

Porcupines are Deadly

by

DARKSOUP.COM

EXT. PARK - DAY

A whole bunch of people are standing around on the top of a grassy hill in their local park. All of a sudden, with no warning whatsoever, one of them speaks.

BLUEMAN

I like porcupines.

REDMAN

That's stupid, porcupines will stab you with their spines.

ORANGEMAN

How would they stab you with their spines, do they peel the skin off of their backs, sharpen one of their vertebrae, and then stab you with that?

REDMAN

Shut up, now I hate you even more than I hate porcupines.

BLUEMAN

I still like porcupines, I don't care what kinds of crazy things they do with their spines.

REDMAN

You should care, porcupines are the silent killers of the sea.

ORANGEMAN

I don't think porcupines can even swim.

REDMAN

Shut up, now I hate you even more than Orangeman, who I just recently started hating even more than porcupines.

ORANGEMAN

I am Orangeman. Orangeman and I are one and the same.

REDMAN

Shut up.

For several seconds nobody says anything. High up in the sky, a porcupine-shaped cloud slowly drifts over their heads.

BLUEMAN
I like raspberries.

ORANGEMAN
Don't you start with your raspberry
foolishness!

Blueman has no choice but to walk away, rejected, dejected, and projected, but at least he wasn't ejected from the park against his will.

INT. BLUEMAN'S LIVING ROOM

Blueman walks through the door, still looking dejected after his harsh thrashing at the hands of the other mens' hands. His pet gerbil was waiting for him on the living room couch, and is excited beyond belief now that he's home.

BLUEMAN'S GERBIL
Yay! Home you now! Ok food!

BLUEMAN
Aren't you a cute little porcupine,
with your words and your
hungriness. You'd never stab me
with your spine, would you?

BLUEMAN'S GERBIL
(stunned)
What-- How-- Who told you?

The gerbil, unsure how Blueman came to discover his secret spinal plans, has no choice but to bolt out of the room. Seconds later the back door slams and car wheels screech in the driveway.

BLUEMAN
(to no one in particular)
Oh. Well, so much for my character
judgement. I thought he was a
harmless little porcupine, but all
this time he was planning to murder
me in my sleep with his spine. I
guess it's true what they say...

Orangeman and Redman poke their heads in through the window, and say, simulatenously:

ORANGEMAN

Life is like a box of wine:
you never know if you're
supposed to drink it or put
styrofoam in it!

REDMAN

Life is like a box of wine:
you never know if you're
supposed to drink it or put
styrofoam in it!

INT. GERBIL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Hundreds of gerbils, plotting. Maps of attack along the walls. Endless rows of computer screens crunching data. X-rays of their spines to assess their vertebra-sharpening progress. They work silently, deadly and efficient. One of them may have been compromised, but he was just a drop in the bucket of gerbils. There are many more where he came from, all as evil and deadly as Blueman's.

They will destroy us all.

FADE TO BLACK.