

FARMERS MARKET

Written by

Lauren Frost & Lydia Genner

INT. LENORA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

It's morning. Early morning. Like way before the sun comes up. A comforter covered body is sprawled face down starfish style on the bed.

On the egg crate night stand an iPhone starts CLUCKING. The body stirs and a hand reaches out from under the covers, groping for the phone. After several failed attempts the barnyard is silenced and the hand falls limp to the floor.

A beat later a foghorn-type alarm BLARES out of the phone. LENORA STANISH (30, peanut of a person with a rock-n-roll vibe) bolts upright in bed. The level of bedhead present can only be described as epic.

Lenora reaches over and silences the alarm. When she sees the time on the illuminated phone screen of "4:45am"...

LENORA
Jesus fucking christ.

She tosses the phone aside and lets out a long SIGH. She untangles herself from the covers and gets up.

INT. FERLITA FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

ROSA FERLITA stands at the stove making breakfast. The clock above hear head reads 4:50am. Her husband, FRANCISCO (late 40s, strong silent type), approaches and places a hand on her shoulder.

FRANCISCO
Buenos dias.

He kisses her forehead, as their son, SALVADOR (25, muy guapo) comes barreling into the kitchen, with coolers in hand. He rushes over to her, clanging the coolers onto the table.

ROSA
Shh, you're going to wake your brothers.

SALVADOR
Ma, I told you a hundred times I can do this. Go back to bed.

He grabs the whisk out of her hand, playfully shoo-ing her out from the stove and takes over.

FRANCISCO
Better listen to him, Mama. He's
the boss.

ROSA
That's what he thinks.

Rosa licks her fingers and smooths down the only stray hair
on Francisco's head while he whisks.

ROSA (CONT'D)
So handsome.

He rolls her hand away with his free shoulder.

FRANCISCO
Yea, yea.

INT. LENORAS'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Lenora brushes her teeth, staring zombie like at herself in
the mirror. She leans over to spit, resting her head against
her reflection. She rinses out her mouth and shuts off the
water.

She turns on the shower, watches the water run for a beat,
then shuts the water back off.

LENORA
Nope.

She leaves the bathroom, sans shower.

INT. BEAN GUY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

BEAN GUY AKA CESAR (mid 20s, endlessly punny) stands in the
mirror holding a comb, giving himself his usual morning pep
talk.

CESAR
You are approachable and fun.

He combs his left side.

CESAR (CONT'D)
You radiate sunshine and customers
are drawn to you.

He combs the right side.

CESAR (CONT'D)
You will get a girlfriend this
year.

He takes a deep inhale, sets down his comb, and gives two
guns up at his reflection.

CESAR (CONT'D)
Let's do this.

INT. LENORA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

Lenora pulls her arms inside her Radiohead t-shirt and steps
over crumpled Taco Bell wrappers and used tissues searching
the floor.

LENORA
Pants.

She picks up a pair of jeans off the floor. She smells them --
eh -- and pulls them on. She jams her feet into a pair of
Chucks and throws on a well-worn cardigan over her pajamas/t-
shirt and heads for the hallway.

INT. PRODUCE GUY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Stacks of records cover the carpet, forming make shift
furniture. Last night's music plays. PRODUCE GUY AKA AVI
(30s, Hasidic Jew who's club wrist bands offset his prayer
shall) picks up a mug from his "coffee table" of vinyl
revealing a Kid A record on top. He steps over a lump of a
human, and wheels his produce out the door.

INT. LENORA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Lenora removes a "Rent?" post-it off the Keurig. She crumples
the note and throws it in the direction of the garbage. She
inserts a pod into the coffee maker and presses the start
button. Nothing happens. She presses it again.

LENORA
Don't you fucking dare. Not today.

She aggressively jams on the button.

INT. FERLITA FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN

The kitchen is now bustling. Four little boys in pajamas sit
around the table, grabbing at and fighting for pancakes,
syrup, who gets what berries, etc.