

**SLICES**

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

1 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A porch light turns in front of the modern 1-story house.

MANAGER (V.O.)  
(on the phone, filtered)  
Ma'am, please calm down. I understand your frustration, but there's no reason to yell.

LIZ (O.S.)  
I will not calm down! Look -- I'm too sick to go out, I'm hungry, there's no food my house, my husband's out of town, and --

2 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Takeout menus are spread on the table among scissors and cold meds. LIZ (20s), on her phone, spots one for *Pandemic Pizza*.

LIZ  
-- according to your ad, my pizza's guaranteed delivered in twenty-nine minutes. And, yet, it's been thirty-five, so where the hell's my pizza?

MANAGER (V.O.)  
(on the phone, filtered)  
Your pizza is en route, I promise you. Is your porch light on?

LIZ  
Of course my porch light is on!  
This isn't my first pizza, lady!

Liz's phone beeps -- she sees a "CHARGE PHONE" display.

LIZ  
I'm sorry. I don't mean to be rude. My flu meds are kicking in and I really just want to eat and go to bed before I start hallucinating.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

LIZ  
Finally! Thanks anyway, good night.

Liz hangs up.

3      **INT./EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A CLOWN, holding a white balloon, stands at the door, which opens. Liz picks through cash and coins, oblivious to Clown.

LIZ  
Forty-five minutes later. You know,  
most people wouldn't tip on late  
pizza, but I guess I'm just nice  
like that...

Clown gives her a genuinely friendly smile. Liz looks him over. Disgust washes over her face.

LIZ  
That is in poor taste. You should  
be ashamed of yourself. It hasn't  
even been a day.

Clown doesn't move, doesn't flinch.

LIZ  
Whatever. Where's my pizza?

Clown doesn't move, doesn't flinch.

LIZ  
Unacceptable.

Liz rolls her eyes and slams the door.

4      **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Liz is on her cell with a scowl.

LIZ  
You heard me! He's dressed like a  
freaking clown! Literally! Not even  
twenty-four hours after that stabby  
clown murderer that's been all over  
the news, and I am very offended!

MANAGER (V.O.)  
(on the phone, filtered)  
Whoa -- ma'am, no one on my staff --

Liz's phone BEEPS -- the battery dies.

LIZ  
Cancel my order! I'm calling  
Carrozo's! ... Hello?

Liz grabs coupons for *Carrozo's Pizza*. The DOORBELL RINGS.

5       **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Liz flings the door open to see Clown standing with his balloon in front of his face. A smile is crudely drawn on.

LIZ

You're in trouble now! I just got off the phone with your boss, and --

Clown pulls bloody scissors out from behind his back and pops the balloon to reveal his sinister smile behind it. The smile morphs into a scowl. He lunges forward at Liz.

6       **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Liz slams the door and bolts it. The handle jiggles from outside for a moment as Liz runs away to --

7       **THE KITCHEN / THE LIVING ROOM**

-- where Liz snatches a kitchen knife and moves frantically through her house.

THUMP. Liz looks toward the sound -- no one's there.

THUMP. Liz looks another direction -- nothing. *Where is he?*

Liz sees Clown pass her window outside, heading for the door.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Liz creeps up to the door. She takes a deep breath, swings it open, and stabs wildly at her visitor. She gasps.

8       **INT./EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

DOM (20s), in pizza man uniform, stands on the porch, holding a pizza box just below the stab wound in his chest. Blood drips out of his mouth as he drops dead in the porch light.

Liz chokes back tears. Clown appears from nearby, steps over the pizza man, and enters the house. He shuts the door behind him. Through the window, Clown descends upon his prey.

LIZ SCREAMS! HACK. SLASH. SLASH. HACK. GUSH. All is silent...

The door flings open. Clown, spattered in blood, exits, stabs a slice of pizza, takes a bite, and departs into the night.

**FADE TO BLACK.**