

"DOORDASH BANDIT"

By

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DOORDASH BANDIT SCREEN TITLE

INT (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING-TIME

We are placed in a warm and inviting living room setting. There are warm and ambient lights in the background to display a cozy and safe setting (soon to be contrasted). There is indiscernible chit-chat for a moment right before an iPhone rings twice and DONNA picks up the phone and answers.

DONNA

Hello?

EXT (PARKING LOT) - EVENING-TIME

JAKE, the Doordash driver, is in his car while placing this call. The car is parked in an Outback Steakhouse restaurant parking lot just before sunset. JAKE has extremely comfortable body language, and does not appear to be in a hurry to complete DONNA's order.

JAKE

(Sounding confused, looking around)

Hey... uh, this is Jake C. from Doordash.
I've got your food, but my GPS is tweaking
and I can't find your place.

DONNA

Huh. Well, where are you?

JAKE

(In a joking manner, slight giggle)

Chile, I feel like I'm in the outback.

PAN up to Outback Steakhouse sign through car window, as JAKE jokingly looks around for an excuse for his location.

DONNA

(Unaware of JAKE's pun. Puts glass down,
stand up. Fold arms/ have mannerisms)

Ugh, I know. It's like the boonies once
you pass exit 10. What's around you,
though? Like on your left?

Pan to CU shot of receipt for Doordash order. JAKE is
reading the last four digits of DONNA's card number.

JAKE

Sixty-five Fifty-two? Is that Chase?

DONNA

(Unaware, again)

Yeah! There is a Chase bank around the
corner. You're not too far away.

JAKE folds receipt in his pocket and gestures as if he will
use this new information later (potentially scamming). JAKE
peeks into the Outback bag in an obnoxious manner. Begins
taking one item out.

JAKE

Good, cause your food is getting cold. Mm.

DONNA

(With a bit of seriousness, hand motions.)

So, if you're by Chase Bank, you need to
come around 3 blocks and make a left into
my neighborhood.

JAKE begins to take food items out the bag, setting up his
near-future feast.

JAKE

(Trying to sound appeasing. Putting items in lap, tucking in napkin bib)

Okay, okay. I'm coming...

DONNA

(Almost impatient, restless, but still polite)

Okay, tell me what you see now?

JAKE takes a look at his plastic fork in hand.

JAKE

(In a joking manner)

I'm at a fork in the road. Should I go left or right?

PAN from left to right of food in JAKE's lap. There is a House salad on his left leg, and chicken wings on his right leg.

DONNA

(Unaware of JAKE's pun)

Uh, I'm pretty sure it's on the left!

JAKE

(Focused on the food choice)

Good choice. Good choice.

JAKE begins to obnoxiously / nonchalantly eat the salad on the left.

DONNA

(Beginning to become impatient, then relieved when she potentially spots JAKE)

You should be pretty close now. I think I see you pulling in **(your headlights?)** outside, what kind of car are you driving?

JAKE takes a sip out of a Cherry Coke bottle but does not look while he guesses what flavor the drink is. Obnoxiously makes slurping noise.

JAKE

(Places emphasis on "cherry" questioning tone. Obnoxious sip before answering. Eyes roll back or something of the sort.)

A *cherry*-colored Corolla? But that ain't me cause my headlights are busted.
Laughs

DONNA

(Now upset)

Ugh! Where are you, cause I know my food is getting cold!

JAKE

(In a joking manner, raise eyebrows, eating the food)

You right!

DONNA is now frustrated and CUT to a reaction shot of her anger.

JAKE

(Sounding like Russel from Sextuplets)

Ma'am, it is my professional opinion that you just cancel this order.

DONNA

(Sassy, Upset, and Short)

Well I didn't ask for your "professional opinion"! I just want. My food!

JAKE

(Looking at the wings he already ate, and tossing them aside. Grease on his mouth, while investigating the wings.)

Well really, you wouldn't have wanted this, cause I bet them wings would've been SO DRY!

DONNA

(Takes a deep breath)

Give me one sec.

JAKE

(Unaware / Completely fine)

Okay!

DONNA places JAKE on mute, and beckons to her friend, REAGAN who has been near her during the entire call. REAGAN is much more eccentric and does not take JAKE or the situation lightly.

REAGAN

(Sounding confused and concerned)

Girl, what is taking so long?

DONNA

I don't know. This mans is saying he don't know where to go.

BEAT: REAGAN looks concerned.

REAGAN

You know what? The *same thing* happened to me two weeks ago!

(Takes out her phone, and looks on it)

What's his name?

DONNA

Uh, it's Jake C.

BEAT: Cue scary looming music.

REAGAN

Oh my gahd.

DONNA

(Frantically)

Girl, WHAT!?

REAGAN hands DONNA her phone.

REAGAN

Girl, that's him!

BEAT: DONNA scrolls on the phone.

CU CUT to a rogue and blurry picture of JAKE in action of his crimes.

REAGAN

They call him the DoorDash Bandit! Ever since 1982 when he got his first One-star rating from an angry customer, he's made it his mission to torment as many hungry people as he can in the Tri state area.

Beat: Swish sound to make light of previous situation.

REAGAN

At least that's what my friend Keisha told me. Or was it Darren?

DONNA

(Fed up and serious, DONNA takes JAKE off of mute)

Slow motion push into DONNA on the phone with Jake.

It has come to my attention that stealing people's food is a full-time gig for you, "Jake"! Just know, I WILL be reporting you

to DoorDash AND filing a police report on
this phone number!

BEAT: Cue suspenseful music. Jake changes his expression to a serious and cunning one, that we have not previously seen before.

JAKE

(Now aware, and seemingly in power)

Oh really? Allat over *some wangs*? Some *dry wangs*?

DONNA

(Sassy, and fed up)

Boy, it don't matter if they were wet,
dry, or plucked off of Sweet baby Jesus!

JAKE reaction shot (confused at Jesus comment)

They were MINE, and I hope yo *** get's
arrested!

JAKE

Alright, fine.

BEAT: Serious music to make light of the situation. DONNA look little concerned.

Just know, when I get out, I got yo address.

(Pointing at the phone, showing emphasis)

BEAT: Swerve sound, cut to REAGAN sitting on couch.

REAGAN

(Over it, and fed up)

Girl, just get off the phone with this
dude.

JAKE reaction shot, mocking REAGAN while she's speaking.

DONNA

(Upset, not sure whether to hang up or not
just yet, then throws phone on sofa)

Ugh!

BEAT: Slow push into JAKE, while suspenseful music plays.
He is cleaning up his area and readjusting himself to be
comfortable. Still sustaining new serious personality. He
begins to start scrolling on his phone. He takes a sip out
of the Cherry Coke.

JAKE

(Revitalized and unbothered, then burps.)

BEAT: Now end music, and make light of situation.

Whoo! I need some dessert. Who's next?

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "WILL IT BE YOU?" while playing Halloween
spooky music.

THE END

FADE OUT:

THE END

BREAKDOWN KEY

1. CHARACTERS

DONNA

JAKE

REAGAN

2. BEAT- WHEN THERE IS A CHANGE IN PACE OF THE SCRIPT

MUSIC

SOUND EFFECTS

3. PROPS- WHAT PROPS NEEDED IN SCRIPTS

OUTBACK FOOD

FORK

CELL PHONE

WINE GLASS

CAR INTERIOR

4. SET DRESSING

WARM, INVITING INTERIOR

5. MISC NOTES

PARTS WHERE IT IS SUPPOSED TO CONVEY HUMOR

THERE ARE NO ANIMALS, COSTUMES, MAKEUP/HAIR, STUNTS, VFX, SFX, OR SPECIAL EQUIPMENT NOTES FOR THIS SCRIPT.