

Ben and Burman

"Ben and Burman Get Stuffed"

by

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ACT ONE

INT. HOMETOWN BUFFET - EVENING

BEN, BURMAN, and Ben's cute girlfriend, AMY, walk into the local Hometown Buffet.

They stare at a FAT CASH REGISTER LADY.

FAT CASH REGISTER LADY
Three for dinner?

BURMAN
The Hometown Buffet, Ben. My home
away from home.

Ben reluctantly PAYS, for the WHOLE GROUP.

Busboys, patrons, and buffet workers beam with delight.

BUSBOY
Burman!

OWNER
Welcome back!

CHEF
I got some fresh scallops for you
today!

BURMAN
Thanks Frank! Love the new hair-
net.

BEN
(annoyed)
Burman, I thought you were taking
us to a NICE restaurant.

BURMAN
Ben please. This is a nice
restaurant. They've got chicken
pot pie, veal piccata-

BEN
And fruit flies buzzing around my
girlfriend.

Amy leans over and whispers.

AMY
 (to Ben)
 Why are we going out to eat with
 your roommate again?

Burman butts in.

BURMAN
 Listen, Susan.

AMY
 It's Amy.

BURMAN
 Right, Amy. It's yours and Ben's
 two week anniversary. So I figured
 I'd take you out to a nice meal for
 making it this far with him.

BEN
 But you made me pay.

BURMAN
 Tomato Tomahto.

Ben forces a smile toward Amy.

BEN
 (to Amy)
 Would you give us a moment?

AMY
 I'll get a table.

Ben pushes Burman toward the buffet line, and Amy sits down
 at a booth.

Burman piles a HUGE scoop of mashed potatoes onto his plate.

BURMAN
 Why are you so uptight?

BEN
 (whispering, to Burman)
 I don't know how to tell you this,
 but... it's a little awkward
 bringing Amy to a BUFFET. She used
 to have a... ya know.

BURMAN
 A... a what? A gay brother?

BEN
 No... why would you assume-

BURMAN
A baby turtle.

BEN
No. Not a baby turtle.

BURMAN
Cuz that would be cool, you know,
having a baby turt-

BEN
Yes it wou- look! She used to have
an EATING DISORDER. It's a very
sensitive subject.

BURMAN
She did? Which one was it? Was
it, "bleeeagh"

Burman mimes vomiting.

BURMAN (CONT'D)
Or "NO."

Burman mimes pushing a plate away.

BEN
Burman that's incredibly offensive.
(pause)
I think it was bleeagh. Look, just
don't say anything, okay?

BURMAN
Secret's safe with me.

Burman finishes PILING a mountain of food onto his tray.

The boys SIT down at the booth, joining Amy.

BURMAN (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Don't worry Amy, I won't tell
anybody about your "bleeeagh."

Amy BURSTS into tears.

AMY
(to Ben)
You TOLD him?

BEN
I, uh... Amy!

Amy grabs her purse and gets up to leave.

AMY
Thanks for the WORST two weeks
ever!

She storms off.

BEN
Amy wait, I...

Ben sighs. Too much damage is done.

BEN (CONT'D)
(fuming)
Burman, that's it, man! You're
ruining my life.

BURMAN
(devouring food)
I'm enhancing your life, bro.

BEN
You piss off my girlfriends, you
eat all my groceries, and you sit
at home all day finger-painting and
watching Who's The Boss re-runs.

BURMAN
Dude, Tony Danza.

BEN
...Okay, he is the boss.

A pause.

BEN (CONT'D)
Look. It's time for you to get a
job, make some money, and move out
of my life once and for all.

Burman grabs Ben's plate of beef stroganoff and starts
GOBBLING it down.

BURMAN
(chewing)
If only I could make money doing
what I'm good at.

Suddenly, all the busboys begin whispering, nervously. A
dark shadow creeps across the horizon outside. Something
EVIL is coming.

The front door swings open. A diminutive, shadowy figure
saunters in, menacing.

It's a greasy little fucker - VITO "FAST HANDS" ROMANO, skinny mustache to boot.

VITO
Everybody, clear out!

BEN
What? Why?

VITO
(pointing toward the
entrance)
That's why.

Suddenly, a giant behemoth of a man stomps through the entrance. His fat JIGGLES. This is BIG MAC BERELLI.

VITO (CONT'D)
Move it!

Big Mac pushes helpless people aside, making his way to the buffet. Women SCREAM, babies CRY!

Burman calls a busboy over.

BURMAN
Pssst! Ven aqui por favor.
Juanito!

BUSBOY
Um, my name's Phil.

Ben puts his head in his hands.

BURMAN
(looking at Big Mac)
Who is that guy?

BUSBOY
(terrified)
That's champion professional eater
Big Mac Berelli with his famous
sandwich maker Vito "Fast-Hands"
Romano!

The busboy nervously crouches down.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)
They come once a year, clear the
place out...

BEN
And leave only a trail of dust?

BUSBOY
No, actually, they eat the dust
too.

A pause.

BURMAN
Well not in MY Hometown... Buffet,
they don't.

BUSBOY
They're in town training for
GORGEFEST.

BEN
Gorgefest?

BUSBOY
Sunnyslope's annual eating
competition.

Vito creates a massive Italian beef sandwich in THREE SECONDS
FLAT.

Big Mac DEVOURS it in a single gulp.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)
The winner gets TWENTY-FIVE GRAND.
Those assholes win it every year.
If only there was someone, anyone,
who could challenge them...

The busboy runs off, terrified.

Burman's face LIGHTS UP. He gets up, ready for a fight.

BEN
Burman, don't do anything stupid.

BURMAN
You know me.

Ben and Burman walk up to Vito and Big Mac.

BURMAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I think that beef
strogonof belongs to me.

VITO
I'm sorry. I don't talk to ugly
munchkins.

BEN

Dude. You're shorter than both of us.

BURMAN

(to Big Mac)

Maybe you didn't hear me. I said, that beef strogonof belongs to ME.

Burman snatches a bite of beef strogonof from the tray, but Vito GRABS HIS HAND.

VITO

Whoa whoa - Big Mac doesn't like distractions when he's eating.

BEN

Is his name really Big Mac? Like the iconic McDonalds cheeseburger?

BURMAN

Two all beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions on a sesame seed bun?

VITO

No. He's just a guy named Mac who happens to be quite large.

A long pause.

BEN

Well that makes sense.

BURMAN

Yeah, yeah. Convenient name.

Another pause.

VITO

You know who you're talkin' to, ladies? I'll tell you who he is. He's a seventeen time professional eating champion, world pancake champion, and world crabcake title holder. And youse guys ain't nuthin' but a couple a bitches.

Big Mac BELCHES. He's finished his entire tray of food.

BURMAN

(to Vito)

Who do you think you are, storming my Hometown Buffet like you own the place?

Vito PUSHES Burman.

VITO

You some kinda tough guy?

Big Mac WIPES his mouth on Ben's sleeve.

BEN

(whisper, to Burman)

Burman, let's get outta here.

BURMAN

I'm more than a tough guy. I'm a Burman, the best eater 'round these parts. And this town ain't big enough for the both of us.

Tumbleweed blows by and a rattlesnake is heard.

BEN

Where'd that tumble weed come from? We're indoors.

VITO

(to Burman)

You couldn't eat your way out of a paper bag.

BURMAN

Oh I can eat a paper bag.

BEN

I can actually vouch for that. I've seen him eat a paper bag.

BURMAN

This year, there's gonna be a new Gorgefest champion.

VITO

(leaning in)

You stay away from Gorgefest.

BURMAN

(nose to nose)

Over my full stomach.

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Tight shot of a television. On the screen:

Large bleachers look down upon picnic tables. Huge-bellied men DEVOUR piles of sandwiches. The crowd cheers wildly!

A cheesy ANNOUNCER with a thick, self-dyed mustache and a bow-tie steps into frame.

DICK MICHAELS

I'm Dick Michaels, and THIS is Gorgefest, the super-bowl of eating. Watch as the best eaters of our time compete in an open mouth brawl for the Gorgefest title and a cash prize of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The CROWD ROARS!

Burman sits on the couch, intently watching. He takes notes on a napkin, munching on a sloppy joe.

BACK TO THE SCREEN:

We see Vito and Big Mac.

VITO

We're gonna take a bite out of the competition.

Big Mac grunts and BITES into a live, wiggling lobster.

DICK MICHAELS

It's a great day to be a sandwich fan. On a personal note, I'd like to say hello to my wife Janice. It's our 20th anniversary next week, and I'm madly in love with the woman of my dreams.

Burman looks confused.

BACK TO THE SCREEN:

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Now, every sandwich eater must be joined by a sandwich maker.

We see Vito, with incredible precision and speed, making dozens of sandwiches.

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Each sandwich eater must consume every sandwich made, in its entirety. Any regurgitation will result in automatic disqualification.

A pale-looking guy VOMITS all over himself. A striped referee runs in and THROWS an orange flag.

Burman nods at the TV, then swallows an entire jar of jelly.

Ben walks in.

BEN

Turn off the TV. Amy's coming over.

BURMAN

Quiet Ben. I'm studying last year's Gorgefest.

BEN

Burman, this competitive eating thing is NOT a good idea.

BURMAN

Why? Because it's unhealthy for my body?

BEN

No. Because you're eating all my food. None of this is yours.

BURMAN

The mustard is mine.

BEN

No it's not. It's mine.

BURMAN

It's totally mine. I bought it last Thursday.

BEN

Burman, it has my name on it.

The mustard has the name BEN written in multiple places.

BURMAN

You labelled your mustard? You got problems, Ben.

BEN

Yes I do have problems. My roommate is a psychopath. My girlfriend hates me. And I'm out of mustard.

The television is still playing last year's Gorgefest:

DICK MICHAELS

Now give a warm welcome to Japanese fan favorite Kiyoko "The Praying Mantis" Watanabe!

KIYOKO, a petite, adorable Asian girl walks up to a picnic table on screen.

Suddenly, TIME SLOWS and BIRDS CHIRP. Burman is hypnotized by her beauty.

BURMAN

Who. Is. That...

ON SCREEN:

KIYOKO

Thank you. I ruv sausage.

Burman stares at the TV, in love.

BURMAN

Kiyoko. A little Asian flower. Ben, this is a sign. You know how I feel about Asians.

BEN

Yes, Burman. "They do the freaky things the white chicks won't do."

BURMAN

Yeah, plus she's an athlete. Beautiful Asian women, all-you-can-eat food, and a chance at stealing the crown from Big Mac Berelli.

(dramatic pause)

Gorgefest is my destiny.

BEN

Well, have fun eating yourself into a coma. Now clean this crap up. Amy's coming over for dinner.

BURMAN

Who?

BEN
Amy. You know, my girlfriend?

BURMAN
Huh?

BEN
The one you viciously insulted last night.

BURMAN
I have no idea what you're talking about.

BEN
You know. The girl who had a "bleeeegh" phase.

BURMAN
Not following you here.

BEN
The girl who almost dumped me because of you. The one who used to "bleeeeeeeegh"

Ben picks up a trash can and veraciously MIMES bulimia.

BEN (CONT'D)
How can you not remember? The one who goes "buuuuaf... bleeeeeeeea-"

Ben turns around and sees Amy, standing at the open front door.

She's witnessed his entire performance.

AMY
I thought you were DIFFERENT!

Amy BURSTS into tears and runs off.

BURMAN
(realizing)
Oh that Amy.

BEN
(dead inside)
Yeah. That Amy.

Suddenly, LOUD CHEERS come from the television as Kiyoko downs a foot-long sausage.

BURMAN

(looks at the screen)
You should go for an Asian chick -
they know how to eat.

BEN

Thanks for the dating tip.
Goodbye, Burman.

Burman grabs Ben.

BURMAN

Look Ben, Gorgefest is a two-man
job. I need your help.

BEN

Sorry, I have plans.

Burman POINTS to the empty doorway.

BURMAN

Not any more.
(pause)
Benji, think about it. If we win
this, I'll have enough cash to get
my own place - just like you
wanted. I can finally move out of
your-

BEN

I'm in!

BURMAN

You didn't even let me finish
telling you what-

BEN

(very serious)
I don't care. I'm in. I'm more in
than I've ever been. I'll scale
mountains. I'll swim the English
Channel. I'll light myself on
fire. Whatever you need, as long
as it takes you as far away from me
as possible.

BURMAN

(excited)
Great! You're going to be my
sandwich maker.

BEN

Fantastic! I'll- wait, what?

BURMAN

Think about it, Ben. You've got the quickest, most precise hands of anyone I know.

BEN

I could have sworn you had the quickest, most precise hands.

Ben and Burman look directly into the camera, and shake their heads, embarrassed.

BEN (CONT'D)

(to Burman)

Too easy?

BURMAN

(to Ben)

No class.

They pop back into the scene.

BEN

Why do you think I'd be good at quickly making sandwiches?

BURMAN

Ben. Wipe the counter.

BEN

You made the mess.

BURMAN

Ben - trust me! Wipe the counter.

Ben wipes the counter.

BURMAN (CONT'D)

Now sort the mail.

BEN

What does that have to do with anything?

BURMAN

Time is of the essence - sort the mail!

Ben sorts the mail.

BURMAN (CONT'D)

Now throw out the trash.

BEN
I really don't see-

BURMAN
Throw out the trash!

Ben grabs some trash and throws it aside.

BEN
Why are you making me-

BURMAN
Now wipe the counter.

Ben wipes the counter.

BURMAN (CONT'D)
Sort the mail.

Ben sorts the mail.

BURMAN (CONT'D)
Throw out the trash! Sort the
mail! Wipe the counter! Throw out
the trash! Sort the mail-

Suddenly, Ben starts moving with incredible speed. Burman
hands him some BREAD and SANDWICH INGREDIENTS.

Ben repeats the exact same motions, but with food. His
skills are BREATHTAKING.

BEN
Oh my god. I'm amazing!

BURMAN
See? Years of being an obsessive
compulsive have turned you into a
sandwich making machine.

BEN
You're... you're right.

BURMAN
With my bottomless stomach and your
fancy hands, we'll be unstoppable.

BEN
(staring at his hands)
They are fancy.

BURMAN
This ain't gonna be easy, Ben.
We're going to have to work hard.
(MORE)

BURMAN (CONT'D)

We're going to have to train. We're literally going to have to eat lightning and probably crap thunder.

BEN

Is it montage time?

BURMAN

It's montage time.

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The ROCKY THEME begins.

Ben wakes Burman up with a glass of raw eggs. Burman drinks it down, but immediately VOMITS.

Ben grabs a mop, and Burman happily eats an omelette.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Ben butters toast and FLINGS it over to Burman. Phil The Busboy times them with a stop-watch, but Burman FUMBLES.

EXT. CITY HALL STEPS - DAY

Burman, wearing an ill-fitting sweat-suit, RUNS up the steps of city hall... toward KFC.

INT. SUBWAY SANDWICHES - DAY

Ben stands at a Subway Sandwich counter, vigorously TAKING NOTES on the sandwich artists.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Ben attaches a HORSE FEED BUCKET to Burman's face. Burman gives a thumbs up.

INT. SUBWAY SANDWICHES - LATER

Ben is behind the counter making Subway sandwiches, as the customers cheer him on.

A la Tom Cruise in "Cocktail", he FLIPS the mayonnaise behind his back and SLAPS it on some bread.

INT. GYM - DAY

Burman LIFTS what looks like a heavy dumbbell... but is actually a giant bratwurst.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN

Phil The Busboy once again times Ben and Burman with a stopwatch.

This time, Ben FLIPS a sandwich to Burman with well-oiled precision, and Burman GOBBLES it down.

Freeze on: a high five!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MCGINTY'S DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Ben's hand is being raised in victory, at the bar counter. A GIANT CROWD has gathered.

BARTENDER

A toast! To the two men who are going to take the Gorgefest crown... Ben and Burman!

The whole place goes nuts. Phil The Busboy hoists Ben on his shoulders.

RANDOM GUY

But... where's Burman?

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Burman, kneels, clutching a filthy toilet. He VOMITS.

BURMAN

Ugggggh. Look at that. I didn't even eat corn!

BACK TO:

INT. MCGINTY'S DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

BEN

I'm sure he's fine. But today, is a day to celebrate. One step away from the Eat-Off, one step away from Burman moving out!

The whole bar CHEERS in celebration!

Suddenly, the door swings open and the crowd is HUSHED. Vito and Big Mac enter.

VITO
 Well, well, well.
 (to Big Mac)
 Big Mac, you ever seen so many
 people celebrate a failure?

Big Mac grunts.

VITO (CONT'D)
 (to the Bartender)
 We'll have sixty orders of cheese
 fries.

BEN
 Hey Vito. I'm sorry, this bar has
 a one scum-bag policy. And
 Burman's already here.

The crowd GASPS.

VITO
 Your hands... appear to have
 calluses. Not very good for a
 sandwich maker.

BEN
 These are well-oiled sandwich
 making machines.

VITO
 (changing his tone)
 I stand corrected. I'm sure you
 boys will make great competitors.

Vito offers his hand to shake Ben's.

BEN
 Well that's more like it. A very,
 healthy, mature attitud-

Suddenly Vito BENDS Ben's index finger backwards with a SNAP!

BEN (CONT'D)
 Ohhhhhwww! Oh my god - you broke
 my finger! What the hell is wrong
 with you?

The crowd GASPS!

BEN (CONT'D)
 Where the hell is Burman!?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Burman clutches his stomach, walking away in shame.

BURMAN

I'm sorry Ben. I'm sorry everyone.

I just can't do it...

Burman kneels over and PUKES again.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Ben's hand is wrapped in a big, puffy bandage. He approaches Burman, who's kneeling on the curb in pain.

BEN

There you are! I've been looking all over for you. What the hell are you doing?

BURMAN

I'm picking dandelions. What the hell does it look like I'm doing?

Burman PUKES again.

BURMAN (CONT'D)

Did you know sauerkraut tastes the same coming up?

BEN

That's disgusting. Come on, we gotta get to Gorgefest.

BURMAN

(wiping his mouth)
Ben, this was a stupid idea.

BEN

Of course it's a stupid idea. It's one of your ideas. But that's never stopped you before.

BURMAN

Ben, I ate six pounds of Italian beef last night. I'm giving birth to octuplets. I'm sixty-three percent sure I'm dying.

BEN

Burman, you'll be fine.

BURMAN

I won't be fine, Ben. This was a stupid plan.

BEN

That's nothing new. You've had a million stupid plans. Remember homecoming?

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYSLOPE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - YEARS AGO

The school is completely engulfed in flames.

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

BURMAN

I can't recall.

BEN

Look, I don't know what's going on with you, but you have to toughen up.

BURMAN

What do you care? You didn't even want to do this in the first place.

BEN

Well, I do now! This has become bigger than you and me. This is about freedom. This is my future. This is my one chance to reclaim my home and my life, free from your mooching, free from your stench, free from your four AM nude dance parties.

BURMAN

Ben, I can't do it, man.

BEN

Yes you can. You live every day like it's Thanksgiving!

BURMAN

That was the past. This is now. I'm older. I don't have the same metabolism. I'm just an old broke down piece of meat.

BEN

Burman, you have never quit anything in your entire life.

BURMAN

Yes I have.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST - YEARS AGO

Little Ben and Little Burman sit by a tent. Little Ben is trying to make a campfire with two sticks.

LITTLE BURMAN

I quit.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - YEARS AGO

Teenage Ben and Teenage Burman wear skimpy gym shorts on a basketball court. A giant black kid DUNKS over them.

TEENAGE BURMAN

I quit.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - YESTERDAY

Ben and Burman stand at the Burger King counter.

BURMAN

I quit.

BEN

You don't work here.

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

BEN

Okay, maybe once or twice. But that's not the point. People are counting on you, Burman. Namely, me.

BURMAN

Ben, I'm sorry.

BEN

Plus, that ass-face Vito broke my finger. Those guys are punks. And I need your help to beat them.

Ben puts Burman's arm around his shoulder, as they hobble off...

EXT. HOLIDAY INN PARKING LOT - GORGEFEST - DAY

Ben DRAGS Burman up to a parking lot, with a giant banner that reads "GORGEFEST 2009."

BURMAN

It's no use, Ben. I'm washed up.
We're in over our heads.

Suddenly, Ben and Burman bump directly into Kiyoko, who looks lost. Burman is transfixed by her beauty.

BEN

Oh, I'm sorry.

KIYOKO

(in broken English)
Escooze me. Do you know where
Gorgefest is?

Burman springs to action, suddenly filled with life.

BURMAN

Oh, I'll take you to register!

BEN

(to Burman)
I thought you were on your death
bed.

BURMAN

(whispers, to Ben)
Kiyoko, kid. My Asian flower. Now
beat it. We'll figure out that
food stuff later.

BEN

Burman! What about the
competition? What about my
freedom!?

Burman puts his arm around Kiyoko as they walk away.

BURMAN

(walking away, to Kiyoko)
So, have you ever eaten dog?

Ben turns around and runs face-first into Big Mac's gut. Big Mac GRUNTS.

VITO

What I tell you mugs about stickin'
your nose where it don't belong?

BEN

Gorgefest is open to anybody, we haven't done anything wrong. You scared?

VITO

(evil)

The only thing that scares me is hammerhead sharks... and we're nowhere near the ocean.

BEN

I think we just had a moment.

VITO

I think we did.

(pause)

Listen asshole, this competition is for professionals. If you and your queasy little boyfriend don't get the hell outta Gorgefest, you're gonna have a lot more trouble than just a broken finger.

Ben leans in to Vito's face, mad as hell.

BEN

Is that a threat?

Vito leans in even closer. Their noses touch.

VITO

That's a promise.

A long pause.

BEN

Uh, you're kind of invading my personal bubble.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY INN PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

Fans fill large bleachers while a HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND PLAYS. Attendants stack the final sandwich ingredients on picnic tables, while a REFEREE practices his WHISTLE.

Dick Michaels stands in front of a cameraman.

DICK MICHAELS

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the thirtieth annual Gorgefest Eat-Off! I'm Dick Michaels.

(MORE)

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)

The crowd is hot, the sandwiches
are stacked, and my wife just left
me!

INT. HOLIDAY INN LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben sits on a locker room bench, PRACTICING sandwich making.
He FLINGS bread and cheese together with incredible speed.

BURMAN (O.S.)

Watashi mitzukisho waka nihongo
gasuki, Kiyoko!

Burman saunters in, completely care-free.

BURMAN (CONT'D)

Ben, is yellow fever a racist term?

BEN

Burman, where the hell have you
been? The competition starts in
ten minutes!

BURMAN

Kiyoko loves to eat more than me.
I'm smitten.

Burman grabs a sandwich Ben has made and devours it.

BEN

Burman, you can't EAT before an
EATING competition!

BURMAN

Benji, you gotta calm down, bro.
What are you so stressed about?

BEN

(frantic)

We've gotta win! Snap out of it
man!

Burman, in his own little world, starts to sing.

BURMAN

Love is in the air, doo dee doo,
gentle and free, diddly doo,
dittley dee...

Suddenly, Ben SLAPS Burman across the face.

BEN

Twenty five thousand dollars,
Burman! You'll live in your own
place! I'll be a free man!

BURMAN

I think I'll name our first born
Hop Sing. Mixed babies are so
cute.

BEN

We're doomed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY INN PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

DICK MICHAELS

I tell you, you can feel the
electricity here today. Hot hot
hot! Almost as hot as my wife's
personal trainer Julio. He's Latin.

The crowd ROARS as Vito and Big Mac seat themselves at a
picnic table.

Vito confidently PUMPS his fist.

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)

And here come last year's champs -
overwhelming favorites to repeat.
I'd like to repeat the last six
years of my marriage. Fuck you,
Janice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben is massaging Burman's jaw.

BURMAN

Ben, what the hell are you doing?

BEN

You don't wanna get lock jaw up
there.

BURMAN

What is wrong with you?

BEN
Let's go!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY INN PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

DICK MICHAELS
And now here come the rest of the
competitors!

Ben and Burman follow a long line of sandwich eaters and
makers, as they make their way to the picnic tables.

Kiyoko is already seated. She BLOWS a kiss, and Burman
pretends to CATCH it, sticking it in his pants.

BURMAN
(leans to Ben)
I'm saving that for later.

BEN
Burman you have to focus! My hands
need to move in precise timing with
your mouth.

BURMAN
That's very erotic, Ben.

BEN
(looks to the sky)
Why me?

Ben and Burman sit down at their assigned picnic table seats,
right NEXT TO Vito and Big Mac.

VITO
Well well well. If it isn't
Laverne and Shirley.

BEN
Am I Laverne, or is he?

BURMAN
Dude, I'm totally Penny Marshall.

VITO
Not the point! I thought I told
you two to get lost.

BEN
We don't back down to anybody.

VITO
 You're gonna be sorry. Isn't that
 right, Big Mac?

Big Mac BURPS.

Ben notices his sandwich ingredients are right next to
 Vito's.

BEN
 You just stay on your side of the
 table, and I'll stay on mine.

Vito mimes "F You" with a hand to the chin, and Ben FLIPS
 VITO OFF with his bandaged hand.

BEN (CONT'D)
 (to Burman)
 Can you tell I'm giving him the
 finger?

Dick Michaels steps in front of the cameraman.

DICK MICHAELS
 The rules of the game are pretty
 simple, folks. Whichever team
 makes and eats the most sandwiches
 in under fifteen minutes is
 champion.

BEN
 (whispers, to Burman)
 I don't like these guys Burman. I
 think Vito's got something up his
 sleeve.

Vito suavely PULLS a bouquet of flowers from his sleeve,
 charming a women in the crowd.

BURMAN
 Um, he actually does have something
 up his sleeve.

DICK MICHAELS
 Now remember, our contestants must
 watch out for regurgitations.
 Anything that enters the mouth and
 comes back out results in automatic
 disqualification.
 (pause)
 If marriage had rules like that, my
 wife would have been disqualified
 sixteen years ago.

BEN
 (frantic)
 Burman, we're toast if you don't
 get your head in the game.

BURMAN
 (completely relaxed)
 Love is the only game I'm
 interested in, bro.

Kiyoko bashfully eyes Burman. Ben loses all hope.

Burman sees Vito put his arm around Kiyoko.

VITO
 (smiling)
 Hey sweet cheeks, I hear you like
 sausage. Wanna grab a bite after
 this?

Kiyoko bashfully giggles. Burman immediately springs to
 action, enraged.

BURMAN
 (to Ben, staring down
 Vito)
 Ben, my stomach hurts.

BEN
 Oh no. Are you okay?

BURMAN
 I'm better than okay.
 (evil smile)
 I'm hungry.

BEN
 (relieved)
 Took you long enough. Welcome
 back!

Dick Michaels walks in front of the table, holding a gun.

DICK MICHAELS
 Sandwich makers, ready your
 ingredients! Sandwich eaters,
 prepare your mouths.

Suddenly, Vito REVEALS a small bottle that reads:

"Ipecac: Vomit Inducing Medicine"

He tucks it away and WINKS at Big Mac.

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)
On your mark. Get set. EAT!!!

Dick FIRES the gun in the air. Ben FLINGS meat onto sandwiches using his one good hand.

Burman DEVOURS sandwich after sandwich, right beside Big Mac - who eats like a well-oiled machine.

Vito and Ben eye each other, THROWING a few elbows.

BURMAN
(mouth full)
Faster Ben! Faster!

BEN
I've only got one hand!

VITO
Give up yet, ladies?

Vito laughs, his hands are a BLUR. Ben is struggling to keep up.

Meanwhile, Kiyoko is eating with lightening speed.

Dozens of eaters start giving up: some PUKE, some COLLAPSE.

DICK MICHAELS
Ladies and gentlemen, sandwich eaters and makers are dropping like flies! It now appears to be a three-way race between last year's champs, crowd favorite Kiyoko "The Praying Mantis", and newcomers Ben and Burman! Speaking of three-ways, hey Janice! I can understand the pool boy, but the gardener too!?

Tension mounts.

Ben CRACKS his knuckles and his finger POPS back into place.

He rips off the bandage and now has both hands!

BEN
I'm back, baby!

BURMAN
(mouth full)
Ben, slow down. I can't keep up!

BEN

Yes you can! Damnit Burman, it's still anybody's game!

Ben speeds up, but it's too much for Burman.

Suddenly, Burman COUGHS on a piece of meat and opens his mouth.

DICK MICHAELS

Uh oh, folks. Looks like trouble.

Burman coughs up the meat.

In SLOW MOTION, it flies out of his mouth and SPIRALS into the air.

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)

This looks like the end for Ben and Burman!

Ben LEAPS into the air.

In one full motion, he CATCHES the spiraling meat and HEAVES it back into Burman's open mouth.

BEN

Gotcha.

The crowd ROARS with excitement!

DICK MICHAELS

Oh my god! In my thirty years announcing this sport, I have never seen anything like it! Ben has just saved the competition! This is astounding folks.

(pause)

That Ben is quicker than a hiccup. Quicker than my wife running into bed with my next-door neighbor Frank. Go to hell, Frank.

Big Mac gives Vito a SIGNAL.

He covertly CRUSHES some pills from the secret bottle, and POURS the powder into Ben's mayonnaise jar.

VITO

(to Big Mac)

Keep eating big man,

(eyeing Ben)

victory's only a sandwich away.

Meanwhile, Kiyoko is still GOBBLING her sandwiches with incredible speed.

BURMAN
 (full mouth)
 Benji, I don't know how much more I
 can fit in my stomach.

BEN
 (in pain)
 My hands are cramping up. Must.
 Keep. Going.

In a moment of weakness, Ben accidentally KNOCKS OVER the tainted mayo, SPILLING onto Vito's side of the table.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Ah crap!

The tainted mayo PLOPS onto Big Mac's sandwich, just as he LIFTS it to his mouth.

VITO
 (slow motion)
 Nooooooo!

It's too late. Big Mac GOBBLES down the sandwich. His stomach loudly growls.

BIG MAC
 Motherfuck!

BEN
 (to Burman)
 He can talk?

Suddenly, Big Mac PROJECTILE VOMITS onto Vito's head with enormous force.

Vito faints. Big Mac collapses.

DICK MICHAELS
 Oh wow! I did not see that coming.
 Speaking of coming-

BEN
 Quickly Burman! Keep eating!

BURMAN
 Fight through it Ben! More beef!

DICK MICHAELS

We're down to our final two teams!
Ben and Burman are neck and neck
with Kiyoko.

Kiyoko starts to COUGH. The competition is taking it's toll
on her...

BEN

(fighting through pain)
Just a little bit more!

DICK MICHAELS

Both teams are tied at thirty six
sandwiches. The competition is
anybody's to lose. Just like my
dignity.

On the cusp of victory, Burman looks toward Kiyoko. Their
eyes LOCK.

DICK MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Ten seconds left! Time is almost
up! Who will finish their thirty
seventh sandwich?

BEN

Eat Burman! Eaaaat!

Ben's voice FADES to oblivion, as Burman SWOONS.

Kiyoko WIPES MAYO from her lips as she bats her eye-lashes.

DICK MICHAELS

Five seconds!

Kiyoko GOBBLES down one last sandwich. Burman steps back and
WAVES OFF Ben.

BURMAN

I'm full.

The crowd is STUNNED.

BEN

Burman!

DICK MICHAELS

Aaaand time! We have a winner!
Our new champion, Kiyoko "The
Praying Mantis" Watanabe and her
Asian sandwich maker... whose name
I can't pronounce!

Dick Michaels RAISES Kiyoko's arm into the air.

Someone hands Kiyoko a golden bowl and an oversized check.

KIYOKO

Tank you! Tank you eveebody!

BEN

You threw the race!

BURMAN

What are you talking about?

BEN

You're telling me you couldn't eat
ONE more sandwich? You threw the
race for Kiyoko!

BURMAN

(smug look)

You're crazy, Ben.

BEN

(breaking down)

Twenty five grand. Your own
apartment. I was on the cusp of
freedom. Happiness. Clean carpet.

BURMAN

Over-rated, Ben. Besides, you
couldn't live without me.

BEN

(sarcastic)

You're right. I love when you cook
cornish game hens in my fireplace.

BURMAN

(turning green)

Fascinating analysis, Ben. If
you'll excuse me, I have forty
pounds of beef in me. I think I
need to-

Burman RUNS to the curb and starts HEAVING in the street.
Ben follows.

KIYOKO

(running up)

Ben! Brooman!

BEN

Hey, champ.

Burman, weak at the knees, stands up, wiping his mouth.

BURMAN
Good win, Kiyoko. You got lucky.

KIYOKO
Thank you, you are great competitor.

Kiyoko leans in and KISSES Burman on the mouth.

She walks away, giddy. Burman is smitten.

BURMAN
I love a girl who can eat, Ben.

BEN
Did you just kiss her after
vomiting?

BURMAN
(fist pumping)
First base, Ben. The first of
many.

Burman kneels back over and VOMITS.

BEN
(gagging)
Oh Burman. That smells awful.

BURMAN
What's wrong with you?

BEN
I... all of this eating,
vomiting... it's making me a little
sick.

BURMAN
Oh no. You're not gonna-

Suddenly Ben VOMITS. Then Burman continues to VOMIT.

BEN
(weakly)
Oh god. This is awful.

BURMAN
Miserable.

BEN
I didn't even eat this much.

Suddenly, Amy walks down the street carrying shopping bags.

She pauses, noticing Ben and Burman vomiting.

AMY
(shaking her head)
They're not even doing it right.

She walks on.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO