

What the Hell?!

Episode 7: Chips

by

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INT. KEBAB SHOP - DAY

A CHEF (30) in casual clothes stands behind a glass shield with trays of uncooked kebabs on skewers, raw burgers and salads underneath it. On his left is a cash machine in the open air on a desk. Also on the desk are two empty polystyrene boxes, a bottle of vinegar and a salt shaker. On his right, in front of him is an open door. Behind him is a vat of chips frying in oil, a metal shovel in the oil, and a spit that slowly spins. A CUSTOMER (40) in white-stained jeans faces the CHEF.

CHEF

Your chips are just about ready, sir.
Thanks for waiting.

CUSTOMER

About time...

The CHEF turns around, shovels some chips then pours them into a box.

CHEF

Here are some of the best chips in the country. A bit salty though.

CUSTOMER

Really, the whole of England? I like salt, too!

The CHEF starts to pour salt on the food.

CHEF

Oh yes, best in the world even. Once you get used to them, you'll be hooked. But be warned, you might need to get used to them.

The CUSTOMER smiles.

CUSTOMER

Great! But that's enough salt...

The CHEF pours more.

CHEF

(ignoring him)
So, having a nice day?...

CUSTOMER

Er...

CHEF

I'm having a great day.

The CHEF pours more.

CUSTOMER
That really is enough now, thanks...

The CHEF keeps pouring.

CHEF
I'm going on holiday next week. Can't wait.

CUSTOMER
Why are you ruining my chips? I'm not going to be able to taste them at all.
..

CHEF
They don't taste like ass!

CUSTOMER
I'm sorry??

The CHEF looks blank and pours more. A small mountain of the seasoning builds.

CHEF
That will do. You like salt, that's what you said.

CUSTOMER
Mind if I try a chip?

CHEF
No! Wait!

The CHEF starts to pour vinegar on the food.

CUSTOMER
Please!

CHEF
(to himself)
Let's try to get rid of the wrongness.
..

CUSTOMER
What??

CHEF
(to himself again)
God these are nasty. Like licking a turd.

CUSTOMER
I think I'm going to go.

CHEF
I'm going to Spain, thanks for asking.

Nice and hot.

CUSTOMER
Your chips will give me a heart
attack!

The CHEF pours even more.

CHEF
Hoping to do a lot of swimming in
pools. Maybe do some dancing with the
ladies, haha.

CUSTOMER
Your making the chips soggy!

The CHEF stops pouring.

CHEF
... And done!...

The CUSTOMER puts his hands on his hips.

CUSTOMER
Do you expect me to eat th...

CHEF
(interrupting and
carrying on his
sentence)
... With the vinegar!

The CHEF pulls a small bottle of tomato sauce from his pocket,
opens it and tips that all over the chips.

CHEF
(to himself)
I don't think all the tomato sauce in
the world is going to make a
difference to these small craps. I
need to pour barbecue sauce on them
too...

The CUSTOMER snatches a chip and puts it in his mouth.

CHEF
NO!

CUSTOMER
(whilst chewing)
There! Now I can taste your rubbish
for myself!

CHEF
They're not ready!!

The CUSTOMER starts to retch.

CHEF
I warned you! Let me get the barbecue
sauce!

Clearly agitated, the CHEF paces up and down behind the desk.

CHEF
Think, think, think! Where did I put
the stuff??

The CUSTOMER starts throwing up on the glass and on the CHEF.

CHEF
Of course! My other pocket! Duh!

The CHEF pulls the BBQ sauce from his pocket.

CHEF
Open your mouth!

The CUSTOMER starts to cry and vomits some more.

CUSTOMER
I just want to go home!

CHEF
Just open your mouth! Please!

In a daze, the CUSTOMER does so. The CHEF squeezes the BBQ
sauce onto the CUSTOMER'S tongue.

CUSTOMER
(still in tears)
That's... better...

CHEF
Now not a word of this to anyone!

The CUSTOMER wipes his eyes.

CUSTOMER
(pulling himself
together)
Mind if I have another chip?

The CHEF gives a thumbs up.

CHEF
Of course!

The CUSTOMER has one last wipe.

CUSTOMER
These really are the best in the
country!

CHEF
Told you!

CUSTOMER
But where did the ass taste come from?

The CHEF looks down.

CHEF
Errr... Ass.

The CUSTOMER widens his eyes.

CUSTOMER
What??

CHEF
Don't worry, not human! I use dog
poos!

CUSTOMER
Why??

CHEF
Ummmm....

CUSTOMER
I'm calling the police!

The CHEF does a little skip.

CHEF
(with a huge smile)
Ahhh! Got you!

CUSTOMER
You were joking??

CHEF
No, I got you eat a turd!

The CUSTOMER takes a deep breath. He then stares through the
CHEF's soul. The CHEF backs away.

CUSTOMER
(darkly)
Hey... Are you related to that mad
chef who fed maggots to people??

The CHEF shakes his head, dramatically.

CHEF
(trying to be calm)
No, I don't know him.

CUSTOMER
Sure you do! I went to the hotel where
he worked! He tried to kill me!

CHEF
No. I don't know what you're talking
about.

CUSTOMER
Oh yes, you do. And now you're going
to jail, too.

The CHEF looks blank. He signals the CUSTOMER to come closer
with his finger.

CUSTOMER
What?

The CHEF signals again. The CUSTOMER walks to the glass
covering then the CHEF hits him on the head with his fist,
knocking him out. The CHEF drags the unconscious body behind
the guarded food.