

The Cookies

By

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A Slice of Life Capture (one random day, one random conversation at a
time!)

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.1	A cluttered, somewhat dirty + busy kitchen in a small apartment. Scattered here and about are green colored beer bottles, and there appear to be baking supplies spewed about on various counters as well. Two young men are there. One, a dark haired, lanky fellow with a stylish haircut, is bending down, looking at something out of our view down near the floor. The other is a dirty blond haired guy, looking more like a hick than his counterpart, with a rather lazy expression on his face. He's observing his friend, drinking outta one of those green beer bottles.	<p>BLACK HAired GUY (IAN) Yo, man, seriously, we gotta hurry with these baked goods, the girls will be back in a couple of hours!</p> <p>BLONDE (EDDIE) Why the hell did you say you'd do this in the first place? Cookies? Seriously?</p>
1.2	A close up of Ian from another angle. He's looking at an oven door.	<p>IAN Janelle and I got into an argument. Saying that I do nothing around here except get drunk with my friends.</p> <p>EDDIE Hah, ya know Ian, she's right!</p>
1.3	Ian looks back at Eddie, a little annoyed. He's also pulling open the oven door.	<p>IAN So I make up a little lie about how I can make a wicked batch of sugar cookies.</p> <p>EDDIE And she would forgive you if you make her delectable goodies....*snerk*</p>
1.4	Ian rolls his eyes, looking back forward and reaching into the oven.	<p>IAN Yeah yeah, Eddie. Shut up and gimme a hand with these.</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.5	Ian puts a tray of cookies onto the counter.	IAN All this freakin' cookie nonsense has made me want a drink. EDDIE Sure, why not? Those things gotta cool, right?
1.6	The tray of cookies on the kitchen counter next to one of those black and white cat clocks where the eyes and tail move...the time is 7:30	EDDIE (OFF PANEL) Take a little break!

Panel	Description	Dialog
2.1	The same shot of the cookies and the clock....only this time, the clock reads 9:30	DIALOG (OFF PANEL) BUAHHAHAHAHA! THAT'S EFFIN FUNNY!
2.2	More assorted beer bottles spewed on what looks like a coffee table.	IAN (OFF PANEL) Man...what time izit?
2.3	Eddie and Ian are sitting on a couch in front of a coffee table, a glow on their face also suggesting they may be watching TV as well. More of the assorted beer bottles (not only in green this time though- also brown) are scattered about on the table.	IAN Would've thought tha girrls would have been back by now.... EDDIE Eh, you know what happens when they go down to The Basement, they spend HOURS looking at all that marked down crap... EDDIE Hey, wasn't there something we were supposed to do?
2.4	Ian says nothing, contemplating the question in his drunken daze.	
2.5	Ian smacks a hand to his forehead.	IAN Ohhhh yeahhhh....Those damn cookies....god dammit....

Panel	Description	Dialog
3.1	Eddie gets up from the couch, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder. He too, looks at least a bit intoxicated, smerking.	<p>EDDIE Don't worry, bro....ya asked me to give a hand with those thins.....right?</p>
3.2	Eddie walks towards the kitchen, leaving Ian on the couch to languish in his drunken state.	
3.3	Another shot from another angle of Ian lounging on the couch.	SFX: BANG! CRASH!
3.4	Same shot of Ian.	<p>IAN What's goin' on in there? Eddie?</p> <p>EDDIE (OFF PANEL) Nothin! Just trying to find your blasted powdered sugar...</p>
3.5	Ian pulls his head up and looks in the direction of the kitchen?	<p>IAN Powdered sugar? Wha?</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
4.1	Eddie comes back out with a plateful of these cookies. Ian lifts his head up to look in Eddie's incoming direction.	EDDIE See, that didn't take thatt long....
4.2	He puts the cookies down on the coffee table.	
4.3	And Eddie sits back on the couch, taking a bottle off the table. Ian picks up a cookie, looking more than confused at the moment.	EDDIE Although seriously, man, what nut in this house keeps the powdered sugar in Ziploc baggies?
4.4	Ian looks back to Eddie, alarmed at what he had just said.	IAN Powdered sugar in Ziploc baggies?
4.5	Ian takes a bite of this cookie, grimacing as he does so.	
4.6	Ian stares disgusted at the cookie.	IAN That don' taste like any powdered sugar I've had....

Panel	Description	Dialog
5.1	Eddie and Ian look at each other for a moment.	
5.2	Same shot.	<p>EDDIE Heh heh...What if it were coke?</p> <p>IAN Coke? Like...yeyo?</p>
5.3	Ian looks a little pissed off, rolling his eyes.	<p>IAN I may be a drunk, but I don't do fucking coke!</p> <p>EDDIE (OFF PANEL) No shit, dude!</p>
5.4	Ian looks at Eddie again, still confused, drunk, and getting more confused by the moment.	<p>IAN Wha, you think my 'straight edge' girlfriend did it? That it??</p> <p>EDDIE Nah, but it sure as hell wasn't me.</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
6.1	Ian just shakes his head. Eddie makes another suggestion.	<p>EDDIE Maybe, maybe, like, the government planted it here while you were sleeping or some shit like that....</p> <p>IAN What the FUCK would the government want with a freakin' college student!?</p>
6.2	Eddie shrugs.	<p>EDDIE Beats me. But if it wasn't me, and it wasn't you, and you're SURE it wasn't your girl....then what?</p>
6.3	Ian puts his head in his hands.	<p>IAN All this is givin' me a headache....and freakin me out....what next?</p>
6.4	Ian cringes to the sound of the door slamming.	<p>SFX: SLAM! PERSON (OFF PANEL) Ian! I'm back!</p>
6.5	A wider shot of the living room. Ian's girlfriend, Janelle, a brown haired girl, average looking with thin rimmed glasses, wearing a nice pair of slacks and a nice shirt, walks in, carrying more than a couple of department store bags.	<p>JANELLE Ian, didn't I tell you to clean up this place? Couldn't you two at least do that?</p> <p>IAN I know, I know....</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
7.1	Janelle sets down the bags in a corner of the room. Eddie talks to her. Ian is just looking nervous on the couch, staring at those cookies on the table.	<p>EDDIE So, ah, where did Christine go?</p> <p>JANELLE She went home. Said she wanted to go try on things back home. She figured you'd take the T home... or sleep over here like you drunk nuts normally end up...</p>
7.2	Janelle looks at Ian, and thusly at the cookies.	<p>JANELLE Ian? What's going on?</p> <p>IAN Uh-</p>
7.3	Janelle sees the cookies, reaching for one.	<p>JANELLE Oh! You did make cookies! Well, do I get one?</p>
7.4	Ian, wide eyed, quickly makes a grab for the plate, covering them up.	<p>IAN No! No way!</p>
7.5	Janelle looks confused and offended.	<p>JANELLE Why not? They look perfectly fine. Stop being so selfish, you said you would make them for me!</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
8.1	Ian closes his eyes for a moment, thinking carefully about his words.	<p>IAN No, it ain't that, honey bunches.....just....seriously...you don't want one.</p>
8.2	Ian puts his head down, looking dejected.	<p>IAN Trust me, they're that effed up. I tried, but sometimes things don't work out the way you want, ya know?</p>
8.3	Janelle looks a little bit disappointed at Ian, putting her hands on her hips.	<p>JANELLE Well, I'm not exactly mad at you. I knew you couldn't do that right either.</p>
8.4	She turns to go someplace else in the house.	<p>JANELLE I suggest thinking a bit about what you CAN do to make this seem like a normal relationship, though. And fast.</p>
8.5	Ian sighs.	<p>SFX: SLAM!</p>
8.6	Eddie looks to Ian. Ian looks back at Eddie, taking one of the cookies and gesturing at Eddie with it.	<p>EDDIE You know, it would have been funny to see her high.</p> <p>IAN Don't make me wish it. On her or on you.</p>