

Burgrr:
Under New Management

By

Thomas F. Johnson

Based On
Johnathan Wojcic's Noisy Tenant Universe

EXTERIOR, BURGER JOINT BACK ALLEY, EARLY MORNING

A teenager wearing a fast-food uniform is looking at herself through a camcorder. She turns it over to a teenage girl in the same uniform taking boxes in from a pallet out back into a restaurant.

SAM

Hey Artie, wave to the camera.

ARTIE

Sam, what the fuck are you doing.

SAM

Just wave to the goddamn camera
Artie. It's for a documentary. For
the internet,

Sam walks over to Artie, as she continues tottering along with the box.

ARTIE

Riiiiight. So, is this gonna be an
interview? Because we're on a time
limit, we've got to get those boxes
in before they improperly defrost
and get all mushy.

SAM

And how's that different from when
they properly defrost? Now talk
about your job to the goddamn
people.

Artie plops the box down.

ARTIE

Alright. Sooooo my name's Artie. I
unload boxes of crap, man friers
and resent my parents for making me
do this piece-of-shit summer job/

SAM

And how does it feel working at one
of the fastest-growing regional
burger chains in the U.S.?

ARTIE

I'd say I prefer Wendys.

SAM

But you think you have a future
here?

(CONTINUED)

ARTIE

In this economy? I'd say we've all
got a future here. Which I'd say is
no future at all.

They both share a good laugh and the camera feed turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The camera turns back on. It's in the back of a small burger
kitchen, with fryers and a greasy griddle.

Artie's still walking about with the boxes from behind, and
there's another woman in the back, but then another guy; a
boy in his late teens; dashes back with a burger in a box.

UNSATISFIED CUSTOMER (O.S.)

And get it right next time!

The guy looks at the camera, comes up, and starts mugging
for it.

DAVE

Hey, what's this, a documentary

SAM

Yeah. Just say somethin' and get it
over with.

Dave walks back and starts posing like a flamboyant schmuck.

DAVE

Hey all you assholes out there, I'm
Dave, cleanin' shit, servin' shit
and talkin' shit, and right now I
gotta deal with this piece-of-shit!

SAM

Dave...

Dave moves up uncomfortably close to Sam

DAVE

Not you Sam, that asshole!

Dave points out the door to the front

DAVE

Say, are ya gonna talk about
trannie Annie?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Dave, we've been over this a thousand ti-

DAVE

It's not my fault he's the weirdo of the place. Still workin' here at 31, business up top; party downstairs, he's the perfect freak for yo-

SAM

First of all, she's a she, and seco-

Dave is paying her no mind, opening the burger he's holdin and spitting on it.

SAM

Are you spitting on that burger?

DAVE

It's not my fault he asked for extra sauce.

Dave closes up the burger and begins strutting back out. Sam moves up to the camera and whispers.

SAM

Dave's always this much of an asshole. One of these days, I'm gonna put him through the fuckin' grinder for this shit.

Sam moves up to Annie.

SAM

Annie, I'm real sorry for him insultin' you like that.

ANNIE

It's okay, I'm used to it.

Sam moves a bit closer to Annie. The tears in her eyes indicate that it is not okay. She wipes them away.

ANNIE

So, this is for the documentary, right?

SAM

Yeah. Just say whatever comes to mind.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Right. Well, my name's Annie, age 31, currently transitioning. I've been working here for twelve years. You can probably tell my career didn't go the way I planned. But then; the same can be said for the rest of my life.

Annie pauses for a while.

SAM

And that's all?

ANNIE

Yeah. I'm not the most interesting of people.

SAM

But what about that book of yours?

ANNIE

I dunno if they'd want to he-

RAY (O.S.)

Guys! Problem!

Sam turns to see that a tweedy young man is standing in front of a door marked "Manager," with something weird stuck to it. She walks up, and Annie does likewise.

As they do so, the man's (Ray's) nametag comes clearer into view; showing him as the Assistant Manager and a sticker on the door. The sticker looks like a cartoon hamburger with a chef's hat and a logo written in an unknown script.

RAY

Alright, who did this?

Artie walks into the room; past the group, but then does a double take and looks at the sticker.

ARTIE

That wasn't there last time I looked. I didn't know Dave worked that fa

Sam absent mindedly pushes the door handle down. It moves all the way, and the door swings slightly ajar.

SAM

Guys?

(CONTINUED)

Sam pushes the door open. The office is empty but for a desk. The walls are covered with that same stupid sticker from top to bottom. Everybody looks inward.

RAY

What the fu

Sam walks into the room .There is a figure seated at the desk.

SAM

Guys!

Artie, Ray and Annie and come in as Sam walks closer to the figure. As it comes into focus, it's revealed to be a mannequin with a picture of a man's face crudely stapled to its head, and a tape recorder duct-taped to its torso.

Artie walks up and pokes it.

ARTIE

I'm pretty sure Artie's too lazy to
have done something li

The tape recorder starts up, and Artie jumps back a bit.

RECORDER

Do an thing. No not that thing an
other thing. Make the happen! Food
the consumers for plan better!
Taste for the go! Meat the food!

The mannequin then starts rotating its head around like a sprinkler and vomiting up huge gouts of raw hamburger. Everybody flinches back, including Sam, but they still end up getting caught in the spray. As Sam moves back her camera gets caught in the meat stream and turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, DAY

Sam and Annie are at the front counter of the restaurant, a vaguely McDonalds-y place. Annie is brushing the meat out of her hair and Sam's wiping it off of her clothes.

Beyond the front coutner appears the same assortment of table; chairs and booths one'd expect to see in a normal fast food restaurant; albeit a relatively austere version thereof.

ANNIE

-been acting kinda weird, last
shift I saw him. Looked "off".

(CONTINUED)

SAM

What? Did he try to getcha on
"overtime" again?

Artie hauls past a trash bag filled to the brim with
meat-soaked paper towels

ARTIE

Wait, he did that to you too?

ANNIE

No, not again.

Artie sighs and continues hauling the bag. Suddenly the
sound of loud slurping starts in the room.

DAVE

Jesus christ, wouldja look at this!

The camera turns towards one of the booths strewn across the
room. It looks markedly different, ludicrously colored and
cartoonish in design. The slurping sound is coming from
there.

Dave hops over the counter and runs over while Sam walks
around and follows him.

They both walk towards the anomalous booth. There sits a man
eating a burger covered in disgusting purple grease. His
eyes are glazed over and he is missing large chunks of hair

DAVE

He's eating it! He's fucking eating
my gross-ass spitburger!

Dave and Sam move up closer. On the table there is also a
statue, looking like a translucent anteater/duck-thing
filled with the purple grease.

SAM

The fuck is

She stops as an off-key jingle comes across the room. Sam
turns to the right. There, on the wall, is an intercom
shaped like a barbecue grill..

SAM

That wasn't there before.

Sam starts walking towards the crackling intercom, as a
voice starts to emit from it

(CONTINUED)

BBQ GIRILL

This is BBQ Girill, here to inform
the employables of INSERT COMPANY
HERE that you are Under New
Mandagement by the offices of

A series of electronic tones comes out of the speaker.

BBQ GIRILL

Now get yourself over here before
Boss notices your lazy
shmingledang!

ARTIE (O.S.)

Hey Sam, get over here, you're not
gonna believe this!

Sam starts running towards the kitchen. The camera turns off

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN, DAY

Ray is standing with Artie in front of several huge stacks
of cardboard boxes, all plastered with the same sticker as
the boss' door.

RAY

Okay, what the fuck?

Artie opens up one of the boxes as Sam walks closer. There
are several packages of bizarre; alien meat. She takes out a
box marked "CALCIAM", and Ray takes out a packet containing
an piscine/avian thing.

RAY

I did NOT take the upgrade to
Supervisor for this shit!

Artie opens the box up and takes out what looks like a
monstrous skeleton.

ARTIE

Who the fuck ordered a skeleton for
a burger joint?!

Footsteps are heard offscreen as Artie stuffs the skeleton
back in the box. Sam turns and sees Annie, walking in
carrying something that looks like a huge tin of Spam.

ANNIE

Did yo uguys see-

(CONTINUED)

ARTIE
Yeah, yeah we did.

She turns over to Sam

ARTIE
Hey, Sam, could you look through
this while me and Annie have a
little chat?

SAM
What about, ex

The sound of an intercom buzzing to life occurs across the room, and Sam turns to face it. There's another one of the grill-shaped intercoms on the wall.

BBQ GIRILL
This is BBQ Girill, reminding all
of you peonstoofs to get back to
work. If you can't, look at the
manual in the box everywhere, or
just ask Chuck for a handy-do!

Sam walks up to one of the boxes and opens it up. Amongst more alien meats, she rifles through it and takes out a strange manual with that creepy sticker on front.

BBQ GIRILL
The boss says if you don't, . But
you don't have to take it from me,
just ask our sanguisfied former
employed:

Annie flips through the manual. There's nothing but gibberish and wierd cartoon drawings in there. Annie and Artie are having a heated discussion across the room. And from the speaker now emits:

VICTIM #1
Oh god, not the machine, not the
machine!

and then the sounds of horrible screaming and several machiens mutilating flesh at once. Sam looks up in shock at the speaker. She sees there is now a strange, meat-grinder-like device beneath the speaker.

In the background, as Annie and Artie are talking, the tin lumps out of Annie's hands and starts to jump.

BBQ GIRILL

So don't make The Boss do the
thing, alrightus? And remember
porklepop: They're sustainable!

The intercom turns off and Sam goes up a bit closer to the meat grinder. It looks wierdly organic and covered in filth; and rubs a little of it off. A nametag becomes visible. She looks at it closer up with her camera. It says "Hi My Nambe Is Chuck?".

ANNIE

Guys, we've got a problem!

The tin opens up like a grotesque clam, revealing an interior like a living; toothy KFC Double-Down. It hops around towards Ray. Ray tries to back away, but it leaps up at him.

It clings to its face and starts shoving itself down his throat. Annie runs towards him and tries to pull it away, but as she tries, it's too late.

All she yanks away is the empty can and a few scraps of flesh as the rest of it wriggles down his throat.

Sam runs over to Ray, as he twitches, covered in sauce from the thing. He mutters as he lies heaving.

RAY

So good. So good.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

All the windows appear to be boarded shut, and Artie appears to be walking towards the door. Sam follows her with the camera.

SAM

What are you doing?

ARTIE

Leavin' No amount of minimum wage
is worth this.

SAM

Probably. D'ja tell Annie?

ARTIE

Yeah. Said she can't, got nowhere
else to g

(CONTINUED)

Artie opens the door. But, when she opens it up, the door is also boarded up. There's a sign on it, reading "CLOSE FOR RESIMBILATION."

Artie looks stunned and horrified.

ARTIE

The fuck? The fuck is going on here?!

RAY

Busidness!

They turn aroudn to see Ray, still covered in sauce, with a hunched back and glassy eyes.

RAY

It's a new day in America, were under new mandagement were open for business! So get to work you lazy bones.

Artie walks closer to Rick.

ARTIE

Ray, what's going on?

RAY

You have an chance to survive. Make your time and make a customer.

A customer walks through the (Still boarded up) door; with that same glassy-eyed stare and several missing chunks of hair.

CUSTOMER #1

Oh boy! I am desiring sustenance!

ANNIE

What's going on Ray?! this isn't like you!

Rick Grabs onto her arm roughly!

RAY

Service! Now get into a kitchen.

And then he walks off, dragging a struggling Annie behind him. As he does so, something falls off of his head. Sam walks up to the fallen piece. It's a piece of hair and scalp.

A gasp is heard. The camera turns to reveal Annie, looking in horror and disgust.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE
You saw that too?

INTERIOR, HAMBURGER RESTAURANT MEAT FREEZER, UNKNOWN

Annie is holding a thick packet with the label "WARNING: IS A HOOKMEAT" while Sam looks at it with the camera. Annie's makeup appears to be running.

ANNIE
So, this what that guy was ordering?

SAM
Looks like it

The packet twitches a little bit. Annie cringes.

SAM
Is it true, that you have nowhere else to go?

ANNIE
So Artie told you. And no, I don't. I lost my apartment two weeks ago. I've been living out of my car for the last three days.

She pauses. Her eyes are tearing up.

ANNIE
I don't even know if I would leave if I could.

She wipes away her tears

ANNIE
Oh god, I must sound so silly; worrying about that at a time like this.

SAM
No, no, it's alright. We can figure out what's going on. We can do this.

ANNIE
Okay. But, we have to keep everything normal, everything quiet.

Annie then slowly tears open the packet, cringing away slightly. At first, there's nothing inside.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

What the-

Then, a weird; greasy lump hops out onto a table. Annie and Sam leap back in surprise

The thing unfurls, revealing itself to look like a combination between a rack of greasy ribs and a fruit bat. It flies up; revealing the meathook it has instead of a head, and dives towards Annie.

She tries to grab it and toss it away, but it keeps fluttering as she holds it, and she struggles to keep it held as its head rasps towards her.

ANNIE

A little help please!

Sam places the camera on the table and picks up a meat cleaver. She hacks at the thing's wings. It bleeds barbecue sauce.

ANNIE

Careful with that thing!

SAM

Pull on it Annie!

Annie yanks, and both of the things' wings fall right off, and its midsection falls limply to the ground.

Sam picks up an overly-large paper bag and tosses the thing into it.

ANNIE

Do you think they'll think it's sanitary?

SAM

I think they'll say it's edible

Sam turns off the camera

ANNIE

And Sam? Thanks for everything.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

A customer comes up to the front counter. His head is hairless and egg-shaped and he looks emaciated; with his eyes glazed over.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER #2
I'd like an ENTRY 4 and an ENTRY 23
for a satisfying meal.

Sam writes it down, looks at him and watches as he aimlessly shambles around the room. As he shambles off, it becomes clear that more of the furniture in said restaurant has been replaced with stuff in the same decrepit; cartoonish style as the one booth was previously.

Annie runs out of the back of the kitchen with a dripping bag, pursued by a sauce-dripping hopping horse's head. She does She runs over to te counter, trying to kick the thing back as she speaks into a microphone.

ANNIE
Customer number Eleventy, your food
is ready.

A customer similar to the one Sam is serving comes over to the counter and takes the food. Then his eyes seal shut. But he does not react.

CUSTOMER ELEVENTY
It's a wholesome meal!

The customer takes his meal and walks off. A door opens and Sam turns to face it. It's Artie, covered in purple slime.

ARTIE
Got an order?

SAM
Entry 4 and Entry 23.

ARTIE
Oh god. I'll get the gloves.

SAM
Do ya need the bat?

ANNIE
No. But it's under the counter,
right?

SAM
Yep, still under the counter.

Annie nods and walks to another register. Sam swivels back, but in doing so she notices something, and does a double-take straight back to it. On the side of the room is a picture titled "Our Foudder". It's a cartoon drawing of an anthropomorphic hamburger in a chef's hat.

(CONTINUED)

She walks up to it, and takes the picture off the frame. There's a hole in the exact shape of the picture frame. And through it glares a slimy eye on a visage of rotten meat and stalebread.

Sam runs back and grabs Annie by the shoulder.

SAM
Annie, oh god, Annie!

ANNIE'
What?

SAM
You're gonna want to get a good
look at this!

Sam leads Annie to the hole, only to find that it's boarded up. From behind the hole.

Annie looks down at the picture, picks it up and examines it

ANNIE
Whatever it was, it noticed. We'd
better get back to work before..

She trails off and runs back to her post. Sam walks back too, looking around the restaurant, with her camera passing over the customer Annie was serving before.

She stops. The customer is looking stupidly inside the bag, sauce dripping from his mouth. Something flies out of the bag and attaches itself to his body. The camera turns off

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN, UNKNOWN

Sam is looking through the camera at Ray and Artie. Ray and Artie are looking at each other in front of a row of dog-sized plucked; headless chickens. Ray is missing a large chunk of hair.

RAY
Cut the piece off. It's just like
regular chickens.

The twitching chickens start spurting out black blood. A twitching, babylike lump comes out of them. Ray looks sleepy and nonplussed while Artie looks disgusted.

ARTIE
Just like regular chickens.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

With an surprise inside!

Ray picks up the twitching lump and takes a large bite out of it. One of his eyes fuses over with his flesh. The camera turns off, and the sounds of wrenching are heard.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

Sam is crouched behind a stack of boxes looking through the camera. She is looking at Ray and Dave standing in front of a soda machine. Dave is filling up a five-gallon soda cup with what looks like white gravy coming out of the machine, while ray watches. Ray's eyes are entirely white and he is missing huge chunks of hair.

DAVE

So how long do I have to keep this
shit pouring?

RAY

Until it is salturated!

DAVE

Yeah. Sure. Whatever. You creep.

RAY

Yes I do!

Sam's camera looks to the side to see a speaker hum to life Annie's also there, looking at it and following the wires.

BBQ GIRILL

Remember working persons, all food
must be filled to the tippy-top for
maximum taste expectation.
Remember, you're replaceable.

The sound of the gravy flowing out stops. Sam looks to the machine. A thing like a string of greasy sausages is coming out of the tube. Dave looks closer to it. It rears up and bites him on the nose.

He starts screaming and trying to pull it off, while Ray just placidly walks over to it, and takes a bite out of its midsection.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

Another customer grabs a bag out of Sam's hand. He opens it up and slurps up a bag of taco meat. There are more of the disturbing "customers" sitting around there, and more of the weird; cartoonily decrepit furniture too. The intercom is on

BBQ GIRILL

Remember, The Boss is says no
forgetty to give the surprise
inside babyoip! Don't forget, you
are all on the boss' time. Just
look in that place!

The intercom then turns off. Sam looks to the side. There is a clock, with that same strange burger-chef from that photo at its center.

She walks closer to it. The chef's "hands" are the hands of the clock, and all the "numbers" on it say "Company Time". It also has a red button on the side.

She presses it, and a loud; grating electronic sound comes out of the clock:

CREEPY ELECTRONIC VOICE

SCRAPE SCRAPE SCRAPE It is the
sound of Harmburger working on his
favorite labor!!

CREEPY ELECTRONCI VOICE

COME DOWN TO IT. FURTHER. Its okay
because all is gone now. all is
best because fellows are stripped
and HANGING GENTLY from the iron
rings! BELT OUT A SCREECH then stop
for all times!

The screeching stops. Sam turns over to the front tables. A few of the fucked-up customers' limbs appear to be shriveling and elongating. And one by one, their mouths seal up, making them look like emaciated Eggheads. The camera turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN, UNKNOWN

Dave and Sam are near "Chuck" wiping down the insides of several open, disassembled machines, which look like surreal; cartoonish amalgamations of various food dispensing/cooking/processing machines.

(CONTINUED)

The one Sam's working on looks like a combination lemonade dispenser and a toilet, and is currently dripping with a gross reddish slime. The one Dave's working on looks like a coffeemaker mixed with a waffle iron.

DAVE

And I'm not a stupid guy, I did everything right. I don't deserve to be stuck with this, you understand?

Sam ignores him and keeps scrubbing out her machine. Something worms its way out of one of the "spigot" in it. It looks like a cat-sized bacteriophage. She takes it out and tosses it away. Dave looks at her camera and leans in.

DAVE

You gonna keep that on forever?

SAM

Somebody has to.

Dave smiles, roguishly.

DAVE

You like to watch, don't you? I could show ya some shit, some reeeeeeal good shit, right here.

Dave points suggestively towards his crotch.

SAM

I've seen most of it. I'm not impressed.

Dave's smile turns into a scowl.

DAVE

Well, fuck you then.

Dave goes back to scrubbing his thing intensely. More giant bacteriophages worm out of both Sam and Dave's devices. Sam just tosses the mto skitter away, but Dave starts crushing them. "Chuck" near by starts to twitch and move subtly.

DAVE

Godammit I was going to be somebody! I got into the best fucking college, the best fucking frat, and I knew the best fucking peopel!

His crushing becomes increasingly malevolent as he goes on speaking. "Chuck's" movements get wider and less subtle

DAVE

So why did I have to get stuck with
these fucking bitches in this
fucking summer job in this fucking
Steven King shithole!

A hatch pops open from the device Dave is working on. The duck-anteater thign from the beginning pops out and spits at him.

Dave grits his teeth in rage, yanks the thing out by the neck, and starts slamming it against the ground, ignoring its screams of pain and its bleeding grease. The intercom turns on.

BBQGIRILL

You are finished with the cleaning
for the boss' eyes.

Dave stops slamming the thing Sam looks to the side. CHuck opens one eye as she looks.

SAM

Hey, Dave!

The thing sprays one last splurt of grease right into Dave's face before it dies. Then "Chuck's" eye quickly shuts it and stops moving altogether. Dave looks very sore right now.

DAVE

What.

SAM

Nevermind.

BBQ GIRILL

Remindern: Do not shove the foreign
thingermagoogles in Chuck. He get a
stummyache.

In the background Annie is visible, still tracing back those intercom wires. The camera turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

The intercom is on, and the partially-and fully-converted eggheads are tottering about the front.

(CONTINUED)

BBQ GIRILL

Customers is our number only
priority, so be sure to heft them
proverbly. Remember slappymelon,
it's sustainable!

As Sam looks around, it becomes boticable that an eerie amount of customers now look "normal", but they also all look exactly the same in both dress and body.

ANNIE

Entry Number Pi and 92.17 coming
up!

Annie walks in from the back, with a disturbingly dusty bag. Suddenly, one of the partially-converted Eggheads jumps up on the counter and scrambles to the back.

CUSTOMER #3

HUNGER HUNGER HUNGER HUNGER

He jumps over the counter to Annie and grabs the bag from her and stars shoveling out tiny fried cow heads from it. Something jumps out of the bag and wraps around his face.

His face now looks relatively normal, but with a creepy rictus grin.

CUSTOMER #3

Good Day Citizen! I Am A Loyal
Human Of Insert City Here And Not A
Walking Infectee Of A Delicious
Brain Parasite!

And then he walks away from behind the counters and to one of the tables. Another customer walks up with that same face as the other one before. His "Face" strips off to reveal another partially-converted Egghead. The camera turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN, UNKNOWN

The kitchen is filled with strange and comical/decrepit devices, even more than the ones Sam and Dave were working on before.

Sam; Artie and Annie are frying various quivering abominations on a huge greasy; cartoonish griddle. Sam is using one hand to flip and the other to hold the camera. Artie and Annie look tired and haggard as they flip the horrible things.

(CONTINUED)

ARTIE

Three days. Three days.

ANNIE

Need me to take your shift? I made
a pile of cushions you can sleep

Annie pauses from flipping, and then throws down her spatula
and stomps her foot!

ARTIE

Dammit Annie, how can you stand
this?! It's been three days, we've
barely slept, we haven't eaten, the
only food around is this horrible-

ANNIE

I'll keep working.

There is a pause. Artie picks up her spatula off the floor.

ANNIE

You know, it's distressing how
normal this is to me.

Artie shakes her head. One of the abominations, a fat
lizardlike thing, starts twitching and pushing itself off
the griddle. Artie hacks at the neck of the creature and it
stops with a perverse moan. She starts trying to scrape off
the head.

ANNIE

Could I help you with that?

The camera turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT BOSS' ROOM, UNKNOWN

Both Sam and Annie are in the room covered in those
burger-stickers. Sam's looking Annie in the eye, but Annie's
got her head down sleeping into a manual.

SAM

So I think it's a cattle thing,
they fatten us up, take the spoils,
and leave the bo-

Sam pauses.

SAM

Annie, you okay?

Sam shakes Annie by the shoulder, and she wakes up

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

The wire paths keep changing places, the tangling paths in the halls and-

Annie looks around.

ANNIE

I fell asleep again, didn't I?

Sam nods.

ANNIE

Anyway, I've been inspecting the intercom wires, trying to find out where they go, but there's a pattern there, like a videogame, like they want us to go there.

She hands Sam the manual. One of the pictures shows Harmburger helping a weirdly dressed employee up a mountain of human corpses.

ANNIE

I think there's something else underneath all this creepy feeder junk.

Annie pauses.

ANNIE

But that's just me being dumb and rambling, what've you been doing so far?

SAM

I've been making sure to record everything. Mostly everything anyway.

ANNIE

I noticed. I don't know if I could keep it up in this state. How d' ya do it Sam?

SAM

I don't know. I don't know if it'll ever be much, if we ever get out. I'm probably just an idiot.

ANNIE

Na, come on, you're committed. Much better than this sadness pile in a failure bowl right here.

Annie points to herself.

SAM

Well, I always wanted to be a journalist, in the future. It's always been interesting to me, the way people live in the world, the world they had no say in making and yet still have to live in. It's amazing how people cope

Sam pauses yet again.

SAM

And I can tell you this, you're better at living here than you think you are. And I can't wait to read your novel.

Sam pauses. Annie blushes

SAM

But talking about the future sounds kind of silly now that all of this has happened. We still don't know their endgame for all of this.

ANNIE

Whatever it is, it's not sustainable.

BBQ GIRILL

This is BBQ Girill, saying it time for endbreak employals! Boss Harmburger will do a thing if you don't return to them thingies!

The intercom turns off, and Annie looks sleepy.

The camera turns off, the intercom turns on

BBQ GIRILL

Inspirational for the day: When you replace the worked parts, what you get is an forever machine.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

Sam gives an almost fully-changed Egghead a bag, and it weakly grabs it. A creature like an octopus made of ham squirms out and shoves it into its mouth. The creature's mouth seals over and it walks away.

(CONTINUED)

The front-end of the restaurant has been fully "converted" by now, with everything outfitted in that same decrepit yet cartoonish style. Annie's still in the background, tracing along the cord of the speakers, this time marking her path using some sort of meat juice.

The speakers start up as the Eggheads blindly grope around the front.

BBQ GIRILL

Killarious joke of the day: What is
red and white and on the floor
screaming with a empty head?

"Aiting for an answer" music starts to play from the speakers. One of the eggheads' heads pops to reveal something which flies off straight away. A "normal" customer comes up right in front of Sam. He takes off his mask, revealing himself to be an egghead, and his head also pops to reveal something.

It's a creature that looks like a combination between a housefly and a giant brain, a brainfly if you will. It shakes off its wet wings and it too flies away, narrowly missing Sam.

BBQ GIRILL

Answer is a satisfied customer, you
silly pinkiedings!

Sam turns and sees Ray. HE looks a lot like the earlier stages of the Eggheads, but larger, and with his head merging with his torso.

RAY

Were number one in service for

He emits a series of electronic beeps and boops.

RAY

there a greatest customer!

SAM

Ray, what's happening to you?

Ray points up to something on his head. It's a growth, like a crown.

RAY

I'm a king of product!

SAM

Oh my god they're turning you into
one of those, those...

Sam looks to the side and sees more of the Eggheads' heads
popping to reveal the brainflies flying out.

SAM

Things! How can you stand it? How
can you be so calm?!

Ray steps uncomfortably close to Sam. Grabbing her by the
shoulder.

RAY

We are all a meat for the
business. And I am the best of
a meat.

The camera then turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN, UNKNOWN

Brainflies are flying all over the kitchen towards a single
point, while the corpses of a disturbing amount of Eggheads
are piled in front of Sam. Sam grabs a deceased Egghead and
tosses it to a fretful Artie. Artie catches it

ARTIE

I'm amazed you're still carrying
that thing.

SAM

Guess I'm just committed to it.

Hurriedly Chuck and Artie are feeding the bodies of the
deceased eggheads into a large calliope-like machine, with
Annie Dave taking out the cans rolling out of their sides
and stacking them.

Annie grabs one of the cans as it rolls out of the machine.
It says "RAW ETHERIALS" on the side. The intercom turns on,
and Sam looks up.

BBQGIRILL

Throw it in furtleckers! Don't
waste that meat! You can taste it
good!

Annie looks up at the speaker. It hasn't turned off yet.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE
Hey BBQ Girill,

There is a pause.

BBQ GIRLLLL
Why, whatever do you mean
workerpeon?

Something crawls over to Sam. It's a
fried-chicken/mole-looking meat creature. Sam kicks it away
and it squeals.

ANNIE
Well, your customers obviously seem
to be willing to feed themselves,
and you have no trouble getting the
new materials in here?

BBQ GIRILL
The future! We need a new future!
The boss needs a future! Its a good
day for a future, no matter who the
cost!

There is another pause. In the background Chuck twitches,
opens his eyes, and then quickly shuts them.

BBQ GIRILL
Goodnight everybody, and remember,
it's sustainable!

And the intercom turns off. Annie sighs and turns to Sam.

ANNIE
Couldja hand us some more
"product"?

Sam picks up another Egghead corpse, and the camera turns
off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT FRONT COUNTER, UNKNOWN

Artie; Annie and Sam are standing at the front counter, with
Ray pacing in front of them.

Ray's body is contorted into an almost quadrupedal position,
with most of his body taken up by a bloated; egglike head
with only a mouth and the huge; crownlike growth remaining.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Reviewreviewperformreview do a
thing make it happen boss is come
he is come for inspect he is come
for day yes sir hei

There's a sickening thwack from behind Ray, and a spray of blood squirting from his cracked cranium. Ray slunches down to reveal Dave, holding a bloody baseball bat.

Ray starts twitching and bleeding as something starts to come out of the crack in his head. Dave keeps hitting at it, smiling psychotically.

ARTIE

Dave, what the fuck are you doing?!

Annie jumps over the desk as he keeps hammering down the bat on Dave's head, cracking it like an egg as shards of white meat and bone fly off. She grabs Dave, attempting to restrain him as she desperately tries to pull him away.

DAVE

It's over man, it's over, I can't
take this shit any longer!

Artie lumps over the counter and starts helping Annie pull Dave away. Dave's still flailing even as he's being dragged away and as Artie attempts to pull the baseball bat out of his hands.

DAVE

You bitches and trannies can stay,
but I'm not, I'm leaving, I'm
beating my way through these
FUCKERS!

ARTIE

You gonna watch or you gonna help
Sam?!

Sam jumps over the desk and kicks Dave to the floor. Her hand still stays gripped on the small camera as she does so. Annie pries the bat out of Dave's hand and holds it across his chest to keep him down

The thing crawling out of Ray's head is now more visible, limping out of its shell. It's another one of the brainflies, a huge one with six wings and a disturbingly cutesy tumor-like head. It's making a mewling sound

Dave struggles as the bat is pushed across his torso.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

I don't deserve this! I don't
deserve this! Maybe you fucking
deserve this but I fucking don

And as this is going on, the door creaks open to reveal a
shape tottering throughout.

Everybody looks towards it. It's of an anthropomorphic;
horrifying and rotten hamburger in a chef's hat. His name is
Harmburger, and right now, he is taking out a meat cleaver
the size of a man.

BBQ GIRILL

An inspection is now! You area
failed test! Get 'em boss!

The huge brainfly crawls over to Harmburger and snuggles up
against his tiny legs like a puppy.

Harmburger looks taken aback for a moment, as if puzzled and
slightly distressed. Then he chops it in half with one
heartless, swift stroke of the cleaver. The brainfly screams
as it dies.

After it chops through the creature, it looks towards our
human characters. Then it starts barreling toward them,
cleaver outstretched. All four of the humans start running
and the camera turns off.

INTERIOR, BURGER RESTAURANT KITCHEN, UNKNOWN

The door is shut tight, with several of the unplugged
appliances shoved against the door as something huge and
heavy slams against it. Various monstrous meat products are
running wild.

Annie and Artie are restraining Dave .Sam looks around at
the chaos. The barbecue-grill-esque speakers are vibrating
and letting out klaxons.

BBQ GIRILL

ERRNT! ERRNT! Is a damaged product,
a bad egg! Chuck will manage it!
Chuck will manage all it!

In the midst of all this, a pig/snake/sausage-links thing
bites Annie on the leg. She screams and lets go, and Dave
takes that opportunity to run off. Annie grabs at him, but
he pushes her away.

(CONTINUED)

He moves towards a corridor in the back near the meat grinder and grabs one of the meat creatures running about, wielding it like a cudgel.

DAVE

Stay back, all of you, stay the
fuck back! You might be too
chickenshit to nut up, but I'm not!
I'm not!

He steps back, a bit closer to the meat grinder.

BBQ GIRILL

ERRNT! ERRNT! Is a damaged product,
a bad egg! Chuck will manage it!
Chuck will manage all it!

The meat grinder opens its eyes, and the tiny little feet that had been hiding in plain sight. The women start running. It cranks its handlelike arm and starts making a whirring sound.

BBQ GIRILL

ERRNT! ERRNT! Mandager! Mandager
Harmburger! Is a dead spill on
aisle three! Come deal with the
naughty meats!

The meat things start to fly into the maw of the Grinder, apparently named Chuck. Annie and Artie grab onto something firmly attached to the walls.

Sam runs to grab something too. But the camera starts to fly forward, so she lets go to grab it with both hands, flying forward for a moment before bracing herself on another object.

And as she looks at Chuck, she sees Dave is not so lucky, and the force of Chuck is pulling him in. He runs desperately, but cannot escape the force

DAVE

Help me you dumb fucks! Help me!

The thing at the door keeps banging, pushing the barricade a little bit further, and the meat creatures appear to be coalescing in. Dave screams as the force finally sucks him into the maw. He fills it up; stopping the suction momentarily.

Dave screams piteously as he is slowly sucked into Grinding Chuck's maw, blood pouring out of his mouth as his meat is converted into more arm length for Chuck.

(CONTINUED)

Annie looks over to the pile of appliances and grabs a blender. She runs up towards Chuck, and gets grabbed by his sticky tendril as Chuck further "digests" the now-blubbering Dave.

She moves to the side and grabs a baseball bat.

SAM

Annie!

Sam hoists herself off of the object she was holding onto, moves to grab the discarded baseball bat, and runs towards Chuck as he finishes devouring the last bits of Dave and starts sucking again.

But then; as he does so; Annie throws the blender into Chuck's maw, and he stops. The sound of gagging emits from his top as he drops Annie; who runs back towards Sam. His meaty tendril retracts in, and a spray of meat gushes out from Chuck's top-mouth like a geyser before he falls to the floor; shuddering and then; motionless.

Sam looks to Annie, as Artie walks towards them.

SAM

Artie...

ANNIE

She said not to feed Chuck foreign objects.

She pauses and chuckles a little. The banging on the door gets louder and more frequent.

ANNIE

Feels kinda good to break the rules for once.

The banging on the door intensifies, pushing away the blockade even further, and letting it open slightly ajar. A slimy; meaty hand comes in through that crack; and an eye of Harmburger can be seen through the opening.

ARTIE

Guys, I think we've got bigger problems now!

ANNIE

C'mon, let's go!

Annie runs to follow the path she put out before, and the others follow her too, winding and twisting bizarrely even as the camera flickers on and off and the path gets stranger and more labyrinthine.

(CONTINUED)

As they go down the hall the sound of footsteps follows them, getting louder and louder, and the shadow of Harmburger becomes more and more visible , until they finally reach it, what looks like a huge laundry chute with a large number of cables going down it. The shadow gets larger and larger as Annie opens it up.

SAM

Where do you think this leads?

Annie prepares to get in the chute.

ANNIE

Somewhere that's not here

Annie gets in, slides down, and the camera turns off.

INTERIOR, THE MEAT STORAGE, UNKNOWN

In a darkened room with dim fluorescent lights hanging above, Sam picks herself off of what looks like a fatty; deceased cow-slug, with Annie wiping off some slime from her shoulder. In front of them lies what looks like a barbecue grill, surrounded by microphones.

Sam adjusts the exposure on her camera, and the room becomes clearer. It appears to be a meat freezer, covered in shelves of alien and bizarre meats, but also in intermittent walls of old televisions broadcasting commercials.

Sam goes up to Annie and hands her the bat.

ANNIE

You really can't bear to take your hands off of that thing can you?

Annie looks around.

ANNIE

Where's Artie?

A splat echoes from behind. Annie looks horrified. Sam turns around and sees Artie. Well, all of Artie below the waist anyway, chopped clean through, having landed on the cow-slug with a sickening SPLAT!

Annie starts hyperventilating, and Sam huddles close to her, but then they hear a click. Sam turns around. The barbecue grill has extended its spiderlike legs up like a tripod.

It turns around, revealing its face. It brings out its one metallic pincer. It begins to speak.

(CONTINUED)

BBQ GIRILL

This is BBQ Giril saying, your
lives are meat to us scabbydak!

It scuttles up to Sam and grabs her in its tongs, pushing her down to the floor. She starts to drip sizzling grease down her face onto Sam, who screams in pain.

BBQ GIRILL

You make it an unsustainable
productable candychild! Tee hee.

A clanging sound is heard from behind BBQ Giril. It's Annie, visible in the back, futilely whamming at BBQ Girill's head with the baseball bat. BBQ Girill turns aroundn and her grip loosens

BBQ GIRILL

You aren't helping anything
hammerplumb. Your resisting is
thinkless!

Sam reaches up, towards the handle on BBQ Girill's head; and yanks it off, revealing a coal-like glowing fetus on top of her grill-like inner head

BBQ Girll stumbles back, cringing as Annie notices and rears back to hit. She lets go of Sam.

BBQ GIRILL

Arge! Im naked! Don't give me like
this! You are employees of the
worst!

Annie smashes the coal-fetus into cinders and BBQ Girill stumbles down on the floor, twitching.

BBQ GIRILL

This is not a well done meat

Then she stops moving altogether and her inner fire fizzles out. Annie takes a breather and looks around. Annie goes over to Sam.

ANNIE

So, what do we do now?

SAM

Just keep walking.

They walk along the rows of shelves and television screens. The shelves carry many strange meats that twitch and flop as Annie and Sam walk past. But, more importantly, the TV switches from static to show a map of the world, and a voice over comes onto the TV

BBQ GIRILL

At the offices of our
establishment,

The world map slowly fills in with red, all but Australia.

BBQ GIRILL

we are doing our best to keep a
good prophet with our five-fold
master plan.

A cartoon showing cutesified versions of Harmburger, BBQ Girill and Chuck dancing in a cute; cartoony slaughterhouse pops up.

BBQ GIRILL

The plan are as follows. First

The scene changes to an animation of a huge meat processing device devouring various diverse burger chains and crapping them out as delapidated; run-down husks with huge; neon versions of the logo on that sticker

BBQ GIRILL

We are acquire the other places and
put them under our new and spicy
mandagement!

The scene then switches to a cutesy cartoony version of a meat monster forcefully jumping down a man's throat. The man's eyes then turn into hypnotic swirls as he walks into a dilapidated restaurant with smiling workers serving more horrible food while in chains

BBQ GIRILL

Then we make a new customer, a new
friends, who go into are palce and
eat the food served by our ugly
wastestaff.

The scene then changes to several customers, partially transformed into eggheads; having those fleshy mask things wrap around their faces and disguise them as normal citizens. They walk out as the haggard employees wave goodbye.

BBQ GIRILL

And then, we make the customers a favored product, but real quiet, no need to make a fuss. The employees are

Then the scene changes to cartoony BBQ Girill ushering brainflies into a huge meat processor while cartoony Harmburger shovels the corpses of dead Eggheads and workers into a large furnace.

BBQ GIRILL

Then we disposal of the bodiee who man the place and ship the product off to Somewhere Else!

The scene switches to a restaurant collapsing under its own weight.

BBQ GIRILL

And findally, we disappear, without a tracing, mum's the word! And it is now a sustainable plan, because we care!

A graph titled "Please Ignore This Graph" comes up, with the axes of "profits" and "worlds not foodalized" and a distinct downward trend.

BBQ GIRILL

And that is not at all because we were running out of worlds to mass-harvest, that is not a thing that was happening!

The scene then switches to the cute/cartoony Chuck, Girill and Harmburger dancing.

BBQ GIRILL

You cannot stop us, for we are churning eternal, an nightmare of civilization; come to your tomorrow today!

The TVs turn off. Annie shudders a little.

ANNIE

You know, for all of this we've seen, I still have no idea what the fuck these things are.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You know, I've been thinking of that. It kind of reminds me of Thomas Ligotti in a-

ANNIE

Hold that thought.

The camera turns from their conversation to the aisles of shelves in front of them. There are two big; ugly green doors lying in front of them. Sam steps towards them.

SAM

Do you think they-

Suddenly, plowing through several of the shelves next to the doors, comes a huge wheeled machine. It looks like a huge; deranged mash-up of various types of food processors and construction equipment as decorated by clowns. In the driver's seat is Harmburger. And boy does he look pissed.

A few of the meatstuffs jump up from the shelves and try to run away, but the machine sucks them up, grinding them up and mutilating them in all sorts of hideous ways.

Sam turns to run, but Annie throws one of the meat creatures right at the machine, onto Harmburger's face. The creature nips at Harmburger's face

Harmburger's machine fires a ball of meat, knocking over several rows of shelves as Annie and Sam dodge it. Sam and Annie run over the broken shelves as Harmburger charges forward, Annie grabbing two squirming creatures and Sam grabbing one as they run.

Harmburger slowly turns the machine around as they run past, and they toss the creatures at him, some hitting, come crawling up the sides. Harmburger gets increasingly furious, as. The machine charges forward and grinding up more fleeing meat creatures.

ANNIE

Just keep throwing!

Annie and Sam start rapidly grabbing meat-creatures as the behemoth rumbles forward, tossing them at it even as it charges forward, ducking and weaving between balls of meat fired from the machine.

But slowly, but surely the creatures overwhelm Harmburger, slowing the machine to a crawl as he swats at the things. A hatch opens in the back. Annie and Sam run over several fallen shelves to view it.

(CONTINUED)

In the back, in the open hatch is a big red button, saying "Press Here For Win". Sam and Annie pause for a moment, look at each other, then both at the same time press it and run away.

The machine collapses in on itself, spraying up a geyser of meat and bread. A wet chef's hat lands on the floor in front of Sam And Annie.

Sam and Annie turn around to view those green doors again.

ANNIE

Well, this is it.

Sam, and Annie walk up to the door, and both open it. And behind it they see

INTERIOR, ANOTHER MEAT STORAGE, UNKNOWN

The exact same sort of row of shelves and televisions. And Grinding Chuck, Harmburger and BBQ Girill are all there standing in front of them.

BBQ GIRILL

Now what did I say tendermeats? We are forever!

Suddenly; confetti starts dropping from the ceiling and a banner reading "CONGLADURATIONS!" unfurls behind the three monsters.

BBQ GIRILL

And you all won!

BBQ Girill takes out two moldy paper crowns, scuttles forward, and plunks them onto Sam and Annie's heads. Sam takes her's off, disgusted.

BBQ GIRILL

Boss Harmburger at the industries know that new meat are the future. And to catch a new meat, we surge the ranks from behind. And you won it, your to be one of us now, gobble gobble!

ANNIE

Oh god.

BBQ GIRILL

You start tomorrowsday, after the surgery is accomplished uborglugs!

(CONTINUED)

BBQ girill scuttles over to Harmburger, who is brandishing his huge meat cleaver menacingly. Sam reaches for a waddling chicken-leg-like meat chreature and grabs it by the neck.

BBQ GIRILL
Or, you could take are generous
severance package from Boss
Harmburger, if you are
unpleaseable!

Sam looks at the three and looks at the crown in her hand.

BBQGIRLL
So, whatsit gonna be duglongs?

SAM
You fuckers.

Sam suddenly brandishes the meat threateningly towards the three creatures.

SAM
You filthy meaty fuckers!

BBQ Girill and Grinding Chuck flinch, looking genuinely confused and hurt, while Harmburger just looks as nonplussed as ever.

SAM
You trap us in this hell for weeks,
force us into your people farming
plan, you fucking try to kill us,
and now you want us to join you.

Harmburger moves closer with his cleaver.

SAME
Well fucking forget it. I'll fight
you, I'll fight all of you, every
last single filthy fucking

ANNIE
Will you let her go

BBQ Girill ponders for a moment. Harmburger steps back.

BBQ GIRLLL
You're a spicy negotinator
mallowque! We enclose that in a new
employee! The deal is sealed!

And with that, what looks like a playplace tube with a meaty interior snakes forth. It starts sucking Sam in. BBQ Girill grabs Annie's hand.

Sam looks at Annie. Annie's eyes are tearing up.

SAM

Annie, why? Why're ya gonna let them do that ya Annie?

ANNIE

Because somebody has to tell them. Please, tell them. Tell them all what happened here.

BB Girill leads Annie away as Sam is sucked further towards the tube.

BBQ GIRILL

Grated! Now let's get you to the surgical table to get you setuated pennygriddle!

Sam grabs at the opening of the tube as it sucks her in, one handstill holding the camera. Harmburger moves in front of the tube, staring at her pitilessly.

SAM

No! No!

But her cries are no use as Harmburger pushes her back and everything fades into darkness.

INTERIOR, SAM'S BEDROOM, NNGHT

Sam's sitting in her bedroom; one typical for a teenagegirl with a TV currently turned on. She is covered in wetness with a thousand-yard stare. She looks towards the camera.

SAM

I don't know if they're blocking this, I don't know if this will ever get out. But I hope somebody sees this, even if it's just one person.

Something scuttles behind Sam

SAM

If any of you are watching this, look out for the signs. Look out for the decrepit restaurants under new management, look for the people who all look the same, and look out for any fast food that's faster than you.

(CONTINUED)

Sam turns the camera towards the TV. There is a commercial on, featuring those same cartoony versions of Chuck, Harmburger and BBQ Girill dancing in front of a pile of rotting cow carcasses.

BBQ GIRILL

Come you consumer! Eat our food,
eat like your factory pig! Eat all
you want and more!

The image on the screen shifts to an image of what looks like a cartoony Annie, but altered. Two of her arms are mechanical, all four of her hands have been replaced by spatulas, and her head has been replaced by a circular griddle with a meat patty with eyes for a "face".

BBQ GIRILL

Now meet you the newest mender of
our crew, Griddle Orphan Annie!

ANNIE

It is a flavorful service and a
face full of meal!

Something scuttles at the back of the room. Sam moves to the back to grab a baseball bat. The view of the commercial shifts to a shot of Harmburger staring, slowly zooming into an uncomfortably close view.

BBQ GIRILL

And dont forget the special
surprise inside, her novel of
broked dreams! Were the number one
counting on serving you!

A meat creature dashes in front of the television part-way before Sam smashes it.

BBQ GIRILL

And remember, we're sustainable!

The view changes to a close-up of Annie's new form. She has sad eyes.

ANNIE

Help me.