

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A beat-up old Mustang sits double parked in a far corner.

Inside, RED, a guy in his late 20's to early 30's, with a scruffy look and sandy blonde hair, sleeps with his head against the window. He wears a chef's tight-collar top.

The newlywed couple, TYLER and APRIL MCALLISTER, pass by. They exchange glances before Tyler approaches the car with a friendly smile. He arrives at Red's window and raps on it.

Red stirs awake, blinks, and looks up at Tyler. Rolls down the window.

TYLER

I hate to be a bother, but do you have somewhere to be? If you're on the ship, we're setting sail soon.

Red's slowly starting to come to his senses. He swallows--

RED

Uhh, yeah. Yeah I am. Thanks for getting me up.

Red opens up the door and Tyler backs up.

TYLER

No problem, we were running late too. How long have you been out here, kid? You look beat.

RED

(obviously lying)  
I had a long night. Decided to crash here instead of missing the ship...

TYLER

(smiles)  
Well, you're about to miss the ship.

RED

Oh, shit... Thanks again for waking me up, man.

Realizing something, Red starts for the trunk.

TYLER

Anytime.

Tyler goes to leave but Red stops him.

RED  
Wait, ya think you can try  
something for me?

Red flips the trunk open and pulls out four plastic containers. Inside are delicious-looking pastries filled with vanilla ice cream and swamped with chocolate syrup. About thirty little puffs in each container. April lusts over them.

APRIL  
What are those?

RED  
Profiteroles, aka the 'cream puff'.  
This is the French's equivalent of  
our own brownie sundae. I had to  
make some as a sample...

He pops open the container on top and hands one out to each of them.

RED (CONT'D)  
I work on the ship if you hadn't  
noticed. It's like a really long  
Summer audition.

April shoves her pastry into her mouth quickly --

APRIL  
(mouthful)  
This is amazing. Are you like an  
intern or something?

RED  
Yeah. Cooking's not really my  
thing, but it's all I really have  
left, you know?

It gets awkward. Tyler breaks the silence as he finishes his profiterole.

TYLER  
Really? Well they're great, you  
should really consider a future in  
culinary arts...

RED  
I am, I am...

As the three of them approach the boarding bridge to the ship and Red snaps the container shut, April nudges Red.

APRIL

Hey, you think we can take any  
leftovers home?

Red digs in his front apron's pocket and pulls out his chef  
cap and throws it on his head.

RED

(smiles)

If there are any. And let's hope,  
for my sake, that there aren't.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - KITCHEN - DAY

RED's hard at work in the back kitchen. A voice erupts from the back. His supervisor, CLAUDE, approaches.

CLAUDE

We have enough people back here working the kitchen, I need another waiter out on the floor.

Red looks offended.

RED

So you choose me? I live in my car, Claude, I'm not "presentable" to these snobby socialites. I mean look at me.

CLAUDE

You make their food, what's the difference?

Red sighs.

RED

You don't get it. These people expect people with beautiful glossy hair and primped-up suits. I've got neither, I'm just a washed-up idiot who lives in his fucking car.

Claude shoots daggers at Red before giving a sigh.

CLAUDE

Fine. Get to your room and take a quick shower. Clean yourself up. But I want you out there.

Red looks pissed, but he doesn't argue.

RED

Fine. I guess that says a lot about my future then? I'm screwed.

CLAUDE

It's nothing personal, Red. Your food is fantastic. I just need someone out there.

Red really is taking this personally, no matter what Claude tells him. But he just gives a nod and stomps off.