

HERMAN

(aka "ALL YOU CAN EAT, AND HEAVEN TOO")

"Pilot"

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COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

INT. RUDY'S DINER - DAY

(Adele, Marlene, Ruthie, Mackie)

A DINER IN QUEENS WITH THAT 50S RETRO FEEL -- FORMICA, WHITE COUNTERTOPS, GLEAMING CHROME COFFEE URNS AND FIXTURES. THE COUNTER ITSELF IS ALONG THE REAR WALL, WITH AN UPSTAGE DOOR THAT LEADS TO THE PARKING LOT TO OUR LEFT. MARLENE KANE, A GUM-SNAPPING, VULGAR WAITRESS IN TIGHT CUTESY OUTFIT, 30s, AND MACKIE, A GUY IN HIS 50s WHO RUNS THE PLACE, ARE SITUATED BEHIND THE COUNTER AS ADELE WRIGHT, HERMAN'S DOTING MOTHER, AND HER FRIEND RUTHIE ENTER IN A RUSH. RUTHIE LOOKS LIKE HER FACE HAS BEEN PINNED UP WITH SURGICAL IMPLANTS. ADELE IS CARRYING A GIANT BIRTHDAY CAKE.

ADELE

Come on everyone, places, we're going
to surprise Herman with this great
big birthday cake.

SHE CROSSES DOWN TO HERMAN'S FAVORITE TABLE, SETS CAKE THERE.
MARLENE APPROACHES.

MARLENE

(CHEERY) Is there anything I can
do?

ADELE

Yes, you can butt your swinging hips
out, sweetie.

MARLENE

You better watch it. I'm the one
who keeps your baby elephant in feed
stock every day.

ADELE

Herman is not an elephant and I resent you describing him that way.

MARLENE

If it tramples on your rhododendrons, it's an elephant.

ADELE

Why you --

MARLENE

Unh-unh-unh. (A BEAT) I hope you remembered to bring extra candles -- we're computing in fatso years.

A LETHAL PAUSE.

ADELE

All right, who's got the matches?

RUTHIE

I do!

RUTHIE HANDS OVER THE MATCHES.

ADELE

You keep an eye out. When you see him, hit the lights.

RUTHIE MOVES TO THE WINDOW. ADELE TENDS TO THE CANDLES. MARLENE GIVES A CUTESY SHAKE OF THE HIPS.

MARLENE

I'll just use these little hips of mine to guide him to the table.

SHE CROSSES TO DOOR, SWIPING A PIECE OF FROSTING FROM CAKE AS SHE DOES SO AND RUNNING IT ACROSS HER LIPS.

RUTHIE, WATCHING AT THE WINDOW, SPIES HERMAN.

RUTHIE

He's here!

ADELE

All right, places everyone. Get the
lights.

LIGHT CUE: BLACKOUT

HERMAN WRIGHT ENTERS, A FAT BLUBBERY SLOB AND MAMA'S BOY,
30S.

HERMAN

How come it's so dahk in here?

MARLENE

Three guesses, Hermie. Could it be
because the lights are out? Here,
come with me.

SHE TAKES HIS HAND, LEADS HIM TO THE TABLE.

LIGHT CUE: UP FULL

ALL SING

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR HOIMIE,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!!!

HERMAN

Oh boy, a birthday cake!

MARLENE

Before you assault it, tell us, how
many fatso years are you today?

HERMAN

Let's see -- (COUNTS ON HIS FINGERS,
THINKS) --

MARLENE

Thirty-five -- that's about 3,000 in
LDL cholesterol years.

A MOMENT.

ADELE

Go on, Herman, make a great big wish
and blow out the candles.

MARLENE

Don't give your brain a nervous
breakdown.

DIRTY LOOKS FLY.

HERMAN

I wish. . . I wish. . . I wish I
could eat everything in the (whole
wide) world.

MARLENE

Blow out your candles.

HERMAN BLOWS OUT THE CANDLES. APPLAUSE.

ALL SING

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD HOIMIE, FOR
HE'S A JOLLY GOOD HOIMIE, FOR HE'S A
JOLLY GOOD HOIMIE, THAT NOBODY CAN
DENY.

MARLENE

Now, dig in for a nice big treat.

SHE SHOVES HIS FACE DOWN INTO THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

ADELE

You little monster!

SHE LUNGES FOR MARLENE. THEY WRESTLE MOMENTARILY, BREAK FREE. ADELE TEARS A CHUNK OUT OF THE CAKE. MARLENE DOES LIKEWISE. THEY BACK AWAY, STUDY EACH OTHER.

MARLENE

Here -- enjoy yourself.

SHE FLINGS THE CHUNK OF CAKE AT ADELE, WHO FLINGS BACK, AND PANDEMONIUM BREAKS OUT. HERMAN LOOKS UP, HIS FACE GROTESQUELY PLASTERED WITH CAKE.

HERMAN

(SINGS) HAPPY BOITHDAY TO ME, HAPPY
BOITHDAY TO ME, HAPPY BOITHDAY DEAR
HERMIE. . .

HIS FACE FLOPS DOWN INTO THE CAKE.

HERMAN

HAPPY BOITHDAY TO ME. . .

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONESCENE AFADE IN:INT. RUDY'S DINER - DAY
(Herman, Marlene, Mackie)

HERMAN IS SEATED AT HIS FAVORITE TABLE, FACING US. OBESSE. GROTESQUE. THERE ARE SEVERAL HUGE PLATES OF FLAPJACKS IN FRONT OF HIM. HE'S STUFFING HIMSELF WITH THEM, THE GOOEY SYRUP DRIBBLING DOWN HIS CHEEKS. MARLENE OBSERVES HIM NEARBY. MACKIE, THE COUNTERMAN, IS BUSY AT HIS CHORES.

HERMAN

Breakfast at Rudy's Diner -- ooooh,
it sure doesn't get any better than
this. Mmmmm, these are de-wicious!

ADELE AND RUTHIE COME IN.

ADELE

Look here, I said to the boy, if
you're going to spend your formative
years just sitting around the house
stuffing your face like a toad, I
suggest you take your act somewhere
else. Isn't that Herman, the birthday
boy, over there?

RUTHIE

It is, it is. Ooh, he can really
put the food away.

ADELE

But he's a good kid -- aren't you,
Hermie.

HERMAN SMILES, AND MAPLE SYRUP DRIBBLES DOWN HIS CHEEKS.

MARLENE

(VERY NEW YOIK) Huhman, your mother
just came in. She's got that friend
of hers with her.

HERMAN

That's Ruthie. I like Ruthie.

MARLENE

You ask me, she looks like a bunch
of aborigines camped out on her face.

HERMAN

Yeah. Hey, that isn't very nice.
How about some more pancakes?

MARLENE

Sure, Huhmie, sure. But didn't you
say your mother don't like it when
you stuff yourself?

HERMAN

She's a poopy old pop tart.

(MORE)

HERMAN (cont'd)

Now, let's see -- gimme a pile of flapjacks, some nice fresh corn muffins, hot biscuits with gravy, two plates of scrambled eggs, and top it all off with a nice steaming pot of coffee.

MARLENE

I don't know how you can put all of this away after stuffing yourself yesterday with that birthday cake. But there's always room for one more, eh, Hermie? Okay, let's see if I got this. Some flapjacks, some muffins. Hot, steamy biscuits (SHAKING HER HIPS PROVOCATIVELY) just dripping with gravy. Maybe a side or two of scrambled eggs, and we round it all off with a nice hot pot of coffee. That sound about right?

HERMAN

Poifect.

MARLENE

Don't go away, Hermie. Back in a jiffy.

SHE ROLLS THOSE SEXY HIPS, GOES OUT. ADELE AND RUTHIE SEAT THEMSELVES AT A BOOTH.

ADELE

Boy, that kid of mine can really put it away, huh? (WAVES TO HIM) Hi, Hoimie.

HE IGNORES HER. SHE TURNS BACK TO RUTHIE.

ADELE

So I said to Estelle, I said, don't you worry about my Herman. I know he likes to eat, but he can take care of himself. 'Cause when push comes to shove, it's the fat who are going to inherit the earth. Isn't that right, Hermie?

SHE GETS UP, GOES TO HIM, GIVES HIS CHEEK AN EXAGGERATED PINCH. HE REGISTERS A SLIGHT LOOK OF ANNOYANCE.

HERMAN

Mmmmmm, I'm starved. Boy, do I wuv to eat. Pancake, I wuv-oo.

HE STUFFS A FORKFUL OF PANCAKES INTO HIS MOUTH. A SYRUPY MESS DRIBBLES DOWN HIS CHEEKS.

ADELE

But listen, Hermie, we got trouble. The cops were around, and they were looking for you.

HERMAN

For me?

ADELE

They saw you running naked across Mrs. Farnsworth's lawn. Were you running naked?

HERMAN

No, Ma.

ADELE

That hottie little tramp daughter of hers, I know what's on your mind. Of course, I told them it was ridiculous, but they wouldn't believe me. I'm afraid they're out looking for you. Herman, tell me the truth -- were you trying to ogle that girl?

HERMAN

No, Ma. I don't even know what ogle means.

ADELE

They said you were using binoculars. Did you have designs on her boobies?

HERMAN

No. All's I wanted was to get a look at that blueberry pie.

ADELE

What blueberry pie?

HERMAN

The one in Mrs. Farnsworth's kitchen window.

ADELE

And so you stripped down and ran naked in her yard?

HERMAN

I was in my undies. I smelled the pie, didn't have time to change. I just wanted a look.

ADELE

I know how tempting these things can be for someone as innocent and vulnerable as yourself. But Herman, ogling someone's blueberries?

HERMAN

Aw Ma.

ADELE

I guess it is unrealistic to expect you not to be human. Still, I worry.

A BEAT.

HERMAN

Ma -- that's some blueberry pie there, that Mrs. Farnsworth's got. I just gotta have it. Maybe if I rang the bell and asked nicely.

ADELE

You won't ring any bell and you don't need any more food. Look at you, a rose by any other name would still be a blubberpuss slob. I know how traumatic your father's sudden departure was for you, but that's no excuse to make a pig of yourself.

HERMAN

I'm an oinker, huh Ma?

ADELE

The police are just liable to show up here looking for you. But you're a good boy, Hermie, and I wuv-oo.

HERMAN

I wuv-oo too, Ma.

THEY EXCHANGE CUTESY LITTLE LOOKS. HE SHOVELS MORE FOOD IN HIS MOUTH.

ADELE

Huhman, I know it's a sensitive subject -- but when are you gonna go out and look for a job?

HERMAN

Don't ask that, Ma. This is my job. You know that. I eat, therefore I am. Oh how I wuv to eat.

ADELE

It ain't natural, Hermie, stuffing yourself like this. One of these days you're gonna flop over, and that'll be the end of you. Had it occurred to you that this might clog your arteries and lead to premature death?

HERMAN

Death be not proud, Ma.

ADELE

Ever since your father ran off with that belly dancer to Seattle, you haven't been the same.

HERMAN

She was something, huh, Ma? Ooooh, she was for sure a walk on the wild side.

ADELE

(TICKED OFF) Yeah, she was something.

MEMORY FLASH:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - WRIGHT RESIDENCE - DAY

HENRY WRIGHT, HERMAN'S FATHER, AND A HALF-NAKED BELLY DANCER, WANDA, HOLDING HANDS, BID GOODBYE TO ADELE FROM THE BOTTOM STEPS OF THE PORCH. ADELE OCCUPIES THE FRONT DOOR, WITH HERMAN PEERING OUT FROM BEHIND HER.

HENRY

Honey, I'm running off with Wanda here. We wanna wanda, get it? Heh-heh-heh! If you wonder where we're wandering, me and Wanda, think Seattle.

ADELE

What's in Seattle?

HENRY

Wanda's got work lined up. She's gonna be a professional stripper and belly dancer. Show her your software, honey.

WANDA DISPLAYS HER WARES, SLITHERS BREASTS AND BELLY.

WANDA

(CUPS BREASTS) How about those hot little radiator caps? I'm gonna be the E.F. Hutton of the strip world. When Wanda works the pole, people look up and listen.

ADELE

You're nothing but a no-account little tramp. And what about poor Herman here, Henry? What's his future gonna be like without a fatha?

HENRY

Long as he gets four square -- make that five or six -- what does he care? Don't worry, Hermie, I'll send you lunch money every week.

ADELE

You'll be sorry about this.

HENRY

Goodbye, Herman. We got a train to catch. I'll remember to write you -- care of the American Diabetes Association.

ADELE

You'll regret this, Henry Wright. Just wait.

BACK TO SCENE

ADELE

Your father's leaving traumatized you, Hermie, and he was a louse.

HERMAN

A louse is a louse, of course, of course. But that stripper he ran off with, she was like hot buttered salami, Ma.

ADELE

(SCOLDING)

Herman!

HERMAN

Who cares about them anyway. Pa was
a lush who couldn't hold down a job.

ADELE

Maybe you're right.

SHE PINCHES HIM LOVINGLY ON THE CHEEK.

ADELE

You go ahead and enjoy your meal.

SHE GOES BACK TO HER BOOTH.

MARLENE RETURNS WITH PLATEFULS OF FOOD.

MARLENE

There you are, Hermie, nice and
steaming hot.

HERMAN

Uh, Marlene, these pancakes are kinda
cold.

MARLENE

Well then I'll heat them up for you,
Hermie.

HERMAN

Would you do that, would you do that
for me?

MARLENE

Of course I would, Hermie. You bet
I'll heat them up.

(MORE)

MARLENE (cont'd)

(COZYING THOSE HIPS UP TO HIM) You like things hot, don't you, Hermie? Some like it hot. The hotter the better. (SCOOPS UP PLATE) That's just the way it is with some guys, Hermie. Be right back.

SHE MAKES A SEXY LITTLE EXIT. THIS DOES NOT ESCAPE THE ATTENTION OF ADELE, WHO IS JEALOUS OF MARLENE. SHE'S ON HER FEET AND BACK IN HERMAN'S FACE.

ADELE

Now you tell me the truth, Herman -- that waitress Marlene, was she coming on to you? She oughta be ashamed, trying to corrupt an innocent boy.

HERMAN

I'm thirty-five years old, Ma.

ADELE

You're my little piglet, Hermie. My little oinker, that's what you are. We're fattening you up, aren't we? You're just a baby, my big baby, which is what makes you so lovable. Just let her try something like that again, just let her try it. (SHE GIVES HIM ANOTHER PINCH ON THE CHEEK) You're a good boy.

MARLENE RETURNS WITH SEVERAL PLATES OF FOOD, RUDELY PUSHING ADELE TO THE SIDE.

MARLENE

Excuse me.

ADELE GETS READY TO THROW A PUNCH.

MARLENE

Unh-unh-unh.

ADELE

You corrupting monster.

MARLENE

(SHAKING A FINGER) Marlene knows
best.

SHE SETS DOWN PLATES.

MARLENE

There you are, Hermie. Nice and
hot.

SHE THROWS A DEFIANT LITTLE LOOK AT ADELE.

ADELE

I oughta rip your hair out. You
think you can corrupt my boy.

MARLENE

He ain't so innocent. He's a peeper
and a flasher. I know his type.
He's been looking down my blouse
ever since he first came in here six
months ago.

(MORE)

MARLENE (cont'd)

And from what I hear, he's pretty handy with a pair of binoculars.

ADELE

He didn't ogle that girl. Herman can't help it if he was traumatized by the sudden departure of his father.

MARLENE

He's a horny hyeena, honey, face it. That trauma excuse won't wash. My father split when I was ten. You don't catch me ogling the boss's horse chestnuts. Look at that, will you. It's disgusting.

ADELE

I don't see anything disgusting in someone having a healthy appetite.

MARLENE

He looks like a hippopotamus in heat, stuffing his face like that. No offense to hippos.

ADELE

Why you --

MARLENE

Unh-unh.

ADELE TURNS HER ATTENTION TO HERMAN, PUTS HER ARM AROUND HIM.

ADELE

I love oo, Hermie.

MACKIE'S BEEN WATCHING THE PARKING LOT.

MACKIE

Hey, we got company. It's the cops.

HE CROSSES DOWN.

MACKIE

We gotta stash him.

HERMAN

Stash me?

MACKIE

I'm not taking a chance on losing my
best customer. . . We'll put you in
the men's room.

MARLENE

(DELIGHTING IN THIS) Unh-unh-unh --
temporarily closed for renovation.

MACKIE

The kitchen!

MARLENE

Authorized personnel only.

MACKIE

Better think of something -- fast.

ADELE

Oh my innocent little Hermie.

MACKIE

Where do you hide a hippo?

MARLENE

Yes, one of the great eternal
questions.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE BINT. DINER - DAY

(HERMAN, MARLENE, ADELE, RUTHIE, MACKIE)

MARLENE AND MACKIE ARE WORKING THE COUNTER, POLISHING GLASSES, WHISTLING BLITHELY. DOING THEIR NONCHALANT BIT. HERMAN IS ALSO BEHIND THE COUNTER, BACK TO US, WEARING A FLOPPY CHEF'S HAT AND SMOCK, TRYING TO KEEP HIDDEN. ADELE AND RUTHIE ARE SEATED IN THEIR BOOTH.

TWO COPS COME IN. THEY LOOK AROUND, MOVE TO THE WRECKAGE THAT WAS ONCE HERMAN'S TABLE. IT'S PILED HIGH WITH UNFINISHED PANCAKES.

COP #1

Well, well, looks like feeding day
at the zoo.

COP #2 TOUCHES THE PANCAKE PLATE.

COP #2

Still warm.

THEY CROSS BACK TO COUNTER.

COP #1

Where is he, Mackie? There's no use
trying to hide him.

MACKIE

Come again?

COP #1

Where's Herman?

MACKIE

Herman?

COP #1

Come on.

MACKIE

Oh, that Herman. Oh, well, he beat it out of here twenty minutes ago.

COP #1

We've been watching from across the street. We know he's here.

MACKIE

He slipped out the back way.

COP #1

Sure he did. Don't worry, we just wanna ask a few questions.

MACKIE

He's not here, honest.

COP #2

This is his feeding ground. Rhinos and hippos never leave their feeding ground. (TO OTHER COP) Check the kitchen and gent's room.

FIRST COP GOES OUT.

COP #2

(TO MACKIE) I know you're fond of him, Mackie, but help us out -- we need to ask him a few questions.

MACKIE

Sure you do.

COP #2

You don't want to be punished for harboring a pervert, do you?

ADELE

My Herman is not a pervert.

COP #2

Would you accept glutton or slob?

ADELE

You're getting warmer.

COP #2

Mrs. Wright, where is your unpleasantly plump son? We just want to ask him some questions.

ADELE

You want to arrest him. Well, he didn't do anything. All he wanted was that blueberry pie.

COP #2

Oh that's it -- he wanted his thrill on blueberry hill?

THE FIRST COP RETURNS.

COP #1

Nothing.

COP #2

Come on?

MACKIE

He's not here. Cut Mackie a little
break.

COP #1

Shall we book you for aiding and
abetting a rhinoceros?

MACKIE

Come on, guys.

COP #1

We'll find him.

FIRST COP NOTICES HERMAN WORKING BEHIND COUNTER, DISGUISED
AS COUNTERMAN.

COP #1

Hi, Herman. We're not fooled by the
disguise, but we'll play along. New
guy?

MACKIE

Yeah, that's right.

COP #1

(TO HERMAN) Herman, let us get a
look at your face.

HERMAN DEMURS.

COP #1

Oh, the shy type. (TO HERMAN) Okay,
new counterman -- bring us a cup of
coffee.

HERMAN FUMBLES WITH COFFEE CUPS, AWKWARDLY FILLING THEM.

COP #1

Very shaky.

HERMAN FUMBLES WITH THE CUPS.

MACKIE

(SHEEPISHLY) Clumsy. Let me help.

HE APPROPRIATES CUPS, SETS THEM ON COUNTER. ADELE WEIGHS
IN.

ADELE

Whatever you think Herman did, he
didn't.

COP #1

Whatever I think he did, multiply it
by ten. He peeked and probably wanted
to poke.

ADELE

He didn't see anything. All he wanted
was that blueberry pie. Ask Mrs.
Farnsworth -- there was a pie on her
ledge.

COP #1

Mrs. Farnsworth's daughter is a steamy little tamale. Fatso's binoculars were seen eyeing the tamale. Not to mention his naked butt made a blur across her lawn. That's a lot of blur. Do the math.

ADELE

Herman would never peek at young girls.

COP #1

Bear in mind that aiding and abetting overweight perverts is a Class A misdemeanor. Come on, Herman don't make it tough.

PAUSE.

COP #1

All right, we'll play along. (TO SECOND COP) What do you say, you feel like a bite to eat?

COP #2

Sure.

COP #1

Mackie, have your man bring our coffee to the table.

HE AND SECOND COP CROSS DOWN TO HERMAN'S TABLE, STILL PILED WITH UNEATEN FOOD.

COP #1

What manner of man or beast could
consume this much? Oh, don't we
know.

THEY FIND A TABLE. MACKIE BRINGS THE COFFEE OVER.

COP #1

I thought he was going to bring it
to us?

MACKIE

New man, just learning the ropes.

COP #1

Let me see a menu.

MACKIE RETURNS TO COUNTER.

MACKIE

(TO HERMAN) I'll handle it.

HE CROSSES DOWN WITH MENUS.

COP #1

You gonna let him serve us?

MACKIE

I'd feel more at ease if I did it.
He's sort of clumsy.

COP #1

Herman, we want you to serve us.

MACKIE CROSSES BACK TO COUNTER.

ADELE

What are we gonna do?

MACKIE

(TO HERMAN, WHISPERED) I don't know.
Just keep your face down. Take it
slow.

COP #1

Ready.

HERMAN SLOWLY MOVES TO TABLE, KEEPING HIS FACE FROM VIEW.

COP #1

So, waiter, what do you recommend?

HERMAN

Everything -- yeah, two of everything.

COP #1

(THWACKING HIM IN THE GUT) You sound
like you've got quite an appetite.
Here, eat the menu.

HE SHOVES THE MENU IN HERMAN'S BELLY.

COP #2

Hey, why don't you sit down, join
us?

HERMAN

Boss wouldn't go for it.

COP #2

We're buying. All you can eat. You
probably haven't had breakfast yet --
har-har.

COP #1

How's the pot roast?

HERMAN

Ooooh, it's good.

COP #2

Bet you could polish off about ten
of them by yourself.

HERMAN

Yeah.

COP #1

Come on, sit down.

HERMAN

No, I better not.

COP #1

Come on, Herman. You can order
anything on the menu, we'll pay for
it.

MACKIE COMES OVER.

MACKIE

(TO HERMAN) Don't you have dishes
to wash?

COP #1

Hey - we were hoping your man could
join us. What, you don't feed the
hired help.

MACKIE

A joke in very bad taste, I might
add. What can I get you?

COP #2

Turkey club for me.

COP #1

Make it two.

HERMAN

Two turkey clubs, coming right up.

FIRST COP PUTS HIS HAND ON HERMAN'S ARM.

COP #1

Not you. You sit down here.

HERMAN TAKES A SEAT. ULP.

HERMAN

I'm sorry -- I didn't do it, I didn't
do it, I didn't do it.

COP #1

You did, you did, you did. There
are laws, blubberpuss. Even for
water buffalos.

HERMAN

I am not a water buffalo.

COP #1

Rhino? Hippo? Grotesque, very fat
man?

HERMAN

I just eat, that's all I do. I don't
bother no one, I don't care about
girls.

COP #1

We have reports your mostly unclad
overweight body was seen darting
across someone's lawn.

HERMAN

I was sort of out of the shower, I
smelled the blueberry pie. I had to
go look.

COP #1

In other words, you were in heat.

HERMAN

I don't even know what that means.

ADELE COMES OVER.

ADELE

Leave him alone.

MARLENE DEPOSITS TURKEY CLUB PLATES.

COP #1

Doesn't that look tasty, Herman?

ADELE

He was staring at a pie on the window
ledge, not at that girl. Leave him
alone, you brutes in blue.

COP #1

Hey, relax, let's enjoy a meal.

ADELE

He doesn't need any more food. Oh
Hoimie.

SHE GIVES HIM A HUG.

HERMAN

Oh Ma. . .

BUT HE CAN'T HELP EYEING THOSE CLUB SANDWICHES.

ADELE

Don't even think about it.

COP #1

Mommy's boy hungry?

ADELE

Herman.

COP #1

Feeding time. Go on, Hermie, take
the plunge.

HERMAN

I can't help it!

COP #1

Go on, pig out. Eat up, Herman,
before we cuff you and drag you away.

ADELE

You are not going to take my boy
away!

COP #1

All right, all right. Call me Mr.
Compassion. I'll warn you this time.
Watch yourself, Hermie boy. I lost
my appetite. (TO OTHER COP) Come
on.

HE GETS UP.

COP #1

We're wasting time. Pig out, Hermie,
grunt away, oh master of the trough.
Mackie -- see you later.

THE COPS GO OUT. HERMAN GRABS ONE OF THE SANDWICHES, STARTS
TO DEVOUR IT.

ADELE

Herman, stop it!

HERMAN

I'm hungry.

ADELE

How can you be hungry, you just had
a huge meal.

HERMAN

This is de-wicious!

MARLENE

Ain't it just, Hermie.

ADELE

Your father, if he were here.

HERMAN

This is the cat's pajamas.

HERMAN AD-LIBS MOANS OF DELIGHT.

ADELE

As of this moment, Herman, I am
putting you on a weight loss program.

BUT HE'S IGNORING HER, STUFFING HIMSELF.

ADELE

And you are coming with me -- now.

SHE GRABS HIS ARM.

HERMAN

Ma???

ADELE

You heard me.

HERMAN

Ma?

ADELE

Herman, we are leaving now!

HERMAN

You always have to ruin my fun.

MARLENE

Don't feel bad, Herman. Sometimes
the elephants have to drag themselves
away from the watering hole.

ADELE

You keep out of this!

MARLENE

Oh, I forgot to tell you. The
exterminators, they were here today.

ADELE

What are you talking about?

MARLENE

Whoosh! Whoosh!

(MORE)

MARLENE (cont'd)

In the back there, they flush out
all the bugs, and some of those bugs
get into the food.

HERMAN TURNS GREEN.

ADELE

You're disgusting. Herman, don't
eat that.

HERMAN

There were exterminators here?

MARLENE

That's right.

HERMAN

Suddenly, I don't feel so good.

ADELE

Come on, Herman, let's get out of
here. Everything about this place
is unsanitary.

MACKIE

Before you run out, someone has to
pay the check.

ADELE

Put it on our tab. Come on, Hermie.

THEY EXIT, HERMAN STILL GREEN FROM THE THOUGHT OF BUGS IN
THE FOOD.

MACKIE

What are you talking about, the exterminator?

MARLENE

Got rid of them, didn't it?

MACKIE

And you let him get out of here without paying. I don't know why I keep you.

MARLENE

You keep me because your hands need a resting place under my apron. He'll pay up, he always does. And without me, he'd take his business elsewhere.

MACKIE

Well, clean up this mess.

PAUSE.

MARLENE

You know I just thought of something. Herman is kind of like something in the zoo. A curiosity act. We could charge people to come watch him eat. Nobody puts it away like Herman.

SHE BEGINS TO CLEAN UP. SHRUGS IN DISGUST AT THE MESS HERMAN HAS MADE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. DINER - DAY
(MARLENE, MACKIE)

MACKIE AND MARLENE CONTINUE CLEANING UP THE MESS ON HERMAN'S TABLE. HERMAN ENTERS IN A RUSH.

MACKIE

Herman, what are you doing here?

HERMAN

That stuff she said about insects --
that wasn't true, right?

MARLENE

Oh, it was very true.

HERMAN

Come on now.

MARLENE

All right, it wasn't true. It was
just a lie to spook you. I like to
have a little fun.

SHE GIVES HIS CHEEK AN EXAGGERATED PINCH.

HERMAN

I'm still hungry. You got any
chocolate cake?

MARLENE

I believe we do have some chocolate
cake. But I have an even better
idea. Sit down.

HERMAN SITS AT COUNTER. MARLENE EXITS TO KITCHEN, RETURNS
WITH A GIANT COCONUT CUSTARD PIE.

MARLENE

How about this -- a great big fresh-
baked coconut custard pie.

HERMAN

Ooooooh. . .

MARLENE

Now, let's tuck in your bib.

SHE TUCKS A NAPKIN UNDER HIS CHIN.

MARLENE

Now, is this a treat fit for a king?

HERMAN NODS VEHEMENTLY.

MARLENE

Eat up, Hermie.

AS HE PREPARES TO PLUNGE A FORK IN, SHE PLUCKS AN INSECT
FROM THE PIE, DANGLES IT IN HIS FACE.

MARLENE

Here's lookin' at you, kid.

AS HE TURNS EIGHT SHADES OF GREEN, SHE SLAMS HIS FACE DOWN
INTO THE PIE. HE LIFTS HIS FACE FROM THE PIE, SMILES TO THE
CAMERA, FACE COVERED WITH GUNK.

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AND LICKS HIS LIPS -- YUM, GOOD. LICKS HIS LIPS -- YUM.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW