



by  
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FADE IN:

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT**

Empty hallway, late evening. A sign reads:

"Procrastinators Anonymous - Room: 101"

A crude banner plastered over that:

"Held over till further notice"

Next to that, another sign:

"IBSA: Irritable Bowel Syndrome Anon - Room: 102"

**ROOM 102 - CONTINUOUS**

Several people sit in a circle on fold-up chairs. A man, BILL (30) stands up.

BILL

Hi, my name's Bill and I have IBS.

The counselor, GREG (40), chimes in.

GREG

You can say it, Bill.

BILL

Oh, right. I have Irritable Bowel Syndrome.

CHAD (20), gladiator haircut, tattoos. He grunts and groans --

CHAD

What part about anonymous don't you understand, Bill?!

GREG

Chad, we don't judge at these meetings.

CHAD

How do you know my name's Chad?

GREG

It's written on your name tag. Okay, let's take five and have some coffee, everyone.

Chad stands.

CHAD  
I can't drink coffee, it irritates  
my bowels, you insensitive bastard!

He tears at his name tag, ripping off a tuft of shirt in the process. He storms out, crying.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

As Chad walks a lonely dim road he passes an old GYPSY WOMAN (80). She holds out a cup.

GYPSY  
Spare some change for coffee?

Chad stops dead.

CHAD  
What'd you say?

GYPSY  
Coffee?

He hangs his head in shame.

CHAD  
I... I can't drink coffee. I have  
IBS.

GYPSY  
I don't.

He looks at her sad toothless face. He digs out a few coins from his pocket and gently sets them in her cup.

GYPSY  
Starbucks.

CHAD  
Come again?

GYPSY  
I drink Starbucks.

CHAD  
Really? I mean... couldn't you just  
go to the diner?

GYPSY  
Have you ever *had* diner-coffee?

CHAD  
Go to McDonald's then.

GYPSY  
Rotten Ronnie's? I'd rather drink  
from a puddle.

He sighs and drops a few more coins into her cup.

CHAD  
Enjoy.

GYPSY  
Aww, such a nice boy. Tell you what  
I'm gonna do, I'm gonna give you my  
favorite trinket.

CHAD  
Not necessary.

She takes a necklace from around her neck and sets it in his  
hands.

GYPSY  
This is a pendant of St. Timothy.  
He'll protect you.

CHAD  
Saint who?

GYPSY  
A disciple of Christ, and the  
patron saint of stomach problems.

CHAD  
For reals?

GYPSY  
Yes, look it up when you get a  
chance. Now you can enjoy coffee  
and whatever else you want without  
all the IBS.

CHAD  
Now way, forever?!

GYPSY  
No, just for tonight. For one night  
only you'll have bowels of steel as  
you wear the pendant, but tomorrow  
your IBS will return.

He puts it around his neck.

CHAD

Awesome, I'm gonna go eat a spicy pepperoni poutine and wash it down with Peppermint Schnapps!

GYPSY

I said *bowels* of steel, not sphincter. Why not start easy, like a cup of coffee or... y'know?

CHAD

Where's the fun in that?!

He runs off.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER**

Chad enters.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Chad plunks two magnums of Peppermint Schnapps on the counter. The cashier, CINDY (mid-20s) stares dumbfounded.

CINDY

Again?

Chad slaps a wad of cash on the counter.

CHAD

It's called an addiction, toots.

CINDY

No, it's called alcoholism.

CHAD

My dad left the night before Christmas. He gave me a candy cane and sent me off to bed. When I woke up he was gone. I drink peppermint alcohol to remind myself of how much he didn't love me.

Cindy holds her heart like it's breaking.

CINDY

Aww... that's so sad. I mean, it would be if you hadn't fed me a completely different pile of bullshit last week.

CHAD  
Are you finished?

She rings it up and hands him some change.

CINDY  
Ho ho ho, Merry Christmas. Don't  
puke it up all at once.

He holds up the pendant around his neck --

CHAD  
Not tonight.

**EXT. CHILI PUTIN - LATER**

A hole in the wall poutine shop. The signage above is a big tub of fries with Vladimir Putin's face.

**INT. CHILI PUTIN - CONTINUOUS**

Chad sits on a swivel stool at the counter and relentlessly shovels a pepperoni poutine down his throat. He only stops now and again to wash it down with a fountain drink.

The attendant, SAMANTHA (20), in a colorful uniform, stares him down.

SAMANTHA  
(re: fountain drink)  
Y'know, you're not supposed to be  
drinking that in here.

CHAD  
What, this?

He slurps the drink from a straw.

CHAD  
It's Sprite.

SAMANTHA  
Smells like Schnapps. Come to think  
of it, you're not supposed to be in  
here either. Lou fired your ass and  
barred you... remember?

CHAD  
He re-hired me too.

SAMANTHA  
Bullshit.

CHAD

I have the graveyard shift starting tonight.

He looks over at the wall clock.

CHAD

Which means as soon as I'm done these here fries...

(points to the kitchen)

I start cutting fries in there.

SAMANTHA

I'm already here. If you have my shift then I think he would have told me *before* I clocked in, right? Dumb ass.

LOU (40s), a big greasy-looking dude struts in from the kitchen.

SAMANTHA

Lou, is he on the night shift?

LOU

Oops, did I forget to tell you?

She tears off her apron --

SAMANTHA

Aaargh! I hate this place!

She storms away, then returns only to get in Chad's face.

SAMANTHA

And I hate that I went out with you. You fuckin' peppermint schnapps-drinking, pepperoni poutine-eating, irritabl-bowel-syndrome-douchebag!

She tosses her apron at his head and storms out for good.

Lou guffaws.

LOU

Oh, snap!

Chad, nonchalant, finishes his fries, takes a huge pull off his drink, and belches out loud.

CHAD

Oh, man. That shit hit the spot.

**KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Chad uses a press to cut potatoes into a big bin of water. Lou comes up and inspects the fries. He digs one from the tub and sniffs it.

LOU

You know why I let you go last time?

CHAD

I was fucking the --

LOU

You were fucking the dog, that's right. I don't know how you people work in Toblerone or... wherever it is you moved here from.

CHAD

Switzerland.

LOU

Whatever. The point is, when you're here you work. The nightclub down the road closes at two am, fifteen minutes later this place'll be packed to the titties with hungry zombies, and they all want chili poutine, got it?

He tosses the fry into the bin.

LOU

And wastage, I hate wastage. Food is a nightmare to buy nowadays, if I see even one little fry or scoop of chili in the garbage tomorrow morning, you're out on your ass again. Got it?

CHAD

What if it lands on the floor?

LOU

Wash it off!

He heads towards the back door.

LOU

Not a single one fuckin' fry... and stir those pots of chili on the grill before they burn!

Lou leaves and slams the door.

CHAD  
Asshole.

**KITCHEN OFFICE - LATER**

Chad has his feet up on the desk smoking a cigarette. He rocks out with an air guitar.

Bored, he scrolls through the PC's file folders. One, in particular, catches his eye: "Samantha's Files"

CHAD  
Oooh?

He opens it to see a text file labeled: "FUCK YOU CHAD"

He clicks on it.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)  
*"Nobody knows it, but I chopped up a bunch of gnarly ghost peppers and put them in a pot of chili after Chad stole my shift. Now Chad-the-Fuckface will serve it to the bar zombies and they'll probably shit themselves dead on the spot, and he'll be blamed for it and get his ass canned again... mwahahahaha!"*

CHAD  
Diabolical!

He looks at the grill: there are literally ten huge pots of chili bubbling away.

**KITCHEN GRILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Chad stands fast before the chili pots, a big spoon in hand. A vision of Samantha appears over his right shoulder --

SAMANTHA  
*... they'll probably shit themselves dead on the spot... mwahahahaha!*

A vision of Lou appears over his left shoulder --

LOU

*... if I see even one little fry or  
scoop of chili in the garbage  
tomorrow morning, you're out on  
your ass again. Got it?*

He shoos the visions away like flies.

CHAD

I'll either burn a crater in my  
colon the size of a Donkey Kong or  
die of a Schnapps overdose. But  
I'll be damned if I'm gonna let  
those bar zombies shit themselves  
to death on my watch!

He kisses the pendant around his neck.

CHAD

Do me right, Timmy... do me right.

He shovels spoonful after spoonful of greasy chili down his  
throat, determined to find the ghost-pepper-laced gruel.

He chugs copious amounts of Schnapps straight from the bottle  
after each scoop.

**MOMENTS LATER**

ON SCREEN: 15 Minutes Later

Chad's covered in chili and schnapps.

CHAD

I'm so fucked up!

His stomach gurgles. Then, the door chime goes off -- DING!

He runs to the front counter as several drunk patrons enter.

A look of horror on Chad's face as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. TOBLERONE ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE**

Establishing shot of a creepy dark castle, as some Bill  
Kurtis-sounding VOICE speaks to us.

VOICE (V.O.)

Chad never did find the pot which  
contained the sinister sauce.

**INT. TOBLERONE ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - CELL**

Chad sits on a toilet in a dank prison bunker.

VOICE (V.O.)

What's more, he was blamed for twenty people shitting themselves to death, which of course resulted in severe trauma after he blew out his own sphincter from consuming ten gallons of chili... and several ghost peppers.

Chad groans.

VOICE (V.O.)

Turns out the Old Gypsy Woman was batty as hell, and the lucky trinket she gave him, well... it was actually a pendant of Saint Lucifer, not Timothy.

**INT. CHILI PUTIN - NIGHT SHIFT**

Samantha uses a press to cut potatoes into a big bin of water. She has a sly grin on her face.

VOICE (V.O.)

With no one around to spill the beans, figuratively speaking, Samantha got away with her diabolical plan. She's now back on the graveyard shift.

Lou comes up and inspects the fries. He digs one from the tub and sniffs it.

VOICE (V.O.)

Lou is still an asshole.

He tosses the fry back into the bin.

FADE TO BLACK.