

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A nice middle class neighborhood. Well maintained front porches with tree lined sidewalks.

A nondescript white car cruises slowly down the street

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

DEVIN, 22, sharp eyes, lean, street-smart clothing with a black well-worn hoodie drives slouched in his seat. Every house he passes he takes notice of their porches.

Up ahead is a delivery van.

Devin slows down, follows the van at a distance.

The van stops in front of one of the houses. An energetic, fit DRIVER jumps out with a large box in his hands. He strides up to the house, leaves the box by the front door.

DEVIN

Here we go.

Back in the van, the driver drives off.

Devin's car idles forward towards the house. He keeps a sharp eye all around, sees no one.

The car comes to a stop in front of the house.

Devin scans his surroundings. All is quiet. He pulls his hoodie on, then dashes out of the car, runs up to the front door, grabs the box, then sprints back to his car.

INT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY

A shadowy, cluttered space, dim bare bulbs struggle to light the corners. A few red-tinted heating lamps create pockets of warmth.

MARVIN, 70, bushy eyebrows, thick glasses, a cardigan that hangs over his frame like a moth eaten tent works on something unseen to us.

PING.

Startled, he pulls his phone out of his sweater pocket. He smiles, exited.

ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN

There's a Ring camera alert. Marvin's dirty finger pushes the newest video button.

The video plays. It shows Devin running up to the front door snatching the box, then hurry back to his car.

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin stares at his phone in shock, then with anger.

MARVIN

No! You fuckin' bastard!

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Devin cruises casually through the neighborhood, tries to look like he belongs there. He keeps a keen eye on his surroundings. Nothing seems amiss.

A quick glance at the box on the passenger seat breaks out a smug smile.

EXT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The garage door opens. An old pick-up truck backs out. Once on the street, the tires screech, and the truck speeds off.

INT/EXT. MARVIN'S TRUCK - DAY

Marvin holds the steering wheel tight, glares out the window.

MARVIN

You don't know what you've done
you little punk. You're dead.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Devin takes one more look around, sees no one, relaxes, pulls the hoodie down, then speeds up, away from that neighborhood.

He puts his hand on the box, shakes it a little. Something jostles around inside. A surprised nod of approval.

DEVIN

No idea what you got in there, but
it's pretty heavy, so at least it's
not another shitty cologuard kit.

He looks up, sees Marvin's truck speeding towards him in the rearview mirror.

DEVIN
What the hell...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Devin's car drives down a city street. Marvin's truck closing in fast.

INT. MARVIN'S TRUCK - DAY

With grumpy determination, Marvin's focus is on Devin's car. He pushes the pedal down.

BUMP.

The truck thumps Devin's bumper.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Devin stares at the rearview mirror.

DEVIN
Fuck you doin' old man?

He grips the steering wheel tight, makes a sudden right turn down a smaller street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tires screech, as Marvin's truck veers right, down the same street as Devin's car. The engine growls in hot pursuit.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Devin's eye are glued to the rearview mirror. Marvin's truck closes in again.

He glances ahead. TERROR on his face.

A WOMAN with a STROLLER crosses the street right in front of his car.

Devin slams on the brakes. His seatbelt grabs him tight.

Marvin's box flies off the seat, crashes into the end of the footwell. That something inside jostles around.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Devin's car is stopped only inches away from the woman with the stroller.

CRASH.

Marvin's truck smashes into Devin's car.

Shocked, the woman scrambles away from the two vehicles.

WOMAN

Asshole! You almost killed us!

INT/EXT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Wide eyed, Devin stares at the woman, then checks the rearview mirror, sees Marvin open the door to his truck.

DEVIN

Fuck!

He turns the key in the ignition, but nothing happens. He tries again.

DEVIN

C'mon!

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Marvin bangs on his window. His face, twisted with rage.

Startled, Devin turns to see Marvin's angry face right outside his window.

MARVIN

Give me my box you filthy punk!

Devin turns the key again. This time the car starts up. He shoves it in gear, peels out of there.

Marvin waves his fist in the air.

MARVIN

You'll be sorry!

Devin sees Marvin hobble back to his truck. He breathes a sigh of relief, then peers over at the box on the floor. A smile spreads across his lips.

DEVIN

That old fart really wants his box.

Devin drives on as fast as he dares to go. He constantly casts glances behind in the rearview mirror. No truck.

He turns down smaller streets several times. Eventually ends up in an industrial park with rusted machinery and abandoned buildings. He drives down a back road, pulls in behind one of the buildings.

Devin stretches his neck, swivels his head around, but he appears to be alone.

He turns off the car, looks at the box. He reaches for it, places it back on the passenger seat.

DEVIN

I have a good feeling about this.

INT. MARVIN'S TRUCK - DAY

Marvin sits in his truck in a big parking lot with his phone in his hand. He grumbles to himself.

ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN

An Apple AirTag app is open. It shows a city map. On the map is a blue dot.

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin smirks.

MARVIN

I may be old, but I'm not stupid.

He puts the phone down, starts up his truck.

INT/EXT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Devin cuts open the box with a pocket knife. Inside is a heavy duty black plastic container with tiny holes in it.

Confused, Devin looks at it.

DEVIN

What the hell is this?

He takes the plastic container out, shakes it. Something jostles around in there.

Devin puts the container back on the seat, unlocks the lid, carefully opens it, then puts the lid on the floor.

He leans in to take a closer look. There's a piece of fabric covering the item inside. He leans in further, pulls the cloth aside.

With near invisible speed, a SNAKE uncoils in a blur, sinks its fangs into Devin's face.

After the strike, it disappears back into the container with a HISS.

Devin recoils with a shriek, slaps at his face. He fumbles with the door lock, manages to get the door open, then scrambles to get out. He falls onto the pavement.

As if drunk, he tries to get up, but his legs buckle underneath him. He clutches at his already swollen face.

Marvin's truck pulls up, stops right in front of Devin who gasps for air.

Marvin gets out, looks at Devin who's soaked wet in a cold sweat. With sadness, he kneels down.

MARVIN

You shouldn't have taken her, son.
I tried to warn you.

Devin's panicked eyes meet Marvin's.

MARVIN

She's an Inland Taipan. The most
venomous snake in the world.

Devin writhes on the ground.

DEVIN

Pl..plea..ssss

MARVIN

I wish I could help you, but
there's nothing I can do.
(takes out his phone)
She's part of my breeding program
developing antivenom for the
university.

He dials a number.

MARVIN

I need an ambulance to --

FADE OUT: