

Souffle So Good

By

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A quick montage of a Souffle being made.

A hand winds an egg timer for thirty five minutes.

JIM, wearing an apron that gives him a pretend six pack, folds his arms as he leans against the kitchen counter. The kitchen is cluttered and has seen better days, there lay around a hundred or so empty cans of food and there seems to be a strong aversion to tidying the place up.

MARK enters the kitchen, dressed in leather he looks like Mad Max's little brother, a shot gun in one hand and a machete in the other. He is caked in dried blood.

MARK

I'll go do the rounds, okay?

JIM

Yeah, don't forget to close the door behind you on your way out. That's an accident waiting to happen.

MARK

There are hundreds and thousands of the undead waiting to eating my mortal flesh out there, and your telling me about accidents? You sure you don't want a slice of the action?

JIM

I'm sure. I guess I'll just have to rise to the occasion here for now.

MARK

What you cooking anyway?

JIM

A souffle, I got off to a crumby start but I'll whisk my way through eventually. Try to keep your voice down, they pop if there are any loud noises.

MARK

(leaving the kitchen and heading down the hallway)
Layer off, mate. You only get out what you pudding.

JIM
Don't forget.

MARK
(from down the hallway)
I won't!

Jim folds his arms. The egg timer counts down.

Twenty minutes to go...

Ten minutes...

Five minutes...

Three Minutes...

Jim rubs his hands together excitedly as he bends down to see the Souffle which has risen and bronzed over.

JIM
Almost time.

Smiling broadly he turns on his heels-

coming face to face with a flesh eating ZOMBIE that is stood by the doorway.

The zombie stumbles forwards and grabs Jim by the shoulders. Pushed back onto the counter Jim does his best to keep his face from being munched off. As he tries to shake off the Zombie he spares a look to the souffle...

JIM
(in a ghostly voice over)
Any loud noise will pop it.

Jim, as silently as possible, pushes back the zombie with all his strength. The zombie stumbles backwards and looks like it's going to land on a pyramid of tin cans set up on the counter.

Jim lunges forwards and grabs hold of the Zombie by it's blood-soaked t-shirt, just barely stopping it from touching the cans.

As Jim grabs a knife from the counter and wrangles the Zombie to the ground. There is an audible thud, possibly too loud as Jim looks to the souffle...

It's okay, for now.

JIM
(looking in camera)
Souffle so good.

Jim delicately slides the knife into the zombie, again and again, each time painstakingly slow and done with precision.

Blood squirts in his face at each incision.

The zombie gives in and dies (again), it's mouth agape and eyes looking blankly at the ceiling.

Jim becomes acutely aware of the egg timer which is seconds away from ringing.

He stands quickly and grabs it, watching as the last few seconds count down.

The zombie comes back to life from behind Jim and springs up in one last valiant effort to chow down on his skull.

Not in the mood for this shit any longer, Jim turns and shoves the egg timer into it's mouth, punching it's skull into the ground, blood splattering all over the place. The egg timer rings, but it's dull and muffled from within the crumpled mess that was the zombie.

JIM
Well that's the icing on the cake.

He turns to the oven and puts some mitts on, carefully taking out the souffle, cupping it like some brilliant jewel.

SLAM!

POP!

The souffle pops as Mark returns, slamming the door shut behind him. He enters the kitchen.

MARK
(caked in more blood, smiling)
See, I shut the door.

He see's the popped souffle, the crumpled, gooey mess on the tiled floor, and Jim's angry scowl.

MARK
Oh.

JIM
You donut.

THE END.