

THE GRIND

by  
Levi Wilson and Brian Kelly  
Story by Levi Wilson

Dec 27, 2012

Contact:

William Bisgrove

Wilson Arts Diversified, LLC

818.859.6908 / [bisgrove.william@gmail.com](mailto:bisgrove.william@gmail.com)

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

Two toddlers are sitting on a colorful rug playing with wooden blocks. The first baby, JAMES SIMMONS, is pounding the blocks into the rug and grunting with the effort. The second baby, DOV COOKE, is much more relaxed. He watches James with amusement.

JAMES (V.O.)

Hey everybody. My name is James  
Simmons. That's me on the rug,  
throwing a fit. Wow, this must have  
been some time in the mid-eighties.

(beat)

The year I met Dov Cooke.

James finally manages to place one wooden block on top of another, creating a stack of two. Dov leans to the left, where it's revealed that he's built a complicated castle out of his blocks. He places another one on top, completing a turret as tall as he is.

JAMES (V.O.)

Dov's one of those guys who always  
seems to be slightly better than  
you are at pretty much everything,  
usually without even trying.

James takes one look at Dov's castle, then shoves his foot into the center of it. The castle collapses and Dov cries.

JAMES (V.O.)

I guess I was jealous of him right  
from the beginning.

INT. DOV'S HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dov and James, both now nine years old, are playing Street Fighter on their Nintendo. James is clearly frustrated with his performance. He stands up on his feet and jerks the controller in a vain attempt to do anything that might mitigate the pummeling he's receiving.

JAMES (V.O.)

Ah yes, Street Fighter. The bane of  
my nine year old existence. I never  
beat him once, goddammit.

Dov is completely relaxed, excelling at the game with seemingly no effort at all. James is jumping up and down and yelling at the screen.

Dov wins the game and James throws his controller across the room. Dov lazily takes a bite of a sandwich and chases it with a sip of soda. All in a day's work.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Asshole.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

James and Dov, now thirteen, are making lemonade. James stirs the perfect amount of sugar into his pitcher. Gutted lemon rinds lay all over the table and floor. It's the very definition of homemade.

Next to him, Dov uses packets of Kool-Aid to make his own lemonade.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Our first business venture. I spent  
five hours making that lemonade.  
Dov spent five minutes.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE/SIDEWALK - DAY

James stands in front of his lemonade stand, his arms crossed, his face angry. He is alone, his pitcher is full, his money jar is empty.

Across the street Dov's lemonade stand is hopping with customers despite his price being twice what is posted on James' sign.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Everything always seemed to go  
right in his life, no matter how  
little he actually worked at it.  
You know the type, right? The  
douchebag who gets promoted for  
doing nothing all day while you do  
all the work and nobody even  
notices.

James storms over to Dov's stand, grabs his lemonade pitchers and throws them into the street. He screams and kicks over the entire stand while everyone watches, stunned.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Whatever. We were too old for  
lemonade stands anyway.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/HALLWAY - DAY

MELODY COLLINS(18) rifles through her locker. She is a very attractive girl with lovely brunette hair. James and Dov come up behind her and surprise her. She smiles and hugs them both.

JAMES (V.O.)  
That's Melody. Melody Collins.  
She's beautiful, isn't she? We met  
her senior year and we were  
inseparable.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/ENTRANCE - DAY

Melody skips along arm in arm with James and Dov. They all smile having the time of their lives.

JAMES (V.O.)  
I really liked her. You know, as in  
"like" like.

EXT. MELODY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James carries a bouquet of flowers. He paces back and forth, walks to the front door, holds out a fist to knock... and quickly pulls it back and walks away.

JAMES (V.O.)  
It took me a while to work up the  
courage to ask her out.

\*

A car pulls up to the house. James finds cover behind some shrubbery. Dov exits the car and heads to the front door. He knocks and the door opens. Melody pops out, gives him a huge hug and a long kiss. She leads him in.

James throws the flower bouquet on the ground and stomps on it repeatedly.

\*  
\*

JAMES (V.O.)  
In typical fashion, Dov had already  
beaten me to it. I should have seen  
that one coming.

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

JAMES SIMMONS(28), now an adult with a thin, meticulously neat appearance, serves customers from behind the counter of a brand new coffee shop in New York City.

JAMES (V.O.)

You'd think I'd be bitter, right?  
Well, that relationship didn't  
last. She had to move away.  
Besides, Dov and I went in to  
business together. With my  
attention to quality and detail and  
his ability to turn anything into  
gold we opened up a coffee shop. I  
named it "The Grind."

(beat)

Naturally, Dov tells everyone the  
name was his idea.

James places a demitasse of freshly brewed espresso onto a  
dainty saucer. He waves a COFFEE PATRON over to him, and the  
patron approaches uncertainly.

JAMES

You see how the top is a little  
golden brown? That's the crema.  
This is characteristic of a perfect  
pour. The taste should be rich and  
smooth.

COFFEE PATRON

(shrugs)

Okay.

JAMES

Note the aroma. Part of a  
complicated brewing process that  
brings out different aspects of the  
coffee.

COFFEE PATRON

It's really small.

JAMES

It's a concentrated cup.

COFFEE PATRON

So I'm supposed to add water?

JAMES

That's the whole thing.

The Coffee Patron takes a sip. He gags a little but tries to  
be polite.

COFFEE PATRON

Uh, cream and sugar?

JAMES  
Around the corner.

The Coffee Patron leaves a little dissatisfied. James faces the rest of shop.

JAMES  
Next?

The Grind explodes in a cacophony of noise from customers that James neglected while he described the perfect espresso. It's standing room only.

The front door opens with a bell. DOV COOKE(28) squeezes through the front door with several jugs of milk. Now an athletic, good-looking man with effortless charisma, several female heads turn when he walks by.

He runs behind the counter and quickly puts the milk in the refrigerator. He looks at the crowd, amused by James' obvious mismanagement.

DOV  
I'm gone five minutes and  
everything goes to hell.

JAMES  
They all came out of nowhere.

DOV  
(glances around)  
Where are Kyle and Mavis?

JAMES  
In the back, I guess.

\*  
\*

Dov puts on an apron as ALFREDO(56), a short man with impeccable hair, an Oxford blazer and a well styled scarf, steps out of the crowd. He is an amateur connoisseur of fine coffee and tea, the very definition of a Williamsburg dandy. He's obviously and excruciatingly Italian.

JAMES  
You.

ALFREDO  
We meet again.

JAMES  
You're here every day.

ALFREDO  
Indeed. You make me your espresso,  
no?

JAMES

We're a little busy. One of my other guys will be back in a minute.

ALFREDO

No! You must make it! No other! I insist.

JAMES

Christ.

James expertly makes the requested drink for Alfredo as the other customers grow increasingly impatient. He uses cocoa powder to draw a smiley face on top of the foam.

ALFREDO

Excellent. The smile, she makes my day. You make it so perfect! I see you tomorrow. No one else can ever make me this coffee.

\*

He glares menacingly at James.

ALFREDO

And no one ever will.

\*

\*

JAMES

Uh, yeah, sure.

\*

(to Dov)

I'll be right back.

He heads toward the back of the store.

DOV

\*

Next!

EXT. THE GRIND/BACK ALLEY - DAY

The Grind's only two employees, KYLE PEPPER(45) and MAVIS BEACON(33), are leaning against a dumpster and sharing a blunt.

Kyle is a skinny ex-punk rocker who never quite made it. He's got several crappy tattoos and a face that's older than his age. Mavis is a large African-American man pushing 300 pounds. He's also a converted Jew. He wears a black leather yarmulke everywhere he goes.

Kyle is in the middle of a dirty story.

KYLE

So I took this chick backstage  
after the concert, and I was  
banging her vagina hole with my  
dick, right?

He pounds the air with his crotch.

KYLE

That's when Dee Snider came busting  
through the door and--

James bursts though the back door and into the alley. He  
freezes at the sight of Kyle simulating sex.

JAMES

Jesus, Kyle! Mavis!

KYLE

Hey, whoa, hey. This is not what it  
looks like. I'm not gay.

JAMES

You mean you're NOT smoking pot at  
work while grinding your dick in  
Mavis' face?

KYLE

Not in a gay way! It's a manly dick  
grind!

\*  
\*

James grabs the blunt and stomps it.

MAVIS

Aw, come on, man! I've got  
cataracts!

JAMES

Get inside and do your fucking  
jobs!

Mavis lumbers to the door and opens it. He grabs the Star of David pendant on his necklace and looks back at James menacingly. \*

MAVIS

Some day the Lord will hear the  
cries of his oppressed people.

JAMES

Until then we have customers to  
take care of.



INT. THE GRIND - DAY

Kyle and Mavis man the espresso machine while Dov bounces back and forth between taking orders and making drinks. James stays at the counter. The shop is still packed and they rush through customers as fast as they can.

DOV

This sucks.

(takes off his apron)

Cover for me. I've got to go pick something up.

JAMES

What?

DOV

You'll see. Be back in a half hour or so.

He heads off. The flow remains steady but not busy as the others continue working. Suddenly, an ANGRY HUSBAND(45) walks up to them with a drink.

ANGRY HUSBAND

This is the wrong drink.

MAVIS

Huh?

ANGRY HUSBAND

You made my wife the wrong drink.

Mavis looks at the drink counter and sees an unclaimed cup of coffee sitting there.

MAVIS

Let me see your drink.

The Angry Husband hands Mavis the cup he is holding. Mavis picks up the unclaimed coffee from the counter and holds the two drinks side by side.

MAVIS

What did your wife get?

ANGRY HUSBAND

A mocha latte.

Mavis holds up the Angry Husband's cup.

MAVIS

What does this say?

The Angry Husband reads the label on the cup.

ANGRY HUSBAND  
Double Vanilla Latte?

Mavis holds out the unclaimed coffee.

MAVIS  
And this one?

ANGRY HUSBAND  
Mocha Latte?

MAVIS  
Exactly. I made your wife the right  
drink, but apparently she doesn't  
know how to read.

ANGRY HUSBAND  
What did you just--?

MAVIS  
Listen, man, your old lady took  
someone else's drink, and when she  
realized she fucked up, she made  
you come up here and do her dirty  
work! You need to go back there and  
give her a smack. Open palm. You  
don't want to leave any marks.

ANGRY HUSBAND  
Why you--

A CONFUSED PATRON walks to the counter.

CONFUSED PATRON  
Excuse me, I've been waiting for my  
Double Vanilla Latte...

MAVIS  
Well, there you go!  
(gestures at the Angry  
Husband)  
Your beef is with this guy and his  
stupid wife.

CONFUSED PATRON  
What do you mean?

MAVIS  
His wife took your drink,  
completely unsolicited!

CONFUSED PATRON  
(to the Angry Husband)  
Why would she do that?

ANGRY HUSBAND  
I--

MAVIS  
Because she's an idiot!

ANGRY HUSBAND  
You--!

CONFUSED PATRON  
Where is she?

ANGRY HUSBAND  
Wha--?

The Angry Husband and the Confused Patron begin shouting at each other. James takes notice.

JAMES  
Hey, hey! Take it outside!

The two men continue to argue as they leave the store.

JAMES  
Mavis! What did you do this time?

MAVIS  
Nothing. They're just assholes, I guess.

James looks out the front window. The Angry Husband and the Confused Patron slap fight each other while the husband's ANGRY WIFE hits the Confused Patron with her purse.

JAMES  
Uh, yeah. We'll let it go this time.

MAVIS  
No problem.

STEVE PENDLETON(40), a pompous but ridiculous looking man in a loud Hawaiian shirt and Bermuda shorts, approaches the counter and peers over the top of his Top Gun fighter pilot sunglasses.

STEVE  
Hey there. Nice shop you got here.

DOV

Thanks. What can we get for you?

STEVE

Tell me a little bit about this place.

DOV

We really don't have time for--

JAMES

Our coffees are organic and fair trade. Muffins made from scratch every morning. We roast the beans at a local--

STEVE

I don't give a shit.

JAMES

--facility... and... what?

Steve leans over the counter, trying to appear menacing but looking more laughable than anything else.

STEVE

I want you to look across the street there.

James peaks over Steve's shoulder. Outside he sees a new shop being built. A sign that says "STARBUCKS" is being hoisted above the glass door.

STEVE

Look at your demise.

He slides a business card across the counter. It gives his title as "STARBUCKS VACATION MANAGER."

STEVE

One of the first rules of war: know your enemy.

DOV

War? Afraid of a little healthy competition?

\*

STEVE

Steve Pendleton fears nothing. All I have to do is cut your clientele in half. We can take a loss for years and Starbucks won't even feel it. How long can you take a loss? A few months?

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can work for me after  
your business dries up.

(beat)

If I've got the room.

Steve laughs maniacally. He rips open his Hawaiian shirt and reveals a t-shirt beneath. On it is a very poorly airbrushed likeness of himself wearing another t-shirt with "NOBODY FUCKS WITH THE 'BUCKS" printed on it.

DOV

Is that supposed to be you or a  
deformed Mexican?

Steve cocks both thumbs at the slogan.

STEVE

You've wakened the sleeping giant.  
Now you'll have to climb the  
beanstalk if you wanna kill him.

He leaves the shop.

JAMES

What the fuck was that?

\*  
\*

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

\*

The opening rush is finally over and the last of the customers are filing out. Kyle is wiping down several tables and Mavis is cleaning the espresso machine.

JAMES

Jesus. We got our asses handed to  
us, didn't we?

DOV

Because you won't stop explaining  
the thousand year history of coffee  
to every customer that walks in the  
door.

JAMES

Eleven hundred.

DOV

I don't care! And neither do they!  
It's coffee!

JAMES

That's your problem, Dov. You have  
no attention to detail.

DOV

And you have no head for business.  
Your details don't mean shit if you  
chase people away with history  
lessons!

\*

Mavis burns himself on the espresso machine.

MAVIS

Son of a fucking whore, dickball  
shit... FUCK!

He continues cleaning as though nothing happened. Kyle pulls an acoustic guitar from under the counter and starts playing to the empty restaurant. He's an excellent player, but his song choice is highly inappropriate: Closer, by Nine Inch Nails.

KYLE

I wanna fuck you like an ANIMAL! I  
wanna feel you from the INSIDE!

He makes eye contact with a hottie walking by the store and humps the back of his guitar while he plays.

JAMES

Take that shit out back!

\*

Kyle heads to the alley, playing as he goes.

JAMES

We need new help.

INT. THE GRIND - NIGHT

\*

James locks the door behind a small group of customers that leave the shop.

JAMES

Thanks. Come again.

Mavis sweeps the floor next to a HIPSTER COUPLE who chat at a window table. They are the last customers in the building.

DOV

Just to let you know, we closed  
about fifteen minutes ago.

The Hipster Couple nod and keep talking. They don't seem to notice or care that they are holding things up. Mavis places chairs on the tables around them, but they continue chatting and pay no attention. He finally loses it.

MAVIS  
(shouts)  
It doesn't matter how long you  
talk! She's not going to fuck you!  
GET OUT!

\*

The couple both jump up and leave with looks of shock on their faces. James apologizes profusely as he lets them out the front door.

Dov laughs from behind the counter.

JAMES  
(to Mavis)  
Jesus Christ! You can't talk to  
customers like that!

MAVIS  
They weren't customers!

JAMES  
How... what? Of course they were!

MAVIS  
We're closed! They were  
trespassing.

JAMES  
(to Dov)  
You wanna help me here?

DOV  
Technically he's right.

James sighs, defeated, then looks around nervously.

JAMES  
Where's Kyle?

Kyle walks out of the men's room. A puff of marijuana smoke trails along behind him.

KYLE  
I wasn't masturbating! Stop looking  
at my dick!

EXT. THE GRIND/SIDEWALK - NIGHT

James and Dov exit the The Grind. They both glance at the Starbucks as they lock up.

DOV  
Don't sweat it. They can't beat us.  
We have charm.

JAMES  
Starbucks is everywhere. We can't  
afford to open up a new store every  
week to compete!

DOV  
We have to figure out a way to be  
in high traffic areas without  
opening a new store.

JAMES  
Like what?

DOV  
Like... like a food truck!

\*

JAMES  
What?

DOV  
You know, a restaurant on wheels!  
It's fucking brilliant! We can go  
where all of the foot traffic is!

\*

JAMES  
Nobody would go to a food truck for  
coffee. They go for soft serve, hot  
dogs, tacos. Drunk at 2am.

Dov points a finger to his head.

DOV  
Business. Trust me. I'll see you  
later.

\*

Dov rushes off, excited. James walks in the other direction.  
A few blocks up he spots a taco truck. The truck is run down  
and scummy. The inside is greasy. The workers are sweaty.

\*

JAMES  
A fucking food truck. He's out of  
his m--

\*

\*

\*

SLAM! He runs into someone and they both go to the ground.  
James scrambles to his feet and helps the woman up. She drops  
her food in the process.

JAMES  
God, I'm so sorry! Are you alright?



The girl at the other end of his arm is none other than MELODY COLLINS(28). She was beautiful in high school, but now she's a true knockout wearing a slick red dress.

James' mouth hangs open in shock.

MELODY

I'm fine. I'm sorry, I wasn't looking, I just... it's been one of those days, you know?

James is still speechless.

MELODY

Uh, okay. So, no harm done.

She starts to turn away but James stops her.

JAMES

Aren't you... Melody Collins?

MELODY

Wait, James? James Simmons? What are you doing here?

JAMES

What are you doing here?

He spots her food on the ground.

JAMES

You dropped your taco. What was it?

MELODY

Shrimp. You had them here? They're delicious.

JAMES

Can't. I'm allergic to shellfish. Makes my tongue and throat swell up. I'll buy you another one.

\*

MELODY

Okay. Thanks.

He orders a shrimp taco and they chat as the cook makes it.

MELODY

You still talk to Dov?

JAMES

Actually, we kind of opened up a coffee shop.

MELODY

So, then you see him a lot?

JAMES

Nearly every day. You got married, right? Nick "The Nick" Nichols.

MELODY

Don't remind me.

JAMES

What?

Melody takes a deep breath.

MELODY

We're getting a divorce.

JAMES

Oh.

James' heart races.

JAMES

Oh!

MELODY

What?

JAMES

I mean, that sucks.

MELODY

Yeah. I've moved out and I have a little savings but I could use a job.

JAMES

I think it must be fate.

The cook holds out the shrimp taco. James shies away from it so she takes it.

MELODY

Fate?

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

The next day, Melody stands in front of the large espresso machine behind the counter in The Grind. She tries to pull an espresso shot. The portafilter sprays hot water and flies out of the machine.

Melody is startled. She laughs and is unharmed. Mavis and Kyle come to the rescue.

MAVIS  
Whoa. You alright there?

MELODY  
I think so.

KYLE  
We'll show you how it's done.

Dov and James watch from across the room as Mavis and Kyle eagerly show her how to use the machine.

Melody hits a lever and steam and hot water explode everywhere. She, Kyle, and Mavis hit the ground.

DOV  
I can't beleive you hired her. What  
the fuck is wrong with you? You  
know we have a history!

\*  
\*  
\*

JAMES  
No shit. I was there.

DOV  
She could have been the one.

JAMES  
Her family moved away. You can't  
help that.

DOV  
Yes I could have.

JAMES  
It's been over a decade. I think we  
can all be friends again.

Dov watches her silently for a moment.

DOV  
Isn't she married now? Some  
douchebag quarterback?

\*  
\*

JAMES  
She's getting a divorce. It's  
apparently messy.

DOV  
I don't need this right now. We  
have to fire her.

\*

JAMES

Funny you should use the word  
"fire" where she's concerned.

\*  
\*

DOV

Goddammit, that was an accident!  
You know that! I--

\*  
\*

Dov turns to him, a knowing look dawning in his eyes.

\*

DOV

Now I know why you hired her. You  
sneaky little fucker.

\*  
\*  
\*

JAMES

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

\*  
\*  
\*

DOV

Oh really? You think I never saw  
you looking at her back in high  
school? Forget it. She's outta here  
after this shift.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He walks away. Mavis approaches.

MAVIS

You wanna hit that, don't you?

\*

James spins around to find Mavis cleaning a table behind him.

JAMES

What? I... what? How the...?

MAVIS

I ain't blind. Cupid done shot you  
right in the dick.

JAMES

One way of putting it, I guess.

MAVIS

Look, maybe I can help. I've had a  
few ladies in my day.

JAMES

I think I can manage.

MAVIS

The only thing you can manage is  
making a capaspresso.

JAMES

Cappuccino.

MAVIS

Whatever. Point is, someone wants to know how to roast some stupid fucking beans, they come to you. They wanna learn how to get the ladies in the sack, they come to me.

JAMES

The ladies find three hundred pound Jewish chefs attractive, do they?

MAVIS

More to love. Besides, it ain't the weight, it's the confidence. You don't have it. Hell, I thought you was gay when I first met you.

Kyle walks over.

KYLE

You guys taking a break?

MAVIS

The boss here needs a crash course in the fine art of tagging ass.

KYLE

Learn the guitar. Worked for me. Who is he?

JAMES

He? It's... it's her. Wait. You both thought I was gay?

MAVIS

Yes.

KYLE

Whoa! Whoa! You're not gay? All this time I've been walking on eggshells.

\*  
\*  
\*

JAMES

Why would you think that?

MAVIS

Everything's always gotta be neat and perfect.

KYLE

Your walk.

JAMES

What's wrong with my--

MAVIS

Sometimes I had the feeling you were checking me out.

KYLE

Me too.

JAMES

A boss is supposed to keep an eye on his employees.

MAVIS

You're a toucher.

KYLE

Definitely. Creeps me out.

JAMES

What the hell is a toucher?

MAVIS

You touch people when you talk to them. Usually for no reason. A pat on the shoulder or the hand. Dudes ain't supposed to do that shit.

JAMES

Now listen...

He jabs a finger into Mavis' chest, then realizes he's touching him. He quickly pulls his finger away.

MAVIS

My point.

KYLE

You sure you're not gay? I mean, maybe you don't really like her... maybe you want to BE her? Maybe you wanna make an outfit out of her skin?

JAMES

What the hell?

KYLE

I'm not judging!

JAMES

You guys realize these are stereotypes, right?

MAVIS  
You know why people made  
stereotypes in the first place?  
Because they're fucking true.

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

It's the midday rush and Dov and Melody work the counter. Melody is doing her best but is still making some wrong moves. James and Dov forgive her every mistake.

DOV  
(to Melody)  
It takes a little practice.

MELODY  
I really suck at this. I'm sorry.  
Mavis is doing a good job training  
me, though.

She points to Mavis.

MAVIS  
Yeah, girl. I got your back!

DOV  
That's good. Can we talk in the  
back after the rush?

MELODY  
Oh. Yeah. Okay.

Alfredo steps up to the counter.

ALFREDO  
(to James)  
You know what I like.

Dov snickers behind James.

DOV  
I'll take over for you. Why don't  
you--  
(winks at him)  
--give Alfredo what he likes.

James sighs and begins to make the drink. Melody chuckles.

ALFREDO  
I'm'a tell you! Nobody do it for me  
like James!

MAVIS

Yeah, I've heard he worked LONG and  
HARD to perfect his recipe.

Dov, Melody, Mavis, and Kyle snicker harder.

ALFREDO

I know! I like it, too. It make me  
laugh! We laugh together.

They laugh together.

Steve Pendleton steps out of the crowd. He is wearing a fake  
mustache and a bad wig. He walks up to Melody.

STEVE

Psssstt.

She doesn't respond.

STEVE

Psssstt, hey traitor.

She turns to look at him.

MELODY

Mr. Pendleton? Is that you?

STEVE

Starbucks wasn't good enough, huh?

MELODY

Good enough? You fired me three  
hours after I started training.

STEVE

And I see now that I made the right  
decision.

MELODY

That doesn't even make sense.

STEVE

That's how I roll.

James and Dov approach.

JAMES

What the hell are you doing here?

Steve begins speaking in a terrible hick accent in a  
ridiculous attempt to conceal his identity.



STEVE

Well, howdy boys! Stopped in for some java! You the owners of this here establishment?

DOV

Why are you dressed like that?

STEVE

Like what? Have we met, partner?

JAMES

Are you actually trying to spy on us?

Steve can tell he's been made but he keeps up the act.

STEVE

Fine. You wanna treat your customers like shit, I'll make sure everybody 'round these parts knows about it.

DOV

Get the fuck outta my store.

STEVE

Yelp will hear about this!

He leaves.

JAMES

What a fucking nutjob.

Dov is on it. He flags down Kyle and whispers in his ear. Kyle nods and takes off.

JAMES

Watch and learn.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Steve is the master of his domain. The store has a completely different feel than The Grind. The customers are more mainstream looking, less Hipster, a little more conservative business types.

Kyle walks in, looking extremely uncomfortable in a shabby gray suit. He is immediately out of place. People turn towards him like a stranger in an old West saloon.

He ignores them and approaches the counter and talks to Steve, trying hard to make himself sound more educated than he really is.

KYLE

Good morning, uh... afternoon to you, sir. Good sir.

STEVE

How can I help you?

KYLE

I would in fact enjoy the opportunity to purchase a beverage, if you please.

Steve grows suspicious.

STEVE

What would you like?

KYLE

One café of coffee. Of the small variety.

Steve turns to an employee.

STEVE

One tall cup of Starbucks.

The employee begins to make the order.

STEVE

Excuse me for one moment.

He slips away and pokes his head into his office.

INT. STARBUCKS/STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

The walls of Steve's office are plastered with pictures of The Grind and its employees. It looks like the investigation board from an episode of CSI.

The pictures of every person who works there are lined across the top while meticulous details of their everyday lives are written beneath in Steve's tiny handwriting. Steve recognizes Kyle from his photo at the very end.

STEVE

Trying to pull a fast one, huh?

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Steve returns to the counter just as the employee hands Kyle his cup of coffee. Kyle takes a sip.

KYLE

This is amazing! I had no idea that coffee heretofore could be like this! How can I become a member of such a fine establishment?

STEVE

What are you doing?

KYLE

I am inquiring about possible employment, of course.

STEVE

Really. So you can get the inside scoop? Report back to your friends?

KYLE

How do you mean?

STEVE

Kyle Pepper, age forty-five. Born in the Bronx to Amelia Pepper. One twin brother, Lyle. You dropped out of high school in tenth grade. Played guitar for the Dead Beats, but got kicked out before they became famous. Spiraled into drug addiction and lost everything, which led you to unfulfilling work at The Grind.

(leans forward)

Blood type... AB negative.

KYLE

(stunned)

Uh, you... wherefore have you reached this strange conclusion that--

Steve gestures at another employee, who grabs Kyle and ushers him out the front door. The coffee spills on his suit.

KYLE

Outrageous!

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

Dov and James watch from inside The Grind as Kyle is tossed out of Starbucks while desperately trying to wipe hot coffee off his body.

DOV  
Dammit.

JAMES  
Did you really expect that to work?  
I'm surprised every time he  
remembers his own name.

DOV  
You never know til you try. And  
he'd have definitely recognized one  
of us.  
(beat)  
Well, time to fire Melody.

JAMES  
What the fuck!

DOV  
We can't afford her.

JAMES  
Dov. Don't do this.

Dov walks over to Melody and leads her through the door to the back alley.

EXT. THE GRIND/BACK ALLEY - DAY

Melody and Dov exit into the alleyway. They stand there uncomfortably for a moment.

DOV	MELODY
Melody, about the--	I just wanted to--
DOV	MELODY
Ha. Go ahead--	You go first--

They laugh uncomfortably.

MELODY  
You go first.

DOV  
Heh. Thanks. Uh... it's good to see  
you again.

MELODY

Yeah. You know. I really wanted to thank you for letting me work here. I know I'm not that good. Steve fired me because of it.

DOV

But his machines are automated.

MELODY

I'm not good with my hands.

DOV

That's not the Melody I remember.

MELODY

Wah-wah.

DOV

Sorry.

Dov stands awkwardly.

MELODY

Anyway, thanks, again. I need this job while I get myself back on my feet. It'll help. A lot.

DOV

Oh, good. I'm glad.

MELODY

Was that all you wanted?

DOV

Uh, yes. No!

MELODY

Okay.

DOV

I think...

MELODY

You think?

DOV

I wanna... What are you...?

MELODY

What am I what?

Dov can't bring himself to fire her.

DOV

There's an orientation for all our employees. Tonight, at Flanagan's. I'll get you the details.

MELODY

Okay.

Dove walks back inside with his tail between his legs.

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

James is frowning as Dov approaches.

JAMES

I don't think you should have fired her.

DOV

She's not fired.

JAMES

You didn't do it?

DOV

Nope. Had a better idea.

Dov smiles a huge smile, nearly uncontrollable. Dov pulls his apron off and heads to the back.

JAMES

What's going on?

James follows Dov to the safe. Dov opens it and pulls out a blue pouch.

DOV

Going to the bank. And then I gotta get ready.

JAMES

Get ready? For what?

DOV

Wouldn't you like to know?

Dov leaves the store.

James uses this rare opportunity to approach Melody who mans the espresso machine.

JAMES

Hey, Melody.

MELODY

Hey.

JAMES

You're, uh, doing a great job so far.

MELODY

Thanks.

James hovers uncomfortably next to her.

MELODY

So... I'll see you tomorrow.

JAMES

Actually. I--

He spots Mavis and Kyle both staring at him, egging him on. He leads Melody out of their line of sight.

JAMES

I was wondering if you might want to get together after work.

Melody stares at him and doesn't answer.

JAMES

You know, just for, uh... just in case you, uh...

She continues to look at him, impossible to read.

JAMES

We... we need to go over some paperwork...

MELODY

Oh, yeah. Sounds great. I'll be there.

JAMES

You will?

MELODY

Yeah. Tonight at eight, right? At Flannigan's?

JAMES

The steak place down the street?

MELODY

(shrugs)

That's the last I heard?

JAMES

Yeah. Sure. Flannigan's.  
Steakhouse.

MELODY

Cool. See you there.

She leaves. James walks away, slightly confused, but believing that they have a date. Dov is back behind the counter, watching him suspiciously.

EXT. FLANNIGAN'S - NIGHT

James approaches the steakhouse. He makes his way through the people waiting for their cars to be valeted and heads inside. He then realizes it's not a steakhouse, it's a seafood restaurant.

JAMES

Shit.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/LOBBY - NIGHT

James walks into the lobby and sees Melody. She's standing by the hostess stand. He makes a beeline for her.

JAMES

Hey. Good to see you. Glad you  
could make it.

MELODY

Is there paperwork?

JAMES

What?

MELODY

I thought there might be some  
paperwork.

JAMES

Oh yeah. I, uh... well--

MELODY

No big deal. I guess Dov brought it  
for you.

JAMES

Yeah, I... what? Dov brought--

DOV

--all the paperwork she needs.



James spins around and sees Dov standing behind him. Dov is clearly pissed off.

JAMES  
(through gritted teeth)  
What are you doing here?

DOV  
New employee orientation. It's standard.

He holds out a folder filled with papers.

DOV  
I hope you brought some of your own.

James balls his hands into fists. In his haste he didn't think to bring any papers. He realizes he's been outwitted by Dov once again... even though their plans were apparently exactly the same.

The HOSTESS appears.

HOSTESS  
Welcome to Flannigan's. Table for--

All four simultaneously:

HOSTESS  
--three?

JAMES  
--two.

DOV  
--two.

MELODY  
--three.

A beat. They all stare at one another.

JAMES  
Three.

DOV  
Two.

MELODY  
What? Three. What's happening?

DOV  
Three.

HOSTESS  
Table for--

ALL  
--three.

Another beat.

HOSTESS  
Excellent. Follow me, please.

Melody follows the Hostess while Dov and James lag behind.

DOV  
What are you doing here?

JAMES  
I asked her out. She named the place.

DOV  
You fucking idiot. I named the place. She thinks we both asked her to a fucking orientation meeting.

JAMES  
Since when did we do orientation?

DOV  
Since tonight. Look, you have to get out of here.

JAMES  
Me?

DOV  
Yes! We have a lot to talk about.

JAMES  
I have things to talk to her about. Why can't you go?

DOV  
What? Get the fuck out of here.

James turns towards the main dining room. Melody has just been shown their booth and she waves at James.

JAMES  
I'm gonna stay.

He steps into the dining room and heads to Melody.

DOV  
What are you doing?

Dov quickly follows.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Melody sits down at the four person booth. James and Dov pause; one of them is going to have to sit beside her. They both attempt to slide into the booth next to her at the same time and almost fall on the floor.

They try again with the same result, neither of them giving ground. Melody looks confused.

DOV  
Please. After you.

JAMES  
No, no. After you.

DOV  
Thanks!

Dov sits down next to Melody. James grumbles and sits across from them. The WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER  
Welcome to Flannigan's. Can I start you with something to drink?

DOV  
You guys like Bloody Mary's?

MELODY  
Sure.

JAMES  
I guess.

DOV  
Three of those then. And add some Clamato juice.

WAITER  
Yes sir.

He heads away to place the order.

JAMES  
What's Clamato?

DOV

Oh, nothing. Just a liqueur. You'll love it.

They all look at the menu.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

James is sipping his Bloody Mary when the appetizers arrive. He picks at a house salad while Dov and Melody munch on clam strips.

MELODY

Why did you choose this place if you're allergic to everything?

JAMES

It's really no big deal. I'll just have the salad with no dressing.

MELODY

We could have gone to the steakhouse across the street.

JAMES

Really. I'm fine. I don't have to eat. It's not like this is a date or anything.

James laughs uncomfortably. There is an awkward pause.

DOV

Sometimes he gets the screaming shits.

MELODY

What?

DOV

From the shellfish.

JAMES

Shut up, Dov.

Melody laughs a little.

MELODY

What's the screaming shits?

DOV

When you have to shit so violently that you scream like a woman.

Melody laughs even more.

MELODY

You always make me laugh!

James is dismayed at how Melody and Dov seem to so easily rekindle their connection. He tries a forced laugh.

JAMES

It's not nearly as bad as when your herpes broke out that one time.

Melody stops laughing and looks at Dov, who laughs nervously.

JAMES

Besides, the hives aren't nearly as bad as when your herpes broke out that one time.

Melody looks at Dov, who laughs nervously.

DOV

It was a reaction to a bee sting.

JAMES

A bee that somehow stung you on the head of your dick?

DOV

I was at the park and I had to piss! It was on the urinal cake and I didn't see it. I didn't!

MELODY

(to James)

Why were you looking at his dick?

They both go back to their salads without answering.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The entrees arrive. The dinner becomes even more awkward.

MELODY

So, is this the orientation or are we going to go over anything else?

DOV

Yeah, oh, right.

He pulls out Melody's resume and some other trivial papers that he doesn't care about at all.

DOV

Uh, do either of you have a pen?

James looks down at his hands. They have become red and itchy. He scratches them and small bumps begin appearing on his skin.

JAMES

What the hell?

His voice has become raspy. He rubs his throat.

MELODY

Something wrong?

JAMES

I think... I think I--

His stomach makes a large gurgling sound. He bursts from the table and runs to the men's room.

DOV

(smiles knowingly)

Guess he can't hold his liquor.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

James stands in front of a bathroom mirror. Hives are appearing on his skin. He opens his mouth and his tongue is puffy.

JAMES

Shellfish!

His stomach makes another terrifying rumble and he pushes his way inside one of the toilet stalls. The sounds that emanate from within are nearly beyond description.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

From inside the dining room patrons turn their heads toward the bathrooms as they hear what could only be described as an Eastern European woman giving birth to an adult water buffalo.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/LOBBY - NIGHT

The Waiter runs to the Hostess in distress.

WAITER  
It sounds like someone is getting  
murdered!

The Hostess holds the phone receiver.

HOSTESS  
I'm calling 911.

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dov continues to eat as he pretends to be interested in the paperwork on the table.

DOV  
I can never have enough butter on  
lobster. You know...

MELODY  
That's not James, is it?

DOV  
You know, I don't think we're gonna  
have enough time to get through all  
this. How about coming back to my  
place?

Melody turns around and looks toward the men's room.

MELODY  
But, what about James?

DOV  
He's fine.

At that moment, James emerges.

DOV  
See? Here he comes now.

James sits down at the table. He face and throat are swollen.  
He is having trouble breathing.

DOV  
Oh shit.

JAMES  
(Raspy)  
Epi...pen. Front pocket...

MELODY  
What?

Dov jumps out of his chair. James collapses to the floor.  
Melody freaks.

JAMES  
Epipen...

MELODY  
Oh my God!

Melody searches James' pockets and finds his epipen.

MELODY  
I don't know how!

DOV  
Give it to me!

Dov straddles James and shoves the epipen into James' thigh.  
James can breath again.

DOV  
Feeling better?

JAMES  
Clamato. What the hell is Clamato?

DOV  
It's clam juice and toma-- oh...

JAMES  
Right.

DOV  
You're allergic.

JAMES  
I am.

James grabs Dov's throat and starts choking him. He flips Dov over and is now on top choking and pounding his head against the floor. A bout of nausea hits James and he vomits all over Dov.

JAMES  
I hate you!

Melody screams and jumps up as James and Dov roll around on floor. They knock the table over and cover themselves with food and vomit.

DOV  
Your hands! They're all lumpy!  
You're gonna give me the hives!



JAMES  
I'm gonna fucking kill you first!

DOV  
Sausage fingers, man! Come on!

James rubs his swollen hands in Dov's face and Dov screams like a little girl. The sound of police sirens fills the air.

EXT. FLANNIGAN'S - NIGHT

Outside, three police cars stop in front of Flannigan's. Police spill out like a clown car.

The Hostess runs outside with the Waiter.

HOSTESS  
In here!

INT. FLANNIGAN'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Police enter the dining room and pull apart Dov and James. They both stop fighting instantly and put their hands up.

DOV  
We give up!

The cops instantly pounce on them with batons and beat the ever loving shit out of them.

NYPD OFFICER  
Stop resisting! Stop resisting!

EXT. THE GRIND - DAY

The next day, Mavis and Kyle are fantastically hung over and late for work. They arrive to discover a line of people inspecting the windows of The Grind shop. One person tugs a bit at the door and shrugs to his friends. They walk away.

Mavis and Kyle look at each other and at the storefront. They shrug. Mavis tugs at the door. It doesn't open.

A CURIOUS CUSTOMER approaches.

CURIOUS CUSTOMER  
I had to get coffee at the Starbucks. I really want to support local business but I need my coffee.

MAVIS

How about you support my local foot  
up your ass?

Mavis feigns a headbutting motion and the Curious Customer  
scurries away.

MAVIS

That's right! Obama! We're takin'  
over?

Melody arrives, frantic. She has a set of keys that she  
immediately uses to unlock the doors.

KYLE

Damn.

MAVIS

What the hell is going on?

Melody pushes through the door and Mavis and Kyle follow.

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

Melody instantly heads to the safe.

MELODY

Those idiots. They got arrested.

She opens the safe and pulls out a large amount of cash.

MELODY

You guys have to take care of  
things until I get them out.

Melody leaves in a hurry.

Mavis and Kyle watch Melody leave. They look at each other  
slowly. Grins appear on their faces.

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

Mavis and Kyle are high as hell. There are only a handful of  
people in the building. Kyle grabs his guitar and bows to the  
customers. Several people applaud in anticipation.

KYLE

Here's a little something I used to  
play for my mother.

He begins serenading them with Metallica's "So What!"

KYLE (CONT'D)

Well, I've fucked the queen!  
I've fucked Bach!  
I've even sucked an old man's cock!  
So what, so what!  
And I've fucked a sheep!  
I've fucked a goat!  
I rammed my cock right down its  
throat!  
So what, so what!  
You boring little fuck!

The customers are horrified. Everyone rushes out of the building.

MAVIS

You're a rock God.

KYLE

I know.

As they lean back and relax, a noise begins to swell outside. Mavis goes to the front door and looks through the glass.

MAVIS

Oh shit, man.

KYLE

What?

MAVIS

That shitty little art studio on the corner must've been having a show. I think it just let out.

KYLE

So?

MAVIS

An entire gallery full of art critics and hippies, Kyle. And what do they all consider themselves experts in?

The door bursts open. Within seconds, almost the entire shop is filled with babbling, tweed adorned art critics.

KYLE

We're fucked.

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

Mavis and Kyle are completely overwhelmed. This isn't anything unusual, but when added to the fact that they're completely stoned, it's a disaster waiting to happen.

The line is tremendous and they are spilling coffee, burning themselves, adding too much sugar, you name it.

CUSTOMER 1

I didn't ask for cream!

CUSTOMER 2

I did ask for cream!

CUSTOMER 3

I've been waiting twenty minutes!

CUSTOMER 4

There's foam in my cappuccino!

MAVIS

There's supposed to be foam in a cappuccino! Come on!

A SHAGGY ART CRITIC steps forward.

SHAGGY ART CRITIC

This is ridiculous! You're just asking for a bad review on my blog!

Kyle secretly scratches under his armpit and uses the sweaty fingers to stir the Shaggy Art Critic's coffee. Mavis spots him and nods approvingly as he hands it to the critic.

SHAGGY ART CRITIC

It's about time.

He takes a big sip and walks away satisfied.

MAVIS

Enjoy it, asshole.

KYLE

Nobody reads your fucking blog!

The customers seem on the verge of a riot. Everyone is yelling at Mavis and Kyle. Suddenly, Alfredo appears.

ALFREDO

Where is James?

MAVIS

He's not here.

ALFREDO

You must find him. Only he can make my coffee.

KYLE

I'll make it.

ALFREDO

No. Call James. He make the smiley face.

MAVIS

I'm not calling anybody. You either take what Kyle makes or you get the fuck outta here.

ALFREDO

I WANT JAMES! YOU CALL NOW! FIND JAMES!

Mavis pushes Alfredo hard. The small man stumbles backward and almost falls. All the noise in the shop dies almost instantly. Mavis rips off his apron.

MAVIS

You art-whore assholes want your decaf mocha frappa-fucking-chinos? Well here's what I think of your fucking coffee!

He stands on the counter, turns around and starts pissing all over everything behind the counter. The crowd gasps.

KYLE

Fucking A!

Kyle unzips his pants and joins in. When he pisses on the espresso machine, a spark shoots out the side of it and it explodes.

The handle that the coffee is placed into flies across the room and hits an OLD LADY square between the eyes. The old lady screams and stumbles backward, falling directly onto a WEEK OLD BABY in a car seat on the floor at its mother's side. The baby starts screaming.

The smoke from the espresso machine sets off the fire alarm. Red and white lights mounted into the wall start flashing. The sprinklers turn on and begin soaking the entire crowd.

In their rush to get out, the customers knock over several tables and break even more stuff. Within a few seconds the shop is empty. Mavis and Kyle zip up their pants.

MAVIS  
Smoke break?

KYLE  
You bet.

They head toward the back. Kyle grabs his guitar.

KYLE  
Mavis, did you know that if you  
piss on an espresso machine, it'll  
explode?

MAVIS  
No, Kyle, I did not. But I do now.

EXT. THE GRIND - NIGHT

There is a large crowd outside The Grind. Water is pouring out the front door. Dov and James and Melody arrive in time to see an old woman and an infant being loaded into separate ambulances.

Mavis and Kyle are standing nearby.

JAMES  
What did you do? What did you  
fucking idiots do?

KYLE  
Did you know that if you piss on an  
espresso machine, it'll explode?

James is speechless.

KYLE  
Huh. I guess nobody knew.

James goes ballistic. Dov tries to calm him down and they get into a scuffle. NYPD and NYFD arrive on the scene.

JAMES  
Not again!

They are swarmed by cops and beaten with night sticks.

OFFICER  
Stop resisting! Stop resisting!

INT. THE GRIND - DAY

SUPER: "One Week Later."

James and Melody sit inside the burned out husk of The Grind shop. Across the street the line at the Starbucks is down the block.

JAMES

Bail for both of us, twice. Fines  
for faulty wiring. With the  
insurance company still  
investigating the cause of the  
fire, that pretty much leaves us  
fucked.

Steve notices them and crosses to where they are standing.  
He's wearing another gaudy Hawaiian shirt.

STEVE

Well, well. So this is the shop  
where the baby died.

JAMES

No baby died in here. She got  
better and the doctors sent her  
home.

STEVE

Oh, really? Guess I've been telling  
hundreds of people the wrong story  
then. And who knows how many people  
THEY told. My bad.

JAMES

You're a real asshole.

STEVE

No... I'm a conqueror.

He pulls open his shirt and reveals a t-shirt beneath that  
shows a stick figure having anal sex with another stick  
figure. The one doing the pounding is labeled "ME" while the  
one receiving the pounding is labeled "YOU".

STEVE

I have to thank you guys though...  
since you were closed it made our  
opening week that much better.

JAMES

Right.

STEVE

Take heart... at the Battle of Thermopylae, a small number of dedicated soldiers were able to triumph against overwhelming odds. I saw it in that movie "300."

JAMES

What? Are you rooting for us now?

STEVE

Oh wait... I just remembered... the soldiers all died. You're screwed.

Steve laughs and walks back to his store.

Mavis and Kyle show up moments later.

JAMES

What do you want?

MAVIS

Look. We're sorry about what happened. I know we aren't the best employees but we really aren't trying to kill your business. We need these jobs.

KYLE

Yeah. I don't wanna go back to giving fifty dollar handjobs on the street.

MAVIS

Inside voice, Kyle. Inside voice.

KYLE

Right.

MAVIS

So anyway, me and Kyle got together last night. We pooled our money--  
(reaches into his jacket)  
--and we got you this.

He pulls out an ounce of Burning Bush weed. There's a picture on the bag of Moses on a mountaintop.

JAMES

What the fuck is that?

KYLE

It's weed, dude!



MAVIS

An ounce.

JAMES

Are you kidding me? We can't take that!

MAVIS

Please. We, we insist.

JAMES

It's illegal, you morons!

A loud shot is heard outside which startles everyone. They all run outside.

EXT. THE GRIND/SIDEWALK - DAY

A rusty beat up food truck pulls up the front and putters to a stop. The engine shuts off but not before it takes a couple of sputters and pops before a huge black plume pours from the exhaust.

Dov exits the truck.

DOV

Can you believe this thing?

JAMES

Dov? What are you doing with this?

DOV

We talked about this, remember? I told you we should get a coffee truck?

JAMES

You told me? It was my idea! You said it would never work!

DOV

I said it, you said it, who cares. What do you think?

JAMES

We can't afford this! Especially, now!

DOV

This can be the new business.

JAMES

The only people this thing will  
draw in are homeless people who've  
mistaken it for a dumpster.

(beat)

Where'd you get it?

DOV

Craigslist.

JAMES

Craigslist!

DOV

Yeah. I've been looking all week.

JAMES

Where did you get the money?

DOV

The rest of the petty cash.

JAMES

What! You... fucking... you...

He starts to hyperventilate.

DOV

Look, you're terrible at business  
and I knew you would say no. So I  
took the initiative.

James leans over and grabs his knees to try to catch his  
breath. Melody walks out and seems concerned.

MELODY

(to James)

Holy shit, are you okay?

DOV

He's fine. Just excited about new  
prospects, that's all. We fix this  
thing up, drive to the places that  
have the most traffic, and set up  
camp there! Who needs a store?

MELODY

You always have such great ideas.

DOV

We need to head over to Astor Place  
because that's where most of the  
people from St. Marks spill into.

(MORE)

DOV (CONT'D)

There's a subway stop there and NYU  
on the other side. It's perfect.

James is flabbergasted. He blinks.

JAMES

I, well. Wow. I mean, we've been  
talking about it for a while. What  
better time than now, when we've  
lost everything and have absolutely  
no hope of recovering.

Melody pinches James' cheek and jumps into the truck.

MONTAGE - RESTORING THE TRUCK

--Dov drives the truck into a rented lot and parks it.

--Mavis and Kyle sand the outside of the truck. Sparks fly  
and Dov's shirt catches on fire. Mavis tackles him to put out  
the flames, his weight nearly crushing him.

--Dov and James mop and clean the inside. A nest of mice  
burst out from under a counter. Melody screams and leaps into  
Dov's arms. James frowns.

--They rip a lot of junk out of the inside and install an  
espresso machine in the back. They hook it up to a compressor  
and a mobile water tank. Test it. The water sprays James in  
the face.

--Mavis walks up to the espresso machine and unzips his pants  
like he's going to piss on it. Everyone motions for him to  
stop. He smiles a "just kidding" smile and zips up his pants.

--Mavis bakes oatmeal Menorah cookies. He serves them on a  
tray shaped like the Star of David. Everyone digs in except  
James, who's way too suspicious to eat anything else.

--Several cans of airbrushing paint are hauled in. Kyle falls  
asleep outside and Mavis paints the word "douchebag" on his  
forehead.

--The truck is painted. Melody puts the finishing touches on  
the sign. Behold! THE GRIND II COFFEE TRUCK!

EXT. RENTED LOT - DAY

Mavis, Kyle, Dov, James, and Melody stand before the finished  
truck. Kyle still has "douchebag" on his forehead, Dov's  
shirt is charred.

DOV  
The Grind II. Not bad.

MELODY  
This is amazing!

JAMES  
Okay. I like it.

Time for a group hug. Kyle pulls out his guitar and plays the National Anthem.

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Early the next morning, Dov drives the truck through the streets of New York, searching for parking. Melody is in the passenger seat.

MELODY  
This is so exciting!

DOV  
Hell yeah.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

The Grind II parks along a clear strip at Astor Place. It's surrounded by two Starbucks stores. There is literally one Starbucks across the street from another one.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

James peers out the window.

JAMES  
Are you fucking kidding me?

Dov and Melody walk into the back.

JAMES  
What are you doing?

DOV  
This is the place.

JAMES  
There are thirty-five Starbucks at this corner!

DOV

Doesn't matter. This is where all the traffic is. We're right in front of the subway entrance. Everyone gets off here. You got Target, NYU, St. Marks, East Village... it's perfect. Starbucks can't move closer, so we're the first thing they'll see!

Dov takes a deep breath like a general preparing for war.

DOV

I love the smell of coffee in the morning. Let's get started.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

Dov hands some flyers to Melody.

DOV

Here. Let's blanket the area.

MELODY

And we just wait for customers?

DOV

Exactly.

Melody and Dov leave. James stares at her longingly as she goes.

MAVIS

Just ask her out. You know you're meant for each other.

JAMES

Really?

MAVIS

Of course not! Look at you! You're a pussy! You are not even remotely proactive about this game.

JAMES

It's not a game to me.

MAVIS

Which is why your dick is dry and your balls are blue. Look at your competition! Had flyers made up and everything. Spent money he didn't even have!

JAMES

He just wants to get the word out.

MAVIS

Jesus Christ, it's five fucking  
A.M. in the morning, fool! Nobody's  
around here yet! He just wanted to  
get her alone!

JAMES

But... I... shit.

EXT. ST. MARK'S PLACE - DAY

Dov and Melody wander down the empty street. The sun is just  
peaking over the horizon. The streets are dark and still.

MELODY

It's so peaceful this early.

DOV

Yeah.

MELODY

I hope you aren't too worried. I  
think the truck is a great idea.

They walk in silence for a moment, hanging a few flyers as  
they go.

DOV

Melody...

MELODY

Dov?

DOV

Look, I know that we didn't end on  
very good terms--

MELODY

Christ. I was wondering when you  
were going to bring that up.

DOV

Well, I guess what I wanted to say  
was... I'm sorry. I know I said it  
back then too, but I really mean  
it.

MELODY

You're sorry?

DOV  
For what it's worth.

MELODY  
Dov. You burned my parents' house  
down.

DOV  
It was an accident! We were BOTH  
smoking, remember? It's not like I  
haven't paid for it! I still have a  
criminal record!

MELODY  
I don't want to talk this. It was a  
long time ago.

DOV  
I know, but I mean it. I'm sorry.  
Friends?

MELODY  
Friends.

They shake hands. They finish shaking but don't let go. They  
gaze into each other's eyes for a moment. Dov pull her close  
and they kiss passionately.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY

The sun is coming up. Riders emerge from the subway entrance,  
residents come out of their homes, students head to class.  
The day has begun.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

James holds a paper fortune teller and flips the corners with  
his fingers.

JAMES  
(pausing between words)  
My momma told me to pick the very  
best one and you are not it!

James flips the corner open to reveal Kyle's fortune.

KYLE  
What's it say?

JAMES  
You will inherit millions of  
dollars from your grandmother.

MAVIS

Sweet.

KYLE

Wow. That's very mixed news, you know. I mean, I love my grandma but I could really use the money!

JAMES

This isn't real, Kyle.

KYLE

Oh, yeah, I mean... yeah, totally!  
(nervously)  
I have to make a phone call.

Kyle steps off the truck.

JAMES

Wow.

MAVIS

He's never really been gifted upstairs.

JAMES

I see that now, thanks.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

Melody and Dov return to the truck. Kyle is on his cell phone.

KYLE

(into the phone)  
No, I know it's early, Gramma, but,  
I worry sometimes...

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Dov and Melody enter the truck.

DOV

Anything?

MAVIS

You two looker chipper.

DOV

What?



MAVIS  
Almost glowing.

Melody turns very red. James steams. He can tell that something new has passed between them.

Suddenly, a female MORNING COMMUTER knocks on the glass.

MAVIS  
Get the fuck outta here!

JAMES  
Holy, shit.

The gang rushes to serve the commuter. Dov and James stretch their necks out the window. Mavis and Melody surround them with googley eyes.

MELODY  
How can we help you?

MORNING COMMUTER  
How long have you been here?

MELODY  
Just over an hour.

MORNING COMMUTER  
A coffee truck. What an amazing idea!

Simultaneously:

DOV  
Thanks, it was my idea.

JAMES  
Thanks, it was my idea.

James gives Dov a nasty look.

MORNING COMMUTER  
Can I get a cappuccino?

JAMES  
Any coffee drink you like.

MORNING COMMUTER  
Great. A regular cappuccino then.

JAMES  
Right away.

No one moves. They're still stunned by the presence of their very first customer.

JAMES  
Guys. The cappuccino!

They all rush to attention.

MAVIS  
Coming right up!

DOV  
We also have pastries.

MORNING COMMUTER  
Cherry Danish?

DOV  
Yep.

MORNING COMMUTER  
I'll take one of those, too.

DOV  
(over his shoulder)  
Add a cherry Danish!

MAVIS  
Right!

A few moments later, James hands over a cappuccino and a Danish. Money exchanges hands. The commuter samples the goods.

MORNING COMMUTER  
I'm telling everyone about this.

She wanders away. Dov proudly holds up one of the dollar bills from the transaction.

DOV  
This bad boy is going into a frame.  
Gotta replace the one that got  
burned up in the shop.

Before anyone can respond, a BUSINESS MAN approaches.

BUSINESS MAN  
Hey, do you guys have those edible  
chocolate stir-stick things?

JAMES  
If you aren't interested in the  
integrity of your coffee.

Everyone in the truck gasps at James!

EVERYONE

James!

James is properly chastised.

JAMES

Yes. We do.

BUSINESS MAN

All right. I'll have a decaf mocha latte. The biggest one you have.

DOV

Coming right up.

Commuters continue pouring out of the subway. They look at the two Starbucks and then look at The Grind II, which is a few feet closer and therefore slightly more convenient.

Customer after customer approaches the truck and gets in line. Eventually it's longer than the line to get into either Starbucks stores.

Mavis and Kyle are making drinks as quickly as possible.

MAVIS

I'm starting to think this was a bad idea.

KYLE

Why?

MAVIS

At least at the other place we could sneak off and smoke. In here there's nowhere to go.

KYLE

Shit. You're right. No room for me to play in here, either. And nowhere to run if it blows up.

In the middle of all the excitement, Melody steps over to Dov. She takes his hand briefly. James sees this and fumes. The pot of milk on the stove in front of him boils over and explodes onto his apron.

DOV

Jesus, be careful over there.

JAMES

It's good! We're good! It's okay!  
I'm fine! I'm totally fine!

At the height of the morning rush, the doors to the Starbucks on the southeast corner fly open and Steve Pendleton sticks his head out. He scans the area and his eyes narrow into slits when they settle on The Grind II.

Dov spots him as he makes his way toward the truck.

DOV

Oh shit, here comes the lord of the  
douchebags.

Steve shoulders his way through the line and cuts all the way to the front. He stands at the window and glares up at James and Dov.

STEVE

So, there I was standing behind the counter of my store, when I looked up and saw the place was nearly empty. What's going on, I asked myself? What could possibly draw all my customers away? Is there a parade? Did a bus explode? Is the street blocked off because of another stupid triple murder next door?

DOV

We've got customers here. So if you don't mind--

STEVE

So I walked out here expecting a bunch of lookie-loos standing around some kid that got run over by a taxi and I find you shitbags instead. Stealing my business.

JAMES

Your business? You work across the street from our old place, don't you? What are you doing here?

STEVE

I'm the regional vacation manager. When someone goes on vacation and a manager position needs temporary filling, I'm the guy that does it. So in a way, you could say that I work for EVERY Starbucks.

DOV  
That must be exhausting.

STEVE  
Start your truck and drive away.

DOV  
Fuck you.

Steve spots OFFICER PAXTON(45), a well-built, African-American parking violations officer, writing a parking ticket for a car a few spots down the street.

STEVE  
Officer! Officer!

Paxton approaches.

PAXTON  
You talking to me?

STEVE  
Arrest those men!

Paxton looks at James and Dov.

PAXTON  
What? Why?

STEVE  
They're illegally parked. Arrest them!

PAXTON  
I've told you before, I'm not a cop. I write tickets. I don't arrest people.

STEVE  
Well, ticket them then!

The officer looks at the meters outside the coffee truck.

PAXTON  
They're plugging the meters.

STEVE  
It's only one hour parking!

PAXTON  
True...

MELODY  
Excuse me, Officer...

PAXTON

Paxton.

MELODY

Officer Paxton. I appreciate the work you do, so I'd like to offer you a coffee and Danish. On the house.

She leans over and makes sure he has a decent view inside her shirt.

PAXTON

Yeah?

He steps forward and she hands over the goods with a smile.

MELODY

We here at The Grind offer a discount to all law enforcement.

STEVE

So do we!

PAXTON

That's not what you said last month. "Real cops only" is what you said.

STEVE

Oh, did I? Well, I, uh--

DOV

Steve can be a little discriminatory. But in all honesty, it's not because you're a parking enforcement officer, it's probably because you're black.

MAVIS

It's true. I used to work for him. He was out running errands one day and I found a KKK outfit in his office. He tried to pass it off like it was a Halloween costume, but when I got fired the next day, I knew it was because I'd discovered his dirty little secret.

KYLE

I worked for him too. Then he found out my mom adopted a Chinese kid. Next day I got my walking papers.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

I guess he hates anybody that's not white.

MELODY

With me it was attempted rape.

\*

Paxton stares at Steve with disgust. Steve explodes.

STEVE

THEY'RE LYING! I've never worked with these people before in my life!

Paxton takes a bite of his Danish.

PAXTON

(to Dov)

Just keep plugging the meters and we'll get along fine. And tomorrow I'll take less cream and more sugar.

MELODY

Whatever you say, Officer.

She winks at him and he walks away, smiling. Steve is furious.

STEVE

Revenge is a dish best served cold.

(beat)

But you have to make the dish and let it get cold before you can serve it. So... looks like I've got some cooking to do.

He storms away.

DOV

What a fucking nutjob.

MONTAGE - THE LUNCH RUSH

--Morning passes into afternoon. More and more people start coming out of the subway and noticing The Grind II. The line grows as everyone inside works feverishly.

--Steve sneaks around the truck with a can of spray paint. Just as he is about to deface the side, Mavis leans out of the window and pours hot milk on his head.

--Kyle lights up a joint in the tiny bathroom. James opens all the windows and starts the fans running, blowing the smell of pot out onto the street. The pot smoke attracts even more customers who start asking for pot brownies and hash cookies. James turns them away.

--Dov gives Melody another lingering hug. James frowns. Mavis kicks James in the ass and he stumbles into the duo and inadvertently breaks them up.

--The crowd finally dies down and the cleanup begins.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

MELODY

Holy shit.

JAMES

You said it.

DOV

Dude, we need a secret menu, like In n' Out, you know? Only we'll have hash brownies. You saw how many people asked for those.

KYLE

Best idea ever.

JAMES

We're not putting pot on our menu. The cops might turn a blind eye to the parking, but I doubt they'd do the same if we turned into drug dealers.

Dov counts the money in the register.

DOV

Jesus!

JAMES

What? How much?

DOV

Just over two grand.

JAMES

Two--

DOV

--fucking grand. In just four hours.

(MORE)



DOV (CONT'D)

Sometimes we barely cleared that in a day at the shop. And that was a hell of a lot more overhead.

MAVIS

So what are we doing for the dinner rush?

DOV

If all it takes to buy this spot is a Danish and a coffee, we're staying right fucking here.

Dov looks at James. They both smile nervously, daring to hope that they might actually come out on top.

INT. 2ND & 2ND BAR - NIGHT

The whole crew celebrates their day. Melody sits down at the table with another round of tequila shots. Empty pints and shot glasses litter their table. Dov and James are well on their way to being smashed.

MELODY

Here's to The Grind.

JAMES

The new Grind, right? Not the old one. Because that would just be... weird, right?

Everyone looks at him.

JAMES

Because it burned--

DOV

We get it. Shut up and toast.  
(raises glass)  
To The Grind II.

ALL

The Grind II.

They clink glasses and take the shots.

Dov grabs Melody's leg and kisses her on the mouth. She allows it. James instantly starts fuming under the watchful glare of Mavis.

DOV

This is awesome. Like we get a second chance, you know? I was worried there for a minute.

JAMES

You were worried? You? I find that hard to believe.

DOV

What's that supposed to mean?

JAMES

That you're the kind of guy whose car breaks down next to a tow truck factory. The kind of guy who finds a sack of money on the side of the road with a note inside that says "Please Enjoy." You never fucking lose, Dov. Video games. The lemonade stand. The girls. The business. I was number two, forever and always. Fuck, I bet if I shot you dead right now you'd find a way to come back and tell me I did it wrong.

James' voice rises steadily through his speech until he's practically yelling. All the heads in the bar are turned toward him.

DOV

You're drunk, man. You gotta ease up before you decide to burn down the truck like you did the shop.

JAMES

You're the fucking firebug in the group. Ask Melody.

DOV

Don't push me, James.

JAMES

Or what? You'll decide to win the lottery just to spite me? You're the luckiest motherfucker on the face of the planet and you've never worked a day in your life to deserve any of it.

Dov stands.

DOV  
Never worked? Never fucking worked?  
All I do is work! How the hell do  
you think we got where we are?

MELODY  
Guys, come on--

James stands.

JAMES  
I'll tell you how you got here.  
Riding my fucking coat tails,  
that's how.

Dov starts to get angry.

DOV  
Sit down, James. Sit down before--

JAMES  
Before you beat the shit out of me?  
I'm sure you could. You were always  
better than me at that too.

MELODY  
Why does any of this matter? We had  
a great day. Don't ruin it.

DOV  
Then he'd better get off my back.

JAMES  
You think you always got the upper  
hand, huh? Well I got you once.  
Just once, but goddamn was it  
fucking awesome.

DOV  
(slowly)  
What are you talking about?

James smiles.

FLASHBACK

EXT. MELODY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "Ten Years Ago..."

An eighteen year old James is sitting in his car outside  
Melody's house, slowly working up the courage to get out and  
knock on her door.

JAMES

Hey, Melody. You wanna catch a flick? Shit, a flick. Who says "flick?" Hey Melody, wanna see a movie? Maybe grab a beer? I got a fake ID.

He pulls out his ID. It's a Mexican man in his 40's.

JAMES

They might not look at the picture.

(beat)

Better not risk it.

(beat)

Hey Melody, what's up? How about we take a ride to--

He breaks off when he sees Dov pull up at the curb. Dov walks to her house, knocks on the door, and is immediately let in.

JAMES

What the fuck?

He gets out of his car and sneaks toward the house.

EXT. MELODY'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT

James creeps into her backyard. He tries to get a good look in the kitchen window but isn't quite tall enough. He stands on a large, rusty metal can of gasoline and is able to see inside.

Through the kitchen he can see the living room. Melody and Dov are on the couch, smoking pot. At that instant, headlights splash into the driveway. Melody and Dov begin to scramble as MELODY'S PARENTS pull into the driveway and get out of their car.

James stumbles off the gas can, which spills gasoline onto the ground. On the way down, his foot hits an electrical outlet on the side of the house and rips it from the wall. A shower of sparks falls into the gasoline and ignites. The flames spread instantly.

JAMES

Oh, fuck!

He tries to stomp the fire out but it doesn't work. The gas can itself catches fire. He panics and runs away.

Inside the house, Dov runs through the kitchen with the joint in his hand. He flicks it out the window just as the gas can explodes.

The glass flies out of the window and Dov is knocked onto the floor. He looks up, stunned, thinking his joint somehow caused the explosion.

Melody's parents try their best to put out the fire with an extinguisher, but the house is quickly engulfed and everyone is forced to flee to the front lawn.

Melody's father punches Dov in the face.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

A photo of Dov with a black eye is accompanied by the headline "LOCAL MAN PLEADS ARSON CHARGE DOWN TO CRIMINAL MISCHIEF AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY."

BACK TO SCENE

INT. 2ND & 2ND BAR - NIGHT

Dov is stunned. Melody is furious. Even Mavis and Kyle are nearly at a loss for words.

MELODY

It was you? You burned down my  
parent's house?

James isn't too drunk to realize he's said too much.

JAMES

Accidentally.

DOV

I have a criminal record because of  
that fire.

JAMES

Dov, I--

MAVIS

You know, I've done some fucked up  
shit in my day. Drugs, booze,  
accidental suffocation of a  
prostitute during Passover... but  
you just took the cake, my friend.

\*

KYLE

Seriously. Fuck. You're like the  
King of Asshole Mountain.

DOV  
(furious)  
Turn around and walk out of here,  
James.

JAMES  
Look, I just--

DOV  
Shut the fuck up and walk out of  
here. We're done. Partnership,  
done. Friendship, done. You show up  
at work tomorrow, I'll stuff your  
mouth full of shellfish until you  
fucking explode.

JAMES  
I own half the truck.

DOV  
I'll buy you out. Now, for the last  
time, get the fuck out of here.

James looks around at the others but finds no help there.  
Defeated and embarrassed, he throws some money on the table  
and walks out the front door.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

James lets himself in. He has a twelve-pack of beer under his  
arm. He cracks one open, flops down on the couch, and stares  
at the wall blankly while he drinks.

JAMES  
Fuck.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: "One Week Later."

James is unshaven and still sitting in the same place  
drinking beer. He walks over to his mail and spots a letter  
from Dov. He tears it open and finds that it's for his half  
of The Grind II. On the back of the check, Dov has crudely  
drawn a large hand extending its middle finger.

James stares at it wordlessly. All his weeks and months and  
years of bottled anger at Dov finally explodes. Something in  
his head snaps and he throws his beer bottle against the wall  
where it explodes like a bomb.

JAMES  
Fuck me? No... fuck you!

INT. BANK - DAY

James, now clean shaven, cashes the check from Dov with a huge smile on his face.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

James walks through a lot selling some run down cars and RVs. He haggles with a salesman and buys a rusty food truck nearly identical in design to The Grind II.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

James drives the truck to Home Depot and pulls up next to a group of Mexicans that are always standing in the parking lot looking for work. They all get in the truck.

EXT. RENTED LOT - DAY

James is sitting in a folding chair while the Mexican laborers fix up his vehicle. The paint job is much flashier than The Grind II. The last thing they add is the name: BREWED AWAKENING.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

James has rented an office to accept job applications. Dozens of people show up and apply for work.

After several interviews, he hires two people: HARMONY CATTRELL(28), a young woman who looks strikingly similar to Melody; and TRAVIS BUCKLE(33), an overweight African-American who could possibly pass for Mavis.

Just as he's offering them their jobs, a final candidate walks into the room: LYLE PEPPER(45), who just happens to be Kyle's twin brother. He doesn't have any tattoos and has very different body language, but James is so surprised that he believes Lyle is, in fact, Kyle.

JAMES  
What are you doing here?

LYLE  
Uh, I'm here about the job. You're hiring for a coffee truck, right?

JAMES  
Did Dov send you?

LYLE  
(confused)  
Who? No. I just need a job.

James eyes him suspiciously.

JAMES  
All right. I'll play his game.  
You're hired.

LYLE  
No interview?

JAMES  
Nope. Just stand with the others  
for a second.

LYLE  
Uh, sure. No problem.

He walks over and stands next to Harmony and Travis. They resemble the crew of The Grind II to an unsettling degree. James smiles with a crazy glint in his eye.

JAMES  
Getting the team back together,  
Dov. Check and mate.

(For comedic effect, Harmony, Travis, and Lyle should be played by the same actors who portray Melody, Mavis, and Kyle... just with slightly different clothes and mannerisms.)

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

The next day, Dov is in his usual place when the shiny new Brewed Awakening truck parks right across the street from him in front of the other Starbucks.

Steve Pendleton screams in frustration and flips them both off through the window of the Starbucks he's been assigned to for the day.

DOV  
What the fuck is this?

Dov, Melody, Mavis, and Kyle get out of The Grind II and head over to Brewed Awakening.



DOV  
Hey buddy, you can't park here.  
This is our--

James gets out of his truck with a huge smile on his face.

DOV  
James.

JAMES  
Dov.

DOV  
What do you think you're doing?

JAMES  
(shrugs)  
Busy corner. The gang and I figured  
we'd try it out for a few weeks.

MELODY  
The gang?

Harmony, Travis, and Lyle step out of the truck. When they  
face the others, it's like looking into a distorted mirror  
that kind of resembles them, but with strange differences.

MAVIS  
You hired our doppelgangers?

MELODY  
Just when I thought this couldn't  
get any weirder, you go and outdo  
yourself.

DOV  
Why didn't I get a double?

JAMES  
Because, in Brewed Awakening, I'm  
you.

DOV  
Uh... okay.

KYLE  
Lyle? Is that you?

LYLE  
Kyle? I thought you were dead.

KYLE  
Who told you that?

LYLE  
 Mom and dad both. Maybe it was just  
 wishful thinking.

James looks back and forth from Lyle to Kyle.

JAMES  
 (to Lyle)  
 I thought YOU were Kyle!

LYLE  
 Nope. Thank God for small favors.

KYLE  
 You always were an asshole.

LYLE  
 Only after you split up the band.  
 Those Milli Vanilli songs aren't  
 going to play themselves, now are  
 they?

\*

Paxton approaches. He does a double take when he sees  
 everyone standing together.

PAXTON  
 You guys close the coffee shop and  
 open up a cloning service?

JAMES  
 You tell me.

He hands Paxton a steaming coffee and a huge blueberry  
 muffin. Paxton dunks the muffin and takes a bite.

PAXTON  
 Holy shit. The meters are yours.

JAMES  
 Excellent. See you tomorrow,  
 Officer Paxton.

Paxton wanders to The Grind II, whistling. He writes a ticket  
 and places it on the windshield.

DOV  
 This is bullshit.

PAXTON  
 I can't let everything go. There  
 would be no order. It would be  
 chaos. Anarchy.

Paxton walks away.

He looks around at James' employees.

DOV  
Extremely creepy bullshit.

Dov returns to The Grind II with his employees. James climbs back inside Brewed Awakening with his own crew and they start their morning prep.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Everyone huddles in the back of the truck.

MELODY  
This isn't a setback. We just have to find a new spot for today.

DOV  
Fuck that shit.

MELODY  
We can go around the corner. It's not near the subway entrance but we'll get the cross traffic from NYU and St. Marks.

DOV  
Don't worry about it. I've already got something brewing for later today.

MAVIS  
You just said that, didn't you?

He looks out the window at Brewed Awakening.

DOV  
We stay right here. We give ground to him now and there'll be no end to it.

The war is on.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Steve looks out the window at The Grind II and Brewed Awakening. Officer Paxton walks in.

STEVE  
Just the man I wanted to see.

PAXTON

Oh, really? Burned any crosses lately?

STEVE

Ah, yes, about that-- I mean no!  
No! But about that, I'm not really  
a bad guy. In fact--

He slides a \$500 Starbucks gift card across the counter.

STEVE

--I was hoping we could come to a  
mutual arrangement.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

Paxton approaches.

PAXTON

Hey, guys.

Dov shoves a coffee into his face.

DOV

Morning, Officer!

PAXTON

Thanks. Look, I get that you are  
having some sort of coffee  
competition, but Starbucks has to  
do business here, too.

MELODY

(in a seductive voice)  
Would you like a muffin?

PAXTON

I'm good. Just find a different  
place to park once your hour is up,  
okay? I don't want to have to  
ticket you.

Dov watches as Paxton walks across the street and delivers  
the same message to James, who proceeds to flip out.

DOV

So it wasn't James.  
(beat)  
Pendleton.

He looks at the Starbucks across the street and sees Steve  
moonin' him from his office window.

DOV  
Motherfucker.

Dov's cell phone rings.

DOV  
(into the phone)  
Hello, The Grind II.  
(beat)  
Great. We'll be right there.

He hangs up and turns to the others.

DOV  
I told you I had something brewing.

MAVIS (O.S.)  
Again? Really?

INT. BREWED AWAKENING/BACK - DAY

Harmony is prepping the espresso machine while James peers through the window at The Grind II. He watches it close up shop and drive away.

HARMONY  
We win!

JAMES  
No. He's up to something. Travis,  
Lyle, follow them!

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/BREWED AWAKENING - DAY

Travis and Lyle put on helmets and goggles and jump on a beat up Vespa. They give each other two thumbs up and ride off in pursuit of The Grind II.

INT. BREWED AWAKENING/BACK - DAY

JAMES  
I'm never hiring based on looks  
again.

HARMONY  
Hey, how do I get the ice cubes  
into the espresso machine if I want  
to make iced coffee?

James sighs.

EXT. SILVERCUP STUDIOS LOT - DAY

The Grind II pulls into the gated parking lot of Silvercup Studios, the largest film and television production facility in New York.

Lyle and Travis pull up to the fence on their Vespa and peer in. From this distance they can see cast and crew forming a line for coffee and snacks.

LYLE

James'll wanna know about this.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

James gets pissed when Lyle tells him what they saw.

JAMES

A catering gig, huh? Well, we'll just have to do something about that.

James whips out his cell phone and dials.

INT. SILVERCUP STUDIOS LOT - DAY

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT hesitantly approaches The Grind II. He knocks on the door and Dov sticks his head out.

DOV

What can I get for you?

PRODUCTION ASST

Actually, uh, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

DOV

What? Why?

PRODUCTION ASST

We just got a call from the Health Department. They told us you were fined last months for rats and hadn't renewed your license.

DOV

What? That's ridiculous. We haven't even been in business for a month. It must be some mistake--

A loud horn pierces the air. Dov watches as the Brewed Awakening pulls into the lot.

PRODUCTION ASST  
Sorry, sir. We've already replaced  
you. It's out of my hands.

DOV  
Son of a bitch.

Brewed Awakening begins serving the movie crew. James flips  
Dov the bird as The Grind II drives away.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

The Grind II pulls into a spot near Dov's place. He gets out  
along with Melody, Mavis, and Kyle.

DOV  
Sorry about today everybody. We'll  
figure out a way to strike back  
tomorrow.

MAVIS  
Cool. Later.

Mavis and Kyle leave. Dov spots the Brewed Awakening pulling  
up in front of James' place two blocks down.

DOV  
Shit.

MELODY  
What? Oh.

Dov begins to walk toward the truck. Melody follows him.

MELODY  
Dov, don't.

DOV  
I'll be nice. I promise.

James spots their approach. He stands his ground.

JAMES  
Hey.

DOV  
Hey.

MELODY  
Hey.

JAMES  
What are you guys up to?

DOV  
Going home, James.

JAMES  
Together?

Dov puts an arm around Melody.

DOV  
Yes.

JAMES  
Cool.

He puts his arm around Harmony, who looks startled.

\*

JAMES  
Us, too.

HARMONY  
We are?

JAMES  
Harmony, I want you to meet  
everyone. Dov, Melody, this is  
Harmony.

Harmony extends a hand.

HARMONY  
My real name is Jessica but he  
calls me Harmony. He says when he  
thinks of me he hears a melody in  
his head. It's so cute.

MELODY  
Awkward.

JAMES  
Had a great gig today at Silvercup.  
Sorry you got thrown out.

DOV  
I wonder how that could have  
happened?

JAMES  
Who knows. Probably Pendleton.

Dov balls his hands into fists. Melody touches his arm and  
shakes her head slightly.



JAMES

Well, anyway, I hope you can find a good spot tomorrow.

DOV

We'll be taking our old spot.

JAMES

Yeah? First come first serve.

James and Harmony walk off. A block away she splits away from him and gets in her own car.

DOV

That asshole.

(beat)

We'll have to get up earlier than he does if we're going to get that spot.

MELODY

I have an idea.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/BREWED AWAKENING - NIGHT

The Brewed Awakening Truck is at the disputed site well before the crack of dawn. They pull up to see The Grind II is already there.

JAMES

What the--?

James hops out of his truck to investigate. He peers into the windows of The Grind II. He spots Dov and Melody cuddled together in a sleeping bag in the back. There is an alarm clock on the counter set for 6:00 A.M.

JAMES

Those assholes.

HARMONY

Can they do that? Park overnight?

James steps back for a second to assess the situation.

JAMES

Bring me some nylon rope and one of the wire hangers from the coat closet.

Harmony is off. She brings back what he asked for. James bends the wire hanger into a hook and ties it to the end of the nylon rope.

He lowers it through one of the open window slats until the hook is below the plug for the alarm clock. Then he yanks up on it and the hook unplugs the clock from the wall.

JAMES

Perfect.

He removes the hook and ties to rope to the side flaps of Brewed Awakening and then anchors it to the tail pipe and drivetrain, trapping Dov and Melody inside. Then he grabs several pastries from his truck and shoves them into the tail pipe.

HARMONY

Now what?

JAMES

We wait.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Early morning. A knock on the flap. Dov's eyes pop open. He looks to the clock on the counter but it's turned off.

DOV

Holy shit! Wake up!

Melody stirs.

MELODY

What?

DOV

We overslept!

MELODY

Shit!

The knocks grow more frequent and desperate.

MAVIS (O.S.)

Hey, you guys in there? You got customers out here!

DOV

We're in here! Don't go away!

Melody pushes at the flap but to no avail.

DOV

Open it!

MELODY

I can't!

DOV

What the hell are you talking about?

MELODY

I can't get it open!

Dov shoves her out of the way. He pushes. It won't open.

DOV

(angry whisper)

James!

Dov pushes harder, the flap gives enough for him to see the rope tying the flaps shut.

DOV

Hand me a knife!

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

Patrons wait outside of The Grind II. Some bang at the flap. Mavis and Kyle hang back and wait for them to open up.

YUPPIE GIRL

Are you going to be open soon? I have a board meeting.

MAVIS

I have no idea, lady.

The sound of a horn fills the air. All heads turn toward James, who has just pulled up behind The Grind II in Brewed Awakening. He's ready and open for business.

The crowd shifts and immediately moves like a tidal wave toward Brewed Awakening.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Dov manages to cut the flap open from the inside and it flies open.

DOV

Man the stations! I'll start the truck so we have power!

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Dov jumps through the opening into the front cab and starts the engine. POW! The engine misfires, stalls out and dies.

DOV  
What the fuck!

He tries it again and gets the same result.

MELODY  
Nothing's working!

DOV  
I know!

He gets out of the cab to inspect the truck.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE/THE GRIND II - DAY

Outside, James' truck is practically overwhelmed by the mob of caffeine freaks needing their morning fix. Travis, Lyle, and Harmony are working fast and furious to serve all the customers while James directs them.

Dov checks his engine of but finds nothing wrong.

DOV  
Goddammit!  
(to James)  
What did you do to my engine?

James flips him off in response. Dov has a sudden burst of inspiration and heads to the back of his truck. He finds several muffins jammed into his tailpipe and quickly scoops them out.

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Dov jumps back into the cab and starts the engine. The ignition blows out the rest of the muffin.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Dov leaps into the back and starts doing prep.

DOV  
We're in business!

KYLE  
What was wrong?

DOV

He shoved a morning glory muffin  
into my tail pipe.

MAVIS

You should never say those words  
again in polite company.

Melody turns on the espresso machine and the rest of the  
devices. After a few minutes they're able to start taking  
customers.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY

The crowd dies down as the morning rush ends. The two trucks  
have weathered the storm. Both crews leave their trucks to  
confront each other. They are once again unsettled by how  
much they look like each other.

MAVIS

(to Travis)

It's like looking into a funhouse  
mirror.

Lyle and Kyle circle each other and snarl. Harmony and Melody  
look at each other and get the heebie-jeebies.

JAMES

Don't think you've won anything  
just because I let you take some of  
the customers.

DOV

You're a real fucking dick, you  
know that? Maybe that's why you had  
to hire a girlfriend.

JAMES

Fuck you. I'm putting you under.

DOV

Go for it. We're not moving from  
this spot.

JAMES

Neither are we!

They each storm back to their respective trucks.

MELODY

Dov, maybe we shouldn't egg him on  
like this. I'm starting to think  
he's unstable.

DOV

Fuck that guy. Once we beat him out of that spot we won't have to worry about him anymore.

There is a knock at the door and Steve sticks his head inside.

STEVE

Anybody home?

DOV

What do you want?

STEVE

To show you something.

He steps inside and pulls a small vial from his pocket, flips the cap, and waves it quickly in front of his own nose. He takes one breath and passes out in the middle of the floor.

Melody screams.

DOV

What the fuck?

MAVIS

Did he just kill himself?

Dov rushes to Steve and turns him over on his back.

KYLE

Holy shit! He's dead! Dude, this is some seriously bad juju! He probably put a curse on us!

DOV

He's not dead, you fucking idiot.  
He's breathing.

Dov slaps Steve's face a few times and he come to.

STEVE

So, what do you think?

DOV

What do I think about what? You passing out in my truck? What the hell is wrong with you?

Steve pulls the vial out again.

DOV

What is that?

STEVE  
Nitrous oxide.

MELODY  
Laughing gas?

STEVE  
Only in small doses. After all...  
I'm not laughing, am I?

MAVIS  
He's got you there.

STEVE  
Large doses just put you to sleep.  
Long enough that someone might,  
let's say, miss the entire morning  
rush tomorrow.

DOV  
I'm not even gonna ask where you  
got that or why you have it.

STEVE  
I stole it from a medical supply  
warehouse for use in euphoric  
masturbation techniques.

Everyone is speechless. Steve holds the vial out to them.

STEVE  
It's yours.

Dov takes the vial.

DOV  
Why would you help us?

STEVE  
Because the enemy of my enemy is my  
friend.

He tears open his Hawaiian shirt and reveals a t-shirt  
bearing a picture of James' face in a red circle with a line  
through it.

STEVE  
I'm sure you'll put it to good use.

He leaves.

KYLE  
Who makes those fucking shirts,  
anyway?

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY

Steve leaves The Grind II. He stands in between the two truck where no one will see him. He takes off the shirt with James' picture on it and turns it inside out, revealing a picture of Dov in a red circle with a line through it on the other side.

He puts his Hawaiian shirt back on and knocks on the door of Brewed Awakening.

JAMES

What do you want?

Steve pulls another vial from his pocket.

STEVE

To show you something...

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - NIGHT

That night, Dov sneaks out and tosses the open vial of gas through a window into James' truck, then goes back to his own vehicle. A few seconds later, James sneaks out and throws his vial into Dov's truck. Neither of them is aware of what the other has just done.

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - NIGHT

Dov and Melody settle in. The sleeping gas soon knocks them out.

INT. BREWED AWAKENING/BACK - NIGHT

James and Harmony lie down. She still won't sleep with him. Eventually, the gas knocks them out.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - NIGHT

Two huge tow trucks appear on the scene. Steve walks out of Starbucks and hands each of the TOW TRUCK DRIVERS a wad of cash.

The drivers each hook a coffee truck to their own vehicle and drive away in opposite directions.

STEVE

Nobody fucks with the 'Bucks.



INT. BREWED AWAKENING/BACK - DAY

The next day, James and Harmony awaken to their truck shaking.

JAMES  
Christ, my head hurts.

The truck shakes violently and he sits up.

JAMES  
Shit! We've overslept!

He shakes Harmony until she wakes up.

HARMONY  
Wha-?

JAMES  
Come on! We've already got  
customers out there shaking the  
truck!

James pushes open the side flap.

JAMES  
Sorry folks, if you'll just give us  
a few--

There's no one there.

JAMES  
What the fuck?

He squeezes out of the truck and discovers that it's sitting on a mound of garbage in the middle of a small barge tied to a buoy on the Hudson River. He raises his fists to the air.

JAMES  
DOV!

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Dov and Melody are just beginning to emerge from their gas induced haze. It's incredibly dark in the truck.

DOV  
Holy shit. I feel hungover.

MELODY  
I feel like I have cotton in my  
mouth.

The inside of the truck begins to slowly light up. A sound can be heard in the distance, growing louder by the second. Dov looks out the rear window of the truck and his jaw nearly hits the floor.

A small circle of light is approaching them, growing larger by the second.

DOV  
Jesus Christ... we're in the  
fucking subway!

MELODY  
What!?

DOV  
The motherfucking subway!

MELODY  
How!?

DOV  
SHIT!

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Dov starts the truck and floors it. They drive along the subway track with the train gaining on them. The track is so bumpy that food and pots are flying everywhere.

MELODY  
It's gaining on us!

DOV  
I know!

MELODY  
Hurry!

DOV  
There's no way out of here! It's a  
fucking subway for shit's sake!

Dov floors it. The tracks begin to curve upward toward daylight as the train continues to gain on them.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH STATION - DAY

The Brighton Beach Station is above ground. Several PASSENGERS are waiting idly for the train to arrive when The Grind II bursts through the mouth of the tunnel going fifty miles per hour. Pedestrians scream and run for cover.

\*

The truck leaps a concrete barricade and slides through a waiting area, destroying several benches and large subway maps. It comes to rest in a nearby parking lot.

As people begin to gather around in amazement, Dov kicks the door open and collapses to the pavement. He raises his fists to the air.

DOV

JAMES!

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY

The curb is clear for the first time in days. Steve steps out of the Starbucks with his hands on his hips and a huge smile on his face. He takes a deep breath of fresh air.

Up the street, Brewed Awakening screeches around the corner. A block away in the opposite direction, The Grind II squeals around another corner.

Steve watches in horror as both vehicles gun their engines and dash for the spot right in front of him.

INT. BREWED AWAKENING/FRONT - DAY

James is furious. He's gripping the steering wheel like a madman as he zooms down the street.

HARMONY

I know you're angry but maybe this isn't such a good idea.

JAMES

Shut up, Melody. I've got this!

HARMONY

My name isn't Melody. It's not even Harmony!

JAMES

Whatever. Buckle up.

HARMONY

You need help.

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Melody buckles her seatbelt as Dov bears down on James.

MELODY

Dov, this is crazy, you have to stop!

He ignores her and speeds toward the spot in front of Starbucks.

DOV

Hold on, babycakes. This is gonna be close.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY

Steve screams like a little girl and dives out of the way just as the two trucks smash into each other trying to get into the same spot. A chunk of metal shatters the front window of the Starbucks and sends customers screaming.

Kyle and Mavis run out of the Starbucks with Lyle and Travis hot on their heels.

LYLE

There they are!

TRAVIS

Damn. I thought I was gonna get the day off.

The two vehicles disentangle from each other. The Grind II drives away from the curb and down the street. Brewed Awakening takes off in hot pursuit.

MAVIS

Score!

KYLE

Who's up for some looting?

They all head back inside the damaged store. Steve sits on the sidewalk and cries as customers steal muffins, coffee, and cash.

Kyle pisses on the espresso machine and it explodes.

KYLE

I knew it wasn't a fluke!

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY

The Grind II rushes down Bowery with Brewed Awakening tight on its heels.

James speeds up and slams into the back of Dov's truck, causing both vehicles to lose control for a moment and swerve onto the sidewalk.

Officer Paxton is walking out of yet another Starbucks and is forced to drop all of his muffins and coffee to dive out of the way.

PAXTON  
Those assholes!

He runs to his car, turns on the flashing lights, and guns the engine. He's off!

INT. THE GRIND II/BACK - DAY

Melody sees Paxton chasing them now.

MELODY  
NYPD!

DOV  
That's the parking police, dear.

MELODY  
Well the real police can't be far behind! Let me out!

DOV  
Later. I've gotta shake this asshole. If I can get behind him, I'll have the advantage.

MELODY  
You've both lost your fucking minds!

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Both vehicles careen through the streets of New York, trading paint through several blocks and narrowly missing pedestrians. They weave in and out of what little traffic there is this early in the morning, but no matter what Dov does, he can't seem to shake James.

EXT. SOHO - DAY

They reach the busy intersection at Houston Street. The Grind II slams on the brakes to avoid hitting traffic that has backed up at the light.

Brewed Awakening slams the brakes behind him, but it's clear the truck won't be able to stop in time. James panics, cuts the wheel hard and takes Brewed Awakening up onto the sidewalk. People scatter.

Dov punches the gas, cuts the wheel the other way and sends The Grind II down the wrong side of Bowery.

Paxton slams on his breaks but his car plows into traffic. He gets out and watches the two coffee trucks drive away.

PAXTON

I only wanted to be a real cop.  
Just once.

He takes a bite of a muffin and begins writing tickets for vehicles involved in the collision.

EXT. SOHO - DAY

The Grind II and Brewed Awakening are neck and neck. James slams his truck into Dov, who quickly returns the favor.

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Melody is turning white.

MELODY

Dov! You're gonna kill somebody!  
You have to stop!

Dov isn't listening. He smashes into Brewed Awakening again.

INT. BREWED AWAKENING/FRONT - DAY

Harmony is hyperventilating into a plastic bag.

JAMES

Deep breaths, Melody. Deep breaths.

HARMONY

I'm not fucking Melody!

JAMES

And you said we have nothing in  
common.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

The two trucks slam through Soho crossing Delancey and ramp over the intersection. Sparks fly as they reconnect with the ground. They smash into a pushcart with a CHINESE LADY'S laundry in it. It explodes newly washed clothes everywhere.

The real NYPD finally pick up the chase as the two trucks head toward Canal St. Brewed Awakening is forced to turn onto Canal by the infamous Fung Wah Bus. The Grind II swerves the other way and narrowly avoids it. Chinese people scream!

Dov recovers his vehicle and speeds away down Canal after James, multiple police cars hot on their heels.

INT. THE GRIND II/FRONT - DAY

Dov is ecstatic.

DOV  
 (to James)  
 I'm finally behind you, you fuck!  
 (to Melody)  
 Get me that bag of beans!

MELODY  
 What?

DOV  
 Right there on the floor! That five  
 pound bag of beans!

Melody does as ordered. Dov drives The Grind II along the passenger side of Brewed Awakening. He takes the silver bag and throws it with all his might through James' passenger window.

INT. BREWED AWAKENING/FRONT - DAY

The bag strikes James right in the face. Disoriented, he loses control of his vehicle.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Brewed Awakening swerves uncontrollably toward The Grind II and they slam into each other, hard, finally causing both vehicles to completely lose control.

Brewed Awakening crashes into the front of a Chinese fish market. The Grind II crashes right next to it.

Ice and fish fly everywhere. Chinese people and tourists scatter in a panicked frenzy.

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Dov staggers out of the wreckage of The Grind II. He carries Melody in his arms. His face is anguished.

DOV  
Why?! Why?!

Melody slaps his face.

MELODY  
I'm not dead, you fucking psycho!

She wiggles out of his grip and runs away.

MELODY  
Help! Get me away from him! He's  
fucking nuts!

James appears out of the wreck of Brewed Awakening with Harmony in his arms. He sees Melody running toward him. He drops Harmony on the pavement and smiles, his arms wide open.

JAMES  
Melody! I always knew we were meant  
to be t--

She punches him in the mouth and continues to run. James and Dov stand together in front of the chaos. Several NYPD cars screech to a halt all around them.

DOV  
I don't even think you're in the  
friend zone anymore.

James screams and lunges at Dov. NYPD officers surround them instantly. They taze James right in the nuts. A flying nightstick smashes Dov in the face. As they fall to ground they are engulfed by cops who relentlessly beat them even though they're not putting up any kind of struggle at all.

OFFICER  
Stop resisting! Stop resisting!

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:



INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

James is in a strait-jacket in a padded cell.

JAMES (V.O.)

And that's my story. It didn't end pretty, but I never promised you that. Suffice it to say that I got the rest and relaxation I needed.

James stands up and reveals the word "DOV" written on every single inch of wall space in the room.

INT. BOWERY BALLROOM - NIGHT

\*

Kyle and Lyle are on stage. They chest slam each other to an audience of three who aren't really paying attention.

JAMES (V.O.)

Lyle and Kyle patched up their differences, whatever those were. I never bothered to ask. They went on to play music in a marginally successful Milli Vanilli band. Hipsters buy tickets because it's ironic.

A power outage reveals Lyle and Kyle are lip-syncing. The crowd attacks them.

EXT. HERALD SQUARE - DAY

Travis and Mavis stand in the pedestrian walkway preaching and handing out Talmuds and oatmeal Menorah cookies.

JAMES (V.O.)

Mavis somehow recruited Travis into his Black Hebrew Israelites sect, bringing the worldwide membership grand total to two. They wander the city spreading the good word.

They run over to a Scientology table and overturn it. Mavis pisses on the electrical device they use to try to convert people. It explodes.

JAMES (V.O.)

Don't look at me. You'd be surprised how many things explode when you piss on them.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Harmony is at the Court House filling out papers.

JAMES (V.O.)

Harmony had to change her name to Melody so she could cash all the paychecks I'd written her. I just couldn't keep the names straight, no matter how hard I tried. Sadly, it ended up costing more for the name change than she got paid. Also, all of my accounts were frozen.

Harmony gets evicted from her apartment. She goes through her belongings and finds a picture of James. Angry, she squats over the picture and pisses on it. It explodes.

JAMES (V.O.)

See? I told you.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Melody and Steve cut into a wedding cake shaped like a giant coffee bean.

JAMES (V.O.)

Not even I can explain this one. When I heard about it, I had the urge to chop off my own balls and mail them to her. Kind of a protest, I guess. Reason prevailed, however.

Melody opens a wedding gift to find James' severed ear inside, along with a painted portrait that makes him look very much like Vincent Van Gogh. She screams.

INT. PRISON/WORK AREA - DAY

James and Dov are side by side serving custom coffee to inmates. James' missing ear is covered with a large bandage. The two men eye each other in silence as they work.

JAMES (V.O.)

Eventually I was deemed well enough to leave the institution, but I still had time left to serve. Through some cruel twist of fate, I ended up in the same prison as Dov.

The inmates are the typically jacked up prisoners who spend all day working out in the yard. A sip of high grade espresso coffee only sends the testosterone junkies into greater rage and fury. \*

JAMES (V.O.)

We never really considered how  
caffeine might effect a group of  
criminals who spend all day pumping  
iron and buttraping each other.

The inmates start with shoving. It quickly escalates into a full prison riot. James and Dov continue to make espresso as they try not to get involved.

Emergency lights go on and klaxons are heard throughout the prison. The door to the mess hall opens. A group of angry PRISON GUARDS rushes into the room, surrounds James and Dov, and beats the ever loving shit out of them.

PRISON GUARD

Stop resisting! Stop resisting!

JAMES (V.O.)

Some things never change.

FADE TO BLACK.