

The Practice Being Imposed

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scene a week exercise
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Source - "The practice being imposed."

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The door to Mitch's office opens. MITCH exits and walks through the kitchen toward the door to the dining room. Hot on his heels is BENTON. The COOKS watch as they go by.

BENTON

You can't do this Mitch. It's horseshit and it's never gonna happen.

MITCH

It's not your choice to make.

BENTON

We're not doing it.

MITCH

It wasn't my choice to make either.

BENTON

The fucking hell it wasn't.

On of the cooks speaks up.

COOK

What's goin' on, man?

BENTON

Not the time.

MITCH

Just let it go, Benton.

BENTON

This is the kind of shit they do in military dictatorships. You know the kind where people go missing for misbehaving?

Mitch pushes through the door and Benton continues to follow.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM

The dining room has a scattering of CUSTOMERS and WAIT STAFF. TRINA is working behind the bar and KIRSTEN at door waiting to greet customers. Mitch heads toward the bar.

BENTON
We're not taking this. We're not
bending over for another rim job.

MITCH
Customers.

Benton lowers his voice.

BENTON
I don't give a shit.

MITCH
Corporate makes the rules. The
rules are then provided to me. I am
expected to enforce the rules or
corporate has me turfed.

BENTON
Corporate can kiss my--

Benton is cut off by Trina as they approach.

TRINA
Hey Mitch. What's up?

MITCH
Missy's gonna be late. Can you
cover for her? Hour tops.

TRINA
Sure.

MITCH
That's my girl.

Mitch heads toward the front door and Kirsten.

BENTON
You may like the anal ankle reach.
I know how much corporate likes it
when you smile like a little
princess while taking it from
behind but nobody in that kitchen
is going along with this.

MITCH
Where do you come up with this
stuff?

BENTON
Colon punchers.

Mitch talks to Kirsten on his way by.

MITCH
Kirsten?

KIRSTEN
Yeah?

MITCH
Missy's gonna be late. Trina's covering for a bit. Start seating her when she comes on.

KIRSTEN
You got it.

Mitch swings back through the dining room toward the kitchen.

BENTON
And you, Mitch, are the king colon puncher.

MITCH
You're wasting your time.

BENTON
No, you're wasting your time because if you push this every single son of a bitch back in that kitchen from the dish pigs to the head cook is going to push back. I promise you King Colon Puncher, it won't be pretty.

MITCH
If it was up to me I'd pass on it. But it's not up to me.

Mitch pushes through the door into the kitchen with Benton in tow.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Mitch heads for his office again.

BENTON
King Colon Puncher.

MITCH
Stop calling me that.

BENTON
I'm sorry your Colon Punchiness.

MITCH
The rule have been made and the
practice is being imposed. Live
with it or leave.

BENTON
Come on, Mitch. Seriously. There
has to be something you can--

Mitch enters his office and closes the door.

BENTON
Goddamnit!

COOK
What's going on?

BENTON
New corporate policy guys. All
kitchen staff, as of today, need to
have their shirt tucked in.