

MORNING DISASTER

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. BRITISH KITCHEN - MORNING

Finding themselves on the kitchen counter, a pair of eggs, BOB and DAVE rouse to the morning sun streaming through the window.

BOB
Woah, woah, woah!... What's all
this?

Dave, still groggy, yawns as he slowly becomes coherent.

DAVE
Huh?... Wait... Where are we?

SAL the salt shaker and POPPA the pepper mill stand behind them. Sal, the less intelligent of the pair, giggles to himself as he waits excitedly for the morbid morning routine to unfold.

Poppa's deep voice grabs Bob full attention.

POPPA
(menacingly)
You're on the counter.

Bob whips around to face the direction of the voice. Sal giggles under his breath.

SAL
Yeah... on the counter.

Dave doesn't give them much attention. He is still breaking out of his slumber.

DAVE
Ah... the counter. Right.
(to Bob)
Don't worry mate, we're on 'the
counter'.

Bob starts to panic.

BOB
The counter!... Dave, we don't want
to be on 'the counter'.

DAVE
(casually)
Why not?... I quite like it here.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

The light stays on, there's a great view of the whole kitchen.

(beat)

Plus! It's definitely warmer than what we're used to, innit?

SAL

(loud, to Poppa)

An' it's gonna get a lot warmer soon enough.

Sal laughs. This time, Poppa chuckles along, as much in reaction to Sal's exuberance as to the eggs.

OLIVE, the bottle of cooking oil to their left, speaks.

OLIVE

(to Dave)

Awww... you poor thing. You have no idea what's goin' on do ya now?

(to Bob)

Does he then?

BOB

(flatly)

I'm thinkin', no.

SAL

Just wait 'til PAN wakes up... he loves hearing the fresh ones scream.

DAVE

What's that? Scream?

OLIVE

(to Dave)

Oh sweetie... you really don't know?

DAVE

Don't know what?

OLIVE

Well, I'm sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, but you all are breakfast... they really do keep you in the dark, don't they.

BOB

Well, unless the door is open, yeah.

DAVE
Breakfast?... That doesn't sound good. Not good at all.

POPPA
On the contrary... All that sizzlin' and poppin' once you meet Pan... It's magnificent.

Half wit Sal echoes Poppa's comments for effect.

SAL
Yeah... sizzlin' magnificent.

Dave is beginning to show concern.

DAVE
Bob... what do we do?

BOB
(seriously)
I dunno mate.
(beat)
Harry and Graham did this whole breakfast thing didn't they? I mean if they did it, it can't be all bad, can it?

The trio behind them laughs at the egg's ignorance.

POPPA
Oh yeah... I remember those two. Real nice guys... All cool and calm, until Pan woke up.

SAL
Yeah... cool, calm... then screamin'.
(beat)
(menacingly)
Until later... when the screamin' stopped an' we couldn't hear nuthin' no more.

Dave's voice trembles. He is definitely unnerved. He's scared to ask, but does it anyway.

DAVE
Why couldn't you hear nuthin' no more?

OLIVE
Well, little one... it's because
they were dead.

BOB
DEAD!?

SAL
D-E-D, dead.
(beat)
Heads smashed, bodies cracked
open... guts poured out *allll* over
the place.

Bob and Dave cringe at the tale.

DAVE
Bob... I dunno about you, but I'm
pretty sure I wanna go back to the
ice box over there, and skip this
whole 'breakfast' thing.

BOB
(committed)
I'm with ya mate.
(to group)
Well, looks like we'll be off then.
Please let your Mr. Pan know that
regrettably, we must decline the
invitation to breakfast. We didn't
realize that we had an... uh...
Previous engagement!

Dave plays off of his friend as they start to slink away,
slowly making their way down the countertop.

DAVE
Yeah, a previous engagement. Can't
be missed. So sorry. Gotta run.
(nervous chuckle)
Perhaps another time. Cheerio.

A box of CHEERIOS a little further down the counter hears
Dave's departing salutation.

CHEERIOS
Yeah?

The eggs spin to face the box looming above them.

DAVE
(tentatively, confused)
I'm sorry?

CHEERIOS

You called me, whaddya want?

DAVE

Me? No. Sorry. Just a couple of eggs on our way back home.

CHEERIOS

Yes you did, I heard you just then sayin', 'Perhaps another time, Cheerios'.

Dave relaxes, as he begins to understand the mix up.

DAVE

Cheerios? No... I said 'cheerio'... just a 'good bye' to that rather creepy lot down the way. 'Cheerio'... just one, not Cheerios, like with an 's' on the end...
(to Bob, chuckling)
Yeah, I can see how that would be confusin'.

CHEERIOS

Ah... makes sense now, yeah.
(offended)
I mean, why would you all be talkin' to me anyways, right?

BOB

Now hang on... it's not that we *wouldn't* talk to you, we happen to be a pair of very pleasant individuals...

DAVE

Even cordial, I'd say.

BOB

Quite. Cordial. But we've just woken to find ourselves on the verge of an incredibly horrible death and we're on a mission to return home to our place, over in that there crisper.

Cheerios slides forward, blocking their path.

DAVE
(indignant)
Hey? What's this then? Out of the way.

CHEERIOS
Sorry, can't let you do it.

BOB
What!?

CHEERIOS
Can't let you leave the counter.

BOB
Perhaps we didn't make ourselves clear before... we ARE BREAKFAST... THEY'RE GONNA CRACK OUR SKULLS OPEN AND THEN THERE'S SCREAMIN'!

DAVE
And PAN!

BOB
(off Dave)
Right. And some unsavory type called 'Pan', whom I'm quite sure I never wanna meet.

CHEERIOS
(uncaring)
Hmm, sad story.
(beat)
Look guys, I understand you're in a bit of a pickle -

BOB
Pickle? What does he have to do with any of this?

CHEERIOS
No, no... I get that you're having 'issues', I really do... but if it's not you, it's me.

Dave looks up Cheerios' full height.

DAVE
You!? What could Pan possibly do to you? You're huge!

CHEERIOS

Pan? Nothing... but I have to try
and survive a fate worse than
death... The slow whittling away at
my core... nay, my very soul!
(beat)
They've already torn open my scalp,
see? See that?

Cheerios gives them a view of the torn flaps on his top.

CHEERIOS (CONT'D)

And whenever you eggs stay home,
they find me, sitting here.

He feigns heartfelt emotions, sniffing as he continues.

CHEERIOS (CONT'D)

They shake me... upside-down... Do
you have any idea what upside-down
looks like! It's horrible!
Everythin's outta place... They
just keep shakin' and shakin' until
I can't hang onto my bits anymore.
I've lost over 40% to these
butchers already... It's wearing me
down. I feel a little bit weaker
each and every time.

His plea for pity has found its audience.

BOB

(sensitively)
Woah... I am sorry. That sounds
awful.

CHEERIOS

A slow, painful death, mates... a
slow painful death.

He lays it on even thicker, launching his final effort to
seal the deal.

CHEERIOS (CONT'D)

And if that indignity weren't
enough, they have the nerve to
drown my bits in milk... then
devour them whole!... right in
front of me. Forcing me to watch
the entire grotesque display.

Cheerios breaks down, sobbing.

DAVE
 (pity, conviction)
 Spiteful creatures.
 (beat)
 (to Bob)
 Bob. I'm going back. I'm gonna face
 Pan like the free range egg that I
 am.

BOB
 But Dave, it's certain death!

DAVE
 It might be mate, but I couldn't
 bare just sitting at home all cozy
 and cool knowing that somewhere out
 here, Cheerios bits were drowning.

Bob thinks for a moment.

BOB
 Dave... you're right. At least
 we'll get cracked because we're
 standing up *for* something...
 (to Cheerios, with pride)
 For someone.

The pair turn around and head back up the counter toward Sal,
 Poppa, Olive and Pan. Behind them, Cheerios continues his
 emotional act. He calls to them as they leave.

CHEERIOS
 Bless you boys. Bless you.

The eggs reach the far end of the counter.

SAL
 Well, well... look who's back.

POPPA
 Have a nice trip?

DAVE
 (defiantly, proud)
 We're gonna get our skulls cracked,
 and we're gonna do it, for a cause.

SAL
 Oh, this outta be good.

OLIVE
 Hmm? What 'cause' is that then?

BOB
We're getting cracked for Cheerios'
bits.

DAVE
Right. So they don't have to drown
and be devoured.

The trio before them laughs at the pair of shells.

SAL
You eggs... you're all the same...

POPPA
Yeah... tough on the outside, but
soft and gooey on the inside.

SAL
(to Poppa)
Well, we'll see that part soon
enough, won't we!

They laugh again.

BOB
Hey! We're doing this so the little
ones can live another day...
It's... noble.

OLIVE
Blah, blah, blah... he does this
every time.

DAVE
Who? Does what?

OLIVE
He... Cheerios... manages to
convince you egg types to crack and
sizzle... going on and on about his
bits.
(to self)
A might narcissistic if you ask me.
(beat)
(to eggs)
I mean, it's a great testament to
his powers of persuasion that he's
got both of you willing to roll all
the way back over here and lay down
your lives so that he can stay
full.

DAVE
That so.

OLIVE
Yep.

DAVE
Bob. I don't think I like that
Cheerios fella anymore.

BOB
Right mate. I don't much like him
anymore either.

DAVE
I think I'd like to roll on down
thata way again and have some *words*
with...

We hear the COOK WALK IN and SWITCH on the kitchen light.

DAVE (CONT'D)
... damn. Too late.

BOB
(resigned)
Well Dave, it's been real swell
knowin' ya.

DAVE
And you Bob. Best of luck to ya in
the next life.

BOB
Yep. You too.

SAL
(Excited)
Oooo... I love this part.

OLIVE
(to Poppa)
How do I look?

POPPA
Virgin pure, sweetheart, virgin
pure.

The Cook opens the refrigerator door. Light from the
appliance shines on the counter like the Heavens have opened
up to receive the eggs.

COOK (O.S.)
 (to self)
 What!? No Bacon?
 (beat)
 Can't have eggs without bacon.

Sal goes into a tantrum.

SAL
 What! NO! I want the crackin'
 and... and the sizzlin'!

A hand picks up the pair of eggs.

DAVE
 Haha! So long suckers!

POPPA
 (menacingly)
 Yeah... see you tomorrow guys.

BOB
 Tomorrow.
 (beat)
 Damn.

The eggs are put back in the refrigerator with the other eggs.

INT. REFRIGERATOR - MORNING

STEVE and BRIDGETTE are all that remain of the original half-dozen. They see their friends return.

STEVE
 Bob? Dave? What are you doing back?

BOB
 Hey guys... it's a long story.

DAVE
 Harry and Graham are gone.

BRIDGETTE
 Yeah... we know. We were all here
 when they left.

BOB
 No Bridgette... not gone... They're
 gone, gone.

Bridgette and Steve are visibly horrified when they realize what he means.

They watch as the Cook's hand plucks the milk carton from the shelf beside them.

BOB (CONT'D)

As much as I don't like his
tactics, preying on our good nature
and such, I do feel a touch sad for
Cheerios.

DAVE

Yeah?
(beat)
I'm strangely at ease with it.

BOB

You've been touched by the cruel
world, mate.

DAVE

That I have Bob. That I have.