

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.