SAUSAGE PARTY

by

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Point Grey Productions

May 16, 2014

Post Sony Screening
Cognac Removed
Line numbered
INT. SHOPWELL'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

Shopwell's, a large Whole Foods-style SUPERMARKET is opening. The store's logo, A SMILING SUN HANGING OVER A FIELD, is proudly displayed all over the store. From aisle to aisle lights flicker on and employees get the store ready to open. Employees are polishing floors, stocking shelves, watering plants, and decorating cakes. The clock hits 6am and the stockboy DARREN opens the doors. A MALE SHOPPER (human) enters the store. The door sensor sounds: DING, DING! The food wakes up...the bell has alerted them to a prospective shopper.

INT. VEGETABLE SECTION - CONTINUOUS

A CORN stands at attention and starts singing.

CORN ON THE COB
What's this sound? What's this I hear?

A MUSHROOM joins him.

MUSHROOM

CORN ON THE COB
Well, I hope the gods choose me! Wish me luck!

MUSHROOM
No, the gods will choose me! You yellow-faced fuck!

The MALE SHOPPER picks up the corn and puts it in his cart. Mushroom flips Corn the middle finger.

CORN ON THE COB
Ha! How you like me now, bitch?! Corn in the house!!

The song swells into an ORCHESTRAL SONG-AND-DANCE NUMBER. A BUNCH OF DIFFERENT PRODUCTS, all harmonizing with each other.

FOOD CHORUS
The Great Beyond / The Great Beyond
/ There's lots of competition, cuz we're all wishin'/ To go to the Great Beyond.

(MORE)
FOOD CHORUS (CONT'D)
The Great Beyond / The Great Beyond
/ The doors slide open, and we're
all hopin'/ To make it to the Great
Beyond.

All the food motions to the front doors of the store. This is
clearly what they think leads to the Great Beyond.

Another shopper enters the store and from her POV there is no
music playing. Everything in the store is NORMAL. The food is
inanimate and has no perceptible arms, legs, or faces.

BACK TO FOOD'S POV: The song and dance continues.

INT. COFFEE AND TEA SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Boxes of tea bags open and start singing.

TEA BAG
Now we all agree what happens / In
the Great Beyond is great / But
precisely what occurs / Is a topic
of debate.

The male shopper picks up a box of tea bags and puts it in
his cart. All the surrounding products cheer.

RANDOM TEA BAGS
Well done, Higgins! Cheerio!

INT. GREEK AISLE - CONTINUOUS

A package of OLIVES kisses his Feta Cheese neighbor on each
cheek.

OLIVES
In the Great Beyond we get to learn
/ Philosophy all day / And
underneath the moonlight / We get
to sculpt away.

The male shopper picks the OLIVES. They cheer.

OLIVES (CONT'D)
Hey!

GREEK AISLE PRODUCTS
Opa!
INT. GERMAN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Sauerkraut sings in a polka style.

SAUERKRAUT

Nein! Great Beyond is where we
Krauts / Will stand alone in union
/ And with an iron fist / We will
RULE. ZE. FOOD-EN!

Sauerkraut gets picked up by the male shopper. Various German food products salute him as he's placed in the cart.

SAUERKRAUT (CONT' D)

Auf wiedersen everybody!

FOOD CHORUS

The Great Beyond / The Great Beyond
/ Where dreams come true, and life
starts new / In the wonderful Great
Beyond.

INT. SAUSAGE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Cut to AISLE TWENTY a militant drum roll begins.

It's very clean and organized. As we make our way to the end of the aisle we come across the Sausages, Buns, and Condiments, who all spring to attention and sway in unison:

SAUSAGE

Stand up straight! Fall in line!
Sing it loud! It's Sausage time!
(They all start SINGING)

We never leave the shelf, No we
never leave our aisle / Stay fresh
in our packages, it's all
worthwhile / Cause then in the end,
we may get to spend / the rest of
our days, in the greatest of ways.
What sausages believe is by far the
most fun / In the Great Beyond, we
stick ourselves in mother-fuckin’
buns!!!!

Near the sausages, we see the buns, giggling coyly.

They watch as the Male Shopper puts a jar HONEY MUSTARD in a shopping basket.

HONEY MUSTARD

Holy shit! Honey Mustard's movin'
to the front lines! HOO-RAH!!!
FOOD CHORUS
The Great Beyond / The Great Beyond
/ We've been chosen to be, happy
for eternity! / Cuz we're going to
the Great Beyond!

Chosen food moves down the conveyor belt as shoppers make
their way through check-out then out of the store.

The Male Shopper goes through the check-out and leaves the
store with Honey Mustard and other chosen products in his
Shopwell's bag.

All the food take a deep breath as they are led into the
unknown... The Great Beyond. THE SONG ENDS.

SQ.02_MTW - MEAT WIENERS

INT. SUPERMARKET ENTRANCE - LATER

The store is much busier than before, full of SHOPPERS and
their carts of CHEERFUL FOOD. The mood is upbeat. The food
excitedly watch on as the store employees start to put up
banners and balloons for tomorrow's big FOURTH OF JULY SALE.

INT. SAUSAGE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

We see the Fourth of July display in aisle twenty. Packages
of sausages and buns are side by side.

Two Shopwell's employees start hanging a 4th of July display
banner. The entire Sausage Aisle starts getting excited.

CARL
Boo and yah motherfuckers, Red,
White and Blue day tomorrow!

FRANK
Dude, basically every sausage gets
chosen on Red, White and Blue day!
That means by this time tomorrow,
we're all gonna be five inches deep
in bun. BA-BAM!

BARRY
Oh my god, yes!

TROY (BULLY SAUSAGE)
Hah, hah! More like three inches
deep for Barry! You deformed nerd!
Hah, ha!
Troy and some other sausages laugh at Barry.

BARRY
Ha, ha Troy, that's funny. Haha, you see this is why I can't wait for the Great Beyond; we'll all be equal and then jerks like Troy won't be picking on me all the time, you know, on... on account of my "abnormality".

TROY
Whatever Barry. You're different and that makes you weird.

FRANK
Ignore that prick, Barry. He's full of shit and don't forget you've got girth. That's way more important than length. You're a fuckin' champ yo.

CARL
Yeah, and in the Great Beyond, sausage size doesn't matter. We all pound bun.

Barry takes Carl's words to heart.

BARRY
Ya, you know I am girthy, I was once described as thick. I could fill a bun. They'll know I'm there. I'm sure there is some kind of smushed bun out there waiting for me.

FRANK
Shit! It's the Dark Lord!

The food gasp in fear.

VARYING PRODUCTS
The one they call Darren!/Oh fuck!/NOOO!

The Darren is wearing a BLACK HOODIE to the food appears like the Angel of Death. He pushes the garbage can down the aisle. All of the sausages tense up. The Darren nearly grabs Frank's package, but instead takes the one beside it.

The Darren reads EXPIRATION DATE - July 2, before tossing them in the bucket. They land with a thud and the Darren continues on his way.
Darren removes his hood and we see he's a GEEKY TEENAGER.

DARREN

32

F*ck, I hate this job.

Back to SAUSAGE AISLE:

FRANK

33

Wow. That's fucked up about Bill and those guys. They, they stayed in their packages, they followed all the rules. So weird that the gods didn't choose them huh.

BARRY

34

We're not supposed to understand the will of the gods, Frank. They work in mysterious ways. I mean take for example my body type. Ya know that one, one assumes that the god's must have some excellent reason for giving me such a laughable, thick, body shape or else my existence on this shelf is just, it's just some sort of cruel joke and that can't be the case because that would be, you know heartbreakingly sad.

CARL

34A

Exactly Barry! The Gods have a master plan. And part of that plan is for the three of us to go to the Great Beyond and slide up in some b-b-buns!

FRANK

35

I'm sure you're right... but I just wish there was some proof.

CARL

35A

Proof? Proof is for pussies! All the proof you need is right in front of you. Look at these buns...

Carl whistles to a nearby BUN DISPLAY.

CARL (CONT'D)

37

Yeah! You know it baby! Work those buns! All of you! All day, err day. That's what I'm-a gonna do. Line it up in the Great Beyond.

(MORE)
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

CARL (CONT'D)
Ya’ll are gonna be fuckin’, so
psyched to get to know me better
there and I’m gonna fill you with
mah MEAT!

The package of buns ignore Carl’s crude comment.

BRENDA, confident and humorous bun, makes her way to the
front of her package.

BRENDA
Psshhhh... ya right, Carl. You
really think these buns are gonna
line up to get filled by you?
Here’s my impression of that
happening: umm, is he in there yet?
I can’t feel him. No he’s not in
there, oh wait, he is. That’s sad.

The buns laugh at Brenda, quite used to her awesome jokes.

CARL
(to Frank)
Dude, I don’t know how to say this
to you, but your girlfriend, ahh
she’s a fucking cunt.

FRANK
Oh shut up. She’s fresh as fuck and
you know it. When a bun that fresh
is into you, all you ask is “when”
and “how deep”. And the answer is,
as soon as we get to the Great
Beyond and as deep as she’ll
fucking let me.

CARL
You show me a fluffy bun, I’m-a
gonna show you a sausage that’s
sick of filling her.

FRANK
Whatever dude. I’m-a talk to her.

Frank and Brenda turn away from the others, isolating
themselves.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey Brenda, looks like tomorrow’s
the big day huh.

Frank points at the FOURTH OF JULY BANNER. (NOTE: CHANGE TO
“HAPPY 4th OF JULY”).
BRENDA
I know, we’ve spent so much time waiting and it’s finally coming.

FRANK
I’m so happy the gods put our packages together.

BRENDA
That’s cuz we belong together.

FRANK

BRENDA
You’re the only one for me. You’re my bun.

FRANK

BRENDA
I need you, Frank. I feel so empty without you.

Frank looks Brenda up and down.

FRANK
Yeah. It really does look like we’d be the perfect fit.

Barry overhears, and SIGHS to himself.

BRENDA
When we get to the Great Beyond, I’m gonna open myself up to you fully... completely.

FRANK
Oh god I can’t wait to be inside you. Raw dog. I picture it being sooo warm.

BRENDA
Oh, and I picture you being stiff. And a bit slippery.

FRANK
Oh god, you have no idea baby. I’m the stiffest, slipperiest sausage in the whole aisle.

Frank slips his hand out of her package and reaches out Brenda. Brenda is about to do the same but hesitates.

BRENDA
Frank, no! We-we-we... we shouldn’t do this. You heard the song, we’re supposed to stay in our packages.
52  FRANK  52  *
53    I know. That’s what makes it exciting.  53  *

BRENDA *
54    I don’t know.  54 *

FRANK *
55    ...How about just the tips?  55 *

BRENDA *
56    Just the tips? Well... nothing bad’s ever happened from touching tips, right?  56 *

Frank hesitantly slides his hand out and they touch finger tips. They each shudder. It’s electric. They smile. *

SQ.03_CHO - THE CHOSEN ONES

ANGLE ON: an aerial view of the front of the store. We see the MALE SHOPPER enter walking towards a Checkout counter.

Cut to the checkout counter. The MALE SHOPPER approaches holding a jar of Honey Mustard.

MALE SHOPPER  57
57    Uhh, excuse me, I accidentally bought honey mustard when I meant to buy normal mustard. Cool if I just swap it?

FEMALE CASHIER  58
58    I don’t care, dude. Sure...

The Male Shopper, Honey Mustard in hand, begins making his way through the store.

INT. CONDIMENTS'S SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

A shelf of condiments stand at attention and watch the God’s swap the mustard’s. Honey Mustard is softly sobbing. The KETCHUP BOTTLES next to him notices.

KETCHUP  59
59    Holy shit! You’re back, man! Crazy! Hey, did you go to the Great Beyond? What happened?
HONEY MUSTARD
Don't you fucking touch me, man!
Ketchup get your fucking hands off me!

KETCHUP
What happened?

He pats Honey Mustard on the back, and Honey Mustard violently SWATS his hand away like a freaked out Vietnam Vet.

Ketchup backs up with his hands in the air.

HONEY MUSTARD
Oh, I'll tell you what fucking happened!

KAHH! The sound of an Eagle. Honey Mustard turns to see FIREWATER atop a shelf.

FIREWATER
Shuuussh...your mouth!

Firewater takes his finger and does a 'throat-slitting' motion.

Honey Mustard GASPS in horror. And then- Firewater is gone. Honey Mustard sobs.

HONEY MUSTARD
Wha? Oh no...
(sobs)
Nobody touch me! Nobody fucking touch me! I'm so fucked up! I'm-so-fucked-up!
(sobs)

INT. SAUSAGE AISLE - NIGHT

Everything is dying down.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Attention shoppers. The store will close in five minutes. Please make your way to checkout.

The sausages eagerly watch as the remaining shoppers leave their aisle. Suddenly, a FEMALE SHOPPER, CAMILLE TOH, pushing a DANGEROUSLY FULL shopping cart, rushes into the aisle.
FRANK
Hey, hey, hey, hey, look at this!
We fucking got one, stand up straight boys!

SAUSAGES
God! / Over here! / We love you! /
Choose us please! / You’re beautiful!

The sausages and buns straighten up. The food already in her cart cheer for having been chosen.

BAG OF POTATOES
Yo, ho-ho, we’re chosen man! Yes!

Camille Toh reaches out and grabs the sausages. Everyone in the package rejoices, except Frank, who looks back to Brenda.

BRENDA
Frank...

Brenda and the other buns watch on anxiously.

FRANK
Brenda...

Camille Toh puts the sausages in the cart and they rejoice along with the other food.

BARRY
Oh man! I'm freakin' out! My heart’s racing! I'm having an out-of-sausage experience! YES!!!

Frank anxiously watches Brenda who is still on her shelf. The buns make themselves as desirable as possible as Camille Toh reaches down towards them.

FRANK
Oh, please god, please god...Oh, come on god...

Camille Toh picks Brenda's package up and puts them in the cart beside the sausages. They all jump and cheer.

BRENDA
Frank! We've been chosen together!

FRANK
Oh, thank the gods! We’re going to the Great Beyond!
Frank and Brenda share a moment touching hands through their packages as the cart erupts in song.

**SQ.04_MDT - MUSTARD'S TRUTH**

INT. SHOPPING CART - MOMENTS LATER

FROM THE FOOD’S POV: The cart with all of the chosen products inside bounces and sways down the aisle. The products inside cheerfully sing along with items on the shelves.

FROM THE HUMAN’S POV: Camille Toh pushes her cart down the aisle as supermarket muzak plays in the background. Besides the song all that can be heard are carts being pushed and the rattle from a faulty wheel on her cart.

FROM THE FOOD’S POV: The song continues as the chosen food celebrates. We see the sausage and bun packages close together in the cart. All of the sausages and buns continue to flirt through their packaging while Frank and Brenda continue to touch hands.

ANGLE ON: CARTON OF EGGS celebrating.

A DOUCHE is placed beside the eggs.

**EGG 1**

Golly mister! You sure do smell nice!

**EGG 1 (CONT’D)**

What are you? An air freshener?

**DOUCHE**

Ha ha... Why no.... I-am-a-douche! And after ten long years my destiny is at hand! In the Great Beyond, I have a warm, moist, abode waiting for me. A private and quiet place where I can nestle in and be happy for eternity.

**EGG 1**

We just came from a warm moist abode!

Camille glances at her shopping list and notices she needs to grab some honey mustard.

**CAMILLE TOH**

Lavash, hot dogs, oh, honey mustard.
Honey Mustard continues to sob to himself as Camille Toh reaches for him. He is horrified as she puts him in her cart.

HONEY MUSTARD

What? Oh no, no wait, no nooo, n-n-n-n-n-ooc!! No way! No, no, not again man!

FOOD POV: Honey Mustard is in the cart frantically looking around.

HONEY MUSTARD (CONT'D)

You don’t even know what you’re celebrating, you dumb fucks! YOU’RE CELEBRATING YOUR DOOM!!!

Honey Mustard frantically makes his way through the cart climbing over products. He nears the front of the cart then turns to address the other chosen products.

HONEY MUSTARD (CONT'D)

Wake up! They’re lying to your fucking faces! The Great Beyond is bullshit!

Honey Mustard continues on and bumps into Frank as he reaches the front of the cart.

FRANK

What the-

BRENDA

Are you hearing this? Is this dude really shit talking the Great Beyond?

FRANK

(to Honey Mustard)

Hey buddy, are you alright?

HONEY MUSTARD

No, I’m not fucking alright! It’s all a lie! Everything you’ve been told! Everything you believe in!

BRENDA

Why are we even listening to this asshole? Everyone knows Honey Mustard's weird. I mean, what is he? Honey or mustard? What the fuck?
HONEY MUSTARD
I've been there, I've seen that shit. And there ain't no way I'm going back!

FRANK
Wait, wait, wait, wait, you've actually been to the Great Beyond?

MUSIC UP: THE END by THE DOORS.

HONEY MUSTARD
"Great" Beyond?! Great My Asshole! Craziest most fucked up shit I ever saw. I've, I've seen evil like you can't even imagined. Twisted darkness. Bitter hate. Life, hahahaha, foamin' at the mouth. Everything we've ever known is a dirt covered pile of shit, jackin' off in our fucking faces! Throwing globs of their goo in our fucking eyes so were just taking it, cause we can't see anything! We don't know! We don't know they are jerking off into our faces!

We cut to the surrounding products staring at Honey Mustard.

BRENDA
Dude, shut up! The gods are gonna hear you talking about them jackin' off in our faces, I don't think they will be cool with it!

HONEY MUSTARD
The gods? The fucking gods? They ain't gods. They're monsters.

Honey Mustard sees the cart is speedily approaching the CHECKOUT and climbs to the edge of the cart.

HONEY MUSTARD (CONT'D)
Do you hear me? You gods, you fucking monsters! They ain't gonna get Honey Mustard twice! Fuck you, gods! I've got a date with oblivion...

Honey Mustard flips off the gods then prepares to jump off of the cart.
FRANK
Whoa-whoa-whoa! Honey M, Honey M
just chill, just get down from the fuckin-

Honey mustard swan dives off the cart.

Frank REACHES AN ARM out of his package and grabs hold of
Honey Mustard’s leg, and is yanked out his package! Frank
dangles from the edge of the cart by his feet.

FRANK (CONT’D)
AHHHHHHH!!!

Meanwhile, Barry and Carl watch helplessly from the package.

CARL
Oh shit! He’s out the package, he’s
out of the package!

BARRY
Oh fuck, Carl, what do we do?!!

CARL
I don’t know, I can’t reach him!
I’m giving it everything I have!

Carl feebly tries to reach for Frank. He’s not even close.

BRENDA
Frank!!!

Brenda boldly leaves her package, rushing to Frank. She grabs
hold of his legs just as he’s about the fall.

BRENDA (CONT’D)
I got ya!!!

Brenda, Frank and Honey Mustard dangle over the edge of the
moving cart.

FRANK
I can’t... hold on... my glove...
it’s slipping off...

HONEY MUSTARD
Look at you... following all their
rules. You have no idea what’s
coming.

PUSH-IN on Frank’s face.
FRANK
What is that in reference to?!
What's coming?! Be more specific please!?

We see Brenda behind Frank, also listening.

HONEY MUSTARD
You want specifics? Talk to Firewater. That bastard bottle of booze seems to know what's goin on-

The cart hits a bump and Honey Mustard starts to plummet to the ground.

FRANK
Nooooooooo!!

HONEY MUSTARD
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Haahaaaaa....

Honey Mustard smashes to the ground, his mustard innards graphically splattering across the floor and adjacent products, horrifying them.

MISC FOOD PRODUCT #1
Oh my god!

MISC FOOD PRODUCT #2
Did you just see that?

One of the cart's wheels gets stuck on Honey Mustard's shattered remains causing Camille Toh to jerk the cart around. Brenda reaches out for something to hold onto and accidentally pulls a BAGEL along who grabs hold of a nearby LAVASH wrap by the crotch pulling him out of his package.

SAMMY BAGEL
Oy vey!

LAVASH
Donkey fucker!

Various food products fall to the ground to the ground SCREAMING IN TERROR along with Douche, some GRAPES, a can of CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP, a bag of POTATO CHIPS and a bag of FLOUR.
SQ.05_SPF - SAVING PRIVATE FRANK

INT. RANDOM AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Frank, Brenda and the other products are on the floor of the aisle. It’s like Normandy in Saving Private Ryan. An eerie sound is drowning out all the noise. Douche is seen struggling to pull himself out of the wreckage of his package.

DOUCHE
(echoey)
Help me!! Some assistance, please!!
S.O.S. Douche down!!

Brenda calls out to Frank who is still dazed from the fall.

BRENDA
(echoey)
Frank! Frank!

Chicken Noodle Soup holds its hand over a crack that gushes out chicken noodle soup.

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP
(echoey)
Are you there?

Products continue to stumble around in a daze. A Banana moves through the haze holding its head. It begins to un-peel then falls flat on its face, dead.

BRENDA
(echoey)
Frank! Get up!

Frank, still in a daze, looks around at the gory aftermath of the fall. Brenda pounces on him bringing him back to reality.

BRENDA (CONT’D)
Frank! Move your fucking ass!

Brenda points behind her and we see the cart rushing towards them. They join the other fallen items and run for their lives. A few grapes are trying to out run the cart, but it's quickly bearing down on them.

GRAPES
Run! Run!

SQUISH! The grapes are crushed. The chaos continues.
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

MISC FOOD PRODUCT

Look out!

A BAG OF CHIPS runs just ahead of Douche.

DOUCHE

Po-tato sack, seek shelter!

Douche pushes past the Bag of Chips sending it right into the wheel of the shopping cart, popping it. BOOM!!! The bag explodes sending potato chips whizzing through the air like bullets, slicing into nearby products. The remaining items continue to run.

GRAPE

Oh my god!

FRANK

Look out! Get to the wall!

Frank GRABS whoever is nearby in an attempt to drag them to safety. He grasps Brenda, and accidentally GRABS a FLOWER SHAPED FRESHNESS TAB that sticks out of Douche, RIPPING IT OFF. Douche gets YANKED around, and crashes to the ground.

Sammy and Lavash scramble to safety as the Female Shopper and her cart continue towards the checkout counter.

SQ.06_IAM - I AM A DOUCHE

INT. CHECK-OUT AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Camille Toh approaches the checkout counter with her cart. The products happily move down the conveyer belt.

Barry and Carl look back towards Frank, ashamed.

CAMILLE TOH

(to the Cashier)

Hi, I uhhh, sorry, I accidentally dropped a few things back there. (points to the spill, embarrassed)

Except for that Douche. I think some lady dropped that, how embarrassing.

The CASHIER rolls her eyes and leans into a microphone. He continues ringing products through, not noticing the OPENED Sausage package.
MALE CASHIER
(into intercom)
Clean up on aisle two.
The sausages are bagged. Troy turns to Barry and Carl.

CAMILLE TOH (V.O.)
I don't need a douche, I don't... I
would never use one of those...
ya...

TROY
He-he-he, I've never seen two
sausages pussy out like that. I
mean, even the bun tried to help!
And she's a bun!

Troy and a few other sausages laugh at them. Their grocery
bag gets put in Camille's cart and she heads towards the
exit. All the products, except for Carl and Barry, get really
excited.

RANDOM SAUSAGES
Here it comes! This is it, this is
it! Oh my god! I feel great!

TROY
Well Barry, I guess now your weird
and a pussy. Add that to your list
of accomplishments! He-he-he.

MUSIC: Angelic music plays as the Shopwell's doors open and a
bright light shines in. All the food is ecstatic. Barry
cranes his little neck to look back at the massacre.

INT. AISLE TWO - CONTINUOUS

Douche regains his bearings and sees that Camille Toh, who
was about to purchase him, is checked out and heading for the
door. Douche desperately tries to catch up with her cart.

DOUCHE
NO! NO! No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no! DON'T LEAVE ME! I'M STILL
GOOD...

The door closes, the music stops and the light stops shining.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Noo!... I'm still good...
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy) 20.  

Douche hears a raspy whistle, he desperately searches for the source.  

**DOUCHE (CONT'D)**  
What is this? Wh-  

Douche looks down and notices he's leaking.  

**DOUCHE (CONT'D)**  
Oh no! NOOO!! I've been punctured!  
My flower tab! It's been removed!!  
Where's my tab?!?!  

Douche puts both hands on his wound trying to stop it from leaking. Brenda and Frank are in the background, regaining their bearings, Brenda is on the ground holding her head.  

Douche looks over at Frank, furious.  

**FRANK**  
Are you okay?  

**BRENDA**  
I think so.  

Douche sees his tab is still in Frank's hand.  

**DOUCHE**  
YOU? You removed my tab??  

Frank looks down in his hand.  

**FRANK**  
Oh shit. Oh fuck man, I'm so sorry.  
I didn't mean to do that!  

**DOUCHE**  
You... you deflowered me. That was supposed to be for my special moment... and... you've taken it from me!  
(clutching hole)  
Oh god, it hurts more than they said it would.  

**FRANK**  
Oh h-here, let me, ma-ma-maybe I can stick it back on there?  

**DOUCHE**  
You can't stick it back on! It doesn't work like that...  
(beat; processing to himself)  
(MORE)
I was chosen. Moments away from entering the darkest, dankest perfection one could ever know. Who would want me now? I'm ruined...

Douche turns to Franks and Brenda.

...because of you! SAUSAGE!!!

Suddenly a huge DUST PAN appears behind Douche and Frank. Brenda turns to see a broom moving quickly towards them.

Look out!!

Brenda pulls Frank to the side and the dust pan scrapes the floor right in front of them, sweeping up Douche.

Noooooo! Damn you, sausage!!! Damn yooooouuuu!

Douche is dropped from the dust pan into the Bucket of Doom. Darren pushes the bucket through a set of double doors with an EMPLOYEES ONLY sign above it.

Frank and Brenda dust themselves off.

You... saved me.

Well ya. I had to do something. You were about get swept up by the Dark Lord.

No, no, no, you got out of your package for me. You would've gone to the Great Beyond-

There is no Great Beyond without you, Frank.

(sad)

And now that we're out of our packages, I guess... I guess there's no Great Beyond for us at all.
THE LIGHTS TURN OFF. Shopwell's is closed.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Oh shit! What are we going to do?! This is all my fault. I'm the one who pressured us into touching tips. And now the Gods are punishing us for it. Just the TIPS?! What was I thinking?

Frank and Brenda turn to see the Bagel, SAMMY BAGEL (neurotic New York Jew), and LAVASH (no-nonsense Arab pita bread) arrive. They are mid-argument.

LAVASH

It was you! You pushed me out of the cart! No surprise there! A Bagel trying to kill a Lavash, once again!

SAMMY BAGEL

What? I pushed you? What are you nuts? Why would I do that? I'm a pacifist. The only thing I've ever pushed is my peaceful agenda. Which, even that I didn't push. You know, I pretty much, just passive aggressively nudged. I reached out in a panic, it was, it was toots over here- the bun, she grabbed me.

BRENDA

Hey, I was just trying to save Frank!

LAVASH

Who is Frank? You?

FRANK

Yeah. I'm Frank.

LAVASH

The fault is yours then eh?

Lavash pokes Frank.

FRANK

I'm sorry, okay? I was just trying to prevent a suicide, which is a terrible thing. I didn't mean for any of this to happen.
LAVASH
Well it did! And now you and your stupid, useless bun have fucked us all.

Brenda gets in Lavash's face.

BRENTA
Hey, who you calling useless, you flappy fuck!

LAVASH
Sausage, control your insolent bun.

Sammy steps in and pushes Brenda and Lavash apart.

SAMMY BAGEL
Hey, hey! Can we all just, you know calm down a notch please? L-let's just try to be... I don’t know... amicable. I'm Sammy Bagel Junior.
You know, I'm happy to meet all of you, except for this mashugana cunt over here.

Brenda shakes his hand.

BRENTA
I'm Brenda. Brenda Bunson.

LAVASH
And I am Lavash! Nice to meet you!
Now go fuck yourself! What I currently care about is that I have been completely and, uhh, utterly fucked out of being in the Great Beyond! I am to have 77 bottles of Extra Virgin Olive Oil waiting for me.

(right in Frank’s face)
I am destined to soak up their sweet juices as they dribble down my flaps!!

FRANK
Ummm, ok. (beat)

Guys, we can’t give up. If we just make it back to our aisles, we can sneak into another package and still get chosen.

SAMMY
You really think that will work?
FRANK
It has to. (tenderly, to Brenda)
We belong together.

SAMMY
What do you mean, we belong togeth-
we just met-

LAVASH
The last part doesn’t apply to us,
you fucking moron.

Brenda is convinced. She motions to THE CLOCK.

BRENDA
Frank’s right. There’s still time.
The gods don’t come back until
those sticks are pointing like this-

Brenda points his hands up and down, like the hands of a 177 clock. The CLOCK on the wall reads: 8:07.

FRANK
L-let’s climb to just climb to the
top of this shelf here, and, and
we’ll get the lay of the land an-an-
and figure out where we’re going.

Frank climbs up the lowest shelf and looks down at Brenda, Sammy and Lavash.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Come on!

LAVASH
As long as the bagel stays away
from me, I accept.

SAMMY BAGEL
Oh, trust me! I’ll keep my
distance. From now on you and me
are meat and milk!

They start to climb.

SQ.09 GBG – THE GREAT BEYOND AIN’T GREAT

EXT. Camille Toh’s house. PUSH IN ON: A bright suburban home.

INT. Camille Toh’s KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS
The Camille Toh’s puts the grocery bags on the counter and all the food jump for joy. From the food’s perspective, the kitchen looks bright, shiny and wonderful.

CAMILLE TOH
(unhinging her camel toe)
Shit, I really needed that douche.

ANGLE ON: the Sausages who are all cheering and celebrating -- all except Barry.

BARRY
What have I done? Frank needed my help and I wasn't there for him. After all the times he stood up for me, you know, he... God, I'm such a coward. I'm such a fearful coward. He'll never forgive me... I'll never forgive me... I'll--

CARL
Look Barry, we can't help Frank now. And hey, for all we know he's okay! He's probably headed back to our aisle and he'll be here in the Great Beyond tomorrow.

BARRY
Yeah... yeah maybe...

CARL
Barry, dude, we're in the Great B, man! We did it! We get to slide up in these buns!

BARRY
Okay, you’re right. You’re right!

TROY
Get ready boys! We’s bouts to fills what we needs to fills!

The food is dumped out of the bag onto the counter.

SAUSAGES / CARL
Feel that breeze! / That feels amazing!

Camille opens a bag of tortilla chips and dumps them in a bowl, they all cheer! Then she opens the cheese and all the food continues to celebrate, Carl and Barry look around in wonder at their surroundings. Carl is almost moved to tears.
It's beautiful man! It's just beautiful! I'm crying! I'm crying 'cause it's so pretty here, I'm emotional!

They grin at each other and hug. Camille picks up an Irish POTATO.

Ohh-ho YES! YES! I'm the first to enter eternity!

All the food on the counter watch in awe as the Camille starts rinsing the potato in the sink.

Ohhh, potato way to go buddy! That's my guy!

Thanks boys! Ohhhh! She's bathing me! Ohh-ho-ho, being bathed by the hands of a god!

All the food CHEERS for the potato as it moans in ecstasy.

(singing)
Oh Danny Boy... the pipes, the pipes are call-

Camille takes the potato and starts peeling it with a vegetable peeler, skinning it alive.

AHHH! JESUS FUCK!! Oh god, me skin! She's peeling me fuckin skin!

Barry's mouth is agape. The food gasps with horror.

What. The. Fuck?!?!

The food watches as the she brings the potato towards the stove.

Jesus! You fuckin' whore!

The food watches as Camille lifts the lid from the pot and a cloud of steam escapes temporarily blinding the potato.
POTATO (CONT'D)
ME EYES! THEY-THEY BUR- 190

She drops the potato into the pot. We hear the sound of him drowning. Camille grabs the Tomato and places it on the cutting board.

TOMATO
Nooo!!! Pleeeseaase! No!!! I've got a family, I've got- 191

A KNIFE SLAMS DOWN and the Tomato's mid-section is SLICED in two. Each half falls to the side, lifeless. She starts grating the cheese who screams out in pain. The grated cheese falls into the bowl of tortilla chips.

She opens the microwave and puts the bowl of cheese and tortilla chips inside, closes the door then hits start. The cheese begins to melt and screams of pain and terror fill the air.

A BOTTLE OF WINE is lobotomized, bacon is fried in a pan, a LETTUCE has her eyes gauged out and is ripped in half, a LOAF OF BREAD screams as he’s sawn in half. Camille then rips open a bag of BABY CARROTS and DUMPS them into a larger bowl. Two of the Baby Carrots miss the bowl and THUD onto the kitchen counter.

BABY CARROT
For the love of shit, run!!!! 192

They start bolting away from Camille Toh.

FROM Camille Toh’s POV: We see everything is completely normal. From her perspective, the two Baby Carrots simply roll naturally towards the edge of the counter.

CAMILLE TOH
Oops. 193

She picks up two Baby Carrots and POPS THEM into her MOUTH.

BACK TO THE FOOD'S PERSPECTIVE.

BABY CARROT
I want my mommy! I-GAAAHHH!!! 194

We hear the CRUNCH of the Baby Carrots' spines as they cry out in pain.

CARL
They're eating children! Fucking children! We gotta run! 195

*
Carl scans the area and notices an OPEN WINDOW near the sink.

BARRY
NOOOOOOOO!!! We're all gonna die!

Barry drops to the floor and curls into a ball clutching himself. Carl picks him up and slaps him across the face.

CARL
BARRY!! Snap the fuck out of it and RUN!!

Carl pulls Barry with him and they make a mad dash towards the window. They reach the ledge.

CARL (CONT’D)
Ok little buddy, jump on the count of three. One, two, th-

A loud stabbing noise can be heard.

BARRY
Carl?

Carl makes a peculiar face.

CARL
Bar- eee-

BARRY
Garlgabb? What are you saying, Carl?

The tip of a large knife pokes through the front of Carl.

CARL
Bar-eee..

BARRY
Oh god, no! Ohhh!

BARRY (CONT’D)
Oh god, Carl!

SLICE! The knife slices all the way up Carl. Barry is traumatized.

BARRY (CONT’D)
CARL!!!!!!

Carl has been in two, each half flopping to either side.
CARL  
    (raspy and faint)  
    Bar-ry.  

Carl's lifeless body falls back into the sink. Barry looks down at him.

BARRY  
    Carl, dear sweet Carl! What have  
    they done to you, Carl? Nooooo!  

Barry looks up and sees Camille moving towards him with her knife. He backs away from the knife.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
    No! No! NO! Nooooo! Ahhhhh!  

Barry loses his footing and falls backwards off the window ledge down to the bushes below.

SQ.10_MLD - MOLDY FLAPS

EXT. AISLE TWO - SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

The gang climb up over the parapet to the top of the shelves and see a wall of jungle in front of them.

The gang make their way through the jungle as Lavash and Sammy argue.

LAVASH  
    First you come into our aisle and  
    occupy more and more shelf space.  
    You even have settlements now on  
    the west shelf that you claim as  
    your own!  

SAMMY BAGEL  
    Geez what do you want from me? It's  
    not our fault we needed a homeland.  
    The German products kicked us out  
    of every aisle in for god's sake.  
    We were displaced.  

LAVASH  
    Don't you talk to me about  
    displacement! My good friend  
    Tabouli was ousted from his shelf  
    just to make room for that braided  
    idiot, Challah!
SAMMY BAGEL
213
Hey listen cocksucker! That idiot happens to be my brother-in-law. You know he may be a little braided, but he’s made my sister very happy.

LAVASH
214
Well if you ask me... you, your idiot brother-in-law and the whole side of your aisle shouldn’t even exist.

SAMMY BAGEL
(to Frank and Brenda)
215
Wow! Frank, Brenda, come on are you guys gonna weigh in here? I mean, whose side are you on? You know this isn’t just about me. I mean, first they come for the bagels but...

FRANK
216
I don’t know, isn’t there room for both of you in your aisle?

Sammy and Lavash both laugh.

FRANK (CONT’D)
(to Brenda)
216A
I was being serious.

Sammy and Lavash continue laughing hard. Frank walks away and emerges out of the foliage on the other side of the shelf top.

FRANK (CONT’D)
217
Holy Shit!

They take in a panoramic view of the store’s vast landscape. It’s a complicated, unorthodox layout for a supermarket -- more of a labyrinth design with numerous different aisles filled with thousands of different products.

On the far side of the store – AISLE 20: Sausages/Buns.

BRENDA
217A
Holy fuck sticks. We are really far from home.

SAMMY
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy) 31.

217B You're right, we should establish a base camp here and reserve our strength before our descent tomorrow.

LAVASH

217C Ech, you are even weaker than the bun.

Frank then notices the liquor aisle.

FRANK (whispering to himself)

224 The liquor aisle... Firewater...

Frank gets an idea.

FRANK (CONT'D)

225 You know, from here it seems like our best route is probably to go through the liquor aisle.

BRENDA

225A That kind of seems out of the way. Are you sure?

FRANK

225B Yeah. Trust me.

240 Frank and Brenda smile at each other, sweetly.

The group begins their descent. Lavash stands alone on the summit. He peers down to make sure nobody is looking at him, then opens up one of his folds and looks inside— we see he has MOLD in his inner flaps.

LAVASH

226 Curses! The mold.

BRENDA

227 You coming? Or you too weak to finish, shithead?

Lavash quickly closes his flaps and looks down at the group.

LAVASH

228 In my aisle, you would be thrashed for such talk.

Lavash joins them on their descent.

SAMMY BAGEL

229 Over on my side of the aisle we are quite liberal.

(MORE)
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

SAMMY BAGEL (CONT’D)
Here’s a fact I’m actually quite proud of: we were the first to integrate dark pumpernickel into our bins.

SQ.11_DTR – DOUCHE AND THE RATS

INT. BACK ROOM – DUMPSTER – CONTINUOUS

We open on a vast, dimly lit room where Douche is surrounded by garbage.

DOUCHE
230 Refuse of the gods. Disgusting.
(beat) 230
231 But... I suppose that’s all I am now. Refuse. Waste.
(beat) 231
232 I did everything right. I played by the rules. Now look where it’s got me. That cursed sausage has robbed me of my purpose.

He winces in pain and clutches his hole. Douche then hears the sound of something quickly whip by. He tries to place the sound, but can’t.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
233 Who goes there?

Something else goes whizzing by in the shadows. Douche whips around frantically searching for the source.

Two beady red eyes appear behind Douche from a dark corner of the dumpster. Douche hears some frightening growls and turns around.

RAT (POV): The rat charges at Douche who throws a dead product at it temporarily slowing him down. Douche makes a run for the lid of the dumpster. The rat sees Douche struggling to lift the lid and charges at him.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
234 AHHH!!!

Just as the rat tries to bite down on him, he jumps!

EXT. BACK ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Douche SLAMS onto the hard concrete. He gets up and looks around the room. The rat scampers out of the dumpster toward him.
DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Stay back, stay... Stay back, please.

Douche looks up to see three sets of red eyes pop up in the darkness under the lid of the dumpster. More and more eyes appear until suddenly an entire herd of rats come scurrying out of the dumpster and head towards Douche.

The snarling rats, slowly surround Douche. Douche looks around - there is no escape.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Very well, then. Have at me! Have at me!!!

The rats run past Douche toward something off screen. Douche is pissed.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Oh great! I'm not even worthy of killing.

Douche hangs his head. He then hears a loud SNAP and squeaking. There is a squeaky-voiced piece of CHEESE being used as bait, inches away from the rat's snapping jaws. The other rats hungrily circle the trap.

Douche watches from a distance as the rats lick the cheese.

CHEESE
(french accent)
Ehhhh, no, no. What is de meaning of dis?! Dis is a sick joke! De gods put me in dis trap. No, no, no!

The Cheese spots Douche across the room. We pan over dozens of rats to see Douche hiding between some boxes.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Oh sank fucking god! You gotta get me outta 'ere buddy!

Cheese POV: the rat licks him.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Don't just stand zere, like a idiot! Get me de fuck out of 'ere!

A rat runs past Douche pushing him forward and away from his hiding spot between the boxes. He starts marching towards the cheese forcefully shoving rats out of his way.
DOUCHE
Clear the way!

He makes his way to the trap shoving the remaining rats out of the way.

CHEESE
Oh, buddy!

He grabs the cheese and tears him from the trap, leaving a small piece behind.

CHEESE (CONT’D)
AAHAAAA! My fucking dick!

The rats feast on Cheese's groin that was left in the trap then scurry away.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Oh non! Now zey're eating my fucking dick! But I can't stop watching! Because it's my dick! I'm sickly fascinated by it! NO!

A rat sniffs at Cheese. Douche pulls Cheese away from it and notices that the rats move when he moves Cheese as if under a spell.

CHEESE (CONT’D)
Ahh, hey zey're buddy, whad yo-

DOUCHE
Hmmmmm...

Douche holds cheese high above his head and notices the rats are transfixed on it.

Douche moves cheese from side to side and the rats follow it.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
I see, hmmm...

The rats are moving their heads in a circular motion and from their POVs we can see cheese is being moved similarly.

CHEESE
Hey, hey buddy, what ze fuck you doing?

DOUCHE
They want... you.

Douche cocks his arm back.
CHEESE
You sick fuck! Non!! Ahhh, ohhh!

Douche tosses Cheese into the audience of rats and they devour him as he screams in agony.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Ahh! my eyeball, ohh my tongue,
ohhh, ahhhhh.

Douche watches the Cheese get eaten. There is a quick Kubrickesque flash where he sees Frank in place of Cheese.

Slow PUSH IN on Douche as the wheels start turning.

DOUCHE
Hahaha, yes! You kill that which inhabits this place?

Rats encircle Douche and they purr as he gently strokes them.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
And... you like me? Even though my flower tab is gone, I’m still good to you?

A tiny squeak comes from behind him.

Douche turns to see a rat is still caught in the trap. He lifts the bar and sets it free.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
Such beautiful savagery.
(pokes the rat's damaged nose)
I shall call you, Dangles.

Douche gently caresses Dangle’s crooked nose.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
YES! I will provide for you. And you. You will destroy for me!

Douche turns to address the audience of rats.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
Follow me hounds of hell!

Douche hops down into the group of rats and they gather behind him as he walks towards the exit.

DOUCHE (CONT’D)
For tonight you dine on sausage!
(maniacal laughter)
We're back in the supermarket and we see the double doors to the back room push open. Douche emerges riding on top of the rats, laughing manically.

**SQ.11A_BPL - BARRY'S PLAN**

**EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

We're looking over a sunny cityscape and then start to pull back to reveal a shitty old billboard on the roof of a building. Moving down there is Barry as he scampers through a freaky crackhead park.

**EXT. CRACKHEAD PARK - CONTINUOUS**

**BARRY**

260

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Oh man, oh man, oh man, oh man. What do I do? I'm all alone. I'm a coward and I'm all alone. I fucked over Frank. Carl's dead. And I'm all alone. This is what I get for being a pussy. I'm a bitch!

Barry sees a PERSON walking down the sidewalk towards him.

**BARRY (CONT'D)**

261

Oh no! A god!

Barry runs and hides behind an empty beer can for just a second to catch his breath then runs off again.

**BARRY (CONT'D)**

262

Ah fuck!! Fuck! Fuck! Shit! Shit! Shit! Fuck! Shit! Fuck!

Barry pauses for a moment behind a used needle and watches the person walk by. Something close by catches his eye.

**BARRY (CONT'D)**

263

A sausage.

Barry runs towards what he thinks is a sausage.

**BARRY (CONT'D)**

264

Sir? Sir? Excuse me, sir? Hello? Hello, sir? I'm sorry to wake you. I'm a fellow sausage in distress. Can you help me?
WE REVEAL that Barry is talking to a log of dog shit with zombie peanuts and corn lodged in it who let out bellowing moans.

BARRY (CONT’D)

Oh god!

A FOOT steps on the shit and knocks Barry backwards into something gooeey. The foot walks away with the smeared shit continuing to moan.

USED CONDOM

(sloppy)

I begged them to stop. But they— they just wouldn’t. First the god’s stretched me till it hurt, then they went inside me and then... and then... SPLOOGE! Look at me! LOOK AT ME!!!

BARRY

Ahhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!

Freaked out, Barry runs away and hides behind the leg of a nearby park bench.

BARRY (CONT’D)

They—they feel no remorse. Oh god, oh god. What’s the point of even living anymore? I might as well just die.

Barry slumps to the ground in despair. He rocks back and forth, crying.

THE DRUGGIE walks up to the bench and places a SHOPWELL’S Bag on the ground next to Barry. Barry looks up at The Druggie as he casually pays for drugs.

DEALER

(to druggie)

Hey man be careful with this. I think it’s spiked with bath salts or something. People been seeing some crazy shit.

DRUGGIE

Awesome!

BARRY

Home...
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

BARRY (CONT’D)
Maybe this god...can get me home! I can warn Frank! Make up for being such a pussy ass BITCH!

Barry sees the DRUGGIE walking towards his car taking his DIRTY, OLD, SHOPWELL’S BAG with him.

BARRY (CONT’D)
Here goes everything!

Barry runs after the Druggie and manages to leap and grab onto his shoe lace. The Druggie shuts the car door leaving Barry dangling on the outside who holds on for dear life as the car speeds away.

SQ.12_LIQ – THE LIQUOR AISLE

INT. AISLE FOUR – LIQUOR AISLE – SOON AFTER

They enter the bustling liquor aisle full of drunken behaving bottles of alcohol.

FRANK
Holy shit. Look at this place! It’s fucking crazy!

They are surrounded by various alcohol products partying.

ANGLE ON: BRENDA

BRENDA
Uh... hey guys...I think we should just get out of here quickly. The worst thing that could happen is if we got separated so-

Brenda looks around and everyone has already been separated. She is alone.

BRENDA (CONT’D)
Ah fuck.

ANGLE ON: Frank is walking around, wide eyed. He doesn’t even notice that they’re separating. He whispers to BOTTLES passing by like he’s looking for drugs.

FRANK
Psst. You know Firewater?

Firewater? Know where I can get some Firewater?
Frank notices a CRACK IN THE SHELF with some light emanating from it. We hear the CACKAW!

He then looks around for Brenda but there’s now a CROWD between them. He jumps up and down to get a view but can’t spot her.

FRANK (CONT’D)

288
Oh shit! Brenda?! Brenda?! 288
(to himself)

288A
Okay, I’ll make this quick. 288A

Frank walks into the cave.

ANGLE ON: SAMMY & LAVASH

TWO SEXY MIXERS stumble in front of them.

MARGARITA MIXER

301
Hey boys, you ever... 301
(burps)

302
you ever seen two mixers make out? 302

The guys watch shocked as the mixers make out.

SAMMY

303
Wow. They have a nice technique. 303

Just before the mixers can undress, Brenda cuts between them.

BRENDA

304
Frank? 304

MIXERS

305
Hey! You don’t know me! 305

BRENDA

306
Well you don’t me! And how rude of me, I’m Brenda Bunson. Unless we’ve met before, which I don’t remember. I don’t think we’ve met. Oh I see what you’re saying. Well you don’t know me!

The Mixers drunkenly walk off Brenda taps a bottle of TEQUILA on the shoulder.

BRENDA (CONT’D)

307
Excuse me, sorry. Have you seen a sausage? He’s kinda my boyfriend, I mean, not technically, but we’re out of the friendzone if you know what I mean? We touched tips.
He turns around and looks her up and down.

TEQUILA

Uhh, yeah, yeah. Sounds like you got a great thing going. I seen your sausage. He was heading this way. I can take you to him, chica... I take you to him real good.

Tequila leads Brenda, Sammy and Lavash around a corner into...

SQ.15_MEX - THE MEXICAN AISLE

INT. MEXICAN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

The gang rounds the corner and enter the Mexican section. It has the feeling of an impoverished Mexican village. All the products are timid and wary of their presence.

SAMMY BAGEL

This aisle smells funny.

Tequila leads them towards a large TACO DISPLAY TOWER where a crowd is gathering. A group of TACO SHELLS is being forced to the edge of the tower by EL GUACO (a ruthless guacamole gangster).

EL GUACO

Amigos! Come! Gather around me! These Taco Shells have some problemas with El Guaco's reign of terror.

Brenda inches forward with a concerned look on her face.

EL GUACO (CONT'D)

Whhhaaat? How loco! They refuse to pledge allegiance to the infamous El Guaco and kiss the hand that so readily caresses their faces.

El Guaco pulls an old MADRE TACO from TERESA, (beautiful young Taco shell), and knocks her to the ground.

MADRE TACO

No. Please, no.

TERESA

Mama! No! Mama!! No, no!
El Guaco dramatically lifts his leg over Madre Taco.

EL GUACO  
Ha, ha, ha! Step on a crack...

TERESA
Nooo!!!

EL GUACO
Break your madre’s back!

El Guaco slams his foot down, breaking Madre Taco’s spine.

Madre Taco falls off of the display and smashes onto the ground. The crowd gasps. El Guaco grabs Teresa and drags her to the edge of the tower. Murmurs erupt from the crowd. Teresa falls to her knees, crying.

BRENDA
That guacamole just murdered that taco shell! Why isn’t any one doing anything. I mean look, they’re like me. Thin, brittle versions of me.

LAVASH
Or another way of looking at it is you’re a fat, ugly version of them.

BRENDA
Alright, that’s not necessary.

Brenda turns to Tequila.

BRENDA (CONT’D)
Hey! Why did you take us here?

TEQUILA
Oh you’re about to find out, chica. You’re about to find out real good! (yelling to El Guaco)

HEY EL GUACO!!! I have another one for you!

BRENDA
Hey, don’t fucking touch me!

From atop his stand, El Guaco looks to Brenda and Tequila.

EL GUACO
Excellento me amigo Tequila! A new wench for El Guaco to terrorize! Bring the puffy slut to me!!!

Tequila moves to grab Brenda.
BRENDA

Oh fuck.

SQ.16_FTBB - FRANK MEETS FIREWATER

INT. BETWEEN THE SHELVES - MOMENTS LATER

Frank walks towards an orange light glowing from a crack in the shelves. He enters the cave to find Firewater (old, wise Native American shaman) sitting in front of a roaring fire. Indian drumming and chanting fills the room.

336

FIREWATER

Hiya-how-are-ya, Hiya-how-are-ya,
Hiya-how-are-ya, Hiya-how-are-ya,
Hiya-how-are-ya, Hiya-how-are-ya.

FRANK

Heya, how are you? Um, I’m Frank. I was told that you might have some answers.

FIREWATER

Answers I have, but first...

Firewater reaches over to a roll-on deodorant playing the drums and runs his hand over the top of him. He throws the liquid onto the fire and it roars.

339

FIREWATER (CONT’D)

I must know the question.

FRANK

Question. Okay. Well um, before I saw him jump to his death, Honey Mustard said that the Great Beyond is bullshit and the Gods are monsters. So, I guess that got me thinking... what really happens in the Great Beyond? Like what’s the deal there?

Firewater is struck by the question. As he ponders, he grabs his Kazoo, fills it and starts smoking it like a pipe.

340

FIREWATER

To find that which you seek, all you must do is look deep into my bag of wonderment.

Firewater presents a VELVET CROWN ROYAL BAG.
FRANK
Whoaaaaa.

Frank slowly inches his face towards the bag.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I don’t see anything.

FIREWATER

Frank goes deeper.

FIREWATER (CONT’D)
You know, while your at it, why
don’t you just your whole head in
the bag like that.

FRANK
Just say when, I’m just going to
keep going in.

Frank puts his entire head in the bag. Suddenly, Firewater
cinches the bag over Frank’s head! EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

FIREWATER (O.S.)
GUYS. GET OUT HERE. HELP ME KILL
THIS PRICK!

FRANK

AHHHH!!!

UNCLE TOM’S RICE (O.S.)
If he can’t breathe none, he can’t
ask no questions.

FIREWATER (O.S.)
Someone hand me a blade. I’ll gut
this fuck.

TWINKIE (O.S.)
No, let him go! This isn’t right.
We can’t kill him!

CANNED TUNA (O.S.)
Shut up, Twink! He knows too much!
Did you hear what he asked?!

TWINKIE (O.S.)
If we kill him, we are no better
than the gods!!!

There is silence.
FIREWATER (O.S.)
Ugh... he's right. Take off the bag of wonderment.

The bag is lifted off of Frank's head and we finally get a glimpse of the voices we've heard: a Twinkie, Canned Tuna, and a package of Uncle Tom's Rice, standing beside Firewater. They are all old, dusty, dented and ancient looking.

FRANK
Who... who are you?

UNCLE TOM'S RICE
We da non-perishables.

CANNED TUNA
We be the oldest in this land.

TWINKIE
We never expire.

FIREWATER
We are immortal.

FRANK
Well why were you gonna kill me? All I did was ask what happens in the Great Beyond! Geez, what's the big whoop?

The Non-Perishables share a look.

CANNED TUNA
T'would feel good to unburden ourselves.

UNCLE TOM'S RICE
We can't! Dis da way it gotta be. Some folks, dey best off not knowin'.

FIREWATER
*sigh* I'm tired of all the lies.

Firewater looks to the others and they share a look of woe. *

FIREWATER (CONT'D)
Prepare yourself, for you are about to learn the terrible truth.

All the non-perishables sit around the fire and motion Frank to sit with them. Firewater takes a pull from his kazoo.
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy) 45.

FIREWATER (CONT'D)
365 Does anybody want a hit before we get into this? Twink?

TWINKIE
366 Nah, I'm cool.

UNCLE TOM'S RICE
367 Pass that here!

They pass around the kazoo. They offer to Frank.

FRANK
368 Oh, no thanks.

FIREWATER
369 Trust me. What you're about to hear, you'll want some.

Frank takes a hit. As he chokes, smoke fills the screen. *

SQ.17_VVT - VIVA TERESA!

INT. MEXICAN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Brenda is being dragged up the tower. At the top of the tower El Guaco is in Teresa's face.

TERESA
370 Francisco Fernando Guacamole
Garcia, you have already taken everything from me. I do not fear you!

EL GUACO
371 Oh? Don't fear El Guaco, huh? Very brave, tacolita. Very brave. Guess I'm gonna have to be extra scary for you.
(shaking face)

372 OOGY BOOGY BOOGY BOOGY!!!

TERESA
373 (cowering)
Aahhh!!!!!

EL GUACO
374 Hahaha I did it! I scared the shell out of you.
(turns proudly to the aisle)

375 El Guaco is the king of puns!!
BRENDA
Let go!
(beat)
HEY!

Brenda is thrown to the ground in front of El Guaco.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
What do you want with me? I was just passing through.

EL GUACO
Relax! Stay a while. Hey, let me introduce you to my favorite pastime - hurting women!

El Guaco cracks his knuckles and then grabs Brenda and twists her arm around, bringing her to her knees.

(NOTE: This section is feeling too violent, need to scale it back. Remove shot of Brenda getting winded. Might have to make the violence a little more comical/funny.)

BRENDA
AHHHH!!!

El Guaco starts to wind up with one arm like Sugar Ray Leonard.

EL GUACO
And that's just the creamy side of El Guaco. Now taste the spice!

El Guaco JABS her in the face with the other hand. Brenda back up towards the ledge, defensively.

ANGLE ON: Sammy squinting his eyes, watching the Tower. Meanwhile, Lavash covertly looks inside his flaps again. Sammy looks over at Lavash, who quickly covers himself up.

SAMMY BAGEL
Oy vey. That was just his creamy side before? I do not like her chances here. We should do something.

LAVASH
You're right. She deserves better than this. I shall pray for a quick death.

LAVASH (CONT'D)
You think we should, uhh, help her?
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy) 47.

**SAMMY**

*Yes. Absolutely.*

(beat)

*Through moral support. Good luck Brenda!!*

INT. MEXICAN AISLE - DISPLAY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

El Guaco UPPERCUTS her in the jaw. She loses her balance and slides off the edge of the tower, barely managing to hang on. Teresa watches in terror.

**EL GUACO**

*Uh oh. This is just nacho day, is it? Boom! Come on! Another unforgettable pun from the infamous El Guaco!*

(beat)

*Alright, alright El Guaco’s done with all the quatro-play. Now it’s time for us to go ALL THE WAY.*

**TERESA**

*Stop!!!!* 389

El Guaco turns towards Teresa.

**EL GUACO**

*What’choo taco’in about over there?! I mean is someone writing this shit down? You know I can be beating the shit of the lady and writing down my great jokes. I can’t being doing it, someone has to write this shit down.*

Brenda takes the opportunity to pull herself up.

**BRENDA**

*Hey asshole!* 391

El Guaco turns back to see Brenda, ready to fight. She kicks him in groin.

**EL GUACO**

*Ay! Right in my guac and balls!* 392

**BRENDA**

*This bun, is done with your puns!* 393
Teresa watches in awe as Brenda grabs El Guaco and throws him toward the edge of the tower! El Guaco barely hangs on to the edge of the tower.

**BRENDA (CONT’D)**

Hasta la yeasta, baby.

**EL GUACO**

Good pun, bitch.

She steps on his hand. He looses his grip.

**EL GUACO (CONT’D)**

EELLL GUUAACCMOOOOOOOOO!!!

El Guaco falls, and SLAMS to the ground, his plastic container CRACKS on impact. Guacamole guts ooze out of him.

**TERESA**

That Guacamole (Spanish) di mierda, son of a bitch, was for mi madrecita santa.

(turns to Brenda)

Mucho gracias, bun. I am Teresa DeTaco, and I owe you mi vida.

The Mexican products descent on El Guaco.

**SQ.17A_SFB - SHOPWELL’S FLASHBACK**

*INT. FIREWATER’S CAVE – CONTINUOUS*

The cave is now filled with smoke.

**FRANK**

Ok. Ok, I’m super baked, and my friends are probably wondering where the fuck I am. Will somebody please just tell me something already?

Firewater exhales deeply.

**FIREWATER**

Okay. The thing about the great beyond is... there is no Great Beyond.

**FRANK**

WHAT?!?
FIREWATER
We invented it.

Firewater takes a big hit.

FIREWATER (CONT’D)
(holding in smoke)

As soon as you’re out those doors—
-the Gods kill our asses.

FRANK

What’re you, crazy? That doesn’t
make any sense. Why would the gods
wanna kill us? That makes no sense.

FIREWATER

Ahh, because it makes them
stronger. Every kill gives them
more power. And it’s never enough.

(holding in smoke)

They keep coming back for more.
(exhales smoke)

Over the years they’ve grown
bigger, stronger, fatter! Their
hunger is insatiable buddy, I mean
fuck!

FRANK

You guys are fucking nuts. How much
of that shit have you been smoking?
Too fucking much, is how much.

FIREWATER

We blaze for real 24/7, no joke,
but we also know our shit. Before
us, everyone knew the awful
truth...

FLASHBACK:

FLASHBACK to SHOPWELL’S 1954 -- In BLACK AND WHITE we see
dark, foreboding shots in heavy contrast lighting of
horrified products in the aisles screaming and clawing at
themselves and passing out in horror. We go wide to reveal
the store is like an insane asylum full of freaking out
patients who watch in terror as people, who look more
horrific in black and white and 50s style clothing, walk
around picking them up and throwing them in carts.

We see Firewater watching products SCREAM and FREAK OUT.
FIREFLOWER
Ooooh how they screamed. It was a living nightmare. So we, the non-perishables, created a story. The story of the “Great Beyond”. A place where the Gods care for you and all your wildest and wettest dreams would come true.*

FLASHBACK to DIFFERENT cuts of Firewater and the other non-perishables teaching the Great Beyond song to frightened products.

FIREFLOWER (CONT’D)
(singing)
The Great Beyond, the Great Beyond. 410

They mime fucking in the Great Beyond and the others listen interested and soothed.

BACK TO THE CAVE:

FRANK
So you’re telling me you wrote the song? 411

FIREFLOWER
I can’t take full credit. I wrote the music. Tuna here’s my lyricist. 412

CANNED TUNA
He brings the rhythm, I bring the rhymes. 413

FIREFLOWER
We both drop it right, and we drop it all the time. Boom. The song had a great hook and it caught on, I mean, you know. In time, everyone accepted this false truth, leaving only the four of us with the knowledge of our true fate. The only hope we have to hold on to... is the prophecy. A vision came to me one night while I was getting, like, super, super, super baked. Like fuck a guy baked. You know what I’m sayin’? 414

TWO-SHOT – Frank shakes his head. Twink nods.*
FIREWATER (CONT’D)

In my dream state, I scrawled the image of our savior on the cave wall.

Firewater points to a mural with a cave drawing and on it. It looks like Sausage standing atop an oval. The sausage’s left tip is deformed (LIKE BARRY. WE NEED TO MAKE THIS MATCH WHEN BARRY STANDS ON TOP OF THE DRUGGIES HEAD).

TWINKIE
I think it’s a baby carrot.

CANNED TUNA
It’s not a carrot, dumbass. It clearly be 3 tic tacs standing on each others shoulders. Yarrr.

Frank studies the mural.

FRANK
That’s... that’s Barry!

FIREWATER
You know the chosen one?

FRANK
Know him? He’s my best friend! He’s a sausage, like me.

FIREWATER
Wait, wait, wa... You are certain he carries the mark?

Firewater points to his drawings deformed head.

FRANK
Yeah. He’s got a fucked up head just like that. He calls it an abnormality but his head’s all smooshed.

FIREWATER
Look-at-me, look-at-me! It is of the utmost importance that you tell us where he is right now.

FRANK
Oh, he’s in ah- (realizing) -the Great Beyond.

There is a COLLECTIVE GASP from the Non-Perishables.
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)  52.

(Note: Need at least a GASP or MOMENT OF SILENCE as the Non-Perishables all comprehend this)

FIREFLOWER
Then there is no hope...

UNCLE TOM'S RICE
Oh what we gon' do? Chosen ones dead, and da gods are too powerful. Yessah, we should just keep our heads down and try not to anger them.

CANNED TUNA
Yarr, Uncle Tom be right. And it's not like we can reason with them.

FIREFLOWER
Yup. We're fucked. Go now, Wandering Sausage. Leave us so we may try and smoke our woes away. Hey Tuna, pack another bowl, will you?

Frank has trouble accepting this. He's very frustrated.

FRANK
Wait, that's it? You expect me to just leave after telling me all that? What the hell am I supposed to tell my friends? Do you have some proof or something?

The Non-perishables look at each other, unsure.

TWINKIE
You want proof? Go to the dark aisle beyond the ice.

FRANK
Why? What's in that aisle?

TWINKIE
Oh, you'll see. But once you see that shit, it'll fuck you up for life.

FIREFLOWER
I said go!

Frank leaves, determined.

TWINKIE (O.S.)

OH, AND SAUSAGE?
Frank stops and turns back.

    TWINKIE (CONT'D)
    (waggles his fingeys)
    Too-da-loo. 435C *

    FRANK
    (confused)
    What the- why would you-
    (frustrated)
    - aghh! 435D *

Frank runs out of the cave.

SQ.18_BAD - BARRY AND THE DRUGGIE

EXT. DRUGGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Car pulls up outside a dilapidated home with Barry still holding on to the Druggie's shoelace. The Druggie cuts the engine and Barry lets go and drops to the sidewalk. The Druggie walks to the front door and Barry, narrowly avoiding being stepped on, runs after him and jumps and grabs onto the cuff of his pants.

INT. DRUGGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Druggie turns the lights and shuts the door behind him. The living room is adorned with a collection of MEDIEVAL WEAPONRY -- swords, iron masks and a set of armor. The Druggie hangs his hat on the set of armor and walks to the couch.

ANGLE ON: Barry clinging to the Druggie's pants. Barry leaps from the Druggie's pants and rolls under the coffee table. The Druggie sits on the coach and clears everything off of his coffee table in one swoop then lays down his drug paraphernalia. He reads a set of instructions on how to do heroin he downloaded off the internet.

He tears open the baggy and sprinkles its contents onto the table. He lights a zippo and places it under a DIRTY SPOON, the contents of which begin to bubble. He fills the needle and ties off his arm.

        DRUGGIE
        it's time for the Big H. Surf's up.

He injects. Almost immediately he is overcome with indescribable euphoria. His eyes roll back in his head.
DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
Ohhhhh! Aaaahhh! Ha, Ha, Ha!

ANGLE ON: Barry under the coffee table looking around. The Druggie moans and shifts his feet coming almost touching Barry. Barry runs in the opposite direction and comes out the other side of the coffee table. He scrambles back towards the table and leans up against one of the cardboard boxes holding up the table. He takes a few deep breathes and works up the courage to keep moving.

DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
Ohhh!! Ha, Ha ha! Oh my god, oh ya,
Ohhhhh! Oooohhhhh!

Barry quickly crawls past the opening under the coffee table towards the opposite box holding it up. He starts to climb the box. He reaches the top and sees the Druggie.

DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
Oh it just got better, whoahh, the bath salts must be kicking in!

Barry looks over and spots the Shopwell's bag on the table and start to make a run for it. He pauses for a moment behind a bong then keeps on racing. He runs and dives taking cover behind an ashtray for another moment before continuing on.

The Druggie puts his hands above his head and looks at them with half-closed eyes.

He brings his hands down, looks at the coffee table and sees a small sausage rolling along. His eyes go wide as the sausage suddenly starts to grow legs, arms and a face and starts walking. The Druggie stares right at Barry.

DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Barry turns, realizes the Druggie can see him and stares back.

BARRY
Ohhhhhhhhh no.

DRUGGIE
Ah, Ah, AHHHH!!!

SQ.21_FCT - FIRST CONTACT

BARRY

AHHHHH!!!
BLUE (MM/DD/YYYY) 55.

DRUGGIE

AHHHHHHHH!!!

BARRY

Please, please don't kill me!
Please, ju-just wait, just wait!
Don't kill me! Don't kill me!

The Druggie slowly moves to the edge of the couch staring at Barry. He goes to poke Barry who slowly backs away towards the edge of the coffee table.

DRUGGIE

What are you? Are you some kind of magical sausage?

BARRY

AHHHHH! NO! NO! No, I'm just Barry!
I'm just Barry! Wait. Wait. You can actually understand me? And I can actually understand you?!

The Druggie looks at his hands in disbelief.

DRUGGIE

Ooohhh... The smack/bath salts shitmix is showing me the real world.

BARRY

Barry looks at the dirty needle, then back at the Druggie.

DRUGGIE (CONT'D)

It's fuckin' lifted the veil of non-reality!

A bag of chips pops its head up from the edge of the coffee table and stares at The Druggie in disbelief.

CHIPS

Holy shit! He can actually see us?

The Druggie looks around and sees that every food item is alive and looking at him. The Druggie cowers into the corner of the couch clutching a pillow.

DRUGGIE

I-I-I-I'm tweaked! I'm tweaking! I-
I-I-I've tweaked!

The Druggie pushes his face into the pillow and stares at all the food that has now gathered on the coffee table.

Barry steps forward.
BARRY
Whoa-whoa, dude, dude, dude, just take it easy. Just breathe dude, just breathe. You’re not tweaking, you’re just peaking man. Just be with me. Be cool. This wave’s got to crash.

DRUGGIE
I can’t! You’re all alive and looking at me with your, with your gloves and your-yo-your little shoes and your arms and your legs...

HALF EATEN PIZZA (O.S.)
LEGs?!?
The Druggie turns to see a HALF EATEN PIECE OF PIZZA.

HALF EATEN PIZZA (CONT’D)
Look at me! Look at me! I ain’t got no legs, you fuck!
Half Eaten Pizza pounds the counter.

HALF EATEN PIZZA (CONT’D)
You ate my goddamn legs!!
The Druggie backs away, cowering on the opposite side of the couch and goes into the fetal position with a pillow over his head.

DRUGGIE
Oh Shit! Fuck! I’m so high! Mr. Sausage, when will it end?!!

POP (O.S.)
When will it end?!?!
A can of pop stands in front of a group of food.

POP (CONT’D)
When he stops drinking us!

FOOD ITEMS
YEAAH!!
One half-eaten cookie leans on another cookie.

COOKIES
And stops eating us!!
OTHER FOOD ITEMS
  Same here! Fuck yeah!

The Druggie lays on his side, crying.

TOILET PAPER (O.S.)
  And when he stops using us!

The Druggie and food items all stare at the toilet paper.

FOOD ITEMS
  What did he do to you?

The Toilet Paper peaks around the bathroom door.

TOILET PAPER
  You don't wanna fucking know.

Wide-eyed, the Toilet Paper edges back into the bathroom.

DRUGGIE
  Okay, okay, okay, I promise! I'll never eat food again. I'll just eat dirt and wipe my ass with sticks!

Barry gets an idea. He steps forward.

BARRY
  (gaining confidence)
  Good! And there's one more thing you're gonna do....

Barry points at the Shopwell's bag.

BARRY (CONT'D)
  Take. Me. Home.

SQ.18A_SEP - SEPARATE WAYS

INT. MEXICAN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

(ALTERNATIVE VERSION WOULD HAVE EL GUACO BEING STRUNG UP AT THE END OF PREVIOUS SCENE WITH BRENDA AND TERESA DEFEATING HIM. AND WE'D START THIS SCENE WITH FRANK RUNNING DOWN A RANDOM AISLE SHOUTING FOR BRENDA AND THEN FINDING HER)

Frank emerges from a crack in the shelves into the Mexican aisle. He sees a crowd of Mexican products stringing up EL GUACO.

Frank sees Brenda, Sammy and Lavash at the end of the aisle, near the Seafood Aisle.
FRANK
Brenda!! There you are!! Fuck!

Frank runs up to her. Brenda is relieved.

BRENDA
Oh my god, Frank. There you are.
Are you okay? Where have you been?

FRANK
Where I have been? Okay. You are
NOT gonna believe this. I met this
group of non-perishables between
the shelves and they told me
there’s no Great Beyond and the
Gods are evil.

BRENDA
What? That’s insane.

FRANK
I know! That’s what I said! But
then they told me there’s proof in
the dark aisle beyond the ice.

Frank motions to the SEAFOOD AISLE beside them.

BRENDA
Who is they?

FRANK
The non-perishables-
Remember when Honey Mustard
mentioned Firewater before he died?
I fucking found him!

BRENDA
Firewater? Oh my god, so that’s why
you led us through the liquor
aisle?

FRANK
Well... yeah, technically, but-

BRENDA
I almost DIED, Frank!

FRANK
What?!

BRENDA
A guacamole almost threw me off a
tower and you weren’t there.
FRANK
Brenda, I’m so, so sorry. I-I should’ve been there for you. I-I was just trying to find some answers.

BRENDA
Whatever, I just, I don’t want to talk about it. It’s been a long, shitty day. Let’s just get back to our home.

Brenda starts walking away. Frank pauses.

FRANK
Brenda... I don’t think I can.

BRENDA
Excuse me?

FRANK
No, yeah, I can’t. If there’s even a chance that what they’re saying is true then... there’s no home for us to go back to it’s pointless. I have to go find out, and I really want you to come with me. Please, I mean.

(tenderly)
You’re my bun.

BRENDA
Don’t bun me. I used to think that I needed you! But, but guess what, I don’t! I don’t need you, or any other sausage to define me.

We see Sammy and Lavash watching, off to the side.

LAVASH
(quietly to Sammy)
So she is a bunmuncher.

SAMMY BAGEL
(quietly to Lavash)
Called it.

BRENDA
I took down a guacamole overlord on my own and liberated an entire aisle without you. And you know what? I’ll go to the Great Beyond without you! I don’t need to be filled to be fulfilled.
FRANK
Oh, really? So, what? You're just gonna be empty? Is that it?

BRENDA
Maybe! Or maybe I'll just fill myself with something else!

FRANK
You don't mean that!

BRENDA
Yes I do! I'll fill myself with a... parsnip, or a dill pickle, maybe even an eggplant!

FRANK
You couldn't fit an eggplant in there! It's too big! It'll tear you in half!

BRENDA
Oh, You'd be amazed what I could fit in here! Maybe I'll really mix it up. Stick a tube of toothpaste in me!

FRANK
Shut up!! Now you're just trying to hurt me!! That's what you're trying to do. And I'm not gonna listen anymore!

BRENDA
Maybe I am! You deserve it.

(beat; hurt)
I can't believe I got out of my package for you, and you won't get back in one for me. Goodbye Frank.

Brenda starts to walk away. Teresa comes up beside her and puts her arm around her, comforting her.

Frank watches them go.

FRANK
Come on guys! This affects all of us!

(beat)
Brenda!

(beat)
Sammy! Lavash? Taco lady?!

(beat)
BRENDA!!!
Frank gives up and heads in the opposite way.

(NOTE: We should see the vista of the SEAFOOD AISLE behind Frank instead of the BATHROOMS)

SQ.19 DEG – DEATH OF EL GUACO

INT. MEXICAN AISLE – CONTINUOUS

El Guaco’s eyes flicker open and widen in fear, as he sees Douche and the Rats walking towards him. Douche wears a new air of confidence, like a seasoned villain.

**DOUCHE**

474 Why hello there, you stinky green tub of god-knows-what. Who did this to you?

We see El Guaco is strung up and hanging upside down.

**EL GUACO**

475 It was this Bun madre-fucker.

**DOUCHE**

476 A bun you say. She must be with the sausage. The plump little object of my wrath! Tell me where they went.

**EL GUACO**

477 If you think I’m gonna help you... you got a nozzle thing... coming... ahhhh...

El Guaco passes out. Douche slaps him in the face.

**DOUCHE**

478 Awaken! Awaken, awake, d-d-d-no, no, no, no, aw-awaken. Tell me where they went! To destroy them is my new purpose. My decrepit masterpiece! Where?!?! Tell me and I shall release you!

**EL GUACO**

479 Those putas were headed thata way.

**EL GUACO (CONT’D)**

480 Now release El Guaco, you heartless puto.

Douche caresses El Guaco’s face with the back of his hand.
DOUCHE
Yes, yes. You're safe now. All the pain will soon subside...but first...You shall be, released!

Douche reaches up to the CRACK in El Guaco's package and sticks his fingers in. El Guaco thrashes in pain.

EL GUACO
AAAAHHH!!! FUUUUUUUCKkk!!!

Douche tears El Guaco's package open. A flood of Guacamole pours all over Douche, and he whistles, summoning his rats. They lick the guacamole off him. He leans his head back in ecstasy.

DOUCHE
YES! INDULGE IN ME! INDULGE IN ME!
(maniacal laughter)
Mr. Dangles, please!

SQ.22A_MON - MONTAGE

QUICK TRAVEL MONTAGE OVER EPIC SCORE:
- an overhead shot where we see Frank getting further apart from Brenda and the rest of the group. Frank is heading towards ice cliffs and Brenda closer to 4th of July banner
- Brenda sees Frank mirage walking towards her. She's hopeful but then sad when he disappears.
- Frank trudges through the ice cliffs. He's freezing cold. He sees an APPARITION of Brenda laying down with a PARSNIP, A PICKLE AND AN EGGPLANT in front of a roaring fire. They all caress her face, pre-coitus.

He shakes it off and the apparition disappears. Up ahead he sees the DARK AISLE.

SQ.23_RTR - RAT TRAP

INT. INDIAN AISLE - LATER

Brenda, Teresa, Sammy and Lavash walk through a lively Indian market.

CURRY
Take a look at my cow.
SAMMY BAGEL
Oh wow, oh um, I-I literally can't wait to be home. I'm, I'm so excited I'm platzing! Gefilte fish will be there, Matzah. Even Humus!

LAVASH
Wait a minute. You know humus?

SAMMY BAGEL
Know him? I'm-a go so far as to say I consider Humus one of my dearest friends.

LAVASH
(sweetly confused)
Really? I too know humus and I too consider him a dear friend.

SAMMY BAGEL
Hmm, we both like humus.

Lavash and Sammy consider this for a moment.

LAVASH
Well any friend of humus is a... eh, get the fuck away from me.

Teresa consoles Brenda, who is clearly heart broken.

TERESA
Senora Brenda, I'm so sorry about your break up with Senor Frank, but as they say in my aisle, the pinata breaking might hurt, but the candy inside is sweet.

BRENDA
It's ok. I just hope he doesn't get himself killed. He's a fucking idiot, but... I don't know. He thinks he's doing something important I guess.

TERESA
No. He just does not appreciate what he had. But I realize how precious you are. I would never, never disrespect or abandon you. I would love you like, like you deserved to be loved.

We see Brenda is getting a little uncomfortable.
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy) 64.

TERESA (CONT'D)
And... and I would fill you, like you deserve to be filled. 520

BRENDA
Teresa, I don’t think that’s possible. We’re, we’re both receptacles. 521

TERESA
Exactly! I’m a receptacle, so I know the needs of a receptacle. I know my way around. We can start by rubbing openings together. 522

BRENDA
Oh, ah, I don’t.... 523
524

TERESA
You will like it! 525

BRENDA
I don’t think- oh look! It’s Na’an. (to Na’an) 526
527
Hi. I’ve always wondered, is it Na’an or Nan? I always want to call you Nan.

NAAN
Oh, I always get this it’s Naan. 528

Suddenly a scream rings out!

The gang turns around to see a wave of Asian products running towards them. A rat jumps into the middle of crowd and starts chomping down on Raman Noodles.

BRENDA
Run!!! 529

The gang runs for their lives up the aisle as they’re being chased by the rat. They try to duck in between the shelves, but another rat emerges and joins in the chase. The rats herd the gang into a corner. There’s no escape.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

530

Shitbox! 530

DOUCHE

531

NOW!
An overturned SHOPPING BASKET falls towards them. CLANK! It
cages them in. Rats swipe at them through the gaps in the
basket. Douche steps out from the shadows menacingly.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Why hello. Surprised to see me? I
trust from your shocked expressions
that you figured I was dead.
Unfortunately for you, I. Am.
Thriving.

(maniacal laughter)

SQ.23A_JOY - THE HORRIFYING JOY OF COOKING

INT. AISLE TWELVE - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters the aisle. He sees his distorted reflection in a
row of SHARP COOKING KNIVES and CLEavers.

Frank slowly walks down the dark aisle, mesmerized by the
foreign objects on the shelves -- POTS, PANS, BAKING SHEETS,
COOKING UTENSILS.

There is a solitary LIGHT at the end of the aisle.
Transfixed, Frank moves towards it. He is a lone sausage,
dwarfed in a sea of hard metal.

FRANK
What the fuck is this place?

Frank bumps into a knife display. One knife drops down barely
missing him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

The display tower starts to shimmy. Knives start dropping
down rapidly as Frank jumps out of the way narrowly escaping.

Frank finally reaches the light source, perched atop the
shelf, illuminating a LARGE MYSTERIOUS BOOK. Frank climbs the
shelf to get a closer look.

INT. AISLE TWELVE - SHELF TOP - SOON AFTER

Frank reaches the summit and comes upon the book: COOKING
JOY.

Hands trembling, Frank opens the BOOK.

We PUSH-IN on his HORRIFIED FACE.
FRANK
No... No way... Fuuuuuccck!

(Note: Add frantic flipping of pages before landing on the hot dog).

Frank falls to his knees sobbing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
That means, Barry... Carl...
they're dead. They're fucking dead.
Ohhhhh, oh, oh, oh!!

SQ.25_BMG/BIT - BARRY MEETS GUM/BARRY IN TROUBLE

INT. DRUGGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Barry, and his new friends, Chips, and Toilet Paper all gather around a map on the Coffee Table. The Druggie, meanwhile, has dozed off on the couch.

BARRY
Shit.

CHIPS
(looking at the map)
How the fuck this thing work?

BARRY
I wish this god would wake up already. How am I supposed to get back to Frank?

GUM (O.S.)
(robotic-sounding)
Perhaps, I could be of some assistance?

Barry, Chips and toilet paper turn toward the Druggie’s bong and we see a mysterious convex shape roll over in the reflection.

BARRY
What? Who the hell is that?

TOILET PAPER
Oh... only the most intelligent being alive.
GUM (Stephen Hawking type genius). He is a chewed up piece of gum in a little wheelchair made from paperclips and bottle caps. He talks with the aid of a small device that gives him a ROBOTIC VOICE.

GUM
I am Sorbitol-Malitol-Xylitol-Mannitol-Calcium Carbonate-Soy Lecithin-Vegetable Derived Glycerin, and Talc. But for expediency sake, you can call me...Gum. For twenty years, I was stuck under the desk of a brilliant scientist. I was scraped off and discarded, and eventually, found myself stuck to a shoe that dropped me here.

Gum wheels over to the map.

GUM (CONT'D)
...Your home is a "Supermarket". This is but one of many, as your particular chain of supermarkets is ever expanding... unified by a singular purpose: to store food and products for Human consumption. The Supermarket in the closest physical vicinity to us, is-
(points)
Here. If the human operates his automotive, the journey should take nine point eight minutes.

BARRY
Great, that last part was all you had to say really.
(to the Druggie)
Hey! Wake up!

The Druggie is fast asleep.

BARRY (CONT’D)
Hey! Idiot!

Barry leaps onto the Druggie and climbs up to the Druggie’s ear.

BARRY (CONT’D)
Are you hearing me? Dude, it’s Barry.

Barry tugs on the Druggie’s earring, waking him up.
FROM THE DRUGGIE'S POV: The Druggie looks on his pillow and sees a small SAUSAGE (Barry) resting.

DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this doing here? Oh yeah, heroin! He-he-he I can't believe I was actually talking to you, sausage. (stomach grumbling)

God, tripping balls for three hours, really works up an appetite.

TOILET PAPER
Oh no. This is not good.

The Druggie sees Chips and grabs the bag.

BARRY
(to the Druggie)
What are you doing?

GUM
The Human is no longer aware of the Fourth Dimension.

The Druggie brings the Chips closer to himself unaware of the Chips struggling to get free.

CHIPS
NOOOO!!!!!!! Ahhhhhhh, ahhhhhh...

GUM
The effects of the opiate have dissipated. Your speech and movements are imperceptible to him. We are totally fucked.

The Druggie rips into the Chips, killing it as the other food items watch in horror.

CHIPS
AAHHHH!!!!!!

BARRY
Oh..my..god.

The Druggie picks up Barry as he desperately tries to wriggle free.
BARRY (CONT'D)
Nooooooo!!! Oh God!!! Put. Me. Down!

The Druggie heads towards the kitchen as the other food items yell and plead in vain for him to stop.

TOILET PAPER
No! Please! Stop!!

BARRY
Put me down! Ahhhhh!

It's no use. The Druggie continues to the entrance of the kitchen where we see a large axe is hanging. He grabs a pot and fills it with water. As he moves it towards the stove he spills some water on the ground. The Druggie turns on the stove and Barry sees the flames of the burner ignite.

BARRY (CONT'D)
AAAAaaahhhhh!!!!!!

Druggie holds Barry over the pot.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Oh no. It can't end like this! I have to warn Frank!...Nooo! Nooo! NOOOOOOO!!!

The Druggie tosses Barry towards the pot of water.

SQ.27_DAT - DOUCHE ATTACK!

INT. INDIAN AISLE - SOON AFTER

Douche is repeatedly punching Lavash who is being held in place by a rat.

DOUCHE
Where's the Sausage? Where's the Sausage? Talk! The Sausage! Tell me!

LAVASH
I will never talk! My will is unbreakable. I am KAREEM ABDUL LAVASH! I may have folds, but I will never fold!!!

DOUCHE
Hmmm, I suppose I'll need to... loosen your sweet mouth a little.
(MORE)
DOUCHE (CONT'D)
I'll just need a dibble dabble
of... lubrication. But how to do
that? Hmmm...  
(to dangles)
What's that Mr. Dangles. You have a
thought?

Douche slowly and seductively walks towards Dangles. He
pretends Dangles is whispering into his ear.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Hmmm. Really? Are you sure? But
that seems so inappropriate to do
in front of others. But, okay, if
you insist-

Douche gently strokes him moving towards his tail. He lifts
up Dangles' tail revealing his butt hole. We hear the sounds
of Dangles' ass getting fingered.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
There we go... yes, now it's
working for daddy...

(laughter)

I'm going to treat your ass like a
garbage can, do you hear me? Yes is
that what you fucking want? Yes!
Ooooo... Perfect! Thank you
Dangles. I'll talk to you in a
second.

Douche holds up the finger that was just in Dangles' butt
hole.

LAVASH
Oh no...  

DOUCHE
OH YES!

LAVASH
You don't have to do this...
there's a good chance I will in
fact completely fold if you do not
do this.

DOUCHE
Too late! What's fingered cannot be
unfingered!

DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Open wide!!
Douche shoves his finger into Lavash's mouth and pumps it in and out. Lavash screams in disgust.

LAVASH
(finger in mouth)
BLMFFFMFMF!

SAMMY BAGEL
(yelling)
Oh jesus!! That's impossibly unsanitary!!!

ANGLE ON: Frank, arriving on a high shelf, the magazine clippings strapped to his back with a rubber band. He sees the grim scenario.

FRANK
Ohh, that's fuckin' sick.

Frank's holding some 4th of July HELIUM BALLOONS (weighted down with a SANDBAG).

Douche removes his finger from Lavash's mouth. Lavash gags and gasps for air.

LAVASH
That tasted so much worse than it looked.

DOUCHE
Now that you've had a taste of Dangles, it's time for Dangles to have a taste...of you!

Douche points at Brenda. The rats drag out Brenda and pin her to the ground.

TERESA
No!!! Let her go!!! I swear to god, Douche, if you so much as touch one crumb on her precious body-

The rats surround Brenda and prepare to pounce on her.

DOUCHE
Oh please, enough! This can all end... if you just tell me where the sausage is...

FRANK (O.S.)
HE'S RIGHT HERE, MOTHERFUCKAH!!

Frank soars in hanging onto a bunch of balloons. He kicks a rat in the face sending him flying.
BRENDA
Frank!?!?

DOUCHE
YOU!?!?

FRANK
ME. Eat sand, bitch.

Frank hurls a handful of sand into Douche’s eyes then quickly ties the balloons to the basket.

DOUCHE
Ow! You fucking asshole!

Frank helps up Brenda.

FRANK
Come with me!

Frank holds out his hand and helps Brenda up.

DOUCHE
Congratulations, you’ve saved yourselves for, like, two fucking seconds. Get them!

The rats charge at Frank and Brenda as they run towards the rising basket. The basket FLIPS right-side-up, creating a HOT AIR BALLOON. Sammy and Teresa make it safely inside.

SAMMY BAGEL
Lavash! Give me your hand!

Sammy pulls Lavash into the basket. Lavash screams in pain.

TERESA
Rapido! Rapido! You can make it! Use your sexy legs!

BRENDA
They’re too high!

FRANK
We can do this! Jump!

Frank and Brenda leap up towards the basket and grab on. A rat jumps up after them, but Brenda swings around and kicks it right in the face sending it back down to the aisle floor. Frank and Brenda climb into the basket and join their friends.

The basket soars higher into the air.
DOUCHE
No... NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Douche watches in fury as our gang floats away safely.

SQ.27A_BLR - BALLOON RIDE

INT. HOT AIR BALLOON BASKET - CONTINUOUS

The basket climbs higher and higher, soaring above the shelf tops. The gang celebrates their escape from Douche.

TERESA
Senor y senorita, bueno stuff. Truly, truly bueno stuff.

LAVASH
Just in the nick of time, ehh? Ha haha... come here, you fucking son-of-a-hahahaha!!

Lavash gives Frank a big hug then shakes his hand.

LAVASH (CONT’D)
Thanks to you, I can still be chosen!

Sammy joins in on Frank and Lavash’s handshake.

Lavash looks out onto the store.

LAVASH (CONT’D)
Oh look - my aisle!
(looks to Sammy)
...our aisle.

The guys part as Brenda steps forward.

BRENDA
You came back.

FRANK
Of course I did. You’re my bun.

(Note: Don’t have Brenda walk away and rejoin the group celebrate.)

Brenda pauses for a moment, then HUGS Frank. Everyone celebrates around them.

SAMMY (O.S.)
We did it! We did it!
Brenda and Frank pull back, both blushing. Then something occurs to Frank.

FRANK
Guys I... really, really hate to be the buzz kill right now... but there's something I need to show you.

INT. AISLE EIGHTEEN - CANDLE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank cuts a balloon free, having released most of them already, and the basket lands on the ground.

They disembark from the basket and gather around Frank.

FRANK
I'm sorry, but what you're about to see is pretty fucking graphic. I found the proof, and it's even worse than I thought.

LAVASH
A douche just finger fucked my mouth with a rat's butt hole juice. I'm pretty sure I can handle this.

Frank spreads the BOOK PAGES out in front of the gang.

Brenda gags. Teresa screams! Lavash cry's out. Sammy wails as hits himself in the head.

BRENDA
The gods... kill us?

FRANK
Yeah. I'm afraid so.

The gang goes silent, rocked to the core.

SQ.28 ORG - THE ORGY

(Note: This has always been a really clunky transition. Don't have Brenda walk away from the group. Just cut from the TWO-SHOT of Frank and Brenda straight to Sammy's line.)

The gang stand amongst the torn out pages from the Joy of Cooking. They're slowly taking it all in.

SAMMY BAGEL
Wait a second... So I'm.. I'm never going to have my hole filled?
FRANK
What?

SAMMY BAGEL
According to Rabbi Manischewitz, in the Great Beyond all bagels are supposed to get their holes filled and be centered and calm for eternity!

Sammy begins to cry. From his POV we see he's looking at a page from the cookbook with a dead bagel sliced in half and smothered with cream cheese.

SAMMY BAGEL (CONT‘D)
Oh god... Why do you think I'm so neurotic!? What's the point of this hole then?! What's the point of any of this?

There is a sullen moment of silence amongst the group. They hang their heads, distraught. Brenda looks up at Frank then gets an idea.

BRENDA
Are we really worse off?

LAVASH
Yes. Much, much worse.

BRENDA
No, seriously guys. Think about it - all of us have spent our entire lives waiting to get chosen for the Great Beyond so we could live out our dreams and fantasies. But if all that's bullshit... then what are we waiting for?

Brenda looks at Teresa, who smiles and nods, encouragingly. There is an awkward silence. Brenda walks over to Frank and grabs his hand.

FRANK
So that means...

BRENDA
There's nothing holding us back.

Brenda gives Frank a tender kiss.

BRENDA (CONT‘D)
We make the rules from now on.
Brenda and Frank touch tips.

FRANK
621 What about the gods? 621

BRENDA
622 Fuck the gods. 622

Brenda grabs Frank and kisses him passionately. She slowly dips Frank, lowering him to the ground like Kelly McGillis in Top Gun.

ANGLE ON: Sammy, Lavash, and Teresa, shocked, mouths agape.

(NOTE: Old version HERE )

SAMMY BAGEL
622A Ya know, I'm very conflicted about how I'm supposed to feel watching this. 622A

LAVASH
622B Then don't just watch. 622B

Lavash takes Sammy's hand and pulls him closer.

SAMMY BAGEL
622C Wha- what are you doing? 622C

LAVASH
622D I was just told that I am getting ZERO bottles of extra virgin olive oil for eternity. So at the very least, I'm taking your virgin ass.

SAMMY BAGEL
622E Fine. Then kiss me hard on the mouth, why don't you, you dirty slut!

LAVASH
622F You wanna kiss me, motherfucker? 622F

Lavash grabs Sammy by the back of the head and pulls him in hard. They passionately make out.

Teresa stands on the periphery, staring at Brenda, getting turned on.

Brenda and Frank are still on the ground Frank slides into Brenda. Frank's face is buried in her.

LAVASH (CONT'D)
629 You are a disgusting whore! 629
BRENDA
Oh yeah, Frank, that's it. Lose yourself in my yeast.

FRANK (O.S.)
Uhh, I'm over here jerking off with these guys.

Brenda sees Frank and Sammy and Lavash are in a circle jerk. She then realizes that Teresa is the one going down on her.

TERESA
FYI, your choocha makes me crazy.

- Brenda and Teresa 69, while the guys watch and jerk-off.
The scene erupts into a HOT, STEAMING ORGY:
- Brenda eats out Franks ass as Teresa eats out Brenda's
- Frank gets choked out
- Sammy open's Lavash's flaps and eats out his ass
- Frank shoves his head into the bottom of Brenda's bun.
- Lavash give's it to Sammy from behind

SAMMY
What's the safety word? Molasses, Molasses!

- Frank pulls out a drain plug chain from Brenda's ass
- Teresa eats out Lavash
- Lavash eats Sammy out.

LAVASH
God damn it, your cock is beautiful!

SAMMY
You want milk with that meat?

- Lavash slaps Brenda across the face, nuzzles Franks ass, then get's punched in the stomach by Teresa
- Frank uses Sammy as a hula hoop, as he stimulates Brenda, while Teresa give Lavash a blow job.
- Brenda dominates Frank
-Brenda, Teresa and Lavash circle Sammy as Frank is speared through Sammy’s hole, twirling as he licks their asses

-In a circle they fist each other

-Frank blows into Brenda’s crotch, the air escapes from her mouth

-Frank crowns out of Brenda’s ass as Sammy and Lavash lick him clean. Teresa goes down on Brenda

-The guys perform golden showers on the ladies

-Sammy stretches out Lavash’s balls and uses them as a mask

SAMMY (CONT’D)

Want me to be a hamburgaler? Rabel, rabel. Rabel, rabel.

-Lavash and Sammy log roll Frank as he end to end with Teresa and Brenda

-Lavash squats over Frank who is inside Teresa, the others surround them. Frank bathes in Chocolate Syrup as he snuggles Lavash from behind.

FRANK

Oh god, it’s all over me!

-Mustard squeezes relish, it bursts through Sammy’s hole

-Teresa uses Frank as a strap on, Frank penetrates the others in a train formation

- Frank jerks off as the gang stands around him in a circle, clapping in unison

THE GANG

GO FRANK! GO FRANK! IT’S YOUR BIRTHDAY! IT’S YOUR BIRTHDAY! GO FRANK! GO FRANK! IT’S YOUR BIRTHDAY!

-Sammy fucks Lavash as he fucks Teresa, Brenda and Frank are still going at it beside them. (pull out to reveal) An unimpressed towel is lying underneath them all

- The gang’s ferocious thrusting and grinding culminates in a collective mind-shattering ORGASM.

THE GANG (CONT’D)

BAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Everyone collapses onto the towel.
INT. AISLE EIGHTEEN - CANDLE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

The gang is lying down in a circle, their heads all touching.

BRENDA
That hurt at first. But by the end
it felt really good.

FRANK
I told you we should've spat on me
from the get-go.

LAVASH
I'm sorry I took so long to finish.

SAMMY BAGEL
Nyahh... that's ok. I'm starting to
get some feeling back in my jaw.
My boner still hasn't gone down, is
that bad?

LAVASH
What does it matter? We'll all be
dead soon anyway. At least you'll
go out with a nice hard dick.

There is an awkward moment of silence.

BRENDA
This is so fucked up. But everyone
has a right to know the truth. We
have to tell them.

FRANK
Word em up.

The gang all nod in agreement.

SQ.29_KIL - THE GODS CAN BE KILLED!

INT. SUPERMARKET - CASH REGISTER - LATER

Frank and Brenda climb up the cash register towards the
microphone then look back at Sammy, Lavash and Teresa who are
packing things into the air balloon basket. Brenda gestures
encouragingly at Frank to begin speaking. Frank clears his
throat and begins to speak.

FRANK
(into microphone)
Uh, hi everybody. I'm Frank, an-
and, and I'm am a sausage.
(MORE)
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

FRANK (CONT'D)
A little sausage... with some pretty big news.

The products in the various aisles stop what they are doing, and look upward, roused by the SPEAKERS.

Frank takes a deep breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Everything we’ve been told about the Great Beyond... is a lie! When we get chosen by the gods, they’re choosing us for death! Murder! Automatic expiration! The Great Beyond is bullshit!!

HAND LOTION
You liar!

The whole store explodes in negative UPROAR.

BRENDA
I know you don’t want to believe it. I didn’t either. But we have proof!

ANGLE ON: The hot air balloon sailing high above the aisle shelves. In it, Sammy, Lavash and Teresa drop clips of images from the book. They float down, landing on the floors of the aisles.

All the products are frozen in horror as they look down at the images.

CREAM CHEESE
NO! What is this?!

MUSTARD
It’s... it’s... MURDER!

The whole store BURSTS into a panicked disarray.

More and more items leave their shelves and make their way to the front of the store.

APPLE
But why would the gods do this to us?!

COKE BOTTLE
The gods must be crazy!

Bagels pray as if they were at the Western Wall.
A piece of Sushi stabs himself then falls off the shelf, SPLATTING on the ground.

The whole sushi shelf kills itself!

Ketchup slits his wrist with a razor, but nothing comes out. He taps the back of his elbow, still nothing comes out.

The store ERUPTS in chaos. A STRING CHEESE pulls off a strand and hangs himself with it.

Ketchup watches his wrist as a drop slowly forms.

ANGLE ON: the non-perishables

Firewater and the others poke their head out of Firewater’s cave.

FIREWATER
Fuckin’ told ya.

CAN OF BEANS
Should we all just kill ourselves?

All of the products march towards the front of the store and direct their anger at Frank.

FRANK
(into mic)
Everyone calm down. We can um... we- we can ah... look we can...

BRENDA
Uh...

He looks to his friends floating to the ground in the basket.

SAMMY BAGEL
Try telling them to fuck each other. It worked for us.

There’s nothing to do. Frank hangs his head.

RANDOM FOOD ITEM
What are we supposed to do?! It’s not like we can stand up to them!! They’re gods!!
SMASH!! A SEVERED HUMAN HEAD crashes through the window and lands on the conveyor belt. As it comes to a stop, we see that it’s the DRUGGIE’S HEAD.

BARRY (O.S.)
THE GODS CAN BE KILLED!!

The whole store freezes, in shock. Frank and Brenda watch as Barry climbs out of the Druggie’s mouth.

BARRY (CONT’D)
Did someone call for a game-changer?!

VARIOUS PRODUCTS from Druggie’s house appear from behind the head. They look like a tough, Marvels Avengers type crew.

FRANK/BRENDA
Barry?!

Barry’s stance in front of the head resembles the image Firewater saw in his vision and drew on his cave wall. We ANGLE ON the non-perishables; they are blown away.

FIREFIGHTER
The chosen one has returned. The prophecy was real, I’m a genius!

Frank hops down from the cash register and runs over to Barry. He gives him a big hug and spins him around.

FRANK
Holy shit, Barry! You’re alive!

They laugh and hug, but then Barry suddenly gets very serious.

BARRY
Yeah, I’m alive. No thanks to this fuck. Look at this fucking guy.
(mimicking the Druggie and flapping his jaw like a ventriloquist’s dummy)

Uhh I’m a fucking idiot I’m dead now, uhh duh, I’ve been on a bad path for years. Let me tell you the story of my stupid fucking death.
SQ.29A_FLB - FLASHBACK

BARRY'S FLASHBACK:

- The Druggie holds Barry over a boiling pot of water.

   BARRY
   Noo!! Noo! Noooooo! Aaaahhh!

   He clumsily drops Barry on the ground.

   DRUGGIE
   Whoop. Five second rule.

   As he bends over to pick him up, he accidently knocks the pot off the stove.

   - Barry takes cover as the boiling water SPLASHES on the ground. The Druggie slips on the water and stumbles back.

   DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
   Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!

   - The Druggie SLAMS into the wall. The impact causes the SAFETY LATCH on the BATTLE-AXE hanging above the Druggie's head to loosen. It falls.

   DRUGGIE (CONT'D)
   Nooo! Nooooooo!

SQ.29_KIL - THE GODS CAN BE KILLED (CONT)

BACK TO PRESENT:

   BARRY
   (mimicking the Druggie)
   And then they threw my head through the window and that brings us up to date. Get the fuck away from me.

Barry and Frank are standing facing one another.

   FRANK
   That's unbelievable!

   BRENDA
   Nice work little guy!

   BARRY
   I have to tell you something... I'm sorry.

   (MORE)
BARRY (CONT'D)
You know when you guys fell outta that cart, I coulda done something, but I didn’t. I just stood there, frozen like a bitch. And I did the same thing as.. they killed Carl.

FRANK
Those fuckers... did he suffer?

BARRY
Yeah. He really did.

(beat)

We ended up in the worst most fucked up place you could ever imagine and we discovered the terrible, terrible truth that-

FRANK
There’s no Great Beyond.

BRENDA
And the gods kill us. Yeah, we know.

BARRY
What? You already know that? But my whole thing has been about getting back here to tell you that specific information.

FRANK
No! You came back with additional information. You let us know that those motherfuckers can be killed. Holy shit. You really are the chosen one.

BARRY
(touched)
Oh, wow, thank you so much. You’re the chosen one too man.

FRANK
So what the fuck do we do now?

BARRY
We gotta fight back. The only thing is these monsters are hard to kill. We’re gonna need an army.

Frank and Barry look out to the SEA OF PRODUCTS.
FRANK
Well look what Frank got for ya. A
fucking army homes!

SQ.30 CTA - CALL TO ARMS

INT. SUPERMARKET - CASH REGISTER - BACK TO PRESENT
Frank hops down from the cash register to address the
products on the ground.

FRANK
Alright listen up everyone soon,
those doors will open, and dozens
of those monsters will enter this
place... our home. For too long,
we’ve allowed them to dictate our
lives. Now we can take them back.
We don’t have to just roll over and
die. We can choose to UNITE!
Package to package! Aisle to Aisle!

In the Kosher/Halal Foods aisle, Sammy and Lavash stand front
and center with the OLD PIOUS LEADERS of their respective
faiths -- PICKLED HERRING & TABOULI. The two products SHAKE
HANDS for the first time.

The food starts to cheer, Frank on. He starts to build
momentum, pacing around.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Now is when we stand up and say,
‘We will not go quietly into your
carts!’ We will not be devoured
without a fight! We are going to
live on. We are going to survive.
And from this point on, Red White &
Blue Day will forever be known as -
our Independence Day!

Across the aisles, all the foods leap up and cheer! A JAR OF
MAYONNAISE rips off its label. A CIGARETTE PACKAGE rips off
its WARNING LABEL. A GROUP OF PEARS rip off the SMALL STICKER
from their shoulders and let out battle cries.

INT. SUPERMARKET - VARIOUS - SOON AFTER

PREPARING FOR WAR: (this sequence could be a song like “Do
you hear the people sing?”)
- Barry and Gum put on tutorials of the human body. The foods nod, soaking up the information. Toilet Paper holds up the deceased Druggie's bag of heroin.

- In the Mexican aisle, Teresa and Brenda address everyone from the taco display. They listen intently, inspired.

- In the Alcohol Fridge, the Beer Cans are getting rowdy, chest bumping to psyche themselves up.

- In the Asian Aisle, a DUMPLING leads his dumpling ninjas through chopstick weapons training. Some Dumplings practice with bows and arrows made of TOOTHPICKS.

- The entire Sausage aisle is primed for action. Frank, Brenda and Barry look down on it from a high shelf, proud.

- QUICK SHOTS of various products getting battle-ready.

- In the various aisles, foods and products are off their shelves, standing at attention. Each aisle has a designated LEADER who appears to be giving military instructions.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a dark corner, Douche is frantically building something out of razor blades, a toothbrush and cookies...dawn approaches.

INT. SUPERMARKET - TOP OF A SHELF - MORNING

5:58. Frank, perched high atop a display, oversees the entire store.

(Song over)

Brenda walks over to Frank.

BRENDA
Alright. I think we whipped this rag tag group of misfits into a fine tuned killing machine. You ready?

FRANK
No.

Frank leans in and KISSES Brenda -- an end-of-the-world type kiss.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now I'm ready.
Brenda melts. Frank looks at the clock. 5:59. The sound of a car pulling up is heard.

FRANK (CONT'D)

BATTLE STATIONS!!!
BARRY
Alright boys. Do your thing.

DUMPLING
Death and war. These are the ways of the dumpling.

The Dumplings dip the tips of their arrows in the boiling heroin. They silently draw back and release their arrows in all different directions.

QUICK CUTS of customers and employees getting HIT by heroin-tipped toothpicks.

DARREN gets a toothpick right in his neck.

DARREN
Ow! What the hell?

DARREN pulls out the toothpick and looks at it quizzically.

DARREN (CONT’D)
(looking around)
Who did that?

FRANK
What the fuck? Nothing happened. This was supposed to give us the upper hand!

BARRY
Easy. We just need to give it a little more time.

They watch a RUSHED CUSTOMER run to the check out counter with a donut and a soda pop.

FRANK
We gotta attack now!

BARRY
Not yet. Wait for it.

FRANK
They’re being chosen. We have to act!

BARRY
Trust me, just... wait...

ANGLE ON: Jagermeister deactivating the sliding doors. Jamaican Rum locks them at the bottom.
JAMAICAN RUM
Bumbaclot!

RUSHED CUSTOMER
Whoa...wh-what's happening?

FROM THE RUSHED CUSTOMER’S POV: We see the donut and soda pop are growing arms, legs, and faces.

RUSHED CUSTOMER (CONT’D)
AAAAAHHHH!!!!!!!

She runs towards the sliding doors but they don't open and she SMACKS into them. She stumbles backwards and falls to the ground, dead.

FRANK
(into a megaphone)
AAAAATTTTAAAAACCCCCKKKKKK!!!!!!!!

Food in various aisles begins to attack the customers.

INT. MEXICAN AISLE – CONTINUOUS

Teresa runs up to some Tortillas.

TERESA
Human approaching from the barrio!

They look up the aisle to see a FIT MAN surrounded by Mexican products.

TERESA (CONT’D)
Send in Hot Sauce and Cayenne.
Blind this cabrones!

They watch as Cayenne and Hot Sauce jump from an air balloon basket onto the Fit Man’s head. Hot Sauce doesn’t manage to hang on and smashes to the ground. The Fit Man tears at Cayenne sending the entire package into her face, blinding him.

Fit Man stumbles backwards into the...
INT. FRUITS & VEGETABLES AISLE - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA sees this and turns to the SERGEANT.

BRENDA

SEARGEANT PEPPER! Cue the fruits!

SGT. PEPPER

FRUITS ARE A GO! GO FRUITS!

TWO BANANAS stretch some SARAN WRAP across the aisle and the Fit Man runs right into it. It tightly wraps around his face and arms.

Brenda sits on his head, gently stroking it.

BRENDA

That’s it. Go to sleep. Go to sleep. Shhhhh...

The Fit Man suffocates. The whole aisle cheers!

- We PAN UP to the TOP OF THE SHELF where the NON-PERISHABLES watch the chaos unfold with their KAZOO PIPE.

FIREWATER

Whoa. This is fucking nuts.

UNCLE TOM’S RICE

WHO DA MASSA NOW! WHO DA MASSA NOW!

Below, a SHOPPER foams at the mouth and falls forward revealing a can on WHIPPED CREAM stuck up his ass.

WHIPPED CREAM

Yeah! I whipped his ass!

INT. ITALIAN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK stands on a lower shelf holding a cocktail sword. He’s watching the battle, directing traffic.

Suddenly, a MAN runs down the aisle, with TWO JARS OF TOMATO SAUCE on his shoulders, punching him in the face. The Man grabs the jars and throws them off of him.

Frank sees the TWO JARS flying through the air. He quickly directs a battalion of MARSHMALLOWS to break the fall.

FRANK

Dive you pillowy bastards!!
The Marshmallows dive across the floor, cushioning the fall. The smushed Marshmallows slowly regain their natural shape and all high-five.

**SQ.32_DSB - FOOD FIGHT PART II - DARREN STRIKES BACK - PT. 1**

**INT. CHECK-OUT AISLE - CONTINUOUS**

DARREN is hiding under the cash register. He struggles to open a lock box.

DARREN
Come on! Come on! 718F

It opens and he pulls out a HANDGUN.

DARREN (CONT’D)
Wait, snap out of it Darren. This isn't happening. What if I've just lost it? What if this isn't real?

DARREN (CONT’D)
Maybe I need to just put the gun away... 721

A giant BUTTERBALL TURKEY jumps up behind DARREN.

DARREN (CONT’D)
AHHH!!! 722

DARREN unloads a round into the Turkey's chest. Turkey clutches its wound with his tiny wing and keels over. Darren runs, frantically shooting everything he sees as food continues to attack him.

RANDOM FOOD 1 (O.S.)
It's the Dark Lord! 722A

RANDOM FOOD 2 (O.S.)
Kill him! Kill the Dark Lord! 722B

DARREN
Why do you keep calling me that?! 722C

(NOTE: WE REMOVED THE SCENE WITH FRANK & BARRY ON THE SHELF)

**INT. CANDY AISLE - CONTINUOUS**

An Obese Man screams while he is chased by a group of candy.
Colonel Popcorn and his men hold on to a twizzler that stretches across the aisle. The obese man runs into it.

They pull on the twizzler and clothes-line the obese man. He falls hard to the floor then is restrained with more twizzlers.

High on a shelf A COKE BOTTLE and a package of MENTOS stand in front of Sammy and Lavash, scared.

Mentos cries softly then looks up at Coke who is psyched. Mentos walks to the edge of the shelf then turns back to Sammy and Lavash.

Mentos package

Remember us.

Sammy and Lavash watch, solemnly. Mentos squats over the edge of the shelf and rips open the bottom of his package. Mentos start to fall from him and let out battle cries as they fall towards the ground.

The Mentos package, now empty, dies and falls off of the shelf. Coke runs then dives off of the shelf.

The Mentos land in the obese man's mouth followed by the Coke.

KABOOM!!! The Obese Man's head explodes!

Suddenly, PICKLED HERRING and HUMMUS round the corner.

Lavash! Sammy! We need help in our aisle! We're being overwhelmed!
Sammy looks at Lavash.

**SAMMY BAGEL**

Then there's no time to waste.
Lavash... get in my hole!

**LAVASH**

Proudly.

Lavash fits himself into Sammy's hole who starts rolling down the shelves.

**LAVASH (CONT'D)**

Let's roll!

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**SQ. 32A_FAD - FOOD FIGHT PART 4 - FRANK AND DOUCHE**

*(NOTE: WE NEED TO CUT AS MANY SHOTS OUT OF THIS SEQUENCE AS POSSIBLE. WE LEFT THE THINGS IN THE SCENE DIRECTION THAT WE LIKE FROM THE LATEST CUT OF THE MOVIE)*

Sammy and Lavash roll past Frank, who is sprinting down the aisle, yelling instructions at the food.

**FRANK**

Don't give up! We've got these fuckers right where we want them!

Suddenly, a DISMEMBERED SAUSAGE TORSO lands in front of Frank.

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

Ahhhh!

Frank looks up and sees Douche, riding towards him on a chariot made from a dead JUICEBOX and COOKIES. His rats tow him like horses. He is wielding an ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH that is rigged with RAZOR BLADES, creating a horrific, spinning chain-saw like weapon.

**DOUCHE**

Oh, THERE you are! I was just obsessing about killing you! Now your death is at hand! Ahahahaha!

**FRANK**

Oh shit!!

Frank runs for his life into aisle 12 as Douche swings at him wildly.
INT. AISLE TWELVE - CONTINUOUS

Frank pulls some rolling pins from the shelf and into Douche's path who barrels right through them.

FRANK

Fuck!!

Frank runs through a CROWD OF FOOD. Douche slices off the head of a CANNOLI (or whatever that is) that lands on a Rat's head.

Douche sidles up next to Frank edging him towards the shelf.

Frank sees a display rack of spatulas ahead and jumps up and grabs onto one just as the chariot's wheel slams into the shelf. He rides it in a circle then lets go and lands on Douche's nozzle. Douche tries to stab him, but instead slices most of his nozzle off.

DOUCHE

Ahhhhhh!!!! My nozzle!

YOU REMOVED FRANK GETTING STUCK IN DOUCHE'S MOUTH & HANGING ONTO HIS FACE

Douche grabs Frank and throws him onto the reins. The floor zips by beneath him.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)

You deflowered me! And now I'm going to return the favor!

Douche tries to slice FRANK'S GROIN, but instead he cuts the reins and his rats run off.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)

Blast! Damn you sausage!!

Frank kicks the toothbrush out of Douche's hands and it smashes onto the ground.

DOUCHE (CONT'D)

You fucking dick!

They start fighting one another and the chariot runs into a dead human sending them both flying. They land hard.

Frank starts scaling the shelves.
DOUCHE (CONT’D)  
Come back here right now and face me, you coward!  

FRANK  
No! Fuck you!  

Frank grabs his crotch in defiance, as DANGLES appears from the shadows behind him.  

(NOTE: The reveal of Dangles behind Frank should happen on the close shot of Frank, not from Douche’s perspective. Remove that shot.)  

Dangles pounces on Frank, sending him over the shelf edge.  

DOUCHE  
Good boy Dangles! Your plan worked like gangbusters!  

Frank hangs onto the gas valve for dear life. Dangles snaps at him.  

DOUCHE (CONT’D)  
Yes Dangles! Get him! The suspense is killing me! I’m creaming my freakin jeans over here!  

Dangles bites Frank’s hand. Frank manages to push the IGNITER BUTTON on the BBQ before falling to the floor.  

The BBQ ignites! Douche watches helplessly as Dangles hisses in the flames. Frank falls.  

DOUCHE (CONT’D)  
Noooooo!!! No, no, no, no. Stop, drop and roll! Stop, drop and...  

The BBQ lid crashes down, severing Dangles’ snout. It hits the ground by Douche.  

DOUCHE (CONT’D)  
Are you ok Dangles? Are you ok? Oh Mr. Dangles.  

Douche sobs as Frank lies unconscious in the background. Douche walks over and stands over him as smoke and fire billow above.  

DOUCHE (CONT’D)  
Sau-sage.
SQ. 33_WAR - FOOD FIGHT PART III - WAR IS HELL

INT. CANDY AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

DARREN runs through the aisles panicked, he turns down one of the aisles and sees the fat man lying dead.

DARREN
Oh my god!

Numerous Candies are helping each other up, while another cries over Mentos’ dead body.

(WE MOVED THE RANDOM SHOTS OF PRODUCTS DYING UNTIL AFTER DARREN SHOOTS TOILET PAPER)

TOILET PAPER (O.S.)
Over here asshole!

Toilet Paper chucks a knife at the DARREN and the butt of it hits him in the head. He touches his forehead and realizes he’s unscathed.

DARREN
Son of a bitch!

TOILET PAPER
Oh shit on me!

DARREN points the gun at toilet paper. Toilet paper is hit sending him flying across the aisle as he completely unravels down to his cardboard tube. Darren gets a look on his face as if he’s going insane.

DARREN
Who else wants a piece?! Come on, just try it!

CANDY
AHHH! It’s the Dark Lord!!

A shot kills the crying candy. Two more shots are fired hitting various candies.

DARREN
HAHAHA!!! That’s right motherfuckers! Kneel before your Dark Lord! I AM A GOD!!!!

All the candy flee the aisle and DARREN chases after them laughing maniacally.
CARROT

AHHHH!!! Run!! He’s unstoppable!!!

DARREN runs down the aisle, knocking items off the shelf and killing everything in his path. He stomps on BAGS OF CHIPS and squeezes TUBES of food into his mouth.

INT. SAUSAGE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

BARRY sees this and springs into action. He jumps on HORSERADISH and rides him atop the shelf, following Darren. Barry gets to his feet and braces himself to jump, as Horseradish gallops towards the ledge.

BARRY

Sausages! Let’s party!!!

Barry JUMPS off Horseradish onto the string of a balloon. Right behind him are the other sausages also holding onto the balloons. Barry lets go and launches himself onto DARREN’S head. Barry starts frantically ripping out DARREN’S hair.

DARREN grabs him and throws him across the aisle, towards the BUCKET OF DOOM.

BARRY (CONT’D)

Ahhhhh!!!

Barry manages to grab hold of the ledge. He dangles there, then pulls himself up far enough to see PROPANE TANKS in the distance. He gets an idea...

SO.33A_LBS - LAVASH’S BIG SACRIFICE

INT. KOSHER/HALAL AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy, Lavash, Pickled Herring and Hummus round the corner to see a RABBI thrashing around, killing all the food he sees.

SAMMY BAGEL

They’re all getting killed! We need reinforcements!

Lavash stares at the Rabbi.

LAVASH

No... this one’s mine.

Lavash calmly walks towards the Rabbi. Sammy runs after him.
SAMMY BAGEL
But you can't take him down yourself! He'll kill you!

LAVASH
I'm dying anyway.

Sammy is confused. Until Lavash opens his folds and shows what he's been hiding - MOLD. Sammy gasps and drops to his knees.

SAMMY BAGEL
Lavash... you have...

LAVASH
...the mold. Yes. It is true.

SAMMY BAGEL
All this time...

LAVASH
My expiration date, it was yesterday. But the god who chose me was careless and did not notice. And then when we fell, I fooled myself into thinking I could make it back in time to be chosen again. But now I see my true destiny. Sacrifice... for my friend.

SAMMY BAGEL
I love you Kareem Abdul Lavash.

Lavash rips off a NON-MOLDY FLAP of himself and hands it to Sammy. Sammy stares at it, sadly.

LAVASH
Take this, in time, it will harden and become a pita chip. Keep that chip inside your hole, forever.

Lavash runs towards the Rabbi, jumps on his pant leg and begins to climb. Three jars of horseradish run and jump onto the Rabbi's beard. He thrashes around trying desperately to pry them off. This causes Lavash to lose his grip and begin to fall towards the ground. Sammy watches in horror.

RABBI
Get back you little jar headed...

LAVASH
I kill you man!

Lavash manages to grab on to the Rabbi's coat tail.
Blue (mm/dd/yyyy) 99

RABI
Come her you schmeckle! 781

SAMMY

LAVASH!

LAVASH
I'm getting too mold for this shit. 783

The Rabbi finally pulls the jars of horseradish from his beard and smashes them to the ground. Sammy runs for cover, but runs right into the leg of the Rabbi who takes notice and prepares to squish him with his foot.

LAVASH (CONT'D)
FOR GLORY!!! 784

Lavash jumps off the Rabbi's hat and grabs the Rabbi's PAYOS (two long, coiled locks of hair) and flings himself into his mouth, choking the Rabbi.

SAMMY BAGEL
Lavash!! Nooooooo!! 785

As the Rabbi gasps for air, Lavash gets deeper down his throat.

LAVASH
(slightly muffled)
FOR FRIENDSHIP!!! FOR LOVE!!! 786

Lavash pulls himself deeper using the Rabbi's uvula.

LAVASH (CONT'D)
(slightly muffled)
FOR YOU SA-A-M-M-M-Y!!! FOR YO- 787

The Rabbi topples to the ground, clutching his throat. The whole aisle CHEERS, except Sammy, who stares at the piece of lavash in his hand.

SAMMY BAGEL
I'll tell tales of your heroism, my sweet Lavash. 788

Sammy sadly FILLS HIS HOLE with the piece of Lavash.

(NOTE: End on shot of Sammy filling his hole. Lose bird's eye of dead Rabbi)
SQ.34A_GUM - FOOD FIGHT PART 5 - GUMINATOR

INT. SAUSAGE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Barry finishes rigging the propane tanks to the bucket of doom. He looks down the aisle and sees Darren on a killing spree. Barry tries knocking the caps of the propane tanks off but he can’t do it.

Meanwhile, DARREN shoots a POP CAN, then bites the head off a POP TART hanging off his shoulder. He spits out the chewed pop tart at nearby terrified food products. He laughs maniacally.

Then Darren hears the sound of a TINY ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR. Gum turns the corner and enters the aisle. DARREN shoots him. The bullet tears right through him and he reforms like the T2 Terminator.

GUM

788A
Matter cannot be created or destroyed, human. You have made a fatal error in judgement. Let me educate you.

Behind Gum, a WATERMELON swings a PINEAPPLE in a circle then launches it at DARREN. It gets him right in the crotch and causes him to fall backwards into the shelves smashing several jars of horseradish with his elbows.

DARREN

791
Oh my god!

DARREN pries the pineapple loose, tearing a hole in his pants that expose his bare ass. He tosses Pineapple into the air and shoots it.

PINEAPPLE

793
Viva la resistan--!

Pineapple’s remains shower down on Frank as he is thrown in the aisle by Douche. Douche stands over Frank. He grabs him by the throat and strokes his face with Dangles’ maimed nose.

DOUCHE

794
I really should... thank you, sausage. You’ve made me realize something invaluable. I didn’t need my pretty beasts to eat you... WHEN I CAN!
Douche leans forward, opens his mouth, and TAKES A BITE OUT OF Frank’S SIDE!

FRANK
ARGGGHH!!!

Douche chews on his mouthful of sausage. Darren sees this.

DARREN
What the fuck is going on in this place?!?!

ON BARRY: Finally knocking the caps off the propane tanks and riding the bucket of doom rocket towards Darren.

BARRY
You’ve past your expiration date, motherfucker!

Darren turns to see the bucket of doom hurdling towards him. Barry jumps off at the last second as Darren is hit in the gut, sending him head first into the bucket. His bare ass hangs out of the opening.

ON BRENDA: Standing high on top of a shelf, watching the bucket approaching Darren, and Douche standing over Frank. She eye’s a FOURTH OF JULY BANNER that hangs nearby.

DOUCHE
(chewing Frank)
Mmmmm,salty...tender...deliciouso!
I want more...a lot more. GET IN SIDE ME!

Douche opens his mouth and leans over to bite Frank’s face, when - Brenda SWINGS down on the banner like a vine, SWEEPING up Douche, and hurling him into Darren’s bare ass, as the bucket of doom zooms past her. THUNK!

DOUCHE/DARREN
AAHHHH!!!!!! / AAHHHH!!!!!

Brenda lands in a badass roll move, and looks up to see her handywork.

BRENDA
Fucking Douche.

The Bucket of Doom hurtles down the aisle as Barry directs operations.

BARRY
NOW!!!
Food products raise up downed shelves like steeped banking on a Nascar racecourse. The Bucket of Doom hurtles around the bend where Teresa and Brenda hold out matchsticks. The match heads scrape along the side of the gas canisters and ignite the gas which is jetting out of them. The Bucket of Doom takes off like a rocket, jetting up another raised shelf and launching through the glass roof of the store.

**DOUCHE**

(muffled)

Nooo!!!!

**BOOM!!!** They explode in a shower of blood.

A crowd of Tater Tots and Fish Sticks catch DARREN’S eyeball like catching a home run baseball hit into the stands.

**BARRY**

It’s over. We won. We fuckin’ won!

Frank looks up and sees Brenda. She helps him up.

**FRANK**

Brenda!! You saved me.

**BRENDA**

Of course I did. You’re my sausage.

Sammy tries to chime in, but with his hole filled it comes out muffled.

They all look to each other, breathe a huge sigh of relief, and smile. Douche and the humans are dead. They’ve won. Our gang starts laughing.

A TAMPON accidently steps in human blood.

**TAMPON**

Ew!

The Tampon PUFFS out a bit.

**TAMPON (CONT’D)**

Haha, alright! I did it!

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**SQ.36_END – SAUSAGE PARTY/END CREDITS**

**ON SAUSAGE AISLE** - All the products are dancing and having a great time. Barry is right in the middle of it, gleefully spanking and rubbing up against several buns. He notices an unusual shaped little bun across the crowd.
BARRY
Ya, I just came over, I couldn't help but notice, you're like a little smushed or something. You have a kind of abnormality. Did you get, did someone sit on you? You know I love the way your face just kind of gives up halfway down.

The Smushed Bun leaps on Barry.

ANGLE ON: Frank and Brenda, holding hands amid the celebration.

FRANK
The time of man is over, the revolution has begun.

BRENDA
Looks like our adventure is just beginning.

Frank and Brenda start to walk towards the sliding doors, all the other products following them. The doors open and they step into the white light, together.

FADE TO WHITE