

The Chuck Spunt Experience

written by

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Forecourt Fiasco

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS FILLING STATION - DAY

CHUCK SPUNT whistles a tune as he stands at the pump and fills his tank with fuel.

Opposite, a short, stocky foreign MAN 50s replaces the nozzle and smiles as he catches Chuck Spunt's wandering eye. He calls over.

MAN
(accented)
Afternoon.

CHUCK SPUNT
Afternoon.

MAN
Nice day.

CHUCK SPUNT -
(under breath)
For you maybe.

POV: The digital price indicator rises quickly to £50.00 exactly. Chuck Spunt very carefully replaces the nozzle back inside the pump. It then pops on another five pence.

He stares at it and grits his teeth.

CHUCK SPUNT /
Right!

He marches purposely towards the kiosk.

INT. FILLING STATION - DAY

He enters and stands behind the same Man in the small queue.

A green haired WOMAN at the front taps her card on the terminal before she exits. Chuck Spunt gazes at her and tuts his annoyance.

The Man steps forward to pay the FEMALE CASHIER.

MAN
Pump number one.

FEMALE CASHIER

Twenty pounds.

He taps his card against the terminal and waits.

Chuck Spunt grows impatient.

FEMALE CASHIER

Sorry, that hasn't gone through.

Would you like to try again?

MAN

(accented)

Vot?

The Cashier looks at him in dismay.

CHUCK SPUNT

(interjects)

I think he means, what.

MAN

(to Chuck Spunt)

Yes. Correct. You know Deutsch?

CHUCK SPUNT

Vot?

Man taps his card again.

CASHIER

I'm afraid that hasn't gone through either. What would you like to do now?

MAN

It's not possible. I have no idea vot is happening. There must be something vong with your machine.

CHUCK SPUNT

Try another card, for heaven's sake.

MAN

(irked)

Vot?

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, I'll pay for your petrol. You can pay me back when you sort out your card.

MAN

(grins)

Veally?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, veally. Just as long as you
don't leave the country anytime
soon... like today.

MAN

(to cashier)

He is gentleman.

(to chuck Spunt)

Vot is your name?

CHUCK SPUNT

My name is Chuck Spunt.

MAN

Chuck Spunk?

CHUCK SPUNT

(sighs annoyance)

Chuck Spunt. And yours?

MAN

Kant. Yora Kant.

CHUCK SPUNT

(muted snigger)

Yora Kunt?

The Man snarls.

MAN

Vot you call me?

CHUCK SPUNT

(chuckles)

Yora Kunt.

PUNCH ON THE NOSE.

Man turns to Cashier.

MAN

I remember, I have cash.

Chuck Spunt lies on his back and holds his blooded nose while
surrounded by GORILLAS eating chesseburgers.

GORILLAS

Mmmmmmm, Ummmmmm. Mmmmm, Ummmmmm.

DISSOLVE:

THE END