

BLOODY DISGUSTING

Written by

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EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

A car swerves into view speeding recklessly down an empty street. Loud SCREECHES of the tires and blasting MUSIC echo through the night.

INT. CAR - SAME

NATE, 20s, clearly intoxicated, drives with one hand sloppily grasping the wheel. He can barely keep his eyes open as he mumbles and burps to himself under his breath.

Next to him in the passenger seat, CRAIG, 20s, eyes as wide as saucers, holds onto anything and everything he can as the car swerves and bounces across the road.

In the backseat, CJ, 20s, and LAUREN, 20s, intensely make out, one wandering hand away from getting to next base.

EXT. STREET - SAME

A dozen yards away, a stop light flicks to yellow, then to red. The car shows no signs of stopping when...

INT. CAR

Craig hits Nate on the shoulder hard.

CRAIG

Nate! Red! Red red red!

Nate perks up, notices the light just in time to slam on the brakes.

EXT. STREET

The car comes skidding to a halt, just barely stopping at the light. Wisps of burnt rubber rise from the back of the car.

INT. CAR

Barely fazed, Nate reaches under his seat. Comes back up with a can of beer. Cracks it. Chugs half of it in seconds.

Craig looks over in a near panic as Nate continues to down the rest of the can.

CRAIG

Maybe I should drive?

Nate ignores Craig. Crushes the can on his forehead then tosses the empty directly at him.

He lets loose a long disgusting burp. Blows it in Craig's direction who nearly gags at the stench.

NATE

Fuck you. What do you know?

EXT. STREET

Off to the side of the road near the crosswalk, a BUM, 50s, wearing raggedy clothes and a hoodie, rummages through a shopping cart full of his belongings. He hums slightly to himself to no tune in particular.

He does not pay attention to the car stopped at the light next to him, only to what he's looking for in his cart.

INT. CAR

Nate reaches underneath his seat for another beer. Cracks it. Begins to chug again.

Craig, clearly aggravated by Nate's stupidity, sighs. Looks up to the red light -- still red -- then turns to look out his window.

He notices the Bum on the corner, still rummaging and humming.

BUUURP! Nate crushes the empty in his hand. Tosses it in the backseat. It hits CJ and Lauren. Both barely register the projectile as they continue to consume each other's faces.

NATE

Fuck, I'm out.

Nate pulls more and more empties from under his seat. Tosses them all at Craig's feet.

He keeps pulling and keeps tossing as Craig does his best to ignore him. He keeps his gaze set on the Bum who is curiously *still* rummaging.

NATE (CONT'D)

(in rearview mirror)

I'm outta booze. Gotta make another pit stop. You two cool with that?

CJ and Lauren seem to not care nor even acknowledge him. Nate reaches back, hits CJ on the leg.

NATE (CONT'D)
Hey! Is that cool???

CJ does not stop his session with Lauren. He simply gives a thumbs up then continues to suck face without another word.

EXT. STREET

The Bum continues to look for something he cannot find. He still does not notice or seem to care about the car idling beside him.

He pulls out a shirt stained in a sort of red color, a water bottle filled with yellow liquid and a box of assorted thumbtacks.

He digs deeper than before, his whole arm disappearing into the depths of his cart. Pulls out a long dirty, serrated knife. Sets it carefully in the front carriage.

He goes to dig again when out of the corner of his eye he catches Craig looking at him.

The Bum abruptly stops humming as they lock eyes.

INT. CAR

Craig sees the Bum pull his arm out of his cart. Sees him turn his way, his eyes still locked on Craig's.

Slightly panicked, Craig quickly snaps his head forward, tries to cover his face like the Bum might recognize him.

CRAIG
Shit...

Nate turns back around. Sees what Craig is doing.

NATE
The fuck'r you doing, Craig?

CRAIG
Nothing...

Craig self-consciously lowers his hand. Peers out to the Bum who is now wheeling his way across the parallel crosswalk like nothing happened.

NATE
Better be. You're killin' my damn
buzz.

Almost on cue, their light turns green. Nate floors it, but instead of heading straight, rips the wheel to the right.

He turns, speeding up as he goes. Craig holds on to the "oh shit" handle. CJ and Lauren continue their session as they roll around in the back, nothing fazing them at this point.

CRAIG

Jesus Christ! You're gonna kill
someone you jackass!

NATE

There's no one around! Who the fuck
am I gonna--

Suddenly, Nate's headlights illuminate the Bum in the middle of the crosswalk, a deer in the headlights.

But the car is going too fast. There seems to be no way to avoid a collision when--

--Nate's eyes go wide. Brakes slam. The wheel rips to the right and the car--

CRAIG

Oh, shiiit!!!

EXT. STREET

--swerves within inches of the Bum who simply stands in place, not bothering to avoid the oncoming car.

The SCREECH of tires rips through the air as Nate regains control. He continues to speed down the street.

Behind them, the Bum falls off into the distance. He stares down the car, still standing in the middle of the crosswalk as if nothing happened.

EXT. GAS STATION - MINUTES LATER

Nate awkwardly pulls up to a gas station. He and Craig get out. CJ and Lauren *still* make out in the backseat.

NATE

(taps back window)
Be back in a minute.
(to Craig antagonizing)
Don't look so miserable, Craig.
Night's only getting started.

Craig rolls his eyes. Ignores Nate as he walks off into the store. He leans up against the hood of the car. Crosses his arms. Looks up to the starry night sky.

INT. CAR

CJ and Lauren finally break from each other, panting and frazzled. Saliva drenches both of their lips and chins.

CJ
(persuasive)
So, uh, you wanna--

CJ makes a hole with his left hand. Shoves his finger in and out of it making a SQUISHING noise with his mouth.

He nudges his head to an alley near the side of the gas station. Smiles half drunk, half seductively at Lauren.

It takes her a second to understand what CJ is insinuating.

LAUREN
Oh my God, no way! We can't do
that! What if someone sees? What if
we get caught?

CJ feigns a sad face as he runs his hands up her leg. She stares at him for a moment but then rolls her eyes. Smiles.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Fine, but really quick!

EXT. GAS STATION

CJ and Lauren step out of the car. They hold hands and smile drunkenly at each other.

Craig watches as they head towards the alley.

CRAIG
What're you doing? He's gonna be
out in a second.

CJ
Don't worry about it. Just watch
the car. We'll be back in a minute.

LAUREN
Hopefully longer than a minute.

CJ
Doubtful.

CJ winks at Craig. Continues to walk towards the darkened alley. Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG
(calls out)
You know, if this was a horror
movie you two'd be the first people
to get killed. You don't say you'll
be right back cuz you won't.

CJ doesn't turn around, just simply holds his middle finger up as he and Lauren turn the corner into the alley.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(calls out)
I hope you get pregnant!

Craig turns away from the alley. Looks back up at the stars with a sigh.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Watch the car. Fuck you both.

Craig tries to relax. Folds his arms again, his eyes tracing the night sky.

POV from behind Craig: we see him leaning against the hood of the car as we creep closer and closer. We get within feet of him, within inches when--

INT. GAS STATION

Nate is at the cash register handing the CASHIER his booze. We can just barely see Craig through the storefront window, unnoticed by the two inside.

For some reason he's holding his throat tightly as some kind of dark liquid pours over his hand and fingers. He falls out of view as the Cashier rings up Nate's beer.

EXT. ALLEY

CJ and Lauren feel each other up near the back of the alley. Lauren leans up against a set of railings that lead to the back of the station, her legs wrapped around CJ.

At the far entrance of the alley, a dark figure steps into view.

POV from down the alley as the figure moves slowly towards the completely oblivious couple.

Somehow, seemingly by some rule set by all horror movies, the figure makes it to them without either noticing.

As Lauren looks away from yet another make out session, she sees someone standing directly behind CJ. Is confused for a second when...

LAUREN

Wait, aren't you--

CJ turns his head just in time to get his neck SNAPPED by the rough hands of the figure behind him.

He falls forward. Hangs limply on top of Lauren and the railing, pinning her under his dead weight.

She lets out an ear-piercing SCREAM.

Struggling, Lauren breaks free from CJ's body. Makes a run for the entrance of the alley.

For no apparent reason, she trips and falls face first into the ground. Smashes her nose into the concrete hard.

The feet of the figure as they turn towards her and begin to walk.

Lauren sees stars as she forces herself to her feet. She continues to try to run but her legs are like jelly.

The figure's arm pulls back, readying to throw something we cannot see.

WHOOSH! Lauren is almost out of the alley as the object the figure has thrown hits her square in the back.

She falls dead before she hits the ground. A pool of an UNBELIEVABLE amount of blood forms around her and flows freely out of the alley.

The feet of the figure walk past her, not bothering to pull out the object that delivered the killing blow.

EXT. GAS STATION

Nate comes out of the store with a pack of beer and some cigarettes. He argues with the Cashier, slurring his words.

NATE

Ah, fuck off Apu. I only shorted you a couple bucks.

As Nate turns to his car, he stops short. His eyes go wide.

NATE (CONT'D)
What in the fuck?

In front of him, the entire hood and windshield of his car are covered in a fine layer of crimson. His eyes follow the UNBELIEVABLE amount of blood to the ground where Craig's dead body lies, a gaping gash cut cleanly across his throat.

Just then, the figure emerges from the alley, a river of blood flowing between their feet like flood water.

NATE (CONT'D)
(notices figure)
Uh, what's happening here...

He looks to Craig's body. To the ridiculous amount of blood. To the figure. Back to Craig. His eyes open wide.

NATE (CONT'D)
Ohhh, shit...

Finally understanding what's happening, Nate reactively drops his beer. Rushes to the driver's side door. Pulls out his keys.

Behind him, the figure has started its plodding walk towards Nate.

For no apparent reason, Nate fumbles with his keys even though there's only one on the chain.

The figure inches closer.

Nate fumbles the single key to the ground directly into a pool of Craig's blood.

He sifts through the liquid, pulls the key out then forcibly jams it into the lock, missing his first attempt.

The figure has almost closed the gap now as Nate jumps into the car.

INT. CAR

Nate ignites the engine as the figure reaches out. He yelps in fear, then punches it into reverse. He floors it backward out of the gas station like a bat out of hell.

EXT. STREET

Nate spins the car wildly out into the street, skidding to a stop facing the gas station.

INT. CAR

Nate breathes heavy. Is clearly having a drunken panic attack. The windshield is completely covered in Craig's blood, barely anything visible through the red.

Nate clicks on the windshield wipers. Jumps out of his skin when he sees the figure standing right in front of his car, obscured by the remaining blood on the windshield.

NATE
(panicked)
What the fuck is going on right
now???

Terrified, Nate floors it again, still in reverse.

EXT. STREET

Nate guns it backwards all the way down the street, blowing the red light at the intersection.

He whips the car back around. Takes off in a hurry.

As he speeds off into the distance, the figure only looks on.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nate catches his breath as he drives. He glances at the rearview mirror more than the road. After a moment, he finally allows himself to calm down.

He flicks on the windshield wipers again, fluid spurting everywhere as it clears it of any remaining blood.

Stares out at a passing exit sign but keeps driving.

FADE TO:

EXT. NATE'S APARTMENT - 3AM

Nate parks his car crooked in his parking space. Gets out. Slams the door shut then leans up against the side of it.

He runs his hand through his hair and face, panicked and scared.

He looks around, paranoid for the moment, then makes his way to the open stairwell leading up to his apartment.

As he climbs, he peers around the parking lot as if the figure could have possibly made it this far on foot.

He reaches the top step, neck still craned behind him. Once satisfied, he turns to face his door, but what he sees is not what he expects.

THUNK!

Nate takes a wavering step back as he brings his hand to his chest. Dark red begins to spread around his hand, obscuring the object he has been stabbed with.

As he looks up to his attacker, his eyes go wide with fear.

The figure, now fully revealed to be the Bum, stands in front of him. He holds the small box of thumbtacks from his cart in his hands.

Nate looks down at his completely red shirt to see a single tack poking out from the center of his chest.

Astonished and a little confused, he falls backward, crashing down the steps and settling on the landing.

UNBELIEVABLE amounts of blood pour down the steps making a waterfall of red that continues longer than it really should.

The Bum stands stoic at the top of the steps. He closes the box of thumbtacks, pockets it then steps down to Nate's body.

As Nate spits up blood, he reaches out to the Bum with red stained fingers. The Bum looks at him hard through the cover of his hood.

BUM

Watch where you're driving.

With that, the Bum walks out of view as Nate bleeds out on the stairs.

When he reaches the ground floor, the Bum passes Nate's car to where his shopping cart is parked.

He takes out the box of thumbtacks. Places them deep within the crevices of his junk. Looks back to the stairwell. Sees the dripping red still flowing down them.

Satisfied, the Bum begins to hum to himself as he slowly pushes his cart away from the apartment.

FADE OUT.

END