

Monster Job Hunter
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INT. MORGAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

MORGAN AQUINALDO, an over-weight thirtysomething nerd with hipster glasses and thinning hair sits hunched over playing a furious game on an X-Box-thing.

Morgan adjusts his headset, linked to the X-Box.

MORGAN
(into headset)
Probie! You've got a Slag Demon
twenty clicks from your position.

He sits, nestled among an elaborate toy collection. A brand new CREATURE toy, from a UPS box, sits prominently on the desk.

PROBIE (O.S.)
(filtered)
I can't see him!!!

MORGAN
Frak it. I'll come get you.

Laser blasts and demons growling SFX come from the TV.

MORGAN (cont'd)
I almost got him...

<BOOOOM>

MORGAN (cont'd)
I got him!

Morgan takes a sip out of an ENERGY BOOST and sets it among a pile of other half empty energy boost cans.

PROBIE (O.S.)
(filtered)
Thanks Alpha Leader. You saved my
life.

MORGAN
(brimming with bravado)
K. You just remember kid. Fear is
not an-

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
MORGAN!!!!

BECKY, 34, Morgan's wife storms through the room.

Morgan snaps to attention, knocking over his discarded cans.

BECKY
Are you still playing video
games???

MORGAN
Wh- What? Uh I was... It was ju-

Becky walks back by going the other direction.

BECKY
Don't be retarded.

MORGAN
(meekly)
You're retarded.

BECKY
What?

MORGAN
(sinking)
Nothing.

Becky exits.

Morgan, defeated, removes his headset and sets his controller
down.

Becky marches back through carrying a laundry basket.

BECKY
And that better not be a new
fucking toy.

Morgan snatches up the RECEIPT and starts eating it.

By the time Becky comes back in Morgan's finished eating.

BECKY (cont'd)
I want to see the receipt.

Morgan sits there motionless.

BECKY (cont'd)
You're pathetic.

MORGAN
(under his breath)
You're pathetic.

BECKY
What?

MORGAN

Nothing.

BECKY

Get off your ass and get a job!

MORGAN

I've tried.

BECKY

I swear. If you don't get a job by next week I'm throwing away all your toys.

Becky marches off. Morgan panics.

MORGAN

(excited)

I suck at interviews. You know that! The last one I went to I threw up... In the office. It's a medical condition... Y'know....

Becky comes back in wearing a jogging suit and earphones.

BECKY

Well, before the interview don't eat like a pig.

MORGAN

You're a-

BECKY

What?

MORGAN

Nothing.

Morgan retreats. Becky exits.

PROBIE (O.S.)

(filtered)

New arena loads in 30 Alpha Leader.

He flips open his laptop and starts clicking around.

CU COMPUTER SCREEN

The screen shows the website MONSTER JOB HUNTER.COM

After a pop-up ad for MINTOIDS goes away Morgan clicks around.

The posting: Wife hounding you to get a job? Apply at
IRONWOOD & MILT: INTERTECH CONSULTICORP.

MAIN TITLE

INT. MR. POMELLO'S OFFICE - DAY

The same framing of Morgan now sitting in a bland office.
Alone. Fluorescent lights hang above. An annoying AQUARIUM
bubbles behind him. A sensible FERN sits in a corner.

The clock ticks and ticks and ticks.

The name plaque on the desk reads: Cranston Pomello. Pictures
of MR. POMELLO, a big fat rich guy, 42, and his picture
perfect family litter the desk. Mrs. Pomello is very hot.

There is a photo of Mr. Pomello on his yacht with his hot
wife.

Morgan already hates Mr. Pomello.

Morgan fishes his wrinkled resume out of his suit pocket and
studies it. He tries to smooth it out on his knee when-

SHOOOOOM. An L TRAIN zips by the window causing him to rip
his resume in half.

Morgan stares at the two halves of his resume in despair.
Morgan starts to dry heave.

A really fat guy in a suit, MR. POMELLO, waddles into the
office. Morgan shoves the papers into his pockets.

MR. POMELLO
(to someone off screen)
Pamella, I expect those reports by
four. Thanks you.

Mr. Pomello walks to the desk, ignoring Morgan's outstretched
hand.

Pomello sits.

MR. POMELLO (cont'd)
So, Mr. Aquinus, I apologize, but
we're running just a little bit
late.

MORGAN
It's Aquinaldo.

MR. POMELLO
Excuse me?

MORGAN
Morgan Aquinaldo...

MR. POMELLO
Well I'm sure you know your name
better than me.

Pomello looks down at a tin of MINTOIDS.

MR. POMELLO (cont'd)
Would you like a mint?

MORGAN
No thank you.

MR. POMELLO
Suit yourself.
(sucking on mint)
So. Let's have a look at that
resume.

The intercom interrupts.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
(filtered)
Mr. Pomello the reports have
arrived.

PANIC!

MORGAN
(stammering)
Um... Uh... 'see. What happened
was... The train was coming... And-

<BEEP BEEP> From the intercom.

MR. POMELLO
One moment.
(into phone)
Yes, Pamela?

PAMMELA (O.S.)
Your new ties are here.

MR. POMELLO
(to Morgan)
I apologize we are very busy today.
I'll be right back.

Mr. Pomello stands back up, walks to the door, turn to Morgan.

MR. POMELLO (cont'd)
Two seconds.

Pomello Exits.

The clock ticks and ticks and ticks. The Aquarium bubbles.

Morgan stares at the two halves of the resume and starts dry heaving. A bit of bile comes up and scorches his mouth.

Morgan looks up at the MINTOIDS on the desk.

Morgan, periodically looking back at the door, inches his chair closer to the desk as he reaches for the mints.

He tries to reach the tin and knocks over a pencil cup. Pencils starts rolling down the desk.

Morgan panics and starts scooping up the stray pencils, knocking more things over in the process. He sets things the way they were and pushes his chair back to it's place.

Morgan studies the tin of MINTOIDS. The packaging reads:
Mintoids! They'll burn yo shit!

Morgan tries to open the tin. He struggles. He puts more muscle into it. The tin stays sealed. Morgan digs his thumbs under the lip and-

POP! Mintoids go flying everywhere.

It takes a second for Morgan to react.

He falls to his knees scrounging up the tiny white discs strewn about the room with both hands. He hears activity just outside the door. He panics.

Morgan starts shoveling the mints into his mouth. Choking them down. Nearly gagging.

Once the last stray mint is retrieved he bolts back to his chair.

Sweaty and nervous he tries not to move.

Nothing.

Morgan breathes a sigh of relief and rubs his weary eyes. Suddenly he stops. Pulls away his hands and notices the mint powder all over them.

Beat.

The searing pain shoots through his eyes. Morgan lets out a silent baby cry as tries to rub out the burning powder with his sleeves.

INSERT SHOT of CU of tin: *Mintoids! They'll burn yo shit!*

No relief comes. Blind now, Morgan runs over to the aquarium and starts scooping out water.

With his sight regained, Morgan jets back over to his chair.

Nothing.

Morgan, now wet and nervous and dry heaving tries to calm himself down.

The clock ticks and ticks and ticks. Suddenly he hears squishing and flopping and squishing.

Morgan slowly creaks his head around and spots a FISH flopping around on the floor.

MORGAN

Oh Frak!!!!

Morgan again drops to his knees and this time tries to grab the fish. The slippery fish flops it's way under his chair and then under Mr. Pomello's desk.

Morgan catches the fish, then slams his head on the rich mahogany desk. He looks up.

Whatever catches his eyes is freaking him out.

We see a HAND GUN nestled in a holster fastened to the underside of the desk.

Morgan scuttles backwards, holding the fish in one hand.

SHOOOOOM. An L TRAIN zips by the window causing him to squeeze his fist, shooting the fish into the air and back safely into the aquarium.

Morgan gets off the floor and back into his chair. He is nearly hyperventilating now.

He sits wondering what he should do. His nerves work up to a crescendo and Morgan starts to really vomit.

He looks around for a suitable receptacle. He spots the sensible fern to the side of Pomello's desk.

Morgan runs to the fern and throws the fuck up. Once his cookies have suitably been tossed he runs back to his chair, clipping Mr. Pomello's Leather Chair in the process.

Morgan sits, the Leather Chair still spinning. Morgan spots something strapped to the back. The chair slows down and stops with it's back facing Morgan.

A SHOTGUN is strapped to the back. Morgan tilts his head to see if what he sees is really what he sees.

Morgans looks back at the door and then hurries to turn the Leather Chair back around.

As soon as he touches the chair, the shotgun slips out and falls to the floor at Morgan's feet.

Morgan looks down at the shotgun and then up at the door. He slowly reaches down and picks up the shotgun.

Suddenly the door opens and Mr. Pomello quickly walks in and closes the door behind him.

MR. POMELLO
(to someone offscreen)
Thanks Pamella did you by this
yourself? Appreciate that.

Mr. Pomello looks up and sees Morgan holding a shotgun.
Morgan looks up and sees Mr. Pomello looking at him.

They both stare at each other. Expressionless.

SHOOOOOM. An L TRAIN zips by the window causing him to shoot Mr. Pomello square in the chest.

Mr. Pomello instantly falls down, face first, dead.

MORGAN
Fuck me!

Morgan runs over to Mr. Pomello's body and sets the shotgun down.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Mr. Pomello? Mr. Pomello? Cranston?
Wake up. Wake up!!! Please wake
up!!!

The guy is dead.

Morgan starts crying now. Crying and vomiting. He whimpers and beats his head trying to think of what to do next.

MORGAN (cont'd)
My wife's gonna kill me.

As Morgan cries and wonders when it all went wrong Mr. Pomello's body, out of focus, starts moving. In an unnatural way.

With Morgan in the foreground, tentacles and spiny limbs grow and hatch from Mr. Pomello's carcass in the background.

A large MONSTER shakes off a layer of afterbirth and then starts to snarl.

Morgan looks over. Does a double take and then the Monster eats the chair.

Morgan gets up and jumps over the desk to seek shelter.

Tick... Tick... Tick...

The Monster can be heard walking around, then the ticking stops. The half bitten clock is thrown right in front of Morgan.

The Monster comes closer and closer.

The great beast prepares to attack as Morgan rolls over the desk and fumbles and searches for the HAND GUN strapped to the bottom of the desk.

Just as the creature's mighty jaw spreads open Morgan releases the gun.

It looks like a gun out of Blade Runner or Runaway.

Morgan squeezes the trigger. ZIK ZIK ZIK. Glowing green bullets shoot out of the nozzle. Empty glass shells shoot out the side.

PIP PIP PIP. The Monster gets hit square in the chest. Morgan continues to shoot as the monster starts glowing and seething within.

Morgan screams, emptying the magazine. The Monster, knocked back a bit, rears again and prepares an attack.

The green glow grows stronger, the monster's punctured chest starts to expand and expand and expand.

Morgan ducks under Pomello's desk as the monster nearly fills the room.

POP! The monster explodes filling the entire room with flesh, bone, entrails and green slime.

Morgan, in shock and caked with dead monster, stares off into nothingness.

PAMELLA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Mr. Pomello your 3:30 is here.

Morgan looks around and surveys the mess.

He takes a deep breath and starts force feeding himself the monster's remains.

THROUGH the aquarium-

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-into a dark room where TWO DARK FIGURES watch Morgan's room through the aquarium.

One Dark Figure turns to the other.

DARK FIGURE #1
Hire that guy.