

Baker's Dozen
(first 10 pages)

By

Julie Keck & Jessica King

WGA Registration No. 1333276

Julie Keck & Jessica King
julie.keck@gmail.com
kingisafink.com
All Rights Reserved 2009

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Callie, an energetic 20-something, is baking furiously in a messy kitchen and talking on the phone. She's wearing an apron and covered in flour. Pans of cinnamon rolls cover her limited counter space.

Her hallway and living room are filled with half-unpacked boxes. Only the kitchen is totally unpacked and set up. A TV is on in the living room, tuned to a cooking show. Callie glances at it from time to time.

CALLIE

It's okay. Kitchen's kind of small.

(pausing)

No, Dad, I haven't checked to see how many sex offenders live in my neighborhood yet, but....

(rolling her eyes)

Fourteen? Wow. Well, that's not so bad. It'd be hard to find a neighborhood without at least one.

(oven timer goes off)

Time's up. Gotta go. Love you. Bye.

Callie pulls more rolls out of the oven and kicks the door shut. A loud theme song plays on the TV. Callie pulls off her apron revealing a tank top, short shorts, and a tight, athletic body. She walks into the living room.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - "THE GINA MACKEY SHOW"

A flashy, loud promo plays for "The Gina Mackey Show". GINA MACKEY is an androgynous, attractive woman with short, spiky hair. She wears a red chef's coat with the arms cut off, revealing strong biceps covered with tattoos. Around Gina Mackey's hips is a tool belt holding whisks, spatulas, and other cooking implements.

Gina Mackey struts along an endless line of beautiful women who wear only well-placed aprons and high heels. They all hold platters of steaming food.

BACK TO:

Callie leans close to the TV and watches the commercial intently.

(CONTINUED)

CALLIE

The new girls! You go, Gina Mackey.

CUT TO:

In the commercial, Gina Mackey stops next to one of the women in the line, THE PINK GIRL. The Pink Girl feeds Gina Mackey a bite of the dish she's holding. Gina Mackey rolls her eyes and looks orgasmic. She winks at The Pink Girl, then looks directly at the camera.

GINA MACKEY

(pulling at the collar of her
red chef's coat)

Is it hot in here, or is it just
me?

BACK TO:

CALLIE

It is you, Gina Mackey.

Callie flexes her bicep and looks at it. She walks into her bathroom and looks at her reflection in the mirror.

CALLIE

Maybe I need a tattoo.

Callie sits down on the toilet, pees, then stands up and flushes. The toilet runs and runs and starts to overflow.

CALLIE

(looking down at the toilet)

Oh my god, oh my god, no, no, no...

Callie runs out of the bathroom and starts rifling through moving boxes in the living room.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Callie emerges from the front door of her apartment building and sprints to the cafe that occupies the first floor. She's wearing only the tank top, short shorts, and big snow boots.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The cafe, Sweet Alice, is small but nice with several tables and some dessert-themed art. A handful of customers drink coffee and look at laptops. A glass display case with a slim assortment of prepackaged snack cakes stands next to the counter.

(CONTINUED)

Callie runs to the counter, where KATE, an attractive woman of 35, is reading on a stool. Kate looks up, assessing Callie's strange outfit.

CALLIE

Sorry to bother you. I'm Callie,
from this morning, from upstairs...

KATE

(smirking)

You do look familiar...

CALLIE

Right, I know - it was just a
couple of hours ago. Anyway, I sort
of need a plunger, if you have one
to spare, I mean, I'll bring it
back, you know, after washing it...

Kate looks up at the ceiling, then heads for the kitchen door behind the counter.

KATE

Watch the register.

CALLIE

Oh, no, no, no, you don't have to
do that. Wait! Here are my keys.

Callie jangles her keys in Kate's direction.

KATE

(without looking back)

It's my building. I have keys.

CALLIE

Right. Sorry.

Callie goes to the counter, groans, and drops her head into her hands.

After a moment, she looks up. The customers are looking at her. Callie looks down at her clothing self-consciously. One customer, JOANIE, smiles sympathetically. Another, STACEY, winks at her. A man, NATHAN, eyes Callie suspiciously and shields his screen.

CALLIE

Hi. Sorry for the interruption.
Carry on.

Callie sits down and flips through Kate's book.

The bell on the front door rings, and a well-dressed CUSTOMER walks in. He scans the menu above Callie's head.

CUSTOMER

A large half-caf americano. Extra hot. Extra room.

CALLIE

Extra hot. Of course. Coming up.

Callie grabs a large cup from a stack next to the register and spins around. Several large brushed steel machines, including an espresso maker, line the counters.

Callie looks tentatively at Stacey, Nathan, and Joanie. They watch her. She slowly leans in toward the customer.

CALLIE

(conspiratorially, pointing at the espresso machine)

Do you know how to work one of these things?

CUSTOMER

You don't know how to make a cup of coffee?

CALLIE

(smiling sweetly)

Not yet.

(crossing her fingers)

Soon, I hope.

CUSTOMER

So you have time to read but not to learn how to do your job?

CALLIE

Oh, no, that's not my book. And this isn't my job.

CUSTOMER

Is it anyone's?

Stacey joins Callie behind the counter.

STACEY

(to the customer)

Nothing like a senseless moron to ruin your whole day, am I right? I mean, really, why is she even here if not to serve you?

(CONTINUED)

Stacey winks at Callie, who plays along. Stacey motions to Callie to observe as she deftly runs the espresso machine.

STACEY

(to the customer)

She's cute but wasn't really hired for her work ethic, if you know what I mean. Honestly, I don't think she's gonna work out. Haven't seen her wash her hands all day.

(to Callie)

Bag up a treat for the nice gentleman, sweetie.

Callie grabs a cellophane-wrapped snack cake, bags it, and offers it to the customer with a big smile. Stacey also holds out his drink. The customer takes both tentatively.

STACEY

And just 'cause you're so sweet - it's all on the house.

The customer leaves. Callie giggles and gives Stacey a round of applause. Stacey bows deeply. Joanie rolls her eyes.

Kate walks back in.

KATE

(to Callie)

You're all set.

CALLIE

Oh, god, thank you.

NATHAN

They gave him free coffee, Kate. I never get free coffee.

KATE

Who?

JOANIE

You don't drink coffee, Nathan.

NATHAN

That's not the point. It's the principle of the thing.

STACEY

So that's what you're learning in your war game...principles? Do those come from the talking mole hill or the half-naked snake witch?

KATE

Cool it, guys.

CALLIE

Sorry. I can pay for the coffee.

NATHAN

And the snack cake.

CALLIE

And the snack cake.

KATE

Don't worry about it. If you have any more problems tonight, my place is just across the hall.

Stacey snickers. Kate shoots her a look.

CALLIE

Thanks. No one ever tells you that you have to buy a plunger. My shopping list is so sad. Plunger. Toilet paper. Dish soap.

STACEY

Like a baby bird trying to make her first nest. If you need help...

KATE

Getting ready for a party up there, or just have a sweet tooth?

CALLIE

Oh, no, I'm just, you know, settling in. My dad's a baker so...

NATHAN

(perking up)

You're a baker? Kate needs a baker.

KATE

I don't need a baker.

STACEY

Yes, you do.

KATE

I have a baker.

(quickly correcting herself)

Had a baker.

(CONTINUED)

CALLIE
My dad's the baker. I just do it
for fun. And when I'm anxious.

JOANIE
(pleasantly)
Better than meds, I suppose.

Callie glances at the practically empty glass display case.

CALLIE
You have a baker?

KATE
Sort of. She's my business partner.

STACEY
More like a silent partner.

Kate looks at Stacey, hurt. Joanie swats at Stacey and makes an apologetic face to Kate on her behalf.

CALLIE
(awkwardly)
Okay, well, thanks. And sorry.

KATE
No problem. Stop in for some coffee
tomorrow, if you want.

CALLIE
(smiling)
I will.

Callie turns toward the front door.

KATE
Hey, go up the back stairs. It's
too cold out there for...what
you're wearing.

Callie smiles thankfully. She squeezes past Kate and through the kitchen door.

STACEY
'Night, baby bird!

Kate watches Callie through the window in the kitchen door, then looks up to see Stacey and Joanie smiling at her.

KATE
What?

JOANIE

I didn't know you got a new tenant.

STACEY

Yeah, we like your new tenant,
Kate.

KATE

Good for you. Go back to your
BootyCall.Com or whatever.

Once everyone else gets back to their own business, Kate
grabs her phone and backs slowly into the kitchen.

INT. CAFE, KITCHEN - DAY

In the kitchen, Kate dials a number and listens. A woman's
voice mail message is heard faintly through the receiver.

The door opens, and Stacey pokes her head in. Kate hangs up.

STACEY

Who ya callin'?

KATE

No one.

STACEY

You're embarrassing yourself.

KATE

I need something.

STACEY

You're not gonna get it from her.

Stacey leaves. Kate hangs her head, then dials again.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Callie's curled up on her couch surrounded by books. She's
half-reading and half-watching "The Gina Mackey Show."

CUT TO:

"THE GINA MACKEY SHOW"

Gina Mackey is standing in a kitchen with lots of shiny metal machines and gadgets. She oozes charisma and addresses the camera directly.

GINA MACKEY

Today I bring you: Our New Pink Girl!

The Pink Girl, ALICE, joins Gina. Alice is beautiful. She wears pearls and a pink, low-cut cocktail dress with a small, lacy apron. Her red hair is pulled back in a bun.

GINA MACKEY

I hear you're bringing us something totally hot and totally new: vegan baking. What's the scoop?

ALICE

(flirtatiously)

Today I'm making Luscious Vegan Lemon Bars.

GINA MACKEY

(grabbing her chest and looking at the camera)

I'm already in love.

BACK TO:

CALLIE

(grabbing a notebook)

I've never eaten anything vegan *and* luscious in my life, but it's worth a shot.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate is also watching "The Gina Mackey Show." She's crying in her darkened living room surrounded by used tissues. Sniffling, Kate pauses the TV on a picture of Alice.

On the wall near Kate, the flickering light of the TV illuminates several pictures of Kate and Alice. In the pictures they look very happy.

Kate blows her nose and turns off the TV.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - MIDNIGHT

Callie is sleeping. Suddenly, her fire alarm goes off. She runs out of her bedroom and checks the apartment for fire. Half-unpacked boxes fill every room but the kitchen. Finding no fire, Callie grabs a broom and waves it in front of the fire alarm until it stops beeping.

As soon as Callie puts the broom down, the alarm goes off again. Callie waves the broom frantically until the alarm stops a second time. She hesitates for a moment, ready for the alarm to beep again. When it doesn't, she sets the broom down and walks into the bedroom.

Once in the bedroom, the alarm erupts again. Callie slowly walks back to the hallway, picks up the broom, and bangs the alarm ferociously until it stops, pieces flying everywhere.

Callie sniffs the air, sets down the broom, and opens the door to the hallway. Smoke billows into her apartment. Her fire alarm goes off again.

INT. CAFE, KITCHEN - MIDNIGHT

Kate is angrily swinging the back door of the kitchen open and closed to get the smoke out. Several pans of burnt cookies sit on the counter. Smoke spills from the open oven.

Callie enters from the back stairwell wearing only her nightshirt. She's carrying a mini fire extinguisher.

CALLIE

Are you okay?

KATE

Sorry, I was just...baking.

CALLIE

Seems like it's going well.

Kate tears up, slows her frantic door pumping.

KATE

(trying not to cry)

I just wanted to make...some cookies...

(stopping for a moment to look at Callie)

Don't you ever wear clothes?

Callie puts down her fire extinguisher, walks to Kate, and puts her hand on her shoulder.