

Peanut Butter

By

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1 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Close-up on phone screen. K-Pop blares on the soundtrack. SARAH hammers out the passcode and mashes the button for CASSANDRA's number.

2 INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Cassandra's phone buzzes. She answers.

CASSANDRA
Talk to me.

3 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

SARAH
You gotta get me out of here.

Sarah stands in her bedroom with a sardonic look, the door open to the main living area. A speaker continues to blast the song, which LOLA, Sarah's typically upbeat, sunny roommate, bobs her head to on the couch.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
You two doing this again?

SARAH (ON PHONE)
I'm not doing shit this time, I swear.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
Uh huh.

SARAH (ON PHONE)
I'm serious. Can we do the project at your place?

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
My couch is still recovering from the Sarah-Smirnoff debacle.

SARAH (ON PHONE)
It was Ketel One.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
Somebody definitely won that one.

SARAH (ON PHONE)
Stop. Can you get me? She's playing her K-Pop again, I can't think straight. She meets one minority
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
and suddenly she thinks she grew up
in Seoul.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
Play nice. Lola's one of the good
ones. Really, why are you the one
acting defensive? You should be
apologizing to her.

Beat.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
She can't hear you, can she?

SARAH (ON PHONE)
Over this? It's doubtful.

LOLA
I definitely heard everything.

Surprised, Sarah looks sheepishly at Lola, guilted by her
nonchalant look of disapproval.

SARAH (ON PHONE)
(to Cassandra)
Come now.

4 EXT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Cassandra's car screeches to a halt in her driveway. She
snaps the car into park. A phone charger is plugged into the
console.

5 INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah walks into the house behind Cassandra, laying her
backpack down.

SARAH
You have a phone charger? I forgot
mine at the house.

CASSANDRA
Sure, it's in the car.

Cassandra turns to walk back out and sees a pile of mail on
the coffee table.

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CASSANDRA

Dammit.

She picks up the mail.

CASSANDRA

I forgot to drop off the mail. The post office is about to close. You wanna ride with?

SARAH

I'm good. I should get us started on the report.

CASSANDRA

Sure thing. I'll be back.

Cassandra hurries out the door. Outside the car starts and drives away.

Sarah sits down and begins hammering out the introduction to a report on a laptop. Her phone chimes. She received a group message from Lola that includes their third roommate, BEA. It's a picture of a plate of cookies.

LOLA: The new neighbors made us cookies!

Sarah reads the text, then goes back to work. Another chime.

BEA: How thoughtful! They look delicious.

Sarah smirks. She types.

SARAH: Better not inhale them all before we get back.

A notification pops up for low battery. Sarah puts the phone back down and continues working. The phone chimes again.

LOLA: I think these have peanut butter in them.

Beat.

LOLA: I'm allergic to peanut butter

Sarah, disbelieving, responds sarcastically.

SARAH: That's lame

Beat.

LOLA: I left my epipen in my car

Sarah's eyes light up, more concerned. She didn't know about Lola's allergy.

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SARAH: Wait, what?

Beat.

Sarah types back quickly.

SARAH: Can you get to it?

Beat. A scrambled text from Lola comes back. Frantically, Sarah types:

SARAH: Lola????

Nothing.

SARAH: LOLA

The screen goes black. Sarah jams the lock button to bring it back to life. No response. The phone is dead.

Sarah stares forward, not knowing what to do. Then, she gets up.

6 EXT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY

The Chemical Brothers' 'Elektrobank' comes on the soundtrack. Sarah walks out of the house. Quickly she collects herself, retracing the route back to her house. She's in the suburbs, several blocks away from Lola. It would be a long walk.

But she's not walking.

She can save Lola.

Sarah breaks into a run. She sprints down the street to the highway.

7 EXT. STREET - DAY

Sarah continues running down a sidewalk. Cars whiz by, some almost clipping her. Ahead is a train crossing. As she approaches, the guards come down. A train is coming. Alarmed, she looks up to see the train fast approaching in the distance. She thinks she can make it though.

Sarah breaks into an intense sprint. She runs faster than she ever has before. She closes 50 yards...20...10...

The train screams past right as she reaches the tracks. She screeches to a dead stop, exhausted. There's no knowing how

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long this train will be passing. She tries to think of a way around it. She looks to the side and sees it: a drainage ditch, passing under the tracks. She curls her lip at the thought...

But it's her only option. She races for the ditch, sliding down the embankment, splashing down into the muck of the ditch, and turns toward the tunnel.

8 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Sarah pounds through the tunnel, each step splashing filthy water onto her legs. As she nears the end of the tunnel, she sees a large mound of debris.

Suddenly a brick catches her foot. She falls face first into the debris pile, brown sewage splashing everywhere. A beaver carcass is lying on top, a fact that Sarah discovers by having her face shoved into it. She recoils in disgust, as a TRASH MAN reveals himself lying under the debris.

TRASH MAN

Can't a guy get some peace here?

Sarah scrambles to stand up. The Trash Man rifles around in the trash and finds two dead chipmunks. He extends one to Sarah.

TRASH MAN

You want? I only ever have room for one.

Sarah just sprints away. The trash man watches her, then eyes the chipmunk, sniffing at it.

TRASH MAN

That'll still eat.

9 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Sarah exits the tunnel out onto a playground. Sarah is covered head to toe in grime; she looks hardly better than the trash man she just left.

She runs through the playground. YOUNG CHILDREN are playing. She runs past all of them, catching the attention of some PARENTS and a NARC KID.

NARC KID

Stranger danger!

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TRACK STAR DAD
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!

Sarah continues running, dodging kids left and right. Some of the parents stand there, bewildered, while the TRACK STAR DAD tries to catch her. The teacher tackles her to the ground by her legs.

TRACK STAR DAD
You like creepin' on kids, lady?

SARAH
My friend's gonna die!

Sarah kicks him in the face. The track star dad releases her as blood gushes from his nose. Sarah scrambles up and sprints away. Track star dad follows her.

10 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Sarah runs through some trees and comes out the other side on a wide-open green fairway. Seeing the road on the other side, she begins crossing.

The sound of golf clubs striking balls rings out as the dad breaks through the treeline behind her.

TRACK STAR DAD
You're not gettin away tha-

A golf ball smacks him in the face. Sarah continues running as the GOLFERS continue hitting balls down the range. After recovering, the teacher follows. Both of them get hit by ever more balls.

The dad begins to catch up. He reaches out to grab her shirt, striding forward with his right leg, turning slightly toward the tee box...

A ping. A golf ball strikes the dad squarely in the nuts. He doubles over in pain, somehow staying on his feet. He turns away from the tee box.

A ball collector cart is racing straight towards him. His eyes go wide as he crashes into the front.

Sarah reaches the street.

11 EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Sarah finally reaches a downtown area. She rounds the corner and finds a CROWD gathered to watch a parade. The street is blocked off completely. Sarah lets out an exasperated sigh.

SARAH

Why do you hate me??

Across the parade, through an alleyway, she sees her house. The one where Lola lays, dying.

Determined, she races forward. Over the crowd, she sees a break in the parade. She can get across. She pushes her way through the onlookers, over the barricades, and runs out into the street. Her eyes are set on that alleyway. Straight ahead.

The sound of screeching tires jerks her attention to the side. It's purely instinctual. Sarah jumps, her momentum carrying her forward. But it's not enough. She flies onto the hood of the car, throwing her forward onto the pavement.

Sarah blacks out. Then a few seconds later, she comes to. Stumbling to her feet, she looks around at the concerned onlookers. The DRIVER of the car yells at her. Dazed, her gaze finds the alleyway, and the house past it. She lurches forward.

12 EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE

Sarah is running again, barely getting along. But she's made it. The house is right there. She wheezes up the driveway, past Lola's car. She throws the front door open.

13 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Lola sits on the couch with the plate of cookies in her lap, holding one limply in her hand. She stares at Sarah, who stands in the doorway, exhausted.

Beat.

LOLA

I was kidding.

SARAH

Oh good. You're okay.

Sarah falls forward, fainted.

14 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah is now lying on the couch. She slowly comes to. Lola reaches down to touch a wet rag to her face.

SARAH

GAH!

Lola pulls the rag back.

LOLA

Sorry.

SARAH

What're you doing?

LOLA

You're overheated, and you hit your head pretty hard just now

SARAH

Oh I'm fine. Glad to see you're not dead, by the way.

LOLA

I could say the same- did you really run all the way here?

SARAH

No!

Beat. Sarah looks away, then sheepishly at Lola, who waits for the real answer.

SARAH

Okay, yeah, but I stopped a couple times.

LOLA

That's 3 miles.

SARAH

Why do you think I stopped? It wasn't always voluntary either...got hit by a car-

LOLA

You got hit by a car?!

SARAH

And almost a golf cart. Don't ask.

Lola laughs, incredulous.

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LOLA

You're insane. Why would you do that? You really didn't know I wasn't allergic?

SARAH

I don't know, I didn't know, I just...

Sarah sits up.

SARAH

I guess I just haven't been a great friend to you lately. And there's no reason for it. And when I thought you were in trouble...I didn't want that to be the terms you went out on.

Lola smiles.

LOLA

Apology accepted.

Sarah smiles back. Lola extends her hand out to her with a cookie.

LOLA

Cookie?

Sarah turns and looks sardonically at the camera.

THE END