

ONE MAN'S BBQ

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EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Dozens of people mingle warmly on a gorgeous summer day.
While the party bumps, JAY and HONEY man the grill.

JAY
(pressing a burger patty)
Look at him eating that hotdog
sideways. Disgusting.

HONEY
Aren't you supposed to eat it
sideways?

JAY
Not like that.

They watch DAVE take a bite from the hotdog sideways. He
chops voraciously into the MIDDLE of the bun, yanking stray
chunks of beef with it. Dave is godless.

HONEY
Don't you work with him? You gave
him a hug.

JAY
It was a handshake hug.

HONEY
So, you're not friends...

JAY
Fuck Dave! Whenever I use the
urinal, he uses the one right next
to me.
(then)
He even splashed onto me once.
Ruined a perfectly good polo.

HONEY
The pink one?

JAY
The pink one!

HONEY
I got you that polo!

JAY
I know!

Bastard.

HONEY

Bastard.

JAY (CONT'D)

Dave waves to Honey and Jay. They wave back.

HONEY

What a cuck. I gotta say something.

JAY

No, wait.

Honey and Jay look on as a Dave dips a chip DIRECTLY into the community salsa. His bare fingertips graze against a loose tomato. He jazz hands.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna throw up.

HONEY

What the shit? Did you see that shit.

Another party goer, ANDERSON, walks over.

ANDERSON

Did you see that shit?

JAY

Yes. He is a waste of oxygen. I hope he gets fired.

ANDERSON

Harsh. Don't you, like, hug him all the time?

Honey looks to Jay. Mhmm.

JAY

Handshake hug!

HONEY

Okay, this needs to stop. I'm gonna go talk to him.

ANDERSON

Wait, let me.

Anderson moseys over to Dave. They chat and start to bicker. They yell at each other. Anderson pauses and SLAPS Dave. Dave SLAPS him back. Anderson jabs a pointed finger at the former's face.

HONEY

Kind of intense, huh?

JAY
We need that kind of energy. Fuck
Dave.

HONEY
You keep saying that.

JAY
Yeah, well--
(then)
Hold up. What- what are they doing?

The men stop fighting and lean close. Dave gives Anderson a warm hug. Dave shows Anderson his unholy bitten hotdog, the other laughs. Anderson does the feet airplane thing with Dave, propelling him midair with his toes.

They laugh some more. Anderson walks over chuckling.

JAY (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that.

ANDERSON
Ah Dave... what a guy. He just
explained how Europeans eat salsa.

JAY
They don't have salsa in Europe,
dude. They just eat, like, liver
mousse tarts and play football.

Jay points to a group of European party-goers balancing tarts on their noses while kicking around an American football.

HONEY
Were those guys invited?

ANDERSON
Guys relax. He also showed me this
new cool way of eating a hotdog.

Anderson starts to eat his hotdog sideways. Jay slaps it out of his hand.

JAY
Stop that.

Just then, HALL & OATES blasts loudly.

HONEY
Did someone- did someone change the
music? Change my music??

Honey sees Dave look up from an Aux'd up iPhone.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Alright, this stops now.

Honey storms over to Dave, yelling and cussing. Dave just stands still, taking the deserved(?) verbal abuse. Honey snatches the hotdog from Dave and mimes biting it the "correct" way before throwing it back at Dave's face.

ANDERSON
Jesus.

Jay's expression turns from glee to confusion, to outright concern. Concerned partygoer SARAH walks over to the guys.

SARAH
Hey Jay, why is Honey verbally and physically assaulting Dave?

JAY
He was eating the hotdog weird! His fucking fingers were in the salsa.

SARAH
Okay, revelation. Not so hot on Dave. Surprising. You hug him literally like all the time.

JAY
I'm not doing this again.

SARAH
Okay, well... To be fair to him, his wife just left him two weeks ago and he was fired on Wednesday.

JAY
What?

Jay sees Anderson sob under Honey's relentless tirade.

SARAH (O.S.)
I think 70s pop rock and hotdogs is all he has right now.

JAY
Oh my God.

ANDERSON
You know what... he did mention that.

Honey walks over, beaming with pride. Behind her, a hotdog with a bite in the middle rests perfectly still where Dave was standing. A tear falls from the tip of the hotdog casing.