

SNAKE CAM

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. The outline of a hand flips a switch. Lights come on.

PAUL (47), barely awake in his bathrobe, stumbles across the linoleum floor. He opens the refrigerator, and pulls out a bottled water.

He closes his eyes, and drinks greedily. Finished, he takes a step towards the sink.

PAUL
Jesus fuck!

Paul slams hard against the counter, and slumps to the floor.

On the floor is a RATTLESNAKE.

PAUL
Whoa... Whoa.

The reptile doesn't move. It's black, beady eyes stare directly at him. It's gray scales glisten.

Paul is frozen. He doesn't dare move. His wide, terrified eyes look slowly left, then back.

The snake watches intently. Waiting. Sizing him up.

Paul swallows hard. Sweat beads on his forehead.

In one motion, Paul jumps lightening quick, stumbles, and spins. He leaps to the far end of the dining table, his leg stretching further than it has in years.

Silence, save for Paul's panicked breaths.

He peers over the chair for a look.

Snake's still there. It still hasn't moved, either.

PAUL
What the fuck?

He slowly approaches, carefully puts his hand out, pulls it back. After a moment, he grabs it.

Rubber snake.

PAUL
Mother fucker.

A FINGER taps him on the shoulder.

Paul spins around.

It's GHOST MASK from Scream.

Ghost Mask SCREECHES.

Paul SCREAMS.

A THUD from the staircase.

RORY (18), hair in his face, holding a cell phone. He's
taping all the action, and laughing hysterically.

RORY
Fake snake cam!

PAUL
You son of a bitch!

Rory retreats up the stairs as Paul gives chase, stiff-arming
Ghost Mask in the process.

FADE OUT.