

MR. BENIHANA

By Nellie Zucker and Megan Rosenblum

INT. Hibachi restaurant. Interview setting.

MR. BENIHANA

So you're applying for the Hibachi Man position?

MOLLY

Yes, sir. With enthusiasm!

MR. BENIHANA

A woman hibachi chef... I've never thought about it like that...

MOLLY

It's always been a dream of mine and I think I'd be super good at it.

MR. BENIHANA

Hmmm, but the girl is always the waitress. The **girl** serves the salad with the ginger dressing. The **girl** serves the miso soup. The **girl** brings the white people forks.

MOLLY

Well yes, I know that's how it is now. But I can do way more than that.

MR. BENIHANA

But what if you're on your period, how would you make the volcano? What if it doesn't work? Will you cry?

MOLLY

Well, sir, that's a pretty inappropriate question.

MR. BENIHANA

I just don't get it. Won't your boobies get in the way of the rice flip trick? Then the rice will get everywhere.

(Molly looks down disappointed, then up again suddenly inspired while Mr. Benihana's audio becomes muffled in the background)

MOLLY:

(narrating) I'll never make it in this hibachi world if I have to keep reporting to guys like Mr. Benihana. Maybe it's time for the girl to be more than the waitress. But how? (beat) Wait, I think I know..

(Sequence of her disguising herself, big mirroring that scene in Mulan where she cuts her hair and dresses in the male armor but it's a benihana outfit and false mustache. In this sequence she walks back into Mr. Benihana's office, they laugh, share a cigar, watch the big game, and end with shaking hands. Molly is hired as a chef.)

Cut to Molly in disguise being a hibachi chef, it is significantly less exciting than the sequence, a lot of drink clinking noises, no one is paying attention until she starts to make the onion volcano

GIRL #1

I love it here.

GIRL #2

I know! It's just... I don't know. It's nothing.

GIRL #1

No come on, Girl #2. What is it?

GIRL #2

Well, Girl #1. Sometimes, I just wish there were women hibachi chefs.

GIRL #1

Ugh, it would be so awesome if there was a hibachi chef that was also a woman and not just the waitress who brings the salad with the ginger dressing

GIRL #2

Or the soup

GIRL #1 and GIRL #2

Or the white people the forks!

(They laugh, but then sigh)

MOLLY in disguise:

(Under her breath) I'm a woman. I- I'm a woman.

(the girls don't hear her)

GIRL #2:

I guess that could never happen though...

(Molly writes "I'm a woman" in fried rice)

GIRL #1:

Now we're just stuck with these dumb men as our chefs. Oh well.
Maybe in another life.

(Molly rips off her disguise)

MOLLY:

I am a woman! It's me, Molly. I am a hibachi chef and I am a woman. I can't live this lie anymore. I want people to know who I really am.

Mr. Benihana runs out into the restaurant

MR. BENIHANA:

What the HELL is going on here?

MOLLY:

Mr. Benihana, I-

MR. BENIHANA:

Molly?! It was you the whole time?! Take that hat off and bring
table 4 their salads... NOW!!

 Holding up that flat spatula to her face, saddened by her
 reflection, mirroring that same scene from Mulan. The
instrumental from "Reflection" plays. When will it show who she
 is inside?

Cut to black.