

“The Last Slice” (Comedic)

Character: Sam, a hungry teen sibling

Setting: Kitchen, staring at an empty pizza box

[Frustrated, pacing]

It was there. One slice. The final, glorious, cheesy triangle of perfection. I saw it. I claimed it—with my eyes. I even *called* it—“That last slice is mine!” But then... my little brother swooped in like some kind of food thief ninja and just—*snatched it*. No remorse. No hesitation. Just crust, cheese, and betrayal.

I mean, there are RULES to this stuff, right? Like, “Don’t take what’s not yours.” Or “Respect the call.” You *don’t* just grab the last slice without a full family discussion, a signed treaty, and possibly a ceremonial coin toss.

So now I’m here. Pizza-less. Dignity? Gone. Justice? Nowhere in sight. But it’s okay. I’m just gonna sit here... and plot my revenge. Maybe... garlic in his milk. That feels fair.