

LG Bakery & Tea

Ep. TBD Tres Leches

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FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING: JESSIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

JESSIE, SORAYA, and TITO gather round in Jessie's kitchen. Jessie, late twenties, genderqueer, is dressed in a button down top and trousers. Leaning on the counter, they make notes and cross out items on an open notebook in front of them.

Soraya, short, late twenties with a messy black pixie cut, still in pajamas, looks over Jessie's shoulder at their notes.

Tito, tall, late twenties with dyed blue hair, wearing a t-shirt and jeans, leans back and sips coffee.

JESSIE

Okay, so, Gary is taking care of the store-front banner, which should hopefully last us until we can afford a more permanent sign.

TITO

If we last that long.

Jessie and Soraya glare at Tito. Tito just sips his coffee.

JESSIE

(making notes)

Aaaanyway, Vivienne and Marisha said they would take care of furniture.

SORAYA

I called the electrician. They said they could come on Monday.

JESSIE

Did he say how much it'd cost?

SORAYA

Yes....

JESSIE

...And?

(CONTINUED)

SORAYA

...You know, recycling mason jars
for mugs is really popular.

TITO

(rolling his eyes)

We already cut costs for dishes.

SORAYA

Well, you know what? Fine. What's
your idea?

TITO

No, I'm just saying--

JESSIE

Yeah, what is your idea? You've
been such a dick about our ideas,
let's hear what you have to say.

Tito looks down as he carefully sets his coffee mug on the
counter behind him and fiddles with the handle.

TITO

I mean, I don't know, maybe we can
cut ingredients or raise the price
for food or--

JESSIE

Perfect! You'll be in charge of the
menu.

Jessie writes in their notebook, a huge grin on their face.

TITO

Um, no, I didn't--

JESSIE

Soraya, wanna help?

SORAYA

(beaming)

T'would be a pleasure.

Tito leans in toward them.

TITO

Seriously, I can't do the menu. I don't know how to cook.

Jessie walks over to the front doorway, calling back to them.

JESSIE (O.S.)

Then you'll learn. Remember? This is a learning experience for everyone.

SORAYA

Can you pick up some milk on your way back?

JESSIE (O.S.)

We're out already?

SORAYA

I'm sorry, I need it for my PG Tips.

JESSIE (O.S.)

Okay. Tito, no more milk in your coffee.

TITO

What? But she--

JESSIE (O.S.)

Bye, guys!

SORAYA

Good luck with your interview!

The door closes behind Jessie.

Tito sighs heavily.

SORAYA

To be fair, it *was* a good idea.

Tito rubs his hands all over his face.

Soraya turns to face him.

SORAYA

Alright, we have to cut costs on ingredients, so we need simple recipes.

TITO

(from behind his hands)
And easy to make.

SORAYA

And easy to make for the noobs in the house.

Tito drops his hands and stares pointedly at her.

SORAYA

What? There's nothing wrong with being a noob.

TITO

What about you? Can you cook?

SORAYA

I can cook...a bit....

Tito raises his eyebrows.

SORAYA

I can poach an egg.

TITO

...Noob.

SORAYA

How dare you.

Tito stretches.

TITO

Well, I guess we should find some recipes.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Soraya and Tito stand side by side, leaning against the counter, both using their laptops in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

TITO
How about this one?

SORAYA
Which one?

Soraya turns and Tito shifts his laptop towards her.

INSERT ON LAPTOP SCREEN - a recipe page for a desert called
"tres leches"

BACK TO ACTION

TITO
I think I saw my mom make it once.

SORAYA
Think you can remember how?

TITO
Yeah, no problem. And if we forget,
we can just read the instructions.

SORAYA
Sounds fair.

They pull out different sized bowls, measuring cups, and
baking pans from cupboards, placing them on the counter.
Soraya pulls out a carton of eggs from the fridge then ducks
her head back in.

SORAYA
Oh, crap!

TITO
What?

SORAYA
I forgot we're out of milk.

Soraya stares at Tito in silence, Tito stares back for a few
moments.

TITO
Ugh, fine!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING: OUTSIDE MARISHA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tito is about to knock on the door when MARISHA, a twenty-something butch lesbian, opens it. She's dressed in a casual button down shirt and jeans. She's about to walk out when she gets startled by Tito in the doorway.

MARISHA

!Ay, cono! !Me asusto!

Tito holds up his phone.

TITO

Do you have these?

MARISHA

What?

Marisha takes the phone and looks at it.

INSERT - recipe for "tres leches"

There's a list of ingredients. The items "condensed milk" and "evaporated milk" are highlighted.

BACK TO ACTION

MARISHA

You bake?

TITO

Jessie put me in charge of the menu.

Marisha stares at him for a few moments.

MARISHA

Hang on.

She closes the door and goes back into the apartment.

Tito waits outside.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT

Soraya cracks three eggs over a bowl while skim reading the recipe on her laptop.

(CONTINUED)

SORAYA

"Separate the yoke and stir the egg whites at maximum speed." Wait, how do you separate the yoke?...Shit, do you not use the yoke?

She scans the screen more closely.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

"After the egg white has become fluffy and light in consistency, carefully mix in the yoke one at a time."

Soraya looks down at her bowl filled with three cracked eggs, the yoke and egg whites already partially mixed.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

It's fine. They're supposed to be mixed eventually.

INT. OUTSIDE MARISHA'S APARTMENT

Tito jiggles his leg anxiously standing outside the door. A few moments later, Marisha pokes her head out and hands him two cans. One reads "condensed milk," the other "evaporated milk."

TITO

Oh yeah, can we have some regular milk, too?

Marisha sighs, closing the door and heading back inside.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT

Soraya searches throughout the kitchen, opening cabinet doors and drawers.

SORAYA

Where's the fucking flour?

She opens a cabinet with the flour bag inside.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

There you are!

She picks it up and sets it down on the counter. She scrolls through her laptop.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

(exhaling)

Okay.

She places a measuring cup in front of her, opens the flour bag, and attempts to gently pour flour into the cup. The flour crashes out of the bag and overflows the cup, spilling all over the counter.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She grabs handfuls of flour and throws it back in the bag.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

INT. OUTSIDE MARISHA'S APARTMENT

Tito examines the two cans in his hands quizzically. Marisha opens the door and hands him a carton of milk. Tito wraps his arms around it, his hands already full holding the cans.

TITO

Hey, what's the difference between evaporated and condensed milk?

MARISHA

(shrugging)

One's evaporated and one's condensed.

Tito considers for a moment.

TITO

Hey, what I said the other day--

Marisha closes the door.

INT. MARISHA'S APARTMENT

Marisha leans against the door, exasperated. After a moment, she pulls out her phone and sends a text.

INSERT - text chat on phone screen

"MARISHA: tito's doing the menu"

A reply pops up.

"VIVIENNE: XD XD XD"

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tito struggles to open the door, his arms full of two cans and a carton of milk. He shuffles through, balancing the door on his hip. He walks into the kitchen to find batter splattered all over the counter. The mixer whirs at high speed.

Soraya, batter in her face, hair, and pajamas, quickly turns it off, panting. She looks over and sees Tito. She walks toward him, wiping her face and hair.

SORAYA
Got the milk?

Tito just stares.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Good.

She takes the bag from him and walks back to the counter.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

The pastry sits in a pan baking in the oven.

Tito and Soraya slump on the couch.

SORAYA
What's the difference between
condensed and evaporated milk?

TITO
I don't know. One's evaporated and
one's condensed.

(CONTINUED)

SORAYA

Maybe we should look it up.

TITO

Maybe later.

They sigh and relax into their seats.

SORAYA

How long did it say to cook?

TITO

I don't know. How long did you set
it for?

SORAYA

I didn't....

They both turn towards each other. Suddenly, they jump up
and run into the kitchen.

Tito opens the oven door and reaches in to take the pan out.
He burns his hand.

TITO

Shit!

He rushes to the sink and sticks his hands under cold water.

Soraya puts on two oven mitts and carefully pulls out the
pan, setting it on the counter. The pastry inside is a dense
block that is charred on top.

SORAYA

Hey, Tito. Is it supposed to look
like this?

Tito wraps his hand in a towel and looks at the pastry.

TITO

Can you even cut that?

Soraya grabs a butter knife from a drawer and tries to stick
the blade into the bread. It's rock solid, and doesn't give.

SORAYA

Yeah. You just have to....

She pushes the blade hard into the bread. A few moments later, she starts stabbing it, trying to break through.

SORAYA

(through gritted teeth)

Come on.

TITO

It's too hard.

SORAYA

No! It's fine.

Jessie walks into the apartment through the front door.

TITO (O.S.)

It's not worth it! Leave it alone!

SORAYA (O.S.)

No! I got this!

Jessie pokes their head into the kitchen. Tito stands behind Soraya as she stabs the knife into the bread harder and harder. Neither of them notice Jessie.

SORAYA

Come on! Die, you piece of shit!

Just as Soraya looks up and sees Jessie, she stabs so hard into the dish that it flies off the counter and clatters onto the floor. Tito and Soraya yelp and turn toward Jessie. For a few beats, they all stand there in silence.

Jessie looks around the room. Messy dishes and spilled ingredients cover the countertops and fill the sink.

Tito, his hand still wrapped in a towel, clears his throat and looks at the floor.

Soraya leans against the counter and attempts to look casual.

SORAYA

So, how'd your interview go?

CUT TO BLACK