

WAITER

by Chris Damitio

EXT CRUISEHIP, DOCKSIDE, Honolulu, Hawaii 3:30 PM

Honolulu, Hawaii is fortunate to be a modern tourist Mecca. It is port of call for nearly all of the major cruise ship companies. The tourist industry is Hawaii's bread and butter. The number one industry. The cruise ship docks are decked out brightly in flags and souvenir shops. Aloha Tower, once the highest building in Hawai'i is dwarfed by the huge ships. Thousands of tourists of all shapes, sizes, colors, ages, and nationalities board and disembark from the huge spaceship like cruise liner. MR. WALTER BLATHERLY and his wife MRS. MARGARET PIEDPONT BLATHERLY are stepping down the ramp. They are a well dressed couple in their late 50's. He is wearing an aloha shirt which says "Kuhio's Grill, Waikiki, Hawaii" on it. She is considerably overdressed for anywhere in Hawai'i. A CRUISE DIRECTOR stands next to the ramp, his smile momentarily turns to a frown when he sees Mrs. Blatherly, then after a moment of obvious effort turns back into a smile.

CRUISE DIRECTOR: Mr. Blatherly...and er..Mrs. Piedpont Blatherly (she smiles in appreciation of her own name as he says it), we have several organized activities while we're here on Oahu. Perhaps you'd be interested in hearing about some of them.

MR. BLATHERLY: Yes that might be nice, you know our son lives here, maybe we could....

MRS BLATHERLY: Walter, don't be ridiculous, Cecil will be able to show us more than some silly guide, after all, he lives here...

MR BLATHERLY: But Margaret he doesn't even know we're here yet, we really should have called him, he may have plans, or....

MRS. BLATHERLY: Do you really think my darling Cecil would do anything while his mummy is in town, he will be so delighted to see us, don't you think so? Can you imagine a better surprise?

MR. BLATHERLY: (pauses as long as he can) ..well...

MRS BLATHERLY: (a hint of anger in her voice)CAN YOU?

MR B: No

At this point the cruise director looks relieved. He's not off the hook yet though.

MRS B: Oh Mr. Cruise Director, we may need some maps and brochures....

MR B: I'm sure Cecil will have..

MRS B: I want maps and brochures...

The cruise director has gathered a pile of papers off the table near him and hands them to Mrs. B, she doesn't even thank him but proceeds to whack Mr. B with them.

MRS B. Now lets get off this ship, oh Walter, you look so nice in the shirt Cecil sent you. He is such a considerate son, sending his father a shirt from his favorite restaurant. Maybe we should go there first, oh yes,....

She has started down the ramp, Mr B looks to the cruise director in silent appeal, but his wife notices his absence about halfway down.

MRS B: Let's go Walter, we're only here until tomorrow afternoon...my baby is waiting

MR B: (mumbles) He'd be hiding if he knew.....

MRS B; What was that?

MR B: He's only waiting for you.....

MRS B: Of course, I'm his darling mummy.

EXT: HONOLULU TO WAIKIKI 4:00 PM

Honolulu is filled with tourists, tourist shops, Hawai'iana, Surfers, surf shops, haoles, Japanese, and locals. The surrounding skyscrapers and buildings are huge. The Blatherly's hurry to a waiting bus where a local driver waits for the tourists to load up. The streets are as crowded as those of any major city. The Blatherly's are fighting their way through the crowd.

LOCAL DRIVER: Waikiki Shuttle, beaches, hotels, Waikiki Shuttle.

MRS. B: Do you go to Waikiki? Do you go to Waikiki where my darling Cecil lives?

LOCAL DRIVER: (slightly annoyed) Yes, Ma'am, Wiakiki Shuttle, beaches, hotels, Waikiki shuttle

The two load onto the shuttle bus which is packed full of overweight tourists in gaudy aloha wear. Cameras are around necks, black socks with sandals are pulled knee high. The shuttle makes a tour through Honolulu to Waikiki. Local music is overdubbed while the camera focuses on the excitement and ridiculousness of the tourists and the beauty of Oahu's beaches, Diamond Head, and Finally Wiakiki beaches. Everyone gets off the bus

at their required stop until only the Blatherly's and the driver remain.(FADE MUSIC, SOUND UP)

DRIVER: End of the line folks.

The two step off the bus near the Honolulu Zoo. They look around in puzzlement as to what to do next.

DRIVER:Mahalo, Haoles. (Laughs as he shuts the door and drives away)

MR B: Margaret, I think we should call Cecil and have him meet us. It could take us hours to find his house, besides it would give us a chance to get something to eat, acclimatize...

MRS B: Don't be ridiculous Walter. We have his address, it will be no problem. to find him. Oh, look...

Mrs Blatherly points towards the beach where hundreds of people are worshipping the sun through surf, snorkel, swim, and tanning. Mr. Blatherly looks. He is drawn to it. Perhaps it is the light, perhaps it is the shirt he is wearing. Gentle Hawai'ian music as Mrs. Blatherly's voice fades and Mr. Blatherly enters a surreal state as he looks at the girls, the surfers, and the beach itself, (TIGHT SHOT OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL GOING INTO THE WATER IS SUDDENLY JAGGEDLY STOPPED WHILE MUSIC IS SCRATCHED OUT>>>TIGHT HEAD SHOT OF MRS B. Mrs. Blatherly has made a decision.

MRS B: Walter, Walter, WALTER! What's the matter with you? I think we'd better have a bit of dinner before we call Cecil. The heat may be getting to you. It can be our private celebration. I won't hear any argument. After all, I deserve a special treat, do you realize it has been nearly twenty five years since....

The two begin walking down the beach towards KUHIOS. V/O as the two have a discussion. Shot's of the statue of DUKE, Waterfalls, Shops, and street performers, Occasional shots of MR. B longingly watching beautiful women's derrieres and bosoms.

MR B: Twenty years since....(under his breath) I was happy.

MRS B: What was that..? Oh, never mind, it has been twenty years since your dear wife has touched a drop of that evil poison, alcohol.

MR B: How could I forget with you reminding me every day, for twenty years.....

MRS B: (ignoring him) don't you think I deserve a special meal to celebrate the joy it's brought into our lives. Don't you remember how miserable we were when I was a drunkard Walter?

MR B: I rather liked you, the booze is what brought us together...

MRS B: (Still ignoring him, now walking towards the beach) Oh, that evil nasty alcohol....

MR B: Yes, now that you mention it, it is sort of responsible for my misery.....

MRS. B: We're decided then, we will have dinner, then call Cecil and give him a wonderful surprise....

MR B: The poor boy....

MRS B: Indeed, Walter, the poor boy, having to be so far away from his mummy for so long....

They are nearing KUHIOS. As they get closer, they see a huge mass of people gathered around. KUHIOS is world famous through cruise ship and tourist marketing. The restaurant itself is packed with people. Waiters run madly about trying to keep up with the incredibly demanding crowd of tourists. The cruise ships and hotels treat them like royalty, so when they enter a local business, they expect the same.

INTERIOR, WAITING ROOM, KUHIOS 4:43 PM

Mr and Mrs Blatherly do not notice, but the waiters are all wearing shirts which are identical to the one Mr Blatherly has on. In addition they all wear khaki shorts, like his, and range in age from 18-40. The Blatherly's step to the waiting area and get into a line to put their names on the waiting list.

MANAGERS OFFICE, KUHIOS, 4:45 PM

The manager is on the phone talking with the owner..

MANAGER: ...right Mr. Kahanamakamaole, right, the new waiter should be arriving anytime, yeah, I'll be on the lookout for him, yes sir, I understand....a little older... ummm..why did we hire him? ...right, okay, top notch server with years of experience, great...I hope he's here soon, we're getting slammed by the cruise ships...right...al right...Aloha.

INTERIOR WAITING ROOM, KUHIOS, 4:50 PM

MRS.B: Oh Walter (she absently hits him with her handfull of brochures) it must be wonderful, look at the crowd.

The bar is on the left side of the waiting room. It is a mixture of locals and tourists. Mostly local. The restaurant, is on the right. It is filled almost exclusively with tourists. They have their ABC bags of souvenirs, their "Hawaii" clothing, and are VERY demanding of the staff. A couple walks out and the woman looks directly at Mr Blatherly

WOMAN: That was fantastic. Thank you.

He looks confused, but nods to her. Another couple gets in the line behind Mrs. Blatherly. Her paper lashings have pushed Mr. Blatherly off to one side. She has not noticed.

MAN: How long will the wait be for two?

He's looking right at Mr Blatherly. Mr Blatherly looks back. The man waits for a reply.

MR BLATHERLY: I'm not real sure, seems pretty busy.

MAN: Well, can we sit in the bar while we wait?

MR B: I really don't know.

MAN: What are you new or something?

MR B: Excuse me?

MAN:(to wife) It's great that they're giving seniors a chance, but they really should make sure they're not senile. It sure can be frustrating. C'mon Honey.

They walk into the bar.

A large party comes and gets into line behind Mrs. Blatherly. They are foreign and impatient.

FOREIGNER1: How long will it be for a party of seven? (to Mr. Blatherly)

MR BLATHERLY: I'm not sure, but I think you can sit in the bar.

They begin to walk in. The hostess, who is every bit as busy as the waitstaff and twice as stressed out stops them.

HOSTESS: Stop. I'm afraid you'll have to wait like everyone else.

Mrs. Blatherly is deep into a pamphlet and does not notice anything around her.

FOREIGNER1: But he (he points at Mr. B) told us we could wait in the bar.

HOSTESS: Oh, he did, did he? Well, you'll have to wait. I'm sorry for the inconvenience. (Turning to Mr. Blatherly) What's the big idea? You don't see me trying to do your job do you? You trying to get me fired or something?

MR B: (Beginning to understand what is happening) No, I'm not a waiter...

HOSTESS: Well, you're sure as hell not a hostess. You better get in there before I tell Don. We've got no time for slackers around here. Even old slackers.

She grabs him by the arm and thrusts him into the dining room. He is immediately whipped across the room by rushing waiters, waitresses and busboys. He gets spun in several directions and despite his best intentions he is whirled across the room. Overlay Hectic Hawai'ian music and slow down/speed up the film to create a dizzying effect. The Hostess turns to Mrs. Blatherly.

HOSTESS: Ma'am, we are seating singles in the bar. Please follow me. (Mrs. B looks up and sees her husband is gone so follows the hostess)

The hostess takes her to a table for one. Mrs. B looks around, then becomes absorbed in her brochures again.

INTERIOR, DINING ROOM, KUHIOS 5:00 PM

Mr Blatherly is shell shocked. He is standing in the center of the dining room floor. A woman at a nearby table motions to him. He approaches her. She is smiling until he gets close.

DINER#1: I told my waiter that I didn't want carrots. I am deadly allergic to carrots. Do you understand me? Deadly allergic, these can kill me. Are YOU trying to kill me?

MR B: NO, I uhh.. I'm not uhhh...

DINER#1: Just take it back. Right now. Take it to the kitchen and get me a new one WITHOUT carrots or I will sue you for attempted murder, do you understand?

MR B: Uh, yes, that is, I Uh..

DINER #1: NOW!

MR B: Yes, Maam.

As he starts to step away a second diner at the table motions to him.

DINER#2: I need more water, with lemon, no ice.

DINER#3: And could you bring us more bread....

DINER #4: My coke is empty...

Mr Blatherly rushes away in horror. He heads towards the kitchen. He hesitates by the door, nearly getting bowled over by Waitstaff as they rush to satisfy the ever more demanding customers. Finally, he takes a deep breath and steps through the door and into the kitchen. It is his only avenue of escape.

INTERIOR, BAR, THE WHARFDOM 5:00 PM

Mrs. Blatherly is sitting at a table in the center of the room. She occasionally looks up and tries to spot her husband but then is drawn into making plans. A waiter wearing an ALOHA shirt over his uniform steps to the bar. He bears a striking resemblance to the Blatherlys. He is CECIL, their son. The bartender, TRACY, greets him.

TRACY: Hey Cecil, finally through huh? Want a shift drink?

CECIL: Yeah, make it a double(winks at Tracy). What a day. Makes me wish I were a marine biologist like my mom thinks.

TRACY:(Laughing) Yeah, but theres not the same money in that. Tourism is where the money's at.

CECIL: (Laughing with her) You got that right.

Tracy pours Cecil a stiff drink and points out Mrs. B who has her back to them.

TRACY: Look at that crazy old bird, keeps looking up, then getting lost in paperwork again.

Cecil looks, gets a scared look on his face, then shakes his head.

CECIL: God, poor old thing. Hey send her a drink on me, okay Trace? She looks like she needs one as bad as my mother.

TRACY: What should I make her?

CECIL: A screwdriver, make it strong. If she asks where it came from tell her George bought it.

Cecil points to a crusty local, GEORGE, at the other end of the bar.

TRACY: You bet. Have another?

Cecil has finished his drink in one gulp.

CECIL: No, I got a date. See you in a few days.

TRACY:A few days?

CECIL: Yeah, she lives in Maui. I'm taking an interisland flight....

TRACY: Escaping Oahu for a few days huh?

CECIL: (Glancing at the woman who reminds him of his mother, and is, in fact, his mother) Yeah, I think this place is getting to me.

TRACY: Okay. See ya.

Tracy mixes a strong screwdriver and sends it to Mrs B. The cocktail waitress delivers it and waits for a tip.

MRS B: Oh, did my husband send this? He'll take care of you.

The waitress walks over to the bar.

COCKTAILER: Tracy, who bought the drink for that lady?

TRACY: That would be George.

COCKTAILER: Huh, I didn't know he was married.....

She wanders off into the crowd.

INTERIOR, KITCHEN, THE WHARFDOM 5:05 PM

Mr. B has finally stepped into the kitchen, expecting to get a little sanctuary from the demands of the diners. He is in for a surprise. The kitchen is even more frantic than the dining room. Waitstaff are sliding past prepcooks, cooks, dishwashers, and busboys in order to get desserts and salads. The cooks are huge, evil and knifebearing. Most of them are either Local Hawaiian or Mexican. The dishwashers are old mexican men who work at a furious pace. Local slack key music pours from a small radio over the dishwashing station. Mr B is intimidated. He finally gathers himself and stops another waiter, MATT, for some help.

MR B: Hey this lady said she's allergic to carrots....

MATT: What, nobody's allergic to carrots. Take it to Carlo.

He points to the biggest, meanest looking cook. CARLO looks like he should be in Prison, not a kitchen . He is covered with Tattoos and holds a huge knife which he is whacking steaks off a side of beef with.

Mr B: Ex..Excuse me....Carlo...?Excuse me....ummm..Carlo?

The whole kitchen suddenly stops and becomes silent. Everyone is looking at Mr B and Carlo. Carlo stops what he is doing and looks up at Mr B. He holds the huge knife menacingly and scowls. The yodeling paniolo reaches a crescendo and stops cold. It is silent.

CARLO: WHAT?

MR B: This woman is allergic to carrots, she said she'll sue, ...I mean, I'm not even a waiter..but she...she said...uh...

CARLO: (Suddenly laughs, evilly) Allergic to carrots huh? Nobody is allergic to carrots. I'll fix it for her.

Carlo grabs the plate. He sets it on the counter next to an empty plate. He transfers the baked potato to the new plate. He puts a scoop of green beans in a side bowl on the plate. Then he takes the steak, shoves it down into his pants and then shifts his crotch around. He then reaches into his pants pulls out the steak, and puts it on the plate. He pulls a pubic hair from the top of the steak and laughs again.

CARLO: There you go WAITER, I even reheated her steak for her.

He hands Mr. B the plate and shoves him back out the door and into the dining room amid hideous and evil laughter in the kitchen as the noise starts again.

INTERIOR, DINING ROOM, KUHIO's 5:10PM

Mr. B is once again in the dining room. People see him standing there and begin to gesture and call for him to get them water, bread, refills, their waiter, dessert, etc. He starts towards the exit. Trying to escape. As he is going past the carrot woman's table, she reaches out and snags his shirt.

DINER#1: Here I am.

She grabs the plate from his hands and before he can say anything, cuts a piece of steak and shoves it in her mouth...

DINER #1: Oh, mmmmmm...That is so good, I am so ravenous....

Mr B looks on in horror.

DINER#2:Where is my water? I've been here with an empty glass for 20 minutes....

DINER#3: And what about bread, we're out of bread.....

Diners at another table start making demands. They want ranch dressing, have too much salt in their veggies, or need more napkins.

Mr B has had enough, he is ready to take a stand....

MR B: Look, I'm not even a waiter....I don't..

DINER#3; What the busboys aren't allowed to get water.. where is the manager...

MR B: I'm not a busboy, I don't.

DINER#2: You're really ruining my vacaton....

From another table the foreigners begin jabbing him with comments....

FIREIGNER#1:So you can't get water, what do you do?

Another table is now involved.

MAN IN PALM LEAF CAP: Geez, get the manager....

LADY IN MUMU: Where is the manager?

MR B: Yes, where is the manager, I mean I can get water, but....

EVERYONE: Then do it.....!!!!

INTERIOR, MANAGERS OFFICE, KUHIOS 6:00 PM

DON, the manager, is sitting at his desk. He is a man in his mid forties. He is a man of authority. Obviously used to being obeyed. He is dressed extremely well in a dark suit and is confronting a young waiter, MARK.

DON: Mark you can't do this to me. I need you to work at least tonight. We're short handed as it is. I'll give you a hundred dollar bonus.

MARK: No way, Don. I've had enough of this place. I can't do it one more night. I'll kill someone. These fucking tourists are so demanding. You'd think they were royalty. Then theres the cooks. No way. I'm outta here. Count yourself lucky that I'm even telling you.

Mark turns around and walks out.

DON: Goddammit!

There is a knock on the door. It is Matt. He peeks in.

MATT: Hey Don, we got a problem, you're new waiter is really screwing things up. He's nearly got a riot going in Marks section.

DON: New waiter? He's here tonight? Beautiful...Where is he?

His question is to air. Matt has gone on. He can hear a disturbance in action. He rushes outside confused.

INTERIOR, BAR, KUHIOS 6:30 PM

Mrs. B has finished her drink. She is less worried about where Mr B has disappeared to and instead is shaking her head to the music which is being played on the stage. The band is good, playing a Hawai'ian rock n roll. She is tapping her foot, despite herself.

The cocktail waitress picks up her glass.

MRS B: Have you seen my husband? Could you get me another orange juice?

COCKTAILER: Yes, I'll tell him where you're at.

She walks to the bar.

COCKTAILER: Hey George, your wife is looking for ya

GEORGE: Ha ha, I've heard that before. If she'd of really been looking all these years she wouldn't let me marry the first five...my wife...ha

COCKTAILER: Well, you wanna buy her another drink?

GEORGE:My wife? Sure why not, haven't seen any of em in twelve years.

The cocktailer is confused, but so is George, so she orders another drink for MRS B.

COCKTAILER: Hey Tracy, another screwdriver please.

INTERIOR,DINING ROOM, KUHIOS, 6:40 PM

Don has emerged from his office into a near riot. Mr B is not going to be anyones waiter. The diners are all upset that no one will serve them and that their waiter is merely standing there denying he is a waiter.

Don sees a way out of his dilemma. An attractive waitress, ANN, walks over to Don.

ANN: Hey Don, this new waiter of yours has a real attitude. He's kind of cute though, in an old way.

Don walks up to Mr B and puts his arm around him.

DON: Come with me.

Mr Blatherly looks up. He is relieved to hear a friendly voice and walks with Don to the Kitchen.

INTERIOR, KITCHEN, KUHIOS 6:45 PM

When Don walks into the Kitchen it is a different world. Everyone is still hustling, but they are all smiles and cooperation. It is the model of efficiency.

DON: So what seems to be wrong? What's your name anyway?

MR B: Mr. Blatherly

DON: (irritated) No, your first name, Mr. Attitude.

MR B: Walter, (he holds out his hand) and you...?

DON: (ignoring the offered hand) I'm the guy that hired you Walt. I'm your boss. I'm Don.

MR B: No, I don't think you unders....

DON: I don't think you understand. I don't know why I hired you, but let me tell you something, it is a privilege to work here. We've got a three year waiting list for waitstaff....

CARLO: It looks like he's been waiting longer...

A snicker works its way through the kitchen.

DON: We are the busiest, classiest, best restaurant in all of Oahu. I could toss you out on your ass right now Walt, but I'm not going to....

MR B: (disappointed) You're not?

DON: No, because I can see you have it in you to be the best waiter KUHIOS has ever had. I'm going to give you extra attention. You can do it Walt. That's why I hired you. I see the potential in you.

MR B: (Proud despite himself) You do?

DON: Damn right I do Walt. I know you can do it.

Matt, Ann, several other waiters, JED, the busboy, and all the cooks are listening in amusement.

DON: Matt, Ann, you two will make sure Walt knows everything he needs to. Jed, I want you to keep an extra eye on Walts section. Walt, don't let me down.

MR B: I won't Don.

DON: Good. Now everyone get back to work.

MR B is still standing with a look of pride on his face as Don exits. The Kitchen turns to hell again, and he realizes what he has gotten himself into.

INTERIOR, BAR, KUHIOS 7:00

Mrs. Blatherly is nearly through with her second drink. She grabs the cocktail waitress as she walks by.

MRS. B: Where is my husband? If you see him, please tell him to come join me.

COCKTAILER: Sure Lady, (under her breath) If you'd turn around you'd see him at the bar.

She continues around the room, picking up glasses and taking orders. When she gets near the bar, she sees George.

COCKTAILER: Hey George, Your wife would like you to join her at that table.

GEORGE: Huh?

The cocktailer points to Mrs. B. George is very confused.

GEORGE: Doesn't look like my wife, but what the hell, it's not every day a woman says she is my wife....

GEORGE'S FRIEND: Who'd want to be?

GEORGE: What's that supposed to mean?

GEORGE'S FRIEND: (Holding his nose) You spend a lot of time fishing is all.

The patrons at the bar all laugh in response to the jab.

George gets up and carries his beer over to Mrs. B's table.

GEORGE: Mind if I sit.

Mrs. B has been drinking on an empty stomach after twenty five years of sobriety. She is seeing things a little fuzzy. She giggles. George takes that as a yes. Mrs B. isn't sure what's going.

MRS B: Where have you been Walter?

GEORGE: My name's George. What's this about us being married?

MRS. B: Do you remember the night we met?

GEORGE: Well, no.

MRS B: Oh, how could you forget. I was having drinks with my friends from the bank. You were with your buddies, drinking. The band was playing.

GEORGE: That does sound familiar, now that you mention it. When was that?

MRS. B: Oh, at least thirty years ago.

GEORGE: No wonder I forgot.

MRS. B: Oh, Walter....

GEORGE: George..

INTERIOR, DINING ROOM, KUHIOS, 7:30 PM

Mr. B. is having second thoughts. Ann comes up behind him and gives his butt a little pinch. He jumps, turns, and sees her. He is shocked, but not entirely upset at having a beautiful young girl pinch him.

ANN: Hi Walt, I'm Ann.

MR. B: Hi Ann.

ANN: So who trained you, what do you know so far?

MR B: Nothing, Noone.

ANN: Brand new huh, okay, follow me.

She walks into the paneled off server station.

ANN: Okay, the special and the soup of the day are always on this board.

She points to a dry erase board. The special is “ Stuffed Ahi with Aoli Sauce” . The soup is Salmon Chowder.

ANN: The special is \$22.95. If they ask for a recommendation, recommend the special or Lobster which is \$32.95. All specials come with a choice of soup or salad, and a choice of rice pilaf, baked potato, or KUHIOS Fries.

MR. B: Okay.

ANN: We have ranch, thousand island, italian , or mango vinaigrette. Our house dressing is mango vinaigrette. The beers are all listed on the table menu. Don't try to memorize. Always recommend the Aloha Ale. You got it?

MR B: Well, yes,, er uh, maybe.

ANN: Okay, good. The soup is here. You have to serve it. Meals come with the salad bar, keeps things easy.. Do you know what your section is.

MR B: No, I have no idea.

ANN: Okay, I think you have Marks section. That's seven tables. I'll take two of them, Matt can take one. That leaves you with these four. She points out a map.

MR B: Which ones are those?

Ann looks at him. A little exasperated.

ANN: Grab those pitchers of water and follow me. I'll show you.

He grabs them and follows her. She takes him first to the complainers table.

ANN: Hi, this is Walt. It's his first night so please be patient with him.

The folks are all appeased by her professionalism.

ANN: Walt, fill up their waters. (He starts to take their glasses and fill them)

She continues on, taking him to all the tables which have caused him problems and one more which has two extremely fat people and their 3 fat kids. They are pure white trash. The table is a mess. A broken washing machine would look at home on it. He pictures them eating from a trough.

ANN: Jed should be able to keep your waters filled, make sure they've all had their orders taken. DO you have a pad and pen?

MR B: No.

ANN: Jeez, where did Don find you? I've got to take care of my tables. If you have any problems ask me, Matt, or Jed.

She wanders off. Mr B tries to fill up the glasses at the white trash table. As he fills the first glass, the eight year old knocks it over. It spills and begins heading in slow motion towards the fat man who is eating as fast as he can. Mr B tries to stop it and with the only thing handy. A cloth napkin on the table. He grabs it and leans to catch the water. Another of the childrens plates is on the napkin. It pulls the plate from the fat child who screams his anger about it. The pitcher he is holding is held as high as he can hold it. It begins to tip as his body leans forward. It lingers dangerously over the woman. On the brink of pouring it, he catches the slow motion wave before it reaches the fat man. He lifts up. Pushes the childs plate back in front of him. Continues filling all the waters. He is proud of himself, visibly, as he fills the last one. He ventures a question he has heard Ann ask

MR. B: How is everything? Can I get you anything else?

FATMAN: We're still waiting for our entree's and we're nearly through with the appetizers.

He reaches for his water and sips it. He spits it out in disgust.

FATMAN: You idiot, you filled our Sprites with water.

MR B: Oh, my God, I'm so sorry, I'll be right back.

He runs back to the waiter station. Jed is there.

MR B: Oh my God, I filled up table...(he looks at the map) 22's Sprites with water. What should I do?

JED: Don't worry Walt. I'll fix it, just leave the water to me. I think you have some food up in the window.

MR B: What window?

Jed points at the food window, where hot food comes up.

MR B: Thanks.

JED: You can thank me at the end of the night with a healthy percentage of your tips.....if you get any.

Jed heads out into the dining room to table 22. Mr. B looks at the map, and at his food in the window. Matt comes into the station. Mr. B points at the map reminding himself which tables are his. 22,23,24,25.

MR B: Matt, how do I know where my food is going, how do I know it's mine.

Matt points out that the ticket under the plates has the table number written on it.

MATT: You better get this out there, it's been sitting there way too long. Carlo will get pissed.

Mr. B grabs two plates, looks at the number, it is table 25, the foreigners. They have seven plates in the window. He starts out.

MATT: Hey you got five more here.

MR B: Yeah, but I can only carry two.

MATT: Hold out your arms.

He takes the plates from Mr B and hands him a huge serving tray which he then proceeds to pile huge portions of food on. Mr B sags under the heavy load.

MATT: Follow me.

Matt leads Mr B to table 25 and sets up a tray stand motioning for MR. B to set the tray on it. Then he leaves.

MR B: Okay who had the steak. (All of the foreigners raise their hands)

He looks at the tray, only one of the meals is a steak. He looks at the people, then the tray. Exasperated, he asks several times. Then he simply begins handing food to people, randomly. They exchange over and over again with each other and begin to exchange with Mr. B until there is a fast paced juggling act. Eventually Mr. B looks down to see all of the plates back on the tray. They all look at him. He tries again, with the same result. Finally he gets it right and walks away, but not before they begin pointing at the empty bread basket and water glasses. He looks at them, but Jed is suddenly there saving him. He hurries away.

As he's leaving, the palm hat man motions him.

PALM HAT: Could you get us one of those to split?

He points at a huge whipped cream covered ice cream covered dessert which a nearby table of Ann's has.

Mr. B: Right away.

He heads to the waiter station looking for Desserts. he searches through cupboards finding the oddest things imaginable. Wallets, bras, crayons, a volleyball, a blow up doll, etc,etc. But no dessert. Jed comes into the station.

MR B: Where are those big desserts?

JED: Back in the kitchen, in the walk in, next to the pork roasts.

Mr B wanders back toward the kitchen

INTERIOR, KITCHEN, THE WHARFDOM

The Kitchen is again the broiling hell we saw initially. Mr. B looks around for a friendly face. he see's a smiling older dishwasher looking at him.

MR.B: Where is the walk in? Excuse me, can you tell me where the walk in is.

DISHWASHER: No habla anglais. Peso me cola.

He continues smiling.

MR B: No not a cola, the walk in. (slower) I--NEED---DESSERTS

DISHWASHER: Chinga Tu Madre, cabrone.

MR B: Ice cream.

DISHWASHER:(in perfect english) Man, what a fucking idiot!!!

The whole kitchen laughs.

INTERIOR, WALK IN FREEZER, KUHIOS, 7:45 PM

As Mr B steps into the walk in the door slams shut behind him. He begins to search in the eerie, meat filled freezer. Conditions are far from sanitary. He pushes aside sides of meat and finds several wierd things in the process. Some of which include a blanket, a television which is stashed behind some raoasts, and a used condom on the floor. Finally he finds the ice cream cakes. There are no more pieces of the kind which was ordered, but there is a huge knife and a whole cake. He begins the cutting process and destroys several cakes in the process. When he has finally got a decent piece he tries to use the whipped cream which is stashed in several cannisters. All of them are flat and produce a

gooey white substance which looks more like the frozen contents of the condom. Finally he finds a new cannister. Puts the whip cream on and is again visibly proud of himself. Jed comes in.

JED: What a mess. Let me see that.

He takes the cannister and begins inhaling from it. Trippy eastern music starts and Jed pulls out a pair of blue sunglasses. Mr B rushes out of the walk in.

INTERIOR, BAR, KUHIOS, 8PM

Mrs. Blatherly and George are dancing to the band. They are one of several couples on the dance floor. The men in the bar are generally odd types. Two women sitting at the bar watch the goings on. They are outnumbered by men about 4 to 1.

Mrs. Blatherly is laughing hysterically as she and George go back to their table. There are three empty "orange juice" glasses on the table.

GEORGE: You sure do know how to cut a rug Margie.

MRS B: Oh, no ones called me that in years. You're a heck of a dancer yourself Walter.

GEORGE: It's George, why do you keep calling me that? So where did we get married again.....

MRS B: Vermont.....

GEORGE: Must've been one hell of a bender, I didn't think I'd ever been to the east coast...

MRS B: That was before I quit drinking.....

GEORGE: Uh huh, I can tell you're a real teetotaller. C'mon let's dance again.

The cocktailer is clearing their glasses.

GEORGE: A couple more of the same honey....

COCKTAILER: You bet.....

GEORGE: As a matter of fact...Marge, I'll be right back, I really gotta take a leak.

MRS B: Oh, so do I, where are the restrooms?

GEORGE: C'mon, I'll show you....

INTERIOR, MEN'S RESTROOM, KUHIOS, 9:45 PM

Groans are coming from the stall in the men's room. The camera pans down to show GEORGE and MRS. B's Shoes. L/O Tiny Bubbles by Don Ho, the feet shift around a bit, soon a pair of trousers wraps around the shoes followed by a pair of granny panties and a pair of dirty choners with obvious holes in them.

INTERIOR, DINING ROOM, KUHIOS, 10PM

MR. B is getting the hang of things. He is moving from table to table, taking orders, making jokes, and seemingly oblivious to the fact that he is not a waiter. He moves to a few tables and finally pulls a \$100 tip from the top of a now vacant table. The restaurant is emptying and ANN comes up to him.

ANN: That's all your tables sport, now you gotta do your side work. She takes him into the waiter station as MRS B. and GEORGE pass the dining room and head back to the bar. MATT is folding napkins and looks up as MR. B and ANN walk in.

MATT: I thought maybe you were skipping out on your side work. Nice job tonight Walter, we were a little worried at first, but you got the hang of it pretty quick.

MATT grabs his coat, takes off his apron and steps out.

MATT: See ya tomorrow.

ANN: Once you've done a hundred napkins you can tip out JED and the kitchen staff.

INTERIOR, KITCHEN, KUHIOS

INTERIOR, WALK IN FREEZER, KUHIOS, 10:30 PM

MR B. steps through the door. Holding his tips in one hand. The mariachi music stops and everyone turns and looks at him. CARLO and the DISHWASHER look at each other and the DISHWASHER shrugs.

CARLO: Nice job tonight amigo. You'll be better than Mark was if you just listen to the kitchen more.

MR. B is again visibly proud.

MR B: Thanks Carlo, I'd like you guys in the kitchen to spit this \$70. He pulls the \$70 from one hand with the other leaving the \$100 bill by itself in his hand. As he hands the money over the Mariachi music begins again and the DISHWASHER pulls a bottle of Tequila from behind the dishsoap. He pours a round of shots and one is offered to MR. B.

DISHWASHER: Viva La Walter!

INTERIOR, WALK IN FREEZER, KUHIOS 10:45 PM

MR. B opens the freezer to hear the Indian music again. The lightbulb is now red and JED sits with a female BUSSER on a makeshift couch of meat boxes. A candle is burning and the two are making out heavily.

MR. B: Ummm, Jed, Thanks, I want you to have this...

He holds out the \$100 dollar bill.

JED: Cool man, want a whippit?

He holds out the whipped cream can.

MR. B: Sure, why not.

INTERIOR, BAR, KUHIOS 11 PM

MR. B walks into the bar just as George walks out. MRS B is sitting at a table with a semi drunk smile of satisfaction. He looks puzzled as he comes up to her and sits down.

MR B: I'm sorry I took so long, you won't believe what happened...

MRS. B: You were hardly a second George....

MR B: George, it's me Walter...

MRS B: I'll call you whatever you want honey but lets go back to the ship right now, Mama needs more Aloha.

MRS. B reaches down to his crotch and gives him a squeeze much to his surprise.

MR. B gives a lion growl and the two get up and rush out the door. As they are leaving George returns from the restroom.

GEORGE: Hey Tracy, where's my wife?

TRACY: She left with some other guy....

GEORGE: They're always doin that to me....gimme a whiskey on the rocks would ya?

THE END