BOB

Who’s there?

*(From the shadows, someone emerges.)*

BOB

Rich? Why are you here so late?

RICH

I had to run out and grab a couple of things. I guess I had a premonition you’d end up down here.

*(He places two grocery bags on the counter, and BOB begins rifling through them.)*

RICH

Only the essentials, of course.

BOB

(*Holding them up.*)

Chocolate chips! Cookies?

RICH

I was thinking pancakes.

BOB

A man after my own heart.

*(Together, BOB and RICH begin the preparations for a batch of chocolate chip pancakes.)*

BOB

I don’t want to keep you here, Rich. It’s been a long day.

RICH

I don’t mind, Bob. Honestly. I’m happy to do it.

*(They work in silence for a little while.)*

BOB

You like your job, right, Rich?

RICH

Yeah, I can’t complain.

BOB

I mean, you’ve been doing *Word Nerd* almost as long as I have.

RICH

That’s right.

BOB

But what do you like best about it? I mean, is it the benefits, the contestants … the snacks?

RICH

You remember the first time we met?

BOB

Well, sure. You were working at Shriner’s Diner. I told you I was taping a game show and we needed somebody for craft services. And then I put in a good word for you when you applied.

RICH

Mike told me later on you fought tooth and nail for me.

BOB

Well, you were a fantastic chef.

RICH

Bob, I was your waiter.

BOB

One of Burbank’s finest.

RICH

Point is, I wouldn’t have this job if it wasn’t for you. Without *Word Nerd*, I have no clue what I’d be doing right now. I mean, I never could have guessed I’d end up here.

BOB

Where else would you be?