

Buck Sides

By

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The two men stand in a tight corner in the kitchen of an upscale restaurant, right near the steam table pans. WAITERS and COOKS whiz on by as they carry plates of cooked food on the way to the dining area and sacks of ingredients on the way to the preparation tables. Apparently the corporal punishment of fuck-ups is a common occurrence in that particular corner of the kitchen.

PEPPER

You gave me counterfeit twenties for an eightball, you asshole. Of course I'm going to punish you.

BUCK-THE-FUCK

(whining)

I know I fucked up...

PEPPER

(showing his grille)

Acknowledgement will get you nowhere. I don't care what you admit to or what you own up to. It ain't going to make the money for real.

BUCK-THE-FUCK

Wait! Just don't hit me in the mouth! Okay?

PEPPER

Why the fuck not?

BUCK-THE-FUCK

My dental plan is for shit, Pepper. I'd appreciate that consideration. I'm a repeat customer and all.