

"MCDATE IN THE BOX"

KEVIN, a nerdy high school boy in a prom tuxedo, pulls up to a drive-through's ordering box. He presses the button to place his order.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Welcome to McDate In The Box. How can I help you?

KEVIN
Hello, I need a prom date. So, one number 3, please.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Okay, that's one shy virgin who likes "Game of Thrones", wearing a taffeta dress, and braces. Would you like any French kisses with that?

KEVIN
Um, how much extra would that be?

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)
It's from our \$10 "Your Dad Is So Proud Of You, Son" menu.

Kevin counts his coins.

KEVIN
(sighing)
No, thanks.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Okay, that will be \$6.55. Please drive around to window two.

Kevin drives off.

LUCIA, a Goth chick, pulls her car up to the ordering box.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)
(CONT'D)
Welcome to McDate In The Box. How can I help you?

LUCIA

Yeah, gimme a 2, and a side order of a ripped, black trenchcoat and the chapbook "The Subdungeon of the Karrthario Whore's Gap-Toothed Soul."

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Okay, Number 2. That's a mopey, 30-year old, rich Wiccan who dances with sarcastic detachment, can take a crotch-punch, and carries an updated suicide note with him at all times, right?

LUCIA

And is a Taurus like The Cure's Robert Smith.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

And is a Taurus. You can add a medium, self-inflicted wrist cut to that for just \$5 more.

Lucia paints more black on her eyelids, says nothing.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

Okay, that will be \$12.08, without the cut. Please drive around to window two.

Lucia paints even more black on her eyelids, still saying nothing as she drives away at about 1 MPH.

TONY, NORMAN, and KEITH, three drunk teenaged boys, drive up to the ordering box.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

Welcome to ...

TONY

(yelling from the backseat)

A 1 AND A 8!

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Okay, one Kentucky girl who brings her own tequila and Quaaludes. She smells like a combination of cheap perfume and dried booze sweat, has three kids, is fifteen percent

bald, and is wearing her good "It Ain't Gonna Lick Itself" t-shirt. Then, an uptight, sorority girl on a half scholarship to Brigham Young who's going on a mission to Africa first thing tomorrow morning.

TONY

AND NO MAYO!

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Of course not.

NORMAN

(scream-mumbling drunkenly)

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Five? You want a Catholic priest?

NORMAN

(scream-mumbling drunkenly)

NOOOOOOOO! NIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINE.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Right, a 17-year-old, runaway smoker named "Brandee", spelled with two "e"s, who loves to give the finger to cops and tongue to anyone who talks to her on the Greyhound.

KEITH

(giggling)

And I want a Happy Ending Meal.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

One freckle-faced, Evangelical girl who wants to get even with her Dad for the divorce. She has a tattoo on her inner right thigh saying "What Would Lady Gaga Drip?" She cries every hour on the hour, then immediately forgets that she did it or why.

KEITH

And medium fries.

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

And medium fries.

KEITH

That comes with those Kate Hudson nipple ring action figures from the movie she did with that douche who's in everything, Paul Rudd, right?

DRIVE-THROUGH ATTENDANT (O.S.)

It sure does, it sure does. Okay, that's a total of \$38.77. Please drive around to window two.

The three drunk kids drive up to window two. Four GIRLS slide out through the drive-through window and in through the backseat car window. Keith crawls over the front seat into the back seat. Everyone in the back seat starts furiously making out, with arms and legs sticking out the windows. The SERVER hands the bag of fries to a random hand that's flailing outside the backseat window. The server then hands just a couple of Wet-Naps to Norman, the driver, who's watching everybody else making out.

NORMAN

(scream-mumbling drunkenly to attendant)

WE'RE GONNA NEED A LOT MORE WET-NAPS!

A CATHOLIC PRIEST (played by Paul Rudd) leans out the drive-through window and hands Norman a bunch of opened Wet-Naps that he's already been wiping his hands with. As the car drives away, the priest leans further out the window looking longingly at the kids. Then he looks back inside the drive-through window.

PRIEST

(whispering pervertedly to attendant)

I'm gonna need a lot more Wet-Naps!