

"Customer"

COLD OPENING

INT. DINER - DAY (D1)

(MAX, CAROLINE, EARL, HAN, OLEG, MALE CUSTOMER, EXTRAS)

MAX DELIVERS A PLATE TO A TABLE.

MAX

Here's your fish of the day. That day

is last Monday.

AS MAX WALKS OFF SHE PASSES A MALE CUSTOMER (50S) WHO FLAGS  
HER DOWN.

Start

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, Miss? There's a hair in my  
meatloaf.

THE CUSTOMER HOLDS IT UP.

MAX

Just one? (CALLING OUT) Oleg, we've  
got an H-34 at T-2!

OLEG

A hair? That's impossible. Let me put  
some pants on.

CAROLINE STOPS AT THE TABLE AND LOOKS AT THE HAIR.

CAROLINE

Oh, gross. That thing has split ends.

OLEG APPROACHES.

CUSTOMER

(TO MAX RE: OLEG) Shouldn't he be in a  
hair net?

MAX

He should be in a prison.

113

OLEG PICKS UP THE HAIR INSPECTS IT.

OLEG

Good news. It's not mine.

HE PUTS THE HAIR BACK IN THE MEATLOAF.

CAROLINE

Obviously it's not mine, I'm blonde.

MAX

You're not blonde everywhere.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

CUSTOMER

I want my money back.

CAROLINE

(WISTFUL) Me, too.

EARL CROSSES OVER TO LOOK.

EARL

(HOLDS UP HAIR) Well, it's not mine.

The last time my hair was this long, I  
was a backup dancer on "Solid Gold."

MAX

(CALLING) Han! We've got a customer  
with a hair up his butt and one in his  
meatloaf.

HAN CROSSES TO THE TABLE.

HAN

Step aside, let an expert through.

HAN TAKES OUT A JEWELER'S LOUPE. AS HE EXAMINES IT:

213

~~CAROLINE~~

~~Look at the Internet Order 8-1-16~~

HAN

(RE: HAIR) It's brown, somewhere  
between coffee and burnt sienna.  
Cleaned hastily with a combination  
shampoo-body wash. (LIKE A NOIR  
DETECTIVE) This hair belongs to a  
single white man, alone, and not by  
choice, but so set in his ways no one  
can get close--

CUSTOMER

Okay! It's mine.

MAX

Next time break a glass in your salad  
like everybody else.

AS THEY ALL MOVE OFF:

END OF COLD OPEN

END OUT

3/3