

LACED

Written by

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**OVER BLACK**

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! A microwave BUZZES to life.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The beat up microwave sits on a dirty counter, emanates an orange glow onto --

STAN, (32), a lanky guy with scruffy facial hair and a large set of headphones strapped to his noggin. He's got some HIP-HOP MUSIC blasting as he stands before the microwave.

His bloodshot eyes remain locked on a burrito spinning inside as he nods along to the MUSIC.

Without looking away, he sparks up a fat blunt. Takes a huge drag, holds it in. His eyes go wide, tear up.

He holds in the hit for a long beat. Then, finally, he unleashes a massive cloud. Smooth as fuck. Not even a hint of a cough. Dude's a pro.

Feeling himself, Stan drops low and starts bouncing to the MUSIC. Couldn't be whiter if he tried.

STAN  
(surprisingly on-key)  
*Can you dig it? We can dig it! Can  
y'all dig it? We can dig it!*

The microwaves light suddenly turns neon green and rapidly flashes. The BUZZING stops just as the light switches from flashing to a solid glow.

Confused and a bit weirded out, Stan straightens up. Slowly, his hand reaches for the microwave, POPS open the door.

**FLASH TO:**

**EXT. MYSTERY PLANET - DAY**

Stan spins around suddenly, finds himself in a nightmarish landscape. A cold, dry desert covered in green dust, rocks, dormant volcanoes, massive craters, and deep canyons.

In the pink sky shines three distant yellow suns.

MUSIC continues to pump out of Stan's headphones.

Stan whips his head back and forth, struggles to make sense of his bizarre surroundings. He runs his fingers through his sweaty hair, squeezes his eyes shut.

STAN  
Whoa, man. Fuck.

His eyes open, look down at the blunt in his hand. Then --

A large shadow quickly moves over Stan, who looks up toward the sky. His face goes white with fear. A dark piss stain spreads across the crotch of his pants.

He turns, and scrambles away as fast as he can. But the shadow stays on him, shrinks in size.

Something's coming. Fast.

Stan runs as fast as his scrawny legs will allow him.

A humongous spider-like CREATURE with huge fucking wings WHOOSHES down at the terrified stoner! Six spiny legs, vicious pincers, and a nasty barbed stinger on its tail end.

BEEP!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN**

The microwave lets out a long BEEP, then the orange light goes out and the burrito inside is shrouded in darkness.

Stan stands before the microwave, pale white and drenched in what looks like meat sweats. A giant piss stain on his pants.

The headphones on his head are silent.

He takes deep shallow breaths, stares down at the blunt still in his hand. Speechless.

**SMASH TO BLACK**