

The Last Bag

Alex Sides

Start Here

Opens cabinet. Freezes.

Inside: one bag of chips. Center shelf. Lit like treasure.
The ambient sound dulls.

ALEX

No.

He leans closer.

ALEX

No no no no—why is there only one bag
left?

A single crumb falls in slow motion.

Jessica enters, eating yogurt, holding a clipboard.

JESSICA

What's wrong?

ALEX

There's one bag of chips left.

JESSICA

Oh.

(beat)

Okay. So we just split it.

Thunder rumbles faintly.

ALEX

Split it how.

JESSICA

Equally.

ALEX

Chips are not geometrically reliable,
Jessica.

Bob strolls in scrolling on his phone.

BOB

Why does this feel like the beginning
of a hostage situation?

ALEX
Last bag of chips.

Bob freezes. Pockets phone slowly.

BOB
...Oh.
Sam bursts in too cheerfully.

SAM
Heyyyy work fam-
(stops)
Why do I feel like I walked into the
Hunger Games?

ALEX
Because.
(points)
LAST. BAG. OF. CHIPS.

Sam gasps dramatically.

SAM
Like... civilization-ending last?

JESSICA
Unless one of you is hiding a secret
stash.

BOB
If I had a stash I'd be eating them
alone in my car.

They all stare at the bag.

END HERE

NEW SCENE

START HERE

JESSICA
Let's establish order. Who purchased
them?

BOB
The company.

JESSICA

Fine. Who opened the cabinet first?

ALEX

I did.

SAM

But you didn't grab it. So that's on you Dumbass.

ALEX

I only didn't grab it Because I'm not a Dickhead.

BOB

First touch rule. Whoever touches it owns it.

JESSICA

That is not legally binding.

SAM

We could check the security footage.

Everyone slowly turns toward the corner of the room where a dusty, unplugged camera sits.

ALEX

That hasn't worked since 2019.

END HERE