

INT. RESTAURANT

BOB and BETTY sit patiently.

WAITRESS 1 enters carrying a tray which is empty except for two glasses of water. She walks to Bob and Betty's table and sets the glasses down.

BETTY  
Thank you. I'd like the baked  
antelope hearts with a ---

WAITRESS 1  
(briskly)  
I'll be back.

She goes to another table, where another couple sits.

WAITRESS 1 (CONT'D)  
Okay, who's got the roast beef?

The man looks around guiltily, then removes a large piece of roast beef from inside his jacket. He hands it to the waitress, who stares at the other malevolently.

WAITRESS 1 (CONT'D)  
And the BLT?

The woman pulls a BLT sandwich from inside her blouse and gives it to the waitress, who walks away shaking her head angrily.

Meanwhile, Bob and Betty are fidgety.

BOB  
It's certainly taking a long time.

Betty reaches for a glass of water and accidentally knocks it over, breaking it.

BETTY  
Uh-oh. Do you think she'll charge  
us?

BOB  
I'm afraid so -- look!

Waitress 1 bellows and paws the ground, then charges the table, head down, like a bull. She rams it once, then pulls back for another charge, but is restrained by some restaurant personnel and dragged away screaming.

As things quiet down, WAITRESS 2 enters.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Excuse me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS 2

Yes?

BOB

Our first waitress seems to have gone crazy or something. Could you help us?

WAITRESS 2

(belligerent)

Sounds like she's the one who needs help.

BETTY

(pleasantly)

Yes, but we need some food.

WAITRESS 2

Oh, do you now. And I suppose you're the only ones who need food. I suppose there aren't hundreds of billions of people in the world who wouldn't tear off their own arms and legs for a chance to sniff your used napkin!

Beat.

BOB

Is there someone else we can speak to?

WAITRESS 2

(even angrier)

Yes, there is. In fact, there are hundreds of billions of people you can speak to! They're the ones who just tore off their own arms and legs for a chance to sniff your used ---

She is restrained and dragged away. A WAITER enters and goes to Bob and Betty.

WAITER

I understand you've been having some trouble ordering.

BOB

Well, yes. Every waitress we have seems to go crazy.

WAITER

(laughs understandingly)

Well, you don't have to worry about me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAITER (CONT'D)

The doctors said I'd be okay as long as I don't say the word 'terrace'... OH MY GOD!  
AARRGGHHHHH!!!!!!!

He is restrained and dragged away. A few moments later, he re-enters and goes to Bob and Betty, who are apprehensive.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid. I understand you had some trouble with my identical twin brother.

BETTY

Twin brother? You mean you're not the same man who just went crazy?

WAITER

Of course not. If I was, I wouldn't be able to say the word 'terrace'... OH MY GOD!  
AARRGGHHHHH!!!!!!!

He is restrained and dragged away.

BETTY

Isn't there a nice Chinese place across town?

BOB

I'm mad now. I'm hoppin' mad!  
We're going to get served here and we're going to eat here!  
(bangs on table)  
Service! Service!

WAITRESS 3 -- calm, subdued, polite -- approaches.

WAITRESS 3

May I help you, sir?

BOB

Oh! Why, uh, yes. Thank you. I'd like the antelope hearts, medium.

BETTY

I'll have the boiled thesaurus.

WAITRESS 3

(leans close; says something unintelligible)

BOB

Pardon me?

CONTINUED: (3)

WAITRESS 3  
(leans close, irritated;  
says something irritated-  
ly unintelligible)

BOB  
Ah, er... yes, certainly. Thank  
you.

She leaves.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(to Betty)  
What did she say?

BETTY  
It sounded like she asked if you  
wanted a horse.

They laugh. Waitress 3 returns, leading a HORSE.

WAITRESS 3  
Here's your horse.

Bob and Betty exchange dismayed looks.

WAITRESS 3 (CONT'D)  
Listen, buster, if you think you're  
gonna change your order, forget it.  
You think horses are easy to come  
by? How the hell many people you  
think order horses?!  
(yells)  
My God, the feeding costs alone are  
incredible, and you have to let  
them graze in the kitchen and ---

She is restrained and dragged away, along with the horse.  
WAITER 2 approaches as Bob and Betty grab their things to  
leave.

WAITER 2  
I'm terribly sorry about that  
waitress. Now, how would you like  
your horse?

BOB  
We're getting out of here -- we  
didn't order a horse!

BETTY  
We don't want a horse!

WAITER 2  
You don't want a horse? Oh, so now  
you don't want a horse!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WAITER 2 (CONT'D)

You're too high and mighty to have any truck with a stupid, ugly, grotesque freak of an animal like a horse! Well listen, you cowering simp of a pus-brain, where I come from, refusing a man's horse is grounds for a duel!

(pulls out sword)

But since I'm the finest swordsman in the land, I'll give you an advantage.

(scornful)

You can use this machine-gun.

He tosses Bob a machine-gun and assumes the dueller's stance.

WAITER 2 (CONT'D)

En garde, swine!

He charges Bob, who shoots him in self-defense. The remaining waiters and waitresses run in.

WAITRESS 1

You killed him!

BOB

It was self-defense! He was crazy!

WAITER 3, an elderly man, steps forward.

WAITER 3

He was more than crazy, young man. That was Ivan Clavicord, the evil magician. He put all of us under his spell and forced us to work in his restaurant. And now that you've killed him, we're free!

EVERYONE

We're free!

They cheer and remove their uniforms; underneath, they all wear white medical jackets.

WAITER 3

You see, before he captured us, we were all dentists.

WAITRESS 2

Let's give them the reward!

EVERYONE

Yes! Give them the reward! Give them the reward!

Waiter 3 and Waitress 2 rush off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BETTY

We really don't want a reward -- we only came here for dinner.

WAITER 3

You're in luck! The reward is a horse!

Waiter 3 and Waitress 2 pull in the horse.

Beat. Everyone stands awkwardly.

BETTY

That's it? That's the ending?

WAITER 3

(nervous; unsure)

Yeah. I guess.

BOB

Oh, c'mon, couldn't anyone think of something better than that? Who wrote this thing, anyway?

The AUTHOR enters.

AUTHOR

I did.

BOB

'The reward is a horse'. That's an ending?

AUTHOR

Well, you see, I kinda thought that the reintroduction of the equestrian imagery gave the piece a kinda Aristotelean symmetry, whereas concluding with the shooting of Ivan Clavichord would adversely affect the comedic tone.

Beat.

ALL

Oh puh-leeze! C'mon, talk about lame...

AUTHOR

Okay, let's try something else. A troupe of gay acrobats in Africa, they're on safari and ---

ALL

No no no. Forget it. No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

AUTHOR

Okay, then...  
(describes setting of next  
sketch)

BLACK-OUT.