

# FAST FEUD

by Ken Bradbury



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# **Fast Feud**

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*(The copyright laws protect this selection. It is illegal to copy this script by any method.)*

**Bob:** *(his back to the audience as Troy stands facing us, nervous)* We're down two fries! Come on! Hustle it up! Is this my Big Snack Meal? Would somebody fill the shake machine? It's spittin' again! *(turns and sees Troy)* Who're you?

**Troy:** Troy. I'm supposed to start work today?

**Bob:** Oh, no ... I forgot. That's all I need today. Two buses out there and my grill girl called in sick, which I doubt very much bein' the first day of the State Fair, but who am I to complain? ... just the lowly manager of Big Bob's ... just the guy who's gotta put out four thousand Big Bob Burgers a day with employees that come and go and ...

**Troy:** I could come back later.

**Bob:** Not on your life. I need you, Jim.

**Troy:** Troy.

**Bob:** Who's he? We got another new guy?

**Troy:** It's me. I'm Troy.

**Bob:** Make up your mind. Look, I don't have time to drop everything and train you ... *(shouting off)* Am I gonna get those fries or not? ... *(to Troy)* Just stick close to me and you'll get an education on the go. *(beginning to wrap burgers)* Yes, sir, there's nothin' about the fast food business that Big Bob doesn't know. *(shouting off)* Are you diggin' those potatoes or what? That's better. *(picks them up)* Ouch!!! *(shouting off)* Whatta you usin', nuclear power?!! Careful when you pick up the fries, boy. That's the first rule of the fast food business: all fries taste alike but people still have their favorites. Crazy, eh? The trick is in the salt. You either serve 'em ice cold or blazin' hot, but it doesn't make any difference as long as you drown 'em in salt. Remember, if people had any taste, they'd be eaten someplace else.

**Troy:** Should I wait on that lady?

**Bob:** Yeh. And wait and wait and wait. That's an old fast food joke. The longer they have to wait, the better the food tastes when they get it. Go ahead kid. Give it a try.

**Troy:** Could I help you ma'am? (*listens*) Uh-huh. Uh-huh. She'd like a Big Bob Burger without the special sauce.

**Bob:** Good luck, lady.

**Troy:** But she ...

**Bob:** Is she gettin' it to go?

**Troy:** Yes.

**Bob:** Good. By the time she opens it two miles down the road, it'll be too late to come back. We don't have time for special orders, but it makes a great advertising slogan.

**Troy:** I'm not sure I can get the hang of this.

**Bob:** This business is easy, kid. Just think cheap, fast, and bland. Look, let's give it a try at the drive-up window, OK? Just stand right over here and talk into the mike.

**Troy:** But I don't even know how to ...

**Bob:** This is a no-brainer, kid. Just ask 'em what they want.

**Troy:** (*into the mike, tentatively*) Uh ... hello?

**Bob:** (*coaching him in his ear*) Good morning, Welcome to Big Bob's Burgers? May I help you?

**Troy:** Good morning, this is Big Bob's Burgers. May I help you?

**Bob:** An Oscar nominee, kid. Great.

**Troy:** (*into the mike*) Could you repeat that, please?

**Bob:** No! Don't ask 'em to repeat it. That means you've got to get their order right. Remember kid, nobody will drive back ten miles with a carload of screamin' kids just to get their French Fried Flounder switched for the Chunky Charbroiled Chicken they ordered. Just give 'em anything.

**Troy:** But that's not right.

**Bob:** Of course it's not right, it's fast food! Now go ahead.

**Troy:** OK, that will be \$12.50. Please drive up to the second window.

**Bob:** (*horrified, jumps in front of Troy and covers the mike*) What are you doing?

**Troy:** I just told them it was twelve dollars and ...

**Bob:** You numbskull! They understood every word of it!

**Troy!** I know! Aren't we supposed to ...

**Bob:** No! Listen to me do it: (*speaking into the mike, mangling it terribly through his cupped hand*) Thankks you. Your odermpgh will be twelfthgh dolangs and bibty threven thenth.

**Troy:** What was that?

**Bob:** Look, if you give 'em the same price when they order as when they pay, that means you can't make a mistake. Mumble boy, mumble! That way they can never catch you when you get it wrong! Here's another one. (*And Big Bob carries on a conversation with someone at the drive up and we are unable to make out a single word he says.*)

**Troy:** What was that?

**Bob:** I majored in ancient Greek.

**Troy:** I'm confused.

**Bob:** So were the Greeks.

**Troy:** I don't understand any of this.

**Bob:** Great! You may make it into management some day! Hand me some fries. No, not the small!

**Troy:** But they ordered ...

**Bob:** I didn't hear it. No matter what size fries they order, give 'em the Jumbo Bucket. Nobody looks at their receipt. Okay, just throw 'em in the sack. (*he places the fries in the bag*) No! Not right-side-up! Haven't you eaten at a fast food joint before? Always turn the fries up-side-down! Here! (*and he does*) Okay ... now we got a large diet. (*laughs*) Ladies love that when you shout it at them. (*overly loud*) "Okay lady, you got a large diet!" (*as Troy is filling the cup*) No! Fill it full! (*Troy puts some more in.*) Full! Full! Right up to the edge. That's the fun of workin' here! Fill it all the way to where it's running over then snap on the lid. Once they grab it, it'll shoot out the top and all over their lap!

**Troy:** That's terrible!

**Bob:** That's called entertainment, kid. When somebody stops at a place like this, they expect to be abused. Now, take about forty of those ketchup packages and spread them all over



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*by Ken Bradbury.*

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