

A

I'll call the cops or something, see if they can't give us a ride back to civilization. Sure could use a burger or something. How about you? Hey, when we get back do you want to get a burger or something? Hey. Hey!

(B is in almost visible pain.)

A (CONT'D)

Do you want to get a burger or something when we get back? Find some sort of burger joint and get a burger? Huh? God, that sounds great. Oh! A big juicy burger with lettuce, tomato, swiss-cheese, onion, mustard. Maybe some of those crinkle-cut fries. God, that sounds perfect right now. Hey.

(A sits right next to B.)

Hey! Hey, you like those crinkle-cut fries? I love 'em. Can't get enough of 'em.

(Beat.)

A (CONT'D)

I really don't see why they aren't more mainstream. I mean, you can't just go to some fast-food joint and order crinkle-cut fries can you? You just get those soggy-as-shit fries.

(Silence. A makes some repetitive noise with his phone or something.)

A (CONT'D)

Some places are getting those curly fries.

(Silence.)

A (CONT'D)

Yep. Ya know? The thing that is so great about curly fries is that spice they put on them. The, uhhhh... (Can't think of the term. B is nearly ready to just tell him.) ...the seasoning!

(Beat.)

I don't know what that stuff is, but it's good, huh?

(They sort of look at each other, then look away, then look at each other. Silence. A stretches; gets out phone.)

A (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaahright, let's see here. Great. No reception. No goddamned reception.