

SPOONIVERSE: THE LAST SUPPER

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FADE IN:

UNIVERSITY LOUNGE, THURSDAY NOON

Over a lunch of sandwiches and leftovers, Max pitches a new film idea to two skeptical classmates who would rather be studying for an exam.

SARA

No, seriously. Your main character is a spoon?

MAX

It is a *rogue* spoon, Sara.

SARA

How does a spoon... go rogue?

MAX

The usual way. Well-rounded guy with a tarnished reputation.

LINDSEE

Oh my god. Is Abby pregnant?

MAX

What!?

LINDSEE

"Tarnished reputation"? That was such a dad joke. I just assumed -

SARA

(mystically,
channeling *The Matrix*)

There is no spoon.

MAX

Shut up. You wanna crew this movie or don't you?

LINDSEE

Crew it doing what?

MAX

Audio, Camera, Gaffers. You know.
Demo reel stuff. We kinda have to
be animators, too, obviously.

LINDSEE

(whining)

Animators? Waitamminute. Do I
have to dye my hair?

SARA

I swear to god, Max; I am not
doing FurryCon. You hear me?

MAX

Don't get a knot in your thong,
okay? We don't need *real*
animation. Just some stop-motion,
you know? Well... with some 2D
lasers and lightning, maybe.
After Effects. Something. For
the silverware showdown.

LINDSEE

Lasers.

SARA

(without
enthusiasm)

Pew. Pew.

Sara blows on the tip of her index finger as if to cool a
gun barrel.

MAX

Sure. Heat vision. Whatever you
wanna call it.

SARA

"Vision" means "eyes," Max.

MAX

So?

SARA

So the spoon has eyes?

CUT TO:

AUSTRIAN ALPS, GOLDEN HOUR

Empowered by a halo of backlight and the camera's low-angle push-in, a spoon stands, valiant and alone on an alpine mountain peak. It's impossible to determine whether the TRUMPET FANFARE is a non-diagetic theme.

MAX
(V.O.)

Duh.

The stop-motion spoon blinks. Twice. NOISILY. A quick blast of red LASER BEAMS shoots from its eyes. From off-screen, an anguished SCREAM precedes the THUD of an inert body. The spoon looks at the camera. And flexes one rakish eyebrow.

MAX (CONT'D)
(V.O.)

So, yeah, eyes. And a cape.

With a CHIME's single note, a cape appears on the spoon. The cape FLUTTERS in an heroic BREEZE.

MAX (CONT'D)
(V.O.)

It's a super-hero. I told you.

CUT TO:

COLLEGE CLASSROOM, FRIDAY MORNING

SARA

Right. A rogue super spoon.

LINDSEE

Okay, if the spoon is the good guy... who's the super-villain?

MAX

What's that you say, Lindsee? Who dares disturb the peace of the cutlery drawer?

CUT TO:

GOTHIC LABORATORY, NIGHT

Thunder CLAPS and CRACKLES as an electrical storm rages. Something stirs beneath a sheet on an operating table at the center of a mad scientist's lair.

MAX

(V.O.)

Why, it's none other than... the
Bride...

The sheet falls as the figure rises, revealing..

MAX

(V.O.)

of Forkenstein!

Is it an oversized, grotesque cold meat fork rescued from its encounter with a cruel disposal... or a dining utensil somehow cobbled together from multiple mis-matched forks? The handle is wound like a mummy in ratty rags. Its tines are tarnished... except for a wavy one that is notably white. The camera cants several degrees off-level as a strobe of blue lightning stabs downward from the heavens. The misshapen implement SIZZLES and smokes. Undead, the utensil GROANS and staggers several steps forward.

LINDSEE

(V.O.)

It's alive?

MAX

(V.O.)

It's alive. The mastermind of a
evil cutlery ring.

CUT TO:

A GRAY ALLEY, DUSK

A gang of steak knives, pickle forks, and grapefruit spoons corners a trembling Teflon frying pan. The jagged utensils are closing in. The pan WHIMPERS.

MAX (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

A gang of thugs that terrorizes
non-stick cookware. But
Forkenstein has bigger plans.

CUT TO:

APARTMENT KITCHEN, LATE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Sara adds salt to a pot of potatoes on the stove.
Frustrated, Lindsee tries to shut a stubborn drawer. Max
attempts to open a jar of pickles.

LINDSEE

Bigger plans. Like a world of
chaos where you can't close a
kitchen drawer cause your
roommate, Sara, thinks she's
Gordon Ramsay and gotta have tongs
and ladles and whisks and crap in
the way?

Carefully, Sara reaches into the drawer and pulls out a
potato masher.

SARA

Okay, **somebody's** a little hangry.

Sara slides the drawer closed with a single, elegant
finger.

LINDSEE

I kinda low-key hate you right
now. You know that, right?

Sara mashes potatoes.

SARA

So what's Forkenstein really up
to? What's the big evil plan?

Max grunts with effort.

MAX

Gonna hijack a shipment of foods
high in sulfur.

Lindsee and Sara stare at him for a silent beat.

MAX

What? Sulfur. It makes silver tarnish. You never had a Chemistry class?

SARA

Bachelor of Fine Arts, dude.

MAX

Not even in, like, high school?

Lindsee takes the jar from Max.

LINDSEE

If we wanted to science, Maxwell...

Lindsee twists the lid open. Easily.

LINDSEE (CONT'D)

...we would not be Film majors.

She hands the jar back to Max. Bewildered, he looks from the jar to Lindsee.

Max recites a well-worn limerick, pausing after each phrase. Vainly he hopes for any low-wattage glimmer of recognition in the eyes of his friends.

MAX

Johnny was a chemist...?
But Johnny is no more...?
What Johnny thought was H₂O...
Was H₂SO₄...?

Anybody? No?

SARA

(to Lindsee)

Hand me the pepper.

LINDSEE

Do you hear a kind of a man-splain-y voice. Like, muffled. In the distance?

Sara samples the potatoes... and finds their flavor lacks... something.

SARA

I don't think so, Linds. But I kinda stopped listening.

MAX

Okay. Well. So. Forkenstein needs to know when the food shipment is coming. So...

CUT TO:

MOTEL, A SULTRY NIGHT

A husky saxophone MOANS from a radio. SuperSpoon lies on a bed, looking up at the lazily HUMMING ceiling fan. Outside the window, a neon sign for the Spoon Rest Motel flickers and BUZZES unsteadily. A lamp next to the bed is draped with gauzy red silk. Clearly pleased with himself, Super Spoon blows cigarette smoke upward. And flexes one rakish eyebrow.

MAX (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

...she sends a spy to seduce the spoon and get the information.

LINDSEE

(V.O.)

What kind of spy?

PULL BACK TO

REVEAL:

A slyly smiling corkscrew lies in bed next to the spoon.

MAX

(V.O.)

A twisted double agent.

CORKSCREW

(sensually
inviting)

Fork me again, big boy?

CUT TO:

WAREHOUSE, DAY

MAX

(V.O.)

So, now, once they find out where
it is, all the bad guys gotta do
is steal enough food to tarnish
the world's supply of silverware.

Forkenstein and her menacing gang approach an unguarded
pile of avocados, theirs for the taking.

MAX

(V.O.)

But, clearly, nobody's counting on
SuperSpoon's crime-fighting
partner...

In a blur of super speed, a spork descends with BOOMING,
camera-shaking impact onto a mountain of avocados. The
spork wears a cape fluttering proudly with the stripes of
the Transgender Flag.

MAX (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

...Spork-Tacular!

SARA

(V.O.)

Okay, okay. Hang on.

CUT TO:

APARTMENT DINNER TABLE, SATURDAY EVENING

Sara tugs the cork from a bottle of wine with a soft POP.

SARA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna stop you right there.

LINDSEE

Remind me: what the hell is
tarnish?

MAX

You know, when silver... when it isn't shiny. When it gets black and needs polishing.

Sara pours wine. Lindsee examines her salad fork

LINDSEE

So... this... is this thing even silver? What is it?

SARA

Just cheap flatware. Nobody uses *silver* silverware any more.

LINDSEE

So nobody's gonna understand the whole plot of the movie.

SARA

Well, not unless Captain Exposition over here spells out the chemistry of it with a lot of dialogue. Besides, we don't have time to make anything that complicated. Guys, I got three studios. And Lindsee's got Oceanography.

LINDSEE

It's too much, man. Too many locations. Too many characters. And, god, how many costume changes?

SARA

Can't we just do a 'shot-reverse-angle-thing' and cut it for continuity?

LINDSEE

We can write down a couple of dumb conversations we overhear in the caf and use those for a script, right?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP

Max stares at them.

MAX

That is the dumbest, laziest idea
for shooting coverage I have ever
heard.

A beat of dejected silence

CAMERA BEGINS DOLLYING IN A SLOW ARC AROUND THE
CONVERSATION

SARA

Okay, okay, how 'bout this? Three
people at a table. Hang a China
ball and a boom mic in the center.
Pull a camera around them in a
circle while they argue about
something. Is that a little more
artistic?

DOLLY SLOWS TO A STOP ON LINDSEE

LINDSEE

But, like, it's still do-able
before finals.

Max sighs, resigned.

MAX

Man, it coulda been so cool.

LINDSEE

I dunno. We've been talking about
it for days. But I never could
quite picture it.

CUT TO

CREDITS

Credits should conclude with this on-screen disclaimer:

No person or entity associated with this film received payment or anything of value, or entered into any agreement, in connection with the depiction of tobacco products.

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