

MOST M&MS
EATEN IN ONE MINUTE
WHILE BLINDFOLDED
USING CHOPSTICKS

Written by

J. P. Faceto

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cozy, clean and big. YOUNG SARAH, 6, blonde hair with ponytail, lays on her bed. She reads a *World Guinness Book* while eating M&Ms.

At the bottom of a page, she exams the "Most M&Ms Eaten in One Minute While Blindfolded Using Chopsticks" record. She smiles.

EXT. - PARK - OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - FLASH FORWARD - DAY

SARAH, now 14, with the same blonde ponytail, closes the book abruptly and puts it on her backpack. She sits on a bench.

Sarah looks at the sign that reads "WORLD GUINNESS FAIR" on the other side of the street. She focuses on a sign that reads "COMPETITORS MUST SIGN UP HERE" next to a table.

Sarah stands up and takes a deep breath.

EXT. PARK - ENLISTING TABLE - DAY

Sarah stands in line, impatiently. She reads a message from "Mom" on her phone: "I'll be there in 15, love you!"

ROBERTA, 40s, big glasses and curly hair, sits at the table.

ROBERTA

Next, please.

Sarah steps forward.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Well, hello there. How can I --

SARAH

Most M&Ms Eaten in One Minute While Blindfolded Using Chopsticks.

Roberta puts a paper sheet in front of Sarah.

ROBERTA

Are you even old enough to? --

SARAH

Yes. I know the rules. You have to be at least fourteen years old. I checked it on the website.

Roberta studies Sarah, looking surprised.

ROBERTA
Seems like you did your homework.

SARAH
Of course I did. I waited my whole
life for this moment. I'm here to
win this thing.

ROBERTA
Okay, just go ahead and --

Roberta offers Sarah a pen. Sarah picks her own pen from her
pockets and quickly writes on the paper sheet.

She reads some of the names above, including "Michael
Henderson." Sarah stops writing.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
What? Is there something wrong?

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH
(slowly and angrily)
Michael Henderson.

MICHAEL, 14, dark brown hair an, approaches Sarah.

MICHAEL
(also slowly and angrily)
Sarah Bryant.

Sarah turns to Michael. They stare at each other.

SARAH
What are you doing here?

MICHAEL
I was passing by. Then I decided to
break the world record for "Most
M&Ms Eaten in One Minute While
Blindfolded Using Chopsticks."

Sarah's jaw drops, giving Michael an angry look.

ROBERTA
You guys know each other?

SARAH
We study together.

SARAH (CONT'D)
He's the second best of the
class.

MICHAEL
I'm the top of the class.

They glance.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, I just came here to wish you
good luck.

(extends his hands)

With the second place!

Sarah looks at Michael's hand and crosses her arms.

A GIRL IN LINE, 20s, approaches them.

GIRL IN LINE

Excuse me, are you done?

Sarah steps out of line.

MICHAEL

Anyways... see you later, Sarah.

Michael walks away, bumping into Sarah's shoulder.

ROBERTA

Good luck with that.

SARAH

Thanks but... You don't need luck
when you're the best.

Sarah walks away. Roberta shakes her head.

EXT. PARK - COMPETITOR'S BOOTH - DAY

Sarah sits down at the table next to the other competitors.

Plates and chopsticks rest on each table. Sarah picks and
exams the chopsticks. Michael sits in front of her.

MICHAEL

So, are you ready to lose?

SARAH

Is that what you've been practicing
in front of the mirror all day?

STEVE, 40s, slim and tall, grabs the microphone. He reads his
lines from a set of cards on his hands.

STEVE

Good afternoon ladies and
gentlemen. Are you guys ready to
meet the new Blindfolded-Chopsticks-
M&Ms champion?

SARAH'S MOM, late 30s, dressing semi-professionally, walks in the middle of the crowd around the booth. They cheer.

Sarah looks at her mother. They smile and nod to each other. She takes another deep breath and looks at the empty plate.

Michael cracks his fingers and his neck.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Let's get it started!

The crowd cheers and claps.

Sarah's hand shakes as she tries to pick up the chopsticks. She breathes quickly now.

Steve approaches Sarah.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hey, little girl. Put the blindfold over your eyes. Come on.

Sarah nods, nervously, and puts the blindfold over her eyes.

Michael looks at Sarah, he smirks.

Sarah's Mom also looks at her, concerned.

KEN, 20s, wearing the event staff t-shirt, drops M&Ms on each of the competitors' plates.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Is everyone ready?

The competitors and the crowd scream.

MICHAEL	SARAH
(shouting)	(quietly)
Yeah!	Yes.

STEVE
Alright, on the count of three.
One... two... three!

All the competitors quickly grab the chopsticks and pick M&Ms from the plate.

Sarah and Michael are the only ones who are actually succeeding at grabbing and eating M&Ms.

The rest of the competitors struggle to catch or bring M&Ms to their mouths.

Sarah's Mom looks over the shoulders of the people in the first row, trying to keep her eyes on Sarah.

Sarah drops an M&M halfway through her mouth.

Michael quickly chews the M&M he picks.

Sarah drops another M&M.

SARAH

Dammit!

MICHAEL

(chewing)

Having trouble over there? Miss second place.

Michael laughs. Sarah growls.

STEVE

Thirty seconds left.

Sarah picks an M&M and chews it, quickly.

The rest of the competitors still struggle to catch M&Ms.

A GUY, 30s, removes the blindfold and bumps his fist on the table, dropping all the M&Ms on the floor.

Sarah chews even faster.

The crowd and the Steve count together:

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ten... nine... eight... seven...
six... five... four... three...
two... one... And stop!

All the competitors drop their chopsticks on the table.

Michael finishes chewing.

Sarah removes her blindfold and looks at her plate, then at the other competitors and Michael's plates.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Let's count their plates, shall we?

The crowd cheers and claps.

STEVE (CONT'D)

For those who didn't eat more than ten M&Ms just stand up and leave. Oh, and better luck next time.

Most of the competitors leave the booth, leaving only Michael, Sarah, and three other competitors.

Ken goes over each of the competitors plates.

Sarah looks at her mother, concerned. She forces a smile.

Steve stands in front of Michael. Ken counts Michael's plate. He writes it down on a notebook and shows it to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Twenty! Not bad... not bad.

Michael smirks and turns to Sarah, who looks desperate.

Ken approaches Sarah. He counts her plate. She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes. Ken writes down a number and looks at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh... that was pretty close.

Sarah twitches.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Nineteen.

Sarah's jaw drops.

The crowd claps and cheers. Sarah's Mom closes her eyes.

Michael stands up, punching the air.

Sarah looks down, heartbroken.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Let's give a round of applause to
the winner of today's tournament.

(to Michael)

What's your name, kid?

Michael grabs the microphone.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael, Michael Henderson.

Sarah stands up and walks away, angrily. Michael and the Steve look at her.

STEVE

Oh, looks like someone is not happy
about the second place.

The smile on Michael's face vanishes.

EXT. PARK - CHEMICAL TOILET - DAY

Sarah runs inside a chemical toilet. Her mom approaches it.

SARAH'S MOM
Hey, how are you doing?

SARAH (O.S.)
I spent eight years of my life
training for this stupid
competition and now I have to live
knowing that Michael Henderson
broke the record instead of me.

SARAH'S MOM
It's okay, sweetie. It's your first
time trying. There's always the
next year. Plus, that boy didn't
break the world record.

Sarah looks at her mother.

SARAH (O.S.)
Wait, what did you say?

SARAH'S MOM
This thing happens every year. You
can always take that time to
practice more and --

SARAH (O.S.)
No, wait a minute. He didn't break
the world record?

SARAH'S MOM
No, he only --

Sarah runs out of the chemical toilet.

SARAH'S MOM (CONT'D)
That was easier than I thought.

EXT. PARK - COMPETITOR'S BOOTH - DAY

Michael kisses the gold medal and holds it in the air. The crowd cheer and clap. Steve and Ken stand by his side.

Sarah approaches them.

SARAH
I want a rematch!

MICHAEL
You want a what?

SARAH
A rematch. If none of the competitors break the world record, which no one did, I can ask for a rematch by myself.

MICHAEL
Is this true?

Steve looks at Ken, who nods positively.

STEVE
You bet it's true!

The crowd cheer. Michael stares at Sarah.

INT. COMPETITOR'S BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah puts her blindfold. She takes a deep breath. Her mom stands with the crowd, behind Sarah.

STEVE
On the count of three. One...
two... three! Go, go, go!

Sarah grabs the chopsticks and eats M&Ms. The crowd cheer.

Sarah chews quickly, picking one M&Ms after the other.

STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here we go. Ten... nine... eight...
seven... six...

Sarah keeps eating the M&Ms.

Michael stares at Sarah, looking surprised.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Five... four... three... two...
one... And stop!

Sarah stops and stands up.

She removes the blindfold and looks at her plate.

Ken counts her plate. He smiles as he writes down a number and shows it to the Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Oh, boy. Ladies and gentlemen.
 (pause)
 We have a new blindfolded-
 chopsticks-M&Ms record!

Sarah celebrates, flabbergasted. The crowd cheer and clap even more. Sarah's Mom jumps and screams.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah and her mom walk away from the ice cream truck holding two ice cream cones. Sarah wears a medal on her neck.

SARAH'S MOM
 I'm so proud of you!

Sarah smiles. She spots Michael sitting on a bench, alone.

Sarah's Mom looks at Sarah then at Michael. She smiles.

SARAH'S MOM (CONT'D)
 I'll wait for you in the car.

Sarah looks back at the ice cream truck. Her mom walks away.

EXT. PARK - BENCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah approaches Michael, who sits on the bench with a sad expression on his face. She has two ice cream cones topped with M&Ms. He looks at her, surprised.

SARAH
 Before you say anything. I wanna
 tell you something first.

Sarah gives him one of the ice cream cones.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Congratulations. For beating me on
 the first time.

Michael takes it.

MICHAEL
 Congratulations. For breaking the
 world record.

They look at each other, smiling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry if I was a--

SARAH
I'm sorry too.

They enjoy the ice cream cone.

MICHAEL
I'm still the top of the class
though...

SARAH
Oh, that you are definitely not!

They laugh.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(a beat)
So, what are you gonna do next?

MICHAEL
I don't know.
(a beat)
I always wanted to break the record
for Longest Kiss.

They glance at each other.

THE END