

## Side #1 Fred, Cookie, Otis

(FRED ENTERS LEFT with a briefcase.)

FRED: *(To COOKIE.)* Hi! Are you Ookie?

COOKIE: *(Stops and turns to FRED.)* What are you talking about?

FRED: *(Gestures OFF.)* The sign outside. It says, “Ookie’s Diner.”

COOKIE: I don’t care what it says! The name of this place is Cookie’s Diner. I ought to know. I’m Cookie!

FRED: Well, where’s the C?

COOKIE: *(Points OFF RIGHT.)* About five hundred miles that way. *(Laughs. FRED looks confused.)* OTIS: She’s joking. The C blew off last week in a dust storm. She’s runnin’ this place all on her own!

COOKIE: I can’t afford to get it replaced. Especially not with Otis here filling up on my all-you can-eat special!

FRED: Strapped for cash, are you? Never fear, Fred the salesman is here! *(Whips out a sales brochure.)* My friend, this little invention is guaranteed to double your profits in just three months—

COOKIE: Let me stop you right there.

FRED: What’s the matter?

COOKIE: Do you see that ribbon of asphalt right outside the door?

FRED: Yeah.

COOKIE: That’s Route 66, the first highway to link Chicago and Los Angeles. It’s the Main Street of America! The Mother Road. More than ten thousand vehicles pass this diner every day. And do you know how many traveling salesmen there are in that ten thousand?

FRED: No, how many?

COOKIE: A lot. And every one of them has tried to sell me something I don’t need: from remote controlled toothbrushes to left-handed back scratchers. So, I can say with one hundred percent certainty that I do not need whatever it is you’re selling!

FRED: Oh, but this is different! This invention will change the world.

OTIS: Come on, Cookie. Give the guy a chance. It could be something really important.

COOKIE: *(Sighs.)* All right, fine. What is it?

FRED: The Holy-matic Super 54 hamburger-maker!

COOKIE: A hamburger-maker? But I already know how to make hamburgers!

FRED: It’s not a matter of knowing how, my friend. It’s a matter of efficiency. Why, this little baby can produce over two thousand patties an hour!

OTIS: Hey, Cookie. You know what that means. You’d finally be able to keep up with me!

COOKIE: Oh Shut up, Otis. *(she swats at him playfully)*

FRED: I’m telling you, this is the wave of the future. There’s this new place out in California, they got a bunch of them. Maybe you’ve heard of it. It’s called McDonald’s?

COOKIE: What is that? Some kind of Irish restaurant?

FRED: No, no. It’s an entirely new concept in dining. The restaurant is specially designed so they can take your order, prepare your food, and deliver it to you in less than sixty seconds. They call it “fast food.”

COOKIE: “Fast food”? Sounds more like trash food.