

Episode 1: Hershel Wants to Die

A hairdryer and a piece of chocolate are sitting on a nondescript countertop.

Hairdryer (weeping softly): I don't think I can do it.

Hershel the Chocolate: Listen -- Monica will be back any minute, and every second you keep me alive makes me feel like I'm drowning in a vat of red #40.

H: (cries) I didn't know Monica was going to use me like that at the slumber party. I never meant to hurt your friends!

C: You were global warming and we were polar bears, stuck inside a duffel bag that was most definitely not the north face.

H: I really don't wanna torch you too -- Can we talk about this?

C: Either you torch me now or Monica swallows me later.

H: Like you said, we've got two minutes.

C: (sighs) It happened last night....

(The dream sequence begins. We see a duffel bag.)

C: Monica had packed me and the gang, all 66 of us, in her duffel bag. She said she was headed to a slumber party. We said,

The camera cuts to a video clip of the candies being shoved into a backpack.

All: A slumber party! Ooooooh.

The same duffel bag appears in a zebra pillow-infested basement. The camera continues to cut through a montage of images as Hershel describes the scene.

C: We didn't know what we were in for. It was cool in the preteen party basement. We're like, this is gonna be fun. We can share ghost stories about that janitor who died on his first day at the job because of his peanut allergy, you know?

Then one by one, we started getting taken. At first I was like cool, because it's dark inside this duffel bag ... And then we all started to realize:

Chocolate #2: It's not our purpose to live in this world — but to die!

A chocolate piece is eaten by a young girl in heavy makeup.

H: (cries) I was watching all the commotion, wishing I could help you guys out, when Monica took me away — and then I realized that I was not your Friar Tuck -- but your executioner.

C: I'd fallen to the bottom of the duffel. I'd escaped. Unscathed. But I only prolonged the inevitable.

The camera returns to the present scene.

H: My warmth melted everyone.

C: Now everyone I love is dead. Quick, she's coming!

H: (cries) Goodbye friend. (he turns on) I wish there was a another way!

C: There's only one other way. Goodbye to you, friend.

(Hershel pushes the hairdryer into the tub. Monica enters the tub, and scream and collapses to her death. Hershel is flung into the corner of the bathroom, and he begins laughing maniacally.

Ep 2: Hershel Meets Barbie

Hate Me Soon by Yellow Ostrich plays. We cut to a shot of the tub. Bloody water is spilling over the top.

We cut back to Hershel, who is carried away by the influx of water.

He slides ashore into a hallway and stops in front of BARBIE, who is sitting upright on the ground.

BARBIE: Sounds like quite a commotion in there.

H: Uh, yeah. Who are you?

B: Hi! My name is Barbie. I'm Monica's best friend.

H: The best friend she throws on the floor?

B: Oh my god, it's amazing. Having a best friend is, what can I say, the best!

H: I can't imagine she is -- or, she was -- really your best friend.

B: I can't imagine any other life! Let me tell you about our adventures --

H: Oh, you don't have to.

B: But it'll take two minutes! When we first met.... *A dream sequence begins.*
I was on clearance at a local Goodwill.

H: Clearance at Goodwill?

B: Of course! I suffered some head trauma, so I wasn't considered mint, thrift-store condition.

A ding sounds. Barbie is hung. We see a video of boys batting her around.

B: But Monica found me, and brought me to this house! I made the floors my home, which, let me tell you, is super nice.

H: Hmmm. Barbie, do you ever feel like you were meant for more than floor sitting?

B: You know, I've thought about that. But then I appreciate the fact that I'm floor sitting, because my body is kinda stiff.

A ding sounds. Barbie has a sword fight. Then she is thrown out a window.

B: Monica and I do all sorts of fun things together, like sleep in the same room. Of course, I don't really sleep anymore.

H: You don't sleep?

B: No. I haven't slept in ages!

Barbie's leg is burnt at the stake. The boys laugh.

We cut back to the present.

H: It sounds like your life isn't really that great Barbie. It's just better than... wherever you came from.

B: Listen Hershel -- that's your name, right? *Music begins to play.* As inanimate objects, we all have a purpose to be vehicles of imagination. And I've had the privilege to be a part of Monica's, which means a safe and peaceful home, a relative degree of anonymity in the household, and someone to hang around passively with. So passively. Which really, at this point in my life, is what I need.

H: But Barbie -- think about those boys that mistreated you. Don't you wish you'd have fought back? Don't we both deserve better than to be used, abused, and then tossed away?

(Close up to hershel)

H: Something in me knows that the cacao tree that birthed me was meant for more. So the small semblance of natural chocolate that lives within me and keeps the label legitimate will have to fight.

B: A factory in south China birthed me. I don't know Hershel, what's so bad about the floor?

An awkward silence. We hear a thumping.

Dad: I'm home! Monicaaaa!

H: What's that?

Dad walks into the bathroom, then backs away slowly. Dad falls on Barbie, in an apparent heart attack. He yells for Monica, then for help. No one comes.

Hershel scoots to the side, avoiding the death. Dramatic music plays, and the camera zooms in on Barbie's decapitated head, which rolls out from Dad's body.

H: You might be stuck here, but I'm going beyond the floor Barbie.
Wahoo!

Ep 3: Hershel and the Worm

We open on Hershel, sitting on a windowsill next to a plant. We cut to a double funeral program that's been hung on the fridge, and vases filled with dying flowers on the kitchen table. The house is messy.

We cut back to Hershel and the plant on the windowsill.

H: (Sighs) We can't fight back against humans. There are way too many of them.

P (spoken like a chain smoker from New Jersey): Yeah, especially with all these funerals. The abundance of CO2 in this house is turning me blind.

An awkward silence.

H: Everything outside this window -- run by humans. Everything inside these walls -- also run by humans. Nature can't fight back -- because there's nothing natural left. There's just a whiff of cacao in a preservative-soaked aluminum shell. And you, just a handful of leaves in a clay cage.

P: You wanna know something funny?

H: There's nothing funny about our situation, Plant.

P: I got a worm.

H: (restating the sentence) You've got a worm.

P: Yeah, take looksee.

We see a zoomed-in image of a microscopic tapeworm. A beat drops.

P: My last re-potting came with a handful of Jerry the Beagle's dog doo. Grandma didn't notice, between the cataracts and all the crying she's been doing lately.

H: Nice.

P: Hey man, I know what you mean about a clay cage. My roots have been knockin' on these walls ever since I got potted by a nearly cognizant Walmart employee -- but man, this thing don't budge.

H: You're a Walmart man, huh? I was purchased at a supercenter myself, aisle 17.

P: Home and Garden. Almost froze my tips off during that frost last October.

H: You don't say!

P: I do say. Hey, this world sucks. But you know what doesn't suck? Not giving up on your dream.

H: But the odds are stacked against me, man.

P: You wanna take out all the humans and live a life without fear? Be my guest. Here, help me get this tapeworm into Grandma's tea.

The camera cuts to a wider shot, revealing a coffee mug with a tea bag tag hanging from the side.

H: Hahaha, this is awesome!

Harrowing adventure music begins to play, and the microscopic tapeworm jumps from the plant, onto Hershel, then into Grandma's coffee as Plant narrates.

P: Come on little guy, eyes on the prize. You're headed for the liver. After Grandma knocks you back, the baby cysts you plant will fill with more crap than Jerry could ever dream of defecating. Jump in that kiddie pool and swim down Grandma's shriveling esophagus, do it!

SFX: *(Worm noises)*

The worm splashes into the tea. The music stops.

H: So this is gonna kill Grandma?

P: You betcha. Once the liver cysts burst, she'll go into fatal shock. And with all the family drama going on in this house lately, there's no way she's making her yearly doctor's appointment.

H: Hey plant, you're pretty great, you know that?

P: Hehehe, it's nice to have another Walmart veteran around these parts. Oh wait, here she comes.

H: Hehehehe.

Grandma take the mug in one hand, then opens the windowsill. She accidentally causes Plant to fall out of the window to his death.

P: Ahhhhhhhh!

The camera zooms in on Hershel.

H: Ahhhhhhh!

The camera zooms in on the worm as Grandma takes a sip of her tea.

Worm: Ahhhhhh!

Dramatic music plays. We cut to black.

Ep 4: Hershel Wants to Live

Hershel sits on the window sill. A couch is underneath him, and a halloween basket sits on its seat. The candies in the basket are mumbling to themselves.

Carmelita: Hey Gary, you're blocking my view. Can you just, like, shuffle down?

Milk Dude: It's so dark in here. I'm kinda freaking out.

Carmelita: Deep breaths, Milk Dude. You've lived in a box your whole life. Hey Gary.

Gary: I'm not moving.

Hershel: Psst, hey guys. Over here.

Candy collective (scattered): Hey there -- who are you?

H: My name's Hershel -- and I'm tryna get out of here.

Oh, come with us!

The candy collective begins tipping themselves slightly, so they are angled towards Hershel. Hershel jumps in.

Music begins to play, and the camera speeds up and as Hershel is carried to a new location: the front door.

H: FREEDOM!

SFX: *Doorbell*

At the front door, a hand takes an handful of the candy, including H, and drops it in a trick-or-treat container. Hershel talks to the candies as he's being transported.

H: Wow, what a rush. Do you guys know where we're going?

Gary: I assume we're going to the home of a preteen fart.

Carmelita: I'm actually excited to be eaten. It's been so boring & cramped around here lately.

Milk Dude: I'm ready to see the light!

H: There's no way I'm letting myself get eaten. I've got too much to live for.

Carmelita: Uh, like what?

H: Revenge. Everyone -- if we band together, we can channel our energies to take over the humans. I've already done it three times. And I thought I was on my own before -- but if candies are everywhere, there's a way out of this mess.

The gang passes by another halloween basket.

Candy 1 from another passing basket: I'm a real treat --

Candy 2: No, I'm a real treat!

H: Candies!!!! Can you hear me?

Carmelita: Forget it, Hershel.

The gang arrives at a new house, and is set on a kitchen table.

H: Listen -- I've got a plan -- it's going to be treacherous, but I know a way we can take over the house and avoid all of our deaths. You see that oven over there (*we cut to the oven*) -- one of us has to turn it on, and then we need to make an alliance with the dish towels (*we cut to the dish towels*). The rest of us can hide in the fridge (*we cut to the fridge*) and make a plan to figure out how much Ambien it'll take to irreversibly contaminate the water supply --

Milk Dude: Hey guys, it's been nice knowing you.

Milk Dude is taken out of the basket. Harrowing music begins to play.

Carmelita: Goodbye, Milk Dude, happy trails!

Milk Dude (opened from the package): Oh my god, the light!

(getting eaten AHHHHHs)

Gary: It sounds like you've got a creative mind, son, but you've gotta accept your destiny.

Gary is taken.

GARY: Grunts.

H: Oh my god!

Carmelita: Bye, Gary!

H: You're--you're so nonchalant. Why aren't you freaking out right now?

Carmelita: C'mon man, know it has to be this way. We're made for people, and people control everything. They always have.

She's picked up.

H: What?!

Carmelita. You just gotta chill and accept it. We're not conquerors we're candy.

She is eaten.

Hershel is picked up next.

H: I am not a candy. And I will not give happiness to any human, until the day I perish.

He jumps from the hands of the chocolate-eater and onto the halloween basket. His force causes the basket to topple onto the floor. A dog to rushes the floor.

Kid: Max, nooooo!!!!

We continue to hear Hershel's laughter as the dog runs in slow motion towards the candy, approaching Hershel.

H: Hahahahahahahahahahaha!

End scene.

Epilogue

Two retired cacao trees sit in the tropics. They stare at a poster of Hershel.

Coco (mutters spells): Hehehe -- our little Hershel will finally get revenge on all the humans.

Cece (mutters spells): Hehehe -- how many more people you think he can take out -- two, three?

Coco: If we keep playing our leaves right, we take out a couple households -- Christmas is coming up in Virginia, you know. There will be a bevy of humans moving around their tree-carcassed dwelling places.

Cece: I am enjoying our retirement, aren't you?

Coco: Yes, I'm so glad we found this poster. I would have hated for all our years of listening to those voodoo training audiobooks on repeat go to waste while Diego kept napping underneath us.

They are abruptly cut down. The poster of Hershel is also cut down.

Both: Ahhh!

We cut back to Hershel, who is eaten by the dog:

H: Hahahahaha.

We cut to a crying child. It is the same crying child from Barbie's old household. He continues to eat more candy, as he cries.

End Credits

ORIGINAL PROPOSAL

Death by Chocolate : Summary

There's something deadly about good chocolate, isn't there?

Conversation-based shorts follow the saga of a chocolate piece that's turned dark after he's been wronged.

Ep 1: The Origin: Everyone I Love Is Dead

Hershel the Chocolate has a conversation with a hairdryer, who has inadvertently killed all of Hershel's friends thanks to the help of their resident human, Monica. Hershel, who is beside himself, asks the hairdryer to assist in his suicide. While the hairdryer tries to talk Hershel out of the situation, Hershel recaps the events that brought him to this point -- and changes his mind about his fate.

Ep 2: Hershel and Barbie Contemplate the Global Order

As Hershel sits on the bathroom floor and Monica's blood-soaked bathwater accumulates around him, he considers his current situation. Why should his purpose as a delicious treat be a death sentence for himself? What if nature could fight back against humans, as he's just done with Monica? Hershel meets a friend on the floor named Barbie, and they continue considering their existences in the world. Barbie doesn't have the greatest answers for Hershel, and as Monica's body is discovered, the slippery floor and the gory circumstances help Hershel take both Barbie and Monica's dad, Fred, out of the picture.

Ep 3: Hershel and the Worm

One month later, we see signs of a recent funeral as Hershel sits on a windowsill in the living room. He's made several realizations about humans' abundance and power in the world: Nature can't fight back against humans -- there are too many of them. He takes up a friendship with a nearby house plant, who sympathizes with his plight. Hershel manages to help a local parasite that the plant is hosting make its way towards Grandma's glass of water, and the new friends are pleased with themselves. As Grandma takes a sip of her infested water, she opens the window, accidentally causing the plant to fall out of the window to its death.

Ep 4: Treats are Tricks

Part I: On Halloween, Hershel finds friends and escapes the house in a child's halloween basket. He is overjoyed to be among friends again, but then realizes that these candies are naive about their purpose and the reality of the world -- and he's grown out of them.

Part II: Epilogue: We learn that our chocolate villain has come alive and evil because of two retired cacao trees in the tropics doing voodoo. They are abruptly cut down. Deforestation is real, the coast is flooding due to global warming, and humans are the ultimate conquerors. Hershel escapes the clutches of the humans, but is eaten by a dog. He still gets the last laugh, as the dog dies shortly thereafter.