

The Last Bag

Sam Sides

Start Here

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.

SAM
...OH.

JESSICA
We need a system. A fair one.
She clears the table like a
battlefield map.

The bag is placed in the center.

JESSICA
Option one. Seniority.

Bob raises hand proudly.

JESSICA
Option two. Emotional need.

Sam clutches chest.

JESSICA
Option three. Physical endurance.
Alex cracks his knuckles.

BOB
This feels excessive.

SAM
but also feels necessary.

Jessica draws a line across the table with a marker.

JESSICA
No one crosses this line without
majority vote.

BOB
What are we? forming a snack
government?

SAM
Snackocracy.

END HERE