

30 LEGS OF DEATH

Written by

Sister Love

DARKNESS.

Sounds of STIRRING, THRASHING. Then a man shouts out.

MAN/HARRY (O.S.)
HELP ME. I'm trapped.

A smart phone RINGS.

FADE IN:

INT. BURIAL CASKET — NIGHT

HARRY HULL, (30), in a polo shirt and slacks, lies on a bed of cotton fabric. He's got a thin rat-like face and glasses.

Cell phone RINGS and lights up. Harry struggles to respond.

CALLER/RED (FILTERED)
About time you woke up.

The phone light dimly reflects off Harry's glasses.

HARRY
Who is this?

FACETIME. RED (25) has short red hair. A perky, round face.

RED
Remember me? Our date last
night? drinks? drugs?

Harry strains to move. The casket is sealed tight.

HARRY
No, I don't remember a damn
thing. Where the fuck am I?

RED
Maybe this'll stir up
memories.

Red SCREAMS — a blood-thirsty shriek. Startles Harry.

RED (CONT'D)
That was my little sister
when you date raped and
tortured her. She couldn't
live with the shame, Harry.
We buried her yesterday. I
thought you should know.

HARRY

I'm sorry. Sorry you got the wrong guy.

RED

No, you're the right guy.

Harry continues squirming.

RED (CONT'D)

I hooked you up with another blind date. She's more your type: a real predator.

HARRY

So you kidnapped me?

RED

Your date is Scolopendra. She's in the casket with you.

Harry stares at the phone screen. Sees a VIDEO of a

GIANT CENTIPEDE

munching on a dead rat. The video sound is muted.

HARRY

If this about money, I got none. You want my car? Go ahead, take my Honda.

His nervousness builds. Ponds the casket.

RED

The Giant Centipede is a ten-inch throbbing arthropod. Thirty legs, mean attitude, lethal as hell and ugly as sin. The closest comp I could find to you, Harry. You and your rapist pecker.

HARRY

You're lying. Trying to scare me. But it won't work.

Harry breathes harder, faster.

RED

A lie? Here's another lie. You got about five minutes of oxygen left. Or less.

HARRY

What do you want from me?

RED

I set up a conference call
with Detective Locke. I want
her to hear your confession.

HARRY

Then you'll let me go?

Phone RINGING from a placed call. A CLICK at the other end.

DETECTIVE LOCKE (O.S.)(MACHINE)

You've reached Detective
Jennifer Locke of the Perris
PD. Leave your name, number
and the nature of your call.

HARRY

This is Harry Hull. The
Sundown Rapist. It's over.
I'm turning myself in. Today.

There's a sudden commotion in the casket. Like a mini-Battle
Royale. The phone drops. Harry goes crazy.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Die you bitch. Die some more.

Then it's quiet. Harry shines the phone on the centipede.
Crushed and beaten to death. He pants. CHUCKLES in relief.

Harry glances at the phone: One percent battery life.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You got my confession. That
was the deal.

RED

She has a big sister, you
know. Wait till you meet her.
They call her Satan's Claw.

Harry SCREAMS.

THE END