

SNACKS

Written by

Jaeden Tokach-Bucher

BLACK SCREEN

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

A quiet, dim room, filled with scattered comic books, a messy desk, and a stuffed cluttered dresser.

A kid (9-12) opens his eyes. He glances at the door. A mischievous smile spreads across his face.

He slowly opens the door, peeks out, and tiptoes like a cartoon villain.

His smile grows more Grinch-like as he silently exits.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

He tiptoes dramatically, silently across the hallway near his room filled with calendars and photos of relatives.

A quiet ninja, his movements are planned, thought out as if he's done this before.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

The kitchen air is cold and faint mostly due to it being night. There's also a strange feeling in the air as if something strange is about to happen or a feeling of being watched or if you're afraid.

He creeps in.

Opens up the fridge.

He grabs something sugary, then moves to a cupboard and grabs chips and candy.

Stacks it all in his arms like loot.

He cackles under his breath.

He munches a chip.

(Mysterious Sound - Offscreen)

He freezes mid-bite. The sound startles him

Slowly looks behind him; but sees nothing.

He shrugs it off. Starts to eat some more.

Suddenly—

A Cold, Slimy Hand swirls onto his shoulder, now he's definitely scared. The air feels heavier now as he's not sure what to expect or feel in the moment right now.

The kid slowly begins to turn around. Having feelings he's never felt

Almost sees whatever is behind him

What he sees makes him question everything he knows

He sees a Tall Alien, grinning, eyes glowing, face not too far from his. The room feels colder now with the kid seeing something in front of him he thought only existed in movies.

The kid faints.

THUD.

The alien tilts its head... and reaches for the chips the kid had in his hand.

With the chips now in his hands, he takes a bite.

Eyes widen

Smiles sinisterly

Then—

It looks around the kitchen, curious.

The alien wanders around the kitchen inspecting things: taps on the fridge door, picks up a cereal box, stares at the glowing microwave clock, accidentally turns on the sink, jumps slightly.

It steps over the fainted kid and spots a bag of something.

Picks it up. Sniffs.

Suddenly—

The kid starts to slowly become conscious again, grumbling.

The alien FREEZES.

Then—vanishes into the darkness in one swift, unnatural motion.

The kid wakes up confused thinking it was all a dream and was simply dream walking.

They look around, still very confused.

Sees the bag of chips on the floor, picks it up and walks to his room without a second thought.

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TEXT ON SCREEN:

Don't sneak around in the dark by yourself