

Waiting...  
"The Secret Shopper"

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

DEAN, 20's, pulls into the parking lot at SHENANIGANZ, a chain restaurant in front of a strip mall in the suburbs of Anytown, USA. Dean looks at the restaurant for a moment, and then a wave of emotion hits him...

DEAN

Shit.

EXT. SHENANIGANZ - BACK PATIO AREA - DAY

DAN the manager, mid/late 40's, begins the shift meeting with all the servers, including DEAN, MONTY, SERENA, AMY, AGNEW, and NAOMI. All of the servers are in their early/mid 20's except Naomi, who is well into her 30's.

DAN

(coach)

All right gang, I have a few announcements to make. First and foremost we should take a moment of silence to mourn a *death* in the Shenaniganz family; this is Dean's last day working here.

Everyone reacts with a mix of "sorry to see you go's" and congratulations. Dean smiles.

DEAN

Hey, it had to happen sooner or later, right?

DAN

(to Dean, defensive)

No. No it *didn't* as a matter of fact. I mean, if you wanna cut n' run that's fine, but you're missing out on something special here. *Believe it.*

(to everyone)

We are EXPANDING, folks. Turns out, when the economy's bad, people turn to unhealthy comfort-food.

Agnew and Monty HIGH-FIVE.

DAN (CONT'D)

(to Dean, condescending)

But good luck in Chicago. I'm sure it's gonna work out *just great.*

Dan is being a prick here, and Monty, Dean's best friend, doesn't like it one bit. So he gets under Dan's skin:

MONTY

Hell yeah it's gonna work out great!  
That's AWESOME, man! It's gonna be  
so nice to quit spinning your wheels  
and finally get outta this *Hell Hole*!

Dean lets out a stifled laugh. Dan notices this and BRISTLES.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Finally get out into *The Real World*!

The other servers catch on to what Monty is doing and they too start taking stabs at the restaurant.

EVERYONE

Yeah, this place sucks!/ Get out of  
here while you're still young!/ You're  
an inspiration to us all!

AGNEW

*Dan's a fag!*

NAOMI

I'd kill myself with drugs and alcohol  
if I was stuck here the rest of my life!

Everyone looks at the grizzled, slightly-shaking, chain-smoking Naomi and just smile sympathetically. Monty gently pats her on the head like she's an abused child.

DAN

(interrupting, annoyed)  
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! We get it, you're  
happy for him, whatever!  
(with conviction)  
But for the record, restaurants are  
the foundation of humanity. You don't  
eat, YOU DIE. It's just that simple.

The gang laughs. Clearly ruffled, Dan changes the subject.

DAN (CONT'D)

Listen gang, as I'm sure you know,  
I'm the secretary-treasurer of the  
Shenaniganz corporate softball team,  
and word around the dugout is that a  
SECRET SHOPPER is visiting these  
parts today.

This gets everyone's attention.

DAN (CONT'D)

As we've discussed, secret shoppers  
could be anyone.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

It could be a couple, a large party,  
or a lone *black* man sitting  
suspiciously by himself.

Everyone makes a confused face, *Why black?*

DAN (CONT'D)

So you better give the best service  
you can give, because corporate is  
gonna hear about it.

(beat)

And then I'M gonna hear about it.

(threatening)

And then *YOU'RE* gonna hear about it.  
If anybody tanks it with the secret  
shopper I can promise you a month  
suspension and a permanent spot on  
my shit-list. Trust me, the last  
thing you want is ol' Dan-O up your  
ass.

(realizing, matter of fact)

I recognize that sounds *homosexual*  
if you're a guy... -And FUN if you're  
a girl- But take it for the threat I  
meant it as.

Dan stares everybody down for a moment.

DAN (CONT'D)

Whoever gets the secret shopper better  
knock it outta the park tonight or  
so help me I will sodomiz-- MEETING'S  
OVER!

(to himself, storming off)

What's my *problem* today?!

INT. SHENANIGANZ BAR AREA - DAY

Everyone disperses to their stations while Dean and Monty  
plant themselves at the bar area against the brass railing.  
From this spot they can see pretty much the entire restaurant.

MONTY

So this is it.

DEAN

This is it.

MONTY

You realize I'll hafta replace you.

DEAN

I understand.

MONTY

I've already started seeing other people.

DEAN

I get it. You've gotta do what you've gotta do to survive.

Monty nods, then pauses for a beat.

MONTY

(angry and upset)

Quit being so goddamn cool about all this!

Dean lets out a chuckle. Monty immediately snaps out of his faux anger and puts on a smile.

DEAN

(half jokey/half sincere)

Seriously... You gonna be all right without me?

MONTY

(obviously fronting)

Pffft! You kidding me, I'm terrific, couldn't be better. I had a headache before, then I found out you were leaving, now my headache's gone. If you died tomorrow I'd throw a party.

Just then AMY walks up from behind.

AMY

(coddling, baby voice)

Awwwww, he IS gonna miss you, that's so cute!

Monty and Dean smile as Amy keeps walking toward her station.

AMY (CONT'D)

Relax, you guys can get Skype and watch each other masturbate, it'll be fine.

Amy walks away. Monty calls out to her:

MONTY

But it's not the same as being there!

Amy turns around, smiles and for a brief moment she and Dean lock eyes. She leaves the scene. Dean takes a deep breath.

MONTY (CONT'D)

So are you gonna tell her how you feel before you take off?

DEAN

That depends. Are you gonna admit that you secretly like Serena?

From a distance we can see Serena prepping her station.

MONTY

No way. Serena's like a guy horror story. If you say her name three times looking in a mirror you immediately have an orgasm, but then your eyes start to bleed and your dick falls off. But don't change the subject! Amy, yes or no?

DEAN

Naw man, come on, she's in love with her new boyfriend.

MONTY

A) You don't know that! For all you know he's gay and she's a beard. And B) she didn't have a boyfriend when she started working here four months ago, did she?!

Dean takes a deep sigh, *here it comes.*

MONTY (CONT'D)

You had a window where she was totally single and you never said a goddamn-

DEAN

-You think I *don't know* I pussied out?! Why're you telling me this?

MONTY

*To hurt your feelings.*

Dean nods, *fair enough.*

MONTY (CONT'D)

If you don't tell her, *today*, in the back of your mind you're always gonna wonder "what if?" Shit's gonna haunt you. You've gotta scratch that itch... *With your cock.*

DEAN

(making excuses)

But... I'm moving away...

MONTY

Exactly! If she wants to cheat on him she can do it without consequences! That's a win-win-win!

DEAN

(thinking about it)  
What's the third "win"?

MONTY

Me beating off in the corner.

Dean lets out a chuckle, *of course*.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Dude, I'm telling you, you've gotta do it... And who knows, maybe you'll get some goodbye-head.

Dean shakes his head without even looking at Monty. Then he starts fixating on her again.

DEAN

Goddamn, she is a little badass.

As Dean gets lost in Amy's hotness, Monty rambles.

MONTY

I love goodbye-head.  
(thinking about it)  
I love hello-head. I love morning-head. I love my-dad-has-prostate-cancer-head...  
(thinking more)  
9/11-head is fine.

The rest of the servers all start to congregate where Monty and Dean are standing.

SERENA

So who do you think the secret shopper's gonna be? I heard it's usually a woman.

AMY

I heard they always order an appetizer and dessert.

DEAN

I heard they take notes.

AGNEW

I heard this is all bullshit! We better goddamn figure it out!

(MORE)

AGNEW (CONT'D)

I don't wanna waste good service on  
a random asshole table.

DEAN

(chuckling)

Agnew, can't you just, *for one day*,  
give good service to *all* your tables?

AGNEW

Boy, I sure am gonna miss you when  
you're gone. Douchebag.

Agnew, the short, shlubby server with man-boobs, STORMS off.  
Naomi stands there looking very anxious.

DEAN

What about you, Naomi? Who do you  
think the secret sh--

NAOMI

I DON'T WANNA KNOW! SHUT UP! You  
know what'll happen! YOU know it and  
I know it!

Everyone looks confused, but then suddenly it hits Monty.

MONTY

Riiight. If you find out who the secret  
shopper is you'll panic and have an...  
*Outburst.*

SERENA

Ohhh...

DEAN

Oh shit, yeah.

Dean, Serena and Monty share a look of pained understanding.  
Naomi stands there ashamed. Amy is completely confused.

AMY

What are you talking about?...

DEAN

You don't want to know.

Amy stands there incredulously, *Tell me, NOW.* Monty relents:

MONTY

Whenever Naomi gets severe anxiety  
she has a panic attack... And  
whenever she has a panic attack she  
gets an onset of...

NAOMI

(nodding solemnly)  
*Racist Tourette's.*

MONTY/DEAN/SERENA

Racist Tourette's.

Their words float out there for a moment as Amy processes.

AMY  
Wait... *WHAT?*

Naomi stands there guiltily.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Raaaacist Tourette's?! Are you  
kidding me?! I don't understand!

NAOMI  
I KNOW! It doesn't make any sense!  
I mean, you know how many Mexicans  
I've slept with. I should be deported.

They all nod, *very true...*

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Amy and Naomi head out to the back, outside break area.

AMY  
When was the last time you had an  
outburst?

NAOMI  
(afraid to say it)  
Couple years ago. I just switched  
my meds and we had a Martin-Luther-  
King-Day sale and... *Oof.*

AMY  
Eeek.

NAOMI  
Yeah, I started talking "jive", and  
kept saying, "whatchoo talkin' 'bout  
Willis" to this little black kid.  
It was awful. And hilarious.  
(ALT)  
That was the last day we ever served  
watermelon cobbler.  
(ALT)  
Yeah, I literally called a Spade a  
Spade.

As they head out the back they walk right past Dan, who is on the prep line sorting some marinated steaks. Behind him, in the background we see RADDIMUS, the cool Latino cook, and FLOYD, heavily pierced and tattooed, chopping veggies... Dan looks severely emotionally pained as he sorts the steaks.

DAN  
 (uneasy)  
 Hey Floyd...Raddimus...

FLOYD & RADDIMUS  
 Yeah, Dan?/What is it, Dan?

DAN  
 Do you, uh... Do you think that  
 Shenaniganz is a...Hell Hole?

Floyd and Raddimus share a knowing look behind Dan's back.

FLOYD  
 No way, Dan! Shenaniganz is a great  
 place to work!

RADDIMUS  
 Yeah! Great food, great management...  
 This place is terrific!

Dan breathes a sigh of relief, he needed to hear that...

DAN  
 Yeah, that's what I thought too!  
 (working himself up)  
 And Dean is going out into the "REAL  
 WORLD?" What does that even mean?!  
 Like this place isn't *real*? Hah!

And on that Dan STORMS off. We now see that Raddimus and  
 Floyd are standing BACK-TO-BACK. Then they make a fist with  
 one hand and bang it onto their palm like they are playing  
 "Rock, Paper, Scissors." Only it goes like this:

RADDIMUS/FLOYD  
 COCK-PAPER-SCROTUM!

And on that they both WHIP AROUND, each holding their (blurred-  
 out) GENITALS in different positions! Raddimus winces.

FLOYD  
 HAHA! Batwing eats Brains! Three  
 kicks!

Raddimus bends over and takes his kicks.

RADDIMUS  
 You always go batwing. I gotta  
 remember that The Log beats Batwing!

INT. DEAN'S SECTION - DAY

Dean approaches his table, it's an ELDERLY COUPLE. He's got  
 a big relaxed smile. You can tell he's in an amazing mood.

DEAN

Hey folks, my name is Dean and I'll be your server today. And today only. It's my last day, I'm gettin' ready to move to Chicago.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh my gosh, that's wonderful!

ELDERLY MAN

Chicago's a great town. Lots of great restaurants.

DEAN

Oh, I'm done waiting tables. Gonna be working in finance.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Good for you!

ELDERLY MAN

You married?

DEAN

Not yet.

ELDERLY MAN

Well if you're looking to get some hot trim you can do a lot worse than Chicago.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Those Midwestern girls are dirty. And I mean that as a compliment.

The elderly man nods, grabs his wife's hand and squeezes.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

(kindly)

What's the soup of the day?

INT. HOSTESS AREA - EARLY EVENING

The restaurant is just starting to get a little busy as the DINNER RUSH looms in the near future.

INT. SHENANIGANZ SERVICE BAR - DAY

Dean finishes putting in the couple's order and then relaxes for a moment, watching as each server, one by one, comes up to the service bar.

SERENA

Son-of-a-bitch!

(MORE)

SERENA (CONT'D)

There's no way these two tools are the secret shopper, do I reeeeeally have to flirt with them?

She thinks about it for a moment... And then tweaks both of her nipples through her shirt so that they stand up and then goes to her table: two overly tanned douchebags in Ed Hardy/Affliction clothes and guy-liner.

A moment later Agnew walks up.

AGNEW

Son-of-a-bitch! Better not be the secret shopper. I'm not giving good service to Chuck-Norris-with-AIDS.

And as Agnew walks over to his table we can see it's a VERY GAUNT man with a mustache, beard and hair-helmet.

A moment later Naomi walks up.

DEAN

Heya Naomi, how's the Racist-Tourettes?

NAOMI

Son-of-a-bitch! It's a minefield. All I can say is if I find out that THIS is the secret shopper the ACLU is gonna shut this place down!

(ALT)

Son-of-a-bitch! Why did I hafta get this table?! It's like a bad man-walks-into-a-bar joke!

Naomi takes several deep breaths as she heads over to her table and we reveal that she's waiting on a Black woman, a Mexican man, an Asian woman, and a *Hasidic Jew*.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION OF THE SCENE

NAOMI (CONT'D)

*Son-of-a-bitch! It's a minefield. This table couldn't be any worse.*

*We look over and it's a Black woman, a Mexican man, and an Asian woman sitting at her table... But then a Hasidic Jew approaches and sits down!*

NAOMI (CONT'D)

*Oi vey!*

Then Monty walks up and of course says:

MONTY

Son-of-a-bitch! Should I hit on the mother or the daughter?... *Life decisions!* Screw it, I'm going for the combo-pack!

As Monty gets to the table we reveal a Hot Daughter and her early-40's-yet-extremely-hot-Mom.

MONTY (CONT'D)

(to the Daughter)

Wow, so you just turned eighteen? That's great! You should get a job here!

(looking her dead in the eye)

*Seriously.*

Monty nods suggestively, but then looks over at her mother.

MONTY (CONT'D)

(comforting)

Don't worry mom, this is a great, nurturing, work environ-- Wait a second, *you're* her mom?! Did you like have her when you were *twelve*? There's *no way* you're over thirty!

The MILF eats it up. She laughs as she playfully slaps him.

Dean watches all of this play out and lets out a nice laugh.

AMY (O.S.)

Whatcha laughing about?

Amy comes up and plants herself next to him.

DEAN

I'm actually gonna miss this place.

AMY

Yeah? Well *this place* is gonna miss you.

DEAN

Oh really?

AMY

Definitely. I mean who else is gonna give *this place* a shoulder massage?

Amy turns around and Dean smiles. He begins to rub her shoulders.

DEAN  
 (casually)  
 So how are things with your man?

AMY  
 Good.

DEAN  
 Cool.

AMY  
 He's a good guy, you'd like him.

DEAN  
 Cool.

Not cool.

AMY  
 Oh, I got you a going-away present.

DEAN  
 What is it?

AMY  
 I'm not telling.

DEAN  
 C'mon, gimme a hint... Is it sexual?

AMY  
 Anything is sexual if you have a  
 good enough imagination.

She turns around and gives him a playful smile and then heads back to her table. Once she is completely out of earshot:

DEAN  
 (wistful)  
 I'm probably in love with you.

INT. WAITSTATION - DAY

Monty is finishing putting in an order.

SERENA (O.S.)  
 Are you kidding me, I *love* being  
 "the other woman." I even like being  
 "the other other woman."

(ALT)  
 I have a rule about dating  
 customers... And that rule is that I  
 do it.

(MORE)

SERENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(ALT)

Yes, the skinny jeans look gay, but that just means your reeeeeal comfortable with your sexuality. That's so hot.

(ALT)

When I say "DP" I'm not talking about Dr. Pepper.

Serena, giggling and flirting, heads back from the Tools with Guyliner, toward Monty. Monty shakes his head.

MONTY

You just gave those guys a prostate exam at the table, didn't you?

Serena smiles and as she walks by she takes her fingers and rubs them right underneath Monty's nose, like a Dirty Sanchez.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Those two guys are such douchebags your fingers smell like vinegar.

Serena keeps walking as Dean walks past as well. Dean laughs at Monty, who has a big shit-eating grin.

MONTY (CONT'D)

How could you possibly want to leave this place?

Still smiling Dean nods, *he has a point.*

INT. DEAN'S SECTION - DAY

Dean walks toward his station still smiling, reflectively. Then he gets sat a BUSINESS MAN, who is staring at his Blackberry. Dean approaches, still feeling great.

DEAN

Hey, how ya doin', my name's Dean, and this actually my last day, I--

BUSINESS MAN

(mocking)

Hey, how ya doin', my name's *Who-Cares* and I actually don't give a shit! Just get me an iced tea.

Dean stands there for a moment, stunned. The Business Man SNAPS his fingers and then SHOOS Dean away with complete and utter disrespect.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. HOSTESS AREA - NIGHT

NATASHA, the young vixenesque hostess, greets us at the front.

NATASHA

Hey there, welcome to Shenanigans!

And it's at this point that, when we look around the restaurant, we can see that it is full-on DINNER RUSH.

INT. DEAN'S SECTION - LATER

It's later in the meal and the Business Man is giving Dean more grief about his French Onion soup.

BUSINESS MAN

I don't expect the soup to rival the south of France, but is it that goddamn difficult to make a French Onion soup with a soft crouton?!

DEAN

Well sir, I apologize--

BUSINESS MAN

Yeah?! Are you sorry the steak's taking so long as well? What's wrong, the microwave not working?!

INT. SERVICE BAR - NIGHT

Dean looks stressed as Monty approaches.

MONTY

Dude. I got that Milf's number, *and* I got her daughter to fill out an application so I got her number too! We've been texting.

(beat)

How're your tables?

DEAN

Table 54 is being such a prick.

MONTY

You wanna screw with him?

DEAN

YES!

(thinks about it,  
convincing himself)

I mean NO. What do I care? It's my last day. I'm above it.

Dean takes a deep breath and walks away as Monty starts texting:

MONTY

"I agree, vampires ARE sexy!"

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Floyd, Raddimus, and the cooks are going crazy as the servers yell at them!

SERENA

Table 44 is the secret shopper and he's getting antsy!

FLOYD

You're too hot to use the word "antsy." Get out of here.

Floyd makes the jerk-off gesture and then flips Serena the bird. So Serena makes her own jerk-off gesture (which is her slowly pantomiming rubbing her clitoris) and flips HIM off!

AMY

Guys, I'm 99% positive table 24 is the secret shopper, what is-

FLOYD

-You were 99% positive you were on the pill and I still had to pay for your-

AMY

THAT'S A LIE!

AGNEW

Don't worry about *her* shit, I'VE got the secret shopper on 31!

As Naomi rounds the corner Monty teases her.

MONTY

You're all wrong, Naomi has the shopper on table--.

NAOMI

(blurting out)

SPIC!

(covering)

-and Span. This kitchen's very clean.

FLOYD

We're spending too much time on each plate and it's putting us behind!

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

The next person who uses the words  
"secret" and "shopper" is gonna get  
secretly shopped by my dickhole!

Dean comes around the corner, shakes the hornet nest.

DEAN

Guys, what's going on with table 54?  
Medium-well filet?

Floyd looks at the grill, shakes his head.

FLOYD

It's gonna be another 10 minutes.

DEAN

Floyd, this guy's being a real  
asshole. Can you rush it for me?  
This will be my last favor ever.

FLOYD

Okay, I'll rush it for you, man.  
I'll help you out.

Floyd nods sympathetically, but then makes his way around  
the kitchen line and puts his arm around Dean.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

And you wanna know *why* I'm gonna help  
you, Dean? Is it because it's your  
last day? *No*. Is it because you let me  
rub my genitals against your leg while  
I talk to you? *Kinda*. But the real  
reason is: you remind me of myself.  
And since this guy with the steak is  
being "a real asshole," if it were *me*  
I wouldn't help him, so let me help  
you by not helping him. *You're welcome*.

DEAN

(exasperated)  
Whatever, man...

FLOYD

Relax Dean, Raddimus is on the grill,  
he can help you out. SEE?...

Floyd points to Raddimus, so Dean looks over, and it's at this  
point we see Raddimus flashing his BLURRED-OUT-COCK-N'-BALLS!

RADDIMUS

How do you want this dick-steak  
cooked? Medium or medium-well?

Dean leaves as the cooks' laughter echoes throughout the kitchen.

RADDIMUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I owe you some kicks, you goddamn  
MEAT-GAZER!

INT. DEAN'S SECTION - NIGHT

From a distance Dean apologizes to the Businessman, who is irate! The Businessman angrily hands Dean his CREDIT CARD.

INT. SHENANIGANZ BAR AREA - NIGHT

Dan is on the computer. Dean approaches with the credit card.

DEAN  
Dan, table 54 is complaining cuz the food's taking too long. Don't worry, it's not the secret shopper but he's refusing to pay for anything but the iced tea. You need to comp his check.

Dean looks at the Businessman's Amex Platinum card, annoyed.

DAN  
Sure thing, buddy. But hey I need you to do me a favor and do some sidework right now. I want you to scoop a whole tray of butterballs.

DEAN  
Dan, my tables are falling behind, I honestly don't have time right now.

DAN  
I understand that but, you see, in the "Real World" whenever you fall behind you still have to figure out a way to get it all done, don't you?

Dean's jaw hits the floor.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Wow, who woulda thought? You just learned a valuable life lesson from this "Hell Hole."  
(beat)  
Oh and while you're at it go get me a Diet Coke.

Dean stands there in stunned silence.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Dean is just finishing doing a tray of BUTTERBALLS.

DEAN  
 (to himself, calmly)  
 It's fine. It's not a big deal. Not  
 gonna let it bother me...

Agnew watches Dean, shakes his head.

AGNEW  
 Man, you're a little bitch!

DEAN  
 Thanks Agnew.

AGNEW  
 Why are you putting up with that  
 shit?! It's your last day! Why  
 don't you just quit?!

DEAN  
 Because if I quit it means I got  
 beat down and I couldn't take it!  
 It means Dan wins! Screw that.

AGNEW  
 All right, *Winner*, good strategy!

Agnew walks off as Dean scoops the last butterball into the  
 ramekin. We can see his hands are COATED in greasy butter.

DEAN  
*Fucking* butterballs.

Just then, Natasha swings around the corner.

NATASHA  
 Dean, I sat you a woman at table 52.  
 I know you're slammed so I got her a  
 drink and she already complained  
 there's too much ice in it. I think  
 she's gonna be a C-word. *I'm sorry.*

Natasha looks guilty as she walks away.

DEAN  
 Perfect.

In back Dean sees *Amy* come out of the employee bathroom fixing  
 her hair. She heads toward the back outside break area...  
 Just then, Naomi comes steaming around the corner.

NAOMI  
 (Yosemite Sam)  
 Sonofa-mother-bitching-sucker-trollop-

DEAN

NAOMI!... Would you take table 52 for me? She might be bitchy but I need to blow off some steam before I kill everyone with a butter scooper. Normally I wouldn't ask you to-

NAOMI

(honest, sobering)  
--I'm poor and I need the money.  
*I'll take it.*

Naomi walks off.

DEAN

Well thank you... And now I feel really bad about myself.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION OF THE SCENE

DEAN (CONT'D)

*Normally I wouldn't ask you to take it, but... Would you?*

NAOMI

*Do I look that desperate?*

DEAN

(frankly)  
*Kinda.*

*Naomi thinks about it and then nods and heads off.*

INT. DEAN'S SECTION - NIGHT

Naomi walks up to the Bitchy Woman sitting by herself. As Naomi reaches to grab the woman's empty drink glass she notices the woman is filling out paperwork on a clipboard. Naomi freezes in her tracks... IT'S. THE. SECRET. SHOPPER! The music SWELLS as it all comes to focus in Naomi's brain.

BITCHY WOMAN

Yes???

NAOMI

(blurting)  
Can I get you another KIKE?! I MEAN COKE! I MEAN *HYMIE TOWN!* NO I MEANT COKE, I WAS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!  
(sadly)  
*Jews like money!*

Everyone is stunned! At the next table over an ASIAN WOMAN makes a sound of disgusted exasperation, *uggggh.*

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
 (Bruce Lee sound)  
 WHAAA-HAAWWW!!!

INT. HOSTESS AREA - NIGHT

Dan looks across the restaurant, sees and hears Naomi making Karate motions and noises! He starts RUNNING toward her!

INT. DEAN'S SECTION - NIGHT

We cut back to Naomi, who has a SUGAR PACKET under her upper lip, creating the image of the BUCK-TOOTHED ASIAN stereotype! Her eyes are squinted and she holds two pens like chopsticks!

NAOMI  
 Har-har-har, SO SOWWY!!!

From out of frame Dan TACKLES her to the ground.

EXT. SHENANIGANZ BACK PATIO AREA - NIGHT

Dean vents to Amy.

DEAN  
 The day started off so good, but then I got triple-penetrated by Dan, Floyd, and some douchebag on his Blackberry.

AMY  
 You know what? Who cares? You should be glad the day ended badly, it'll just make that new job that much sweeter when you start.  
 (off Dean's smile)  
 And then one day you'll be the triple-penetrator, not the triple-penetratee.

DEAN  
 That's some airtight logic.

AMY  
 And by "airtight" you mean...

DEAN  
 All of my orifices are plugged, yes.

They both let out a laugh and then Dean locks eyes with her, *Damn, she's beautiful.* And in that one moment Dean screws up his courage and lays it all on the line...

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 (sincere, raw)  
 I think you're amazing. I know you have a new boyfriend, and I heard  
 (MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 he's a really great guy, which is  
 why I never said anything before,  
 but I think you're one of the hottest,  
 coolest chicks I've ever met. And I  
 guess I always thought there was  
 something more between us...

(diffusing the tension)  
 Plus, I figured screw it, if it's  
 awkward, who cares, I'm leaving  
 anyway. Hehe...

Dean let's out a nervous laugh. After a moment Amy responds:

AMY  
 Yeah, I agree...

Dean's eyes light up.

AMY (CONT'D)  
*This is really awkward.*

Amy suddenly looks very uncomfortable as she slowly starts  
 heading toward the back entrance.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 Well, uh, I'm gonna call my boyfriend...  
 (voice trailing off)  
 ...who I'm really in love with.

As Amy awkwardly goes back inside we hear her on the phone:

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (to her boyfriend)  
 Hey baby...

Dean is left standing there, shell-shocked at the harsh  
 rejection... And then *his* phone rings.

DEAN  
 Hello? Mr. Barnes?

MR. BARNES  
 (surprised)  
 Oh, Dean, you answered. I was hoping  
 it would go to voicemail--

DEAN  
 What? I don't understa--

MR. BARNES  
 I'm sorry Dean, but our company just  
 laid off 10% of its workforce, the  
 pink slips just went out.

(MORE)

MR. BARNES (CONT'D)

We thought we'd get a cash infusion, but the venture capitalist who brokered the deal is going to prison. Ironically, he's going for beating up his housekeeper, but nonetheless-

DEAN

-So I'm being fired before I ever *started*?

MR. BARNES

I wouldn't call it "being fired."

DEAN

Why not?

MR. BARNES

Because then you would be, by law, entitled to a benefits package... Look, once the economy turns around we should be back to full operations and you'll be hired back within three months, give or take six...

Mr. Barnes hangs up. Dean stands there for a moment in complete and utter disbelief at what has just transpired.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. SHENANIGANZ - NIGHT

The Bitchy Woman is STORMING OUT of the restaurant, with Naomi & Dan following behind.

NAOMI

I didn't mean to say it! I swear I have friends that are black!... Well, acquaintances anyway!

Dan RUSHES in front of the woman to damage control.

DAN

(frantic)

Ma'am, please let me apologize... I know you're the secret shopper and this looks bad, but you have to realize Naomi is a grizzled, unmarried spinster! Her only male companionship is cats and minorities, and the only thing she has to look forward to every night is a fresh box of wine.

Dan lays it all out there, hoping the woman will take pity.

BITCHY WOMAN

(insulted)

I drink wine from a box.

Dan's eyes widen.

BITCHY WOMAN (CONT'D)

And what the hell's a Secret Shopper?

Dan looks confused. The Bitchy Woman holds up a COMMENT CARD and puts it in the SUGGESTION BOX, and then storms out.

Dan fishes the comment card out of the box. It's nothing but F's and the comments are TERRIBLE ("food was bad and the service was slow and racist!") But since she isn't the Secret Shopper Dan PUMPS his fist in the air!

DAN

YES!!!!!!

INT. SHENANIGANZ - NIGHT

The restaurant's dead, closing time. Everyone is cleaning up their stations, printing out their close-out paperwork, etc.

INT. SHENANIGANZ EMPLOYEE AREA - NIGHT

Dean is at his cubby, preparing to clean it out, as Monty attempts to console him.

MONTY

Wow, so no Chicago job. You got futt-bucked by the economy.

DEAN

Uh huh. Now I don't know what the hell I'm gonna do.

MONTY

What are you talking about?! You're gonna stay here!

DEAN

Dude, I can't. I mentally moved on.

MONTY

Then mentally move your ass back!

Dean thinks about it some more, shaking his head.

DEAN

But Dan is gonna be such a massive dick... And then he's gonna want me to suck that massive dick to get my job back. And I can't do it.

MONTY

Pish Posh. You bunched his panties and then he started menstruating. But I'm sure he's over it by now.

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dean is standing in front of Dan, who looks like the cat who ate the canary.

DAN

(shit-eating grin)

Well that's just a horrible turn of events, Dean. Really unfortunate.

DEAN

(trying not to go off)

Yeah... So obviously I was hoping I'd be able to keep my job here.

DAN

Ohhh Dean, you know I'd love that, but, man, I already put the paperwork  
(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)  
 through. Oh, wait a minute, I might  
 have some busboy shifts available!

Dean looks at Dan incredulously. Dan grabs an application.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Tell ya what, how about you fill out  
 another application and I promise  
 I'll give it a really good once-over.

DEAN  
 Come on, Dan. *Really?*

DAN  
 This is the part of the application  
 I care about: Tell me why you want  
 to work here, in this *not-real-world*  
*hell-hole...* And Dean-- *You better*  
*make me believe it.*

Dan smirks at Dean, who takes a deep breath, squirms  
 uncomfortably for a moment. Just then Monty pops in.

MONTY  
 Here you go, Dan.

He hands Dan his ever-present Diet Coke. He looks at Dean,  
 who he can tell is really struggling to kiss Dan's ass.

MONTY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, I'll see you over at the bar.  
 Stay strong brutha.

Monty gives him a conciliatory look and then starts to head  
 out. But then Dan stops him...

DAN  
 No, wait a second Monty, don't leave  
 just yet.

Dan ushers Dean and Monty out of his office and out to the  
 kitchen where a few of the servers and cooks have congregated.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Everyone, gather 'round.  
 (to Dean)  
 Dean, why don't you go ahead and  
 tell everyone here what makes you  
 want to work here so badly that you  
 are now begging for your job back...

DEAN  
 Well, the...reason...uh... I mean,  
 there's a lot of... Um...

Dean looks at Dan, who has a big condescending grin. Dean can't swallow his pride. He shakes his head with contempt as he begins to absolutely SEETHE. *He's not gonna do it...*

But just then his phone VIBRATES in his pocket. It's a text message from Monty: "I STIRRED HIS DIET COKE WITH MY DICK."

Dean looks up at Monty, who nods affirmatively. Then Dan takes a HUGE SWIG from the Diet Coke.

DAN  
(smug as fuck)  
Well...? We're waiting...

Dean looks up at everybody (who are all looking at the text from Monty on their phones). In that one moment Dean smiles and is suddenly able to say:

DEAN  
(earnest)  
This place is great because of the people.  
(appeasing his ego)  
Uh... *Like you.*

Dan smiles proudly, then sucks more liquid down his throat.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
And if things *suck*, -you know, really *suck*- people'll *stick themselves* out there for you and go that extra inch.

MONTY  
(correcting)  
*Eight inches.*

DEAN  
(sotto, to Monty)  
Bullshit.

DAN  
(cocky)  
Yeah, well that's the kind of atmosphere I try to nurture.

Dan takes another drink from the Diet Coke.

DEAN  
And it shows, Dan. The camaraderie in this place is so *thick* you can practically *taste* it.

DAN  
You're goddamn right it is.

Dan is completely oblivious so Monty goes right up the middle:

MONTY

You can say that again, this place  
is better than having your drink  
stirred with a dick!

DAN

(confused)

Uh, yeah! Damn right!

Everyone starts laughing. So Dan starts laughing too, thinking  
their laughing *with* him, not at him! He takes another huge  
drink and wipes the side of his mouth. The gang goes CRAZY!

Right out of Dan's vision Monty does the "jerk-off gesture"  
that stretches from Monty's groin to the side of Dan's mouth!

INT. SCULLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Scully's is a bar for off-work service industry workers. There's  
a huge Banner for Dean that reads, "GOING ~~AWAY~~ **NOWHERE** PARTY!"

Everyone is drinking and having a good time. Monty is sitting  
next to Dean when Floyd approaches with a hand full of shots.

FLOYD

I come bearing shots.

Dean looks at him cynically, still annoyed from earlier.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm the wolf. You're the  
sheepdog. And today the wolf won.  
But we're off the clock now. Cheers.

Floyd holds up a shot. Dean stares at him for a moment,  
acquiesces and smiles. They all down the shots quickly.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I'm sure the sheepdog will have his  
day soon.

DEAN

Oh yeah, the sheepdog is gonna shit  
in a ziploc bag and put it in the  
wolf's backpack!

FLOYD

Touche' sir!

Dean Suddenly remembers something, pulls out a slip of paper.  
It has a name and CREDIT CARD INFORMATION on it.

DEAN

Oh hey, I wrote down that asshole's credit card info. Think you can do some damage with it?

Floyd grabs the slip of paper and smiles devilishly.

MONTY

I thought you were "above it"?

DEAN

I was, right up until I was beneath it.

FLOYD

How about we give him "The Meth Lab?"  
 (off Dean's confused look)  
 I'll order a bunch pseudoephedrine, ammonia, and some beakers and shit, and then call the DEA.

Monty & Dean nod and smile, *perfect!*

MONTY

Don't fuck with people who handle your food, or your credit card information.

Floyd tips his head then wanders off. Monty looks at Dean for a moment, clearly wanting to get something off his chest.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Hey man, I feel really bad about you losing the Chicago job, but...  
 Selfishly I'm really happy.

DEAN

Aww, you DO love me. Come here, you!

Dean leans in like he's gonna passionately kiss Monty, expecting Monty to pull away. Monty *doesn't*, so at the last second Dean pulls away. Monty looks at him comfortably.

MONTY

I'll play gay-chicken all night.  
 I've played it over twenty times and never lost because I'm THAT comfortable with my sexuality.  
 (thinks about it)  
 Or maybe I'm just gay.  
 (recoiling)  
 Urrgghh, I hope not.

Just then Monty's phone rings. His eyes light up.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Nope, definitely not gay. This chick's so hot, wait 'til you see her asshole!

(getting up)

Oooh, here comes Amy, maybe you can get her to think about you while she rides her boyfriend. It's a start!

Monty answers the phone as he takes off out of the scene.

MONTY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey sexy...

Amy walks up. She looks very uncomfortable.

AMY

Oh, uh... Hi, um, Dean... Uhhh... I should go!

She seems really weirded out.

DEAN

Goddammit! This is exactly what I didn't want to happen!

Frustrated, Dean looks at Amy... Who then cracks a HUGE SMILE and starts laughing. She's totally fucking with him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You suck!

Dean shakes his head, she totally got him. Dean smiles. Amy smiles back, the tension now completely broken.

AMY

Dean... I think what you said earlier was really awesome. I know I reacted weird -*I was just caught off guard-* but I've been smiling about it all night.

Dean smiles genuinely, *Hmmm, maybe there's still hope.*

AMY (CONT'D)

...And if I didn't have a boyfriend who I'm madly in love with and couldn't imagine ever leaving... *Then who knows what would happen?*

Dean is smiling, but utterly speechless. That is the ULTIMATE mixed message. He's just kinda frozen there for a second. After a beat Amy pulls out a small gift-wrapped box.

AMY (CONT'D)

Here's the present I got you. It's cold in Chicago and I thought you'd be able use it.

Dean opens the box. It's a KNITTED SCARF. He pulls it out.

DEAN

So *how* is this sexual-

SERENA (O.S.)

-Oh, wow, you got him bondage gear?!

Serena runs up, grabs the scarf out of his hands. She starts to tie Dean's hands but Amy grabs the scarf.

AMY

NO! God, it's not bondage gear...

(beat)

It's for auto-erotic asphyxiation!

Amy wraps the scarf around Dean's neck!

DEAN

"The Carradine," I LIKE IT!

All three of them laugh. Dean takes a look at everyone in the bar, his friends, and smiles even more...

We end with a few shots of everyone at the bar drinking, laughing, smoking, bonding...

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

INT. SCULLY'S BAR - LATER

Everyone is sitting around the bar doing shots, stupid-drunk.

AGNEW

God Damn Secret-Shopper-Bullshit...

SERENA

I know. I jerked off so many egos tonight... Oh that reminds me, I have a facial appointment tomorrow.

AGNEW

Yeah, well I musta told at least 10 tables to "have a nice day."

(absolutely disgusted)

Yuggch, this has gotta be what rape feels like.

DEAN

(to Agnew, put off)

You took it to a dark place, man.

At the next table we see Naomi talking to Raddimus and TWO OTHER MEXICAN COOKS.

NAOMI

I can't believe I'm doing this, but I gotta work off some guilt. Let's go.

The Mexicans all SMILE. They stand up and head for the door.

AGNEW

What the hell?! Cuz of your lil' racist shit-show earlier you're gonna gangbang the cooks?!

RADDIMUS

C'mon maaan, I ain't *that* hard up. I'm taking her back to the restaurant so she can do our prep work.

Everyone nods, including Naomi, *that makes sense*. As they walk out we hear one of the other Mexicans say:

MEXICAN COOK (O.S.)

*I'm pretty hard up. If you really wanna work off some guilt I could go for a blowy... I'll wear a condom.*

AMY

So did we ever even find out who the Secret Shopper was?...

INT. MILF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We begin with a CLOSE-UP on a Secret Shopper Questionnaire.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Appetizer: Salty but still satisfying.  
Cleanliness and Hygiene: Good. The  
Service: Umm... *Decent*. Portion size:  
A little smaller than I would like.

MONTY

Hey!

And on that we pull out to reveal the Hot-Milf-Mother in bed with Monty as she finishes filling out the questionnaire.

MILF

Dessert: We'll see...

The Milf grabs Monty's head and pushes it under the sheets...

MONTY

(head covered)

So your daughter is pretty mature  
for her age, huh?

She SMACKS him on the head! The Milf lays back to enjoy her "dessert" and inadvertently knocks the Secret Shopper Questionnaire off the bed, which the camera follows to the ground as we...

FADE TO BLACK.