

BREAKFAST WITH GOD  
(EPISODE #1)

Written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

A flamboyant, longhaired, unkempt man performs a somewhat flawed version of the tune 'Hey Jude' on a portable Casio keyboard as he sings into the headset microphone. This is SKIP (42).

The tourists and locals who pass by his donation bucket in the early morning drizzle do their best to ignore eye contact with both he and the bucket.

Skip grows more and more perturbed with each passing person who ignores him.

A well-dressed man, MARK BENNETT (38) drops something into Skip's bucket as he passes by, sipping his coffee.

Skip quickly inspects the deposit with suspicion. He fishes out a bus token.

SKIP

Hey! Come back here you cheap bastard!

Skip unplugs and gives chase. Mark, unprepared for the bust, runs off like a little girl.

EXT. OFFICE BLDG. - DAY

Mark reaches the office building and quickly alerts the guard, who stands in front of the glass, arms crossed, daring Skip to enter. Skip glowers at Mark through the glass.

Mark responds with a middle finger and crotch grab, spilling coffee on his shirt in the process.

MARK

(turning)

Shit! Hey! Hold the elevator!

The three people in the elevator can hear Mark, but no one moves to hold the door, which closes before Mark can wedge his fingers between them. He kicks the wall.

MARK

Cock suckers!

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Beauty MICHELLE (26) hurriedly and efficiently handles the phone while stuffing a script into a FedEx envelope.

Mark looks a warning to Michelle that he's not ready to talk to anyone as he storms into his glassed-in office.

MICHELLE

Mark Bennett Productions...  
he's not in -- may I take a  
message?

Michelle pours Mark a mug of coffee as she organizes a  
stack of messages and puts down the phone.

IN MARK'S OFFICE

Michelle puts the coffee and messages on Mark's desk as  
he tries to clean the stain off his shirt.

MICHELLE

DGA -- SAG -- CCA, and CLB.

Mark looks at the messages.

MARK

CLB?

MICHELLE

California Labor Board.  
Remember the transpo guy from  
the last shoot?

MARK

(angry)  
That little douche bag...we  
paid him!

MICHELLE

They're charging you a wait-  
time penalty of a day's pay  
for everyday late. Comes out  
to six-thousand dollars.

MARK

Shit! I want whoever hired  
him fired!

MICHELLE

You hired him.

MARK

Then fire a P.A.!

Michelle calmly returns to her desk, handling her  
enormous workload like a pro.

A Hollywood Reporter magazine sits neatly on her desk.  
Featured on the cover is a smug thirty-something man with  
a trendy, scruffy beard.

INT. VENICE GUESTHOUSE - DAY

The same magazine sits on a messy kitchen table. The entire kitchen area is in a similar state of untidiness.

Several university directing and screenwriting awards sit atop a weathered bureau. None of the awards bear a date in this century.

An alarm clock fills the cluttered room with an annoying high-pitched staccato tone. A hand flops around the small table next to the futon bed, searching for the snooze button.

A frustrated sweep of the hand clears the table of the noisemaker. The hand, mess and awards belong to PETER (32).

Peter arises with great effort and makes his way to the sink. He splashes water on his face, and looks in the mirror at the stubble on his face. A few wrinkles here and there, but he is still an attractive man.

The automatic coffee maker announces its state of readiness as he collects the newspaper from outside the door.

Peter pours a cup and turns the paper to the want ads. A red pencil circles the usual menial jobs for phone solicitors and delivery drivers.

The look on Peter's face reflects resentment and resignation, which becomes compounded with anger as the coffee cup spills its scalding hot contents onto the want ads.

PETER

Shit!

He uses the rest of the paper to mop up the mess to salvage the want ads. Something catches his eye.

The 'Hollywood Reporter' is exposed from underneath the paper, on top of a stack of overdue bills.

Peter throws the paper in the trash and places the cup in the sink. He returns to the item that caught his eye on the cover of the Reporter.

The cover shows an article with the headline:

DIRECTOR DAVID MATHERS SIGNED  
BY DREAMWORKS

The image of the man on the cover leers back mockingly at Peter. As he reads the article, his mood becomes increasingly sour.

PETER  
You have got to be fucking  
kidding me.

Peter throws down the magazine and focuses again on his job search.

He picks up the phone, punches in a number, and waits for an answer.

PETER  
Yes, do you still have an  
opening for a delivery driver?

EXT. PETER'S GUESTHOUSE - DAY

The now shaven, showered and serious Peter opens the front gate to his property and walks down the sidewalk to an old beater mobile with a parking ticket on it.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Peter drives along Main Street. Various coffee shops populate almost every corner. He looks down at the empty cup holder, and pulls into a dive cafe.

EXT. DIVE CAFÉ - DAY

The small but clean café resides on Ocean Front Walk, with a patio on the boardwalk.

Peter orders a coffee to go, and waits for his order on the patio.

Across the boardwalk from where Peter sits, Skip plays Clapton's 'Wonderful Tonight' on the Casio, and does a relatively fair job with it.

Skip finishes the song with a long flourish on the keyboard.

Peter graciously applauds.

SKIP  
Did you like that?

PETER  
Yeah, pretty good mane. So  
how's business?

Peter seems to realize the mistake the instant the words come out of his mouth.

Skip unplugs and walks over to sit at Peter's table.

SKIP  
Mind if I join you?

PETER  
Oh, no, actually, I'm just  
here to get a coffee. To go.

SKIP  
I'd sure love a cup of coffee.  
Do you have a spare dollar?

Peter reaches into his pocket to retrieve the bill, but  
casts a suspicious eye toward Skip.

PETER  
How do I know you're not going  
to spend this on something  
else?

SKIP  
Then order me something.

PETER  
Alright, what would you like?  
A donut, maybe?

The waitress arrives with Peter's coffee. Skip addresses  
the waitress.

SKIP  
A breakfast burrito.

The waitress writes the order on her pad.

PETER  
Wait, hold on...

SKIP  
And a large coffee, please.

PETER  
I meant...

Skip shoots Peter a look to suggest he really is hungry.

PETER  
(resigned)  
Fine.

SKIP  
It's all cosmic, you know.

PETER  
What do you mean?

SKIP  
What goes around, comes  
around.

PETER  
Great. Maybe I'll get that  
driving job I spent four years  
of film school and the last  
ten years of my life trying so  
hard for.

SKIP  
Oh, a filmmaker, are you?

Skip gives Peter a look of pity.

TIME LAPSE

The waitress brings the breakfast burrito and coffee.

WAITRESS  
That'll be four dollars and  
sixty-nine cents.

Peter gives her a five and politely brushes her away as  
Skip tears heartily into the steaming hot burrito.

PETER  
I did everything right,  
graduated film school, did the  
intern thing, PA jobs. I was  
supposed to be more than a  
frikkin' delivery driver.

SKIP  
Mm hmm.

PETER  
(venting)  
So I pick up the Hollywood  
Reporter and read about a guy  
I went to film school with, a  
hack who couldn't direct his  
way out of traffic, getting  
picked up by Spielberg...

SKIP  
Hmmpff.

PETER  
(riled)  
And here I sit, having  
breakfast with...

Skip stops eating and gives Peter a menacing look.

SKIP  
Careful.

Peter pauses and reflects on his situation.

                  PETER  
I just want to make a movie.  
Is that so much to ask?

                  SKIP  
Need a camera?

                  PETER  
Of course I need a camera.  
How do you make a movie  
without a camera? And a crew,  
and a location...

                  SKIP  
I got one.

                  PETER  
One what? Location?

                  SKIP  
Camera. I got a location too.

Skip points to a grassy area that has a teepee set up.

                  PETER  
You live in that thing?

                  SKIP  
C'mon. I'll give you a tour.

                  PETER  
No, that's okay, I gotta...

                  SKIP  
C'mon! It won't kill you.  
Expand your horizons, Mr.  
Director!

A very reluctant Peter follows Skip as he picks up his keyboard and amp, and heads for the teepee.

INT. TEEPEE - DAY

The interior is sparse, but surprisingly spacious and clean. A lump stirs in the corner.

                  SKIP  
Wake up dumpling, we've got a  
houseguest.

The lump raises her head from under the blanket. She is MALONE (30), a beautiful woman even without makeup.

MALONE  
I'm Malone. Nice to meet you.

PETER  
I'm Peter...

He goes to shake her hand, but she disappears beneath the covers.

PETER  
Nice place. Can I see your camera?

SKIP  
It's not here.

Peter shoots Skip a very skeptical look.

PETER  
Yeah. Hey, look, I gotta go.  
It was nice meeting you.

Peter looks for the exit flap.

SKIP  
Arriflex. Super 16BL. Video tap. A ton of grip electric.

Interest peaked, Peter slowly turns to face Skip.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A nervous Peter waits his turn to be interviewed. A long line of lowlifes wait behind him.

A sweaty BURLY MAN (45) looks at him and rudely waves him into his cubicle.

BURLY MAN  
Did you bring your DMV printout?

PETER  
Was I supposed to?

BURLY MAN  
Have a nice day.

The burly man rises and motions Peter out of his cubicle. Peter walks past the snickering lowlifes, not proud.

EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Peter sees a 'Help Wanted' sign at a construction site, and quickly finds a place to park.

INT. PORTABLE OFFICE - DAY

MR. SANCHEZ (33) enters the office where the already seated Peter anxiously awaits. Sanchez looks at Peter's resume.

SANCHEZ  
Se hable espanol?

PETER  
Excuse me?

SANCHEZ  
I think you've given me the answer.

PETER  
I can't get a job here unless I speak Spanish?!

SANCHEZ  
All the other workers are Mexican. If you can't communicate with them...

An indignant Peter rudely exits the office.

SANCHEZ  
Have an eye...

EXT. TEMPORARY EMPLOYMENT AGENCY - DAY

Peter pulls into the parking lot, contemplates for a moment, then exits the car with his resume in his hand.

He takes three steps toward the building before he turns around, rips up his resume, gets back into the car and quickly drives off.

EXT. TEEPEE - DAY

A ponderous Peter stands outside the teepee momentarily, tentatively, before knocking on the stretched leather that serves as the doorbell.

A smiling Skip answers.

SKIP  
Hey! Come in, man! Join us.