THAT'S NOT FUNNY: EPISODE 1: ACCENT GRAVE

Written by

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FADE IN.

TEASER

INT. LECTURE HALL - EVENING
(PROFESSOR MILLER, SHAWN, STUDENT)

The class members are making small conversation and some students are talking to the professor.

    PROFESSOR MILLER
    Alright, everyone, quiet down,
    Today we’ll be doing the
    presentations for the open dialogue
    assignment. I will pick a name out
    at random and you better be ready
    to present. You all know the rules,
    you have around five minutes to do
    your presentation, so keep it
    tight, and good luck.

He reads a piece of paper.

    PROFESSOR MILLER (CONT’D)
    Shawn Decker? Are you here?

    SHAWN
    I’m here.

SHAWN DECKER nervously gets up and walks to the professor.

    PROFESSOR MILLER
    Shawn will be doing a stand-up
    comedy routine.

    SHAWN
    Hey guys, how are you all doing
    tonight?
    (pauses)
    No response, that’s a great start,
    so I was at an wax museum recently,
    out of town. Lot of interesting
    people in there. I realized
    something interesting. There are a
    lot more short dictators than tall
    ones. Think about it, Napoleon,
    Hitler, Stalin, Saddam Hussein,
    Putin!
    (pauses)
    There’ve been far more short
    dictators than taller ones.
    (MORE)
SHAWN (CONT’D)
I think this may just be a sign for the tall jocks to stop picking on the short nerds. Why? They end up as ruthless dictators.

The class doesn’t respond. A small bustle breaks in students.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
So I was thinking about the Michael Richards incident the other day, and I couldn’t help but think. It’s it a bit over due with the whole N-word thing? I mean I’m sure black people are passionate about their history and everything, but imagine hating a word so much to the point of owning it. I mean isn’t that a little ironic?

The class talks among themselves.

STUDENT
That’s... Not funny...

He looks around nervously. The professor makes a note on paper.

SHAWN
(to himself)
Oh, crap.

END OF TEASER
ACT I

SCENE A

COLD OPEN

INT. SUBWAY METRO STATION - EVENING
(SHAWN, PETER, BRITTANY)

Shawn is standing with friend PETER COHEN.

SHAWN
You know, what I’ve been thinking about? Getting a new accent.
(beat)
I think it’ll flow well with the crowd, you know, when I do stand-up, you know, like professionally.

PETER
(confused)
What makes you think that?

SHAWN
You know, if they think you’re from a different country, and even if the joke’s not actually funny, they think its their fault for not getting the joke, so I win both ways.

PETER
(making air quotation marks)
You don’t “win”, you lose. If the joke is not funny, then it’s your “fault”

SHAWN
(making quotation marks)
What’s with the air-quotations?

PETER
What about ‘em?

SHAWN
What are you, a flight attendant? You’re talk in signs like that.

PETER
What? I’m being emphatic! That’s how I tell people which word to focus on.
SHAWN
Why do you have to tell people, which word to focus on? Shouldn’t they be able to figure it out themselves?

PETER
Well it changes the meaning of the sentence if you focus on a different word.

SHAWN
No it doesn’t! It just changes the focus of the sentence, doesn’t change the meaning.

Train arrives into station, Shawn and Peter step into the train and stand holding a bar for support.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
It looks so weird and annoying. The air-quotation mark thing. Not to mention highly pretentious.

PETER
How’s that pretentious? I’m just being emphatic. Its perfectly normal to be emphatic.

SHAWN
Yeah, it is perfectly normal to be emphatic. But what’s not normal is that you make “air quotations” for everything. You can be emphatic in other ways, you know.

PETER
What other way?

SHAWN
Take pauses.

PETER
Pauses? What pauses?

SHAWN
It’s like a virtual emphasis. You take a pause
    (pauses)
They you say something
    (pauses)
You pause and then you continue.
PETER
That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.

SHAWN
How about this, do what I do.

PETER
Right. I should be more like you.

SHAWN
Come on, it works! I always over pronounce the important syllables.

PETER
Okay first of all, it does not work, and what’s with that anyway? You do that for everything. Speaking is like an emphasis marathon for you.

SHAWN
Emphasis marathon? Where d’you come up with that?

PETER
You do it consistently all the time, just like a marathon runner. So it’s an emphasis marathon.
(over-pronounces the words “emphasis marathon”)
It’s a joke, moron.

SHAWN
But, it’s not funny.

PETER
Yeah, you should be one to say.

Shawn playfully punches Peter. Train stops at a station, A Caucasian woman, BRITTANY, walks into the train.. She notices Shawn and Peter and walks over.

BRITTANY
(In a Jamaican accent)
Hey guys! How’s it going?

PETER
(smiles back)
Oh Hey!

Peter gets up and kisses Brittany. Shawn very slightly nods to welcome her.
BRITTANY
(softly to PETER)
How was your day?

PETER
Alright, you?

BRITTANY
Not too bad, my stupid boss made me stay late.
(beat)
So Shawn? What’s up with you?

Shawn shrugs lazily.

BRITTANY (CONT’D)
(mocks Shawn’s shrug)
What’s that. What do you mean (shrugs)

SHAWN
I dunno, nothing.

BRITTANY
Then just say nothing.

SHAWN
I did.

BRITTANY
No. Not say nothing. Say (pauses and makes air quotations) “Nothing”

SHAWN
So you do the pause and air-quotations.

BRITTANY
What? (to Peter)
What’s he talking about.

PETER
Never mind.

BRITTANY
So what are you guys up to tonight? Wanna get something to eat?

PETER
Sure, Shawn?
Shawn makes a face.

BRITTANY
What, you don’t wanna eat with us?

SHAWN
It’s not you, I just feel very awkward at your kind of restaurants.

BRITTANY
Our kind of restaurants? What is “our kind”? Yeah quotation marks, that’s what our people do.

PETER
(to Brittany)
Give us a second.
(to Shawn)
Just come. I don’t wanna be alone with her when she’s mad.

SHAWN
But she’s not mad, she’s just being emphatic.

PETER
(suppressed yell)
Will you just drop the emphatic!

SHAWN
All right fine I’ll come.

PETER
Great! Shawn’s coming.

BRITTANY
Okay, but I need to freshen up a little. Where do you guys want to go? We could go to Brusso’s. It’s just on the way.

PETER
Yeah, Brusso’s sounds fine.

SHAWN
Should I go ahead and you guys will join me later?

PETER
Sure, that works, Just make sure you get a good table.
SHAWN
What do you mean good table?

PETER
A good table.

SHAWN
Yeah, What is good table
    (makes air quotations for
    "good table")

PETER
(annoyed)
Never mind, just get a table.

SHAWN
Alright.

The train slows down near a stop.

BRITTANY
Guys we’ve gotta get off.

SHAWN
(to Brittany)
Hey Brittany, do you think I need a
new accent?

Peter rolls his eyes and picks up his bag. He quietly
gestures a puzzled Brittany to not pursue it anymore. They
exit the train.

END OF SCENE A
SCENE B

INT. BRUSSO’S RESTAURANT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Shawn enters.

RECEPTIONIST
Welcome to Brusso’s would you like a table?

SHAWN
Sure, for three.

RECEPTIONIST
Please follow me.

Shawn follows.

SHAWN
(to receptionist)
Hey let me ask you something. What do people mean when they ask for a good table?

RECEPTIONIST
What do you mean good table?

SHAWN
Exactly! I mean who decides what table is good?

RECEPTIONIST
Well some people like tables near the window. You know, further away from the kitchen or the noise or the door, you know?

SHAWN
But how do you know? If someone walks in here saying they wanted a good table, where would you take them?

RECEPTIONIST
Well...I uh...I really don’t know.

SHAWN
I see.

RECEPTIONIST
Well here’s your table. I hope you like it.
Shawn spots an attractive female, SARAH sitting on the table opposite.

SHAWN
(nodding towards attractive female)
This is a pretty good table.

RECEPTIONIST
Thank you. Have a good meal.

The female looks up and smiles at Shawn as he pulls out his pad and starts scribbling. She looks up again

SARAH
Excuse me

Shawn wordlessly responds.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Are you sketching?

SHAWN
Oh not really.

SARAH
Oh, I thought for a minute that you were sketching me.

SHAWN
Oh no, just trying to come up with some jokes.

SARAH
Really? Why?

SHAWN
I’m a stand-up comedian. Or trying to be one at least.

SARAH
Oh that is so cool. I wish I was doing something cool.

SHAWN
Oh what do you do?

SARAH
I’m doing psychology, hopefully become a psychiatrist some day.

SHAWN
You’ll be dealing with whack-jobs all day.

(MORE)
SHAWN (CONT'D)
But the upside to that would be that you’d have great stories for bar talks.

SARAH
What?

SHAWN
It’s a joke..

SARAH
You know you have a very different accent. Where are you from?

SHAWN
I was raised in Melbourne, Australia.

SARAH
That is so cool, I’ve never met anyone from Australia before.

SHAWN
Oh yes, we’re a very privileged people.

SARAH
Is that so?

SHAWN
Oh yea, you have to swim across the world just to get a look at one of us.

SARAH
Oh yeah? And what if someone wanted a second look?

SHAWN
(smiling)
Well, they can call us... maybe talk over drinks, or a meal.

SARAH
Oh yeah? Well I can’t right now.

SHAWN
Oh that’s perfectly fine, you can just give me your number. Or I can give you mine.

They exchange phone numbers.
SHAWN (CONT’D)
Well I’ll call you in three days.

SARAH
Great! It was really nice to meat you.

SHAWN
Perfect!

SARAH
Okay bye.

Sarah exits.

INT. BRUSSO’S RESTAURANT – LATER
(SHAWN, PETER’S VOICE, WAITRESS, MANAGER)

Shawn is sitting alone at a booth in a diner drinking water. There’s jazz music playing in the background. There are not a lot of people in the diner. He’s got a pair of keys, his phone, and a music player on the table. Shawn dials a number on his phone.

SHAWN
Yo, where are you guys! I’ve been waiting for like twenty minutes.

PETER’S VOICE
Hold on, We’re on our way, we’re just walking. Did you order yet?

SHAWN
No, I’ve been waiting for you! Just hurry, I’m starving.

PETER’S VOICE
Hold on, hold on, we’ll be there shortly.

Shawn sits restlessly tapping his hands on the table. A waiter keeps walking back and forth in front of Shawn’s table. Shawn nods to the waiter every time he passes by.

SHAWN
(to waiter)
Hey!

WAITRESS
Yes Sir?
SHAWN
Why do you keep walking back and forth around this table?

WAITRESS
Well sir, that’s my job.

SHAWN
Sure it’s your job when there are people here. But there’s no-one else here.

WAITRESS
Well we need to make sure things are kept properly, nothing is tampered with, you know we need to constantly patrol the area.

SHAWN
Patrol the area? What are you a sheriff? What is this, magnificent Seven? You’re gonna call a posse together?

WAITRESS
I don’t know what you mean, are you interested in ordering?

SHAWN
No, I usually go to restaurants to chat up waiters.

WAITRESS
It’s server.

SHAWN
Waiter, Server, whatever don’t ruin the joke with technicalities.

WAITRESS
What joke?

SHAWN
What I said about going to restaurant and chatting up waiters, that’s a joke.

WAITRESS
Well it wasn’t very funny.

SHAWN
What are you saying?
WAITRESS
That the joke wasn’t funny.

SHAWN
It was funny.

The waitress shrugs.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
I wanna talk to the manager

The manager enters.

MANAGER
(In an English Accent)
Hello Sir, is there a problem?

SHAWN
Hey... Look at that... got a
British thing going on there...
very cool... it’s very cool to have
an accent, you know that?

MANAGER
Well thank you. The waitr-

SHAWN
How do you do that?

MANAGER
Do what?

SHAWN
You know, the accent.

MANAGER
Well I’m not really doing anything,
I’m just British.

SHAWN
I think it’s because you enunciate.
You know. You take pauses, and then
you talk, and then you take pauses.
I think that’s about right. What do
you think?

MANAGER
Sure, whatever you say. What’s the
problem?

SHAWN
I can do a good Australian.
MANAGER
What’s the problem, sir? You said you wanted to speak to me.

SHAWN
Can you believe this? The waitress says that my joke isn’t funny.

MANAGER
What joke?

SHAWN
Well we were talking, he asked me if I was going to order and I said No I just go into restaurant to chat up waiters.

MANAGER
It’s attendants.

SHAWN
She said it was servers.

MANAGER
Well I say it’s attendants.

SHAWN
Interesting.
(pauses)
Either way, the “attendant” said that my joke wasn’t funny.

MANAGER
Well it’s not a joke to begin with, it’s a quip at best, and not a very funny one.

SHAWN
You think it’s a quip? What’s the difference between the joke and a quip? Because they really sound like the same thing.

MANAGER
Well sir, Call it whatever you may, she tells me you’ve been sitting here for about thirty minutes and haven’t ordered anything. I mean are you sure you want to eat?

SHAWN
Yeah I’m going to eat, I’m waiting for my friends to show up.
MANAGER
Well it’s an awfully long time to wait for someone.

SHAWN
No it’s not. It’s just been twenty minutes.

MANAGER
I’m sorry sir, we can’t allow that kind of behavior, we’d like you to leave.

SHAWN
Are you serious? You’re kicking me out for waiting? Your entire business is dependant on waiting!

MANAGER
Well sir, you either order, or leave, we have to cater to other customers too.

SHAWN
What customers! You’ve got as many people as a hooker’s funeral on a Wednesday afternoon.

MANAGER
Alright, that’s it sir, we cannot allow that kind of tone, please leave peacefully or I’m going to have to call security.

SHAWN
(getting up)
Yeah the fat guy with a donut fetish, growing out of a beach chair. That’s cutting edge security.
(picking up his things)
And by the way, your music sucks, maybe you should hire a subway musician, maybe more people will sit down.

MANAGER
(yelling after him)
And don’t bother coming back! I know what you look like.

Shawn leaves the restaurant.
EXT. OUTSIDE BRUSSO’S ON THE SIDEWALK
(PETER, SHAWN, BRITTANY)

Shawn is walking out of Brusso’s. Peter enters holding Brittany’s hand.

PETER
Why are you outside, didn’t you get a table?

SHAWN
(slowly)
Yeah, I don’t think we’re gonna get a table in there, ever.

BRITTANY
Why not?

SHAWN
(laughing slightly)
The manager kicked me out because I didn’t order anything for thirty minutes. Do you believe that?

PETER
Wait, why didn’t you order?

SHAWN
I was waiting for you guys.

PETER
So? You could’ve ordered a drink or something.

SHAWN
I didn’t know what you guys were gonna have.

PETER
Why is that important?

SHAWN
I wanna keep an even manliness-to-drink ratio.

PETER
What ratio, there’s no ratio!

SHAWN
Yes there is, if you ordered beer and I ordered juice, I end up looking like a wuss. I don’t wanna look like a wuss.
PETER
Then you could’ve gotten the beer
and I would’ve gotten the juice!
Would you be happy then?

SHAWN
Nah, then I’ll look like I’m with a
wuss, I don’t wanna be seen with a
wuss.

PETER
Well thanks to you, now we can’t
even get juice in that place.

BRITTANY
(sighs)
Is there a place around here?

Shawn looks up at Brusso’s entrance sign, and looks back at
Brittany.

SHAWN
Wait, China house is like right
around the corner.

PETER
(groaning)
Again?

SHAWN
What’s wrong with it? Food’s good,
not a whole lot of people, and you
get free tea.

PETER
We go there way too many times.
Let’s think of some place else.

BRITTANY
Well I’m really hungry, so better
think of something fast.

Shawn and Peter look around as if hoping a restaurant would
just pop out of no where. They look at each other for a brief
moment.

PETER
(surrendering)
Eh...China house.

BRITTANY
Alright, let’s hurry.

They start walking and reach a turn on the sidewalk.
SHAWN
By the way, the accent thing totally works. I just met this chick she loved my accent. Laughed at everything I said.

PETER
What accent?

SHAWN
My Australian accent.

PETER
What accent? That’s not an Australian accent.

SHAWN
Of course it is! You’ve never been to Australia, you don’t know how they sound.

PETER
I know they don’t sound like that!

BRITTANY
What is this accent business?

PETER
Never mind that, let’s just get going.

They exit.

END OF SCENE B

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE C

EXT. OUTSIDE BRUSSO’S ON THE SIDEWALK - LATER
(SHAWN, PETER, BRITTANY)

Peter, BRITTANY and Shawn are walking out of the restaurant. Peter is scowling at Shawn.

SHAWN
What’s with you?

PETER
Why did you have to ask the waiter what eighteen percent of your bill was?
SHAWN
Because I couldn’t calculate it myself. I would’ve asked you, but I knew you wouldn’t help me.

PETER
It’s simple! Use my system! Divide by ten and add half of that and then add whatever you like to it.

SHAWN
Yeah see, you have a system, I don’t have a system.

PETER
You don’t need a different system! Just use my system.

SHAWN
It’s just a lot easier to ask the waiter, okay. I just finish eating a meal now I gotta do a math test? That’s ridiculous! If I wanted to do math I would’ve stayed in engineering.

PETER
(ridiculously)
You did a year of engineering, you can’t calculate eighteen percent? I mean it’s basic math!

SHAWN
It’s basic math in class. After dinner it’s very complicated. It’s just a lot of social pressure.

PETER
What social pressure?

SHAWN
You’ve got the waitress looking at you, you’re full, you’ve gotta think about getting the hell outta there.

PETER
Only you would see tipping as social pressure.

SHAWN
It is pressure! It’s like right after having sex with a virgin. There’s a lot of pressure.
Brittany looks uncomfortable and scorns at Peter

BRITTANY
I’m going home.

She storms away.

PETER
Great! This is just great.

SHAWN
What’s with her?

Peter stares at him with obviousness.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
What?

PETER
You!

SHAWN
Me? What did I do!

PETER
She’s a virgin! I told you remember?

SHAWN
What! Get outta here! You never told me.

PETER
Now she’s gonna think I tell you everything.

SHAWN
What’s there to tell, she’s a virgin. Not a lot of accomplishments that you can tell me.

PETER
Yeah thanks. Anyway, I gotta go.

SHAWN
Alright let’s go.

PETER
I gotta go with her. My bag’s at her place.
SHAWN
Ah well, good luck.

PETER
By the way could you tell Tarun to call me?

SHAWN
Why don’t you call him yourself?

PETER
(complaining)
Because my phone's dying, just tell him to call me.

SHAWN
(nonchalantly)
Alright. I'll see you at the gym tomorrow.

PETER
Alright, later.

Peter runs to catch up to Brittany. Shawn starts walking in a different direction.

END OF SCENE C

SCENE D

INT. SHAWN’S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn enters the apartment, and sees his roommate TARUN is playing a game on his in the living-room. The living room is fairly clean, there are a few jackets lying on the back of the couch. The kitchen is visible and there are a few dirty dishes.

SHAWN
Hey.

Tarun doesn’t answer. Shawn shakes his head and walks to his bedroom.

SHAWN (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Tarun! Call Peter!

Shawn enters the living room. Tarun notices him.

TARUN
Yo! When did you get home?
SHAWN
Just now, didn’t you hear me call you?

TARUN
Oh, that was you?

SHAWN
Who else could it be?

TARUN
I dunno, thief?

SHAWN
How would a thief come in?

TARUN
Door.

SHAWN
But why would he come in? you’re in the house.

TARUN
I looked pretty busy.

SHAWN
So a thief could enter the house and you wouldn’t know.

TARUN
I guess not.

SHAWN
Interesting... Anyway, Peter wants you to call him.

TARUN
Why didn’t he just call me?

SHAWN
His phone’s dead. I dunno how phones die anyway, I mean you charge it every night, my phone never dies.

TARUN
So what’s up with you? What took you so long?

SHAWN
Eh, Not much really, had dinner with Peter and Brittany.
TARUN
Oh yeah? How’d that go.

SHAWN
Not that great.

Tarun rolls his eyes. Shawn looks around the apartment at the mess.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
So what did you do all day?

TARUN
Playing some games online.

SHAWN
(looking at the kitchen)
We doing the dishes today?

Tarun and Shawn stare silently at the pile of dishes.

SHAWN AND TARUN
Yeah, some other time.

TARUN
Alright, I’ve gotta work on a thesis proposal.

SHAWN
When’s it due?

TARUN
(thinking)
Wednesday.

SHAWN
Today’s Thursday.

TARUN
Yeah, I know, it’s due next Wednesday.

SHAWN
Oh.

TARUN
What’re you gonna do?.

SHAWN
I dunno, try and come up with new material I guess. I totally bombed on that open dialogue assignment.
TARUN
Well, it’s tough. Anyway, see you later.

SHAWN
Night.

Shawn and Tarun exit.

END OF SCENE D
END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE E

EXT. SOME STREET – NEXT MORNING
(SHAWN, LESLEY)

Shawn is walking with his backpack and has both hands in his jacket pockets. A girl is walking closely behind Shawn. He stops at a red light waiting to cross. The girl taps him on his shoulder.

SHAWN
(turning around)
Oh hey! How’s it goin!

LESLEY
Heya, Not too bad, you?

SHAWN
You know, same old. Did you do the readings for today?

LESLEY
Oh no, Didn’t have time, things got a little crazy last night. Me and my room-mate gave each other facials. It was so much fun!

SHAWN
I’m happy for you

LESLEY
(punching him flirtatiously)
Anyway, what’s up with you today?
SHAWN
Well, I’ve got a lecture right now.
    (pauses)
You?

LESLEY
Nothing right now, what lecture do you have?

SHAWN
Uh, what is it, my liberal, pop-culture or something like that.

LESLEY
Hmm, sounds interesting, can I come?

SHAWN
Sure, its a boring class though.

LESLEY
Ah, you’re just a boring student.

SHAWN
I’m a boring student? Get outta here.
    (pauses)
Oh, I just remembered I needed to ask you something.

LESLEY
    (anticipating)
What?

SHAWN
Do you know any one taking linguistics?

LESLEY
    (playfully)
Maybe, why?

SHAWN
Well, could you do me a favour? Could you get me the prof’s name? I kinda need to talk to him, or her whatever the prof is.

LESLEY
    (jokingly)
Sure, but what do I get in return?
SHAWN
(laughing)
I don’t know. How do you return a favour?

LESLEY
What about dinner tonight?

SHAWN
(pause)
Dinner?

LESLEY
Yeah.

SHAWN
Just to clarify, you ask your friends for their prof’s name... and we have dinner... that’s supposed to square us.

LESLEY
Yeah.

SHAWN
How does that square us?

LESLEY
I do you a favour, you do me a favour. That makes us square.

Shawn nods.

SHAWN
So is this, you and I go for dinner, or I buy you dinner?

LESLEY
You buy me dinner.

SHAWN
Can I give you the money for the dinner?

LESLEY
Nope, you have to come with me.

SHAWN
What’s the difference?

LESLEY
It’s the company.
SHAWN
All right...

LESLEY
You’ll take me to dinner then?

SHAWN
I’ll buy you dinner.

LESLEY
Great! I’ll be ready by eight.

SHAWN
Okay.

LESLEY
(excited)
This is gonna be so much fun!

Shawn looks mortified. They exit.

END OF SCENE E

SCENE F

INT. GYM SQUASH COURTS - LATER - MEDIUM SHOT

INT. SQUASH COURTS - TWO SHOT

Peter and Shawn and standing outside.

SHAWN
I’m really worried about this you know. This dinner with Lesley

PETER
You’ll be fine, just be yourself, I’m sure she’ll get sick of that and just leave.

SHAWN
Hope you’re right. I’m gonna dress like a bum for this.

PETER
Yeah good luck, I hope you have a terrible dinner.

Shawn laughs.

SHAWN
So what’re you doing after this?
PETER
I’ve gotta go meet my group. We need to get some stuff done for our project.

SHAWN
Cool. Are you the leader?

PETER
Nah, this guy with this huge laptop is the leader.

SHAWN
So that’s how engineers decide on the alpha-engineer huh.

PETER
Hey, if you’re looking for material you gotta check out this guy and his girlfriend. They’re a comic gold-mine. You might actually enjoy hanging out with them.

Shaw shrugs.

SHAWN
Hey let me ask you something. Do you think Brittany would mind if I did her accent for my stand up?

PETER
I dunno, ask her.

SHAWN
That’s some accent huh.

PETER
Yep

SHAWN
It’s like, she’s black, but she’s not really black. Makes you wonder how she must be in bed, you know with that accent.

PETER
Yeah, makes me wonder.

SHAWN
So you two still haven’t...

PETER
Nope.
SHAWN
You gotta think though. It’s gotta be pretty exotic.
    (pause)
It’ll be like having sex with a black chick, without actually having to have sex with one.

PETER
What?

SHAWN
Yeah, think about it. Black chicks have always eluded us. This would be like a controlled environment activity. Kinda like when they put two pandas together in a zoo.

PETER
Like a quasi-black fuck.

SHAWN
(laughing)
Quasi-black fuck

A BLACK GIRL enters from behind Shawn’s table.

BLACK GIRL
Excuse me?

SHAWN
What?

BLACK GIRL
I heard what you said, Is this what you think of us? That is sick!

SHAWN
No I was just-

BLACK GIRL
What, black people are like a novelty thing for you? Oh I’m gonna score some black-ass tonight! Is that it?

SHAWN
No I was just making a joke to my friend.

BLACK GIRL
Oh making a joke! I see, so what black girls are like animals? We should be in a zoo?
    (MORE)
BLACK GIRL (CONT'D)
You think you’ll do anything you want to fuck a black chick.

SHAWN
No, that was just a metaphor.

BLACK GIRL
You know what, take your meta-whatever the fuck it is, and shove it up yours, Okay! It’s people like you that make me hate men. You need to get a life you short-ass mother-fucker!

The black girl leaves and Brittany is standing with a raised eyebrow and folded hands. Shawn waves to her as she walks over to Shawn and Peter. Peter goes over to kiss her but she walks past him to Shawn. Shawn looks puzzled.

BRITTANY
You.

SHAWN
What?

BRITTANY
What was that?

SHAWN
What! Nothing! She’s just going crazy. You know I was joking.

BRITTANY
So that’s what I am huh, a quasi-black fuck...

SHAWN
Peter’s the one who said quasi-black fuck. All I said that it’d be pretty exotic to...

BRITTANY
Exotic to what?

SHAWN
Never mind.

BRITTANY
I heard what you said, don’t pretend with me.

SHAWN
I’m sorry.
BRITTANY
(like a black girl)
Mh hmm

SHAWN
By the way I need to ask you for a favour.

BRITTANY
What? Want to score some quasi-black tail?

SHAWN
Funny. But I need to send this prof an e-mail, and I don’t really what to say to her?

BRITTANY
What’s this about?

SHAWN
You know, the accent.

BRITTANY
What is this accent deal seriously!

SHAWN
I’m trying to get a new accent for my stand up.

BRITTANY
What? You’re gonna bother professors with this now? This is unbelievable.

SHAWN
I’m not gonna bother them I just wanna get a second opinion.

BRITTANY
Fine, I’ll come by your place later by around eight-thirty. You better be home!

SHAWN
Could you come a little later? I sorta need to return a favour at eight, and that might take a while.

BRITTANY
No! I have a lot of work to do!
SHAWN
What work! It’s the beginning of the semester!

BRITTANY
Look, you want my help?

Shawn wordlessly shrugs and nods (yes)

BRITTANY (CONT’D)
What! you want it or not!

SHAWN
Yes!

BRITTANY
Then be home at 8:30.

SHAWN
Alright, fine, I’ll be there.

BRITTANY
Yeah, you owe me one.

SHAWN
(sarcastically)
Yeah, maybe we can go out and have dinner?

BRITTANY
What? What’s wrong with you?

SHAWN
Never mind, I’ll call you later.

BRITTANY
Yeah okay.

Peter moves to kiss her good bye.

BRITTANY (CONT’D)
And you’re on thin-ice.

Brittany exits.

PETER
She’s coming over to your place?

SHAWN
Come on, she’s a virgin. You know I can’t do it with virgins. I feel like I’m the one committing sin or adultery or whatever virgins feel when they’re having sex.
PETER
I gotta tell you, I’m not comfortable with that.

SHAWN
What can I say, she said she wants to come over.

PETER
Couldn’t she just have helped you on phone?

SHAWN
I dunno, maybe she prefers doing it in person.

PETER
Alright well, let’s get this game over with. You’ve gotta get ready for your “date” with Lesley.

Shawn looks terrified as he walks into the squash courts.

END OF SCENE F

CUT TO:

SCENE G

INT. LESLEY’S APARTMENT HALLWAY – LATER

Shawn knocks on Lesley’s door. Lesley enters dressed fashionably.

SHAWN
(uncomfortable)
Hey.
(pauses)
I didn’t know I had to dress up for this.

LESLEY
Oh, don’t worry about it. I’ve got my room-mate’s ex’s jacket. It’ll fit you perfectly.

SHAWN
I’m not wearing his jacket.

LESLEY
You want the prof’s name?
SHAWN
Alright fine!. Gimme the damn jacket.

Shawn wears the jacket.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
This prof better know what I’m doing just so I can get in touch with her.

LESLEY
Look at you, you look so cute in that jacket.

SHAWN
Could we go now? I have to get home soon and e-mail the prof.

LESLEY
All right! Shawn and Lesley going to dinner. Oh this is gonna be so much fun. Maybe we can stop for ice cream later. Or we can get drinks first, and then go for dinner.

Shawn and Lesley exit as Lesley keeps talking and making plans.

END OF SCENE G

END OF ACT II

END OF EPISODE

TEASER CLIP:
Shawn is running up the stairs. He enters the apartment and Tarun is watching TV.

TARUN
Who’s chasing you?

SHAWN
(panting)
Is Brittany here?

TARUN
Nope, she left. Said something about thin ice.

SHAWN
Damn it! She was supposed to help me right an e-mail.
TARUN
Yeah she told me.

SHAWN
Wait, what are you doing right now?

TARUN
I dunno, probably play some games.

SHAWN
Wanna help me write the e-mail?

TARUN
Nah...

Shawn exits.

TEASER
Shawn writing the e-mail to the professor. (CLASSIFIED)