

ERIN. You and your coworkers have been taken as hostages, and the negotiators are struggling on the phone to make a deal with the terrorists, who are demanding 20 Barbecue Bacon Double Cheeseburgers be made immediately.

SAM. Are you serious?

ERIN. Do you A) Engage in a fistfight with the terrorists, B) Pray to God for forgiveness, or C) Calmly begin prepping the ingredients for the order?

SAM. C. I guess.

ERIN. Great! Now, for the final part, I'd like you to tell me just how Burger Palace has changed your life, leaving you with the most indescribable, orgasmic fulfillment in your existence.

SAM. ...I like the chicken fries?

ERIN. Perfect! Thank you so much for coming, and we'll get right back to you for coming, and we'll get right back to you for coming, and we'll get right back to you for coming, and we'll get right back to you...

Erin repeats endlessly.

SAM. What-- Hello? Are you okay?

Sam gets up from their seat and goes to Erin's side.

SAM. Hello? Can you hear me? Wait, what is...

Sam reaches to a spot on the back of Erin's neck. Sam touches it, and Erin's head slumps forward, silent - Sam yelps - Carl enters.

CARL. What's all this then?

SAM. I dunno, she was freaking out and I touched her and she--

CARL. Oh, you just turned it off?

SAM. Um... what?

CARL. Yeah, these new models are pretty sensitive. Bad wiring, I think.