

Final Draft 7 Demo

LATE-NITE SNACK

by
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A short, dark comedy.

Final Draft 7 Demo
Draft 1
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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

LARRY (31) stumbles into the dark kitchen in his boxers. He walks straight to the pantry and grabs a loaf of bread and a jar of "Generic, diluted Peanut butter." He sets up shop on the counter.

Larry dips a knife into the peanut butter and licks it. The generic peanut butter is barely satisfying. He unties the bag and removes a slice of bread. He slathers it with the tan goop.

He reaches for another slice but retracts his hand with a yelp. Blood trickles from the fresh teeth-marks on his fingers.

Larry stares at the bag with dreary confusion. He must be seeing things. He reaches for another slice, but the bag slides away from him. He reaches again and the bag retreats further.

Larry peers into the bag. He loads the knife with peanut butter and reaches into the bag.

CHOMP! Screaming in pain, Larry clutches his hand. A slice of bread is wrapped around his fingers like a mouth. Another slice jumps out and sinks its teeth into his thumb.

Hysterical, Larry lays his hand on the counter and stabs the slices with his goopy knife. They release and flatten out on the counter.

Heaving in victory, Larry peers into the bag again. A slice flies out and clings to his face. He drops the knife as blood trickles down his chin. As Larry stumbles backward, clawing at the slice, a dozen more slices fly out of the bag and tackle him to the ground.

They pin him to the floor and feast on his flesh. Another bag in the pantry springs open and more slices pour out and hop towards him. There must be a hundred of them. Larry writhes like Gulliver, no match for their strength. One slice covers his mouth, muffling his screams.

Another group of slices head to the back door and manage to turn the handle. They pry open the door, and many slices abandon Larry to escape to the outside world. Larry's delirious and nearly suffocated. But the escaping slices see some movement on the counter.

One of the stabbed slices summons enough energy to jump down to the floor and slither towards Larry. It grabs the goopy knife from the floor and climbs onto Larry's face.

It positions the knife point-down him his forehead. Larry's eyes cross as he realizes his fate.

A bag-full of slices balance on the knife handle. They heave up, then up again, then again... and slam down with enough force to drive the knife into Larry's skull.

Exhausted, the slices hop down and migrate out the back door.

CUT TO BLACK.

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ALSO

This could be turned into a (peanut butter?) commercial by cutting to titles when Larry's gets tackled:

SUPER
JIF: Don't sacrifice quality.

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