

WEIRD SHIT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PLEASANT STREET - DAY

Someone walks their dog along the sidewalk. Houses, lawn sprinklers and green grass.

A street sign reads: PLEASANT ST.

INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Tapping on a keyboard is heard as we take in the room --
unmade bed, an open pizza box, pair of jeans on the floor.

Sitting at a desk typing away is CHAD WILLINGS, 18, long hair
in his face, glasses. He wears boxer shorts and socks, and
he's too handsome for a nerd. More of a dolt.

His phone rings. He checks the screen, rolls his eyes, puts
it on mute and continues typing. When suddenly, a loud --

CRASH!

-- from downstairs.

He stops typing. Startled. Looks curiously at his closed
door.

The THUMP THUMP of footsteps coming up the stairs.

CHAD
The fuck. Mom?

He pushes his chair out, goes to stand and --

SMASH!

His bedroom door splinters off its hinges. Three POLICE
OFFICERS in tactical gear barge into the room. They knock
Chad to the floor, throw his hands behind his back and slap
cuffs on his wrists. Tight.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Hey! What the--?

OFFICER 1
Scumbag.

They forcefully lead him out the door. The last OFFICER to
leave takes a gander at the room. Sniffs.

OFFICER 3
It smells in here.

Chad WAILS in the hallway.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Two FEDERAL AGENTS (BILL ORANGE and LYLE BELL) with cropped buzz-cuts, identical suits. One sitting, one standing. Silent. One more square-jawed than the next.

Chad sits at a table, still in just his boxers and socks. One lens on his glasses is cracked.

Beat. Just the ticking of the wall clock.

CHAD
So, like, you guys gonna talk or what?

AGENT BELL
Chad Willings. Is that your name?

CHAD
No.

AGENT ORANGE
Who are you?

CHAD
The Keebler Elf.

They're not amused.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Yes, Chad Willings. Okay? I'm Chad Willings.

AGENT BELL
How long have you lived at your current address?

CHAD
All my life. Look, are you gonna tell me what I'm doing here?

AGENT BELL
Agent Orange.

Orange reaches into his jacket and pulls out a file. He goes to speak --

CHAD

Wait a minute-- Your name is Agent Orange?

Orange rolls his eyes.

AGENT ORANGE

Yeah. We got that out of our system now?

Orange hands the file to Agent Bell, who opens it.

AGENT BELL

A month long surveil of your internet habits have produced some very troubling results, Mr. Willings. Red flags. Big red flags.

CHAD

Big red flags. Okay.

AGENT BELL

Sixteen times you searched for "how to kill my girlfriend and make it look like an accident." Twelve times you searched for "poisons that do not show up in toxicology tests." Nine searches for "will anyone care if I murder a hooker?"

Chad opens his mouth as if to protest--

AGENT BELL (CONT'D)

Why does my cat turn me on? I think I'm a sociopath. I think she's a sociopath. Seventeen times you searched for "I have a Canadian with stomach issues in my basement and I want to kill him."

(looks up)

Talk about your red flags. You're a sick fuck.

Agent Orange places his fists on the desk, leans in.

AGENT ORANGE

Not to mention forty-two - count 'em, *forty-two* - searches for granny porn.

Chad bites his lip.

AGENT BELL

Do you have anything to say for yourself?

CHAD

I can explain--

AGENT ORANGE

I'm all ears.

CHAD

I'm a writer.

AGENT BELL

A writer?

CHAD

Yeah, I write shit.

AGENT ORANGE

What kind of shit?

CHAD

Weird shit. Stories. Screenplays. I search up stuff on the internet sometimes. Okay?

Orange looks at Bell. Bell throws his hands up. Shrugs.

Orange clears his throat.

AGENT BELL

You're free to go, kid.

FADE OUT.