

Fast Food Drama

by

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INT: KEBAB SHOP - DAY

Two CHEFS, Polish, in their 30s and wearing long-sleeve aprons are behind a counter. One (BART) is slicing meat from spit. The other (MIKO) is standing, ready to attend to the CUSTOMERS. With a phone to his ear, he is jotting down an order with a pencil. LUKE, 20 and scruffy looking, is sitting on a bench facing the WORKERS. His GIRLFRIEND, PAM, 20 and equally scruffy is by his side. On their right are a bunch of tables occupied by chatting DINERS, on their left is the exit.

MIKO
That will be £8.50. Thank you.

MIKO hangs up. LUKE stands and walks to the counter.

LUKE
Can I have two chicken shish kebabs and chips, please? And with extra chili sauce. Badass.

MIKO
No problem, that will be £15.

LUKE opens his wallet, gets out the cash and waves it in the air, excitedly.

LUKE
Thank you! Spend it wisely!

After paying, LUKE sits back down. MIKO turns to BART.

MIKO
(speaking Polish)
Wiem, że to brzmi zle, ale sie nudze.
(I know it sounds bad, but I'm bored).

BART sighs and stops cutting. He feels the need to keep his eye on LUKE.

BART
Przestan mnie przygnebiac. (Stop depressing me).

LUKE turns to PAM, clenching his fists.

LUKE
You hear that? I didn't understand a word!

PAM
So what?

LUKE
So what?? They're drunk on the job!

PAM

They're probably just speaking Polish.
How do you think they understand each
other?

LUKE

They probably don't, they just think
they do.

MIKO

(to BART)

Czy te dupki mówia, ze jestesmy
pijani? (Did these assholes say we're
drunk?)

BART

O Boze. (Oh my God).

LUKE goes red. PAM shuffles away from him a bit.

LUKE

Something about booze, I heard it. I
know I did.

LUKE springs up and stamps to the counter.

LUKE

What's your game, huh? Cooking whilst
drunk! Do you have any idea how
dangerous that is??

All eyes of the now silent DINERS are on the arguing MEN.

MIKO

We're not drunk. We were speaking
Polish.

PAM

See!

LUKE

How did you get sober so quickly?
You're doing crack cocaine, too??

MIKO

What?

LUKE

It was a simple question. But for you
it was probably really deep and
philosophical. I know what drugs do to
people. I bet you think I'm magic.

BART

I think we're going to have to ask you
to leave.

BART and MIKO angrily point towards the door.

LUKE
Me leave?? So I don't see you
sellotaping your nose together?

BART
Eh?

LUKE
You'd probably put it into a kebab if
you were high enough wouldn't you?

BART/MIKO
Get out now!!!

LUKE
Nose shish. Is that some kind of sick
joke to you??

BART
We would never say nose shish!

LUKE
What's that on the ceiling?

As BART looks up, LUKE leans over the counter and pulls on the
MAN's nose.

BART
Ow!

MIKO
He's just tried to pull your nose off!

Quick as a flash, LUKE leans further and pulls up BART'S
sleeve. The CHEF is still in a bit of shock.

LUKE
Alright, you haven't injected heroin
into that arm. Let's see the other
one. Or are you more of a leg person?

LUKE plunges towards BART almost falling off the worktop. His
legs waggle horizontally in the air as he pulls the WORKER'S
trousers down. PAM jumps up to pull her BOYFRIEND back down on
the bench.

PAM
Luke!!

BART
YOU'RE THE ONE ON DRUGS!!

BART pulls his clothes up and raises his fists. The DINERS
gasp. LUKE leans back on the seat, defensively.

LUKE

Alright, alright, I believe you, I made a mistake. Just speak English in the future. Anyway, how's my kebab going?