

HOLY SHIT

Written by

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1

INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

1

TRENT, 30, stares intently at his monitor. The LED light illuminates his tired face in an otherwise pitch black room.

TRENT

Zyklon B? Too many red flags.
Oleander? Messy. Sarin? Too
violent.

Trent clicks his mouse several times. The light shifts on his face with each page change. He leans closer to the screen.

The monitor shows a video of a cone snail. The creature sits on the ocean floor. The reflection of a MAN, 45, is in the reflection of the monitor. He stands behind Trent.

A small fish swims to a stop nearby. Dramatic music increases in volume on the video. A tube slowly extends from the shell toward the fish. The music begins to crescendo.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

The cone snail is slow. Its venom
has to work fast. It won't get a
second chance.

The tube shoots out and impales the fish. The fish fights for only a second before becoming paralyzed. The snail emerges from the shell and consumes the fish in its cavernous maw.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

The venom is deadly to fish and
humans.

2

INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

Trent walks into his home carrying a large brown paper sack and grocery bags.

His living room is full of open Amazon boxes. An enormous TV sits in front of another smaller, but nice looking TV. High end speakers surround the room.

3

INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

3

Trent sits on his couch. The only light comes from the gigantic TV. He eats spaghetti with meatballs and sips from a wine glass. The Man sits at the other end of the couch.

Trent eats ice cream piled high with whipped cream. The plate of spaghetti sits on the table. The wine glass is still full. One empty wine bottle now sits next to the glass.

The empty bowl sits atop the empty plate. The wine glass sits next to two empty wine bottles. Trent masturbates feverishly. He stares at the TV. The Man watches him and shakes his head.

Trent wears a gaming headset and holds a controller. He yells at the TV. The dishes and wine glass still sit on the table. A bottle of whiskey sits next to the empty wine bottles.

Trent places a glass bong to his mouth and flicks a lighter. The water bubbles. He inhales deep.

Trent snores with his mouth wide open.

4 TRENT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

4

Trent, disheveled, holds a cone snail like the one in the video in one hand and a hammer in the other. The snail hides in the shell.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

The radular sheath holds the harpoons. The sheath is fed by the venom duct. The venom bulb rests behind the esophagus. Be careful not to cause the gland to burst.

Trent sets the shell onto the counter. He raises the hammer above his head and brings it down on the shell, cracking it. He pries the shell apart. The snail's innards are exposed.

Trent pushes a syringe into a bulbous organ of the snail and pulls the plunger back. The syringe fills with an opaque fluid.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

Two milliliters diluted into three hundred milliliters of water. Death in four to six hours.

Trent injects the venom into a glass measuring cup filled with exactly three hundred milliliters of water.

5 INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

Trent walks into his bedroom holding the measuring cup. The bed is made to the standards of a five star hotel. The room is pristine, a stark contrast to the living room.

Modern bed frame, modern dresser and a modern night stand occupy the spotless room. A CPAP machine sits on the night stand. The Man stands in the corner.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

The analgesic compound in the venom should prevent any pain.

Trent slides the water chamber out of the CPAP machine. He pours the water and venom mixture into the chamber and slides it back into the machine. He sets the measuring cup down.

Trent retrieves a pill bottle from the night stand drawer.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

One Ambien in the evening to aid sleep. Two Ambien to block out the world for at least ten hours. Three Ambien to battle the survival instinct. Don't take with alcohol. Suicidal thoughts may occur.

Trent swallows three pills with a bottle of beer. He fully undresses. Trent has the physique of a man who was fit, but let himself go. Love handles have replaced well-defined abs.

He slides into bed. He pulls the silk sheets and duvet up to his chest. He picks up the face mask attached to a hose that feeds into the CPAP. Trent slides the mask over his face.

The mask's two silicon bands fasten a plastic cover over his nose. He hits a button on the machine. It whirs to life and forces air into his nasal cavities in a steady rhythm.

He stares at the ceiling, tears in his eyes. He shuts them, claps twice, and the lights go out. The room is pitch black. The only sound is the soft inhale and exhale of the machine.

6

INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

6

Sunlight filters through cracks in the curtains. Trent lays in bed. The room is completely silent. He stirs. He wakes up confused. He fights with the mask and yanks it off.

Trent sits up in bed and groans in pain. He holds his head and looks at the alarm clock on the night stand. Twelve o'clock blinks on the display.

He grabs the alarm clock and throws it across the room. He gets out of bed and tosses the night stand against the wall. The CPAP machine scatters into pieces.

7 INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 7

Trent storms into the bathroom and violently rummages through drawers. He pulls out a razor blade and examines it before placing it on his wrist.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)
Go down the street, not across the
highway.

Trent sucks in a breath and presses the blade into his skin. A bead of blood emerges from his wrist. The Man stands behind Trent, sad.

Trent presses down harder with the razor. It snaps off and clatters down the sink and into the drain.

TRENT
Fuck you. I'm not letting this
happen

8 EXT. TRENT'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER 8

Trent exits the house. He pulls shoes on over mismatched socks. His jeans are still unzipped and his shirt is inside out. He looks toward his car and freezes.

A fallen tree lays over his car's crushed hood. Thunder roars in the distance. Trent laughs and falls against his front door. He slumps down to the ground. His laugh turns to sobs.

The Man stands in the street. He looks at Trent. Trent gives him the finger. A gurgling noise erupts from Trent's stomach.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

9 INT. PAUL'S FISH FARM - BATHROOM - DAY 9

PAUL, 50, sits on the toilet in his store's bathroom. He sweats profusely and strains. Disgusting noises come one after the other. The front entrance bell rings.

Paul hurries and fastens his pants and belt. He flushes, ignores the soap, and exits.

10 INT. PAUL'S FISH FARM - MOMENTS LATER 10

Trent stands in the aisle of aquariums. Paul approaches him and extends his hand. Trent takes it and shakes.

PAUL
What can I do for you, sir?

TRENT
Can you get a cone snail?

END FLASHBACK.

11 EXT. TRENT'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS 11

Trent grimaces. He reaches up, opens the door and crawls inside. He shuts it with his foot.

12 INT. TRENT'S HOUSE - BATHROOM 12

Trent walks slowly to the toilet. He sits down on it and rests his head against the wall to his right. Sweat beads drip down his forehead.

TRENT
Not like this.

Trent's face twists in anguish. He strains. A vein on his forehead pushes against his skin. Trent's eyes roll back into his head and he goes limp.

FADE TO BLACK.