still trying to break up with him, and yours?

CLAUDIA

Same. Nothing changes!

They both laugh. Taylor and Rachael are on the move to another table in the restaurant. Rachael talks too much and Taylor is over it already. He doesn't care.

RACHAEL

She seems nice?

TAYLOR

Claudia's great, just don't piss her off, an angry Colombian is not pretty.

INT. BAR - SECONDS LATER

TRENT, (28) black, handsome and muscular, the head valet and also Claudia's on again off again boyfriend approaches her.

TRENT

Can we talk about last night?

CLAUDIA

There is nothing to talk about.

TRENT

C'mon, you know I didn't mean what I said.

CLAUDIA

It's too late, I told you this time it's over for good.

TRENT

You don't mean that.

Claudia leans in closer to Trent and lowers her voice.

CLAUDIA

If you don't have your shit out by the time I get home I'll have the entire Colombian cartel of Boston there to help you.

Her look says she means it.

INT. RESTAURANT COMPUTER - SAME TIME

Taylor is punching an order into the computer as Rachael looks on, talking to no one in particular.

RACHAEL

I'm just here until I get something better.

(MORE)

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
Was at a big financial firm. JP
Morgan? But they were downsizing.
I just didn't want to have to tap
into my 401K to pay rent y'know?

TAYLOR
Whatever. You're waiting just
like the rest of us.

RACHAEL
(snobbish)
I think server is more appropriate.

TAYLOR
Not what I meant. You're
waiting...to get the fuck out of
here.

He finishes up at the computer and begins to walk away.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Just like the rest of us. When
you're in here you're no different.
Trust me, no one here is going to
give a crap about your 401K.

Rachael looks stunned and even a bit green she turns and runs
into the

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SECONDS LATER

Rachael flings open a stall and pukes her brains out just as
STELLA (40) a pretty Mexican bus girl, opens the stall next
to her and quietly comes out, she looks back into the stall
and puts a finger to her lips. She is then very careful to
close the stall door tightly behind her. We see two little
sneakered feet pick up out of view one by one from under the
stall.

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM

Taylor is standing near the women's room looking for Rachael.

TAYLOR
(out loud)
Where the hell did she go?

Stella walks by, taps Taylor on his shoulder and nods toward
the restroom. Her English isn't great. She sticks her finger
down her throat and makes a puke face.

Taylor looks behind him as Matt comes flying towards the geriatric table with two huge trays of lasagna just as, DORIS, a short pretty Columbian bus girl moves behind him with a tray of dirty dishes.

DORIS

Behind you!

Matt is taken by surprise and squeezes sideways to avoid Doris and the dishes. The plates of lasagna go sideways and an entire slab of lasagna dumps directly on the Old Fat Woman. The plate SMASHES to the ground bringing the restaurant to a stand still. All eyes on the Old Fat Woman as her thin white hair flattens down and hot meat sauce dribbles down behind her coke bottle glasses covering her and staining her purple sweat suit. She SCREAMS!

TONY

(under his breath)

Son of a bitch!

INT. HOSTESS STAND - SECONDS LATER

The phone rings and the pretty BLONDE HOSTESS du jour picks up the phone.

BLONDE HOSTESS (INTO PHONE)

Good afternoon, Bistro?

Johnny K looks on.

BLONDE HOSTESS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

No, I'm afraid we are all booked this evening, Sir.

She listens to the caller.

BLONDE HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Oh, Mr. Mayor?

Johnny K grabs the phone from the hostess.

JOHNNY K

Mr. Mayor, Sorry my assistant doesn't know what she's talking about.

David comes from behind the stand holding menus. Johnny covers the receiver end and whispers, Mayor wants to come in at seven? We're overbooked?

DAVID

Book the reservation, Johnny. It's the Goddamn Mayor.

With that David is off and running.

JOHNNY K

Yes, Mr. Mayor, for you we'll save you a nice table. See you at seven, Sir.

Tony walks by STEAMING.

JOHNNY K (CONT'D)

Tony, the Mayor's coming in at 7, I'm putting him with you.

TONY

Only if I can get that fuck up off my ass by then. Where's David?

JOHNNY K

Went that way.

Phone rings again. Tony chases after David and corners him. David sees Tony's rage. Everyone is a little afraid of Tony, even David.

TONY

David, that stupid little shit just dumped lasagna on a woman at my table. She's freaking out and I need you to deal with it! Now.

INT. SIDE DINING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Matt is frantically trying to help the woman clean up, half a dozen stained napkins litter the table. Her sweatsuit is ruined. And she's pissed.

OLD FAT WOMAN

Where is the manager? WHERE IS THE MANAGER?!

David arrives trying to console the woman.

OLD FAT WOMAN (CONT'D)

(crying)

He dumped hot sauce on my head! How can I go to the symphony looking like this?

She motions to her stained sweat suit. Carolin and Jess and several other staff are looking on laughing.

CAROLIN
I don't know I think it's an improvement.

JESS
Think Matt will get fired?

CAROLIN
I've seen people fired for less.
It would be a record though.
What's it been twenty minutes?

Carolin laughs. Taylor walks by with a tray of drinks.

TAYLOR
Oh no what happened?

CAROLIN
If you want a date I suggest you act fast, your crush is as good as fired.

TAYLOR
Wow, that's a record.

CAROLIN
That's what I said!

TAYLOR
Do me a favor and spy on Rachael for me? I think she's a bulimic or a druggie or something?

CAROLIN
Great like we need another one of those.

JESS
Isn't she kind of fat to be bulimic?

Taylor looks at Jess and back to Carolin.

TAYLOR
You're training her well, she's gonna' fit in just fine around here.

Jess looks a little embarrassed at her rude comment. Carolin looks pleased. Meanwhile David has fully calmed the woman.

DAVID

Now you come back here with your
whole family and dinner is on me!

OLD FAT WOMAN

Oh thank you, David, thank you!

DAVID

All right now you enjoy your show.

David hands her an extra large white button down shirt.

OLD FAT WOMAN

Thank you!

David eyeballs Matt who is standing nearby.

DAVID

Matthew. A word?

He pulls Matt aside.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Look, I'm going to cut you a break
because its your first day, hell
its your first hour, but you have
one more screw up and you're fired.

David walks away past Taylor, Tony and the girls who are
gawking.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't the rest of you have tables?
Or would you like to be cut?
Taylor, Matt is now your problem.
Tony, you're off the case.

TONY

Thank, Christ.

Tony walks away without giving Matt a second glance. While,
Taylor, Jess and Carolin stand by.

JESS

Poor Matt.

CAROLIN

You have no idea.

JESS

What's his deal anyway?

CAROLIN
 Tony? He's 4'11 and half Mexican,
 what do you think his deal is?

TAYLOR
 He's OCD.

JESS
 Obsessive Compulsive Disorder?

CAROLIN
 (laughing)
 Nope! Overcompensation Disorder.

Taylor walks over to Matt, trying to be nice.

TAYLOR
 Hey dude, don't sweat it. You
 still have your job.

MATT
 (under his breath)
 I think I'd rather be dead.

Matt storms off to the restroom and crosses paths with
 Carolin as she enters the women's room.

To read the rest please email Mark @
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