

EXTERMINATION

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The sun hovers over the magnificent rock formations in the horizon casting a golden hue over the scorched landscape.

A low end motel with a flickering neon sign at the entrance that reads "Motel Macabre" sits alone by the two lane road.

A small commercial pick-up truck with print on the side that reads "Curtis Brown Pest control" is parked up front.

The entry door opens. CURTIS BROWN (50) with a rotund body squeezed into a uniform a few sizes too small and matching cap steps out. He carries a pesticide sprayer in his hand.

BARTON WEST (40) tall, scrawny and haggard looking follows in Curtis's wake.

Curtis puts the sprayer in the back of the pick-up. He gazes at the sun, wipes his sweaty face with a handkerchief.

BARTON

Sure appreciate you comin' out on such short notice.

CURTIS

My pleasure Barton. You know my motto..."If you got pests, big or small, call Curtis Brown he'll kill them all".

He chuckles, opens up a cooler in the back of the truck, pulls out a six-pack of bottled beer from the ice filled container.

BARTON

That's the only thing I miss about Canada. Not a lot of critters or bugs...at least not like here.

CURTIS

I guess we ain't the only ones liking warmer weather.

He puts the cold beer bottle against his forehead for a moment then drains half the bottle in one swig.

BARTON

Thank God for men like you Curtis.

A big smile is hung between Curtis's ears.

CURTIS

What you mean Barton?

BARTON

Not many men around that can charm
the rattles off a Diamondback like
you.

Curtis beams with pride, reaches into the cooler and hands Barton a cold one.

Barton accepts it with a big appreciative grin on his face.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Desolate rocky landscape with long shadows as the sun struggles to stay above the horizon.

Curtis's pick-up barrels down the empty two lane road. The windows are down, music blares, Curtis sings along while nursing another bottle.

A thin layer of sand covers the road.

A large rattle snake warms its body on the pavement.

EXT/INT. TRUCK - DAY

In a well practiced move, Curtis lobs the empty bottle out the window. It lands in the back of the load bed.

He smiles, leans over to the floor on the passenger side and fumbles for another bottle.

The truck hits the snake in the road. The car jerks.

Curtis grabs the steering wheel with both hands, tries to keep the truck steady.

The truck slips on the sand, starts to fishtail, each swerve bigger than the last.

He struggles with both hands tight on the steering wheel.

CURTIS

Oh shit!

The rear tire slides off the pavement.

He jerks the steering wheel, tries to get the rear back up on the road. No luck. The truck, now sideways on the road violently flips and somersaults into the air.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Buzzards circle in the clear blue sky. The sun's busy baking everything in sight.

Curtis lies on the ground with his eyes shut, blood and dirt on his face. His eyes flutter open. He stares up at the buzzards. He grimaces in pain as he lifts his head a few inches.

He looks down at his legs, his eyes widen. The legs are bent in grotesque angles and his right side femur proudly juts out through his pant leg.

With horror on his face he lays his head back down.

Slowly he turns his head to the side. His right arm is twisted like a corkscrew.

The truck lies upside down in the distance.

He turns, looks to the other side where his arm, flat as a pancake rests next to the pesticide sprayer.

CURTIS

Oh God... Help! Heeelp! Can anyone hear me?

He stares up at the buzzards gracefully riding the thermals.

CURTIS

Oh shit...

He struggles with the pain, his breaths short and forced. His eyes roll back into his head. He's out.

LATER

The afternoon sun sears the barren landscape.

Curtis's eyes suddenly pop open, the whites of his eyes in clear contrast to his severely sunburnt face.

CURTIS

What was that?

He's alert, eyes wide.

CURTIS
Anyone there?

He tries to look around.

CURTIS
Who's there? I can hear you!

A SPIDER crawls out of his ear.

Curtis shakes his head trying to shake the spider off.

The spider casually crawls up his cheek on towards his nose.

Curtis looks cross-eyed as he follows the spider's move. He blows air out, but the spider holds on, then disappears into his nostril.

Curtis snorts hard several times to no avail.

CURTIS
Ahhh! Get out! Leave me alone!

A neat line of marching ants lead up his pant leg and ends at the bloody buffet surrounding his compound fracture.

CURTIS
Please! Is there anyone out there?
Heeeelp!

He frantically turns his head, looks around. He lifts his head, peeks down as a big Rattler slithers towards his crotch between his legs.

His eyes bug out at the sight of the snake. He quietly lays his head back down, shuts his eyes tight, holds his breath.

The snake slides up over Curtis's crotch, its tongue tastes the air, cold yellow eyes stare at nothing.

The thick long snake glides across Curtis's chest. For a moment they are face to face, then it slips down over Curtis's shoulder and continues on.

Curtis stares in horror as the rattle adorn tail smoothly moves past his eyes.

He breathes out a sigh of relief.

The buzzards circle lower in the sky.

Curtis wiggles his nose, snorts, tries to get the spider out.

One of the buzzards descends in a circular pattern. When closer to the ground it flaps its wings and lands only a few feet away from Curtis.

The big ugly bird tilts its head, studies Curtis with one eye.

Another buzzard flutters to the ground, lands next to the first one. Two more birds follow.

Curtis stares at the vultures.

CURTIS

Hey! Leave me the fuck alone. I ain't dead yet.

They all hop closer. Closer to his injured leg.

CURTIS

Hey! Didn't you hear me?

He spits at them. They don't care.

Curtis looks at the pesticide sprayer right next to his hand. He grimaces as he tries to move his hand. There's only a slight movement in his pinky.

He yells out in frustration.

CURTIS

Leave me alone!

The big birds huddle next to his leg, one jumps up on top of his thigh, peers at the ant infested bloody flesh, leans in and takes a bite.

The other birds follow his lead, sharp beaks pull and tear.

Curtis screams.

Two Coyotes trot up to the scene. They excitedly sniff their dinner to be. One licks Curtis's face.

Curtis sputters.

CURTIS

Fuck! Just wait til I get back on my feet I'll kill you all!

All the animals tug and pull in frenzy.

Suddenly they all stop. Look around, listen.

Nervously they all back away.

There's sound of movement behind Curtis.

CURTIS
(smug)
Ha, you bastards.

He tries to turn his head.

CURTIS
Who's there? I'm over here. Help!
Over here!...This way.

The sound of a deep growl.

The animals scatter.

Curtis eyes bug out in fear.

An eight foot Mountain Lion strolls up, mouth open, long sharp fangs exposed.

Curtis breathes in short hard breaths, his dark red face covered in sweat.

He hisses in fear.

CURTIS
Go away! Leave me alone...please.

The big cat crouches, bright green eyes fixed on his, tail twitches back and forth.

CURTIS
No...no, please, no.

The cat pounces, claws extended, mouth wide open, sharp teeth digs into the neck of exterminator Curtis Brown.

FADE OUT: