

MUNCHIES

Written by

David Stonenberg aka The Baron of Bud

FADE IN:

INT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

Dark. Silent. A CLOSED sign dangles in the front door.

A phone rings behind the counter. Persists for an extended period of time. Not a sign of life in the store.

The phone goes silent.

A gust of wind in the distance. It grows louder and louder. Closer and closer. Until...

CRASH! RED-EYE (18) tumbles across the tile floor in a spray of shattered glass. An alarm shrieks to life.

Red-Eye stands. Dusts off his baggy hoodie and pajama bottoms. Not a scratch upon his pretty-boy features. Not the slightest concern for the alarm.

He scans the room with stoned eyes. Lumbers over to a nearby light switch. Glass shards crunch under his bare feet.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP

Fluorescent light bathes the shop interior. Illuminates the broken storefront window.

The alarm screams through the night. Windows light up in the surrounding buildings.

INT. PIZZA SHOP

Red-Eye stands by the light switch. Inserts earbuds into his ears. Selects a music track on his smartphone.

The alarm melts away as a jazzy hip-hop jam fills his ears - and the SOUNDTRACK. He delights at the upbeat vibe.

The track remains on the SOUNDTRACK until noted otherwise. The following plays out the way Red-Eye experiences it:

MOMENTS LATER

Red-Eye appears behind the counter with several packages of frozen pizza dough. Mumbles song lyrics with a blunt between his lips.

He slaps the dough on the table. Tears open the plastic. Divides several frozen disks across the counter.

MOMENTS LATER

Red-Eye ladles tomato sauce onto the disks. Dances to the track all the while. Badly. Causes the sauce to spill.

MOMENTS LATER

Red-Eye rains shredded cheese down upon pizza crust. Residual cheese tumbles onto the sauce-splattered floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Red-Eye hurls assorted toppings into the air. Lets them fall where they may. Meat and veggies strike uncooked pizza. Spray cheese and sauce asunder.

CUT TO:

The real world.

Same scene. NO MUSIC. Just the screech of the alarm and the crackle of glass under Red-Eye's curiously unscathed feet.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP

Red-Eye's pizza shop romp on display for all the world to see. Police sirens blare in the distance.

INT. PIZZA SHOP

Red-Eye uses a pizza peel to load the last of several prepared pizzas onto the oven rack. Shuts the oven door.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

Smoke plumes through the broken window. Amber lights flickers inside. Red and blue lights flash outside.

A patrol car rolls up. Two OFFICERS emerge - OFFICER STACHE (50s), a veritable Commissioner Gordon surrogate, and OFFICER SHRIMP (20s), a scrawny, baby-faced rookie.

INT. PIZZA SHOP

A faint hiss emits from the shop, like that of a blowtorch.

The officers approach the window with their guns drawn. Stop dead in their tracks.

Red-Eye dances in place before the oven, earbuds still in his ears. Blinding white lasers fire from his eyes into the door. The metal glows red-hot. Smoke dances on its surface.

In an instant, the lasers cease. Red-Eye opens the oven. His hand sizzles on the scorched handle, but he feels no pain.

Several cooked pizzas sit inside the oven, miraculously not burnt to a crisp.

Red-Eye, blunt in mouth, turns to the officers. Finally removes his earbuds. The officers stare back, dumbfounded.

MOMENTS LATER

The alarm has ceased.

A miasma of smoke cloaks the room. The officers sit at a table across the counter. Use napkins to shield their faces from the fumes.

Red-Eye stands behind the counter. Loads the cooked pizzas into boxes. Stacks them beside him.

The blackened oven smolders behind him, totally fucked.

Shrimp watches him across the counter. Lets out a snort.

STACHE

Gesundheit!

Not a sneeze; Shrimp sniggers under his napkin. Stache gives him a look. The rookie attempts to compose himself. Fights the urge to laugh.

Red-Eye shuts the lid on the final box of pizza. He hops over the counter with it and extends it to Stache.

RED-EYE

I hope you like everything on it.

Shrimp chortles. Stache narrows his eyes at Red-Eye. No way is he taking that box.

Red-Eye turns to Shrimp.

RED-EYE

Go ahead.

Shrimp bursts into giggles. Takes the box.

Red-Eye collects the other pizzas from the counter. Heads for the door. Stops. Turns on his heel.

RED-EYE

Almost forgot. I'm picking up my dry cleaning too.

STACHE

(muffled by napkin)

Can you seriously not wait three hours?

RED-EYE

Just a heads-up.

Red-Eye steps through the broken window.

Shrimp howls with laughter under his napkin. Nearly falls out of his chair. Stache sinks in his seat. "Fuck my life."

EXT. PIZZA SHOP

Red-Eye crouches on the sidewalk. Plants a fist on the ground. The faintest rumble of the earth follows.

WHOOSH! In a flash, Red-Eye shoots into the air like Superman. Disappears into the night, pizzas and all.

FADE OUT.