

Perka the Coyote vs the Road Runner

In the movie: "Wild Potato"

A message arrives on the Road Runner's phone:

"Lunch is ready, I'm waiting for you."

The Road Runner looks at it and replies:

"Why did you make it when you know I don't like reheated food? I'll be there in an hour — cook it again."

The Road Runner arrives at the door and shouts:

"Peeerkaaaaa!"

Perka comes out unusually cheerful.

"Ooooooh Road Runner, where have you beeeen!"

"Where am I? In front of your gate, Perka. Come on, open up."

They go inside and sit down.

The Road Runner sits.

Perka nervously notices he didn't take off his sneakers, but restrains herself.

"So, Perka, what's so new with you?"

"Oh, Road Runner... I met a real gentleman. Drives a very nice car. A true Romeo. But I broke it off, you know..."

"Why?" asks the Road Runner.

"He was wonderful. The first time he picked me up by car. But the second time he suggested we meet at a café."

"He probably mentioned that gas costs money," the Road Runner concludes casually.

"He did!" Perka jumps. "How do you know?"

"Well, if you're thirty, gas is an investment in a deeply emotional relationship. But since you're twice that... the gas is calculated twice as carefully."

Perka looks at him thoughtfully.

"And imagine — he suggested I keep coming by bus... How am I supposed to dress up then?"

"Who's stopping you? Dress up. Just buy a car," the Road Runner concludes triumphantly.

"I told him we wouldn't be seeing each other anymore."

"Well then, if that's your decision..."

"And you know what else he said when I wanted to pay for drinks? 'We'll discuss that too.'"

"I can imagine. And he paid for the first drink?"

"He did."

"A spendthrift. Throwing money away for nothing."

Perka's eyes flash.

"And you, Road Runner... want to try what I cooked?"

"Of course. That's why I came — to see what a real human lunch looks like."

I wonder what poison she put in it, he thinks to himself.

Perka sets the table.

She serves him only one piece of potato and something she called chicken.

“So what happened next?” asks the Road Runner, taking the first bite.

He pauses.

“Oof... this potato’s a bit lively. The tubers are practically jumping. And from what deceased animal are all these bones?”

“That’s young chicken!” Perka snaps.

“This young? It escaped the frying pan at least three times.”

“And what else made you end that serious relationship?”

“He suggested we have an apartment in the city so it would be closer for us.”

“Which you would obviously be paying for?”

“Yes! How do you know?”

“Intuition. Want me to look at it astrologically, or is this explanation enough?”

“Astrologically.”

“Astrologically — like I told you, younger men will court you. That’s admirable. But it’s equally admirable for your wallet to get thinner, since it already makes your bag bulge.”

The Road Runner happily chews the half-living potato.

“By the way, did you bring your books so he could see how many you’ve read? Maybe he thought you’d move them into that rented apartment and retell them to him late into the night... until he falls asleep.”

Perka stares at him furiously.

“Would you like to try my special rakija?”

“I will, since you know water doesn’t agree with me.”

There she goes again with that methyl alcohol. My brain is done for, thinks the Road Runner.

He takes a sip. Shudders.

“This is good... strong.”

Perka beams. Lightning flashes from her eyes.

“So that’s what happened to you. Well then — you could subscribe to my sports predictions. If you get lucky, in a year you might buy a car. Just in time to take a ride before the very end of your life.”

“Well, Road Runner, if you’re done eating, I wouldn’t keep you. I’m sure you’re in a hurry.”

So this is the end for me. Better not get sick in her house, the Road Runner concludes.

“I’m in a hurry, Perka. Excellent lunch. By the way, where’s the nearest health clinic?”

“It’s close... it’s just still under construction.”

“Bye, Road Runner. I hope you’ll come again.”

He had the feeling she added under her breath:

If you’re even able to come again.