

THE NEW BOHEMIANS

PILOT

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

**INT. THE PUB - DAY**

CONVERSATIONS. LOW MUSIC. KLINKING GLASSES. SHORT BURST OF LAUGHTER.

A half full pint of beer sits on the bar.

TABITHA (V.O.)

The age-old question: is the glass half full or half empty. A tough one, even for your modern day rocket scientist.

Voice over goes on over action.

A middle-aged man picks up the pint and starts drinking. Bartender behind the bar fills a pint from one of the many taps.

TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not that we never think we have an answer. There's always that glass half full feeling, waiting for the bartender of life to fill it to the brim. Nice clean head and all. Others times...

Bartender set full pint on the bar. Nearby, a young, depressed looking woman slams what's left of her pint.

TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...half empty. Waiting for the drunk of life to come along and guzzle down what remains. Or just do it ourselves.

The place is crowded. Bar and tables full. Servers move to and fro with trays full of drinks and/or empty glasses.

TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We have all kinds of denizens inhabiting this little corner of this great big world we call home. All asking that same question.

Various types of patrons go by as Tabitha describes each.

TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Half full. Half empty. The Pub's a magnet for them all.

(MORE)

## TABITHA (CONT'D)

Business persons in dress suits, bohemians in faded jeans and knit caps, college fraternity and sorority types, the assorted passerby dressed for whatever weather thrust upon us. The loners and the extroverts. The lovers and the haters.

View stops on TABITHA VINCENT (45). Wears little make up. Beer drinker. The few wrinkles around her eyes don't diminish her natural beauty. The kind of older, wiser sister type. Wears a small brim fedora wrapped in a bandana matching the color of her bracelets.

Across from her sits CARL (60), white hair hanging from under the leather ball cap matches his equally white, nicely trimmed beard.

She sits half turned, facing the center of the room. She slowly rotates her pint with one hand.

## TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Young. Old. All ages in between.

She eyes a table near the center of the room.

Two men and a couple sit there. She can really only see the face of one of them, a man with gold rimmed glasses.

The couple get up. They shake hands then move off.

## TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Suffice it to say The Pub's a refuge from many a soul. Officially called regulars. And I'm one of them.

She watches them leave.

As they walk towards the front door, they pass by a young, red headed woman wearing a light leather jacket, jeans, faded concert tee. Two young men, sleeves of ink on each arm, follow her.

## TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All of us asking ourselves the half full half empty question.

Back to Tabitha's table. She stares at the man with the gold rimmed glasses.

TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Well, if you're looking for an  
answer, you came to the wrong  
place.

She turns back towards Carl.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
Wanna sit outside?

Stares at her pint.

TABITHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I think the better  
question is what's in your glass.

ACT 1**INT. THE PUB - CONTINUOUS**

At the table from where the couple just left.

EDWARD SIEGER (42), modest looking man in dress and appearance. Serious looking expression. His thin, round, gold rimmed glasses give him the look of a person always seeking an answer. He sits with STEVEN VOORHEES (55) graying hair, few extra pounds.

Both sip at their drinks as they talk.

STEVEN

Think we can do business with them?

EDWARD

I've run all the facts and figures, which I'll present if they choose to listen. But yes. The business plan is sound.

STEVEN

Should be. Even without all those numbers you can miraculously crunch. An old fashion mom and pop pizzeria would add a lot to all the business popping up round here over the last decade.

EDWARD

They'll make a decent contribution to the tax base. Plus it's an older building so rent shouldn't be prohibitive.

STEVEN

You spend a lot of time downtown, living here and all. Bet that couple would like you as a regular. And catch all those with the late night munchies wandering from bar to bar.

He scans the bar. Eyes stop on the red head and two males chatting it up.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Better client than some of the freeloaders round here.

Edward cracks a small smile but remains serious.

EDWARD  
My taste in food doesn't include  
copious amounts of processed  
cheese.

STEVEN  
You're right. Beer is so much  
healthier. Cheers!

He lifts his glass. Edward lifts his. They tap pints. Drink.

Edward scoots his chair closer, rests his elbows on the  
table, put on a serious look.

EDWARD  
With this couple, with the rising  
rents and more upscale clientele  
filling the lofts and nearby  
homes...

Steven leans towards him.

STEVEN  
Go on...

EDWARD  
I will suggest they--

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
Hey there Eddie!

The redhead from the bar, SAMANTHA (SAM) ERICKSON (23), faded  
Ramonés logo on her tee shirt, stands next to the table. Not  
drop dead gorgeous, her subtle, hourglass curves and  
tomboyish looks are very appealing.

Edward's mouth breaks into a beaming smile.

EDWARD  
Well hello Sam. Nice of you to stop  
by!

They exchange handshake, locking their thumbs as their palms  
clasp together.

Seven looks on as if he'd never seen Edward do that.

He then gives her a quick, detached glance. Tries hiding his  
annoyance.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
You remember my friend Steven,  
don't you?

She speaks with an upper Midwest accent, but not as thick as those people on Fargo.

SAM  
Yeah. Yeah, I do. You guys doing good tonight?

She and Steven exchange looks. She smiles and nods.

He does the same with painted enthusiasm, then turns to Edward.

STEVEN  
You were saying about the...

EDWARD  
Oh. That can wait.  
(to Sam)  
Have a seat.

She nods and takes a seat next to Edward. He focuses on her.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Taking it easy before practice?

SAM  
Yeah. As always. Got some wickedly awesome stuff we're working out.

EDWARD  
Can't wait to hear it.

Steven looks like he wants to leave.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Been trying to get Steven here to catch one of your shows. I've told him all about Aces High and your drumming skills.

Not really wanting to engage her in conversation, Steven remains polite.

STEVEN  
Do you do any Frank Sinatra covers?

SAM  
Ivan, one of our guitarists, wanted to do a rocked out version of Lady's a Tramp. But out a respect for o' blue eyes, we voted him down.

She and Edward laugh. Steven just smiles. He rises.

STEVEN

If you'll excuse me, gonna pay up  
and head out. Edward, I'll see  
tomorrow.

EDWARD

I'll be at work as usual.

Steven leans towards Sam.

STEVEN

Punctuality's a trait of his I wish  
I could extract and sell.

(to Edward)

Never loose it.

He turns and leaves.

Now alone, Samantha and Edward grow silent. Both stare at the  
table top for a few moments.

EDWARD

How's life going?

SAM

It's a going. Trying to pay the  
bills, working, school part time  
have a way of eating up my day.  
Time and coin always get in the  
way... you know.

EDWARD

Playing in a band takes up time  
too.

SAM

But that's really fun! Bout the  
only thing that gets me lit now  
days.

EDWARD

Well... I wish nothing but the best  
for you.

SAM

Thanks.

Their eyes meet and remained fixed. After a few moments, each  
return their focus back at the table.

SAM (CONT'D)

A degree in music appreciation...  
isn't much.

EDWARD

It's a start. Move up to a Bachelors. Make yourself more valuable, especially if you want to teach or get into the music business.

She shrugs with a 'yeah maybe' look on her face.

SAM

Don't know if I'm a gonna go that far. Nothing near as fancy as what you got.

He leans closer to her.

EDWARD

I wish I had an ounce of your musical talent.

SAM

You'd trade it for punctuality?

EDWARD

Yep. Want a swap?

Both laugh.

Neither notice a young man walk up. EZEKIEL (22) a sleeve of tattoos on both arms, ring in each earlobe.

EZEKIEL

Hey Sam.

They look up at him.

SAM

Sup. Where's my beer?

EZEKIEL

We gotta go.

She gives him a scowl.

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

Danny just called. What up, Eddie?

Raises her hands in a display of impatience.

SAM

And?

EZEKIEL

Trevor forgot to replace that amp we blew last week, so he and Danny gotta run cross town to borrow one from a dude he knows.

SAM

What!

Her hands open wide as she stares shocked at the table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Can't even--

She turns to Edward.

SAMANTHA

Love Trevor to death, but think he'd forget his own damn funeral. And I was looking forward to a few brews before heading out.

Edward puts on a smile to hide his disappointment.

EDWARD

Pity. Makes two of us.

Samantha puts a hand on his shoulder.

SAMANTHA

The music calls. Next time amigo.

She stands and moves off, moving her arms up and down and going on about Trevor as she follows Ezekiel through the crowd.

Edward watches her until she gets to the bar. He then stares at his half full beer, then his watch.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE PUD - MOMENTS LATER**

Edward steps out the front door of the Pub, eyes buried into his cell phone. Other patrons come and go around him.

CELL PHONE. An email: Got a few qs bout the start up cost on attached spreadsheet...

He eyes an empty chair next to one of the tables set out on the sidewalk.

He sits, placing the phone on the table and begins tapping away.

Tabitha sits opposite on the bench running along the wall.  
Carl sits next to her.

Eyeing Edward, her eyes widen, then relent.

He continues his email message, oblivious.

She cocks her head, begins to mouth something, then stops.

He rubs his chin, staring at the phone.

She draws a breath and puts on a smile.

TABITHA

A businessman's work is never done.

He gives her a glance, then back to the phone. Head pops back up, wide eyed.

She's smiling.

He looks at Carl, who's staring off into the distance.

Back to Tabitha.

An embarrassed face surrounds his wide open mouth, gathers up the phone.

EDWARD

Oh-- Ah... I am terribly sorry.  
Please forgive me. I didn't mean  
to--

TABITHA

That's alright. No one's using it  
anyway. All are welcomed to pull up  
a seat with the rest of us.

Still embarrassed, he puts on a smile.

EDWARD

Well thank you. I guess modern  
technology often causes us to  
forget old fashion manners.

She reaches under the bench and retrieves a canvas bag as varied in color as her ankle length skirt. Sets it in her lap and pulls out a touch screen phone no different than his. She holds it up.

TABITHA

No mea culpa needed. Even us  
nonconformist need to check our  
social networks.

(MORE)

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
See what no good our fellow  
travelers are up to.

She taps away on her phone.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
It's been said we live in a small  
world. And these damn things make  
it even smaller! Go figure.

He nods in silent agreement. Back to his phone.

She puts hers away. Her eyes remain fixed on him. Reaches for  
her pint then brings it to her mouth. Fiddles with her hair.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
Name's Tabitha.

His head pops up.

EDWARD  
Oh... forgive me again. Edward.

Gentle handshake.

TABITHA  
Let me guess... Ed, or Eddie for  
short?

EDWARD  
Eddie for the most part. And do you  
go by Tabby or Tab?

TABITHA  
Oh God no! Just Tabitha.  
One makes me sound like a cat. The  
other a diet soda. Don't care for  
either.

He nods, slightly confused.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
I mean, I like cats. Number one  
animal lover here! Just... don't  
like the truncation. Go figure.

She takes a tepid sip, eyeing his reaction.

EDWARD  
And diet drinks?

TABITHA

If people want a lose the pounds,  
it's about food, not sugar.

EDWARD

Are you a personal trainer?

TABITHA

No. My current gig's working at  
Beerman's. The little co-op eatery  
the street over. Why... why would  
you think I'm a trainer?

He puts away his cell

EDWARD

Well... you appear to be in good  
shape. And you are correct in  
saying it's about caloric intake,  
not so much sugar.

Tabitha shows mild shock, then a smirk.

TABITHA

I'm flattered. Thanks for the  
compliment.

CARL

Where you complimenting her body or  
mind?

Caught off guard, Edward scans the older man. Back at  
Tabitha.

Her wide, steely eyes below raised eyebrows above an eager  
smile awaited an answer.

EDWARD

I've seen people order a burger and  
fries, and then a diet drink,  
believing the drink would somehow  
balance out their fat intake. In  
regards to my compliment, well... I  
would have to say her mind, of  
course.

She lets out a subtle, staccato laugh.

TABITHA

Don't worry about not complimenting  
my body there Eddie. Carl here will  
do that for us!

Carl laughs and pats her her leg.

CARL  
You know I will, gorgeous.

Edward chuckles but uncomfortable in front of the strangers.

She notices this as the laughter dies away. As Carl caressed her leg, she gives Edward a smile and wink.

TABITHA  
So... what are your plans for tonight? You can stay and have a round or two with us. Regale us with the exciting life of a businessman.

EDWARD  
Why do you think I'm a businessman?

Tabitha's mid sip. She let the beer go down, allowing time to regained her composure.

TABITHA  
Well... I guess I shouldn't...  
ass-ume.

Sits her glass down, then reaches for a napkin to wipe her mouth.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
You know. The ass out of you and me thingy.

EDWARD  
Point of fact, I'm co-owner of a small consulting firm. And thank you for the invitation. Some other time perhaps. Right now I must go home and finish up some work related items.

Tabitha tries hiding her disappointment.

TABITHA  
Oh. And... tomorrow? Friday Art walks can be a real hoot. A group of us gather here. Fortify ourselves before our little sojourn.

EDWARD  
Well, thank you. But tomorrow evening I'm otherwise engaged.

TABITHA

Oh. A big... date?

EDWARD

No. Will catch a band called Aces High. A friend of mine, Samantha, plays for them.

TABITHA

Red head Sam? I know her. On occasion I venture to the boutique she works at.

EDWARD

Then it is indeed a small world. Even without cell phones.

TABITHA

You one of their groupies?

EDWARD

No. Enjoy the live music. Back in grad school, a friend and I -Clarence- took a liking to the local music scene.

TABITHA

Oh? Do tell.

She leans forward, elbows onto table, resting chin in hand, hanging onto every word.

EDWARD

Clarence grew up in New Orleans. Was exposed to the many talented musicians playing the clubs of the French Quarter.

TABITHA

Quite the difference from our little corner of the world.

EDWARD

True. But back when we were in school the downtown here began coming alive again. When the venues came back, so did the bands.

TABITHA

I remember. The good o'l days.

EDWARD

Just two young college students...  
treating themselves to a  
renaissance of live music. Hard  
rock garage bands. Neo-funk acts.  
Once we neared the end of graduate  
school, we had less time on our  
hands.

A few moments of silence. His expression moves from wonder to  
somber.

TABITHA

Then?

EDWARD

Clarence moved to LA in hopes of  
landing his dream job.

TABITHA

Did he find it among the mass of  
humanity there?

He nods, smiling. Their eyes lock on the others.

After a few awkward moments, he relents, glancing at his  
watch.

EDWARD

Well. I... need to be going. It was  
a pleasure to have met you... and  
your friend.

TABITHA

Feeling's mutual. But you know, now  
that we've met, we have no excuse  
not to say hi to each other.

EDWARD

You're right. I'll have none.

He rises, turns and begins a slow walk away. He passes by the  
other tables full of patrons lining the sidewalk.

She eyes him the whole time.

About twenty feet away, without stopping, he turns back.

Raising her hand, Tabitha gives him a small wave, mouthing  
the word "Bye."

He give a wave back then moves on.