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 are

is last Monday.

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

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?

 $\mathbf{M}\mathbf{A}\mathbf{X}$

He should be in a prison.

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.

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."

XAM

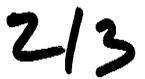
(CALLING) Han! We've got a customer with a hair up his butt and one in his meatloaf.

HAN CROSSES TO THE TABLE.

HAN

Step aside, let an expert through.

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



LOOK __it !-

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

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