

SHIT EATER:
THE TURD MONSTER STRIKES

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MEN'S OFFICE TOILETS - DAY

Dirty sinks. Filthy mirrors. Two urinals flush, fresh water fails to rid strands of pubic hair and urine stains.

A closed cubicle door has a sellotaped note: *OUT OF USE*.

The restroom door opens, FAT STAN enters. Untucked sweat-drenched shirt, baggy trousers, loose tie.

He burps, admires his reflection in the mirror.

Stan tuts at the cubicle notice, opens the door and enters.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - DAY

Stan lifts a grimy, cracked toilet lid. The toilet is bogged up with shit covered tissue paper.

He releases his belt, downs his trousers, sits on the seat.

Stan takes a crumpled up burger from his pocket.

He consumes the entire thing in a couple of mouthfuls as he shits at the same time. Disgusting sounds of SHIT escaping his ass. Sickening munching.

Stan sneers. He's getting some sick satisfaction outta this.

He goes to grab some toilet tissue from the holder. It's empty. Stan's sneer fades. But not for long.

He stands, uses the burger wrapper to wipe his ass.

Stan tosses the brown, wet wrapper into the toilet.

The toilet is filled with clean water.

Stan frowns, bows down to inspect the water closer...

He stands up, shrugs his shoulders, flushes the chain.

A GIANT TURD MONSTER bursts up from the toilet, grabs Stan and pulls him down inside.

INT. MEN'S OFFICE TOILETS - DAY

The cubicle door slams shut.

Urinals flush blood... fresh water soon follows.