"THE THIRD BOWL"

(A CEREAL KILLER STORY)

by

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FADE IN:

INT. COREY’S KITCHEN - DAY

COREY and DEXTER, late twenties, sit opposite each other at Corey’s kitchen table. Corey’s unshaven and morose, in a schlumpy bathrobe. Dexter’s chipper, in designer casuals. Both are overweight – but nothing a few sessions in the gym wouldn’t cure.

Corey, though, will have problems in later life, if he keeps putting away the stuff he’s eating now: a heaping bowl of chocolatey cold cereal. He attacks it with a vengeance, but it doesn’t seem to lighten his mood.

DEXTER
And I’m telling you, Corey. The cops will never catch this guy. And, from what I hear, it’s just starting. Like, one or two, so far. But it’s gonna spread. Like wildfire. Jeffrey Dahmer, Hannibal Lecter? They’ve got nothing, on this guy. And the cops’ll never catch him. You know why? Because...

Dexter pauses. Drum roll, please.

DEXTER
It’s not a guy.

Corey ignores him completely, finishing up his first bowl. He pours a fresh mound, from the multi-colored cereal box beside him. Adds milk, from a carton on the table. Then starts slurping down, again.

Dexter pulls a cigarette from behind his ear. An old-style kitchen match from his pocket. He thumbs it into flame, lights the cigarette, and takes a luxurious drag. Blows a plume of smoke into the air. He doesn’t seem to care if the smoke bothers Corey. And Corey doesn’t seem to mind, anyway; he’s too focused on his cereal.

Dexter contemplates the cigarette, in his hand.

DEXTER
I know, I know. The program. “The Seven Steps.”
To Cadbury. Only thing it did was turn us into chocoholics.

Dexter pats his stomach.

DEXTER
Screw that. Better off smoking these things. You only live once, right?

Corey’s still chomping away.

DEXTER
Right. Anyhow, to get back to my story. Way I hear it, there’s no trace evidence. At least, nothing to trace back to the killer. No toxicity, in the blood. No sign of explosives. No murder weapon. No sign of forced entry. Nothing. Nothing but blood, and death. Pretty gruesome stuff. And it hasn’t made the news yet. And it won’t. ‘Cause they don’t know what the fuck’s going on, and they don’t want to start a panic, with another serial killer story.

Dexture gestures with his cigarette, toward the cereal box. A masterpiece of bad design, garish letters screaming KOKO KRUNCHIEEZ, with hysterical optimism.

DEXTER

Corey’s clearly not convinced. His second helping almost over, he empties out the box, and sets it back on the table. Pours more milk into his bowl, and starts gulping down KOKO KRUNCHIEEZ again.

DEXTER
It’s that third bowl.

He shakes his head. There’s sadness in his eyes, now.

KABLOOOM!! Corey EXPLODES, splattering blood, bone, and innards all over the kitchen table. Miraculously, Dexter’s untouched.
But the cereal box...
The KOKO KRUNCHIEEZ logo morphs into a leering, demonic face. Arms shoot out from its sides, and grab the milk carton, bowl, and spoon, from the table. Stuff them into the demon’s mouth. It crunches them down, grinning at Dexter. Who flips it the finger. With an audible POP!!, the demon vanishes.

DEXTER
That’s the one that does it.

COREY (O.S.)
Dex? Dexter? Is that you?
I thought you were--

Dexter turns around. Corey’s there behind him, in bathrobe and stubble, as before.

DEXTER
I am.

Corey gapes at the bloody mess, in his kitchen.

COREY
What the hell happened?

DEXTER

COREY
Oh, I’m sorry. I must’ve left my spirit radio in my other pants. So, what are we, now? The talking dead?

DEXTER
Oh, ha! Funn-ny. Very funny. There’s this demonic killer cereal out there, masquerading as chocolate treats, looking to murder the world, and you’re making jokes. We gotta do something.

COREY
Like... what?
DEXTER
I don’t know. Organise. Find a way to--

COREY
We’re dead!!

DEXTER
So?
Fine. Fine. You just--

EEEEHEEEHEEEEHEEEEEEEE!!!
The KOKO KRUNCHEEZ demon rushes straight at us.

COREY
Yaaghh!!

Passing right through the spirit bodies of first Corey, then Dexter.
With a snap, CACKLE, and POP!, it’s gone.

DEXTER
I hate it, when he does that.
See? That’s what I’m talking about, right there.
That’s why we have to--

COREY
Who’s we? You’re the one who--

And, as the two friends argue it out, we

FADE TO BLACK