RESTARAUNT WITH NO MENU

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INT. RESTARAUNT - NIGHT

A man is seated at a table with a glass of wine and a lit candle on it.

A waiter glides out to the table.

WAITER
Here is your appetizer Sir.

STAN
Chicken wings? I was under the impression that the “Restaurant with No Menu” would be special and fun. I can get chicken wings at Hooters anytime. I collect there coupons.

WAITER
These are Last Supper Wings.

STAN
Jesus Christ.

WAITER
Exactly Sir. Thirteen delicious buffalo wings and one of them will send you off to hell.

STAN
So one of them is super hot?

WAITER
No Sir, one of them is poisoned. We call it the Judas wing. Our special version of the Hot Ones craze.

STAN
That's crazy, I might die?

WAITER
The waiver was in your reservations Sir. You can't leave until your meal is finished.

STAN
Insane.

WAITER
Some would say you're insane Sir. You agreed to it. You only have to eat three. I'll be right back with your entree, Good luck Sir.

The waiter strolls off.

STAN
Good luck Sir.

Stan hems and haws, sniffs at the wings, genuflects then suddenly puts one after the other into his mouth sucking the saucy meet off of three bones.

He then sticks his tongue out and taps it.

Rolls his shoulders up, then takes a drink of wine.

The waiter brings out a silver domed plate.

WAITER
I see you're still with us Sir, Happy resurrection.

STAN
Uh Huh...

WAITER
Here is your entree. Engagement with your entree is encouraged.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Engagement?

The waiter lifts the dome.

PARROT
I'm better than the meatloaf.

WAITER
A live parrot on a plate that talks to you.

STAN
A live parrot I can't eat a live parrot. I won't.

WAITER
The dungeon in the basement currently contains twenty six patrons excited to consume their parrot eventually. Bon appetite Sir.

The waiter steps off to the side.

PARROT
Go ahead, eat me! I've been licking my own ass for six years!

STAN
No way in hell.

PARROT
Just think of the turd I'm going to make.

STAN
Nope.

PARROT
I'm rain forest to table. Rain forest to table.

Stan just shakes his head.

PARROT (CONT'D)
Oh look, you're all by yourself. I this your anniversary with loneliness?

WAITER
That was quite a burn Sir. A real sizzler.

PARROT
Is that a romantic candle, or are we holding a vigil for your sex life?

STAN
Shut up!

PARROT
Only one way to shut me up.

WAITER
The bird is correct Sir.

PARROT
Do you know what toothpaste and mouthwash are?

Stan grabs the parrot.

WAITER
Head first Sir. So the feathers go down smooth.

Stan bites the head off the parrot and chews.

WAITER (CONT'D)
I'll go retrieve your dessert. Banana cream pie.

Stan gulps down the rest of the parrot.

The waiter strolls up with the pie.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Banana dream pie Sir.

The waiter pushes it into Stan's face.

Stan just eye bats the cream away, and licks his lips.

WAITER (CONT'D)
What else did you think we were going to do with it Sir.

BLACKOUT