

BRINGER OF WAR

(partial sample)

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Liz and Sandra sip their tea in silence. It's awkward. Sandra can't hold it in.

SANDRA

You're going to eat the cupcake.

LIZ

I'm not going to eat the cupcake.

SANDRA

You won't be able to resist.

LIZ

I'm not going to eat the cupcake.

SANDRA

It will taunt you. Every time you open the fridge, it smell like Madagascar bourbon vanilla. And you will be powerless to stop it.

LIZ

Is that how you see this? A demonic cupcake is on the loose and there's no escaping it?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - FANTASY

It's the same kitchen from the first scene, but now it is empty, and shot in black and white to signify that we are in Sandra and Liz's imagination.

Slowly and quietly, we hear the ominous tones of Gustav Holst's MARS, THE BRINGER OF WAR as it thumps militantly. Something is dreadfully wrong.

The fridge opens of its own volition. We follow the light pouring out from the door as it oozes down and across the tiles. It brushes the edge of something and reveals... no. It's too horrible. We can't look. It's...

The CUPCAKE. We close in at its eye level. If it had eyes. In the light of day, it might look perfectly innocent. Luscious, even, with its creamy frosting, its playful sprinkles.

But in the harsh glare of the refrigerator light, it seems downright menacing. It couldn't be... Is it glaring at us?

The cupcake is on the move with steely resolve. Hard shadows dance across its face as it stealthily sneaks toward the edge of the kitchen. It peeks around the corner, through the doorway, at something we can't see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FANTASY

Liz sits serenely, reading a magazine. Not a care in the world.

The cupcake has moved onto a table near the door. It fills the screen, except for an indistinguishable blur in the background. The focus shifts to reveal that the blur is Liz. The cupcake has her in its sights. It nods at her, knowingly.

Liz looks up from her magazine. She can sense that something isn't right. She has goose bumps and doesn't know why. She begins to look around for something, but she doesn't know what. As the music builds, we suddenly realize that the cupcake has come up behind her. Sneaky bastard. A Hitchcock-style dolly zoom on Liz as she screams silently in horror. She has discovered the impending doom of the cupcake on her shoulder. But she recovers her senses enough to rise and RUN!

INT. KITCHEN - FANTASY

She pulls around the corner, catches her breath.

Liz scrambles for something - anything - to use as a weapon. Salt shaker? Spatula? Aha: jagged, pointy, yes! A FORK!

She peeks around the corner to assess the situation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FANTASY

The cupcake - like a ninja - has moved closer once again.

INT. KITCHEN - FANTASY

This is agony. But she can't wait any longer. She slides onto the floor, coming face-to face with the cupcake. She wields her fork and stabs it. Success!

But - wait. The cupcake, brutalized, nods again with the same knowing confidence. Liz looks down at her weapon. It's a forkful of cupcake. She played right into its hands. If it had hands.