

THAT'S NOT FUNNY: EPISODE 1: ACCENT GRAVE

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FADE IN.

TEASER

INT. LECTURE HALL - EVENING
(PROFESSOR MILLER, SHAWN, STUDENT)

The class members are making small conversation and some students are talking to the professor.

PROFESSOR MILLER
Alright, everyone, quiet down,
Today we'll be doing the
presentations for the open dialogue
assignment. I will pick a name out
at random and you better be ready
to present. You all know the rules,
you have around five minutes to do
your presentation, so keep it
tight, and good luck.

He reads a piece of paper.

PROFESSOR MILLER (CONT'D)
Shawn Decker? Are you here?

SHAWN
I'm here.

SHAWN DECKER nervously gets up and walks to the professor.

PROFESSOR MILLER
Shawn will be doing a stand-up
comedy routine.

SHAWN
Hey guys, how are you all doing
tonight?
(pauses)
No response, that's a great start,
so I was at an wax museum recently,
out of town. Lot of interesting
people in there. I realized
something interesting. There are a
lot more short dictators than tall
ones. Think about it, Napoleon,
Hitler, Stalin, Saddam Hussein,
Putin!

(pauses)
There've been far more short
dictators than taller ones.

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I think this may just be a sign for the tall jocks to stop picking on the short nerds. Why? They end up as ruthless dictators.

The class doesn't respond. A small bustle breaks in students.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

So I was thinking about the Michael Richards incident the other day, and I couldn't help but think. It's it a bit over due with the whole N-word thing? I mean I'm sure black people are passionate about their history and everything, but imagine hating a word so much to the point of owning it. I mean isn't that a little ironic?

The class talks among themselves.

STUDENT

That's... Not funny...

He looks around nervously. The professor makes a note on paper.

SHAWN

(to himself)

Oh, crap.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

SCENE A

COLD OPEN

INT. SUBWAY METRO STATION - EVENING
(SHAWN, PETER, BRITTANY)

Shawn is standing with friend PETER COHEN.

SHAWN

You know, what I've been thinking about? Getting a new accent.

(beat)

I think it'll flow well with the crowd, you know, when I do stand-up, you know, like professionally.

PETER

(confused)

What makes you think that?

SHAWN

You know, if they think you're from a different country, and even if the joke's not actually funny, they think its their fault for not getting the joke, so I win both ways.

PETER

(making air quotation marks)

You don't "win", you lose. If the joke is not funny, then it's your "fault"

SHAWN

(making quotation marks)

What's with the air-quotations?

PETER

What about 'em?

SHAWN

What are you, a flight attendant? You're talk in signs like that.

PETER

What? I'm being emphatic! That's how I tell people which word to focus on.

SHAWN

Why do you have to tell people,
which word to focus on? Shouldn't
they be able to figure it out
themselves?

PETER

Well it changes the meaning of the
sentence if you focus on a
different word.

SHAWN

No it doesn't! It just changes the
focus of the sentence, doesn't
change the meaning.

Train arrives into station, Shawn and Peter step into the
train and stand holding a bar for support.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It looks so weird and annoying. The
air-quotation mark thing. Not to
mention highly pretentious.

PETER

How's that pretentious? I'm just
being emphatic. Its perfectly
normal to be emphatic.

SHAWN

Yeah, it is perfectly normal to be
emphatic. But what's not normal is
that you make "air quotations" for
everything. You can be emphatic in
other ways, you know.

PETER

What other way?

SHAWN

Take pauses.

PETER

Pauses? What pauses?

SHAWN

It's like a virtual emphasis. You
take a pause
(pauses)
They you say something
(pauses)
You pause and then you continue.

PETER

That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

SHAWN

How about this, do what I do.

PETER

Right. I should be more like you.

SHAWN

Come on, it works! I always over pronounce the important syllables.

PETER

Okay first of all, it does not work, and what's with that anyway? You do that for everything. Speaking is like an emphasis marathon for you.

SHAWN

Emphasis marathon? Where d'you come up with that?

PETER

You do it consistently all the time, just like a marathon runner. So its an emphasis marathon.
(over-pronounces the words "emphasis marathon")
It's a joke, moron.

SHAWN

But, it's not funny.

PETER

Yeah, you should be one to say.

Shawn playfully punches Peter. Train stops at a station, A Caucasian woman, BRITTANY, walks into the train.. She notices Shawn and Peter and walks over.

BRITTANY

(In a Jamaican accent)
Hey guys! How's it going?

PETER

(smiles back)
Oh Hey!

Peter gets up and kisses Brittany. Shawn very slightly nods to welcome her.

BRITTANY
(softly to PETER)
How was your day?

PETER
Alright, you?

BRITTANY
Not too bad, my stupid boss made me
stay late.
(beat)
So Shawn? What's up with you?

Shawn shrugs lazily.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
(mocks Shawn's shrug)
What's that. What do you mean
(shrugs)

SHAWN
I dunno, nothing.

BRITTANY
Then just say nothing.

SHAWN
I did.

BRITTANY
No. Not say nothing. Say
(pauses and makes air
quotations)
"Nothing"

SHAWN
So you do the pause and air-
quotations.

BRITTANY
What?
(to Peter)
What's he talking about.

PETER
Never mind.

BRITTANY
So what are you guys up to tonight?
Wanna get something to eat?

PETER
Sure, Shawn?

Shawn makes a face.

BRITTANY

What, you don't wanna eat with us?

SHAWN

It's not you, I just feel very awkward at your kind of restaurants.

BRITTANY

Our kind of restaurants? What is "our kind"? Yeah quotation marks, that's what our people do.

PETER

(to Brittany)

Give us a second.

(to Shawn)

Just come. I don't wanna be alone with her when she's mad.

SHAWN

But she's not mad, she's just being emphatic.

PETER

(suppressed yell)

Will you just drop the emphatic!

SHAWN

All right fine I'll come.

PETER

Great! Shawn's coming.

BRITTANY

Okay, but I need to freshen up a little. Where do you guys want to go? We could go to Brusso's. It's just on the way.

PETER

Yeah, Brusso's sounds fine.

SHAWN

Should I go ahead and you guys will join me later?

PETER

Sure, that works, Just make sure you get a good table.

SHAWN
What do you mean good table?

PETER
A good table.

SHAWN
Yeah, What is good table
(makes air quotations for
"good table")

PETER
(annoyed)
Never mind, just get a table.

SHAWN
Alright.

The train slows down near a stop.

BRITTANY
Guys we've gotta get off.

SHAWN
(to Brittany)
Hey Brittany, do you think I need a
new accent?

Peter rolls his eyes and picks up his bag. He quietly gestures a puzzled Brittany to not pursue it anymore. They exit the train.

END OF SCENE A

SCENE B

INT. BRUSSO'S RESTAURANT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Shawn enters.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Brusso's would you like a table?

SHAWN

Sure, for three.

RECEPTIONIST

Please follow me.

Shawn follows.

SHAWN

(to receptionist)

Hey let me ask you something. What do people mean when they ask for a good table?

RECEPTIONIST

What do you mean good table?

SHAWN

Exactly! I mean who decides what table is good?

RECEPTIONIST

Well some people like tables near the window. You know, further away from the kitchen or the noise or the door, you know?

SHAWN

But how do you know? If someone walks in here saying they wanted a good table, where would you take them?

RECEPTIONIST

Well...I uh...I really don't know.

SHAWN

I see.

RECEPTIONIST

Well here's your table. I hope you like it.

Shawn spots an attractive female, SARAH sitting on the table opposite.

SHAWN
(nodding towards
attractive female)
This is a pretty good table.

RECEPTIONIST
Thank you. Have a good meal.

The female looks up and smiles at Shawn as he pulls out his pad and starts scribbling. She looks up again

SARAH
Excuse me

Shawn wordlessly responds.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Are you sketching?

SHAWN
Oh not really.

SARAH
Oh, I thought for a minute that you
were sketching me.

SHAWN
Oh no, just trying to come up with
some jokes.

SARAH
Really? Why?

SHAWN
I'm a stand-up comedian. Or trying
to be one at least.

SARAH
Oh that is so cool. I wish I was
doing something cool.

SHAWN
Oh what do you do?

SARAH
I'm doing psychology, hopefully
become a psychiatrist some day.

SHAWN
You'll be dealing with whack-jobs
all day.

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

But the upside to that would be that you'd have great stories for bar talks.

SARAH

What?

SHAWN

It's a joke..

SARAH

You know you have a very different accent. Where are you from?

SHAWN

I was raised in Melbourne, Australia.

SARAH

That is so cool, I've never met anyone from Australia before.

SHAWN

Oh yes, we're a very privileged people.

SARAH

Is that so?

SHAWN

Oh yea, you have to swim across the world just to get a look at one of us.

SARAH

Oh yeah? And what if someone wanted a second look?

SHAWN

(smiling)

Well, they can call us... maybe talk over drinks, or a meal.

SARAH

Oh yeah? Well I can't right now.

SHAWN

Oh that's perfectly fine, you can just give me your number. Or I can give you mine.

They exchange phone numbers.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Well I'll call you in three days.

SARAH

Great! It was really nice to meet you.

SHAWN

Perfect!

SARAH

Okay bye.

Sarah exits.

INT. BRUSSO'S RESTAURANT - LATER

(SHAWN, PETER'S VOICE, WAITRESS, MANAGER)

Shawn is sitting alone at a booth in a diner drinking water. There's jazz music playing in the background. There are not a lot of people in the diner. He's got a pair of keys, his phone, and a music player on the table. Shawn dials a number on his phone.

SHAWN

Yo, where are you guys! I've been waiting for like twenty minutes.

PETER'S VOICE

Hold on, We're on our way, we're just walking. Did you order yet?

SHAWN

No, I've been waiting for you! Just hurry, I'm starving.

PETER'S VOICE

Hold on, hold on, we'll be there shortly.

Shawn sits restlessly tapping his hands on the table. A waiter keeps walking back and forth in front of Shawn's table. Shawn nods to the waiter every time he passes by.

SHAWN

(to waiter)

Hey!

WAITRESS

Yes Sir?

SHAWN

Why do you keep walking back and forth around this table?

WAITRESS

Well sir, that's my job.

SHAWN

Sure it's your job when there are people here. But there's no-one else here.

WAITRESS

Well we need to make sure things are kept properly, nothing is tampered with, you know we need to constantly patrol the area.

SHAWN

Patrol the area? What are you a sheriff? What is this, magnificent Seven? You're gonna call a posse together?

WAITRESS

I don't know what you mean, are you interested in ordering?

SHAWN

No, I usually go to restaurants to chat up waiters.

WAITRESS

It's server.

SHAWN

Waiter, Server, whatever don't ruin the joke with technicalities.

WAITRESS

What joke?

SHAWN

What I said about going to restaurant and chatting up waiters, that's a joke.

WAITRESS

Well it wasn't very funny.

SHAWN

What are you saying?

WAITRESS
That the joke wasn't funny.

SHAWN
It was funny.

The waitress shrugs.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
I wanna talk to the manager

The manager enters.

MANAGER
(In an English Accent)
Hello Sir, is there a problem?

SHAWN
Hey... Look at that... got a
British thing going on there...
very cool... it's very cool to have
an accent, you know that?

MANAGER
Well thank you. The waitr-

SHAWN
How do you do that?

MANAGER
Do what?

SHAWN
You know, the accent.

MANAGER
Well I'm not really doing anything,
I'm just British.

SHAWN
I think it's because you enunciate.
You know. You take pauses, and then
you talk, and then you take pauses.
I think that's about right. What do
you think?

MANAGER
Sure, whatever you say. What's the
problem?

SHAWN
I can do a good Australian.

MANAGER

What's the problem, sir? You said you wanted to speak to me.

SHAWN

Can you believe this? The waitress says that my joke isn't funny.

MANAGER

What joke?

SHAWN

Well we were talking, he asked me if I was going to order and I said No I just go into restaurant to chat up waiters.

MANAGER

It's attendants.

SHAWN

She said it was servers.

MANAGER

Well I say it's attendants.

SHAWN

Interesting.

(pauses)

Either way, the "attendant" said that my joke wasn't funny.

MANAGER

Well it's not a joke to begin with, it's a quip at best, and not a very funny one.

SHAWN

You think it's a quip? What's the difference between the joke and a quip? Because they really sound like the same thing.

MANAGER

Well sir, Call it whatever you may, she tells me you've been sitting here for about thirty minutes and haven't ordered anything. I mean are you sure you want to eat?

SHAWN

Yeah I'm going to eat, I'm waiting for my friends to show up.

MANAGER

Well it's an awfully long time to wait for someone.

SHAWN

No it's not. It's just been twenty minutes.

MANAGER

I'm sorry sir, we can't allow that kind of behavior, we'd like you to leave.

SHAWN

Are you serious? You're kicking me out for waiting? Your entire business is dependant on waiting!

MANAGER

Well sir, you either order, or leave, we have to cater to other customers too.

SHAWN

What customers! You've got as many people as a hooker's funeral on a Wednesday afternoon.

MANAGER

Alright, that's it sir, we cannot allow that kind of tone, please leave peacefully or I'm going to have to call security.

SHAWN

(getting up)

Yeah the fat guy with a donut fetish, growing out of a beach chair. That's cutting edge security.

(picking up his things)

And by the way, your music sucks, maybe you should hire a subway musician, maybe more people will sit down.

MANAGER

(yelling after him)

And don't bother coming back! I know what you look like.

Shawn leaves the restaurant.

EXT. OUTSIDE BRUSSO'S ON THE SIDEWALK
(PETER, SHAWN, BRITTANY)

Shawn is walking out of Brusso's. Peter enters holding Brittany's hand.

PETER

Why are you outside, didn't you get a table?

SHAWN

(slowly)

Yeah, I don't think we're gonna get a table in there, ever.

BRITTANY

Why not?

SHAWN

(laughing slightly)

The manager kicked me out because I didn't order anything for thirty minutes. Do you believe that?

PETER

Wait, why didn't you order?

SHAWN

I was waiting for you guys.

PETER

So? You could've ordered a drink or something.

SHAWN

I didn't know what you guys were gonna have.

PETER

Why is that important?

SHAWN

I wanna keep an even manliness-to-drink ratio.

PETER

What ratio, there's no ratio!

SHAWN

Yes there is, if you ordered beer and I ordered juice, I end up looking like a wuss. I don't wanna look like a wuss.

PETER

Then you could've gotten the beer
and I would've gotten the juice!
Would you be happy then?

SHAWN

Nah, then I'll look like I'm with a
wuss, I don't wanna be seen with a
wuss.

PETER

Well thanks to you, now we can't
even get juice in that place.

BRITTANY

(sighs)

Is there a place around here?

Shawn looks up at Brusso's entrance sign, and looks back at
Brittany.

SHAWN

Wait, China house is like right
around the corner.

PETER

(groaning)

Again?

SHAWN

What's wrong with it? Food's good,
not a whole lot of people, and you
get free tea.

PETER

We go there way too many times.
Let's think of some place else.

BRITTANY

Well I'm really hungry, so better
think of something fast.

Shawn and Peter look around as if hoping a restaurant would
just pop out of no where. They look at each other for a brief
moment.

PETER

(surrendering)

Eh...China house.

BRITTANY

Alright, let's hurry.

They start walking and reach a turn on the sidewalk.

SHAWN

By the way, the accent thing totally works. I just met this chick she loved my accent. Laughed at everything I said.

PETER

What accent?

SHAWN

My Australian accent.

PETER

What accent? That's not an Australian accent.

SHAWN

Of course it is! You've never been to Australia, you don't know how they sound.

PETER

I know they don't sound like that!

BRITTANY

What is this accent business?

PETER

Never mind that, let's just get going.

They exit.

END OF SCENE B

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE C

EXT. OUTSIDE BRUSSO'S ON THE SIDEWALK - LATER
(SHAWN, PETER, BRITTANY)

Peter, BRITTANY and Shawn are walking out of the restaurant. Peter is scowling at Shawn.

SHAWN

What's with you?

PETER

Why did you have to ask the waiter what eighteen percent of your bill was?

SHAWN

Because I couldn't calculate it myself. I would've asked you, but I knew you wouldn't help me.

PETER

Its simple! Use my system! Divide by ten and add half of that and then add whatever you like to it.

SHAWN

Yeah see, you have a system, I don't have a system.

PETER

You don't need a different system! Just use my system.

SHAWN

It's just a lot easier to ask the waiter, okay. I just finish eating a meal now I gotta do a math test? That's ridiculous! If I wanted to do math I would've stayed in engineering.

PETER

(ridiculously)

You did a year of engineering, you can't calculate eighteen percent? I mean it's basic math!

SHAWN

It's basic math in class. After dinner it's very complicated. It's just a lot of social pressure.

PETER

What social pressure?

SHAWN

You've got the waitress looking at you, you're full, you've gotta think about getting the hell outta there.

PETER

Only you would see tipping as social pressure.

SHAWN

It is pressure! It's like right after having sex with a virgin. There's a lot of pressure.

Brittany looks uncomfortable and scorns at Peter

BRITTANY
I'm going home.

She storms away.

PETER
Great! This is just great.

SHAWN
What's with her?

Peter stares at him with obviousness.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
What?

PETER
You!

SHAWN
Me? What did I do!

PETER
She's a virgin! I told you
remember?

SHAWN
What! Get outta here! You never
told me.

PETER
Now she's gonna think I tell you
everything.

SHAWN
What's there to tell, she's a
virgin. Not a lot of
accomplishments that you can tell
me.

PETER
Yeah thanks. Anyway, I gotta go.

SHAWN
Alright let's go.

PETER
I gotta go with her. My bag's at
her place.

SHAWN
Ah well, good luck.

PETER
By the way could you tell Tarun to
call me?

SHAWN
Why don't you call him yourself?

PETER
(complaining)
Because my phone's dying, just tell
him to call me.

SHAWN
(nonchalantly)
Alright. I'll see you at the gym
tomorrow.

PETER
Alright, later.

Peter runs to catch up to Brittany. Shawn starts walking in a
different direction.

END OF SCENE C

SCENE D

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn enters the apartment, and sees his roommate TARUN is
playing a game on his in the living-room. The living room is
fairly clean, there are a few jackets lying on the back of
the couch. The kitchen is visible and there are a few dirty
dishes.

SHAWN
Hey.

Tarun doesn't answer. Shawn shakes his head and walks to his
bedroom.

SHAWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tarun! Call Peter!

Shawn enters the living room. Tarun notices him.

TARUN
Yo! When did you get home?

SHAWN
Just now, didn't you hear me call
you?

TARUN
Oh, that was you?

SHAWN
Who else could it be?

TARUN
I dunno, thief?

SHAWN
How would a thief come in?

TARUN
Door.

SHAWN
But why would he come in? you're in
the house.

TARUN
I looked pretty busy.

SHAWN
So a thief could enter the house
and you wouldn't know.

TARUN
I guess not.

SHAWN
Interesting... Anyway, Peter wants
you to call him.

TARUN
Why didn't he just call me?

SHAWN
His phone's dead. I dunno how
phones die anyway, I mean you
charge it every night, my phone
never dies.

TARUN
So what's up with you? What took
you so long?

SHAWN
Eh, Not much really, had dinner
with Peter and Brittany.

TARUN
Oh yeah? How'd that go.

SHAWN
Not that great.

Tarun rolls his eyes. Shawn looks around the apartment at the mess.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
So what did you do all day?

TARUN
Playing some games online.

SHAWN
(looking at the kitchen)
We doing the dishes today?

Tarun and Shawn stare silently at the pile of dishes.

SHAWN AND TARUN
Yeah, some other time.

TARUN
Alright, I've gotta work on a
thesis proposal.

SHAWN
When's it due?

TARUN
(thinking)
Wednesday.

SHAWN
Today's Thursday.

TARUN
Yeah, I know, it's due next
Wednesday .

SHAWN
Oh.

TARUN
What're you gonna do?.

SHAWN
I dunno, try and come up with new
material I guess. I totally bombed
on that open dialogue assignment.

TARUN

Well, it's tough. Anyway, see you later.

SHAWN

Night.

Shawn and Tarun exit.

END OF SCENE D

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE E

EXT. SOME STREET - NEXT MORNING

(SHAWN, LESLEY)

Shawn is walking with his backpack and has both hands in his jacket pockets. A girl is walking closely behind Shawn. He stops at a red light waiting to cross. The girl taps him on his shoulder.

SHAWN

(turning around)

Oh hey! How's it goin!

LESLEY

Heya, Not too bad, you?

SHAWN

You know, same old. Did you do the readings for today?

LESLEY

Oh no, Didn't have time, things got a little crazy last night. Me and my room-mate gave each other facials. It was so much fun!

SHAWN

I'm happy for you

LESLEY

(punching him
flirtatiously)

Anyway, what's up with you today?

SHAWN

Well, I've got a lecture right now.
(pauses)
You?

LESLEY

Nothing right now, what lecture do you have?

SHAWN

Uh, what is it, my liberal, pop-culture or something like that.

LESLEY

Hmm, sounds interesting, can I come?

SHAWN

Sure, its a boring class though.

LESLEY

Ah, you're just a boring student.

SHAWN

I'm a boring student? Get outta here.

(pauses)

Oh, I just remembered I needed to ask you something.

LESLEY

(anticipating)

What?

SHAWN

Do you know any one taking linguistics?

LESLEY

(playfully)

Maybe, why?

SHAWN

Well, could you do me a favour?
Could you get me the prof's name? I kinda need to talk to him, or her whatever the prof is.

LESLEY

(jokingly)

Sure, but what do I get in return?

SHAWN

(laughing)

I don't know. How do you return a favour?

LESLEY

What about dinner tonight?

SHAWN

(pause)

Dinner?

LESLEY

Yeah.

SHAWN

Just to clarify, you ask your friends for their prof's name... and we have dinner... that's supposed to square us.

LESLEY

Yeah.

SHAWN

How does that square us?

LESLEY

I do you a favour, you do me a favour. That makes us square.

Shawn nods.

SHAWN

So is this, you and I go for dinner, or I buy you dinner?

LESLEY

You buy me dinner.

SHAWN

Can I give you the money for the dinner?

LESLEY

Nope, you have to come with me.

SHAWN

What's the difference?

LESLEY

It's the company.

SHAWN

All right...

LESLEY

You'll take me to dinner then?

SHAWN

I'll buy you dinner.

LESLEY

Great! I'll be ready by eight.

SHAWN

Okay.

LESLEY

(excited)

This is gonna be so much fun!

Shawn looks mortified. They exit.

END OF SCENE E

SCENE F

INT. GYM SQUASH COURTS - LATER - MEDIUM SHOT

INT. SQUASH COURTS - TWO SHOT

Peter and Shawn are standing outside.

SHAWN

I'm really worried about this you know. This dinner with Lesley

PETER

You'll be fine, just be yourself, I'm sure she'll get sick of that and just leave.

SHAWN

Hope you're right. I'm gonna dress like a bum for this.

PETER

Yeah good luck, I hope you have a terrible dinner.

Shawn laughs.

SHAWN

So what're you doing after this?

PETER

I've gotta go meet my group. We need to get some stuff done for our project.

SHAWN

Cool. Are you the leader?

PETER

Nah, this guy with this huge laptop is the leader.

SHAWN

So that's how engineers decide on the alpha-engineer huh.

PETER

Hey, if you're looking for material you gotta check out this guy and his girlfriend. They're a comic gold-mine. You might actually enjoy hanging out with them.

Shaw shrugs.

SHAWN

Hey let me ask you something. Do you think Brittany would mind if I did her accent for my stand up?

PETER

I dunno, ask her.

SHAWN

That's some accent huh.

PETER

Yep

SHAWN

It's like, she's black, but she's not really black. Makes you wonder how she must be in bed, you know with that accent.

PETER

Yeah, makes me wonder.

SHAWN

So you two still haven't...

PETER

Nope.

SHAWN

You gotta think though. It's gotta be pretty exotic.

(pause)

It'll be like having sex with a black chick, without actually having to have sex with one.

PETER

What?

SHAWN

Yeah, think about it. Black chicks have always eluded us. This would be like a controlled environment activity. Kinda like when they put two pandas together in a zoo.

PETER

Like a quasi-black fuck.

SHAWN

(laughing)

Quasi-black fuck

A BLACK GIRL enters from behind Shawn's table.

BLACK GIRL

Excuse me?

SHAWN

What?

BLACK GIRL

I heard what you said, Is this what you think of us? That is sick!

SHAWN

No I was just-

BLACK GIRL

What, black people are like a novelty thing for you? Oh I'm gonna score some black-ass tonight! Is that it?

SHAWN

No I was just making a joke to my friend.

BLACK GIRL

Oh making a joke! I see, so what black girls are like animals? We should be in a zoo?

(MORE)

BLACK GIRL (CONT'D)

You think you'll do anything you want to fuck a black chick.

SHAWN

No, that was just a metaphor.

BLACK GIRL

You know what, take your meta- whatever the fuck it is, and shove it up yours, Okay! It's people like you that make me hate men. You need to get a life you short-ass mother-fucker!

The black girl leaves and Brittany is standing with a raised eyebrow and folded hands. Shawn waves to her as she walks over to Shawn and Peter. Peter goes over to kiss her but she walks past him to Shawn. Shawn looks puzzled.

BRITTANY

You.

SHAWN

What?

BRITTANY

What was that?

SHAWN

What! Nothing! She's just going crazy. You know I was joking.

BRITTANY

So that's what I am huh, a quasi-black fuck...

SHAWN

Peter's the one who said quasi-black fuck. All I said that it'd be pretty exotic to...

BRITTANY

Exotic to what?

SHAWN

Never mind.

BRITTANY

I heard what you said, don't pretend with me.

SHAWN

I'm sorry.

BRITTANY
(like a black girl)
Mh hmm

SHAWN
By the way I need to ask you for a
favour.

BRITTANY
What? Want to score some quasi-
black tail?

SHAWN
Funny. But I need to send this prof
an e-mail, and I don't really what
to say to her?

BRITTANY
What's this about?

SHAWN
You know, the accent.

BRITTANY
What is this accent deal seriously!

SHAWN
I'm trying to get a new accent for
my stand up.

BRITTANY
What? You're gonna bother
professors with this now? This is
unbelievable.

SHAWN
I'm not gonna bother them I just
wanna get a second opinion.

BRITTANY
Fine, I'll come by your place later
by around eight-thirty. You better
be home!

SHAWN
Could you come a little later? I
sorta need to return a favour at
eight, and that might take a while.

BRITTANY
No! I have a lot of work to do!

SHAWN

What work! It's the beginning of the semester!

BRITTANY

Look, you want my help?

Shawn wordlessly shrugs and nods (yes)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

What! you want it or not!

SHAWN

Yes!

BRITTANY

Then be home at 8:30.

SHAWN

Alright, fine, I'll be there.

BRITTANY

Yeah, you owe me one.

SHAWN

(sarcastically)

Yeah, maybe we can go out and have dinner?

BRITTANY

What? What's wrong with you?

SHAWN

Never mind, I'll call you later.

BRITTANY

Yeah okay.

Peter moves to kiss her good bye.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

And you're on thin-ice.

Brittany exits.

PETER

She's coming over to your place?

SHAWN

Come on, she's a virgin. You know I can't do it with virgins. I feel like I'm the one committing sin or adultery or whatever virgins feel when they're having sex.

PETER
I gotta tell you, I'm not comfortable with that.

SHAWN
What can I say, she said she wants to come over.

PETER
Couldn't she just have helped you on phone?

SHAWN
I dunno, maybe she prefers doing it in person.

PETER
Alright well, let's get this game over with. You've gotta get ready for your "date" with Lesley.

Shawn looks terrified as he walks into the squash courts.

END OF SCENE F

CUT TO:

SCENE G

INT. LESLEY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Shawn knocks on Lesley's door. Lesley enters dressed fashionably.

SHAWN
(uncomfortable)
Hey.
(pauses)
I didn't know I had to dress up for this.

LESLEY
Oh, don't worry about it. I've got my room-mate's ex's jacket. It'll fit you perfectly.

SHAWN
I'm not wearing his jacket.

LESLEY
You want the prof's name?

SHAWN

Alright fine!. Gimme the damn jacket.

Shawn wears the jacket.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

This prof better know what I'm doing just so I can get in touch with her.

LESLEY

Look at you, you look so cute in that jacket.

SHAWN

Could we go now? I have to get home soon and e-mail the prof.

LESLEY

All right! Shawn and Lesley going to dinner. Oh this is gonna be so much fun. Maybe we can stop for ice cream later. Or we can get drinks first, and then go for dinner.

Shawn and Lesley exit as Lesley keeps talking and making plans.

END OF SCENE G

END OF ACT II

END OF EPISODE

TEASER CLIP:

Shawn is running up the stairs. He enters the apartment and Tarun is watching TV.

TARUN

Who's chasing you?

SHAWN

(panting)
Is Brittany here?

TARUN

Nope, she left. Said something about thin ice.

SHAWN

Damn it! She was supposed to help me right an e-mail.

TARUN
Yeah she told me.

SHAWN
Wait, what are you doing right now?

TARUN
I dunno, probably play some games.

SHAWN
Wanna help me write the e-mail?

TARUN
Nah...

Shawn exits.

TEASER

Shawn writing the e-mail to the professor. (CLASSIFIED)