

The third arm does what it wants

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INT. SMALL FILTHY APARTMENT. - NIGHT.

Most of the lights have been shut off with the exception of a small desk lamp. At the desk sits...

TABARNAK (36) Slightly fat, very disgusting, stained JUDAS PRIEST T-SHIRT no pants, shaved head, glasses, large beard specked with food from various fast food joints around town.

An old blocky LAPTOP in front of him. On the cracked screen two women preform unspeakable acts on a man wearing a BIRD MASK.

TABARNAK snorts, hawking a healthy glob of spit into the palm of his right hand. He reaches into his lap, hand grasping his erect penis pumping furiously.

Something under his shirt begins moving and jerking about interrupting TABARNAK'S masturbation.

TABARNAK
Son of a bitch.

He grabs at the thing moving under his shirt with both hands. Struggling to pin it down with no success. The struggle grows rougher. TABARNAK falling backwards spilling out of his chair. He somersaults, tearing his shirt from his body and tossing it to the floor in a huff.

TABARNAK (cont'd)
You mother fucker!!

TABARNAK looks down at the THIRD ARM protruding from his round belly. The arm flails about, almost as if trying to pull itself free. Crude stitching appears to hold it in place, the area around swollen and infected.

TABARNAK grabs the wriggling arm in an attempt to stop it from moving.

TABARNAK (cont'd)
Knock it off you goddamn asshole!

The THIRD ARM twists around reaching up to pinch TABARNAK'S nipple, pulling hard on it.

TABARNAK (cont'd)
(In pain)
Ass!!

He swats the THIRD HAND away from his nipple hissing in pain. THE THIRD ARM takes advantage of the situation by poking TABARNAK'S eyes.

(CONTINUED)

TABARNAK (cont'd)

Ah damn you!!

He stumbles back, tripping over the over turned chair landing hard on his back.

THE THIRD ARM stretching out as far as it can. TABARNAK trying to hold it back.

TABARNAK (cont'd)

Stop it you're not going anywhere!

THE THIRD ARM slaps at his face, and in retaliation he slaps back at it. TABARNAK and his THIRD ARM in a slap fight rolling about on the floor.

Suddenly with a good amount of speed THE THIRD ARM jolts down claspng tight on TABARNAK'S testicles, squeezing with no mercy.

TABARNAK understandably in a great deal of pain.

TABARNAK (cont'd)

(Shouting)

AHHH MOTHER FUCKING CHRIST SHIT GOD
DAMN LET ME GO YOU STUPID FUCK!!!

He punches at the hand still locked onto his private parts. Drawing his fist into the air he brings it down fast and hard like a hammer missing the THIRD ARM by half a second. A well timed doge to ensure TABARNAK'S hard punch lands right on his already hurting balls.

TABARNAK (cont'd)

HOLY SHIT!!

He coughs, turning over spewing up vomit onto the floor. Coughing and gagging the pain reaching unbearable levels.

TABARNAK (cont'd)

(Panting)

You... You want out... Out so
fucking bad... Fine...

TABARNAK slowly pulling himself back to his feet. His legs wobbling, barely able to stand.

TABARNAK grabs the base of THE THIRD ARM aiding it in it's attempt to pull free of the fat man's stomach.

Grunting and groaning, giving it all he's got. THE THIRD ARM stretched out as far as it can go.

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The skin of TABARNAK'S stomach begins to tear, stitches popping out. Blood and pus oozing from the area. THE THIRD ARM'S fingers reaching for the desk, gripping the edge, pulling forward as TABARNAK pulls back.

The blood spilling out faster, thicker, a mix of vile bodily fluids gushing down to the floor...

Then with a sicken *POP* THE THIRD ARM rips from TABARNAK'S body. Blood and intestines pour out like water from a broken dam.

TABARNAK looks down at his insides. He takes his hands trying his best to stuff them back in. Though it's pointless. He grows weaker, the life draining from his eyes. Again he falls back over the chair. Dead before he hits the floor.

THE THIRD ARM drops down from the table. Tired and weak in it's own right. It begins dragging itself across the floor, slowly trying to make it's way to the door as **WE...**

FADE TO.

--CREDITS