

STRYCHNINE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A female reporter is on the television wearing a mask and gloves... Like some warped memory of that plague year, but different. Worse. Her voice, a strained tremor cutting through the digital noise...

REPORTER (SPEAKING AT THE CAMERA)

The deadly new STD known as "S&M" is claiming the lives of people at an alarming extinction rate. The name originated from witnesses who said the victims go through an extreme, slow, agonizing, miserable, death. Doctors and scientists have no idea where it came from, nor do they have enough information to provide us with the symptoms we should look for. The virus randomly flares up, and once it does, anyone in the vicinity should leave immediately. S&M is also airborne, so we advise you not to eat or drink after anyone. The high probability of contracting the deadly disease is through any form of sexual intercourse, so no condoms or pills will stop the disease from infecting you.

Sitting on the sofa is a brown-skinned man in his early twenties wearing a wife beater and shorts, holding a glass of cognac.

He takes a sip from the glass with fear in his eyes.

His girlfriend enters the apartment, brown-skinned, long hair and short in height. Her body is sculpted to perfection wearing a crop top and leggings, oblivious to the apocalypse crackling on the screen.

GIRLFRIEND

What's going on, baby?

BOYFRIEND

Hold up.

REPORTER (SPEAKING AT THE CAMERA)

Covid-19 was a rough one we had to fight through. At the rate this new virus is spreading, hopefully, they'll find a cure soon.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

All we can do is pray and leave it  
in the hands of God.

He puts the television on mute.

GIRLFRIEND

Why are you watching the news?

He turns his attention to her.

BOYFRIEND

What do you mean, why? They still  
haven't found any symptoms for that  
new virus.

GIRLFRIEND

(Scoffs)

You don't believe that bullshit, do  
you?

BOYFRIEND

An alarming rate of people died  
unexpected, random, gruesome  
deaths. Fuck yeah, I believe it.

GIRLFRIEND

Come on, baby. It's just like they  
did with "Covid." A lot of people  
died, and that's sad, but look at  
what happened after the initial  
scare. They came up with a vaccine,  
and everything is back to normal.

BOYFRIEND

They had patients to run tests on  
and examine. They have no idea what  
the symptoms could be for "S&M"  
because once it flares up, you're  
dead.

GIRLFRIEND

I still think it's a bunch of  
bullshit.

BOYFRIEND

Why?

GIRLFRIEND

If this is as crucial as they're  
making it out to be, wouldn't you  
think every hospital and clinic  
would be full?

BOYFRIEND

Did you not hear me say, "There's no symptoms found?"

GIRLFRIEND

Okay, but if people are so scared, every hospital and clinic should be full.

BOYFRIEND

To do what? Wait and die, or possibly catch it from someone who doesn't know if they have it.

GIRLFRIEND

As cruel as this is about to sound, yes. Is it airborne?

BOYFRIEND

It's "Covid" a hundred times worse. If it's in your system, it seeps from your pores. So if you have it and touch something, and then someone else comes along and touches it, they're good as fucked.

GIRLFRIEND

Hm. Well, people should learn to only fuck one person or go celibate.

BOYFRIEND

It seems like you don't care.

GIRLFRIEND

I know I'm only fuckin' one person, so I ain't worried about it. If I have to cover myself up to prevent catching it, fine. But I'm not about to panic because they released a new disease for population control.

BOYFRIEND

That's a crazy way of thinking.

GIRLFRIEND

It's a real way of thinking. You're all riled up about it like you're out there fuckin' anything and everything.

He stands up and walks toward her, wrapping his arms around her waist.

BOYFRIEND  
You know that's cap.

GIRLFRIEND  
Make sure it's cap.

She leans in giving him a passionate kiss.

When he pulls back, he swishes his mouth around, looking at her oddly.

BOYFRIEND  
You're a little heavy with the  
saliva tonight.

GIRLFRIEND  
I've been thinking heavy all day  
about what I'm gonna do to that  
dick when I get out of the shower,  
so yeah. My mouth is extra wet.

BOYFRIEND  
Is that right?

GIRLFRIEND  
Goddamn right. Be ready when I get  
out of the shower.

She pecks him, followed with a playful lip bite before walking off.

He takes a seat and turns the television to the music station, taking it off mute.

He picks up his glass for a sip, and his phone starts ringing.

Reaching inside of his pocket for his phone, a strip of condoms accidentally fall out.

He quickly puts the condoms back, and then answers the phone, placing it to his ear.

BOYFRIEND  
Hello.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
What's going on?

BOYFRIEND  
Shit, chilling, waiting for her to  
get out of the shower.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
You heard about that chick you were  
fuckin' with dying from that shit?

BOYFRIEND  
Yeah, that's fucked up. But I'm  
good.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
How do you know?

BOYFRIEND  
It's been three days since I fucked  
her.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
You know that shit kicks in at  
random?

BOYFRIEND  
It ain't kicked in yet, so I'm not  
worried about it. I'm blessed.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
Yeah, okay. But that's not why I  
called you.

BOYFRIEND  
What's up?

FRIEND (V.O.)  
She didn't see me. But I saw your  
girl coming out of this nigga house  
all hugged up and shit.

BOYFRIEND  
Get the fuck outta here.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
Nigga. With the shit out there  
killing motherfuckers, why would I  
lie about some shit like that?

He prepares to take a sip, and the majority of the liquor  
spills on his clothes because he's filled with rage.

BOYFRIEND  
That bitch.

FRIEND (V.O.)  
What are you...

He throws the phone to the side, standing up, filled with  
rage.

When he takes a step, he bends forward and starts coughing up blood.

As he moves towards the bathroom, with each cough, blood comes from his mouth.

Reaching the door, he prepares to bust in until he sees a note on the door.

INSERT NOTE

FAIR TRADE!!!

He snatches the note down, barges into the bathroom, and slips on the blood spreading across the floor.

He tries to stand back up on his feet, but he's unable, remaining on all fours, coughing up blood.

His girlfriend is on the floor in a painful body contortion as her body slowly dissolves into a puddle of blood.

Despite the pain she's going through, her organs spilling out, and the blood coming from her mouth, she has somewhat of a smile.

Her phone is propped up against the tub, replaying a sex video of him and the girl his friend was talking about who died.

He continues coughing up blood as his body begins contorting, causing him to lie flat on the floor.

He begins the same painful process of death his girlfriend is going through.

END CREDITS: