

TART

Madeline Khare

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

JOHN takes out a pop tart from the box. He opens the package, removes one pop tart, and places it on a plate. He then puts the package with one tart back in the box. TIM has been gently observing while pouring himself a cup of coffee.

TIM

(beat)

Hey, Paul. Come take a look at what John is doing.

PAUL enters the breakroom, and observes John placing one pop tart in the toaster.

PAUL

Hm. That's pretty strange.

TIM

I know, right?

PAUL

Hey, John, wha- what are you doing?

JOHN

I'm just making a pop tart, why?

PAUL

Yeah, You opened the bag, took one out, and left the other one in the bag.

TIM

(Accusing John)

Why would you do that? Pop tartSSS are plural for a reason.

JOHN

I uh, just wasn't hungry enough for two.

TIM

But you just left the other one to go stale! Who DOES that?!

PAUL

Nobody can enjoy that delicious tart anymore because YOU had to leave it out to die a slow and painful death!

JOHN

(Playing along)

Ha, ha. Okay, I get it. I'm sorry.

PAUL

That's like throwing your food directly into the trash!

TIM

That's like asking for three extra plastic straws for one drink!

PAUL

That's like taking a picasso

(beat)

And letting a three year old retouch it.

JOHN

Guys, I said I get it. Don't you have work to get back to?

JOANE walks in, curious about the commotion.

JOANE

What's all the commotion about?

PAUL

HE TOOK ONE POP TART AND LEFT THE OTHER ONE TO GO STALE

JOANE

WHAT THE FUCK? WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?
I'm pressing charges.

An officer in uniform, OFFICER JESS, walks in.

OFFICER JESS

Hey, I was just patrolling the neighborhood and overheard you were pressing charges for something? May I ask what all of this is about?

JOHN

Wait, what? There's really no need-

JOANE

Yes that man there took one pot tart out of the bag and left the other one TO GO STALE!

Officer Jess reaches for her gun. John puts his hands up, one still holding the packaged tart.

OFFICER JESS

My GOD! Get on your fucking knees, you sick bastard. I haven't had a code six in ages. I'm going to need backup.

John slowly gets on his knees, shocked.

JOHN

Since when is eating a pastry a crime?

Officer Jess leans toward her walkie.

OFFICER JESS

Jess for LUCY, we have ourselves a code six. I repeat, a code six. I need backup, stat.

In a fantastic puff of smoke and lightning fire, LUCY appears.

JOHN

What the fuck?! You summoned the devil?! Can cops even DO that?

OFFICER JESS

(To Lucy)

This fucker here just ate one pop tart and left the other one to go stale.

LUCY

Jesus, a code six? I'm afraid we
banished all annoying inconveniences
back in '64.

PAUL

Banished from where?

LUCY

Hell, duh.

JOHN

Please, I'll just eat the second tart
just please don't take me to Hell over
a pastry!

LUCY

Nah, we gotta send this guy where they
send people too shitty for hell.

JOANE

Double Hell?

LUCY

No, worse.

(beat)

Ft. Lauderdale.

Just then, The sound of packaging crinkling makes everyone turn
towards Tim. He is eating one Twinkie and has left the other
Twinkie in the wrapper.

JOHN

Are you seriously about to leave the
other Twinkie in the wrapper after all
of this?

TIM

I wasn't hungry enough for two!

The sole pop tart pops out of the toaster.

BLACKOUT.