

CHICK-FIL-A

by Suz Evans

There is a hole in the ground. A twirling hand reaches out of the hole. The hand procures a key and mimes turning it in a lock. The lock opens a door to a Chick Fil A. The Chick Fil A is bustling with activities. There is a line of cows high kicking milkshakes out of any gay customers hands and saying SHAME. ON. YOU. A cashier is screaming about sandwiches. The hand walks slowly across the counter and up to a cash teller, unlocks it with the key, and takes all of the cash. A completely bald chicken bounces onto the counter, Buh-KAAAWCK! The hand is caught! Thinks the chicken. But is the hand caught? The hand thought. Three cows hanging out in a booth neutrally observe the hand curl up a wad of cash, tuck it between its middle and index knuckles, and proceed down the counter, onto the floor, and towards the door. BUH-COCK! Dripping in milkshake, the gays turn towards the chicken. What did you say, little cock? Come here. The chicken paid no mind and flopped toward the hand, its wings making a slick smacking sound against full thighs. The chicken had purpose. It was either saving the restaurant or getting fried, and either way, choosing violence. On the tiles, slick with dairy, Chicken dodged everyone's shoes. The gays wore mostly Crocs; camo Crocs, sparkly Crocs, platform Crocs, Croc-sneaker hybrids, and manically avoided milkshake puddles, taking zero notice of the sweaty chicken screaming at them. Idiots! I'm trying to save the restaurant! The gay males barked some indecipherable words and hand was out the fucking door. Paint me red! Ha-ha-hah. Oop! Someone new opened the door and noticed Chicken's nude skin blotchy, red with anger, and found it very attractive. The person, Brittany Spears, picked the chicken up and said Wow You Look Delicious and Kind. Hand, outside the door, threw a fist into the air Yeehaw! Take that you dingus cock! With a backwards flip of the middle finger and a magical twirl the hand shoved itself under a few takeout clamshells caught in the curb drain. Chicken screamed at Brittany, who immediately dropped it. Chicken lowered its head and skirted out the door. It threw the clamshells aside to reveal an opening big enough for the hand to escape. Chicken assessed the size of the hole and the size of its own behind. I gotta dump truck butt, but it's worth a try!

Brittany is beside herself, Oh my God! That chicken was so cute and lumpy, I'm devastated. No one heard her. She repeated, I'M DEVASTATED! Brittany lets the door close. At the sound of the little bell clinking at the top corner, every gay turns their heads. When the supposed reality in front of them registers they let out a collective gasp and two faint. One grabs the leg of a high-kicking cow and twists it, collapsing the cow into a heap, which makes Brittany squeak, Ew! As Chicken shoves the rest of its plump hind into the sewer it thinks, I'm going to murder that hand and Brittany Spears. Scanning the menu, Brittany misses Chicken so much that she turns on her wedge and bee-lines for the door. The hand has since zigzagged half a sewer block ahead. Cash delicately balancing on top of its knuckles, it rests for a beat. Palm vibrantly pulsing up and down, fingers expanding and contracting under the weight of the cash.

The milkshaked gays, too concerned to drink dairy, have ushered each other out of Chick Fil A and are now surrounding who they believe to be Brittany Spears. Brittany pushes through many men to find a sewer main and finds one in the middle of the street. She fends off several confused fans who attempt to lift the steel disk for her and fail. I got this, you guys, thank you for trying. I love you all! She tosses the cover aside, takes out her sneakers from her clear mini backpack, swaps out the wedges and waves goodbye. Brittany disappears underground. One gay turns to another and says, I don't know what she sees in that chicken. A cow busts out of the restaurant and smacks a gay across the face. How dare you assume we were done with you? Get your asses back in there now. The cow rears its hind legs in the air, kicking whoever was behind it about six feet back. The person screams in agony. Don't tell us what to do! The cow addresses the Brittany stans, I undoubtedly crushed several ribs of that cannibal's, who is next? The gays hang their heads in shame at the word "cannibal." They sulk back into the restaurant.

The cows in the restaurant commence. A brown Holstein walks on her hind legs so that her utter is out and proud. Your utter is out and proud, like me, says a gay man. I know, and shame on you for drinking cow's milk, that's BAD. The gay man sits down, angles his body away from

her and lowers his eyes. I know, he says. I just can't stop drinking milkshakes, and I can't stop eating chicken sandos. The Holstein whips her whiskered tail at his neck. What do you all think we are doing here, anyways? We do not care about your undying support of homophobic business. We do not care about chicken's rights. We care about our fucking utters! The whole milk thing must come to an end! I AM PREGNANT ALL OF THE TIME. The gay man says, Ew! The cow slaps him across the face. Chick Fil A's manager, who will be called Terry, has taken notice of this interaction. Terry is terrified of the cow squad, which is one of the reasons the cow squad is allowed to terrorize any milkshake purchasers. He decides to stay out of it, like always. As Terry turns back towards the next customer, a gay man, a cow high kicks a milkshake from across the room with such force that it sprays the entire front end. Terry acts like nothing happened but suggests that the customer pick up their order at the drive through because not many people decide to come inside these days. The customer says they don't have a car and Terry says that's okay. I'm so sorry about the milkshake spray, he says. It's okay, the customer says with a wink. They might fall in love, who is to say?

Brittany is sitting on a park bench inspecting her nails. She digs coarse particles from under her nail beds and around her cuticles. Fucking sewer grease all over her blouse, Ew, she thinks. She never caught up with the adorable, reddish and splotchy chicken. Why was it bald? Was it about to be fried? It gave off manager vibes, why would someone kill and eat that? Brittany tries to calm her mind. She thinks about the difference between the sound of water running down drain and water running downstream. She holds the space between sound and material at her sternum, then at her sits bone. Brittany thinks about sitting on the chicken, suffocating it. No. No! Six feet east of the bench there is a hole in the ground. Out of the hole comes a twirling hand holding a key and a wad of cash. The hand lands delicately on the slab of concrete, twiddles its pinky at Brittany, who waves back and winks. Hand struts off and the hole closes. Brittany takes a deep breath and continues to meditate on water sounds.

Chick Fil A has had a snazzy couple of years ever since the queers started making out in front of it. Queer scrutiny has mostly been positive for business. As queers are naturally rebellious,

they've taken a certain pleasure in eating homophobic chicken. They walk in and say, No one wants me here, so here I am, take my money!! Most of these gays are suffering from a kind of sadness much like depressive FOMO. For instance, they might have a friend who is emotionally close with relatives. In an effort to achieve this kind of relationship, the gay sends a loving card to a cousin but receives nothing in return, not even a text. The gay finally reaches out to ask whether or not their cousin received the letter, after which the cousin replies, Yes I got it! You are so sweet! Out of sadness and anger they might walk to Chick Fil A and snarf down a sando! See? The gays love Chick Fil A. If the marketing team had their way, they'd put homophobia on blast! They'd say, fags are chicken rags! Ha-ha-ha, fall on your faces, ya queers! Unbelievable!

Outside the restaurant a gay slams his ass down on the curb. With a heavy sigh he rings his polo of milkshake. Newly forming bruises, most likely from the Holstein, are surfacing on his arms and lower legs. He begins to weep.

A woman steps off the bus. She is wearing black patent pumps, black skinny jeans cut at the ankle, black blazer, and a tee shirt that says, always be closing! We are hearing from her, art house meets reality tv producer who worked her way up. She was a technician. Her name is Blair and on occasion she still takes public transit, because she is real. Blair sits on the bench next to Brittany, who is eating a sub. Where's that from, looks good. Swinging her mouth open, a few turkey bits fall on her lap, she leans over to dribble onto the pavement and points around the corner. She chews and gulps, around the corner, she says. Looks tasty, Blair says and turns herself to get a good look at Brittany. It is tasty, Brittany says, but they didn't have any chicken, that's my only critique. Hmm, what about that Chick Fil A? I tried there first, and I just.. Brittany rests her sub on her knees. There is much silence. I can't talk about it, she finally says. Blair leans in, I know, I can't get behind their politics either. Brittany blurts, It's not that, well, it is that, she lies, then decides to tell Blair the truth. I met someone in there. Someone who I followed out of the store and into the sewer. He got away from me. I don't want to think about

it anymore. Blair puts her hand on Brittany's hand that is holding the sub. The sub falls to the ground. Oh my god! I am so sorry! No, no no it's okay, you have been really sweet. Actually you've reminded me to never give up. Blair beams at Brittany Spears. Brittany Spears gets up from the bench and turns towards Blair. I'm getting that chicken. She turns on her heel and walks straight towards the sewer grate. You get it, Brittany, if anyone can survive life, it's you! Brittany throws the grate aside. By the way, everyone's rooting for you! She is halfway into the sewer. This conservatorship is frickin BS! With just her head above ground, Brittany says, you're fucking right it is! And I'm getting that fucking chicken! She disappears underground.