

THE DREW CAREY SHOW

"MARVELL'S"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 1)

(DREW, KATE, MIMI, LEWIS, OSWALD, WICK, OFFICE EXTRAS)

DREW SITS AT HIS DESK DOING PAPERWORK. KATE HAS PULLED UP A CHAIR AND IS EATING A SALAD.

MIMI SITS AT HER DESK WORKING.

KATE

Drew, you've got to try this salad,  
it's incredible.

DREW

(PERPLEXED)

Try incredible food, huh?

BEAT.

DREW (CONT'D)

Well, since you're a friend.

MIMI

There's a shock. Can you also convince  
him to belch, and leave the toilet  
seat up?

DREW SHOOTS MIMI A LOOK.

DREW

(TO KATE)

Do you think they really make those  
cones of silence like in "Get Smart?"

KATE FEEDS DREW A BITE OF SALAD.

DREW (CONT'D)

Hey, this really is terrific. Where'd  
you get it?

KATE

Marvell's cafeteria.

DREW

Marvell's? I just came from there.

KATE

Don't tell me, you bowled there during  
your lunch hour.

DREW

How'd you know?

KATE

You're still wearing your headband.

DREW TAKES OFF THE HEADBAND. HE STARTS TO PUT IT  
IN HIS POCKET, THEN SHOOTS IT OVER AT MIMI INSTEAD.

LEWIS AND OSWALD ENTER WEARING OBNOXIOUS HAWAIIAN  
SHIRTS.

DREW

Hey, if it isn't Don Ho and... the  
other Don Ho. How come there's only  
one famous Hawaiian?

OSWALD

What do think?

LEWIS

We just picked these up in Marvell's  
south Pacific section.

MIMI

I like 'em.

MIMI HOLDS UP A SCARF IN THE EXACT SAME OBNOXIOUS  
PATTERN AS OSWALD'S SHIRT.

KATE

Isn't Marvell's the greatest? Global  
clothing sections, great restaurants...

DREW

Bowling alley. With them opening up  
across the street, it's only a matter  
of time before this place goes under  
and we're all out on our asses looking  
for work.

EVERYBODY LAUGHS. MR. WICK ENTERS WITH A SCOWL ON  
HIS FACE.

WICK

What's so funny?

EVERYONE SHUTS UP.

WICK (CONT'D)

No please, tell me. Since that damned  
Marvell's opened up last week, our  
revenues are down sixty percent. I  
could use a good laugh.

BEAT.

WICK (CONT'D)

Well?

DREW

It's nothing really, sir. Mimi just cracked us up with a wild story from her beauty school days. She claimed that one semester, she *didn't* get straight f's.

EVERYONE LAUGHS.

MIMI

I'll bet you Drew can tell you why Marvell's is so busy. He spent his lunch hour bowling over there.

WICK

Is this true, Carey?

DREW

Well... Mimi got her scarf there.

WICK

Mimi?

MIMI

(POINTING AT KATE)

She got her salad there.

KATE

(POINTING AT LEWIS AND OSWALD)

They got their clown suits there.

LEWIS

Kate!

(BEAT)

How did you know we got clown suits.

OSWALD AND LEWIS PULL CLOWN SUITS OUT OF THEIR BAGS.

OSWALD

It's probably that women's intuition.

LEWIS

And she does know our taste... but I still think it's a little eerie.

WICK

I am very disappointed in all of you.

DREW

Sir, it's not that we don't like our store, it's just that Marvell's has a lot of really cool departments. Maybe if we took some action like that...

WICK

Action? How's this for action?

WICK PICKS UP DREW'S PHONE AND PRESSES A BUTTON.

WICK (CONT'D)

(OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS)

Attention employees, from this moment forward, anyone caught shopping at Marvell's will be fired. Have a nice day.

WICK SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE.

WICK (CONT'D)

That ought to cut Marvell's sales in  
half.

WICK STORMS INTO HIS OFFICE AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

OSWALD

(TO LEWIS)

High five that we don't work here.

OSWALD AND LEWIS HIGH FIVE.

WICK (O.S.)

(OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS)

Also, friends of employess are  
prohibited from shopping at Marvell's --  
or they will be friends of ex-employees.

LEWIS

I should've known it couldn't last.

DREW

You're okay, Lewis. The policy only  
applies to friends.

LEWIS

It's this kind of banter that keeps us  
inseparable. Give me a hug.

OSWALD

Group hug.

OSWALD AND LEWIS EMBRACE DREW, THEN LOOK AT A  
GRIMACING KATE.

KATE

I'm not huggin' anybody until I finish  
this salad.

KATE TAKES A BITE, GLARES AT WICK'S DOOR, AND STARTS  
TO WEEP.

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES AND THEME.

B

FADE IN:

INT. WARSAW TAVERN - NIGHT (DAY 1)

(DREW, KATE, LEWIS, OSWALD, BARTENDER, BAR EXTRAS)

DREW, KATE, LEWIS, AND OSWALD SIT AT A TABLE DRINKING BEER. **DREW CHUGS A FULL GLASS**, BELCHES, THEN LIFTS UP THE EMPTY PITCHER.

KATE

I'll get it.

DREW

Thanks.

KATE CROSSES TO THE BAR.

OSWALD

Wow, buddy, you're taking this banishment pretty hard.

DREW

Bowling was the key to my calorie neutral lunch. Take a bite, roll it off. Take a swig, roll it off. It was like guilt free sex.

LEWIS

The sex I have never involves guilt.

OSWALD

'Cause you're a big tipper?

LEWIS

Always.



OSWALD

I hate to add insult to injury, Drew,  
but I just read in Celebrity magazine  
that bowling actually burns more  
calories than sex.

DREW

Oh, man.

LEWIS

That was Celibacy magazine, and I don't  
trust them ever since they wrote that  
playing cards burns more calories than  
sex.

OSWALD

But you still renewed our subscription?

LEWIS

Oh yeah, I know where we're headed.

DREW

I mean, where does Wick get off telling  
us where we can shop? I thought Lincoln  
freed the slaves.

OSWALD

Good analogy, Drew.

DREW

He's not our mother.

LEWIS

I think he's a mother.

OSWALD

Listen Drew, we're sharing your pain.  
I mean, it's not like we can pick up  
shirts like these just anywhere.

ANGLE ON BAR WHERE KATE IS BUYING A PITCHER OF BEER.

BARTENDER

Do me a favor and ask your friends not  
to wear those clown shirts in here  
anymore. Their free floor show is  
hurting my video game business.

KATE

Whatever.

SHE PICKS UP THE PITCHER.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh, and can you give me three fingers  
of olive oil, a shot of balsamic  
vinegar, and a few sprinkles of  
tarragon. I'm pretty sure the salad  
dressing had tarragon in it.

BEAT.

BARTENDER

Y'know, were fresh out of tarragon.

KATE

How do you stay in business?

KATE CARRIES THE PITCHER BACK TO THE TABLE AND  
SLOSHES SOME ON LEWIS WHEN SHE SETS IT DOWN.

LEWIS

Oh, that's just great. You know I  
can't replace this.

KATE

Aw, shut up.

KATE RIPS OPEN A SMALL PACKET AND PUTS IT TO HER  
MOUTH.

DREW

What's that?

KATE

It's thousand island, and it's terrible.

LEWIS

Good.

DREW

Don't you see what Wick's doing? He's  
turning us against each other.

OSWALD

Divide and conquer?

DREW

We're like his personal chess pieces  
and we're all getting rooked.

OSWALD

He's a genius. A mad, mad genius.

LEWIS NODS HIS AGREEMENT.

DREW GUZZLES ANOTHER FULL BEER.

DREW

Man, I'd like to stick it to him.

I've got half a mind to...

LEWIS

I've got half a mind.

BEAT.

KATE

What Drew?

DREW

I've got half a mind to buy something  
at Marvell's and parade it under Mr.  
Wick's nose.

OSWALD

I'm with you, buddy.

LEWIS

So am I.

KATE

So am I.

DREW

Really?

LEWIS

No way.

KATE

Fat chance.

OSWALD

Are you mad? Are you just plain mad?

KATE STANDS.

KATE

Okay, who wants to share a cab home?

LEWIS AND OSWALD STAND UP.

OSWALD

(TO DREW)

Since Lewis and I live upstairs, I'm  
assuming she was talking to you.

DREW

I'm closing this place.

LEWIS

Good for you. Nothing gives you a  
fresh perspective at the workplace  
like a severe hangover.

KATE, OSWALD, AND LEWIS ADLIB THEIR GOODBYES AS WE  
TIGHTEN ON DREW'S FUMING FACE.

DISSOLVE TO:

C

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 2)

(DREW, KATE, LEWIS, OSWALD, MIMI, WICK)

DREW IS ASLEEP AT HIS DESK, WEARING THE SAME RUMPLED CLOTHES FROM YESTERDAY.

KATE, LEWIS, AND OSWALD ENTER. OSWALD LEANS OVER DREW.

OSWALD

(WHISPERING IN FALSETTO)

Drew.

DREW GRUNTS.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

(STILL WHISPERING)

You were wonderful last night, but I  
have to tell you something.

DREW

(STILL ASLEEP)

What?

OSWALD

(NORMAL VOICE)

I'm a man.

DREW JUMPS UP.

DREW

Dear god, no. Oh, it's you. For second  
there I thought I had sex with Mimi.

KATE HITS DREW.

KATE

What happened to you? I was worried sick when you weren't home for carpool.

DREW

Sorry, Kate. I never made it home last night. I was out asserting my manhood.

LEWIS

You asserted your manhood?

(TO OSWALD)

But we were the ones in the seductive shirts.

DREW

I went to Marvell's.

KATE HITS DREW AGAIN.

KATE

Did you have the salad without me?

DREW

No, I went to their all night tattoo parlor... and I proved to myself that Mr. Wick can't tell me what to do.

OSWALD

Alright Drew, sticking it to the man. You got a bad ass tattoo and your gonna rub it in Mr. Wick's face.

OSWALD PUTS UP HIS HAND FOR DREW TO HIGH FIVE, BUT DREW LEAVES HIM HANGING.

DREW

Yeah, right.

KATE

Let me take a stab at it. Now that you've sobered up, you're never going to mention to Mr. Wick that you have a tattoo, let alone where you got it.

DREW TOUCHES HIS NOSE.

DREW

Ding, ding, ding. I think we have a winner.

LEWIS

But I thought the whole idea was to stand up for your rights.

DREW

I made my point when I permanently disfigured myself. There's no need to do anything crazy.

OSWALD

So, what'd you get? What'd you get?

DREW

I don't know. I was so hammered, I just remember pulling my pants down and pointing at the design wall.

OSWALD

That takes me back.



DREW PULLS DOWN HIS PANTS, AWAY FROM THE CAMERA,  
AND SHOWS THE GANG HIS BUTT CHEEKS.

THEY GASP AND GIGGLE.

DREW

What did I get?

KATE

Let me put it this way, if Mr. Wick  
ever sees it, can I have your desk?

DREW

What is it?

LEWIS

You must have pointed at their sign,  
Drew.

OSWALD

Your butt says, "Marvell's."

DREW

That's just perfect.

MIMI ENTERS.

MIMI

I'll say.

MIMI BREAKS INTO AN EVIL LAUGH AS SHE CROSSES TO  
HER DESK.

DREW

Mimi, Mimi, you aren't going to tell  
Wick, are you?

MIMI

Relax, I'm just as mad as you are about  
the Marvell's ban.

DREW

That's a relief.

MR. WICK ENTERS.

MIMI

Mr. Wick, you'll never guess what Drew did?

DREW

And for a second and a half, I thought she was human.

MIMI

He, um, he... volunteered to take a ten percent pay cut so I could have a raise.

WICK

Is that right, Carey?

DREW

(GRITTING HIS TEETH)

I guess so.

WICK

But why?

MIMI

Because he feels bad about that beauty school joke from yesterday, and he wants to make it up to me.

WICK

Good show, Carey.

(MORE)

WICK (CONT'D)

That's what I call team spirit. I'd like to see Marvell's make something like that happen.

WICK BEGINS TO WALK TOWARD HIS OFFICE.

MIMI

And that's not all, Drew's coming over tonight to clean my apartment.

WICK

Really? That seems well above and beyond the call of duty.

MIMI

He just feels terrible about what he said.

WICK

(TO DREW)

You do?

DREW

Worse than you'll ever know, sir.

WICK

This concern you're showing for one another is bringing a tear to my eye. Oh, by the way, Carey, I need you to fire the nightwatchman.

DREW

Your Uncle?

WICK

I saw him drinking a cup of Marvell's  
coffee when I came in.

DREW

But they have the only 24 hour coffee  
shop for miles.

WICK

And your point is?

DREW KNOCKS AN EMPTY STYROFOAM CUP READING  
"MARVELL'S" FROM HIS DESK INTO THE TRASH.

DREW

No point, sir. Consider him gone.

WICK EXITS TO HIS OFFICE.

MIMI APPROACHES DREW.

MIMI

When you come over tonight, don't forget  
to bring some cotton balls.

DREW

What for?

MIMI

They go between my toes. I'm going to  
let you give me a pedicure.

DREW FAINTS.

DISSOLVE TO:

D

INT. MIMI'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

(DREW, KATE, LEWIS, OSWALD, MIMI)

GLOVED HANDS CLEAN A TOILET. AS THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, WE SEE THE GLOVED HANDS ARE KATE'S.

LEWIS IS MOPPING.

KATE

You know, this pine cleaner makes the toilet water look just like Marvell's salad dressing.

LEWIS

Maybe you should taste it.

KATE

Yeah.

KATE CUPS HER HAND AND MOVES IT TOWARD THE TOILET WATER.

LEWIS

Kate!

KATE SNAPS OUT OF HER DAZE.

KATE

Thanks.

LEWIS

Don't mention it.

KATE

One more thing, why are we here?

LEWIS

Because Drew is our friend... and  
because he says all this is our fault  
considering we abandoned him in a  
drunken stupor.

OSWALD POPS UP FROM INSIDE THE TUB. HE HAS CLEANSER  
ON HIS HANDS, ARMS, SHIRT, FACE, AND HAIR.

OSWALD

Besides, we've got it easy compared to  
Drew.

DREW ENTERS IN A FULL NASA SPACE SUIT. HE FLIPS UP  
THE TINTED MASK ON HIS HELMET.

LEWIS

How's the pedicure coming?

DREW

Let me put it this way, I no longer  
fear death.

KATE

That bad?

DREW

Not if you're the kind of guy who's  
always dreamed of giving a foot massage  
to sasquatch.

OSWALD

Ha, ha, ha, sasquatch, foot massage,  
good one, Drew.

DREW SCOWLS.

KATE

Did you stop by the laser clinic?

DREW

Yeah, and they said it'll take two months of daily treatments to get the tattoo to fade beyond recognition.

LEWIS STARTS LAUGHING.

DREW (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

LEWIS

That means you're going to have to be Mimi's slave for 60 more days.

DREW

You know, you missed a spot.

LEWIS DARTS HIS MOP INTO THE CORNER.

LEWIS

Oh, thanks.

KATE

Drew, I know we skipped out on you last night, but I can't keep this up for two months.

DREW

Oh, is this inconvenient Kate? I apologize. And here I was feeling sorry for myself just because I have to paint Big Foot's toes.

OSWALD

Look, the solution is obvious. All we have to do is drug Mimi, take her down to Marvell's, and have them put a tattoo on her butt too. Then she can't blackmail you.

DREW

As long as we're committing felonies, why don't we just kill her?

OSWALD

Even simpler.

KATE STANDS UP.

KATE

We have to do something.

SHE LOOKS AROUND.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oswald, hand me that bleach. Drew, take your pants off.

OSWALD

Ah, that takes me back.

DREW

Listen, I don't like this any more than you, but for the next two months, we're just going to have to pull together.

MIMI (O.S.)

Drew, it's time to loofah my callouses!



DREW

Oswald, you heard Kate, give her the  
bleach.

DREW STARTS PULLING DOWN HIS PANTS, THEN STOPS.

DREW (CONT'D)

Wait, what am I doing?

LEWIS

Think about it Drew, chicks can't resist  
a lilly white butt.

OSWALD

He's right, you know.

DREW

No, I have to stand up to her.

BEHIND DREW'S BACK, MIMI ENTERS WITH HER COTTON  
SPLAYED TOES UP IN THE AIR.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm gonna march back in there and tell  
that Tammy Faye Bozo that she can't  
take advantage of us like this.

KATE

No, Drew, no.

DREW

Yes, Kate, yes. I'm gonna tell her to  
take her callous ridden soles to her  
nearest chainsaw dealer because I'm  
retiring.

KATE, OSWALD, AND LEWIS FLAG TO STOP HIM.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tell her... to...

DREW FIGURES OUT MIMI IS BEHIND HIM.

DREW (CONT'D)

...stop creeping up behind me when I'm delirious from the smell of bleach.

MIMI

(SINCERE)

I'm sorry, Drew. I didn't realize that helping me around the house was such an unpleasant chore. I thought you all really felt bad about the jokes you've made at my expense. You can all leave if you want to.

DREW

And you won't tell Mr. Wick about my tattoo.

MIMI

Of course not.

DREW, KATE, OSWALD, AND LEWIS MOVE TOWARD THE DOOR.

MIMI (CONT'D)

I'm going to shout it at the top of my lungs. I'm going to sing it to him. I'm going to print it on the back of all the resumes of the people who apply for your job.

(MORE)

MIMI (CONT'D)

You're finished, Drew, finished.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE.

## ACT TWO

E

FADE IN:

INT. DREW'S CAR - DAY (DAY 3)

(DREW, KATE, LEWIS, OSWALD)

DREW DRIVES, KATE RIDES SHOTGUN, LEWIS AND OSWALD SIT IN BACK.

DREW

So, who wants to go to the lake? It looks like I'm gonna be free for most of the day.

OSWALD

Don't talk like that, Drew.

LEWIS

Yeah, we've still six miles to come up with a plan... and I hope you haven't forgotten that I still have half a mind.

KATE

(RASPY)

Grrghgh grrgdhdsh.

KATE PATS DREW ON THE ARM.

DREW

Thanks Kate. That means a lot at a time like this. What the hell did you say?

OSWALD

She got a really bad tarragon throat  
burn last night trying to copy Marvell's  
salad dressing.

KATE HOLDS UP A BOTTLE OF MURKY LIQUID.

DREW

Don't give up now. Remember, Heinz  
burned his throat 56 times before he  
got it right.

KATE SMILES.

DREW (CONT'D)

Ooh, I think I might go to Marvell's  
for lunch after I get fired.

KATE PUNCHES DREW.

DREW (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

LEWIS

Never taunt a woman who can't scream.  
They get violent.

OSWALD

That takes me back.

DREW

Wait a minute. Let me see that.

DREW GRABS THE BOTTLE FROM KATE.

DREW (CONT'D)

I might not be dead after all.

LEWIS

No, you're dead.

OSWALD

He's right, Drew. We were just lying  
to you to cheer you up.

KATE NODS HER AGREEMENT.

DREW

Hold on.

DREW MAKES A HARD LEFT.

LEWIS

Dear god, he's taking us with him!

LEWIS/OSWALD

No!

KATE

Grrghrrgh!

DISSOLVE TO:

F

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

(DREW, KATE, LEWIS, OSWALD, MIMI, WICK, OFFICE EXTRAS)

DREW ENTERS CARRYING A PLATE OF LETTUCE. KATE FOLLOWS BEHIND HIM WITH A BOTTLE OF DRESSING. LEWIS AND OSWALD TRAIL.

LEWIS

Listen Drew, how many times do I have to tell you? If you're going to stop for roadside produce, you need to warn us!

DREW

I said I was sorry.

LEWIS

A lot of good that does us, these are our only pairs of Marvell's authentic Peruvian nap pantaloons.

A WIDE SHOT REVEALS OSWALD AND LEWIS ARE HOLDING CAPS OVER THEIR CROTCHES.

OSWALD

I thought for sure we were checking out, otherwise I'm in total control. Seriously, I don't have a problem.

DREW

The bathroom is down the hall.

OSWALD

Thanks.

OSWALD STARTS TO WALK LEFT, BUT LEWIS PULLS HIM TO THE RIGHT.

LEWIS

This way. The dryers on the third floor have attachments.

OSWALD

Attachments? Really?

LEWIS

Lucky for Drew there's upside to all this.

OSWALD AND LEWIS EXIT.

DREW

Okay, load it up.

KATE SMOTHERS THE SALAD WITH DRESSING.

DREW (CONT'D)

Let's go.

THEY CROSS OVER TO MIMI AT HER DESK.

DREW (CONT'D)

Is Mr. Wick in yet?

MIMI

You're still working here, aren't you?

DREW

Well, I want to see him as soon as he gets in.

MIMI

What for? You're supposed to be afraid of him right now.



DREW

My *friend* Kate here, who unlike some people happens to be a decent human being, figured out the Marvell's salad dressing recipe. So while I grovel for my job, she's going to give this to Mr. Wick as a thinly disguised bribe.

MIMI

Ha! That's lame even for your pea brain.

DREW

Well, I'm certainly not going to argue lameness with an expert.

MIMI

You aren't going to be here long enough to argue anything with anyone.

DREW

Shrew.

MIMI

Pig.

DREW

Circus freak.

DREW TURNS AWAY, THEN TURNS BACK AND GRABS MIMI'S CONTAINER OF PENCILS.

DREW (CONT'D)

And you should be embarrassed to call yourself a secretary, with all OF these dull pencils. I'll sharpen them for you.

DREW CROSSES TO HIS OWN DESK.

MIMI

It's too late to kiss up, Drew. I'm telling Mr. Wick about your tattoo the minute he gets here.

DREW SITS DOWN AND SLOWLY STARTS SHARPENING MIMI'S PENCILS.

MIMI STARTS IN ON HER PAPERWORK, BUT SHE IS DISTRACTED BY THE SALAD. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, SHE SUCCOMBS TO TEMPTATION AND **TAKES A BITE OF THE SALAD.**

HER EYES BUG OUT.

MR. WICK ENTERS.

DREW

Good morning Mr. Wick.

WICK

Good morning, Carey. I trust that we're still one big happy family.

DREW

Yes, sir.

DREW ESCORTS MR. WICK TO MIMI'S DESK.

MIMI

Grrgghgh.

MIMI POINTS AT DREW'S BUTT.

WICK

What's wrong with her?

DREW

Nothing serious. I think she got a sore throat staying up late last night. She was making you this salad.

MIMI

Grgghgrgh!

DREW

Go ahead, try some.

DREW HANDS WICK A FORK.

WICK

Normally, I'd jump at the offer of a salad at nine o'clock in the morning, but I just polished off a bushel of carrots for breakfast.

WICK GIVES THE FORK BACK TO DREW AND STARTS TO WALK OFF.

MIMI SIGHS RELIEF. DREW PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

DREW

But sir, it's a gift from *family*.

WICK

Well, when you put it like that.

WICK TAKES THE FORK.

MIMI

Grgghgh! Grgghgh!

MIMI GRABS A SHEET OF PAPER, BUT IS FOILED WHEN SHE PICKS UP HER EMPTY PENCIL CUP.

DREW LAUGHS.

MIMI REACH BEHIND HER EAR AND GRABS AN EYE LINER PENCIL.

DREW

Damn.

WICK

(READING)

Look... at... Drew's... butt. He's...  
been... to... Marvell's.

DREW GRABS MIMI'S PENCIL OUT OF HER HAND.

WICK (CONT'D)

What's this?

DREW

It's probably her cold, sir. Her  
sinuses must have backed up into her  
brain.

MIMI FRANTICALLY POINTS AT DREW'S BUTT.

WICK

Carey, I want to see your bottom.

DREW

No offense, sir, but I don't think of  
you like that.

STILL HOLDING MIMI'S EYE LINER, DREW STICKS HIS  
HAND DOWN THE BACK OF HIS PANTS.

WICK

Carey.

DREW

Really, Mr. Wick, I've got a rash, and  
I don't want to spoil your appetite  
before you try Mimi's salad.

WICK

Carey, you can either show me your  
bottom this instant... or pack your  
things.

DREW PULLS HIS HAND OUT OF HIS PANTS.

DREW

Well, since I forgot to bring luggage.

DREW BEGINS SLIDING DOWN HIS PANTS.

DREW (CONT'D)

You know, I usually make a guy buy me  
a drink first.

OFF DREW'S BUTT, WICK'S FROWN TURNS INTO A SMILE.

WICK

Good show, Carey. That's the spirit.

AS MIMI'S SMILE DISAPPEARS, LEWIS, OSWALD, AND KATE  
ENTER AND APPROACH DREW'S BUTT.

OSWALD

(READING)

Marvell's... sucks.

DREW TOSSES MIMI HER EYE LINER.

DREW

(ASIDE TO EVERYONE BUT WICK)

Heh, heh. heh. I always knew my hours of backwards butt painting practice would pay off someday. Take that you witch.

WICK

Okay, where's that salad?

WICK PICKS UP THE PLATE.

MIMI

Grrggghrgh!

WICK

What's that?

DREW

Oh, that's right. Mimi wanted to talk to you about her raise. She realized she didn't need it after all.

WICK

No?

DREW

No. She decided that my fumigating her pit last night was enough good will, and she couldn't live with herself if I took a pay cut. Isn't that right, Mimi?

MIMI GRIMACES BUT NODS.

WICK

Whatever you say.

DREW

Okay then... bon apete.

WICK STICKS HIS FORK INTO THE SALAD.

MIMI

Grgghrgrrhg!

DREW GRABS WICK'S ARM BEFORE HE CAN PUT THE BITE OF SALAD INTO HIS MOUTH.

DREW

Oh yeah, she just remembered she sneezed  
on the plate.

DREW GRABS THE SALAD AND THROWS IT IN THE TRASH.

WICK

I just love the way we're all looking  
out for each other. I'm just giddy  
over it. You know what, call my uncle  
and tell him he can have his job back.

DREW

That's the spirit, sir.

WICK

At two-thirds salary.

BEAT.

WICK (CONT'D)

And, because of the loyalty you've all  
shown, I'm lifting the ban on Marvell's.

KATE RACES TO THE PHONE. AS SHE DIALS, SHE VIOLENTLY  
CLEARS HER THROAT.

KATE

(RASPY)

I'd like to order a large salad.

SFX: SIRENS.

DREW

What's that?

OSWALD LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.

OSWALD

The cops are putting up yellow tape  
all around Marvell's.

WICK

I'll get to the bottom of this.

WICK PICKS UP A PHONE AND DIALS.

WICK (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Nigel Wick over at  
Winfred-Lauder. There's a disturbance  
across the street and I'd like to know  
what's going on.

(BEAT)

I see. Thank you.

WICK HANGS UP.

DREW

What's happening?

WICK

The city's closing down Marvell's. It  
seems they've been putting addictive  
hallucinogens in their salad dressing.



ALL EYES SHIFT TO KATE.

KATE

(RASPY)

Ha, that's ridiculous. I can quit any  
time I want. Addictive? Ridicu...

SHE BOLTS FOR THE DOOR. LEWIS AND OSWALD BLOCK  
HER.

KATE (CONT'D)

One more bite. I need it.

LEWIS

For God's sake, won't somebody get the  
beef council on the phone? We've got  
to get her off lettuce and into a  
program stat! Do it! Do it!

KATE

No!

FADE OUT.

G

FADE IN:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (DAY 4)

(DREW, KATE, LEWIS, OSWALD, WAITRESS, EXTRAS)

DREW, KATE, LEWIS, AND OSWALD SIT AT A TABLE LOOKING AT MENUS.

KATE THROWS HER MENU DOWN.

KATE

I can't do it.

DREW

Yes, you can.

OSWALD

We love you, and we're here for you.

WAITRESS APPROACHES.

LEWIS

You can, you can... you can.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

KATE SLUMPS HER HEAD.

DREW

Kate!

KATE

I'll have the salmon.

WAITRESS

And that comes with your choice of  
soup, or our house specialty tarragon  
vinegrette salad.

KATE

Um... uh...

THE GUYS ENCOURAGE HER WITH FIST PUMPS AND HOPEFUL  
EXPRESSIONS.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'll have the soup.

LEWIS

Yes!

DREW

Way to go.

OSWALD

Right on.

WAITRESS

And for you gentlemen?

DREW

I'll have a large salad.

LEWIS

Me too.

OSWALD

Ditto.

THE WAITRESS LEAVES, BUT OSWALD CALLS OUT TO HER.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

...with extra tarragon!

FADE OUT.

END SHOW.