

INT. OFFICE, DAVE'S DESK, LUNCHTIME.

Dave is sat at his desk, he has lots of ingredients spread out in front of him and he's making a huge sandwich, it's at least a foot tall. Mike walks past Dave's desk and does a double take.

MIKE

Whoah! What's going on here?!

DAVE

It's a Scooby Doo sandwich. I got the recipe off the internet.

Dave without looking up passes a recipe print-out to Mike. Mike takes the recipe and examines it.

MIKE

This is huge!

DAVE

I know. And I'm only half way though, there's another 12 layers to add yet.

Mike is pointing to the recipe as he's quoting these stats.

MIKE

How are you gonna eat it? Even if you could dislocate your jaw to accommodate the '27 inches' of sandwich, you clearly lack the mandible crushing power required to bite your way through '47 layers of Ham'.

DAVE

What are you talking about?! You just squash it with your hands and swallow it whole.

MIKE

Oh I don't think so! I think you're forgetting that Scooby Doo is a Great Dane, which makes his digestion system a hell of a lot more forgiving than yours.

DAVE

No Offense mate, but why don't you, Daphne and Velma sod off and leave me alone.

MIKE

Alright fine.

INT. OFFICE, LATER IN THE DAY.

Mike is sat at his desk working when Dave runs up to him. He has the huge sandwich stuffed in his mouth and he's clearly in

some distress.

MIKE

You wouldn't listen would you? OK
hold still.

Mike performs the Heimlich manouvere and eventually dislodges
the sandwich from Dave's mouth.

MIKE

(Contd.)

You Muppet. You're not going to try
anything like that again are you?

DAVE

No way! From now on I'm sticking to
the Scooby snacks.

Dave pulls out a little bag of 'Scooby snacks' and starts
eating one.

MIKE

You know those have Canabis in right?