



**THE TERMINATOR**  
**EXTERMINATOR**

**WRITTEN BY M.LATHROM**

THE EXTERMINATOR

Written by

Matt Lathrom

matt@mlathrom.com  
writtenby.mlathrom.com

FADE IN:

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The EXTERMINATOR, face unseen, slams the white van door. He straightens the metal tank on his back. Heads toward the brick apartment across the street.

An electrical buzz emanates from the metal tank.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

NOAM's beer gut hangs over his lap as he leans forward and squints at the dingy laptop on his coffee table. He's a 48-year-old man living a 19-year-old's nightmare.

Togo bags and plastic utensil's pepper the apartment. Parts and half-assembled computers fill empty spaces and corners. The room hums with running computer fans.

He throw one of the four pairs of glasses from the table.

Code streams down the black console window.

He stands from the couch, heads for the open kitchen area.

He opens the refrigerator. A humming computer sits where food and shelves should be. Wires run out of a bored hold in the side.

He pulls an ethernet cable from a port hub, plugs it into the side of the computer.

Green lights blink on.

**INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY**

Ding. The "L" light blinks on above the elevator. The Exterminator rocks back and forth, whistles a snappy tune.

The elevator doors part. A thick man in a grey wool coat struts steps out. He takes notice of the Exterminator's tank.

THICK MAN

What the hell you got in there?

The Exterminator steps into the elevator, turns around. He's a 36-year-old man with a round face and stylish black glasses.

**EXTERMINATOR**

Oh this? The tank's got a motor in it to keep the bug spray from settling.

**THICK MAN**

Hmm.

Thick man shrugs. Walks away.

Exterminator smirks.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

CLOSE ON the computer screen. Boxes with various dollar amounts drain, then scroll off screen as a number at the bottom grows.

A box with \$12,000 drops to zero. A box with \$479 drops to zero. A box with -\$30 flies off screen unchanged.

Noam smirks as the number grows.

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Exterminator wanders down the hall, stops.

CLOSE ON the apartment door. Number 905.

Exterminator twists the 9 to be a 6.

He peers down both ends of the hall. Nobody. He lowers the tank from his back onto the floor next to the door.

He pulls a small, black bottle from his belt, sprays liquid in the deadbolt. A bit of smoke rises as the liquid expands into a foam.

Pulls the tub attached to the tank up, examines the thin end attachment, then wedges it under the crack of the door.

**INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

Noam flips open two more laptops on his coffee table. Presses a few keys.

Their screens light up with the same account draining process.

His eyes bounce between them.

A high pitched buzzing cuts through the computer fan hum. Noam shakes his head, panicked. Peers over. A little bee lands on his sleeve.

He reaches for a magazine on the table. Swaps his arm. Pulls the magazine away.

The red and yellow goo mark on his sleeve. He sneers.

Another high pitched buzz. He ships his head around. Another bee.

Then another. Another. He jumps out of his seat. Swats at group of bees in the air.

He stumbles back, hits the table.

Something catches his eye.

POV on the door. A few bees crawl out from under the door crack.

**EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

CLOSE ON Exterminator's hand twisting the knob at the top of the tank.

**INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

POV on the door. A swell of buzzing, then a swarm of bees fly out from a point under the door crack.

Noam trips backward over the coffee table, lands on his back.

The swarm of bees surrounds him. He screams, swats, flings around on the ground. He rools over, crawls up, rushes for the door.

He twists the handle, bangs on the door.

**EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

Exterminator whistles a snappy tune as he struts down the hall as Noam bangs and screams from inside the apartment.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

An insect logo with a red circle line through it on the side of the white van.

It drives off. The muffled screams emanate from the brick building across the street.

SMASH TO:

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

A few officers stand nervous outside the apartment.

Two men in plastic suits, step into the plastic barrier around the apartment door. On with an orange-lined suite, DAVE, and one with a blue-lined suit, TOM. The hood screens on the suits obscure their faces.

DAVE

We're not sure how bad it is in there. You'll have to give us some time.

A young nervous cop nods.

COP

Y-yeah. Whatever you say.

Dave zips put he plastic shield.

CLOSE ON the deadbolt. TOM pulls a small black bottle from his suit pocket. Sprays it on the deadbolt. The foam dissolves away.

He nods to the Dave behind him.

**INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

The two men wander the apartment, searching. Bees fly around, land on their suits.

Both ignore the dead man covered in red bumps on the floor, along with the bees.

Dave kneels next to the laptops on the table. He nods to Tom, who opens the refrigerator.

Tom leans in. He pulls a small dongle device from his pocket. He clamps it onto the ethernet cable in the side of the computer in the fridge.

A green light on the box attached to the clamp lights up.

Tom stands upright. Pulls a handheld device with a simple digital counter.

CLOSE ON the counter. Green digital numbers count down from 30:00, 29:55, 29:49.

Below the time count, a dollar count grows.

Tom looks to Dave.

Dave peers at the laptop screen. The number at the bottom of the screen that was once growing drawings along with the other boxed accounts.

**EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER**

Dave and Tom steps out of the barrier. Tom zips it up.

Dave approaches the nervous cop.

DAVE

It's pretty bad in there. We deployed a bug bomb, but it'll be at least two hours before anyone can step foot in there.

The cop nods.

COP

Right. Makes sense.

DAVE

Now, we're going to go grab some lunch. By the time we're back, the gas should be settled.

COP

Got it. Thanks.

Dave and Tom head off down the hall

The cop turns around.

COP

Hey, did you see anything... out of the ordinary in there?

Dave pauses, doesn't look back.

DAVE

You mean other than a swarm of bees?

COP

Right. Well we couldn't get a hold of the tenant.

DAVE

Well good luck.

The cop nods.

Dave and Tom wait by the elevator doors. They part. The thick man in the gray wool coat strolls out.

Dave and Tom step in

Tom whistles a snappy tune. The same one the Exterminator did.

The thick man turns back. Gives him a look.

Tom nods through the suit.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

A white van disappears down the street and around a corner.

FADE OUT.

THE END