

Mr. Lamb

written by

Bo Peep

C-2021

FADE IN:

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Two businessmen conference via Zoom: FRANKLIN FULLER, 20s,
and his stonefaced boss, MR. LAMB, 40s.

FRANKLIN

The August inventory isn't in...

Lamb freezes onscreen, face snarled amid a rotten connection.

Franklin gazes until Lamb comes unstuck, out of limbo.

LAMB

Fucking glitches.

FRANKLIN

All the time this happens.

LAMB

You know why, right?

Franklin shrugs.

LAMB

Server's clogged with dead fuckers.

Franklin half-chuckles, picks at the edge of a spreadsheet.

LAMB

Honest to God. Their souls get
sucked into the ethernet and they
glitch shit up. If you look quick,
you can see 'em.

FRANKLIN

(searches for diplomacy)
Haven't heard about that.

LAMB

Aw, lemme show you. Turn out the
lights and get under your desk.

Now it's Franklin who's frozen. Totally dumbstruck.

LAMB

Set aside your spreadsheets and do
as I say. It's an experiment.

Franklin obliges, hunkering under his desk in darkness.

LAMB (O.S.)
Now, creep toward the screen. Stay
low. Try to get a peek at 'em.

FRANKLIN
Peek at who?

LAMB (O.S.)
The dead fucks. Unclog your ears.

Franklin frowns. Squats. Lifts his head just over the desk.

A quick peek at the glowing monitor. He drops down.

Silence. Franklin pops up again. Looks full-on.

The monitor glows, but Mr. Lamb is swallowed by darkness. He
must have turned out his lights. He must be hunkering, too.

Franklin draws close to the monitor. He scans. He whispers.

FRANKLIN
Mr. Lamb?

A ring. Franklin yells out, startled. It's his cell phone.

He answers. A panicked CALLER cries out to him:

CALLER (V.O.)
Franklin, did you hear? Lamb's
dead. Blew his brains out this
morning. I tried to...

Franklin stammers in disbelief, drops the phone.

He faces the monitor, unable somehow to look away.

Complete darkness on Mr. Lamb's end, but something shifts.

Franklin draws closer: an inch away from the screen. He
presses his face against the glass, fogging it with breath.

His eyes dart wildly, searching for Mr. Lamb, searching for
the dead. He whimpers and tries to pull away, but he can't.

Mr. Lamb flickers back into view. Like Franklin, his face is
pushed all the way against the monitor. Nose-to-nose.

Mr. Lamb's face glistens with tissue and blood, but his mouth
still works.

He opens up, ready to swallow squirming Franklin down whole.

FADE OUT: