

"LOVE SUCKS" - ANTHOLOGY TV SERIES

PILOT: "Robber"

Written by

Anya Bay

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

New hip restaurant is brimming with beautiful people on Saturday night. Most tables are occupied with couples flirtatiously chatting with one another. Deep House music plays pretty loud. It perfectly fits this dark yet stylish ambiance of the place.

Restaurant door opens and a tall beautiful brunette enters. It's ANGELA (Female, mid 30s), she wears a red casual summer dress. She gracefully walks through the crowd and looks at the tables, clearly trying to find a familiar person. She squints a bit as it's hard to detect faces in the dark.

She turns around herself to make sure she didn't miss the right table. A slight confusion is on her face. She takes out a phone from her purse when...

RICHARD (O.S.)

Angela!

Angela spins toward the sound of that voice. RICHARD (Male, early 70s, good-looking) sits at one of the tables in the corner with a smile and waves at her.

Angela looks at him attentively and then frustration appears on her face. She slowly approaches Richard's table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You look stunning!

ANGELA

Oh do I?

RICHARD

Please sit down. I can explain.

ANGELA

You know I would storm out immediately, but I'm starving and their salmon is divine.

Richard gets up to move her chair so she can sit down.

RICHARD

So let me start with apologizing for...

ANGELA

Catfishing.

RICHARD

Well not exactly. I've used my real photos.

ANGELA
Yeah, from at least 20 years ago?

RICHARD
And that's what I'm apologizing
for. But didn't we have a truly
amazing chat?

Angela grabs her phone, opens the dating App and looks at
Richard's profile that states "Age: 49".

ANGELA
So how old are you exactly?

RICHARD
Does the age really matter though?

Angela crosses her hands while leaning back on her chair and
gives Richard an angry look.

Waiter comes to their table with the menus and tall glasses
of water.

WAITER
How are you guys doing tonight?

RICHARD
We're excellent, thank you.

Angela disregards the question and studies the cocktail menu.

WAITER
Can I get you started with some
drinks?

RICHARD
Old-fashioned.

ANGELA
(to herself)
Old for sure.

WAITER
Excuse me?

Richard smirks at her comment.

ANGELA
Vodka Martini, please.

WAITER
Coming right up. And if you're in
the mood for seafood, the Catfish
is particularly good today.

ANGELA

No, thanks. We've already had that one.

Angela shoves the cocktail menu to the Waiter and he leaves.

RICHARD

I'm 72.

Angela rolls her eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But let's be honest, do I look 72?

ANGELA

That's not the point, Richard. If that's even your real name.

RICHARD

It is. And everything we've been chatting about for these past 2 weeks is true. It's just..you would never go out with me if you knew my real age, would you?

ANGELA

And there is a reason for it!

RICHARD

I know. But please stay until at least the end of this dinner. I promise, I'm just as good in person as I was on paper..or..screen. And then if you don't like me, I'll give you 2K and we'll call it even.

ANGELA

Gotta love dating in LA.

Richard giggles. Angela seems to be warming up just a tiny bit. They both stare at the menus.

RICHARD

So, you said you wanted the salmon, huh? What do you think about Fillet Mignon?

ANGELA

I can't.

RICHARD

You don't eat meat?

ANGELA
No, I just can't.

RICHARD
Religious?

ANGELA
No. It...Ugh..
It...gives me diarrhea.

RICHARD
Oh, honey, but it's so good. It's
worth getting diarrhea!

Angela can't help but laugh. They exchange eye contact.
Richard is pleased - little victory.

EXT. ANGELA'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

It is the beginning of April in Los Angeles. Beautiful
weather outside, not too hot just yet.

Windows of the new tall office building on Wilshire Blvd
reflect bright rays of sunshine.

Angela wears a white blouse and a grey business skirt, she
walks toward the building while carrying a half empty box of
Kale salad.

Her phone RINGS. She takes it out of the purse.

Screen reads: ADAM. Angela smiles slightly and picks it up.

ANGELA
Hi you.

ADAM (O.S.)
Ugh it's been too long.
So good to hear your voice.

ANGELA
Ditto.

Angela opens the front door of the building and walks inside.

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE BUILDING. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Angela is inside the lobby now, still on the phone with Adam.

ADAM (O.S.)
I know you said not to call, but I
just miss you so.

Angela clearly likes what she hears, she stops and sits down at the big white leather couch in the lobby.

ANGELA

I know, Adam. But what's the point?

ADAM (O.S.)

Man, I hate that they transferred you.

ANGELA

Me too.

ADAM (O.S.)

How's the weather? Still rainy and shitty?

Angela turns her head to the window acknowledging that the weather is nothing like what Adam just said. But she scratches her forehead and replies the opposite.

ANGELA

Yeah well you know. New York, New York. Tons of pluses, but weather isn't one of them.

Adam slightly scoffs. It weirdly echoes in Angela's phone.

ADAM (O.S.)

LA misses you. And so does your office.

That phrase strongly ECHOES as Angela now sees... ADAM (22), a very cute, tall, blonde and somewhat skinny-looking guy, getting off the elevator.

Angela can't think of anything better and she urgently jumps over the couch and hides behind it. She accidentally hits a cup of coffee that a VISITOR (Male, 60) on the couch drinks and it spills all over him and the white couch.

Visitor looks behind the couch where Angela now hides - he doesn't seem happy.

ANGELA

(whispering to Visitor)

Sorry.

ADAM (O.S.)

Say again?

Angela significantly lowers her voice and peeks from behind the couch at Adam who now stands near the reception desk.

Please, fill out the contact form for the full script.