

LUNCHBOX LARRY

by

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Inspired by

Bloody Mary Folklore

FADE IN:

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - NIGHT**

Cozy and quaint, as an elderly gent', Jim (65), addresses us from an old worn-out lounge chair by a CRACKLING fireplace.

JIM

Hey, kids, have you ever had your face rammed into a urinal, or your head flushed down the toilet, hmm?

He stokes the fire with a big iron poker.

JIM

Well, if the mere thought of that alone doesn't make your skin crawl, then here's a tale for you that'll surely make your bones curdle...

CROSSFADE TO:

**EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY**

A gangly kid, JIMMY (12), slowly spins on a rusty squeaky merry-go-round. His head hung low, rancid with melancholy.

JIM (V.O.)

... a tale of an Urban Legend born out of fear and loathing.

He perks up as two other kids, Randy (13) and his punk-ass sidekick, Dizzy (11), walk towards him.

RANDY

Well, well. If it ain't Jimmy the homo, ridin' on his fairy-go-round.

Dizzy laughs like a bitch and gets in Jimmy's face.

DIZZY

Hey, Randy? Check this guy out, he thinks he's tough.

Jimmy jumps off to get away, but not before Randy cocks him in the side of the head -- CRACK! Jimmy falls on the dirt.

RANDY

Nope, not tough. C'mon, Dizzy, t'hell with this wimp.

They walk on and whoop it up.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER**

Quiet, save for Jimmy as he mopes along. He's about to enter a washroom when he notices a lone calling card posted on a bulletin board. He reads intently...

JIMMY  
Bullies got you down? Call the  
Bully Exorcist. 555-2121.

He plucks the card and pockets it.

**INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jimmy sits at a table. He stares at the calling card in his hand. Then... dials the number on a rotary phone.

A few RINGS before it connects. A gruff VOICE answers.

PHONE CONVERSATION

VOICE  
(other end)  
Yeah?

JIMMY  
(into phone)  
Oh, hi... is this the Bully  
Exorcist?

VOICE  
Got bullies?

JIMMY  
Yeah. They're a living hell.

VOICE  
Right. We gotta move quick. Where  
are you?

JIMMY  
I just got home from school.

VOICE  
Where exactly, what room?

He looks around, not sure how to answer.

JIMMY  
Umm... the kitchen?

VOICE  
Go open the fridge. Now, do it!

He runs and opens the fridge --

JIMMY  
Okay. It's open!

VOICE  
Lots of food in there?

JIMMY  
Tons, my mom just went shopping.

VOICE  
Okay, good. Take out everything and  
make me a sandwich.

JIMMY  
Everything?

VOICE  
Think layers. Like, a big ol' fat  
bastard with lots of good stuff.  
Don't scrimp! Call me back when  
you're done.

JIMMY  
What, ah... what kind of sandwich  
spread should I -- hello?

THE CALL TERMINATES -- as Jimmy stands there dumbfounded.

**A WHILE LATER**

Jimmy stares down a big nasty, six-layer, jelly-drooling  
creature sandwich made with all kinds of weird food items.

He calls the Bully Exorcist. A few RINGS before it connects.

PHONE CONVERSATION

VOICE  
(other end)  
Is it done?

JIMMY  
(into phone)  
Yes.

VOICE  
All big n' shit? You better not  
have held back on me?!

JIMMY  
No, I mean, yes... it's really big!

VOICE

Good. Now, saran wrap it together with yearbook pictures of your bullies and put it in the fridge. You have a tin lunch box, right?

JIMMY

Ah... yeah, I have one, but I never use it cause it's a collectible.

VOICE

That's the point. What theme is it?

JIMMY

The Archie's. Betty and Veronica and --

VOICE

Oh, yeah, yeah! Sweet. Bring it, I don't have that one yet.

JIMMY

You can't have it!

VOICE

Then we're officially done here, kid. No Archie's, no exorcism.

JIMMY

Can't I just put it in Tupperware?

VOICE

No! It's not the same! Now, on the back of my card is a spell you'll have to say in front of a mirror on Saturday night to wake the demon.

Jimmy quickly scans the back of the calling card.

VOICE

First thing Monday morning you bring the sandwich to school -- *IN THE ARCHIE'S LUNCH BOX* --! and put it just outside the Janitor's supply closet.

JIMMY

Supply --? Wait... is this Larry the school Janitor?

VOICE

No! I'm... someone different!

THE CALL TERMINATES --

**INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmy reads aloud the evil spell to invoke the Exorcist's demon while looking in the mirror --

JIMMY

*Today is the day of Saturn,  
tomorrow's the day of the Sun. The  
day after that is the day of the  
Moon, and that's when the demon  
will come!*

-- then, looks around as if something ominous is supposed to transpire. Alas... nothing.

**INT. SCHOOL BASEMENT - DAY**

Dim and creepy. Jimmy cautiously approaches the Janitor's supply closet and gently sets the Archie's Lunch Box just outside the open doorway.

He looks around a bit, somewhat unnerved, then, high-tails it up the stairwell.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER**

Jimmy strolls along. He enters the washroom and --

**INT. SCHOOL BOY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Immediately notices a strange sight... some kid, hung limp with his face shoved in a urinal. He slowly walks over, grabs him by the hair, and pulls back his head to reveal --

Dizzy, teeth smashed in with a big lemony-scented urinal puck shoved deep into his mouth.

JIMMY

Dizzy?

Suddenly, a loud GURGLE comes from one of the stalls.

He motions over and peeps in through the door crack to see a contorted figure in blue coveralls, LARRY THE JANITOR (50), his back turned, going to work on... something.

JIMMY

Umm... Larry? Did you like the sandwich?

Larry spins -- his eyes filled with uncontrollable rage as he plunges Randy's head deep into the toilet --

LARRY THE JANITOR

(demonic)

*Larry's not here right now, but he  
told me to tell you to ease up on  
the fucking jelly next time!*

A FLUSH is heard as Jimmy recoils in terror and barrels out the door --

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - NIGHT**

Jim stokes the CRACKLING fire.

JIM

I've always wondered if Larry's demon was born out of his own childhood angst. That being, he too suffered torment at the hands of bullies.

He shrugs it off and returns the poker to its cradle.

JIM

Anyway. The legend around here still remains. They say, if you read the spell in front of a mirror on Saturday night, then Monday morning leave a big sandwich in a collectible lunch box near the Janitor's supply closet, all your bully problems will mysteriously... go away.

He nestles into his chair and covers over with a blanket.

JIM

Oh, and my Archie's Lunch Box? Well... the police confiscated it as "evidence". Said I might get it back one day, but, y'know, it's been fifty-something years later and I'm still waitin' on that shit.

He closes his eyes and slowly nods off.

JIM

Still waitin'...

FADE TO BLACK.