

BUS BOY

Written by

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OVER BLACK

BUS BOY (V.O.)  
The Stoics believed in fate--

INT. GOD'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A figure sits in front of a typewriter in a sparse white room.

BUS BOY (V.O.)  
They believed God predetermined our universe at its creation. That everything happens for a reason--

The figure types a brief message on a typewriter.

BUS BOY (V.O.)  
Camus believed looking for reason in our actions was absurd, that all action is essentially meaningless--

The figure rolls the message up and places it in a tube.

BUS BOY (V.O.)  
I believe in free will. In our choices mattering, and our actions having consequence--

The message hurtles away.

BUS BOY (V.O.)  
I believe--

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MR. GUTTENTHORN (47) bursts into a bustling kitchen. His demeanor is skeevy, eyes suspicious, body clad in a shrew costume.

MR. GUTTENTHORN  
Bus Boy! If you don't quit your thinking and get on with your sinking, I'm gonna lose it!

BUS BOY (20), looks up from a dish rack. He wears black pants, a Jungle George's polo, and large horn rimmed glasses.

BUS BOY  
My sinking, Mr. Guttenthorn?

MR. GUTTENTHORN

Your goddamn job! I just bussed a whole table while you were in here pontificating. And they ordered three lava blasters!

BUS BOY

Sorry, sir. I know those can be very sticky.

MR. GUTTENTHORN

Sticky is a gruesome understatement, Bus Boy.

(beat)

And your "sinking" refers to you standing at your sink washing dishes. Stop making me explain my wordplay!

Mr. Guttenthorn skitters out. Bus Boy turns to his dishwasher, BORRIS (34). Borris sports a full body bear costume. He dips his hand in honey as washes.

BORRIS

It was pretty bad wordplay, don't beat yourself up.

INT. JUNGLE GEORGE'S - DAY

Bus Boy emerges from the kitchen and starts to clear plates off tables. The restaurant is lively, waiters dressed as animals roar as an employee in a snake suit slithers across the floor.

MANDY

You slept with my husband!

MANDY (30s, completely enraged) yells at a table of two, a CHEATER (30s, completely unengaged) and his date. She has a bowling ball under one arm.

CHEATER

You don't understand--

The cheater twiddles with the message from the opening scene.

MANDY

You don't understand! I paid you to teach him bowling! Not to sleep with him!

CHEATER

Well I understand that--

MANDY

You like putting your balls where they don't belong? Try this!

The woman heaves her bowling ball above her head. The man shields his testicles desperately. The ball lands squarely in the cheater's Python Pasta.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Now your fancy meal's ruined!

CHEATER

Fancy?

MANDY

Don't lie! I know you're devastated.

The woman struts away, while cheater's date slurps her soup.

CHEATER

(to Bus Boy)

Can you get me another Python Pasta?

BUS BOY

Excuse me?

CHEATER

Excuse me?

BUS BOY

Actions have consequences, sir.

CHEATER

I suppose in some abstract sense, yes.

BUS BOY

You slept with her husband. She ruined your food. Consequences.

CHEATER

The consequences I prefer are more along the lines of: I tell you to get my food, and you get my food.

BUS BOY

If our actions don't have consequences, we're no different than animals; If you want another Python Pasta, you'll have to pay for it.

CHEATER

You have just made an extremely powerful enemy, bus boy. You have just begun a sequence of events that will bring about your complete ruination, a complete destruction of everything you hold dear! You have just crossed J. Janice the Fourth!

The cheater vigorously shakes his fist. He sits down.

BUS BOY

Enjoy your meal.

MS. GUTTENTHORN (39), dressed beautifully in a peacock sort of way: lots of feathers and bright colors, appears behind Bus Boy.

MS. GUTTENTHORN

The way you spoke your mind to that customer was... Magnificent.

She twirls her hair forcefully.

BUS BOY

Thanks Ms. Guttenthorn. Visiting your husband?

MR. GUTTENTHORN

I mean it Bus Boy... Magnificent...

Mr. Guttenthorn appears behind Bus Boy.

MR. GUTTENTHORN (CONT'D)

Bus Boy!

INT. GUTTENTHORN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Guttenthorn sits, engulfed in his chair, across his desk from Bus Boy.

MR. GUTTENTHORN

The bottom lime is after the stunt you pulled with the napkins I said you had two more chances, so I can't fire you. Obviously, I should have given you one more chance, but rind-sight is 20/20.

BUS BOY

Rind-sight--

Mr. Guttenthorn pounds the table.

MR. GUTTENTHORN

Wordplay, Bus Boy! Limes have rinds! And you have a job. For now. Look. I need you to ease up on the whole "all our choices matter" thing. It freaks people out.

BUS BOY

It's true though--

MR. GUTTENTHORN

It's not. I'm going to give that man his pasta for free, your outburst didn't do anything. What did you expect? You're a bus boy. How could any choice you make affect anything?

Bus Boy looks through the office doorway. He sees Ms. Guttenthorn. She gives him an enthusiastic wave.

EXT. JUNGLE GEORGE'S - DAY

Cheater stands outside the cafe, on the phone.

CHEATER

That bus boy humiliated me!

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm getting a call from Marla, can I call you back!

CHEATER

No, this is important! You're a CEO for christ's sake! Can't you pull some business bullying to get him gone?

CEO

I told you, Fred, I'm a CFO and I'm pretty much useless.

A notification pops up on CEO's phone: Marla, Missed Call (3)

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

MARLA is tied to a chair while THUGS and a NE'ER-DO-WELL crowd around her phone-it's on speaker. Ne'er-do-well has the message behind his ear.

VOICE MAIL

The number you dialed is currently  
unavailable, please leave--

MARLA

Try him again! Please!

NE'ER-DO-WELL

Sorry Marla, but you've already  
seen our faces. Without your "CEO"  
husband you're better off dead.

MARLA

I said he was a CFO--

Ne'er-do-well shoots Marla in the head.

NE'ER-DO-WELL

Well if we're not getting a ransom,  
I guess I better start my shift.

The thug opens up UBER EATS and starts taking orders.

INT. JUNGLE EATERY - DAY

Ms. Guttenthorn bumps into Bus Boy on his way back to the  
kitchen. She giggles.

BUS BOY

Sorry.

MS. GUTTENTHORN

Don't be sorry! You've very busy,  
I'm in your way.

BUS BOY

I'm not busy. I'm just a bus boy.

MS. GUTTENTHORN

Just a bus boy? You're the most  
important person in this  
restaurant!

BUS BOY

You think so?

MS. GUTTENTHORN

Of course! You choose which tables  
to clear first!

BUS BOY

I suppose I do.

MS. GUTTENTHORN  
 (twirling hair gently)  
 Bus Boy, if no one chose which  
 table to clear first, they'd stay  
 dirty forever.

BUS BOY  
 Hmm. I guess that's true

She touches his arm.

MS. GUTTENTHORN  
 Could I show you something in the  
 supply closet?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

NE'ER-DO-WELL sits in his car, parked outside a house. He reaches into a McDonald's bag, pulls out the message, and brings it to his lips. Confused, he puts the message back in the bag and pulls out a fry, which he eats.

He exits the car and gives the fast food bag to a NEW DAD waiting outside the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The NEW DAD and NEW MOM rummage through the McDonald's bag, pulling out the message.

NEW MOM  
 This is the third time they've  
 forgotten fries.

NEW DAD  
 I think it's time we call them.

NEW MOM  
 Craig, this isn't the time for  
 another one of your "call them"  
 crusades. I'm hungry.

NEW DAD  
 It's not right! We paid for fries!

The baby starts crying. Both parents wince.

NEW MOM  
 Let's just go out. It's been a long  
 time since we did something fun.

NEW DAD

You know what, pumpkin? I'm going to take you to the fanciest restaurant I know.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSEST - DAY

Bus Boy and Ms. Guttenthorn make out furiously.

MS. GUTTENTHORN

Oh, Bus Boy!

BUS BOY

Tell me my choices matter!

INT. JUNGLE GEORGE'S - DAY

The new dad and new mom examine the menu while their baby gurgles. The dad beckons Mr. Guttenthorn over. He points to the menu using the message.

NEW DAD

Excuse me, your "Python Pasta". Do the noodles have olive oil in them?

MR. GUTTENTHORN

I don't believe so--

NEW DAD

Well is there a way for you to be sure? I despise olive oil in my noodles.

MR. GUTTENTHORN

Let me go check.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSEST - DAY

Mr. Guttenthorn opens the door. He shouts in primal rage, then throws the message at Bus Boy. Bus Boy fumbles the catch then, nonplussed, unrolls the message.

BUS BOY

Huh. "FADE TO BLACK."

Beat.

FADE TO BLACK.