

A 48 Hour Film  
by  
Product 12

**"Pastry Problems"**

Written by  
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Draft #2

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EXT. STREET - DAY

QUINN and LAWRENCE run down the street, carrying a birthday cake. Quinn is holding a cake. HENRY is chasing after them. Quinn and Lawrence throw the cake at Henry's face.

FREEZE FRAME ON CAKE IMPACT

HENRY (V.O.)  
You're probably wondering how I got  
into this situation. Well...

INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS

MONTAGE:

Henry, eyes closed, blowing out birthday candles. Quinn steals the cake when Henry's eyes are closed.

HENRY (V.O.)  
My friends one year decided it would  
be hilarious to steal my cake on my  
birthday.

Henry locks a cake in a hard case. Lawrence uses some wrenches to break open the lock.

HENRY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And they never really stopped.

Henry wakes up in a panic and walks to the fridge and looks into his fridge, happy to see the fridge is safe. He closes the fridge. Quinn and Lawrence are lurking in the shadows.

HENRY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
No matter what I do to save my  
precious cake...

Henry is asleep, cuddling a cake beside him. Quinn uses a pillow to re-enact the 'Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark' treasure swapping scene. Lawrence does the 'oooh, he's gonna get it'.

HENRY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
They always take it.

Henry opens the fridge, holding a plate and fork. The cake pan inside the fridge is empty besides a handwritten note that says "Thanks!".

HENRY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
This year will be different.

END MONTAGE

Henry pulls eggs and milk out of the fridge in a different outfit in a match cut from the montage. He sets it on the counter next to flour and baking soda.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Quinn and Lawrence stand beside a table In the dimly lit garage. TERRY rolls out some blueprints on the table.

LAWRENCE  
I heard through a back channel that  
Henry is planning something *big* this  
year, Terry.

TERRY  
Right. Thanks for bringing me into  
this... tradition?

QUINN  
We'll come into the backdoor here...

Quinn points at the blueprint.

INTERCUT

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Henry rolls saran wrap along the kitchen doorway at face height.

INTERCUT

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence, Terry, and Quinn stand around the table.

LAWRENCE  
We could go in the windows instead.  
Might catch him off guard.

INTERCUT

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Henry rubs butter on the windowsill.

INTERCUT

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn, Lawrence, and Terry stand around the table.

QUINN

I think if we go in the front door it  
would be best. Y'know, be  
unpredictable by being predictable

INTERCUT

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Henry drops a single banana peel on the ground in front of  
the door.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)

Piece of cake.

INTERCUT

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn, Lawrence, and Terry stand around the table.

QUINN

Literally.

Quinn and Lawrence laugh among themselves. Terry looks  
confused.

TERRY

Wait, what?

Quinn looks at Lawrence as if to say 'you didn't tell him?'

TERRY (cont'd)

We're stealing cake?

QUINN

What else would we steal?

TERRY

Money?

LAWRENCE

Why would we do that?

TERRY  
Wha- This is so stupid!

Terry rolls his eyes and walks out of the garage.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Henry stands at the oven, pressing buttons. The oven isn't working. BUBBA walks in and stands beside Henry.

BUBBA  
What's wrong?

HENRY  
The damn oven isn't working.

BUBBA  
Have you tried turning it off and on again?

HENRY  
Like that's gonna...

Henry presses a few buttons and the oven turns on with a CLICK.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Well, I'll be damned.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

The front door clicks with a lock pick. The front door unlocks and swings open. Quinn stands up and pockets the lock pick. Lawrence steps through the door and slips on the banana peel and falls to the ground with a loud THUD.

QUINN  
Well, he knows we're here.

Lawrence and Quinn sneak into the kitchen and easily crouch under the plastic wrap trap. The kitchen is full of cakes on all surfaces.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Oh, damn.

Lawrence walks to a cake and presses his finger into it.

LAWRENCE  
It's styrofoam!

QUINN

Shit, one of them has to be right one.

LAWRENCE

Wait... he wouldn't hide it in the kitchen. We've done this for 6 years, he should've learned by now. It's gotta be upstairs!

Lawrence and Quinn dash towards the stairs. Henry is nowhere to be seen. Lawrence and Quinn creep slowly up the stairs, avoiding some tripwires.

INT. HOUSE 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Lawrence and Quinn open the bedroom door and peek inside. Bubba is inside, snoring loudly. Quinn and Lawrence slide out of the room. Lawrence points towards a second bedroom. Quinn grabs a case and a golden light spills out. He slams the case shut and tosses it aside.

QUINN

Not the cake.

Quinn and Lawrence walk into Henry's bedroom. Henry is lying in bed and jumps up at their entry.

LAWRENCE

Where the hell is it?

Lawrence and Quinn corner Henry.

QUINN

Cough it up.

HENRY

You fools. I've been practicing slight of hand. It's been right behind your ear!

Henry produces a cake from behind Quinn's ear. Lawrence and Quinn look at each other and grab the cake and run out of the room.

HENRY (cont'd)

Oh shit! BUBBA! DO SOMETHING!

Bubba pokes his head out of his room and watches Quinn and Lawrence dash down the stairs. Henry follows Quinn and Lawrence out of the front door. Quinn and Lawrence high five as they run into the street. Quinn and Lawrence run through the kitchen, and under the plastic wrap trap.

Bubba clotheslines himself on the plastic wrap and falls onto his back.

EXT. STREET - DAY

QUINN and LAWRENCE run down the street. Quinn is holding a cake. Henry is chasing after them. Quinn turns and throws the cake behind him, hitting Henry in the face.

THE END