

B-WAITER

Me Again

**I/E. MANSION - DUSK**

HELENA sits on a black crate, in a "black bistro" catering uniform, early 20s, hair in a bun. Smoking.

FLOOR CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
-- What in the hell do you think  
you're doing?

HELENA  
Me?

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
(hissing)  
Yessssssssss,  
you.

HELENA  
What does it look like I'm doing?  
I'm texting. I'm checking out my  
IMDB ranking. I'm moving on up.

The FLOOR CAPTAIN turns beet red, and looks like she will explode now; if not on this shift, on one in the near future - she is in her 40s, over-weight and totally stressed out.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
Uhhmm ... What is your name?

Helena blows smoke in her face, puts out her cigarette.

HELENA  
Why do you want to know my name?

The captain looks around room at other worker bees diligently working, then back to the young woman before her, who seems to have no interest in that, but in playing on her phone.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
(a loud gasp, then:)  
Because I am going to send it to  
the boss of your staffing company.  
You're here for a reason. To serve  
under the Wolfgang Puck umbrella.  
Do you know who Wolfgang Puck is?

HELENA  
Nope. Musta been before my time.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
He invented cater-waitering and you  
are going on the DO NOT RETURN list  
-- I have that authority, Miss.

HELENA

Hmm. That seems a little harsh.

FLOOR CAPTAIN

If I wasn't short-handed -- I would send you home -- your NAME! NOW!!

HELENA

My name? Um, Anna Karina.

The captain whips out a pad like it is a .45 caliber.

FLOOR CAPTAIN

An/na. Ka/ri/na.  
K or C?

HELENA

K.

She writes her name down.

Helena stands, starts to put on her black apron.

FLOOR CAPTAIN

-- You are in big trouble.

HELENA

K. So, when are guests arriving?  
I just picked up this gig, because I heard there might be some big time TV producers here... This is an industry party, correct...?

FLOOR CAPTAIN

Yes. Yes, it is. And do you know our policy on industry parties, Miss Karina? Do you?

HELENA

I don't. To be honest, I actually don't have to work -- I come from money; my daddy is a millionaire about a thousand times over so --

FLOOR CAPTAIN

-- must be nice.

HELENA

It is. But my manager said I need exposure and to "get out there."

FLOOR CAPTAIN

(with utter disdain)  
You are an actress?

HELENA  
(optimistically)  
I AM (an actress)!

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
Of course, you are. Now, this is what I tell all my little wannabe actresses who work under me while I AM captaining -- we are to be friendly -- NOT familiar. Meaning, just because you may see a famous producer here does not mean you are to interact with them in ANY manner. If I see you handing out a business card, a new head shot, taking a photo with one and posting it on your INSTAGRAM... Anything that has to do with THE INDUSTRY, I will send you home. I don't care if we are short-staffed!!! Clear?

HELENA  
Yup. Clear. Clear as glass.

**EXT. MANSION -- COURT YARD AREA -- LATER**

HELENA

LAUGHING aloud, holding a silver tray of champagne splits.

HELENA  
I LOVE THAT MOVIE!

PRODUCER  
ME TOO!

Floor Captain's POV --

WATCHING -- her eyes bulge & face swells, before she races toward them with squatty steps & bow-legged.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
What did I tell you?!

PRODUCER  
Heeeeeey, easy does it there --

The PRODUCER is around 50 -- a silver fox as they say -- he is perplexed by this woman who is huffing and puffing and out of breath -- and in a way sort of cock blocking him now ---

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
Sir, I apologize --  
(grabbing Helena's arm)  
Okay, come with me.  
(sings cartoonishly)  
The parrrrrrty's ovvvvvvvvvver!

PRODUCER  
I beg your pardon. She's not going  
anywhere. Who is this person?

HELENA  
She's "the captain."

PRODUCER  
(mockingly)  
'Oh captain my captain.'

Helena cracks up at his quip, the producer joins her --  
-- at our captain's expense. Who changes her tone.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
Sir, with all due respect, she is  
not allowed to interact with any of  
the V/I/P/ guests at this event --

PRODUCER  
Says who?

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
Says-?  
Uhm, derp,  
.. my training manual?

PRODUCER  
Uh-huh.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
And you were warned, young lady. I  
WARNED HER! And now she must go.  
I hope you can appreciate that I'm  
just doing my job -- she is here to  
WORK! She is not here to interact-

PRODUCER  
-she wasn't. I interacted with her  
first. I initiated our  
conversation-

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
But, sir-

He puts hand over the captain's mouth --

FLOOR CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
-- SHE%#Fdhackuhphhhhh --

PRODUCER  
Uh-huh.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
-- argaphgbaabablubabgahh --

PRODUCER  
Uh-huh.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
-- agmaphgyaSHEgagmphcnt --

She puts her finger up as if to make a point --

PRODUCER  
Done?

Helena chuckles, as the woman assents with a feeble nod, and her finger goes down gently, arm drops limply to her side.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
Helena happens to be a very  
*charming* and *enchanting* woman.

Helena winks at the shrinking captain in victory --  
-- the captain looks at her with menace & contempt.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
Look at me. She is going to be an  
actress in this business. I have  
been doing this for a long time.

The captain is like "what? NO!"

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
She is going to be a big star!

The captain's eyes shut.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
People want to root for their  
heros! Their protagonists! No???

The captain shakes her head in defeat.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
Look at her. She's young!

The captain whimpers.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
She's beautiful!

The captain whimpers.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
She's going places!

The captain whimpers.

The producer uncovers her mouth.

Then the woman crazily SCREAMS --

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Helena and the man stare at her blank faced.

**CUT TO:**

EVENT COORDINATOR  
-- ah, yeah, security -- can you  
send someone over here -- uh,  
yeaaaah, we got a live one --

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER**

A good looking SECURITY man escorts our captain out -- she is still beside herself and in a fit of hysteria.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
-- you can't kick me out! She is  
the one you should be kicking out!  
That Anna Karina girl. She is  
below me -- she wasn't working --  
you need to go back and get her --

SECURITY  
Bitch, Anna Karina is a French New  
Wave actress from the 60s.

FLOOR CAPTAIN  
Huh?

SECURITY

You just got sucker punched, and  
you never even saw it coming. She  
played you like a grand piano!!!

FLOOR CAPTAIN

... She gave me the wrong name???  
That's right he called her Helena.

She looks right at CAMERA in dismay, bewildered, as security  
dude shakes head -- chuckles --

They move past CAMERA and OFF --

Highway to Hell comes UP --

**BACK TO:**

Helena grabbing 2 champagnes, toasts with Producer -- then  
flings tray into oblivion -- when she flicks it, dub in a  
cartoonish F/X SOUND like -- 'weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeir!!!'

-- as it hums OFF CAMERA --

-- they kiss --

**BRIDGE CUT TO:**

**EXT. MANSION -- PARKING LOT -- LATER**

-- Helena leaving with him. They are tipsy after bubbly;  
laughing, carrying on & having a good time --

A VALET drops Porsche off.

Producer gives him a \$20.

Valet nods & scurries off --

She moves toward passenger side --

*'no stop signs, speed limits, nobody gonna mess me around...'*

**INT. PORSCHE CONVERTIBLE -- MOVING FAST -- CONTINUING**

-- travelling -- CLOSER ON: swooshing hair -- Pacific Winds  
blowing at full force --

((Helena's hair is not in a bun anymore))

*'paid my dues...'*



They are talking but is inaudible conversation with MUSIC --

**EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE -- AERIAL SHOT -- NIGHT**

-- and we TRACK ALONG serpentine roads with them --

-- from the big blue SKY'S POV --

-- moving forward -- FASTER, FASTER, FASTER --

... *'leave me be...*

... *I'm on my way to the promised land...*

...

*'Don't stop me....'*

-- BLACK -- CREDITS --

*Finis*