

WHITE MEAT ONLY

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

NILES, late 20s, quintessential bad boy rocker and full-time narcissist lies on his couch, Bluetooth in ear.

We drop into the middle of his conversation.

NILES

No fucking way. No fucking way is the band playing the Garden.

(beat)

Why? Because the last time we were there, I asked for a chicken salad sandwich, and when they brought it it had dark meat in it. Who the fuck makes a chicken salad sandwich with dark meat in it? You know what a chicken salad sandwich with dark meat in it looks like? It looks like two pieces of bread on either side of some dog crap smothered in mayonnaise.

(beat)

[ALTERNATE ENDING]

You tell those fuckers at Madison Square - fucking - Garden, I'll play for a convention of fucking dentists before I fucking well set foot in that pesthole.