

"Morning Disaster"

Written By
Pixanaut
(www.CGTalk.com)

Based on the image:
'Morning Disaster'
By
Denis Kornev



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's 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, huh? 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 now?

BOB

(flatly)

I'm thinkin', no.

SAL

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

DAVE

What's that then? 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)
You think 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 Mr. Pan know that
regretfully, 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 face looming above them.

DAVE
(tentatively, confused)
I'm sorry?

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 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.

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.

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
That it has. And you Bob.

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.

COOK
(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.

