

bump

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ON BLACK.

SCRATCHING noises - quick - violent.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

JACK sits up in bed, incessantly scratching his forearm. Lying next to him is CYNTHIA, his girlfriend. She tosses and turns in her sleep.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ARM

An irritated, pink rash can be seen with the early morning light pouring into the room. He scratches and scratches until finally his fingernails break skin - he starts to bleed.

END CLOSE SHOT

JACK

Fuck! God dammit...

Cynthia stirs and reaches for him.

CYNTHIA

(drowsy)

Stop scratching, you'll make it worse.

He climbs out of bed and heads to the bathroom.

CYNTHIA

(asleep again)

Come baaack...

BATHROOM

He searches the medicine cabinet for antihistamine. He finds some, quickly rubs it on and applies a Band-aid.

BEDROOM

Momentarily relieved, he lies back down. Cynthia wraps her arms around him. Content, he begins to drift back to sleep--

Then a creeping sensation eats away at him. His eyes open and he starts SCRATCHING again...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NOON

Jack sits in his cubicle. He peels away the Band-aid and examines his arm.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ARM

The rash has contracted. In its center, a seemingly ordinary, innocuous bump the size of a mosquito bite has developed.

END CLOSE SHOT

Panic-struck, Jack immediately becomes too preoccupied to focus on his work.

A COWORKER steps into view.

COWORKER

You comin' to Wahoo's?

JACK

Oh, ah-- no... y-you go ahead.
I gotta check on something.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A DOCTOR routinely examines Jack's arm.

DOCTOR

I wouldn't worry about it. Looks like just an allergic reaction to something. Maybe a minor infection. How're you doing on the amoxicillin?

JACK

I ran out last week...

The doctor clicks his pen and scribbles a note.

DOCTOR

We'll get ya some more. Other than that really, just keep your eye on it for a few days.

JACK

(nervously)
But it's not like, cancer or anything?

DOCTOR

(chuckles)
No, not at all. No.
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(*pause*)
Doesn't seem to be...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ARM

A flash of light as Jack takes a photo of the **bump**. It has now grown slightly larger and more textured in appearance.

END CLOSE SHOT

He drops a laptop onto the coffee table and begins searching for answers. He opens the photo he just took and pulls it to the right of the screen to compare it to other photos from the internet on the left.

CLOSE SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

He finds grotesque spider bites, various insects that could be the culprit, long-term effects of hard drugs, cancerous tumors, deadly allergic reactions, STD's...

Nothing he finds directly matches what he sees on his arm.

END CLOSE SHOT

He rubs the **bump** anxiously. Cynthia carries a load of laundry into the next room.

CYNTHIA

Boo-boo? You comin' to bed?

He quickly closes the various applications and slams the laptop screen down.

BEDROOM - LATER

The couple lie in bed and are messing around. Cynthia gets more into it - she slides her head under the covers and slowly makes her way down to his crotch. Audible mouth noises, quiet moaning-- she COUGHS... then more mouth noises.

Jack lies vacant and distracted. After a few moments of no response, Cynthia stops and returns from under the covers.

CYNTHIA

Are you okay?

JACK

Hm? Yeah...

CYNTHIA

You're, uhh... I don't know.... If it doesn't feel good--

JACK

No, sorry. I just... I have a lot on my mind...

He begins SCRATCHING under the covers.

CYNTHIA

Okay.....

Cynthia sighs and rolls off of him. She gives him a peck on the cheek.

CYNTHIA

Love you.

She reaches over to her bedside table and applies hand sanitizer.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM - MORNING

Cynthia wets a rag at the sink. Looking in the mirror, she scrubs at a mysterious, blood-like stain on the culinary uniform she's wearing.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she SCRUBS and SCRUBS, Jack sits at the edge of the bed, holding his cell phone and biting his nails. Cynthia finally sighs with relief, grabs her hat and starts to leave.

CYNTHIA

I'm heading out. See ya later.

JACK

Bye, honey. Have a good day!

She leaves. Jack takes a moment, then dials a number.

JACK

Kyle? Hey, it's Jack.

(hamming it up)

Listen, I don't think I'm gonna make it into the office today. I'm comin' down with something.

(beat)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's pretty brutal - might be contagious this time, so, I don't wanna get the whole office sick, y'know?

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack sits alone on the couch, having placed himself in quarantine.

The **pink rash** appears to have now formed on his neck. He continues scratching obsessively.

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S ARM

He examines the **bump**, which has grown **purplish** in color under the skin's surface. He takes his index finger and slowly... cautiously... pushes down on the **bump**. It sinks deep into his skin as, simultaneously--

Two more bumps pop up from its displacement.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

SCRATCHING, similar to the beginning, is heard...

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack awakens in a cold sweat and bolts for the--

BATHROOM

He vomits into the toilet. His legs give in as he dry heaves and gasps for air. He reaches up to turn on the light--

Only to find the **bumps** have **tripled in size** and have completely wrapped around his arm.

A look of sheer horror flashes across his face. He shudders and yelps, trying in any way to distance himself from his freakish arm.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MEDICINE CABINET

He rips open the cabinet-- medications scatter-- first aid supplies clatter onto the floor. He grabs a sewing kit.

END CLOSE SHOT

Sweat pours down his face as he tries to steadily pinch a sewing needle. Quickly sanitizing it with rubbing alcohol, he finds a lighter and begins heating the tip of the needle. It begins to sizzle and hiss. All the while, he struggles to maintain consciousness.

The needle's hot enough to make the incision - he maneuvers it to the **largest bump**... brings it closer... closer --

Until he blacks out and falls to the floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Jack leans against the passenger side window. His face is pale, his hair's oily - he drifts in and out of consciousness. Everything moves in slow motion. Cynthia SCREAMS at him to stay awake, but he could care less. He knows he's dying.

A moment later, reality comes crashing in--

He pukes *chunky, clotted blood* all over the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The CAR SCREECHES beside the curb-- Cynthia runs to the passenger door and pulls Jack out of the car.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING ROOM

Cynthia drags him into the room --

Two NURSES grab him and whisk him off in a wheelchair.

EMERGENCY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A SURGEON and an MD rush into the room. Complete pandemonium as they all talk over each other--

SURGEON

Strap him down!

NURSE #1

Holy Jesus... Hon, you gotta
calm yourself... Nah-uh, I
ain't dealin' with this...

JACK

HELP ME!!I'M DYING!!

NURSE #2

Shh, shh, shh... It'll be
okay... easy now...

I'LL STOP SCRATCHING!!I SWEAR!!

MD

What is this, John??

SURGEON

I don't know-- we need to drain it.

The surgeon takes a scalpel and prepares to cut the **bump** to
let out poison - blood - puss - *whatever the hell's in there.*

Just as the scalpel pierces the **bump**--

THE BUMP IMPLODES --THOUSANDS OF SMALL BUMPS BOIL UP AND ENGULF JACK'S ARM -- WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE ALIVE AND SENTIENT -LIKE A FORCE OF NATURE, JACK SCREAMS AND THRASHES ABOUT THE ROOM - THE DOCTORS AND NURSES TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM -THE BUMPS SPREAD UP HIS BODY, STRETCHING AND LACERATING HIS SKIN - THEY REACH HIS CHEST, HIS RIB CAGE SNAPS ONE PIECE AT A TIME - HIS BONES CRUNCH AND CRACK LIKE HARD CANDY -BLOOD SPURTS OUT OF THIN AREAS OF HIS SKIN LIKE A PIERCED WATER BALLOON -- A LARGE HIVE REACHES HIS NECK - THE DOCTORS TRY TO MAKE AN INCISION ---- TOO LATE --JACK'S ORGANS BURST -- HE GOES LIMP AND CRASHES TO THE FLOOR -THE BUMPS REACH HIS CHEEK AND HIS EYES BUG OUT - A CLUSTER OF BLACK AND RED OBJECTS CRUSH THE INSIDE OF HIS EYE ON THE WAY TO HIS BRAIN ---

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

The familiar sound of SCRATCHING is heard...

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Cynthia wears a sterile mask and sits trembling in a chair, horrified by what's happening. A state of shock.

A creeping sensation slowly develops... something irritates her around the back of her neck.

CLOSE SHOT - CYNTHIA'S NECK

Upon closer inspection, we see that a pink rash has developed. Her hand goes to scratch it and we--

CUT TO:

BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.