

CAN'T WAIT
written by
Zach Berston

INT. TONNARELLO'S - NIGHT

GERALD and JEANINE are sitting down at an Italian restaurant, TONNARELLO'S. The WAITER approaches them.

WAITER
Can I take your order?

JEANINE
I'll have a skittle.

WAITER
We don't have those.

Jeanine rolls her eyes.

JEANINE
Ugh... misogynist.

Waiter turns to Gerald.

WAITER
And for you sir?

GERALD
Uh... I don't know. What would you recommend?

WAITER
(Salivating)
Well you *could* get the chicken alfredo.

GERALD
Okay. That sounds good.

WAITER
Oh, you should get gluten free noodles, and alfredo sauce on the side.

GERALD
I'm not gluten free.

WAITER
(Offended)
Well *some* people in the restaurant might be!

GERALD
Fine. Give me the gluten free noodles... Shakira!

Waiter takes off wig to reveal she's SHAKIRA. Jeanine is flabbergasted.

SHAKIRA
OOOH my hips don't lie! I'll put that
right in for you.

Shakira shimmies away.

JEANINE
Honey, how'd you know it was Shakira?

GERALD
It was obvious. All latin pop-stars
are deathly allergic to gluten.

JEANINE
Really?

GERALD
Of course. Why do you think he's
called "Bad Bunny" and not "Loaf of
Sourdough Bread?"

JEANINE
Everything makes sense when you
explain it sugarpoops.

Shakira returns with the food. On one plate, chicken pasta with alfredo sauce on the side, garnished with a sprig of thyme. On the other, a single skittle.

SHAKIRA
Mmmm Waka Waka here's your food.
Here's your skittle. And sir, for you,
the chicken alfredo, glutenless.

Shakira looks at the plate and gasps.

SHAKIRA
AY CHICHARONES! There's a fly in your
soup!

GERALD
This is a plate of pasta.

SHAKIRA
My mistake. Here's your chicky al.

Shakira shimmies off again. Gerald takes one bite of his pasta while Jeanine uses a spoon and knife to cut her Skittle. Shakira runs back in.

SHAKIRA

Can I take that away from you?

GERALD

I've taken one bite, Shakira.

SHAKIRA

Fine, whatever.

Shakira shimmies off.

GERALD

Can you believe she tried to take our food?

Shakira starts sneaking back to the table, crawling along the floor.

JEANINE

I know, I've barely touched my Skittle.

GERALD

You're a pig.

Shakira is right under the table at this point and reaches her hand up towards Gerald's food. He notices and slaps her hand away.

GERALD

What the fuck Shakira?! Let me eat my chickfredo in peace!

SHAKIRA

Fuck! You make a man wanna speak Spanish. Fine. I'll vamos.

Shakira begins to leave but quickly turns around, grabbing Jeanine's knife from her hand and holding it to her supple throat.

SHAKIRA

GIVE IT TO ME PUTO!

Gerald quickly slides the plate to Shakira across the table.

GERALD

Fuck don't kill her! You can have it. Take as much as you want.

Shakira takes the plate, grabs the sprig of thyme, and throws the rest on the ground.

GERALD

ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS SHAKIRA?! I
could've eaten that! Why is that the
only thing you wanted?

SHAKIRA

This thyme for Africa!

Waka Waka plays.