

LOCKED, LOADED & INFESTED

Witten by

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(c) 2025

FADE IN:

EXT. MINI FARM - DAY

A small 1940s run-down house in the deep woods, surrounded by a thick forest. Abandoned cars, car parts, and old used crap strewn about.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Chocked full of old Amazon boxes, mixed with many unopened boxes.

A door mat reads: Ain't Home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A hoarder's paradise.

EARL BELLAMY (39) slouches in a folding lawn chair stacked on top of a mound of old boxes and abandoned trash with a can of Coors beer resting on his exposed beer belly.

Next to Earl slouches a solid and large MINNIE BELLAMY (36), decked out in a wife-beater shirt and daisy duke shorts. Her face is pockmarked with numerous spider bites.

On her lap, a fluffy and mangled long-haired WHITE CAT.

Minnie slowly pets the cat as both stare at a TV that wobbles on a stack of boxes, watching NASCAR.

The cat leaps off Minnie's lap and heads to the kitchen door. It scratches and hisses.

EARL

What's your damn cat doing now?

Minnie shrugs and keeps watching TV. Earl watches the cat.

EARL (CONT'D)

Hellfire woman. You leave that backdoor open again?

MINNIE

Now you listen up old man. I didn't leave no door open.

EARL

You sure? Remember yesterday when that wild boar got loose in the kitchen? That's cause you left the damn door open.

MINNIE

Oh shut up. That wasn't me.

EARL

So why's your cat still trying to
get in that door?

MINNIE

Well shit... I have no idea. Why
don't you get off your lazy ass and
go check it out.

Earl huffs and climbs out of his chair. He battles through
piles of boxes and trash on the way toward the kitchen door.

He kicks the cat away and opens the door.

The back door is wide open. Dozens of birds! Earl shuts the
door quickly.

EARL

God damn it woman. You left the
fucking door open, again.
(pointing)
Get the shotgun out of the gun
cabinet.

Minnie hustles over and opens the gun cabinet. It stands in
the middle of the room, amongst all the hoarder clutter.

She snatches out a double-barrel shotgun and shoves extra
shells in her daisy dukes.

EARL (CONT'D)

Now, when I get to three I'm gonna
open this door and you open fire.
And woman, don't shoot me. Got it.

Minnie nods in agreement.

Earl opens the door, and all hell breaks loose. Birds swarm
by the dozens into the living room.

Minnie opens fire. Reloads. Finds cover behind a stack of
boxes and keeps firing. Birds fall out of the air.

The cat gets caught in the cross fire, fur flies everywhere.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They both stare at the open door.

EARL
(pointing)
Christ almighty. You done left it
wide open.

MINNIE
Why do you assume I left it open?

EARL
Cause you're the only absent minded
broad here.

MINNIE
Still... It wasn't me.

EARL
Then who in the sam hell left it
open. Had to be you, dummy.

He shoves at the door to slam it shut. It flies off the hinges
and on to the back porch.

EARL (CONT'D)
It certainly ain't gonna shut now.

In the distance, a pack of wild RAVENOUS DOGS is sprinting
toward them.

They run into the...

LIVING ROOM

Earl grabs semi-automatic rifles from the gun cabinet and
loads them lickity split.

EARL (CONT'D)
(pointing at the mantle)
Over there. There's a Glock behind
the clock.

MINNIE
There's a Glock behind the clock?

EARL
Yes. A Glock behind the clock.

MINNIE
Well son of a gun I'm in shock at a
Glock behind the clock.

She checks. Not loaded.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
And now, there are not bullets in
the Glock found behind the clock.

EARL

Shut up woman and grab this.

He tosses her a semi-automatic rifle.

EARL (CONT'D)

Here they come!

They dive behind a stack of boxes, taking cover, and taking aim.

EARL (CONT'D)

Fire!!

They open up on the pack of dogs. Flesh rips from their bodies. Loud wincing and screeching. Bullet holes litter the back wall of their home. Heavy smoke lingers.

Earl hears a loud thump against the front door. He rushes over, wipes grime and dirt off the window, and takes a quick peek. Nothing.

EARL (CONT'D)

We gotta secure that door. You know the one you left open.

MINNIE

If you don't shut up about that door, I'm liable to shoot you in the mouth.

They trudge over clutter, trash, dead birds, dead dogs, plus one white dead cat as they head toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Earl is pushing and stacking boxes, heavy appliances, and crates of potatoes into the doorway to close it up.

EARL

Give me a hand. This crap's heavy.

She sets down her semi-automatic rifle and assists.

Yellow jackets begin flying through the barrier. They swarm Minnie.

MINNIE

Crap. These little bastards are crawling all over me.

She sustains multiple stings. One directly to her shooting finger and thumb.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Ow. Ow. Help! Get the black flag.

Earl scans the room and doesn't see any black flag spray.

EARL
Where in the sam hell is it.

MINNIE
On the back porch.

EARL
Well shit. I can't get out there.

She is still screaming.

MINNIE (O.S.)
Do something. I'm getting stung to death.

He dashes back into the...

Earl searches quickly through boxes for something to fight the yellow jackets. He finds a lighter and a can of PAM cooking spray.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(nervous)
What are you doing?

EARL
Quick brush them off your face and dive to your left.

He flicks the lighter and presses button the aerosol can. Flames devour the swarm of yellow jackets, and singe a part of Minnie's greasy hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Minnie rests in her lawn chair, a towel pressed against her swollen face.

EARL
Damn woman. Them jackets were fierce.

She flips him off.

Another loud bang against the front door. Earl checks. This time he spots a large ELK. It is head-butting the door.

EARL (CONT'D)
Christ on a cracker. He's coming in if we don't barricade this door better.

The elk slams the door again and it opens slightly. No time to barricade.

Earl rummages quickly through his gun safe and finds a HAND GRENADE.

He rushes to the window, breaks it with his elbow, pulls the pin on the grenade, and tosses it out the window and behind the elk.

BOOM!!!

Elk parts fly into the living room.

EARL (CONT'D)
Christ that was close.

Earl wipes fresh elk blood from his face.

MINNIE
Now we got two doors you left open.

EARL
Woman.

MINNIE
We better call for help.

EARL
My phone is dead. You got yours.

MINNIE
It fell between the boxes. Let's see if I can reach it.

She shoves her whole arm down between the boxes to find her phone.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Mother fucker!!

EARL
What?

MINNIE
I can't reach it. Can you.

He move boxes and digs down, and grabs the cell phone.

EARL
Here. Unlock it.

She presses her swollen thumb against the unlock button. Her thumb is too big for it to work.

MINNIE
Damn it. Won't...

Minnie's eyes are big as pie plates, a look of terror on her face, slowly pointing at the kitchen.

A BLACK BEAR saunters into the living room.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
How are we gonna get out here?

EARL
We could make a run for it.

MINNIE
That bears gonna get us if we run.

EARL
Let's call someone. Where is your cell phone?

MINNIE
Right here. Can't unlock it with my thumb.

The black bear growls.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Earl?

EARL
Don't worry.

MINNIE
Don't worry! Are you insane. That's a bear. A very big black bear.

Earl and Minnie move back slowly.

The bear roars, and runs toward Earl and Minnie.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Oh God. This is it. We're done for.

Earl throws the phone at the bear and hits it right between the eyes. It stops for a brief few seconds.

He pulls the trigger on the semi-automatic rifle. Empty.

Earl finds a SAMURAI SWORD lodged into a bucket, and he pulls hard to get it out.

The bear steps down on a claymore hidden under all the hoarder crap. CLICK. CLICK.

BOOM!!!

Bear parts, pieces of pelt, and a severed claw fly through the room.

MOMENTS LATER

Earl and Minnie fall, worn out, into their lawn chairs.

Minnie hands Earl his beer.

She flips on the TV, they continue watching NASCAR.

EARL

Woman. Next time I tell you to keep
the damn door shut, do it.

MINNIE

The next time shut it yourself.
Who's gonna clean up this mess?

EARL

Damned if I know.

MINNIE

I ain't gonna do it. My face hurts.

EARL

Well. Just leave it woman.

MINNIE

Sounds like a plan.

Earl take a long swallow of his Coors beer, crumples the can,
and tosses it on top of the giant mess in front of him.

FADE OUT: