

ONE MAN'S BBQ

Written by

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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!

HONEY

Bastard.

JAY (CONT'D)

Bastard.

Dave waves to Honey and Jay. They wave back.

HONEY

What a fuck. 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 unholly 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.