

THE GREAT BIG PEANUT BUTTER MESS

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EXT. TOWN - DAY

Serene and tranquil, this sanctuary fosters family life, shielded from the shadow of violence.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A ten-year-old GIRL, unremarkable yet vibrant, propelled her bicycle in a repetitive, hypnotic orbit. Two automobiles, seemingly abandoned, stood sentinel, their silent presence adding an unsettling counterpoint to the child's solitary activity.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A hush descended. Figures flitted past LINDA, a woman of thirty-something, fair-skinned, possessing a maternal strength, resolute and powerfully built. Her rhythmic run through the park abruptly ceased as she consulted her timepiece. A surge of determination propelled her into a relentless sprint.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Close-knit dwellings, low-slung and intimate, huddle together.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eight-year-old LILY, a fair-skinned girl brimming with self-assuredness bordering on arrogance, expects unwavering adoration.

Across the kitchen table from her, six-year-old Damon, a Caucasian imp with a penchant for mischief, relentlessly tests boundaries. He is a whirlwind of chaotic energy.

Meanwhile, their mother, Linda, methodically prepares a vibrant, nutritious concoction from finely chopped vegetables, a silent testament to the contrasting personalities unfolding before her.

LILY

Damon, do you have to be a pig when
you eat?

DAMON

Do you have to be here when I eat?

LINDA

Kids, no fighting, do we have to do this every morning?

A relaxed, jovial STEVE, a Caucasian man in his thirties, strides in, his countenance radiating contentment; a gleaming fishing trophy held aloft, a testament to a day of triumphant angling.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Do you have to carry that trophy everywhere.

STEVE

I do not know where I want to put it, it's not every year I win the bass master and I want people to see it.

LINDA

Sit down. I will make you a broccoli and spinach drink.

STEVE

I would rather have coffee. I do not know how you can go jogging and than drink that.

LILY

Dad, punish my pain!

STEVE

You mean your brother, why?

LILY

He put whip cream in my shoes!

STEVE

The new ones?

LILY

Yeah.

STEVE

Damon, don't put whip cream in your sisters new shoes, that's what the old ones are for.

LINDA

Don't encourage him.

STEVE

How many times do you have to be
told not to do that?!

DAMON

There is nothing else to do in this
town except ride your bike in
circles in a parking lot.

STEVE

So, you torment your sister.

DAMON

She's a freak.

LILY

I am a princess.

DAMON

I saw her naming her hair, she
named three of them Bob.

LILLY

Can we sell him to the circus?!

LINDA

No, we cannot sell your brother to
the circus.

LILLY

He needs to be more like me. I
read, play games and have sensible
fun. I'm growing up nicely with
beautiful hair to match.

DAMON

Someday your going to be old like
mom and your hairs going to fall
out.

LINDA

My hairs not falling out.

DAMON

It will be.

LILY

My hair will always be beautiful.

A wicked grin twisting his lips, Damon contemplated his next
move, a malevolent gleam in his eyes.

DAMON

Um.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Serene tranquility reigned under the luminous orb; wispy, charcoal clouds drifted languidly, obscuring its ethereal glow.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily's bedroom, a haven of childhood strewn with toys and brightly colored posters, held the usual eight-year-old chaos. Soundlessly, she awoke, a subtle shift in her slumber.

A strange sensation, a sticky residue, clung to her tresses. With a start, she activated the bedside lamp, its soft glow illuminating the familiar objects.

Her hand reached for the small mirror, its polished surface reflecting a horrifying sight: a thick smear of peanut butter, incongruous and unsettling, plastered across her hair.

LILY
Mom. Dad. Damon!

Bursting into Lily's chamber, Linda, Steve, and Damon were confronted by a shocking spectacle: her hair, a chaotic tempest of tangled strands, spoke volumes of unseen turmoil.

LINDA
Lily, your hair.

STEVE
How?

A mirthful chuckle escaped Damon's lips, a sound brimming with potent amusement.

LILY
That's it. I am going to do Jackie Chan on you!

DAMON
Not if I Jackie you first!

STEVE
Damon, go back to your room!

DAMON
Goodnight Princess.

LINDA
Damon!

DAMON
Alright. I'm going.

Damon departed, his exit a poignant punctuation mark to the unfolding drama.

LILY
He did this!

STEVE
You think he snuck in your room and did this?

LILY
No, the peanut butter Gods are out, it's a full moon!

LINDA
I do not know how you can sleep that sound and not hear anybody around you.

STEVE
I know, remember that time we got that thunderstorm? The whole neighborhood was up, but Lily was still asleep.

LINDA
I know Zzz. Zzz. Zzz.

LILY
Focus. On. Me!

STEVE
Why would he do this?

LILY
Because I ate the last pancake. I want you to punish him to his room forever!

STEVE
Let's go talk to him.

LINDA
Alright.

Exiting, they soundlessly shut her door. A furious Lily, trapped in a cage of her own making, agitatedly traversed her room. Then, a peremptory rap shuddered through the door.

LILY

That's it, what did you give him,
another slap on the wrist, you
weren't in his room long enough to
punish him? I am not spending my
youthful years in a panic!

A peculiar woman, known as the CAT LADY draped in the somber
elegance of neo-gothic attire, met Lily's gaze. Fiftyish,
enigmatic, she stood in her doorway, a feline perched
improbably atop her head, a silent, shadowed sentinel.

CAT LADY

Oh my, what happened to your hair,
my sweet?

LILY

You have a cat on your head.

CAT LADY

I'm the cat lady.

LILY

How did you know about the peanut
butter?

CAT LADY

I spend my time inside my house,
looking through my blinds. I keep
to myself, it's my cats who keep me
company. I took all 30 of them to
Paris with me, people think I am
creepy.

LILY

You have a cat on your head.

CAT LADY

Again. I'm the cat lady. I can help
you with your great big peanut
butter mess.

LILY

How?

CAT LADY

There is a family recipe my great-
great-great grandmother would use
on her children's hair to clean it.
Strawberry jam.

LILY

Strawberry jam?

CAT LADY

She would spread strawberry jam all over their hair and when they woke up the next morning, whatever mess was in their hair would be gone.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Entering the room, Lily illuminated the space, her movements deliberate. A thorough search of her pantry ensued, her gaze lingering on each item before her hand decisively selected a jar of luscious strawberry preserves.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Entering her chamber, Lily was a spectacle of sticky chaos; a crimson waterfall of strawberry jam cascaded through her unruly hair.

She stumbled towards her bed, a haven promising respite, and with a weary hand, extinguished the bedside lamp's gentle glow. As she collapsed onto the mattress, a frustrating struggle ensued.

The tenacious peanut butter and jam clung to her pillow, a sticky, maddening torment. Finally, exhaustion conquered, and she drifted into an uneasy slumber.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A piercing shriek tore through the silence.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

The shriek lingers, a haunting echo in the silence.

INT. CASINO - DAY

A piercing shriek echoes, lingering in the air. Gambling devices clatter violently to the ground.

INT. COMPUTER STORE - DAY

A table groaned beneath the weight of several notebooks, their luminous displays suddenly imploding in a catastrophic cascade of fractured glass. A piercing shriek echoed in the aftermath.

EXT. OPEN LAND - DAY

With heads swiveling, the zebras anxiously scanned their surroundings, attempting to pinpoint the source of the piercing cry.

EXT. DOOR - DAY

The door swung inward, revealing Lily. Her hair was a chaotic mess, adorned with sticky remnants of a peanut butter and jelly mishap. A tall, imposing figure filled the doorway - NEIGHBOR NUMBER TWO, a man of sixty-odd years, his Caucasian features stern, his substantial beard twisting into intricate points at either end.

NEIGHBOR NUMBER TWO

This is why I never had children,
do I dare ask, what is in your
hair?

LILY

The cat lady told me to put
strawberry jam on my hair because
my brother put peanut butter in it
when I was sleeping because I
yelled at him after he started
yelling at me because I threw a
book at him because he was looking
at me funny at the table after I
replaced his toothbrush with the
dogs comb.

NEIGHBOR NUMBER TWO

Lovely, he sounds like another fine
upstanding citizen in our small
community. I have something that my
grandmother use to do to keep my
hair nice and neat.

With a sudden, whirling movement, the neighbor pivoted, then deliberately reoriented himself toward Lily. He proffered a hefty jar of creamy, marshmallow fluff, his gesture weighty with unspoken meaning.

Lily received the offering, the jars cool glass a stark contrast to the warmth of the unexpected kindness.

LILY

Marshmallow cream?

NEIGHBOR NUMBER TWO

Put this in your hair for thirty minutes. Just curious, why did you come to me with your issue.

LILY

Your house was next after the cat ladies.

NEIGHBOR NUMBER TWO

Ask a silly question.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

With frantic strides, Lily sprinted along the pavement, clutching the precious jar of marshmallow fluff.

The eccentric woman, notorious for her feline headwear, cautiously raised her window shade, revealing a new, sleek Siamese perched atop her head like a regal crown.

Lily, eyes fixed on a distant goal, dashed past her own dwelling, a whirlwind of determined energy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

With a sudden burst of energy, Lily dashed to the kitchen, her purpose evident in her hurried gait.

She wrestled open the stubborn jar of gooey marshmallow fluff, its sweet aroma already a prelude to the unusual ritual to follow.

Over the gleaming porcelain of the sink, she meticulously applied the creamy confection to her tresses, the act both strangely decadent and oddly cleansing.

LILY (O.S.)

Uh, oh.

Upright, she rises, a bizarre confection adorning her head: peanut butter, jelly, and marshmallow fluff, a wooden spoon impaled amidst the sticky chaos.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Upon her bed, Lily reclined, surrendering to the weight of a pensive stillness.

LILY

Thirty minutes and everything will be fine.

With a spoon absurdly lodged in her tresses, she reclined, her head tilting to one side as slumber claimed Lily.

SUPER 30 Minutes Later

EXT. DOOR - DAY

The entrance swung inward, revealing Lily. Her hair, a chaotic nest of peanut butter, sticky jam, and marshmallow fluff, interwoven with a wooden spoon. NEIGHBOR THREE, a perceptive, compassionate man in his forties, stood utterly dumbfounded.

LILY

My brother put peanut butter in my hair when I was sleeping last night after I yelled at him for being annoying. So, he started yelling at me and that's when I threw a banana at his head. I threw the banana at him because I wanted to watch the new little mermaid movie, but he said he was too old to watch a kids movie, so he hid the movie and would not tell me where he put it. So I put starch in his underwear. I guess I use too much because he could not wear them because they were harder than chalk. The cat lady said try strawberry jam and than someone else said try marshmallow cream to get the peanut butter out.

NEIGHBOR THREE

And the spoon?

LILY

I leaned over the sink and like a magnet it stuck to my hair and I couldn't get it out.

NEIGHBOR THREE

I thought it was. My brother put peanut butter in my hair when I was sleeping because I yelled at him after he started yelling at me because I threw a book at him because he was looking at me funny at the table after I replaced his toothbrush with the dogs comb?

LILY

You heard me say that to someone else?

NEIGHBOR THREE

Have you looked at how close our houses are?

LILY

Look at me. I look like an art display.

NEIGHBOR THREE

You got yourself in some fine mess there. If it were me. I would have washed it out with soap, but I think I have a solution, my great-great-great-great grandmother used, bread.

LILY

Bread?

NEIGHBOR THREE

The bread will soak up the mess. Leave it in your hair for thirty minutes.

LILY

Will this definitely work?

NEIGHBOR THREE

If it does not, at least the wooden spoon will fall out.

With furious energy, Lily sprinted along the pavement, her pace relentless.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

With a sudden burst of energy, Lily dashed to the kitchen island. Her eyes, searching frantically, located the loaf. With a decisive rip, she accessed its soft interior, extracting two generous portions.

A moment of playful contemplation ensued before, with a mischievous grin, she plastered each slice against her ears. A satisfying, squishy thud followed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

With two slices of bread, ludicrously adorned with peanut butter, strawberry jam, and marshmallow fluff, clinging to her ears like bizarre, edible ornaments, and a wooden spoon tangled in her hair,

Lily entered her sanctuary. She approached her bed, a haven of respite, and collapsed onto its welcoming surface, surrendering to the comforting darkness as she closed her eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Damon, engrossed in his studies at the kitchen table, experienced a sudden, arresting interruption. Lily, a tempest brewing within her, stormed into the adjacent kitchen, her vibrant hair a shocking, fiery halo.

Damon, momentarily speechless, witnessed this incandescent arrival. She moved with a furious grace, her purpose unmistakable. From the pantry, she retrieved an incongruous trio: peanut butter, strawberry jam, and marshmallow fluff, depositing them with a jarring thud onto the table.

The lids of the jars surrendered to her forceful actions, their contents momentarily forgotten. With renewed intensity, she returned to the counter, securing a jar of pungent pickles and a loaf of crusty bread. Returning to the table, she aggressively unsealed them, their contents stark against the sugary confections.

Then, with a chilling deliberateness, she produced a damp, grimy sock from her pocket, approaching Damon with an unnerving calm. The sock, a grotesque offering, was forced into Damon's stunned mouth; his astonishment at her hair utterly eclipsing any ability to react.

LILY

Look at my hair, you did this! Lily grabs a handful of peanut butter. She rubs the peanut butter all over his hair.

With a swift, mischievous scoop, Lily seized a generous portion of creamy peanut butter. She then deliberately, thoroughly plastered his entire head with the sticky, nutty paste.

LILY (CONT'D)

All day. I have been told what to do to get my hair back to normal and nothing has worked!

With a swift, furious movement, Lily snatched a generous dollop of vibrant strawberry conserve. She then launched it, a crimson projectile, directly onto his unsuspecting head.

LILY (CONT'D)
Um, um. I must say that jam makes
you look like a fine young man.
Would you like a pickle? I know
there your favorite!

With a swift, furious movement, Lily seized the briny vessel and, in a torrential deluge, emptied its entire contents onto his unsuspecting head.

LILY (CONT'D)
I know what you are missing!

With mischievous glee, Lily plunged her finger into the fluffy confection. She then playfully smeared the creamy substance across his features, creating a whimsical, sugary canvas.

LILY (CONT'D)
You just need one more thing!

With a swift, contemptuous movement, Lily snatched several crusts and forcefully applied them to the crown of his head, a gesture heavy with unspoken scorn.

LILY (CONT'D)
If You scream, this dirty sock goes
back in your mouth that was on the
dogs comb!

With a decisive tug, she removed the offending garment from his lips. Lily then settled heavily into her chair, the weight of the moment pressing down on her.

LILLY
How was your day?

DAMON
Not bad.

END TITLES