

*From Malibu Cars Look Like They Can Float*  
By Don Zolidis

JOANNE, 15

*(JoANNE, a white trash teenager works at the local McDonald's. She begins having an affair with the assistant manager by sleeping with him in the sea of balls. As a result of her new-found love affair, her attitude at work takes a serious downturn.)*

*(JoANNE stands behind the counter.)*

JoANNE

Why don't you go to Burger King, asshole? They actually flame-broil the shit. We just fry our burgers!

*(MARTIN sets her down. JoANNE addresses a new customer.)*

Next customer please. WelcometoMcDonald'smayItakeyourorderplease?

*(Short pause)*

You might not want that after I tell you what's in it. Uh-huh, that's nice. We're allowed to use ten percent filler in our—

*(she makes the little quote sign)*

“meat.” You know what that means? Sawdust, rat, whatever we can find. Oh yeah, sure. Totally true. And you know what else? We're like totally destroying the rain forest. Just for fun. But also for our cows. For our genetically engineered McDonald's super-cows. Sure. We've like single-handedly dispossessed like a hundred Indian tribes in the Amazon. What do you think happened to those Indians, huh? Let me give you a clue. You figure there's a lot of cows there, right? More than ten times as many cows as there were Indians. Ten percent, that's what I'm saying. That's right, “filler.” All ground up. There's this giant grinding machine,

*(makes a buzzsaw-type noise)*

Hamburger. Did you know eating human flesh causes constipation? Where are you going? C'mon, don't you want an Indian burger? That's all right, you can't get away from us. There are McDonald's everywhere, Bitch! Every country in the world! You can't escape us! We run the show! WE RUN THE SHOW!!!

*(She screams in Sam Kinnison fashion, then does a little victory dance. She pauses for a second, taking a deep breath.)*

*Next customer please.*