

MIKE AND MOLLY

MEAT THE VEGAN

by
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COLD OPENING

EXT. THE CHOPPING BLOCK - DAY

MIKE AND MOLLY WAIT IN A LINE OUTSIDE THE DOORS OF A TWO-STORY BRICK BUILDING WITH WINDOWS AND AWNING DECORATED WITH CULINARY MOTIFS. MOLLY CLUTCHES A COOKBOOK WHILE MIKE HAS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. THE LINE BEGINS TO MOVE.

MOLLY

Oooh, finally. Isn't this exciting?

MIKE

Exciting? I should be home watching the Bears give Green Bay a good pounding. Instead I spend my Sunday waiting in line for some cooking class. Looks like my manhood's the one getting the beat down.

MOLLY

Mike, I told you, this isn't just any cooking class, it's run by Vegan Queen Chef Joy. (SHOWS COOKBOOK COVER OF NUTTY VEGGIE FRUITY MOSAIC) Doesn't her signature dish look scrumptious?

MIKE

Jungle on a plate? Heck no. Now if I
were an orangutang? Put me on her
mailing list.

THE LINE MOVES THROUGH THE DOOR...

INT. THE CHOPPING BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

A CLASSROOM SETUP LIKE A KITCHEN. MOLLY APPROACHES A TABLE
WHERE A FEMALE ASSISTANT HANDS OUT NAME TAGS.

ASSISTANT

Name?

MOLLY

Molly Biggs?

THE ASSISTANT SEARCHES THEN FINDS THE "MOLLY BIGGS" NAME TAG
AND HANDS IT TO HER. NOW MIKE APPROACHES...

ASSISTANT

Name?

MIKE

Meat. Eater.

RAISED EYEBROWS AND SCOLDING LOOKS. MOLLY ELBOWS HIM.

MOLLY

(TO ASSISTANT) Uh... try "Mike Biggs".

THE ASSISTANT FINDS TAG AND HANDS IT TO MIKE. HE PUTS IT ON.

MIKE

Gees. Herbivores got no sense of humor.

MIKE AND MOLLY CROSS TO THE FRONT ROW AND HOIST THEMSELVES ONTO STOOLS. MIKE LOOKS ABOUT, THEN REGARDS A BOWL OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IN FRONT OF HIM. HE PICKS OUT A CARROT.

MOLLY

That's a root vegetable. Naturally low in calories.

MIKE

So are my shoes but you don't see me eatin' them. (TOSSES CARROT BACK) And how much did this veggie bake-a-thon set us back anyway?

MOLLY

I bought her book so day one is free for me and a guest. And you're my guest. Relax.

MIKE

Sorry. It's just, I feel like I'm here against my will. Like I got kidnapped and sent to a commune for plant eaters.

MOLLY

Look, we learn to cook healthier,
we'll eat healthier. Embrace change.

MOLLY SURVEYS THE CLASSROOM. THEN HER LOOK TURNS TO CONCERN.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Gees. Chef Joy's followers all look
like they came straight out of the
pages of Health and Fitness.

MIKE

Yea. I feel out of place. Like a
chilli burger surrounded by fruit
salad.

MOLLY

Well hopefully after a few classes and
some veggie burgers, we'll fit in too.

MIKE

Whoa. Veggie burgers? A few classes?
Not a chance in HELL-- lthy. Just this
one class. Got it? One class!

CHEF JOY (O.S.)

(THICK ROMANIAN ACCENT) WELCOME MY
BEAUTIFUL VEGAN PUPILS...

AND IN SWAYS CHEF JOY, A GORGEOUSLY THIN BRUNETTE WITH GLOWING SKIN AND LONG SHAPELY LEGS. THE CLASS APPLAUDS.

MIKE

What, is that?

MOLLY

It's her. It's Vegan Queen Chef Joy.

CHEF JOY IS HANDED A PLATTER OF APPETIZERS.

CHEF JOY

Class, open wide.

ODDLY, THE STUDENTS TILT THEIR HEADS AND OPEN THEIR MOUTHS.

CHEF JOY (CONT'D)

(TOSSING IN APPETIZERS) My latest mushroom masterpiece. Fresh...

NOW MOLLY TILTS HER HEAD BACK. MIKE BESIDE HIMSELF.

MIKE

What the heck?

MOLLY

Vegan Queen ritual. Open wide.

CHEF JOY

Healthy...

MOLLY OPENS WIDE AND AN APPETIZER IS TOSSED IN. SHE SAVORS IT DOWN LIKE SHE'S IN HEAVEN. MOLLY TURNS TO MIKE. NOW HIS TURN.

MIKE

No way. If it ain't USDA Prime, these
lips are sealed.

CHEF JOY APPROACHES MIKE ALL CLEAVAGE AND SENSUAL.

CHEF JOY

Organic.

MIKE'S JAW DROPS. CHEF JOY POPS IN THE APPETIZER. HE CHEWS.

CHEF JOY (CONT'D)

Well?

MIKE

(SWALLOWS) Okay I'm in.

MOLLY

What?

MIKE

And if I'm still not a veggie burger
expert after this? I'll take the
course all over again. Deal?

MOLLY

(TO CHEF JOY) Wow. Never seen him act
like this before. (TO CHEF JOY'S
CLEAVAGE) Gotta be your mushrooms.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

MIKE IS DRIVING. MOLLY IS IN THE PASSENGER SEAT. MIKE REVEALS THE CARROT, TAKES A BITE CRUNCHING LOUDLY WHILE HE CHEWS.

MOLLY

Hey, you're devouring our homework.

MIKE

Low in saturated fat, great source of Vitamin A, Vitamin C, Vitamin K... I couldn't resist.

MOLLY

And you're full of Vitamin B.S.

MIKE

Now why would you say such a thing?

MOLLY

Because before tonight, I couldn't get you to look at a salad bar let alone eat at one.

MIKE

Never trusted salad bars. Foods that need a sneeze guard freaks me out.

MOLLY

Well the way you're munching on that
carrot freaks me out. (THEN) Gimme it.

MIKE SHOVES THE LAST PIECE IN HIS MOUTH AND CRUNCHES AWAY.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey. Now you're scaring me.

MIKE

I know. I'm scaring me too. That Vegan
Queen really knows her stuff. I think
I actually learned something tonight.

ANGLE ON: MOLLY.

MOLLY

Mike, really?

MIKE

Yea. Carrots give me gas.

MOLLY

(SNIFFS, THEN) Mike! Really?

MOLLY ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW AND WAVES THE AIR.

MIKE

Sorry. Must be all that beta-kerosene.
(OFF MOLLY'S GLARE) Look, the class is
great. When's our next lesson?

MOLLY

(FLATTERED) Oh, Mike. But the course
runs another four days. You sure?

MIKE

I dunno. Can your nose handle it?

MOLLY PLAYFULLY PINCHES HIS GUT.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE BINT. ABE'S HOT BEEF - MORNING

MIKE AND CARL IN UNIFORM, SEATED AT A TABLE. SAMUEL CROSSES OVER WITH A TRAY OF FOOD AND SERVES IT TO THEM, DURING:

SAMUEL

Alright, gentleman. (TO CARL) For you, eggs, toast, sausage, bacon, ham, sauteed onions and... a side of cheese fries. Did I forget anything?

CARL

You'll know if I don't leave a tip.

SAMUEL

You never leave a tip.

CARL

See, you remember everything.

SAMUEL

(TO MIKE) And for you big Mike, lime juice, honey, and cayenne pepper. Now would you like food with your breakfast?

MIKE

Thanks, Samuel. Got all the food I need right here.

CARL

That ain't food. That's what you rub inside of a chicken before you shove it in the oven.

SAMUEL

Or a home remedy to get rid of the hangover.

MIKE

Guys, I told you. This Chef Joy is adamant. The body must be cleansed of all toxins before the journey to health begins.

CARL

Well I think it's your brain that went on a diet.

MIKE

Oh I'm thinking clearly, Carl. And veganism's not a diet. It's a lifestyle.

CARL

Well damn. Enlighten us Obi-Green Kenobi.

MIKE OBLIGES, TAKES HIS GLASS OF WATER AND MIXES IN ALL THE INGREDIENTS DURING THE FOLLOWING:

MIKE

Lime juice? Naturally cleans the gut.
Honey? Easily digestible and decreases stress levels.

CARL

Wait. Mike regular and angst-free? I might like this.

MIKE

And let me tell you. Straining? (THEN)
Thing of the past.

SAMUEL

Please, don't tell us your future.

MIKE

Finally the cayenne pepper. Burns it all up, baby.

WITH A TOAST, MIKE CHUGS IT DOWN. THEN COUGHS AND GAGS. CARL AND SAMUEL SHARE A LOOK, THEN:

CARL

Where that damn chicken at.

CARL DUCKS TO LOOK UNDER THE TABLE.

SAMUEL

If it has four legs, gray, long tailed
and squeaks like a mouse? It ain't
chicken. (ON A THOUGHT) Might taste
like chicken.

SAMUEL CROSSES BACK BEHIND THE COUNTER.

MIKE

Yea. I rest my case.

CARL

Man, good luck with this class and
that vegan chic.

MIKE

So none of this interest you.

CARL

Lava interests me but I don't want to
swim in it.

MIKE

But you're always the one who's open
to this kinda stuff. Why not?

CARL

Because you're a three-hundred pound
meat-eating Chicago cop who now thinks
he's an iguana.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

That ain't cooking class, that's
voodoo. Vegan Queen put a spell on
you.

MIKE

Oh now you're just being paranoid.

MIKE THEN PICKS UP HIS GLASS TO DRINK BUT IT'S EMPTY SO HE
TONGUES THE RESIDUE - LIKE AN IGUANA. CARL STARES AT HIM.

CARL

I rest my case.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE CEXT. SMALL BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

A MODEST HOME ON THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF CHICAGO.

INT. SMALL BRICK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOYCE AND VICTORIA SIT ON THE SOFA ENJOYING A GLASS OF RED WINE, WHILE VINCE, REMOTE IN HAND, IS RELAXED ON THE RECLINER IN FRONT OF THE TV WATCHING THE FOOTBALL GAME.

VINCE

Boy, we gotta great quarterback this year, huh?

JOYCE

Oh sure. The tukus on that guy looks way more appealing than the one last season.

VICTORIA

Yea. I'd squeeze that tailgate any day.

VINCE

Excuse me? I'm talkin' about his 68 percent completion rating. What the heck are you twos talkin' about?

JOYCE

(POURING MORE WINE) His butt.

VICTORIA

Yea. All 100 percent of it.

VICTORIA AND JOYCE TOAST THEN SIP.

VINCE

Mike, get out here and assist will ya?

MIKE (O.S.)

I got more important things than
football right now.

VINCE

What's more important than The Bears?

THEN MIKE CROSSES IN HOLDING A STAINLESS STEEL SALAD TONG AND
WEARING AN APRON BRIGHTLY COLORED WITH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What, in the heck, do you got on?

MIKE

An "eat your fruit and veggies" apron.

VINCE

So let me get this straight. You're in
the kitchen.

MIKE

I'm always in the kitchen.

VINCE

In an apron!

MIKE

So I don't stain my clothes!

VINCE

So you stain your dignity instead?

A BEAT. MIKE CONSIDERS.

MIKE

I gotta go toss a salad.

MIKE CROSSES OUT. VICTORIA SCOLDS VINCE WITH A LOOK.

VINCE

What? He looks like the mayor of the
produce aisle.

JOYCE TOASTS IN AGREEMENT, SIPS HER WINE.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

MOLLY CHOPPING CARROTS CAREFULLY AND PRECISELY. MIKE TIGHTENS
THE LACES ON HIS APRON AND APPROACHES MOLLY WITH A BUTT SHOVE
TO FORCE HER ASIDE.

MOLLY

Hey!

MIKE

We're acing this assignment.

A FRUSTRATED MIKE TAKES THE KNIFE, STARTS SPEED CHOPPING.
MOLLY STARTS TO REACT, THEN HER LOOK CHANGES AS IF TURNED ON.

MOLLY

Wow. Never seen you move so fast.

(A BEAT, THEN) Don't stop.

MIKE

(STILL SPEED CHOPPING) Forget salad.

I'm creating an organic masterpiece.

Prove to all the naysayers I got this.

MOLLY

Please don't stop.

MIKE

(STILL SPEED CHOPPING) Like you said
in class. Embrace change.

MOLLY CAN'T CONTAIN HERSELF. SHE CUPS HIS BUTT.

MOLLY

Change is good.

MIKE HALTS. MOLLY BREATHING HEAVILY.

MIKE

Moll?

MOLLY

(SENSUOUSLY) Yes.

MIKE

Did you forget to remove something
from your hand?

MOLLY REMOVES HER HAND. SHE'S HOLDING A CARROT.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

VINCE, ENGROSSED WITH THE GAME, LEANS IN CLOSER AND CLOSER...

VINCE

Run it... run it... run it...

(FISTS ABOVE HEAD) TOUCHDOWN!

JOYCE

Wow, why can't you get that excited
with our game play?

VINCE

Get on TV and run fast and we'll talk.

VICTORIA

Fumble...

VINCE

Okay. Halftime. (WHIPS OUT CELLPHONE)

We ordering pizza or subs?

VICTORIA

Wait, are Mike and Moll not in that
kitchen making us a healthy meal for a
change?

A BEAT.

VINCE

(TO JOYCE) Sausage or pepperoni?

VICTORIA

Awww but the two of them are hard at work together on their little veggie assignment. Like two peas in a pot.

JOYCE

"POD". Two peas in a "POD". "POT" is that other vegetable you harvest.

VICTORIA

Great. Now I got the munchies.

(CALLING OUT) When do we eat?

MIKE (O.S.)

WELCOME MY BEAUTIFUL VEGAN PUPILS.

AND IN SWAYS "VEGAN KING MIKE" STILL IN APRON, AND BALANCING A PLATTER OF APPETIZERS. MOLLY FOLLOWS BEHIND. MIKE STOPS IN FRONT OF VINCE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My latest creation. (THEN) Hummus balls.

VINCE LOOKS TO MOLLY.

MOLLY

Come on Vince, taste Mike's balls and let us know what you think.

AFTER A BEAT.

VINCE

Okay. Who's goin' to the deli.

MOLLY

Hey come on. It's our assignment. If we get an A, the rest of the class is free. Just give your honest opinion.

MIKE PINCHES THE APPETIZER TO TOSS IT INTO VINCE'S MOUTH.

MIKE

Vegan Queen ritual. Open wide.

VINCE PURSES HIS LIPS AND TURNS HIS HEAD.

JOYCE

Vince, it's just mashed chickpeas.

VICTORIA

(LAUGHS) Ha. Peas in your mouth.

RELUCTANTLY, VINCE OPENS HIS MOUTH BUT SLIGHTLY. MIKE TOSSES BUT THE HUMMUS BALL LANDS SQUARE BETWEEN VINCE'S EYES.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS) Ha. Face plant.

VINCE

It stings!

MIKE

You should've closed your eyes.

VINCE

(WIPING) Okay enough! I'll taste it on my own.

VICTORIA

Yea... I'll taste one too.

JOYCE

What the hell, you only die once.

VICTORIA, JOYCE, AND VINCE PICK FROM THE PLATTER AND POP THE HUMMUS BALL APPETIZERS IN THEIR MOUTHS.

MOLLY

Well?

AFTER A BEAT

VICTORIA

VINCE

JOYCE

C minus.

D.

F plus.

THEY NOTICE THE DISAPPOINTMENT ON MIKE'S FACE, THEN:

VICTORIA

VINCE

JOYCE

A.

A.

A.

MIKE

Worst poker faces ever.

IN A SLUMP, MIKE CROSSES OUT AND MOLLY FOLLOWS DURING:

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

Maybe I should've went with the carrot loaf.

MOLLY (O.S.)

My nose can't handle it!

BACK ON JOYCE, VICTORIA, AND VINCE

A PEEK TO BE SURE ALL IS CLEAR, THEN VINCE SPITS INTO THE
GARBAGE WHILE VICTORIA AND JOYCE GULP DOWN THEIR WINE.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE EINT. MIKE AND MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE AND MOLLY ASLEEP. THEN MIKE BEGINS TO TOSS AND TURN.

MIKE

(IN HIS SLEEP) Fillet Mignon...

Porterhouse... NY Strip... PORK CHOPS!

MIKE PROPS UP IN A SWEAT. MOLLY STIRS, BUT THEN SNORTS AND ROLLS OVER. ALL CLEAR, MIKE OPENS THE END-TABLE DRAWER AND PULLS OUT A PLASTIC CONTAINER. HE PRIES THE LID, REACHES INSIDE, PULLS SOMETHING OUT AND IS ABOUT TO EAT IT...

MOLLY (O.S.)

You wouldn't dare.

THE LIGHT FLICKS ON: MOLLY SITTING UP LOOKING AT HIM.

MIKE

You're awake?

MOLLY

Am I. (THEN) A stash of beef jerky?

Really, Mike? A stash of beef jerky?

MIKE

I'm falling hard, Moll. Real hard.

MOLLY

Monosodium glutamate, sodium nitrite,
preservatives? You eat that and you'll
do more than fall, Mike. You'll hit
rock bottom.

MIKE CONSIDERING THE JERKY. SAVORING IT, THEN:

MIKE

I can live with that.

AND MIKE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO DEVOUR THE JERKY BUT MOLLY
WRESTLES HIS HAND AWAY. A STRUGGLE DURING:

MOLLY

Mike! Where's your will power. You're
stronger than this. Besides, what
would Vegan Queen Chef Joy say?

MIKE PAUSES A MOMENT, THEN:

MIKE

Open wide?

AND THEY GO BACK TO THE WRESTLING...

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE FINT. THE CHOPPING BLOCK - DAY

MIKE AND MOLLY CROSS TO SIT ON THEIR STOOLS. MIKE EYES THE BOWL OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES THEN DISDAINFULLY SLIDES IT TO THE OTHER END. FRUIT AND VEGETABLES TOPPLE OUT.

MOLLY

Gees. You're grumpy when you're tired.
Hope you didn't lose too much sleep.

MIKE

Well my momentary lapse in judgement
was cut short by your very skillful
headlock. However with the lack of
oxygen, I slept like a baby.

MOLLY

Your welcome.

AT THE FRONT OF THE CLASS, CHEF JOY SAMPLING THE VARIOUS DISHES THEN MARKING THE GRADE ON HER CLIPBOARD.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oooh, I think she's sampling ours.

THEN CHEF JOY GAGS AND SPITS INTO A WASTE BASKET THEN STAGGERS TO A BOTTLE OF WINE AND TAKES A SWIG.

MIKE

(TO MOLLY) Too much salt?

CHEF JOY SLOWLY TURNS TO THE CLASS. SHE DOESN'T LOOK HAPPY.

CHEF JOY

To be a great vegan chef, you must
prepare your dishes with passion.

(MORE)

CHEF JOY (CONT'D)

If you don't come with passion, you
bring fervor. If you lack the fervor
you give it zeal-- not salt! ZEAL!
Questions?

MIKE NERVOUSLY RAISES HIS HAND.

CHEF JOY (CONT'D)

Yes. Meat Eater.

MIKE

Uh, passion, zeal. What if you don't
have any of those things. Will chicken
broth do?

THE CLASS GASPS. MOLLY BURIES HER HEAD IN HER HANDS.

CHEF JOY

Meat Eater. Come to me.

MOLLY

(UNDER HER BREATH) Gees, Mike. Chicken
broth? What part of being a Vegan
don't you understand?

MIKE

(UNDER HIS BREATH) I dunno. I guess
the vegetarian part?

MIKE HOPS OFF THE STOOL AND NERVOUSLY APPROACHES CHEF JOY.

CHEF JOY

You make fun, Meat Eater?

MIKE

Uh, just a bit of carnivore humor I
guess.

CHEF JOY

Ah. A funny flesh-eater. So I ask you
beef-muncher, heart disease. Amusing?

MIKE

Well, of course not--

CHEF JOY

Stroke. Humorous?

MIKE

Stroke, like with your hand?

MOLLY

Mike!

CHEF JOY

(POINTS TO MIKE) Like with your heart!

(POINTS TO MOLLY) And hers!

CHEF JOY EMOTING ALL PASSIONATE AND THEATRICAL.

CHEF JOY (CONT'D)

The bacon... The burger... The--

MIKE

Meatball grinder?

MOLLY SINKS. SHE'S TOTALLY EMBARRASSED.

CHEF JOY

I was going to say hoagie but same
difference.

MIKE

Well actually...

CHEF JOY THROWS HIM A GLARE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We don't have to go there.

CHEF JOY

Oh but we do.

MIKE

Oh, okay. See, the hoagie was
originally created in Philly. Variety
of meats, cheeses, whereas the
grinder, that's a New England thing so
think meatballs--

CHEF JOY

Enough! You, Meat Eater, are not one
of us and you don't belong. Goodbye.

ANGLE ON: MIKE.

MIKE

Gees. Just when I was gonna tell you
all about the Louisiana Po'Boy. (THEN)
Look, I'm sorry. (TO THE CLASS) Sorry
for the distraction.

AND MIKE STARTS OFF.

MOLLY

Mike, wait.

MOLLY LEAPS OFF THE STOOL AND STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM.

MIKE

It's okay, Moll. She's right. Look at
me. I like my hot dogs. I like my
steaks. But you know what I love the
most? (A BEAT, THEN) You. So I need
you healthy. 'Cause I can't lose you.

ANGLE ON: MOLLY.

MOLLY

Oh, Mike. We don't need to fit in to
some group just to be healthy. We just
need support. From each other.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

That's called a healthy relationship.

(A BEAT, THEN) I love you too.

MIKE AND MOLLY KISS. THEN THEY PART AND START FOR THE EXIT.

CHEF JOY

Wait. What about your appetizers.

Don't you want to know your grade?

MOLLY

Are you kidding me? They're hummus balls. Who eats hummus balls?

ANGLE ON: THE CLASS.

ALL RAISE THEIR HAND.

MIKE

Enjoy my balls.

AND MIKE AND MOLLY LEAVE HAND IN HAND.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAGINT. SMALL BRICK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SITTING ON THE SOFA AND IN CHAIRS, WE FIND CARL, VICTORIA, JOYCE, VINCE, AND MIKE'S MOM PEGGY, THEIR EYES CLOSED, THEIR HEADS TILTED, AND THEIR MOUTHS OPEN. MIKE WITH A PLATTER OF BITE-SIZED DOGS 'N' HOGS APPETIZERS. MOLLY AT HIS SIDE.

MIKE

Now keep your eyes shut, and your
mouth open.

PEGGY

Last time I heard a line like that was
from your father in the back of his
nineteen seventy two Chevy Chevelle.

MIKE

Will you shut up and close your eyes.

PEGGY

He said that too.

MIKE AIMS FOR CARL'S MOUTH, TOSSES... MAKES IT. CARL CHEERS.

MOLLY AIMS FOR VICTORIA'S MOUTH, TOSSES... MAKES IT. VICTORIA
HIGH-FIVES CARL.

MIKE AIMS FOR JOYCE'S MOUTH, TOSSES... MAKES IT. JOYCE HIGH-
FIVES VICTORIA.

MOLLY AIMS FOR PEGGY'S MOUTH, TOSSES... MAKES IT.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

MOLLY

That was me.

PEGGY

Lucky shot.

FINALLY IT'S VINCE'S TURN. EYES CLOSED, MOUTH OPEN... MIKE
AIMS... BUT THEN HEARS:

LOUD SNORING -- VINCE IN A DEEP SLEEP. LOOKS EXCHANGED. THEN
VINCE SNORTS AWAKE SMACKING HIS LIPS AS IF JUST EATEN, THEN:

VINCE

Not bad. Next time use more salt.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW