

the ass spider

by
anonymous

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sink full of bowls. Empty quarts of ice cream litter the room. Boxes of bran flakes and other wheat products are spread out on the counter.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit messy room. The bed sheets are all over the place, more boxes of bran flakes rest by the bed, and the television serves as the only sound...

...until a deafening MALE SCREAM is heard.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

ZAG(20s) grinds his butt on the toilet seat and cringes in horrid pain.

ZAG
Ahhhhhhhhh!

The veins in his neck and forehead bulge out. His fingernails dig into the walls as he grasps around for something to grab onto.

He takes a few deep breaths and then pushes with all of his might. More screams ensue.

ZAG
Ahhhhhhhhh!

He takes a few more breaths. It's like a birth is taking place.

Gobs of sweat drip down his face and form a puddle on the floor.

ZAG
Come on. Please. Oh please.

He grabs a square of toilet paper and gently pads it under his butt. After a swipe, he pulls it back out and goes pale at the sight of the now blood-drenched sheet.

ZAG
Holy hell...oh...

He drops the toilet paper in the bowl and then gets a look of determination.

ZAG
I've come this far. Come on!

With another incredible heave of strength, Zag pushes as hard as he can.

ZAG
Ahhhhhhh!

He pushes harder. His legs dance around wildly. His eyes go back in his head.

ZAG
Come on you bitch! Ahhhhhh!

SPLOOSH! Something lands in the bowl and suddenly Zag eases up and slouches down on the toilet. He quietly sobs.

ZAG
Oh yeah. Thank you!

He chuckles a bit. A smile of satisfaction crosses his face, but vanishes the second he peeks down into the bowl.

He leaps up off the bowl and looks down at his deposit. Floating on the water's surface, in an ocean of blood and other mucus, is a FAT INSECT.

It's some sort of spider-beetle that's about the size of a hamburger.

Zag stares into the bowl completely dismayed.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Zag and DR. CUCAMONGA(40s) look at an opened up book on a table. It's opened to a picture of the insect. Dr. Cucamonga comes off as an anxious ass.

DR. CUCAMONGA
You're the third person I've spoken to this evening about this. The number of cases of the reported "toilet bug" has been increasing daily. At first it was just once a day, then twice a day, now three people a day are coming to me, scared out of their minds about this thing that shot out of their asses. "Doctor, doctor!"
(MORE)

DR. CUCAMONGA (CONT'D)
What's this thing that's making my
asshole bleed?! Wah!"

ZAG
You seem a little bit on edge, doc.
I'm the one with bugs coming out my
ass here.

Dr. Cucamonga ignores him and looks at some notes in an
opened briefcase on a counter.

DR. CUCAMONGA
First it starts with severe stomach
cramps. Then it elevates to
constipation for several days that
not even a laxative can fix. Then
on the fifth day, the thing is
ready to come out.

ZAG
Do you know what it is? It doesn't
look like any bug I've ever seen
before.

DR. CUCAMONGA
Of course you've never seen it
before. It's a prehistoric insect
that's long been extinct for twenty-
seven million years...or so we
thought.

Dr. Cucamonga paces around the room.

DR. CUCAMONGA
By the way, where is it now?

ZAG
Still in the toilet.

DR. CUCAMONGA
Still in the toilet? You didn't
scoop it out?

ZAG
No, there was blood and mucus and
shit. That's disgusting.

DR. CUCAMONGA
And you didn't flush either?

ZAG
It would have clogged!

DR. CUCAMONGA
So it's just sitting there?

Zag gets a little upset.

ZAG
Well, what do you want me to do?!

Dr. Cucamonga waves it off and continues on.

DR. CUCAMONGA
I've sent a couple specimens to a laboratory for analysis. My friend, Larry, he works in one of the labs downtown and he told me everything. It seems as if-

Dr. Cucamonga stops in his tracks.

ZAG
What? What is it?

DR. CUCAMONGA
It seems as if this insect has been in our bodies since the birth of the human race.

Zag stands there wide eyed.

ZAG
How is that even possible?

DR. CUCAMONGA
It's a parasite, Zag. An insect-maggot-parasitic beast-thing that burrows deep inside of you and feeds off your insides, and we've never had any idea that it was even there.

Dr. Cucamonga points to a page in the book.

DR. CUCAMONGA
Cruor Extermino Aranae, or Acidic Blood Spider, or even Ass Spider as some people have said. They start off as tiny organisms and can grow to be as big as a loaf of bread. Imagine taking a crap of that magnitude.

Zag uncomfortably fidgets.

ZAG

Pretty messy I'd imagine.

DR. CUCAMONGA

You're tellin' me. It can survive in extreme temperatures, both hot and cold, and our stomach acids are like its oxygen. It thrives off it. That's why when it's finally deposited, at least in all of the cases I've seen, it's dead.

ZAG

How could we have not known? Wouldn't x-rays pick it up?

DR. CUCAMONGA

You can't see it unless you're looking for it. These-these things grind up against your stomach and intestinal tissue. There's plenty of places for it to hide and it's been as much a part of the human body as the heart, brain, and liver, at least that's what the labs are telling me.

Dr. Cucamonga shuts the book.

DR. CUCAMONGA

You know when your stomach growls and you feel vibrations going throughout your body? That's it. You know how when you get a sharp pain in your stomach when you haven't eaten anything? That's it, biting and eating your tissue. You know how sometimes you see funky colors in your stool? That's it, the results of its little pincers poking and prodding at your insides.

Dr. Cucamonga steps over to Zag and leans into his face.

DR. CUCAMONGA

You know those skidmarks you might get on your underwear? That's it just saying hello.

Zag backs up.

ZAG

There must be some reason why these things are coming out just now.

DR. CUCAMONGA

Some radical change in diet is my guess. I honestly don't know yet.

ZAG

Is it known yet how we can get rid of it?

DR. CUCAMONGA

You shit it out...if you're lucky.

Dr. Cucamonga uncomfortably paces around.

ZAG

Dr. Cucamonga, there's something else isn't there?

With his back turned to Zag, Dr. Cucamonga's stomach loudly GROWLS. He slowly turns around to face Zag with terror written all over him.

DR. CUCAMONGA

I've been constipated for the past two days. It's happening to me and, honest to God, I've never been so scared before in my life.

Zag is silent for a second.

ZAG

It's painful...but you get through it.

DR. CUCAMONGA

Zag...I've seen twenty-one people in the past week who had shat the Acidic Blood Spider-Ass Spider. Fifteen women and six men including yourself. The one thing they all had in common: they had engaged in anal sex within seven days of depositing the bug.

Zag uncomfortably fidgets.

ZAG

You are who you are...

DR. CUCAMONGA

Of course you are. But I've also received another fourteen reports of people who had the bug, straight men and single women...they all died.

Zag gets it but can't really believe it.

ZAG

Oh...lord...

DR. CUCAMONGA

There's not enough evidence or research done to fully explain the phenomenon, but obviously the intercourse must have cleared the way, so to speak, for the bug.

Dr. Cucamonga looks down to the ground in solemn.

DR. CUCAMONGA

I'm on day two, Zag. Three to go. What am I gonna do?

Dr. Cucamonga leans against the counter with his back to Zag.

ZAG

Well, you said that you can find it if you're looking for it. What about surgery?

DR. CUCAMONGA

Cutting open the stomach and/or intestines to find an insect that's been hidden from us since the beginning of history?

Dr. Cucamonga turns around with a pistol in his hand.

ZAG

Dr.-

DR. CUCAMONGA

I can conceivably stick this thing in one of two places. However, neither one sounds particularly appealing to me right now.

Zag opens his mouth to say something, but he cuts himself short. Dr. Cucamonga is completely crushed.

DR. CUCAMONGA

I'm fucked. I'm seriously fucked.

ZAG
I'm sure your scientist friend-

DR. CUCAMONGA
It's best you leave now, Zag. You
should be fine...unless it laid
eggs.

Zag wants to say something, but instead he quietly exits.
Dr. Cucamonga runs his fingers along the gun barrel.

DR. CUCAMONGA
At least my wife is okay.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Zag quickly walks along the street. Other PEDESTRIANS pass
by. Cars move on down the lanes. It's a quiet night.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

As he passes by, a sign in the window catches his attention.
It reads "NEW FORMULA COFFEE AT HALF THE PRICE!"

A COUPLE walk out of the shop. The WOMAN rubs her stomach.

WOMAN
My stomach kind of hurts...

Zag's mouth drops open.

FINAL FADE.

THE END