

CLOSERS

EPISODE 1

Written by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP, FRONT OF STORE

MEGAN, dressed semi-formal with a fresh face full of glamour, sits in an old wooden chair behind an old wooden table.

Muffled words blurt all around her like a voice under water.

She nods and smiles as if instructed. Occasionally throwing in a half-laugh for good measure.

We move in closer and closer to her as she endures each dull inaudible sound until suddenly it rings perfectly clear in her ears and ours.

MIKE (O.S.)

And with that, welcome to the team.

MIKE, the quintessential old man, complete with snow colored hair, bushy brows, and antique glasses.

In the background we see ALYSSA, a blonde barista in a black apron, stained with various shades of brown and white.

She jumps up and down and screams with uncontrollable glee.

INT. COFFEE SHOP/CLOSEUPS - NIGHT

Swirling white milk, accompanied by the hum of a steam wand, showcases the beauty of a perfectly frothed pitcher of foam.

Oozing brown espresso cascades down the metal slides of a portafilter.

They meet at the bottom of a paper cup and slowly mix and grow until a perfectly poured latte comes to life.

Filled to the brim, it barely hangs on to the rim of the cup.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

ALYSSA

And that's a latte.

Megan stands beside her wearing a brand new employee uniform.

MEGAN

Cool. Can I try?

A gross smile creeps onto Alyssa's face.

INT. COFFEE SHOP/CLOSEUPS - CONTINUOUS

Milk grotesquely bubbles up from the bottom of the milk pitcher, screaming as it explodes and overflows.

Espresso bursts in all directions from the portafilter.

They rapidly collide and spawn an unholy abomination of a latte, unfit for even the lowest forms of life.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

ALYSSA

Awww, you made hot garbage.

MEGAN

(Sweet and sincere)

A garbage latte for a garbage friend.

They share a laugh and cheers.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You made it look easy.

ALYSSA

Think of it like sex. The first time, you're not sure what to do with it.

(She flicks the steam wand.)

There's lot of unnecessary loud noises and it probably burns a lot more than it should.

MEGAN

Sad, but true.

ALYSSA

But eventually you're steamin and creamin like a champ.

Alyssa takes a sip of her latte. A milky white mustache sticks to her lip.

MEGAN

We can drink these?

ALYSSA

Oh, yeah. Everything in the store is fair game.

MEGAN
Everything?!

Megan frantically rips open a package of cookies from the countertop and shoves them into her mouth.

She slurps her latte with her mouth still full.

ALYSSA
Gross.

MEGAN
(Mouth still full.)
I've been eating ramen for a week
straight.

ALYSSA
Yeah, my ramen.

MEGAN
(Finishes mouthful.)
Right. Thanks again for everything,
I really--

-- A clean cut man with a sharp business formal look barges through the front door. A BELL RINGS as he enters.

He hasn't smiled since he was a young lad.

BUSINESS DOUCHE
Coffee.

Alyssa shoots him a dirty glare, but he doesn't notice.

ALYSSA
Okay. What can I get you?

He looks at her, peeved.

BUSINESS DOUCHE
Coffee.

MEGAN
Just a coffee-- ?

BUSINESS DOUCHE
-- Tall. No room.

ALYSSA
Is that tall as in small or large?

CUSTOMER
What do you think?

Alyssa simmers with rage.

ALYSSA
I think you should mean a large.
But you look like a Starbucks
regular. So perhaps, just like with
your penis, you're more comfortable
with a small?

Megan's stunned.

Alyssa and Business Douche face-off in a duel of scowls.

CUSTOMER
Just give me a medium.

CLOSERS INTRO

MEGAN
Was-- is that allowed?!

ALYSSA
We're the only coffee shop open
past nine. Anybody coming in for
caffeine this late in the day is
either desperate or freaky. So we
can get away with it.

MEGAN
What if they complain?

ALYSSA
To who? The owner's gone by 3 at
the latest.

MEGAN
Okay but...can't we just be
courteous?

Alyssa stares at her blankly.

ALYSSA
Why?

Megan's visibly frustrated.

BEN, your run of the mill brown haired man, walks into frame.

He wears a dirty uniform with a white undershirt. His eyes
glued to his phone as he strides by.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
(Very Quickly)
Hey Ben, this is Megan.
(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
She's my best friend, and she works
here now.

He stops, takes one look at her with a passionless stare, and
turns to Alyssa.

BEN
You're a bad friend.

Alyssa rolls her eyes.

BEN (CONT'D)
Welcome to the close, where dreams
die and creeps thrive.

MEGAN
Gee, what a warm welcome.

ALYSSA
Ben's just an asshole.

He returns to his phone and props himself against the
counter.

BEN
And proud.

The PHONE RINGS and Alyssa picks it up.

ALYSSA
Hello--, Hey Mike.

A cartoony, inaudible voice bleeps through the phone.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
What do you mean we don't have
almond milk?!

Another round of inaudible nonsense.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
I don't know how to--! Okay. Yeah,
one second.

She pulls the phone from her ear for a moment.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Ben can you--

BEN
Nah, busy.

If she could, Alyssa would light him on fire in this moment.

Instead she returns to the phone.

ALYSSA
He's being Ben about it.

Megan aims her own glare Ben's way.

A final round of cartoon voice.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Okay fine.

She hangs up.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
I have to go figure out how to
order almond milk.

BEN
-- Sure.

ALYSSA
So I'm gunna be in the back to--

BEN
-- yup.

ALYSSA
Ugh. Just help Megan, ok?

Ben finally looks up from his phone and all around the
completely empty coffee shop.

BEN
I'll do my best.

ALYSSA
(To Megan)
I'll be back in 10.

MEGAN
Sounds good.

Alyssa walks out of frame to the back of the store.

Ben returns to his phone.

Megan flounders around with nothing to do.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
So...what's your story?

BEN

My story? I'm 28 and I work at a coffee shop. That pretty much sums it up.

MEGAN

I see.

BEN

And you? What horrible life decisions did you make to get here?

MEGAN

Huh. Well I graduated college with a degree in marketing, which was just soul-sucking. Sooo instead I decided to come to LA and act.

BEN

Very original.

MEGAN

Oh yeah. And of course, when I told my parents they weren't super supportive. So, long story short, I've been living on Alyssa's couch.

BEN

And she roped you into a job here huh?

MEGAN

I mean I'm pretty grateful. It really doesn't seem that bad.

Ben finally looks up from his phone.

BEN

(Sarcastically)

Not bad, huh?

-- The front door opens to a RING. An awkward man, let's call him BRIAN, creeps in through the front door.

MEGAN

Hi! How can I help you?

He scurries up to the pastry case, squats down, and presses his face into the glass.

His mouth half-open and his eyes full of hunger driven lust.

Megan (CONT'D)

Anything look tasty?