

HOW TO TOSS A SALAD: THE MCBURGER HUT WAY

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FADE IN:

INT. FRONT COUNTER - MCBURGER HUT - AFTER HOURS

A perky middle-aged man, with the sleeves of his pressed white button-down rolled up, whistles an upbeat tune as he counts the money in his register. The badge pinned to his shirt reads: "RICK".

This goes on for a moment then...

RICK

Oh, hi there. I didn't even see you come in. Welcome to McBurger Hut. Ever wonder how your favorite menu items are made? Well, come on in and see for yourself.

INT. KITCHEN - MCBURGER HUT - AFTER HOURS

Rick stands over TERRY, a boyishly handsome twenty-year-old, at the prep table.

The table stands as high as Terry's stomach, and on it, sits a clear plastic bowl, a head of lettuce, a bag of cherry tomatoes, an onion, a carrot, a grater and a knife.

RICK

Terry, here, will show you how we make our delicious salads. First, we chop our freshly grown lettuce...

Terry's hands tremble and as a result, his chopping flings lettuce everywhere. Only a few pieces make it into the bowl. Rick stops Terry's knife-wielding hand, preventing further damage.

RICK (CONT'D)

...with care...

Rick places his hand atop Terry's and guides the knife, carefully slicing the lettuce. Terry tries to pull away, but Rick forcibly pulls him back by the waist, all the while maintaining his broad smile.

Rick tosses the lettuce into the bowl.

RICK (CONT'D)

Next, we add our juicy, cherry tomatoes...

Rick opens the bag of cherry tomatoes and pours them into the bowl, then picks one out by hand and holds it to Terry's mouth until he finally takes a bite. Rick pops the remaining bite in his own mouth, then smiles.

RICK (CONT'D)
Delicious.

Terry squirms but Rick holds him in place.

RICK (CONT'D)
Now, we dice our homegrown onions.

Rick slides the onion to the middle of the table.

RICK (CONT'D)
Terry will demonstrate proper
dicing technique.

Drops of water fall into the salad bowl. They are Terry's tears, falling into the bowl as he dices the onions. He sobs profusely.

Rick wipes Terry's tears with his hand, then licks it. Terry sobs harder. He's cutting too slow.

Rick snatches the knife from Terry and rapidly dices the onion, then tosses the pieces into the bowl.

RICK (CONT'D)
Finally, we add garden fresh
carrots...

Terry runs a carrot across a grater, unconsciously in a sexually suggestive manner. Rick bites his lip and runs his hands over Terry's biceps.

TERRY
That's enough. I'm done.

Terry pushes against him, trying to break free. Rick holds Terry's arms down in restraint and bends him over the table.

RICK
...then we add our special
ingredient... love.

Terry resists as Rick gets frisky. There's a struggle and the salad flies.

TERRY
Stop. Let me go, Rick.

The door behind them opens. GREG, a grouchy middle-aged man, with rolled up sleeves and a badge identifying him as the manager walks in.

He sees Terry bent over the table with salad littering the floor, and Rick standing behind him without any pants, all the while a MAN on the other side of the table records the whole thing.

GREG

What the hell is this?

Rick jumps in fright and turns to face an angry Greg.

RICK

We were just tossing some salad,
sir.

FADE OUT: