

Bug Boy  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERGROUND (COMPUTER GRAPHICS) - DAY

Dirt, rocks, roots, artifacts, decomposing bodies, just about anything that would be underground. A few bugs going about their normal day.

A tremor shakes up their world but the bugs don't seem unduly concerned and the tremor quickly stops. Very muffled, possibly human, voices make the bugs stop and put their ears to the ground to listen.

MALE (O.S.)  
Come on, Melissa, you know it's right.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
I don't know. I think I'm too young for this.

MALE (O.S.)  
You're never too young, Melissa. Besides, it's a Southern thing.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
But I'm not Southern, Robin.

MALE (O.S.)  
You'll be a little bit more Southern in just a moment.

A loud thud makes the insects bounce around as they listen intently to making out sounds.

SND FX The unmistakable sound of a zipper being unzipped.

The bouncing becomes all encompassing as insects pour out of their buildings and hurry through the streets. They line up in front of a passage way at the end of the street. We pan past the long line of insects and their excited chattering and enter the hole they're climbing through.

We pass insects and a blade of grass hits an insects and knocks him over. The wounded insect steadies himself and waves insect fist.

INSECT  
Humans.

As the MALE and FEMALE go at it the insects time their jump into what can only be described as an insect E ticket ride.

Of course, some are killed while others bounce off the bodies.

A gaggle of insects are running around Melissa's pubic hair and some getting thrust inside when Robin inserts himself.

Inside the Female insects getting bounced around; swimming; getting pulled back out when they get lassoed by the Male's pubic hair before the Male begins to orgasm.

Some insects scurry out of the way but others are washed away with the semen into the Female towards a bunch of eggs in all their coquettish splendor having frosty beverages at a womb side cafe. The eggs see this wriggling mass bear down on them and the shy ones duck for cover and others prepare to do battle. One sperm penetrates an egg and the maturing process takes place.

The baby grows to full term and a low screaming becomes louder just before the baby is born.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

DOCTOR SCOTT RANDOLPH is in charge of the full on horror of pulling the tiny Bug Boy out of Melissa. The attending MEDICAL PERSONAL begins to drop various medical items and run out of the room. Scott holds Bug Boy by his antennae as the camera pans to his face.

SCOTT

It looks like some plastic surgery  
may be in order.

Pan from Scott's stricken yet medically enthralled face up to a still screaming but with much less urgency Melissa. As we get to her sweat stained face Melissa's scream becomes less shrill and segues directly into a yeech.

MELISSA

A Southern thing, my ass.

INT. MELISSA'S KITCHEN - DAY

No pest strips hang on the door behind her. Cans of insect repellent are scattered around the room. Melissa is putting a steak on a plate. The other plate is piled with roughage. The TV on the counter behind her plays a local news cast. As the newscaster, BOB VENTULLO, drones on, Melissa ignores it as she puts the finishing touches on dinner.

BOB

As the unexplained exfoliation of Allenville reaches it's sixth cataclysmic year we are still at a loss for answers. Top government agents using the latest in agricultural warfare have only come up with one possible answer, to quote, 'If it's not a horde of ravenous big ass bugs we've got no idea.'

MELISSA

Dinner. And this time stay away from the damn TV.

BOB

So, as you can see, our governmental agencies have failed us once again. The WCAZ news team has sworn to get to the bottom of this life threatening disaster and commissioned our own expert to try and unravel this ongoing mystery. WCAZ would like to introduce our own entomologist, Dr. Daniel J. McCaffrey to you.

As Bob brings Dr. McCaffrey all you see is a blur covering the TV as Bug Boy comes out of nowhere and smashes his head into the TV screen.

BOB (CONT'D)

Dr. McCaffrey, what is happening to the vegetation in our fair city?

MELISSA

Boy, didn't I tell you not to be drawn to the light?

Melissa hits Bug Boy with a flyswatter and turns off the TV as Bug Boy skitters away. As Melissa continues we pan to the table as Melissa moves towards it and we see her steak and potatoes. On the other side of the table we see the biggest plate of vegetation that the world has ever seen.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Where did you go? You know I hate when you do that. Get over here and eat you little arachnid.

While the shot is on the vegetation an insect-like arm reaches from under the table and, with inhuman-like speed, snatch all of his food off the table.

That's followed by a streaking blur and a slam of a door. Melissa takes a seat with an exasperated expression on her face. She slaps the flyswatter on the table as she calls to Bug Boy and begins to settle down for her dinner.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Would it kill you to eat like a  
human at least once? Just once?

Melissa begins to carve into her steak.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Those doctors better be close to  
fixing him before I slip this  
little moth a DDT cocktail.

We hear a loud insect-like chatter from Bug Boy's room before we hear a semi-human voice. Kind of like the insects voice from earlier.

BUG BOY (O.S.)  
No, I'll be good. I'll bring you  
flowers tonight.

MELISSA  
Oh, I'm sorry, Boy. I'm just  
kidding. Flowers will be lovely.  
But this time, could you get them  
to me before you eat them?

Pan to a vase filled with flower stems. Bug Boy burps as Melissa shakes her head.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
I guess it's the thought that  
counts.

INT. DOCTOR SCOTT RANDOLPH'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sits there explaining what's happening with Bug Boy to Melissa.

SCOTT  
We have made magnificent strides  
making Bug Boy look more human-  
like.

MELISSA  
I should hope so. It's been over  
twenty years.

SCOTT

But we still have a lot of work to do.

MELISSA

How much more work? This is wearing me out. I've done everything for that boy. I even carpeted his room with grass.

SCOTT

You used Astroturf.

MELISSA

And he tried to eat that too. I'm telling you, I can't even wear a floral dress without worrying about pollen stains.

SCOTT

It's been a trying time for all of us. But with the incredible work I have personally done and the physical therapy regime of Doctor Cheer your son should be able to mingle with the rest of humanity without anyone being the wiser.

MELISSA

It will be interesting to have a life without the little bugger.

Scott gets up.

SCOTT

Let's go to Doctor Cheer's and pick up the boy.

Scott reaches Melissa and puts his hand out to assist her to get up. They move towards the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Melissa, don't you think it's about time we gave the boy a name?

MELISSA

I guess so. Do you have any ideas?

SCOTT

But, of course. He is very clumsy, always slamming into things. And that damn twitch is annoying so I thought we should name him Phil.

Phil Lophaga. It's the scientific  
name of the June Bug.

Melissa shrugs her shoulders obviously not wanting to spend  
too much time on this subject.

MELISSA  
Works for me.

They reach the door and are very close to each other as they  
exit the office and begin walking down the hallway.

SCOTT  
It's settled then. So, are we on  
tonight?

MELISSA  
Of course.

Scott kisses Melissa.

SCOTT  
Maybe after we humanize him we can  
have an evening at your home?

MELISSA  
What's your obsession with that?

Scott smiles devilishly as they stop in front of a door that  
says:

Doctor Cheer's Rehabilitation Facility

'Where everybody knows you're lame.'

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
I know what it is. It's all of  
those vines hanging around the  
house. You want to use them for  
restraints, don't you?

Scott's smile beams larger.

SCOTT  
My fantasy come to life.

Melissa laughs and knocks on the door.

MELISSA  
Hey, Spittlebug let's. . .

Scott puts a hand on her shoulder and nods his head no.

SCOTT

. . .Phil. We have to start using  
his name.

Melissa nods in agreement.

MELISSA

Of course. You're right.

Melissa knocks on the door again.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Phil, hey, Phil Lophaga, are you  
ready to go yet?

Scratching is heard on the other side of the door along with  
bug-like chattering. Melissa and the Doctor look up and down  
the hallway.

SCOTT

No one is in the hallway, Phil.  
It's safe to go.

Doctor Cheers' door opens a crack and we see a human foot at  
the end of a long bug's leg.

MELISSA

Nice foot, Phil.

In a blur, Phil bolts out of the door and down the hall. We  
hear scrapping of bug body parts on the floor as Phil says in  
voice over.

PHIL

Phil.

MELISSA

I guess he'll meet me at home.

Melissa looks at Scott.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Grab a drink at Fred's?

Melissa takes Scott's hand and begins to lead him down the  
hallway.

SCOTT

Why do we always go to that dump? I  
can afford to take you somewhere  
nice.

Melissa kisses Scott.

MELISSA

I know. There will be plenty of  
time for somewhere nice after Bug.  
. .I mean Phil gets better. But for  
right now Fred's fits perfectly.

Scott stops at his office door.

SCOTT

If we're going to Fred's I'm going  
to change my shoes.

Scott opens his office door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Last time we were there I had to  
leave a pair of eight hundred  
dollar shoes because they got stuck  
to the floor.

Melissa smiles.

MELISSA

I wonder if they're still there?

SCOTT

They'd have to be.

Scott and Melissa walk into his office as we

INT. FRED'S BAR - DAY

A pair of expensive (\$800.00 range) but discolored and  
battered pair of shoes attached to the feet of a scruffy  
looking guy we come to know and love as the SLEEPING GUY who  
is inexplicably dressed as Elvis. Presley, not Costello.

Fred's is the kind of place where the plastic glasses are  
reused, the chairs are chained to the floor to limit flight  
and the mirrors are made of aluminum. I'm not even going to  
tell you about the bathrooms (you can thank me later). We  
witness all this splendor after we pan from the shoes to the  
denizens of this place. Spooky. If Felini filmed the life of  
Charles Bukowski this would be the place.

As we take in the ambiance and get our first look at the  
surly, owner/bartender, FRED HENDERSON, and a long time  
regular, MIKE chatting the door opens to the groans and  
growls of the ghouls in attendance as a burst of sunlight  
actually touches them.

Melissa and Scott walk in talking. They head to what appears  
to be their normal seats right next to the Sleeping Guy.

SCOTT

We're going to have to tell him one day.

MELISSA

I know but I'm not sure if it's the right time. He's just getting used to his human skin.

SCOTT

You always have a reason.

They sit down.

MELISSA

He's not like a normal kid, Scott.

SCOTT

And who would know that better than me? I've done everything to make him more normal and now that he's getting closer to normal you still have an excuse. I think you just don't want to have a real relationship with me so that's why you hide us out in dumps like this.

Fred approaches them.

FRED

Yeah, but it's my dump, Doc.

SCOTT

Hey, no offense Fred.

FRED

None taken. Hi Melissa.

Melissa nods her hello.

FRED (CONT'D)

What can I get you? The regular?

SCOTT

What else is there?

FRED

It does make ordering easier.  
Henderbeer all around.

Fred starts to walk away and Scott calls after him.

SCOTT

And don't give us that DFK crap.

Fred reaches into a beer chest and pulls out two bottles and starts walking back.

FRED  
Ahhhhh, you want the good stuff.

Fred puts the bottles on the bar as Melissa pulls out her wallet.

FRED (CONT'D)  
From my special stock.

Melissa blows dust off the bottle as Fred picks up the money.

FRED (CONT'D)  
And aged for your drinking  
enjoyment.

Fred walks away.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Just don't spill any on the bar.  
It'll eat away the varnish.

Scott and Melissa sit there silently for a long moment before Melissa speaks.

MELISSA  
I'm sorry, Scott. You know I love  
you but raising Phil is a full time  
job and I don't think it's fair to.  
. .

SCOTT  
. . .fair? What's been fair about  
any of this? Listen, Melissa,  
Phil's almost ready. I know it's  
been hard but he's almost perfect.

Scott pauses and shrugs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Well, as perfect as he'll ever be.  
But the point is it's time for you.  
It's time for us.

Melissa looks lovingly at Scott as he does the same.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
So will you tell him? I know he  
likes me.

MELISSA

Oh Scott, he loves you. He owes everything too you.

SCOTT

Then let him repay me by giving me something.

Scott leans over and gently kisses Melissa. After the kiss Melissa leans back and smiles at Scott.

MELISSA

I'll tell him next week after the last plastic surgery.

Melissa pauses coquettishly.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Of course, it'll have to wait until after we fulfill your fantasy.

Scott is beside himself with joy and picks up his beer and holds it aloft.

SCOTT

This is going to be an evening I'll remember for the rest of my life.

MELISSA

I hope so.

Melissa has a little trepidation but joins Scott in the toast.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE BACK OFFICE - DAY

KATRINA is watching a video of what looks like an empty field. Surrounding the VCR are hundreds of methodically categorized tapes. Open in front of her are notebooks and scrapbooks. All of the articles have to do with the defoliation of Allenville.

There are hundreds of photos she took. In some of them you can see a blur. She has that blur circled in each picture. As she pours over her obsession we see movement in the video.

Quickly, Katrina reaches over and pauses the tape. She rewinds and then plays it back in extreme slow motion. Even in this speed the defoliation happens quicker than the human eye can follow. That is, of course, except for Katrina. At one point she pauses the tape and prints out the screen. As the screen comes out of the printer Katrina becomes excited.

The picture shows an out of focus shot of the semi-surprised but human faced Bug Boy enjoying a snack.

KATRINA

Got ya.

Katrina circles the blur and makes notations in her notebook.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Now if I could only find him.

Katrina picks up the photos and studies with a psychotic intensity.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

A Public Service Announcement with a punky looking CHASTITY BOY ranting. This is playing on the TV while Melissa and Bug Boy go about the next scene. As much or as little of the PSA plays before Melissa turns it off.

CHASTITY BOY

I'm telling all you go getters out  
there sometimes it's better not to  
go get it, if you know what I mean.  
It's better to practice chastity  
because safe sex doesn't always  
work. My parents practiced safe sex  
and just look at what happened.

Chastity Boy pulls a condom over his head and rips it apart. When the tattered condom gets past his mouth Chastity Boy continues.

CHASTITY BOY (CONT'D)

So, if my flaky DNA can bust  
through so can yours.

INT. MELISSA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Melissa is putting dinner on the table but this time along with his mound of vegetation is a big ole slab of meat. The TV is playing the above bit in the background.

MELISSA

Phil. Dinner. And this time you're  
going to eat this steak.

Melissa sits down and we hear Phil skitter through the room.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
You eat way too many vegetables.  
Don't you ever get bored?

Melissa reaches over quickly and shuts off the TV. We see the back of Phil's bug head come to a stop inches from the TV.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Nothing's faster than a Momma. And.  
. .

Melissa hits him with the flyswatter.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
. . .how many times have I told you  
not to be drawn to the light?

Phil skitters under the table and begins to reach up and grab vegetables. Melissa swats him again with a flyswatter.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
And this time sit at the table like  
a normal person.

Melissa is struck with the absurdity of that sentence but anything becomes normal when you're in the middle of it.

Phil crawls to the chair and we begin dinner shot from behind Phil's head. We see the blur of Phil eating his vegetation with wild abandon and then starts to get up from his chair.

Melissa grabs his bug arm and swats his human hand with the flyswatter.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
You're not going anywhere until you  
eat your steak.

Phil makes grumbling bug sounds in protest.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Stop that complaining, young man.  
It's about time you learned to  
enjoy the four basic food groups.  
There's more to life than leafy  
green things. Like beef and pork  
rinds and chicklets. Gotta love  
them chicklets.

Melissa waves the flyswatter at Phil.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Now eat.

Melissa places the flyswatter close by and begins eating. We zoom in to Phil picking up his steak. Melissa picks up her flyswatter and knocks the steak out of Phil's hands.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
And use your knife and fork.

Phil, frustration building, makes grumbling sounds and grudgingly picks up the knife and fork.

We watch as he clumsily begins to cut up his steak.

We follow as he stabs at the piece he cut and brings it to his mouth. This is the first time we see Phil's face. It's a normal human face. During his first attempt to put the piece of steak in his mouth he stabs himself in the cheek and the steak falls back to the table.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
And stop playing around.

Phil stabs at the piece of steak again and this time gets in into his mouth. There is no chewing (his teeth never come in contact with the food or each other) but a ton of mandible motion.

All of a sudden Phil has a moment of surprise as he spits up a brownish fluid that is now the steak. He drops his head down and starts slurping up the steak. A horrified Melissa screams and swats at Phil.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Stop that slurping and chew your steak. That's disgusting. How you think you'll ever get a nice girl and settle down with table manners like that? It's just not going to happen. Now clean that up this instant.

Phil begins to slurp it up and Melissa goes ballistic.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
With a towel? Sometimes I don't know where you came from.

Phil grabs a towel and begins to blot up the mess. He is visibly upset and getting more nervous as Melissa continues to chastise at him.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Look at this mess. You have thrown me off my feed. I don't know where you learned to eat like that.

It sure wasn't from my side of the family.

All of a sudden Phil's expression is balled up in a nervous frenzy and he spews a white fluid all over the table. All of the food melts and the fluid that hits Melissa's clothes melts it (it could be a sleeve, a partial or the entire shirt).

Melissa screams and hits Phil with the flyswatter.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Definitely not my side of the family. Go to your room.

With that Phil skitters to his room and Melissa begins to clean up the mess.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
I swear I'm going to be stuck with that boy forever. I hope Scott won't mind.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - DAY

Katrina is working with her plants while customers mill around. She has an obvious love for plants. Unfortunately, that love borders on obsession and, as with many borders, they are made to be crossed.

She is having a conversation with her best friend, LAURA.

KATRINA  
If I could just capture the beast who is ruining our fragile ecosystem, I know I could help nurture Allenville back to health.

LAURA  
Don't you think you're overdoing this mother earth thing just a little, Katrina? I mean, look at this place? Your whole life is these plants and that. . .

Laura gestures to the collection of tapes and photos of Phil.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
. . . as you so obsessively call him, the blight of plant-kind. Come on, when was the last time you got laid?

KATRINA

How can you talk about getting laid  
when the very air we breathe is  
being stolen from us by that  
blight. . .

LAURA

. . .of plant-kind. Yeah, yeah,  
that's great but you still haven't  
answered my question.

KATRINA

Don't you understand that there  
won't be time to get laid if these  
small, and to some, insignificant  
plants that are so intertwined  
within our life force die?

LAURA

I take it to mean you haven't got  
laid in about a year now.

Katrina is livid.

KATRINA

You don't get it, do you? You do  
not understand the gravity of this  
disaster. Whatever that blight. . .

Laura gives Katrina a 'heard it' look.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

. . .whatever is befalling our  
fragile, sweet plant friends is  
just a foreshadowing of what will  
happen to us.

Laura knows she isn't going to get anywhere with Katrina so  
she looks around the crowded store.

LAURA

Whatever. But whatever is happening  
sure is good for your business.

Katrina looks around at her customers and a small, yet  
telltale birth of maniacal smile crosses her face.

KATRINA

You've got a point there.

Katrina catches herself in a moment of rapture at her plants  
demise and snaps back.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

But if I can help one species  
flourish and sprout it would have  
been all worth it.

LAURA

I think you should worry more about  
your libido flourishing and  
sprouting.

KATRINA

There'll be plenty of time for  
procreation once this emergency is  
under containment.

INT. MELISSA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melissa is cleaning. Outside of the plants all over the place  
(some in various degrees of having been snacked upon) the  
house is immaculate. The plants are, of course, exceptionally  
healthy.

MELISSA

Are you going to stay in there all  
night? I've got to tell you, Phil,  
that final plastic surgeon, what  
was his name? Oh yeah, Doctor  
Grabafeel, sure did a great job.  
You sure are a looker now that all  
those bug body parts are gone. Not  
that you weren't a cute little mud  
dauber. But, now, if you clean up  
your table habits a bit you're sure  
to hook up with one fabulous babe.  
Phil! Are you listening to me?

Melissa pauses and begins to get upset.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Phil! Answer me? Get out of that  
room and talk to me. You're got to  
get used to dealing with the real  
world now that you've burst out of  
the bondage of your prickly cocoon.

Melissa stops cleaning and thinks.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I think I heard someone say that in  
a bondage flick.

Melissa pauses then begins to clean again.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Phil! Are you going to stay in all night? I'm having a guest over and you'd better make up your mind soon. You're either in your room all night or you can join the human race.

Melissa pauses.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Phil! Get out here!

Melissa stops her cleaning abruptly and begins to head across the room to Phil's room. After a few steps we are all shocked to see Phil, as a fully grown man, adhered to the wall. He's looking around while Melissa screams and begins swatting at him with the ever present flyswatter.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

How many times have I told you not to adhere to the wall? Don't you think you're just a little old not to mention human to be doing this? Get down from there and get to your room.

Phil jumps from the wall and we hear his bedroom door slam.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Now stay there. Don't come out for the rest of the night.

Melissa looks at the wall and sees four stains where Phil's hands and feet were.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

And look at this wall! This had better be the last time I see this, Phil.

Melissa begins to scrub the wall.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I'm getting very tired of taking care of you, Phil.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil is, at first, difficult to see through the roughage but when we see him he's cowering in the corner.

MELISSA

Sometimes I wonder why I didn't  
just spritz you with DDT at birth.  
Put you in a glue pad playpen and  
go to Bermuda for a week when Scott  
asked me. It hasn't been easy being  
your mother, I'll tell you.

SND FX Melissa kicking on Phil's bedroom door.

MELISSA (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Now stay in there all night. I'm  
going out to have a few drinks at  
Fred's. I'll be back in a while and  
Dr. Randolph and I have something  
to talk to you about.

Phil continues to cower and then we see him begin to get sick  
and he spits up the white fluid we saw earlier all over  
himself and his shirt disintegrates.

As Phil wipes himself off he starts to eat from a nearby  
plant. After a few bites he lies down and curls up and begins  
to get drowsy.

PHIL

Fred's. A few drinks at Fred's.  
Fred's is fun.

With that our little ex-Bug Boy falls fast asleep.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Phil is still sleeping. We hear muffled sounds from the other  
room and see Phil begin to stir. As Phil begins to wake the  
sounds become louder and more definable.

The dialog is stilted. Obviously this is sex role-playing and  
it sounds like bad sex role-playing but Phil doesn't know  
that. So he goes into danger mode.

MELISSA (O.S.)

No, please, don't tie me up with  
these strong vines and ravish me  
the way you have done so many  
others. Have you no mercy, you  
beast?

SCOTT (O.S.)

Don't tell me no, baby. You know  
you want me to pollinate your  
petals.

Phil sprints to the door and opening it swiftly and quietly.

In a flash he's

INT. MELISSA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil sees his naked mother on the couch all tangled up in vines begging for mercy.

On top of her is the also naked and seemingly attacker he's known as his Doctor, Scott Randolph.

Phil doesn't comprehend what he sees and hears. To his bug brain he deduces that his mother is being attacked so he does what any mother's bug would do. He erupts onto the couch.

Melissa sees him just a split second before Phil jumps onto Scott's back.

MELISSA

No. Phil. No.

But it's too late. Phil, who is now adult sized and looks human but his DNA is still crawling with bug genes. So, he not only has the strength of millions of bugs he has it in a man sized dosage.

Phil jumps on the still humping Scott's back and with one deft motion inserts his hand (not fist) into the back of Scott's head and out of his face. His open hand comes to a stop on Melissa's now bloody and screaming face.

Melissa fights to extricate herself out from under Phil and Scott and does so after quite a battle.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

What have you done? Oh shit. I was just getting laid you moron.

Phil is still on the couch with the entire Scott still attached to his arm. With a quick twist of his arm Phil tears Scott's head from his body.

He gets off the couch with Scott's head still attached to his forearm.

PHIL

Did I do something wrong?

Melissa is beside herself with anger.

MELISSA

Something wrong? Don't you think it's just a little strange to be using Scott's head as a bracelet? That's not a normal accouterment from where I come from.

Phil stands there with the dripping head of Scott dangling from his arm.

PHIL

I thought you were in trouble.

MELISSA

Trouble? Oh no. There was no trouble. I was just getting laid in my own house for the first time since you were born.

Melissa lurches at Phil and begins to punch and kicks him.

Phil defends himself to the best of his ability with Scott's head weighing down his arm.

Melissa lands a good shot bloodying Phil's face he is shocked, hurt and bewildered. Within an instant his survival instincts kick-in and he becomes angered. His first instinct is to use the other arm to make a bracelet from his mother's head but he is also sickened by this idea.

As this confusion rages in his head he becomes sick and as his mother is screaming and hitting him he vomits on her. But this is not the semi-innocuous white liquid we've come to know and love. No way, Spunky. This is a vile, brown oozing liquid hits Melissa with such a force as to knock her over and begin to melt her flesh.

Within moments, the once proud, recently horny body of Melissa is reduced to a writhing pool of mushy goo.

Phil stands before this bubbling mound, as drops of Scott's blood add dollops of color to this mass.

PHIL

I was only doing what I thought was right.

Phil stands in front of the horror he has wrought for a moment. He's very conflicted because although his instincts told him that he was just protecting his mother all she did was tell him he was wrong. Bug's lives are much simpler than humans. Phil has just learned that difficult lesson.

Phil leans down to his mother and pulls Scott's head off of his arm. He places his mother's lovers head in the gelatinous substance. Almost immediately the head begins to melt.

Phil gets up and walks over to the couch. On the floor is the still warm and flailing body of his now ex-doctor.

Phil leans down and lies the body across his lap. He looks towards his mother's stain and begins to gnaw at the Scott's flesh.

INT. FRED'S BAR - LATER

Phil, a little disoriented - he did just kill his mother and doctor after all - wanders into Fred's. As the sliver of light from Phil opening the door illuminates the now grunting and squinting denizens we feel that Phil may have made a mistake. Maybe he'd prefer a nice fern bar. But Phil has none of our savvy and proceeds across the sticky floor to the stares and grumbles of the muddled masses.

Fred watches with disdain as Phil moves to few seats trying to find one just a tad less sticky than the floor.

Making his best choice Phil sits down next to the Sleeping Guy. Exactly the same seat as Melissa.

Fred snorts and saunters towards Phil.

FRED

Yeah?

Phil stares for a split second and even that short amount of time tries Fred's patience.

PHIL

Fred?

FRED

Yeah?

PHIL

Fred's is fun

FRED

Yeah, a barrel of fun. Now what can I get you?

PHIL

A few drinks at Fred's

FRED  
That's the idea, pal. So what'll it  
be?

Phil thinks for a second while looking around. He sees a sign  
that says beer so he repeats it.

PHIL  
Beer.

FRED  
What kind? As you can see we have  
quite a selection here at Che'  
Fred's.

Fred waves to the motley assortment of broken, dusty, label-  
less bottles on display. Phil squints trying to make sense of  
this. Realizing he has no clue, he sits back.

PHIL  
Any one.

FRED  
We're out of all of those.

Phil is confused.

PHIL  
What do you have?

Fred is in stage one of a full blown apoplexy. He takes a  
deep breath and begins listing his beers.

FRED  
Henderbeer, Henderbeer Dark,  
Henderbeer Extra Dark and  
Henderbeer DFK.

PHIL  
Henderbeer?

FRED  
Our own special micro-brew. Now,  
are you ready to order?

PHIL  
Ummmm, what's the Henderbeer DFK?

Fred leans back disgusted.

FRED  
DFK is the special grappa version  
of the Henderson brewing process.

We usually make it in the kitchen sink.

PHIL  
I don't know. What does DFK mean?

FRED  
Because we use left over ingredients it means Don't Fucking Know.

Phil looks at the Sleeping Guy.

PHIL  
Is he having a DFK?

FRED  
Most definitely.

PHIL  
I'll have a regular.

Fred rolls his eyes mumbling as he walks to the beer chest.

While he's gone Phil notices a bowl of peanuts on the bar. He reaches into the bowl to pull some out. When he pulls his hand away the entire bowl comes with him. As he looks at this confused Fred slams the beer onto the bar with a resounding thud that startles Phil and he drops the bowl.

FRED  
Two bucks.

Phil stares at him for a moment confused. This does tweak Fred somewhat.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Cash. You know, money.

Phil finally understands what Fred's been trying to get at.

He stands up as he talks.

PHIL  
Oh, money. Why didn't you say so?

Fred is exasperated but is happy he's getting paid.

FRED  
Just a dumb guy I guess.

Fred's expression becomes quizzical as he watches Phil pull a colorful, frilly ladies wallet, Melissa's, out of his back pocket.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Hey, that's looks like Melissa's  
wallet.

PHIL  
My Mother's. She brings it to  
Fred's.

FRED  
You're Melissa's kid? I heard her  
and Doc mention a kid from time to  
time. Supposed to be some kind of  
mutant but you're not all that  
hideous.

Fred pauses and watches Phil fumble with the wallet.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Kind of stupid though.

Phil finally holds out some money and Fred takes it.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Your mother and the Doc where just  
here a couple of hours ago.

Fred begins to walk away.

FRED (CONT'D)  
They make a cute couple.

Phil puts the wallet back in his pocket and tries to figure  
out what Fred's talking about.

PHIL  
Couple?

Phil sits there alone staring at his beer.

After a few moment he takes his first sip. His throat burns.  
His nostrils flare. His eyes water and bug out. He turns his  
head and spits out the mouthful of beer into the bar and hits  
big, hairy, scary looking and now a little perturbed guy,  
Mike, in the face.

As Mike glares and wipes the beer off of his face Phil  
continues to cough and spit oblivious to the approaching  
danger.

Mike moves into Phil's space and looks down upon this  
sputtering fool. Phil takes a long look up to Mike and  
smiles.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Tangy.

Mike glares as Phil continues to smile at him and picks up his beer but thinks better of it and puts the beer back on the bar.

Mike is still standing there glaring. He is a little confused because this skinny little guy hasn't shown the fear his menacing stance usually receives. Wanting to really get Phil's attention Mike leans down slowly.

Just as Mike's face reaches Phil's he jumps off his chair and starts fawning and pointing at Mike.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It's you! You're that guy!

Phil tries to get the rest of the sodden crowd as excited as he is. Alas, to no avail.

But that's doesn't dampen Phil's enthusiasm. He reaches out and grabs Mike's hands and starts shaking it vigorously.

Mike isn't alarmed but he is starting to question the sanity of this young man.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You're that guy from the breath  
mint commercial.

Phil continues his star worship as Mike continues to glare. Phil leans in conspiratorially.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Can I smell your breath?

Mike leans back and stares at Phil before patting his shoulder.

MIKE

You're a strange one.

An expression of confusion crosses Phil's face.

PHIL

You are the TV guy? Right? I saw  
you there.

Mike's leans back and breaks out a big smile as he continues to pat Phil on the back.

MIKE

Yeah, sure, that was me. I was just pulling your leg.

Phil is beside himself with joy.

PHIL

Can I buy you. . .

Phil looks at the beer on the bar and thinks better of it.

PHIL (CONT'D)

. . .something other than this?

Mike slaps Phil on the back, sits next to him and waves for Fred to bring them two more.

Fred arrives, plops two beers on the bar and takes some money from Phil.

Mike holds the beer aloft as Fred exits.

Phil picks up his beer and Mike clinks their glasses together.

Phil finds this strange but he's learning something new every day so it must be a ritual.

He mimics Mike who lifts the glass to his mouth. Phil does the same.

Mike holds off for a moment from drinking.

MIKE

Let's try to keep it internal this time.

Mike pounds back his beer and slams the empty glass back on the bar.

Phil follows albeit with less dramatic results. Oh sure, he kept it internal this time but it was barely enough to fill a cavity in a tooth. But, it still makes Phil happy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Got enough for another one, fanboy?

Phil reaches for his wallet and opens it up and pulls out a wad.

Mike smiles even bigger than Phil.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I see that you do.

Phil and Mike click their glasses and the festivities begin in earnest.

A fast montage of Phil and Mike drinking and laughing fades into a ballad.

At first we hear the lyrics as the song's producer intended it to be. But quickly we descend into the hell that is two drunk guys massacring a ballad.

As this happens we find Phil and Mike hanging on the juke box giving it their all. Too bad that their all is nothing. The song, as we will come to know later, is titled 'The Ballad of Bug Boy.' Another in our fine line of self referential 'Bug Boy' jokes.

PHIL (SINGING)  
Farewell innocence  
Truth disguised as bad intent  
He never knew that  
Not all live to see his smile  
Innocent boy  
Saw the world's beauty  
Never should have seen others  
act  
Unnaturally

MIKE (SINGING)  
Farewell innocence  
Truth disguised as bad intent  
He never knew that  
Not all live to see his smile  
Innocent boy  
Saw the world's beauty  
Never should have seen others  
act  
Unnaturally

As the song fades and Phil and Mike to the drunken male bonding shuffle Fred breaks into their revelry.

FRED  
Closing time. You can't stay here  
but you can't tell the cops you  
were here. Let's go. Drink 'em up.

Mike sit down at the bar amidst tipped empties and a dripping counter.

Phil quickly follows and sits in front of a half gone beer.

PHIL  
Well, I guess it's time for me to.  
. .

Phil has a look of confusion on his face. Fred is only too happy to help him out.

FRED  
. . .go home.

Phil is happy to have Fred there to help him with the tough stuff.

PHIL  
Yeah! Go home.

Phil rises unsteadily and slaps Mike's back.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I'll catch you guys tomorrow. Mom  
was right, Fred's is fun.

Phil steadies himself and begins to wend his way through the bar. A few feet from the door he turns to wave a final good-bye and falls onto the floor. He tries to stand up but the floor is so sticky it acts like a glue pad. He spins to his stomach and grabs a chair. He begins his difficult climb to the upright position as the sucking and tearing sounds of his escape begin to sicken Fred and Mike.

Phil finally begins his way to the door. When he reaches the door he turns to wave to his friends again. Before he can get anything out of his mouth he loses his balance and crashes into the door and it swings open forcefully.

Fred and Mike, veteran drinkers they are, are amazed at the level of intoxication Phil is in the middle of.

MIKE  
How much did he have to drink?

Fred holds up the half drunk beer from in front of Phil's seat.

FRED  
Half a beer.

The door violently swings back and closes with a slam. When it does Fred and Mike jumps and turn to the door. We see that Phil is back stuck on the door.

PHIL  
Don't worry, guys, I've got this  
under control.

Phil struggles to extricate himself but every time he gets one leg off an arm gets stuck. It looks hopeless. Finally Phil gives up and just hangs there.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Can someone get a spatula or  
something?

EXT. DAY FIELD - DAY

Even in this rather barren field it takes us a few seconds to spot Phil sitting in a tree trying to shake the cobwebs out of his head.

Phil looks around confused for a few seconds before climbing down from the tree and walking slowly, unsteadily across the field. It sure was a great night on the town for Bug Boy.

He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out the sopping, dripping empty wallet. He had a real great night. Phil flips the empty wallet over his shoulder and continues out of the field.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - DAY

Katrina is packing up a plant for a customer, GINA.

KATRINA

I think you'll love this plant. It is one of my personal favorites. As long as you remember to move it to get the afternoon sun you should have years of joy and. . .

The prototypical bitch on wheels, RIKA, bursts in and shoves past Gina.

RIKA

. . .I am looking for a. . .

KATRINA

. . .excuse me, ma'am, I'm with a customer right now but I will be with you as soon as I can.

RIKA

I just cannot afford to wait. It is to your advantage to service me at this moment.

Katrina is trying to maintain her composure. She smiles at Gina and says to Rika.

KATRINA

All my customers are special, ma'am. And I will be with you as soon as I finish packing this plant.

Katrina pauses for a second and begins to address Gina.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

So, as I was saying, if you  
remember to move this plant into  
your westerly windows in the after.  
. .

RIKA

. . .Well, I had heard many fine  
reports about this establishment  
but I feel they were erroneous.  
Obviously you have failed to comply  
with your word of mouth.

Katrina is obviously angered.

KATRINA

Are you the rudest person on the  
face of the earth?

RIKA

I beg your pardon?

KATRINA

Oh, you don't listen either. I  
said, are you the rudest person on  
the face of the earth?

RIKA

Well, I trust not.

KATRINA

Then shut the fuck up and maybe  
I'll believe it.

Rika is shocked at this insurrection.

RIKA

Well, I never.

KATRINA

Obviously one of your problems.

An indignant Rika turns on her heels and spins out of the  
shop. As she reaches the door she brusquely pushes past Phil  
wandering in.

Katrina notices Phil coming in. She thinks she recognizes him  
but just brushes it off under the heading of just another  
nameless, faceless customer. She goes back to finishing  
wrapping the plant for Gina who takes it.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Thank you and come again. Hopefully  
next time you won't have to put up  
with the bitch on wheels.

Gina smiles as she exits.

Katrina waits a beat fixing up the counter but her curiosity gets the better of her and she heads through the shop to find Phil. While she wanders through the shop touching up plants and general shop keeping she turns a corner and comes face to face with Phil who is standing in the aisle with a leaf in his mouth. She is, quite rightfully, taken aback.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Excuse me. May I help you?

Phil, who doesn't think he's doing anything wrong, is totally composed. So he answers in a muffled (well, he does have a leaf in his mouth) tone.

PHIL

No.

As Katrina stares at him for a moment he realizes that maybe something is wrong after all. He slowly moves his head back exposing a tooth marked leaf.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I'd never tasted a. . .

Phil looks at the plants name tag.

PHIL (CONT'D)

. . .Acaena caesiiglauca before.  
Very tempting.

KATRINA

It's more commonly known as a Bidi  
Bidi. I had it flown in especially  
for the shop from New Zealand. I'm  
trying to. . .

Katrina finally figures it out and her expression changes from derisive to full on recognition.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

You're him! You're the thing I've  
been tracking. Only you're less bug-  
like than I thought.

Katrina grabs Phil's arm and starts pulling him through the store. Phil is a little concerned but not unduly so he makes no effort to pull away. Or tear her head off and eat it.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

I had some photos of you doing the actual defoliation but you always moved so fast for even a high-speed video camera to get a clear shot.

They arrive at the back of the Greenhouse where Katrina hurries into the back room leaving Phil to stand there bewildered. She comes back in and hands a photo to Phil. He studies with intense concentration.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Even with the blurry shot I would recognize this face. But look, you moved so fast that it looks like you are a bug.

PHIL

I miss my antennae.

Katrina is pleasantly shocked.

KATRINA

So it is you! And you were a bug!

A million questions cross Katrina's face. She touches Phil's face and body searchingly.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

How did. . .?

PHIL

Mother had sex outside on a buggy day. Always practice safe sex. You never know what's gonna crawl up in there.

KATRINA

How'd you. . .?

PHIL

I only left the house for meals.

KATRINA

How'd they. . .?

PHIL

Plastic surgery.

Katrina examines Phil's face closely.

KATRINA

I'd say brilliant plastic surgery. So, cutie, what's your name?

Kartina leans in close. You can feel the attraction. Katrina uses this to her advantage by really turning on the charm.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
So, what's your name?

Of course, this makes Phil nervous so he answers quickly.

PHIL  
Phil. Phil Lophaga.

Just as he gets the 'aga' out. . . brwapp. White liquid all over Katrina's clothes and some plants. As she stands there naked Phil is curious and embarrassed so he looks away.

Katrina finds that sweet so she giggles and touches his face and pulls it towards her. They gently, quickly kiss for the first time. When they separate Phil is delightfully confused and Katrina's mind is racing. She finally comes to a realization. Let the obsessions begin!

KATRINA  
So, Phil, can you do that vomit  
trick on cue?

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - DAY

It's all happiness and light. Katrina's with a customer. Phil is licking the plants clean. Just a normal day. As the customer wanders on Katrina notices Rika, the bitch on wheels from before, walking in the door. She approaches Phil quickly.

KATRINA  
Phil, do you see that woman who  
just walked in?

Phil stops licking long enough to try and make an attempt to see who Katrina is talking about. Even with Katrina's pointing it takes Phil a moment to focus.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
The one who thinks her shit's gift-  
wrapped.

Slowly Phil locks in on who Katrina is talking about. He stops his plant hygiene long enough to take intent notice of the woman.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
She's the one who said your  
hydrangeas lacked effervescent  
coloring.

Phil is offended. Highly offended. He is especially close to his hydrangeas.

PHIL

If she hates me what's she doing here?

KATRINA

I guess she wants to match your coloring against the ones at her favorite hydroponics florist, Mandy Tyler's HydroWorld.

Phil is beside himself with rage.

PHIL

There is no love in her plants. It's just a business with her.

Katrina attempts to calm Phil.

KATRINA

Relax. Why don't you go and see if you can change her mind about Mandy's.

Katrina pushes Phil towards Rika.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Go and get her, Phil.

Phil begrudgingly begins to move down the aisle. Katrina speaks sotto voce as Phil heads off to do his job.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Make her love your plants, Phil, or make her die for not buying.

Phil walks up to Rika and with his biggest, brightest smile makes his play.

PHIL

Hi, is there anything I can help you with today?

Rika looks at him like so many aphids on a leaf. She brushes Phil off and goes back to her inspection of the obviously less than adequate plant selection.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're having a special on Bladderworts this week. We've had a very good crop this month.

They're carnivorous so they'll have  
a lot in common with you.

Rika turns and snaps at Phil.

RIKA  
Young man, if I was interested in  
your amateurish and inadequate  
plant selection I would. . .

Just before Phil is ready to snap a gasket Katrina arrives on  
the scene.

KATRINA  
Is there a problem here?

RIKA  
It seems that your help is under  
the misconception that I have  
anything but utter contempt for  
your so-called harvest.

Rika waits to allow this to fester in Phil. When she sees  
that is achieving her desired effect she continues.

RIKA (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't even be allowed to  
pursue horticulture as a hobby.  
Much less a profession. I'm  
surprised you are still in business  
with that Mandy and her much more  
vast and spectacular selection mere  
blocks down the street.

Katrina takes the abuse with serenity but you can see that  
Phil is down to three on the blastoff countdown. Katrina  
calms him with a comforting smile and slight squeeze.

KATRINA  
I'm sorry that we have nothing up  
to your obviously high standards,  
ma'am. I don't agree with  
everything you've said, but, as the  
old adage goes, the customer is  
always right.

RIKA  
Well, I am glad to see that you  
have learned some semblance of  
customer service since our last  
encounter.

Rika smiles her patented self-important grin, pulling on the  
plants, before unleashing her next bon mot.

RIKA (CONT'D)

Not that you have improved you're stock at all. But it is nice to see that you're attempting to make up for it with groveling.

As is her manner, Rika spins on her heels all self-satisfied and gloating.

Phil stands there livid and Katrina has her best plastic smile. When Rika leaves the building Phil begins his tirade.

PHIL

How could you let her get away with that? Everyone knows these are the most loved plants on the face of the earth.

Katrina smiles beatifically and pulls Phil close.

KATRINA

Phil, I'm no more happy that she comes into my store than I am the rape of the earth continues unabated. But we must learn to deal with those who don't have our values.

Phil is barely able to contain his desire to do more.

PHIL

But there must be more we can do?

Katrina takes Phil's hand and smiles at him.

KATRINA

Is that what you'd like to do, Phil? More?

Phil nods in the affirmative. That's just what Katrina wants to hear.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Then that's what we'll do, Phil. More. Much, much more.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Katrina and Phil are sitting in a car across the street from Rika's House. Rika is in the yard working on her well-maintained garden.

PHIL

I don't know about this, Katrina.

KATRINA

What do you mean, you don't know?  
Aren't you the one who defoliated  
an entire city?

PHIL

Yeah, but since you took me in I'm  
getting a handle on my overeating  
and actually beginning to enjoy day  
old plants.

KATRINA

But don't you miss the freshness of  
greenery straight from Mother  
earth?

Phil nods wistfully.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

And didn't this woman make you want  
to spew all over her?

Phil nods resignedly.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Then we can't let her get away with  
this. You have to defend the honor  
of our plants. You have to get  
revenge on the woman who made you  
feel all icky inside.

Phil is nodding so enthusiastically that the car is shaking.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

You have to get revenge on the  
establishment that allowed her to  
disparage our lovely plants.

Phil stops rocking and looks at Katrina confused.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Why, Phil, we both know that if it  
wasn't for Mandy's plants this  
woman and all the other stuck-up  
dried-ups who do not appreciate our  
beloved plants would understand  
that we are the true caretakers of  
the earth.

PHIL

Yeah, what you said. And whatever  
it was I'm behind you all the way.

KATRINA

Good. Then. . .

Katrina reaches into her bag and pulls out a list.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

. . .here, memorize this.

PHIL

What's this?

Phil takes the list and looks it over quickly before eating  
it. As he chews Katrina pats him on his shoulder.

KATRINA

Excellent. I see those memory tapes  
have been doing you a world of  
good.

Phil nods proud of his achievement and the praise.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

I want you to go to all of those  
places and make their gardens as  
barren as their souls.

Phil pauses before asking the only question he would  
consider.

PHIL

You want me to let our plants live,  
right?

Katrina's expression changes to a deep remorse.

KATRINA

No, Phil, I'm sorry to say that  
sometimes you have to make  
sacrifices to win overall.

Katrina pats the dejected Phil's shoulder to shore him up.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

And trust me, my brethren of the  
soil, we will win in the end. Now  
go and tonight, if you do well, I  
have a wonderful surprise in store  
for you.

Phil loves surprises so reacts accordingly. Phil's enthusiasm is infectious so Katrina feels the love and leans over and gives Phil a little kiss.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
So tonight about nine meet me at  
Mandy's. I'll be the one wearing  
the seductive smile.

Katrina's flirtations are enough to send Phil into the world with a true sense of mission. He opens the car door and is off like a flash. Katrina starts the car and pulls away.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Let the festivities begin.

EXT. RIKA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rika is tending to her plants so Phil begins in the front of the house. At first he moves slowly towards the plants. When he gets to one bed he leans down solemnly. These are some of the very plants he's tended to for some time now and he has formed a bond with them. As he lovingly massages the plants and the music swells to an almost maudlin level Rika storms around the corner.

RIKA  
And just what are you doing on my  
property?

Phil snaps out of his reverie and jumps up. All the bug twitches that signify a nervous episode are popping up unabated.

RIKA (CONT'D)  
Are you trying to steal my  
extraordinary plants for your  
putrid little shop. I have a mind  
to call the authorities.

Rika takes one step towards her front door and Phil is off and running.

CG: In the time it takes Rika to take one step towards the door we watch Phil streak through her yard wreaking havoc on all plant life only to come to a full stop right in front of Rika.

Now, obviously, being the first person to actually see Phil at work she is quite stunned. Not stunned enough to shut her mouth, but stunned for someone of her ilk.

RIKA (CONT'D)

I cannot believe what you have done to my ravishing garden. I am not only going to call the local peace officer, god knows we can use a little peace around here, but I am also going to call your insipid boss at that fetid shop you inhabit.

Rika spins on her heels continually mumbling threats.

Quicker than the eye can see Phil jumps on Rika's back and with one deft motion he reaches above her head and jabs his fingers through her skull. He jumps off her before she crumbles to the ground and lifts her up and holds her over his head.

After a beat Phil works his fingers through Rika's mouth and rips off her face. She falls back into the now barren bed. Phil holds Rika's now flat face in his hand for a beat before his pops it into his mouth. He chews for a moment before making a horrendous face and spitting it onto Rika's still twitching body.

Phil spits and sticks his hand in his mouth wiping the bile that is Rika out of his mouth.

PHIL

Rotten.

Phil spits some more before his face contorts as he readies to vomit.

Phil leans over and begins to retch a vile, brown slimy spew violently into Rika's disengaged (but quiet) face and limp visage.

Phil stands and wipes his mouth as we watch Rika's repulsive flesh liquefy before our very eyes.

Phil glances around nervously. Seeing no one, he relaxes. When we look back to Rika she is nothing more than a damp blemish on the soil.

Phil notices something and leans back down to the moisture. He sees a small flower trying to survive all of this mire that has tried to drown its beauty.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Maybe something beautiful can grow out of all that nastiness.

Phil stands and like a CG shot he is off to ravage the remaining houses on his list. It would be great if during the blurs that is Phil munching away if we see his blurred face from time to time.

EXT. MANDY TYLER'S HYDROWORLD - NIGHT

Phil arrives at 9:00PM in a blur in front of a building with the sign in front. Phil looks around for a moment before he hears Katrina's whispering voice.

KATRINA

Phil.

Phil looks around startled.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Phil. It's me. Come to the side of the building.

Phil moves methodically towards the sound of Katrina's voice. He turns the corner and he is shocked.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

I told you after you were done I'd be the one wearing the seductive smile.

We finally leave Phil's pleasantly shocked face and see Katrina standing there in looking resplendent in green lingerie.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Is that an antennae in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

Phil bursts towards Katrina but she steps away deftly. Phil climbs a few feet up the wall.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Not so fast, you little horny toad.

Phil jumps off the wall a little offended.

PHIL

I'm an insect. Not an amphibian. They're our sworn enemies. Do you know how many of my brethren frogs have been senselessly slaughtered? It's not food for them, it's sport. You know what really irks me? Those commercials have made them heroes. Can you believe that shit?

KATRINA  
Hey, hey, back off, darling. No offense.

PHIL  
I understand. I think I got a little too much chlorophyll in that last garden.

KATRINA  
That explains it.

PHIL  
You know I find your green skin alluring but when are you going to slip it off so we can do a little needlepointing, if you get my drift.

KATRINA  
I get your drift, Phil.

Katrina pulls on a coat.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
I'm not the one who's new to irony, Phil.

Phil is contrite. Katrina sees that and begins knowing she now has Phil's undivided attention.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
We're here to take a giant leap for all of the suffering plants in the world.

Phil is following Katrina's fervent discourse with rapt attention.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
We are here to rid the world of the exploiters.

PHIL  
Preach on, sister.

KATRINA  
The philistines.

PHIL  
I hear ya.

KATRINA  
The false idols.

PHIL  
Bring it home, baby.

KATRINA  
Our rivals. Our Competitors. The  
people who are not only besmirching  
our good name in the community.

PHIL  
Blasphemer.

KATRINA  
But is taking hard-earned money out  
of our pockets. Money that our  
ministry had earmarked for the  
starving plants in Titirangi, West  
Auckland, New Zealand. Most of it  
centered on Meadowvale Rise.

PHIL  
Praise o. . .

Phil isn't quite sure about that last part so looks a tad  
askew.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
. . .huh?

Katrina knows she's over sold and just shrugs her shoulders.

KATRINA  
Sometimes I get a little  
overzealous in my defense of our  
beloved plant-life.

PHIL  
I can feel your passion, sister. I  
am here for you.

KATRINA  
Good. So, here's what we do.

Katrina takes a few steps and opens a small window.

PHIL  
Hey, how come that's open? I  
thought all the hydroponics houses  
locked up tight at night. Don't  
want a visit from the. . .

Phil adopts an Arnold-like stance and tone.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
. . .Defoliator.

KATRINA  
They do. Most of the time.

Katrina steps towards Phil.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
But tonight we got lucky.

Katrina puts her arms around Phil.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
And that means you got lucky. So  
tonight, my love, you get a chance  
to see if what those people say is  
true. Are Mandy's plants better  
than ours.

Phil is shocked and reacts as such.

PHIL  
No! That cannot be true?

KATRINA  
But there is only one way to find  
out for sure, isn't there, Phil?

Phil thinks for a moment and knows that, as always, Katrina is right. He leans over, kisses Katrina softly and disappears through the window. Katrina calls after him.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Good eating, Bug Boy. I'll meet you  
at home.

INT. MANDY'S HYDROWORLD - CONTINUOUS

Phil goes on a rampage.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - LATER

Phil, a little weighed down from this evening's massive bounty, walks through the shop. It's dark except for a flickering glow from the back of the room. After a leisurely stroll Phil reaches the back where, amidst all of the plants, videos, paperwork and pictures is a circle of candles and plants with a seductive Katrina in the middle of the circle.

KATRINA  
So, was Mandy's bounty as lush as  
mine?

Phil is in a frenzy.

PHIL  
Couldn't even hold a Cananga  
odorata to you.

KATRINA  
Oh, thank you, the Perfumetree.  
That's lovely.

Katrina smiles at Phil invitingly.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Do you see something you like after  
a long hard day, baby?

Phil, a bundle of tics, nods yes rapidly.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Then take what you'd like.

In a flash, Phil races towards the flame of a candle. As his  
hair singes, Katrina nods her head like you would a child.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Some things never change, huh Phil?

Phil pats down his head looking like a kid caught with a  
mouthful of cookies before dinner.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Phil, put your hair out and come  
over here. And be care careful not  
to. . .

Too late. Phil's pant leg catches fire. As he dances around  
in the circle putting his pants out Katrina moves towards him  
(trying not to set herself on fire). She stands up and begins  
to gingerly pat out the last embers in his head.

When he is Smokey The Bear safe, Katrina pulls him close and  
begins to kiss him.

Phil reacts quickly but Katrina slows him down. She begins to  
disrobe him (maybe a few bug-like appendages are in the first  
stages of growing back). They start to get down to it but  
it's too much for Phil and he overpowers Katrina and he  
starts humping her like a jackhammer on speed.

Montage of Phil ravaging many different country sides,  
houses, wherever there is plant life; Katrina and Phil having  
sex all over the shop, in the car, wherever ending with them  
in a tree.

They roll over (as best they can) and each reach into the branches for something. Katrina brings into the shot a purse and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Cigarette?

PHIL  
No thank you.

Phil scrounges through his pocket until he pulls out a wad of plants and offers some to Katrina.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Some wahine noho kula? It's rare  
you know. Almost extinct to be  
honest. Which is a shame. It's  
delicious.

KATRINA  
No thank you. But you enjoy.

Katrina leans back to enjoy her cigarette as Phil breaks a leaf off and pops it into his mouth and begins chewing. Almost immediately his face looks like he's eating something horrid and spits it out.

PHIL  
Aphids.

Phil spits more.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Aphids. I hate aphids.

The lovely couple leans back to enjoy their bliss. Every once in a while Phil pulls an aphid out of his mouth and shows it to Katrina. Phil leans back and a pensive, lonely look crosses his face. After a beat Katrina notices it.

KATRINA  
What's the matter, Phil?

Phil shrugs because although he knows he feels bad he really still cannot articulate his feelings.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Are you thinking about your mother?

By George, she's got it and Phil's expression begins to show some cognitive reasoning.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
You're feeling a little strange  
because the last time you saw her  
she was doing what we just did.

It's all clear to Phil now.

PHIL  
Yeah. She said nothing was wrong  
and I finally found out she was  
right.

Phil snuggles closer to Katrina.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Now I miss her even more because  
she was only enjoying herself and I  
ruined that.

KATRINA  
You were only doing what you're  
instincts told you to do.

PHIL  
But I miss her, Katrina. Did I ever  
tell you the story. . .

Katrina holds up her hand to stop him.

KATRINA  
. . .I'm sure you did, Phil. I know  
just about everything about you and  
your mother.

Katrina reaches off camera and brings back a gift and offers  
it to Phil.

PHIL  
What's this?

KATRINA  
Just a little gift.

Phil alternates his look from the gift to Katrina.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and open it.

Phil starts to carefully open the gift.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
It's nothing much but I think it'll  
bring back some good memories.

Phil finishes unwrapping the gift and his face glows as he takes it out of the box. It's a flyswatter and Phil starts snapping it through the air.

PHIL

This is the exact kind she used to use on me. How'd you know?

Katrina smiles and takes the flyswatter away from Phil.

KATRINA

I told you, I know everything.

Katrina swats Phil with the flyswatter.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Now, be a good bug boy.

Phil embraces Katrina. She keeps a light rhythm up with the flyswatter on Phil's back.

PHIL

I feel so safe now.

Katrina smiles.

KATRINA

Good. I'd have it no other way.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - DAY

Customers are swarming around while, in a corner of the shop, a TV news crew with Bob Ventullo, the newscaster we saw before. He is in the process of interviewing Katrina.

BOB

Okay, we'll be going live in five, four, three. . .

Katrina is bewildered.

KATRINA

What happened to two and one?

Bob looks perturbed for a moment but then screws on the patented newscaster smile.

BOB

We don't say two and one. We count that in our head because we know. .

.

Bob notices the cameraman, RON, signaling that they are now live.

BOB (CONT'D)  
. . .we're live. I'm Bob Ventullo  
for WCAZ news at five reporting on  
the ongoing blight that our fair  
Allenville has suffered during  
this, what we at WCAZ have dubbed,  
Defoliation Equals Death.

Bob pauses and fixes his hair in the cameras lens as the  
breaking news music and the flashy 'Defoliation = Death'  
graphic shows up on screen all across the region.

BOB (CONT'D)  
So tonight we go to another in the  
long line of experts that we've  
hailed out here to explain the  
unexplainable. Today we are in the  
very crowded shop known as  
Katrina's Hydroponic Greenhouse  
with its namesake and proprietor,  
Katrina Killmartin.

Bob turns to Katrina.

BOB (CONT'D)  
So, Katrina, this blight has been  
quite a boon for you, hasn't it?

Katrina is appalled.

KATRINA  
I do not find the rape of the land  
a boon for any economy.

BOB  
No offense, Katrina, but look  
around. Your store is packed when  
all the other hydroponics in town  
have run for bankruptcy protection  
during this plague. Why is that?

KATRINA  
Bob, I can't speak for the business  
acumen of my competitors but the  
reason my shop is doing so well is  
because of the love and commitment  
I have for all plant life. My  
profits are filtered back into the  
business to try and come up with  
solutions to this problem.

BOB

Are you saying that your commitment to plant life is the reason your business is flowering?

KATRINA

That's part of it.

BOB

Let's get right too it, Katrina. How come your plants are the only ones to survive this epidemic? Do you know something we, the hapless citizenry, don't?

KATRINA

Not all my plants have survived. Yes, I have come up with a formula that seems to forestall the loss of plant life. . .

BOB

Did you hear that, ladies and gentlemen, she has invented a formula that is the solution to our dread.

KATRINA

I never said that. Bob, please. Research is in the formative stages. It has worked in small doses but I lack the resources or funding for tests on a massive scale. I would gladly share my information with the world but if my numbers are correct the amount of money that it would take to tackle such an undertaking would be astronomical.

BOB

But the benefits to the world would. . .

KATRINA

. . .outweigh the side effects.

BOB

Such as?

KATRINA

Total global annihilation. Without plant life there can be no human life. It's as simple as that, Bob.

BOB

Wow. That's something to think about. I'm Bob Ventullo for WCAZ news at five. Tune in again for my update on this vexing problem. Back to you at the news desk, Ed.

Bob smiles his way out of the segment. His smile evaporates the moment Ron says,

RON

We're out.

Ron begins wrapping up his equipment as Bob shakes Katrina's hand.

BOB

Thanks. Nice segment.

Katrina is slightly amazed.

KATRINA

You didn't listen to a word I said, did you?

BOB

Listen, I've been the stations leaf blower since the beginning. I've heard every expert; crackpot and do-gooder, no offense, and I'm just about. . .

Bob points to a plant on the shelf.

BOB (CONT'D)

. . .hey, are those Pussy Toes? You don't see them around here much. My wife would love them. She's the only one who's happy I'm on this asinine beat.

KATRINA

Yes, they're Antenaria diocia and please take a look. I'll have my assistant bring your choices out to your vehicle.

Katrina waves Phil over.

BOB

Thanks. That's very generous. I assume we'll be interviewing you again.

With that Bob heads into the shop pointing at plants. Phil walks over to Katrina before tailing Bob. We notice that Phil has gained a little weight.

PHIL

There's a phone call from you from  
the Department of Agriculture.

Katrina smiles. Fully expected after this interview.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What's that about?

KATRINA

Oh, they probably saw the  
interview. You know how those  
government people are in a crisis.

Katrina kisses Phil.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Why don't you go deal with TV boy  
and I'll take the phone call.

Katrina follows Phil in Bob's direction. Bob is loaded down with plants and when Phil reaches him he's only too happy to hand him the load. Katrina smiles and walks past them.

BOB

Hey, stockboy, I've got to go do  
something much more important than  
this so can you deliver these to my  
house about 6:45 this evening? I  
have a live remote about this plant  
shit at six and will be home soon  
after that.

Phil tries not to spit up as Bob gives Phil his home address.

BOB (CONT'D)

And you never know, I might just  
have an autographed picture  
somewhere around the house for you.

Phil stands there twitching with his arms loaded with plants.

PHIL

I can't wait.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - LATER

Katrina is on the phone. Phil comes storming back with his arms still full of plants.

PHIL

You can't believe what that. . .

Katrina shoots him a look and Phil sees that she's busy so he waits. His arms still loaded down with plants.

KATRINA

I'm sorry. You were saying that you are very interested in the repellent you heard me mention on the phone? That's all well and good but I must tell you that as of this moment I am all out. And, unfortunately, the better business has been the larger my overhead has become. I don't know when I'll find the money or time to spend blending up another batch.

Katrina pauses and listens.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

That's all well and good, sir, and I do understand the consequences, but I don't think it would be in my best interest to allow this formula out of my sight.

Katrina pauses and smiles again. These people are playing right into her hands and her expression shows it.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

I'm glad you understand my position, sir, and I'm glad that we'll talk about it later. I'll be looking forward to it.

Katrina hangs up the phone and looks at the burdened Phil.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

You can put the asshole's plants down, Phil.

Phil puts the plant down as Katrina pulls a black box out from under her counter.

PHIL

What are you doing?

KATRINA

Just wait and see.

Katrina plugs the handset of the phone into it, fiddles with a few knobs and begins dialing the phone.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Channel 4? Is this a recorded line?

Katrina pauses.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Good. This is the society for the  
defoliation of the universe and if  
the world doesn't give us. . .

Katrina stops and thinks for a moment. Gets a figure in her head so she continues.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
. . .one trillion dollars. . .

When Katrina says '. . .one trillion dollars. . .' she puts her pinky finger to her lips like 'Austin Powers.' When she does that Phil jumps up and down all excited.

PHIL  
I love that movie.

Katrina calms Phil down and continues.

KATRINA  
We will unleash the ultimate in  
global horticultural destruction.  
If the world does not take our  
singular demand seriously we will  
wipe out the entire plant  
population of the world starting  
with the United States in. . .

Katrina opens a book on her desk and reads for a second.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
. . .Malden, Massachusetts. . .

Phil looks at Katrina confused. She shrugs her shoulders in the patented 'it's the best I could in short notice' shrug.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
. . .next Thursday.

Katrina hangs up the phone as she fiddles with the knobs on the black box.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
I guess I should have written that  
down first. Live and learn.

PHIL  
What are you doing?

Katrina starts to dial the phone.

KATRINA

Never mind. We're going to get you  
some good old New England snacks so  
don't make any plans for next  
Thursday.

Katrina holds a finger up to her lips to shush Phil.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Channel 5? Is this a recorded line.

Katrina pauses.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Good. This is the society for the  
defoliation of the universe and if  
the world doesn't give us. . .

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - LATER

Katrina is pacing while watching TV intently. Every couple of  
seconds she checks the clock. It reads 5:59. Phil watches her  
concerned.

PHIL

Katrina, why so jittery? Have you  
ever thought about switching to a  
decaf coffee enema?

KATRINA

Phil, would you please. I'm waiting  
for the news. I want to see if that  
news guy does another segment on  
us.

A voice over interrupts.

MALE VOICE OVER

And now the WCAZ news team  
presents. . .

KATRINA

. . .quiet. Here it is. . .

MALE VOICE OVER

. . .and now, here is our own Bob  
Ventullo with the latest on this  
developing story.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bob Ventullo doing a stand-up newscast

BOB

This is Bob Ventullo with the latest in our continuing saga, defoliation equals death. Moments ago in our newsroom we had a very disturbing development. A phone call came in to our switchboard that proves that this is not a natural phenomenon but an act of international eco-terrorism. Let's roll the audio tape to let you hear the demands from what appears to be a radical Italian eco-terrorist fraction. Because these terrorists have spoken in their native language we will offer you a text translation into English.

While Bob stands there looking concerned while a tape of Katrina's call plays. The only difference is that it's a MALE VOICE-OVER in ITALIAN. An English translation crawls on the screen.

ITALIAN MALE V/O

Ciu E la societa per la defogliazione dell universo e se il mondo ci non da un trilione dollari noi liberera l ultimo nella distruzione. . .

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Katrina quickly flips to the next newscast.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The newsanchor, HEIDI, is at her desk reading her copy.

HEIDI

. . .devastation is the work of a band of German eco-terrorists. We have an audio tape of their ransom and will run an English translation crawl at the bottom of the screen.

Heidi sits there looking concerned while a tape of Katrina's call plays. The only difference is that it's a MALE VOICE-OVER in GERMAN. An English translation crawls on the screen.

GERMAN FEMALE V/O

Dieses ist die Gesellschaft fur die  
Entletterung des Universums und  
wenn die Welt uns eine Trillion  
Dollar nicht gibt, wir unleash das.  
. .

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Katrina quickly flips to the next newscast.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The newsanchor, DAVE, is at his desk reading his copy.

DAVE

. . .is the fiendish plot of a  
known group of Spanish eco-  
terrorists. The exclusive audio  
tape we have will contain an  
English language crawl.

Dave sits there looking concerned while a tape of Katrina's call plays. The only difference is that it's a FEMALE VOICE-OVER in SPANISH. An English translation crawls on the screen.

FEMALE SPANISH V/O

Somos la sociedad para el defollaje  
del universo y si el mundo no nos  
da un trillon de dolares soltaremos  
la destruccion. . .

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Katrina smiles as the newscast moves on. Phil is quite confused by all of this (he is, after all, Bug Boy)

PHIL

Isn't that what you said on the  
phone?

KATRINA

Yes.

PHIL

Then how'd. . .

Katrina pulls the black box back out.

KATRINA

Just a little invention I found on the web. It's 'The Baker Translator and Voice Decoder'. You just twist a few knobs and you can have a trillion different voices.

When Katrina says 'trillion' she, once again, puts her pinky to her lips. This sends Phil into a fit of frenzy.

PHIL

Stop that. I hate when movies beat a bit to death.

As he says that he pulls a leaf off a plant and pops it into his mouth.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Like the only way the audience will find it funny is if. . .

Phil starts spitting something out of his mouth.

PHIL (CONT'D)

. . .aphids. Aphids. I hate those damn aphids.

Katrina pulls a flyswatter from under the counter and hits Phil.

On the TV the earlier Chastity Boy PSA begins (see page 15 for a refresher of the wackiness).

KATRINA

How many times have I told you not to eat the profits? If you want a between meal snack. . .

A well dressed and mannered man, PATRICK, walks up to Phil.

PATRICK

Pardon me, do you have. . .

Patrick stops for a moment and realizes he's attracted to Phil. This, of course, makes Phil nervous.

PATRICK

. . .my, you're a piece of fine. I'd love to expose you to some friends.

I'm having an intimate little gathering at this fabulous boite tonight and it would make it a super party if you. . .

At that moment Phil spews the proverbial white gunk on him and his clothes dissolve. He reacts in horror and races naked and screaming (by the way, 'Naked And Screaming' would be an excellent name for a band) through the shop and out the door.

After the chaos, Katrina turns on the TV and Phil slams his head into it. Katrina turns off the TV and continues like nothing has happened.

PHIL

I just don't understand how that terrorist group got your message so fast.

KATRINA

They didn't.

Katrina starts to demonstrate 'The Baker Translator and Voice Decoder.'

KATRINA (CONT'D)

I just connect this to a telephone or a microphone. . .

Which Katrina does as she speaks.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

. . .and voila, my voice changes from this.

Katrina begins talking into the microphone and it is her voice.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

This is the defoliation league and if you don't. . .

As Katrina speaks she twists a few knobs on 'The Baker Translator and Voice Decoder' and her voice comes out in an male English accent.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

. . .give us one tri. . .

As she brings to raise her pinky to her lips she gets a look from Phil and puts her hand down and continues.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
. . .plopus woodi we will not be  
able to open our dinosaur museum  
and that would set me off my spot  
of tea. Cheerio.

Katrina turns 'The Baker Translator and Voice Decoder' off  
and puts the microphone down.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
See? It's that simple.

PHIL  
But I don't understand why you're  
doing this.

Phil grabs his slightly distended stomach in some discomfort.  
And I'm using 'discomfort' as a trained medical professional  
would when he means hurts like hell.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Must have swallowed one of the  
aphids.

Phil let's the queasiness pass.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I thought you loved plants. Why  
would you want to kill them all?

Katrina tries to soothe Phil.

KATRINA  
I love plants. I hate people. And  
if I can put a few on the danger  
list like my beloved Lyrate  
Bladderpod then all the better.  
Besides, it'll give us all that  
much more space for our loved true  
friends.

Katrina lovingly stokes a plant as the phone rings. Katrina  
picks it up in a very serene state.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Katrina's Hydroponic Greenhouse.  
Katrina speaking.

Which is broken up pretty quickly. Immediately she pulls the  
phone from her ear. Each time she tries to get it closer the  
sound from the phone is so deafening that she can't. Finally  
she closes in.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, sir, I'll have him there  
in a minute.

She hangs up the phone and there is a wondrous silence. She looks up at Phil.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
That was the newscaster who was  
here. He was wondering why you  
weren't at his house.

Phil is pissed at himself for forgetting to deliver the plants. He starts gathering them up in a frenzied pace. As he starts to make his way clumsily away from the counter Katrina calls to him.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
And Phil. . .

Phil stops and turns around. Plants teetering in his arms.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
. . .he said you can kiss his  
autographed photo goodbye.

Phil is hurt, sad, in the throes of despair.

PHIL  
How will I ever cover my dart board  
now?

With a grand sweep Phil hurries through the shop.

INT. BOB VENTULLO'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bob is berating Phil and his plants. Phil puts the plants wherever Bob points as he seethes silently. But we all know what that means by now.

BOB  
Is this the way your company does  
business? And you call these fresh  
plants? I can't believe what passes  
off for fresh plants these days.

Bob gets right in Phil's face.

BOB (CONT'D)  
And I'm not entirely convinced that  
you and your little boss aren't  
somehow connected with those eco-  
terrorists.

Phil stops working for a moment.

PHIL  
What do you mean by that?

BOB  
Just look around. The entire city  
with the exception of your little  
shop is barren. Doesn't that just  
seem a little suspicious?

Phil is starting to erupt in small bug tics.

BOB (CONT'D)  
You know, kid, I'm a professional  
reporter and it's my job to get to  
the truth in my stories.

Bob reaches into his pocket and pulls out a computer readout.

BOB (CONT'D)  
And the truth here is that a call  
was made from your establishment  
around the same time as that  
Italian terrorist organization.

PHIL  
Many people use our phones.

Phil tries to maintain calm but it's obvious that he's  
starting to lose it.

BOB  
But you must admit that it's a  
little suspicious.

PHIL  
How did you get this information?

BOB  
This is the information age, sonny.

PHIL  
Curses, done in by caller ID.

BOB  
So, there may be some validity to  
my hunch? Damn, I finally got one.  
That Emmy would look good right  
about here, don't you think?

PHIL

I wouldn't jump ahead. If you knew to check caller ID what makes you think the other professional reporters in the city wouldn't make the same simple check?

Bob laughs and pulls other computer readouts from his back pocket.

BOB

Because a professional reporter always has deep sources. By the time those other hacks even thought of looking for these readouts they were already out of my esteemed colleagues stations.

Bob's gleeful cackle is halted by the CG flash of Phil ravishing every plant in the room.

Bob stands there dumbfounded.

The blur that is Phil stops in front of Bob wiping his mouth.

PHIL

I don't see what you're complaining about. These are some very fine plants. You should try the. . .

BOB

You've been doing all this? You've been the cause of all this devastation?

PHIL

It's kept you in a job.

Bob is overjoyed and pulls out a cellphone.

BOB

Fuck the local Emmy. When this hits the air I'll be going national. This is big. I've got to get a truck here to get this on tape.

As Bob begins to dial the phone Phil knocks it out of his hand. Bob is aghast by Phil's impudence.

BOB (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing? That's a very expensive phone.

As Bob bends to pick up the phone Phil stops him.

Bob stands up and waves for Phil to pick up the phone as Bob assumed he would.

Instead Phil pulls up his sleeve to reveal some newly formed bug-like hairs and with an adroit motion Phil slashes his arm at Bob.

At first everything seems normal. Although it seems that Bob wants to speak but nothing seems to be coming out.

After a beat Phil reaches over and grabs Bob's hair. It comes off because it's a toupee.

Bob looks on shocked and embarrassed.

Phil tosses that to the side and with a hand on each side of Bob's head he lifts Bob's head from his shoulders.

After a beat, while Phil stands there, Bob's body collapses.

Phil drops the head onto the body and immediately begins puking up the brown fluid.

After Bob's body has finished it's metamorphosis Phil stands there looking around.

PHIL

I'm still hungry. But the way my stomach is feeling I'm pretty sure a professional reporter would have been worse for me than the aphid.

Phil pauses.

PHIL (CONT'D)

No matter how many Emmy's he could have had.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - LATER

Phil is livid. He is pacing around and twitching as Katrina counts up the days receipts. You can notice a few bug-like protuberances poking out of Phil's clothes and a couple sticking out of his hair. Nothing drastic. Just a touch of the bug.

PHIL

I can't believe you're going through with this.

KATRINA

I'm not, Phil. You are. Now. . .

Katrina pushes a plane ticket towards Phil.

KATRINA CONT'D)

. . .take the ticket, get your ass to the airport and in a few hours you'll be snacking on some of that fine Massachusetts foliage. And when you get back, I'll make you the happiest person on the face of the earth.

Katrina moves to Phil seductively. Phil immediately melts and picks up the tickets while Katrina kisses and touches him. She reaches around Phil and picks up the TV remote. Katrina turns the TV on and pulls away from Phil.

KATRINA

Now get a move on before you miss your flight.

A MALE VOICE OVER blasts from the TV as Phil stands there a tad horny as Katrina goes back to her money.

Phil stands there for a second and then exits.

MALE (V.O.)

WCAZ News 4 you brings you today's top stories. WCAZ reporter Bob Ventullo is still missing. Tomorrow is D-day for the defoliation threat. Our update next.

Katrina turns off the TV and mills around behind the counter until she hears the front door close. She comes from behind the counter and begins walking down an aisle to the door.

When she reaches the door she locks it and turns off the front lights. She seems slightly jubilant and totally in control as she walks back. Just like someone who knows all of her work is going to come to a brilliant crescendo.

She takes her time back down the aisle. Touching, fondling, admiring her plants. Katrina goes behind the back counter and sits down for a moment. She surveys her greenhouse for a few seconds before getting up and heading into her office.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Katrina walks in and looks around. We haven't seen these pictures of Bug Boy since much earlier in the movie.

There is a sense of sadness in Katrina's expression as she looks around but that is quickly exchanged with one of happiness as she picks up a box and starts dumping all of the video tapes and notebooks into it and tosses it out of the back door.

She looks around the office with a frenzied look in her eyes and begins the utter destruction of all of the photos that line the walls. Torn and tattered photos sprinkle to the floor and float throughout the back office. Katrina laughs and sings happily as she continues to run around her office rendering any image of Phil to dust.

While remnants fly around her Katrina stops and looks over her handiwork. With a smile on her face she moves over to a shelf and bends down to get something off of the bottom rack. When she stands up she has a well designed but barren of life terrarium in her hands.

She stares into the terrarium with the first sense of calm we've seen in her eyes in quite some time. She begins to move through the debris clutching the terrarium as it is life itself.

KATRINA

This will be a fine home. A fine home indeed.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Phil walks into the park that is full of vibrant plant life. Phil looks around for a moment. People milling around, a few TV cameras all in a mood of expectation.

This is, obviously, Malden, Massachusetts on D-day. Phil pats his stomach, takes a breath and is off in an CG stream.

Within moments people have seen something, cameras have captured something but it happened so quickly no one really knows what they saw.

CG of Phil tearing around Malden, Massachusetts leaving nothing but asphalt and dirt in his wake.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - DAY

Phil walks in and finds an ecstatic Katrina unplugging 'The Baker Translator and Voice Decoder' and stashing it under the table. Katrina runs up to a rather lethargic Phil. She grabs him in a big hug but immediately jumps back in pain.

KATRINA

Owww. What the hell is that?

Katrina cautiously lifts Phil's shirt. His skin is not only growing bug parts but his stomach is even more distended.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Honey, I think you ate too much on the East Coast.

PHIL

I don't know, Katrina, I think it's something more than that.

KATRINA

Nonsense. It's probably just the airline food.

Katrina looks at Phil concerned.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Oh no, you didn't eat the mini-nuts, did you?

Phil sheepishly nods yes as Katrina admonishes him.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

When will you learn?

Immediately she brightens and hugs him working hard to avoid his newly grown prickles.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

But, you did it! They took us seriously! I just got a call from the U.S. government and they just put a tri. . .

Katrina feigns like she is going to put her pinky to her lips but doesn't.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

. . .just kidding. But I'm serious when I tell you that they just put a trillion dollars into our secret Swiss bank account.

PHIL

I didn't know we had a secret Swiss bank account?

KATRINA

We only had ten dollars in. But I guess all terrorist organizations have to get started somehow.

Phil is not as excited about this as Katrina.

PHIL

At least now we can go back to nurturing plants and making the world a place where plants and humans can coexist in harmony.

Katrina looks at Phil like he's nuts. So, she says that.

KATRINA

Are you nuts? America is just one country. We've got many other countries to pillage. Sure, we may not be able to get a trillion dollars from each country but I'm sure we can squeeze, let's say, a hundred billion from Canada. They've got a bunch of trees and crap like that up there. They'd probably settle pretty quickly.

Katrina is starting to get into it.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Sure, we may have some trouble getting even a tender from Greenland or the Antarctic so we may have to let them take a pass.

Katrina pauses thoughtfully.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

We should give something back. But I'm pretty sure all those do-gooders who are trying to buy up the rain forest will pony up some serious scratch.

Phil starts to laugh and finally sits down.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at, Phil? Is my fly down again?

PHIL

No, nothing like that. You really had me going for a minute. All of this 'take over the world' stuff.

You were just trying to give me a little laugh after my business trip.

Phil pauses and laughs to himself.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Good one, Katrina. Really had me going. I'm just going to get some sleep and tomorrow we'll start replenishing the worlds plant supply. I'd really like to start with. . .

Katrina, on the other hand, couldn't be more serious and gets into Phil's face.

KATRINA

. . .start with my ass.

PHIL

Again? You know, you're getting rather predictable.

KATRINA

Knock that shit off. I don't give a fuck about plants. I started this whole thing because I was in a grove one day and all of a sudden all the plants disappeared. I figured that whatever did that could be used to make money. After that I knew whatever this thing is was the key to my fortune.

Katrina leans back a little.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

And you were that thing. The moment I saw you stand here with that leaf in your mouth I knew you were it and the moment I controlled you I controlled everything.

Phil is crushed.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Oh, buck up little camper.

Katrina moves to Phil and embraces him.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Ow. Ow. You should shave.

Katrina looks at his growing stomach.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
And maybe you should go to the gym  
every once in a while.

Phil is starting to get a little upset and Katrina sees it and immediately sits on his lap and hugs him to her discomfort.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Not that I'm complaining. Sure, at  
first you were all about the big  
score, but now I love my little Bug  
Boy.

When Phil starts to get a little more cuddly Katrina jumps up.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
But, first things first.

Katrina starts running through the store.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Let's go get the money.

Phil gets up slowly. It is tremendously obvious now that he is not only getting a tad buggy but also that he's puffing up like a sea frog. Sluggishly he moves towards the exit. He seems defeated.

Katrina calls from near the front door.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Do you have your ATM card?

Phil answers softly.

PHIL  
Yes.

Katrina calls again.

KATRINA  
Phil, I asked if you had your ATM  
card?

PHIL  
Yes!

Phil screams and doubles over in obvious pain.

KATRINA

Good because as of today ATM means  
All The Money.

Katrina laughs at her attempt at humor while Phil waddles along to the car.

EXT. ATM MACHINE - NIGHT

Katrina is pulling cash out by the fistfuls and handing it to Phil who is sitting on the back of the delivery van tossing the cash inside. Two woman, MIMI and LORRAINE, walk up to the van. Phil looks at them as he takes another handful of money.

PHIL

We're going to be here for awhile.

The two woman see that this is going to take awhile but also see that Phil may be worth quite a few bucks. So they look at him in their personal coquettish manners and it makes Phil nervous. But this time the white spew doesn't quite reach the women. It dribbles down his chin and exposes a very large, bug skinned body.

The two women run away screaming. But clothed so they don't know how lucky they are. Katrina turns around and sees him. She is nonplussed.

KATRINA

Look at you. Let's go. I think  
we've run out of money at this one  
anyway.

Katrina rolls Phil into the back of the van and slams the door shut.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Try not to sit on the money too  
much.

INT. KATRINA'S HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE - LATER

Phil is prone, shirtless, sweaty and bloated on the floor while Katrina wipes down his forehead. Something bad is definitely happening to Phil.

KATRINA

Are you okay, honey?

PHIL

I don't know what's happening to me. It's got to be more than bad nuts.

KATRINA

I'm sorry to say but it is.

PHIL

You think you know what's wrong?

KATRINA

Yeah. You're about to deliver.

PHIL

Deliver? Deliver what?

KATRINA

That one I'm not to sure of.

SND FX A horrific grumble erupts from Phil's stomach. Each time we hear this it gets louder and coarser and much more explosive.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

But I guess we won't have to wait much longer.

Phil is utterly confused.

PHIL

But I'm the man.

KATRINA

Parts of you. I had a hunch that you'd be the nurturer.

SND FX A horrific grumble erupts from Phil's stomach.

PHIL

Why didn't you tell me? Maybe I would have gone to get some pre-natal care.

SND FX A horrific grumble erupts from Phil's stomach.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Do you think it's a boy or a girl?

KATRINA

I'm assuming it's a them.

Katrina leans in close to Phil's face and kisses his moist lips.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
This may not be a simple birth.

PHIL  
Because it's my first?

SND FX A horrific grumble erupts from Phil's stomach.

KATRINA  
No. Because, well, how am I going  
to put this? You do have a very  
small urethra for giving birth.

PHIL  
And that means?

SND FX A horrific grumble erupts from Phil's stomach but this  
time there is also a ripping sound. We see that out of Phil's  
stomach is a tiny bug hand clawing through his skin.

KATRINA  
It means that they're going to take  
the path of least resistance.

SND FX A horrific grumble erupts from Phil's stomach with  
louder ripping sounds.

Now, in place of the bug hand is a tiny bug with Phil's face  
crawling through his skin.

When the new BUG BOY gets his shoulders through the tiny hole  
he stretches the hole until it reaches critical mass and  
explodes. Blood and guts fly everywhere.

Katrina is covered but that doesn't stop her from reaching  
into Phil's guts to pull out her little Bug Children. She  
crawls around the blood and guts quickly but carefully  
picking up little bugs, some with Katrina's face; others with  
Phil's; some a combination of both.

When Katrina is happy that she has collected all of her  
children and placed them in their terrarium she turns her  
attention to the dying Phil.

PHIL  
Why didn't you tell me? We could  
have found a way to have a safe  
birth?

KATRINA  
I knew you would be too soft to go  
with my master plan.

Katrina looks maniacally towards her children's terrarium.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
And, I'm sorry, Phil, but nothing  
is going to get in the way of my  
master plan.

She leaves the dying Phil's side and moves over to her  
children.

KATRINA CONT'D)  
You had a mind of your own, Phil.  
Even some compassion. But our  
children. . .

Phil coughs up his next to last breath full of blood and an  
aphid. Katrina looks at Phil like his dying is a weakness and  
just another reason why he had to be eliminated.

KATRINA  
. . .our children will have none of  
your weaknesses.

Katrina reaches into the terrarium and the Bug Kids cling to  
her arm. She moves carefully back to Phil and leans close to  
him. After a beat she kisses him as he dies.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
But they will have parts of you  
inside of them.

Katrina shakes the Bug Kids onto and into Phil's corpse. The  
children, gleeful for their first meal, rapidly ravage Phil's  
carcass. In mere seconds Phil is nothing but a spot on the  
floor.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
That's it, my babies, eat. Grow  
strong.

Katrina laughs maniacally while lovingly picking up her  
children and placing them in the terrarium.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
We have much work to do.

FADE OUT