

MELT

Written by

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"There are no true
solids in my nightmares"

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FADE IN:

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A cramped little establishment. Clean and well organized. Fluorescent lights buzz overhead.

Outside, a THUNDERSTORM rages.

"Rock Lobster" by The B-52's starts up and plays through ceiling speakers.

Behind the counter stands WHITNEY, (23). She leans against the counter and scrolls through social media on her phone.

PETE (O.S.)
You keep staring at that thing and
your brain's gonna rot.

Whitney glances up from her phone, smirks at PETE, (44), who stands at the coffee station and pours himself a cup.

She sets her phone down on the counter.

WHITNEY
Yeah, I know it. I saw this one
video just a bit ago... Man... It
was so messed up.

Pete puts some creamer in his coffee.

PETE
It was probably A.I. That stuff's
getting crazy.

Whitney shakes her head.

WHITNEY
No... I don't think this was --

She winces in pain, grabs the sides of her head.

Cup in hand, Pete steps away from the coffee station, moves for the counter. He stops suddenly.

His cup of coffee hits the tile floor, splashes all over.

A look of sheer terror shoots across Pete's face as Whitney SCREAMS in pain O.S.

EXT. GAS STATION

Rain dumps down.

A beat-up sedan pulls into the lot, parks in the shadows beside the small building.

THUNDER rumbles.

INT. SEDAN - PARKED

TRAVIS, (25), rides in the passenger seat. He cranes his neck to check the mostly empty lot.

Just a pickup truck parked at the pump.

Behind the wheel, MICKEY, (33), heats up a dirty crackpipe. He turns to Travis and grins. Smoke slowly seeps out of his rotten teeth.

TRAVIS

We're just here for the cash. Try
to remember that.

Mickey sets his crackpipe down on the dashboard, then pulls a ski mask on over his face.

MICKEY

Relax, bitch.

He looks back to Travis, sticks his tongue out, then he exits the vehicle and rushes off.

Annoyed, Travis slides a ski mask over his face, then hurries out after Mickey.

INT. GAS STATION

The MUSIC still plays over the ceiling speakers.

Both Mickey and Travis rush in through the front door, each with pistols in hand.

Pete still stands before the counter, motionless and white with fear. He stares with wide eyes at the counter, where Whitney was only moments earlier.

Mickey steps in front of Pete, aims his gun at his face.

Pete doesn't react. Not even a flinch.

MICKEY
Motherfucker, you blind!?

PETE
(a faint whisper)
She just... Melted...

Travis rushes around them, moves over to the cash register, steps around the counter and stops cold. He spots something on the floor. A look of disgust spreads across his face.

Mickey presses his gun against the bottom of Pete's chin.

MICKEY
Your cash. Make it mine. Now.

Still nothing from Pete.

Travis can't pull his eyes away from what's on the floor behind the counter. He covers his mouth and gags.

TRAVIS
Something's very wrong here.

With his gun still pressed to the bottom of Pete's chin, Mickey looks over at Travis.

MICKEY
The fuck are you going on about?
Just grab the money and let's get
the hell out of here!

Travis doesn't move a muscle.

Frustrated, Mickey steps away from Pete, rushes over beside Travis, finally sees what has his partner in crime so shaken.

On the floor behind the counter, Whitney's clothes and shoes sit in a nauseating puddle of... Something. It's lumpy, juicy, red and yellow. Like bloody vomit.

While both Travis and Mickey stare down at the mysterious puddle, behind them Pete suddenly slaps his hands against the sides of his head and screams out in pain.

PETE
Oh, God! Please! Help me!

Travis looks to Mickey, who just shrugs. They both turn back to Pete and aim their guns at him.

TRAVIS
Hey, man! Just calm --

Pete's eyes suddenly bulge to twice their normal size, then burst and drip down his cheeks.

His skin turns bright red and starts to blister all over, then rapidly liquifies. The mushy skin oozes down his body and spills out the bottom of his pants.

Tendons snap as muscles and organs slop to the floor and quickly dissolve, feeding the growing human puddle.

Finally, Pete's remaining bones turn jet black and collapse into ash.

From horrific screaming to human soup, just like that.

Travis looks from Pete's puddle, to Mickey. Then to the Whitney's puddle. Back to Mickey.

TRAVIS

What was that!? How... !? I mean,
what the hell is happening here!?

Mickey stares down at Pete's puddle, baffled.

MICKY

Oh, shit. That rock's hittin' me
hard as fuck right now.

Travis shakes his head in disbelief.

TRAVIS

Are you serious, man!?
(points to Pete's puddle)
That wasn't your dope! That dude
just melted! I'm outta' here!

He darts out the front door.

Mickey goes to follow, but stops and runs back around the counter for the cash register. He slips in Whitney's puddle, falls on his back.

Bits of Whitney splatter all over Mickey, who quickly pushes himself back up and wipes as much of the human soup off of himself as he can.

MICKY

Fuckin' gross!

Mickey pops open the register, only to discover a hand full of small bills. Maybe forty bucks, total.

MICKY

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me!

A CAR HORN blasts O.S.

Mickey stuffs the cash in his pocket, takes one last look at Whitney and Pete's liquid remains.

MICKEY
Shit's fucked.

With that, he turns and rushes out the front door.

EXT. GAS STATION

Rain continues to pour as Mickey rushes over to his sedan, moves to the driver's side, yanks the door open.

Travis sits behind the wheel, mask off. His face is white with fear.

Mickey aims his gun at Travis.

MICKEY
Move, fucker! No one drives this
piece but me!

Travis climbs over to the passenger seat while Mickey jumps behind the wheel and slams his door shut behind him.

The sedan accelerates off into the dark night.

EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD

The sedan speeds down the secluded road. There are no other vehicles in sight.

Heavy rain hammers the area.

Lightning flashes, illuminates a creepy old barn far off in the distance. Darkness returns. Then, THUNDER.

INT. SEDAN - TRAVELING

Mickey's crackpipe slides back and forth on the dashboard.

Travis buries his face in his hands, sucks in air.

Mickey rips his ski mask off, gives Travis a dirty look.

MICKEY
Why'd you bail like that, fucker?

Travis scoffs.

TRAVIS
You serious!? Mickey... Those
people back there just melted!

Mickey looks back to the road and frowns, confused.

MICKEY
Wait... That really happened?

Just then, Mickey's entire body tenses up.

Travis doesn't notice. He's too focused on the dark road
before them.

Mickey squeezes the wheel, straightens up in his seat. His
foot presses down harder on the gas pedal.

MICKEY
(under his breath)
My teeth... They feel soft...

TRAVIS
What?

Travis looks over and is horrified to see Mickey's eyes
nearly bulging out of his head.

MICKEY
It's happening to me, isn't it!?

Juicy blisters spread across Mickey's face.

TRAVIS
Shit! Pull over, man!

Mickey screams in agony just as his eyes burst and squirt
down his blistered face.

EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD

The storm continues to rage as the sedan drifts off the road,
flips over twice, and lands upside down in a ditch.

A long beat passes. Rain continues to dump down.

Lightning. THUNDER.

A vehicle cruises past, doesn't see the flipped sedan.

INT. SEDAN - CRASHED

Travis lies unconscious on the roof, face down in a massive puddle of Mickey stew.

More THUNDER outside.

Travis jolts awake, pushes himself out of the gore puddle.

TRAVIS

This can't be real! I'm having a
nightmare! I'm having a really
gross nightmare!

He uses the back of his arms to wipe the foul liquid off of his face, then tries to open the passenger door, but it's jammed shut.

TRAVIS

God dammit!

Travis turns around and moves for the driver's side door. As he sloshes through Mickey's liquid remains, he vomits into the puddle beneath him.

He grabs the door handle, pops the door open and slips out into the pouring rain.

EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD

As Travis pushes himself away from the flipped sedan, he grabs at his head and cries out in pain.

TRAVIS

No! No, no, no, no! Please, God!?

He stumbles into the road, drops to his knees just as bright headlights wash over him.

A small SUV slows to a stop in front of Travis just as his eyes start to bulge and his skin rapidly turns red.

Travis lets out a blood chilling scream.

SMASH TO BLACK.