

Extinctly Delicious

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Title Card: Somewhere in the Past

A thick, dangerous jungle. Eerie JUNGLE NOISES resonate.

We hear the ROAR of a TIGER.

A couch sits in the middle of the jungle. A TIGER sniffs around the couch. He finds a TASTY CASSEROLE underneath it. He gives it a good lick, then swallows it whole.

We hear a WHISTLING noise, then see TWO FIGURES decked out in makeshift camouflage rush toward the couch.

PERV

(V/O)

Would you like to hear a riveting tale of fine cuisine and time travel told by a sexy robot?

The couch de-materializes. The tiger shrugs.

PERV (CONT'D)

(V/O)

It all starts with a flan.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Title Card: We'll Call This "Present Day"

A decrepit apartment building looms askew in the middle of a field. City lights twinkle in the distance; this place is deep in the boonies.

Only two windows are lit up in the entire building. They are roughly in the middle of the complex, next door to each other.

In the first unit, a silhouetted figure of a WOMAN messes with the silhouetted robot figure of the narrating robot PERV. Perv reaches out and gropes the woman's boobs. The woman slaps PERV, across the face.

PERV

Ouch.

A PUFF of SMOKE billows out of the other unit's window. The entire apartment complex shakes and sinks lower into the ground.

A creature, KEPPLS THE HAMSTER, who is more twenty-pound hybrid guinea pig/octopus than hamster, scuttles out of the woman's window, pursuing what caused the puff of smoke next door.

PERV (CONT'D)

(V/O)

That's Kepples the hamster.  
'Hamster' is a term best used  
lightly.

Kepples uses his feet like tentacles and effortlessly scales the distance between the units.

INT. KRAFTY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We see the layout of Krafty's apartment as Kepples scurries around the place, following the smoke, taking care not to be noticed by:

CHEF CHARLEY KRAFTY, 40s, dirty in an even dirtier apron, unshaven, generally unkempt. His bottomless apron's pockets are full of various kitchen tools: whisks, spatulas, dessert torches, a large knife.

PERV

(V/O)

That's Krafty, the chef. His specialties are scones and, lately, failure.

KEPPLS' POV:

The living/bedroom area of the unit is depressingly desolate and frat-boy messy.

Kepples ducks underneath a crappy futon, runs behind a rabbit-eared TV and nearly gets squashed when a Murphy bed falls off the wall with a CLUNK.

Kepples follows his twitching/glowing genetically-engineered nose and finds the origin of the smoke in:

INT. KRAFTY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

An elaborate kitchen, which looks like it should be attached to a five star restaurant, not a dumpy studio apartment.

Krafty opens the oven and pulls out a batch of smoking PURPLE MUFFINS.

He notices Kepples and begins pelting the creature with the hot baked goods.

Kepples extends a long, green lizard tongue, catches a muffin, then spits it out.

Krafty throws the muffins with increasing force. Kepples deftly avoids the barrage. He sticks his tongue out once more - in defiance - before disappearing under the Murphy bed.

Krafty bangs on the shared wall.

KRAFTY

Your dang cat's over here again  
eating my muffins!

PIXIE

(O/S)

He's not a cat. He's a genetically  
engineered hamster!

A muffled voice comes from under the bed.

KEPPLES

(O/S)

And I wasn't eating them. In fact,  
I'm not entirely sure they are  
edible.

PERV

(V/O)

Yeah, the hamster can talk.

KRAFTY

I'll show you edible, you rat!

PIXIE

(O/S)

Hamster.

Krafty produces a whisk and shoves it under the bed, trying to either whip Kepples into a genetically-engineered hamster froth...or force him out.

Kepples hisses, then runs toward Krafty's door. He uses his tongue to turn the knob, opening it. Freedom!

A slippery green residue drips off the doorknob creating a puddle on the floor which Krafty nearly slips in.

Alone Krafty slinks down on the floor against the door.

PERV  
(V/O)  
Krafty's at the end of his rope.  
(V/O)  
He's thinking of ending it all with  
a poison flan, a terrible way to  
go.

Krafty walks to the kitchen and pulls out a box of "POISON Flan MIX." He stares at it.

KRAFTY  
Out of instant flan extract.  
Wouldn't you know it.

INT. REMOTE APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY

A dingy hallway resembling a 1970s motel.

Krafty slinks down the hallway to Unit 42.

INT. PIXIE'S APARTMENT

The apartment could not be more cluttered. Experiments are everywhere, some are functioning, some have clearly been discarded. An oversized hamster wheel leans against a pile of textbooks.

PERV, sits on a flowery wing-back chair reading a porno magazine.

PERV  
(V/O)  
That's me. Aren't I dashing?

Perv scratches his crotch.

Two feet in colorful striped socks rest on the arm of an adjacent couch.

PERV (CONT'D)  
(V/O)  
And that's Professor Pixie Pearl.  
It's all I can do to keep my robo-hands off her. Mee-owwww.

The feet do in fact belong to an exhausted PROFESSOR PIXIE PEARL, 30s, who wears a stained lab coat. Her face is covered in grease. Her long red hair is pulled back in a frizzy braid.

Kepbles jumps onto the couch, square on top of Pixie.

PIXIE  
Oof.

Pixie stands up and lovingly pets Kepples who takes her place on the couch. She stretches and we see that Pixie is actually model-sexy beneath her nerdish/greasy outfit.

PERV  
(V/O)  
Pixie's had a bad run of it lately, too. The whole scientific community thinks she's nutso.

Suddenly, Kepples vomits a pile of gooey muffins that towers over him. Pixie snaps her fingers and a flurry of CLEANING ROBOTS comprised of: standard-issue robots, half-robot half-plant forms, and seemingly enchanted robot-brooms. They clean up the mess while PERV taps out a jaunty BEAT with his feet.

Pixie then collapses back on the couch.

Kepples nudges her hand.

KEPPLES  
What's the matter, Pix?

PIXIE  
Time machine won't work, can you believe it? I'm missing something.

A KNOCKING SOUND startles Pixie.

She opens the door for a downtrodden Krafty.

KRAFTY  
I need flan extract. I lent you the last of mine for your science thingy.

PIXIE  
I'm fresh out. Kepples accidentally ate it all.

KRAFTY  
Good for nothing flan-monkey.

PIXIE  
He's not a flan-monkey. He's a--

PIXIE, PERV, KEPPLES  
Genetically engineered--

KRAFTY

I know I know. Can I at least  
borrow some radiator coolant then?  
That should do.

CUT TO:

INT. KRAFTY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Krafty pours over the stove where a lone, lethal, purple flan rests in the center of a frying pan.

KRAFTY

That should be just about right.

He closes his eyes and takes a bite. He checks his pulse.  
Not dead yet.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)

Delicious. My best ever. Go figure.

Krafty tears up and then begins throwing things around his kitchen. He picks up the deadly flan and chuckles it out the window.

EXT. REMOTE APARTMENT COMPLEX

The airborne flan exits the window and is lassoed by Kepple's ninja-accurate lizard tongue.

INT. PIXIE'S APARTMENT

Kepples downs the flan in one CHOMP.

Only a second later he spews it back up on Pixie's couch.

The fleet of cleaning robots approaches the couch but Pixie holds up her hand to stop them. They obey.

Something is happening to the couch. It begins growing small green leaves, glowing electrically, and making a WHIRRING SOUND.

PERV looks up from his porno mag. He shrugs.

Kepples hacks up another bit of scone onto a couch cushion and the couch goes even crazier. The entire apartment begins to shake.

EXT. REMOTE APARTMENT COMPLEX

The entire complex shakes. It sinks lower into the ground.

INT. PIXIE'S APARTMENT

A confused Kepples begins howling like a dog and running around in circles.

The fleet of cleaning robots huddles in fear near PERV.

Krafty rushes into Pixie's apartment.

KRAFTY

You might want to get your dog's stomach pumped.

PIXIE

He's not a dog--

Kepples points toward himself with his paw.

KEPPLES

Hamster.

The couch begins levitating.

KRAFTY

Well, whatever he is...he ate my suicide dessert.

Pixie, horrified, pats Kepples' back.

Kepples barfs more flan on Krafty's foot. He keeps hacking stuff up until he's just wheezing in a gut-wrenching fashion.

Krafty collapses onto Pixie's couch.

PIXIE

No--

Pixie tries to pull Krafty off the couch. Kepples jumps on the couch and waggles his tail, confused, but not wanting to miss a part of the action.

PERV smiles devilishly.

PERV

Three...two...

The couch, Pixie, Krafty, and Kepples disappear in a flash. PERV re-crosses his legs and goes back to reading his porno magazine.

He looks up to WINK.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRETACIOUS FOREST - DAY

Title Card: 50 Million Years Ago

Your typical cretaceous forest with the typical cretaceous trappings: Conifers, ferns, flowering plants, dinosaurs.

An EODELPHIS, a prehistoric possum-ish creature, scampers through the forest chasing a colorful BUTTERFLY.

A bead of sweat drips down the butterfly's face as he tries to outmaneuver his aggressor.

Just as the eodelphis is about to close his mouth on the insect, Pixie's couch begins to materialize, distracting the eodelphis. The butterfly breathes a sigh of relief and then eyes Kepbles. Terror again. Kepbles half-materialized tongue reaches out to eat the butterfly. Just a hair too short.

The butterfly seeks refuge in a nearby tree. He practices a few deep breathing exercises and checks rubs his temples.

The couch fully materializes revealing a stunned Pixie, a horrified Krafty, and a couldn't-care-less Kepbles. He hops off, stretches his legs, then licks his crotch.

Krafty stands up, assessing the situation.

KRAFTY

Hmm. Interesting circle of hell.  
Five maybe?

Pixie grabs Krafty and french-kisses him long and deep. She then recoils.

PIXIE

Sorry about that. Nervous tick. I'm in a support group. I event invented a robot to help cure me of it but--

KRAFTY

Uh--

Pixie points to Kepbles who playfully wrestles with the eodelphis. They play tug-of-war with a stick.

PIXIE  
Time machine. But when?

KRAFTY  
So, I'm not dead?

Pixie shakes her head.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)  
Then that's a real--

Kepples holds the eodelphis' head in mid-noogie.

KEPPLES  
T-Rex.

A T-REX skulks in the distance.

KRAFTY  
Never making flan again.

The T-Rex roars.

Pixie and Krafty freeze in an embrace. The T-Rex skulks off away from them.

Krafty arms himself with a spatula and stick of butter from his apron.

PIXIE  
That your plan for when he comes back? Flash fry the living daylights out of him?

KRAFTY  
Got a better idea?

PIXIE  
I just need to re-calibrate the settings, figure out how to get back home. Should only take--

Pixie lifts up a couch cushion to reveal an elaborate computer array. The lights are buzzing frantically.

PIXIE (CONT'D)  
Uh oh.

KRAFTY?  
What is it?

PIXIE  
We might be here a while.

EXT. CRETACIOUS FOREST - LATER

Pixie works on the couch-time-machine. Her striped-sock feet stick out. The rest of her is buried in the cushions.

Krafty fiddles with a fire. From his apron pocket he produces a huge dutch oven.

PIXIE  
Wrench.

Krafty hands her a wrench from his apron pocket. He dips a spoon into the pot over the fire and gives it to Pixie.

KRAFTY  
Taste this.

PIXIE  
Missing something. Screwdriver.

Krafty complies.

PIXIE (CONT'D)  
Hammer.

A rustling in the bushes disrupts the mutual tinkering.

A scared Kepbles and an even more frightened eodelphis come bounding through the jungle.

Kepbles cowers under Pixie's feet. The eodelphis covers his eyes. Then we see what they are running from:

A rabid VELOCIRAPTOR appears. Red eyes. Nasty teeth. Evil reptilian smile.

Velociraptor's POV:

Pixie.

The Velociraptor rushes at Pixie. Krafty intervenes and wrestles with the creature. He uses his spatula and butter to assault the animal. The Velociraptor is about to tear Krafty's throat out when:

Kepbles WHISTLES from across the camp.

The velociraptor rushes at the hamster and bites down on his tail. Kepbles squeals. Krafty grabs the dinosaur's tail.

Pixie grabs Krafty's waist and the eodelphis covers his eyes. The velociraptor is suspended in the air over Krafty's pot.

Kepple's tail SNAPS off and the raptor falls into the pot with a SIZZLE.

KRAFTY  
My scones!

KEPPLES  
My tail!

PIXIE  
My genetically-engineered poopsy-woopsy!

Pixie hugs Kepples dearly.

The eodelphis, in a state of shock, just squeals a pathetic/adorable prehistoric SQUEAL.

EXT. CRETACEOUS FOREST- LATER

Pixie patches up Kepples with a neon band-aid. She gives him a lollipop. The eodelphis hugs his new buddy. Kepples shares his lollipop with him.

Krafty stands over his dutch oven and pulls out a scone covered in cooked raptor bits. He sniffs it.

The smell wafts to Kepples who springs up and eats the scone out of Krafty's hand.

KRAFTY  
How's it taste?

Krafty produces another raptor scone and takes a bite.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)  
Apple, loganberry, and...raptor.  
Delicious. Savory, but with sugary hints. An aftertaste of mint. A veritable prehistoric sweetmeat!

Krafty looks around his surroundings.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)  
This Jurassic--

PIXIE  
(Correcting)  
Cretaceous.

KRAFTY

This cretaceous perdition is chock-a-bock full of exotic ingredients that no other chef has ever had access to. Think of it...

The T-Rex in the distance roars.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)

Tyrannosaurus Wellington. Good with a nice Pinot I bet. I might not have to off myself with killer flan, after all!

A stegosaurus lumbers through the camp site.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)

That's a toothsome-looking succotash-a-saurus right there.

Krafty whirls around and sets his eyes on the eodelphis.

KRAFTY (CONT'D)

What about you, little fella. Are you more of a side course or maybe something served on a bed of tartufos? Nah, you're a bit doughy. Maybe flambe. Come here, you, little succulent rat--

PIXIE

Eodelphis.

KEPPLES

Friend!

Krafty wields a desert torch.

Kepples steps in front of the eodelphis, protecting him. He bears his vampire-like fangs.

PIXIE

That's enough! Look, the time machine is ready. There's a Nobel prize with my name on it a couple million years in the future.

KRAFTY

Leave this wondrous pantry behind to go back to my bland, short-order existence? Never.

PIXIE

Suit yourself. Stay here. Enjoy dinner with that guy.

Pixie references the incoming T-Rex.

Krafty throws all his cooking supplies on the time machine couch. He crashes onto the couch on top of them.

Pixie daintily sits down, crosses her legs, and pats the seat next to her. Kepples obliges. He pats the seat next to him. The eodelphis hops on too.

She adjusts a few buttons on the couch arm. The couch dematerializes just as the T-Rex's foot is about to squash the whole gang.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ICE AGE - DAY

Title Card: The Ice Age

The couch materializes in the middle of a snowfield full of WOOLLY MAMMOTHS.

PIXIE

This is hardly what I was going for.

Krafty deftly nets a mammoth with a noodle strainer.

EXT. THE ICE AGE - LATER

The gang sits on the couch eating stew.

KRAFTY

A little too gamey.

Pixie fiddles with the controls.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FUTURE

Title Card: Somewhere in the Distant Future

The couch materializes in an all metal forest. ROBOT ANIMALS of all kinds wander around.

Krafty sets his sights on a mooing COWBOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLONIAL SETTLEMENT - DAY

Title Card: The 17th Century

An old-timey colonial-type settlement.

Krafty puts the finishing touches on a six-foot-long hero sandwich.

He distributes it to various SETTLERS.

The looks on their faces reveal Krafty's culinary success.

PIXIE  
Secret ingredient?

KRAFTY  
Deep-fried Dodo. And a dollop of barbecue sauce.

EXT. 17TH CENTURY SETTLEMENT - LATER

The settlers sleep in cots. Pixie tosses and turns.

KRAFTY  
We'll get back, you know. Sooner or later.

PIXIE  
I don't want to go down in history as a lunatic scientist. I just want to get back and prove I'm right about time travel.

Pixies eyes close.

Krafty gets up and SABOTAGES the time-machine-couch with a spatula, a can of beans, and an egg-timer.

KRAFTY  
Not yet. Sorry, Pixie.

CUT TO:

## MONTAGE:

Stills of the gang in various historic locations, eating various weird foodstuffs.

PERV

(V/O)

Will Professor Pixie Pearl ever make it back to the present day to earn her Nobel prize? When will Krafty be satisfied with his chef's pantry of extinct ingredients? Will the friendship between a certain genetically engineered hamster and a cretaceous eodelphis become love?

The MONTAGE continues with more stills of the gang having sandwiches with the EARL OF SANDWICH, eggs with POPE BENEDICT XVI, noodles with COUNT STROGANOV.

PERV (CONT'D)

(V/O)

For all we know these motley time travelers are still out there in time and space--

INT. PIXIE'S APARTMENT

Title Card: Could This Be the Future?

PERV sits on couch-time-machine talking into a microphone. He pauses to take a bite out of a tofu loganberry pterodactyl scone.

Kepples runs underneath PERV's feet holding a Nobel prize trophy in his mouth.

The eodelphis chases after him.

A litter of five eodelphis-hamster "PUPPIES" chases after the eodelphis.

Perv tosses one of the puppies a bit of scone.

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear the ROAR of a TIGER and then the sound of WHISTLING.