

Bug Guts

A Mundane Horror

Written by Maggie Flaughter

Based on a Real Bug

maggie.flaugher@gmail.com
(919)624-8023

BUG GUTS

INT. SHAY AND BAILEY'S APARTMENT, NYC - Midnight. The hallway of the apartment is sleepy and still, only the soft hum of an air conditioner, the noise from a near slumbering city in the streets below, and a shower running in the apartment. A small shadow darts from under the door at the end of the hall, along the wall, and under the crack of the bathroom door that is oozing out light and steam.

Suddenly, SHAY screams. She bursts out of the bathroom, only in a towel and still dripping. Light and steam flood the hallway as she runs through the dark to the room where the shadow emerged. She kicks the door open and turns on the light.

SHAY

Bailey! Wake up, there's a big ass cockroach!

BAILEY (O.S.)

Jesus! Shay, what the hell.

SHAY

Get. Up. I'm not kidding, I need help!
It's huge!

BAILEY (O.S.)

Shay, please, you're yelling.

SHAY

When you see it you're gonna yell,
too. Come on!

BAILEY finally emerges out of the darkness. She is wearing an oversized t-shirt that she is using to clean her GLASSES. She sees herself as somewhat of a protective older sister type to Shay, Shay sees Bailey as her maid.

BAILEY

I was dead asleep, dude. (*pleading*) We just talked about this. You can't just keep waking me up-

SHAY

This thing is huge, it's a two man job.

BAILEY

Alright, where is it?

Shay leads Bailey towards the bathroom.

It's in the ceiling light. It was like looking down on me. Watching me. Fully naked and vulnerable.

BAILEY

Poor bug. *(a tired attempt at a joke, it doesn't land)*

SHAY

Ha ha. Would you please just help me kill this thing?!

BAILEY

Just- shhh!

Bailey peers into the bathroom from the safety of the hall. She catches the eye of the giant bug and shudders.

BAILEY

Hoooooly shit that's a big fucking bug. Oh my god. Ohmygod Ohmygod. EW. Okay. Okay. Uhhh...

SHAY

I told you.

BAILEY

I feel like he's looking at me.

SHAY

Fucking creep.

BAILEY

Okay. Okay, game plan. We have to get it down so we can kill it.

SHAY

What?! Nooo

BAILEY

Dude! I am NOT going back to bed without that giant thing safely deceased. You woke me up, again, because you needed it dead, right?

SHAY

Ughhh okay uh... I will knock it down... and you be ready behind me to uh... get it.

BAILEY

With what?

SHAY

Do we have a broom?

BAILEY

(*pained*)... Yes, Shay. We have always had a broom.

Bailey grabs the broom from the closet right next to them and hands it to Shay. She takes it and leans it on the wall as she reaches around into the bathroom to grab a robe. She puts it on over the towel and shimmies the towel out from under.

SHAY

Okay great.

BAILEY

So what do I kill it with?

SHAY

I dunno, what about like a book or something?

BAILEY

Okay, yeah. Good. Uh. How about that comic book thing? That big ass cartoon book?

She goes to get the book.

SHAY

Wasn't that from the guy who stalked you freshman year? Why do you still have that?

BAILEY

Because it's big enough to kill a rat. (*beat*) I'm not like a hoarder.

Shay looks at her.

You'll be glad I kept it when it's covered in bug guts. Now can you please HIT THE BUG!

Shay readies the broom. They stay just outside of the bathroom, afraid to get too close to the intruder. After a deep breath, Shay jabs the ceiling. The roach sprouts wings and flies into the hallway towards the girls' heads. Shay

screams and hides behind the door frame. Bailey blocks her face with the book and cowers in fear, as the shadow darts down the hall and into the kitchen behind her.

SHAY

Bailey! What the fuck! That was our one shot!

BAILEY

I'm sorry, did you not see it *flying*??

They hear sounds of the roach clicking. Shay runs to the kitchen, broom at the ready. Bailey is right behind her, book above her shoulders. They scan the floor of the kitchen, where is he? Is he still in the house? Will he pounce any minute?

SHAY

Great, it probably crawled under the fridge! *(beat)* I don't know what to do now, I'm going to bed.

BAILEY

No. You're not.

SHAY

Yeah, I am, it's under the fridge.

BAILEY

No. You woke me up to kill this thing, so we're killing it. Plus it's the size of a kitten, we can't go to bed now. What if it climbs into our mouths while we sleep?

SHAY

I'll stuff a towel under my door so it can't get in.

BAILEY

And what about me? You're gonna let it crawl in *my* mouth?

SHAY

I don't fucking know, you have towels.

BAILEY

By "this is a two person job" did you mean "I'll just get Bailey to do it for me," like always?

SHAY

Bailey...

BAILEY

Shay.

SHAY

Fine. We'll wait for it to... re-emerge.

They sit down on the floor. They sit for an uncomfortable amount of time, both focused intensely on the bottom of the fridge. Shay adjusts her robe. Bailey shifts to her other leg. They wait. Suddenly, the bug emerges from under the cabinets... on the other side of the room! They scream and Bailey stands. Overlapping:

SHAY

GET IT GET IT BAILEY GET IT!!

BAILEY

I'M GONNA I'M GONNA JUST SHUT UP

SHAY

WHY AREN'T YOU KILLING IT MURDER IT ALREADY!

BAILEY

SHUT UP SHAY!

SHAY

DESTROY IT!!!

BAILEY

I'VE GOT IT SHUT UP YOU USELESS
FUCKING PARASITE I HATE YOU!!

Bailey accesses the most primal depths of her being. She lets out a growl/scream/guttural release, raises the book above her head and lunges towards Shay. Shay's eyes widen as the book is coming down hard and fast towards her face. She braces as Bailey thrusts the book down onto the ground next to Shay.

The smack of the book rings out like a canon blast and the apartment goes quiet. They freeze, looking at the devastation that the book had on the now seemingly small creature from a distance. They breathe slow and deep together and then finally look at each other. There's too much to unpack here...

BAILEY
Goodnight, Shay.

SHAY
Night, Bailey.

Shay takes a final look at the book, and we watch as bug guts start leaking slowly out from under. Bailey's footsteps fade back down the hall and a door closes. Shay's foot steps over the book. The sink in the kitchen runs as a glass of water is poured, footsteps retreat and a door closes. The apartment is once again quiet, the hum of the air conditioner, the noise from a near slumbering city in the streets below.

Credits roll.

END.