

JOHNNY ENTROPY

Written by

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INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - AMBIGUOUS TIME

Fade in.

Open to a dimly-lit window-less laundry room. Some guy walks in without laundry bag or detergent. He pays for a washing machine, then promptly enters said washing machine. As it washes, a black ichor spills out from inside the machine.

Title.

INT. CLOSET - SOON AFTER

Two people are stuffed in a janitorial closet. BIG MAN wears a tank top and looks to have a contorted expression of perpetual constipation. JOHNNY stands innocently.

BIG MAN

You know the laws of entropy? The laws of entropy state that there's a certain limit to how fucked up something can get, yeah? It's a certain threshold - and anything above that is mathematically less fucked up than how it was at its limit.

Right now, shit's pretty fucked up, all right? It's pretty fucked up - and we're basically left with two options, okay? Option one: we move backwards. We try to fuck shit up in reverse. Now unfortunately, time is delightfully stringent bitch that likes her continuum the way my parents wished I fucked - straight. So that's not happening.

Option two: we keep fucking shit up. We keep fucking shit up and eventually we bypass the limit - the fucked up horizon - and everything after that is a fucking walk in the park in terms of fucked-up-ness. But in order to get to that point, we need to really fuck shit up and keep fucking shit up until we hit the fucking limit to how fucked up shit can get! Now don't start thinking this is any kind of walk in the park, yeah?

(MORE)

BIG MAN (CONT'D)

It's fucked up - but that's all you wanted, right? That's all you ever wanted. So go on! Go out there - go out there and fuck shit up!

JOHNNY stares blindly at BIG MAN.

INT. HALLWAY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

JOHNNY walks down a long stretch of dimly-lit window-less hallways.

He looks down to see a small puddle of the black ichor. He draws his finger through it and tastes it.

POV shot of a new creature, about heel height, moving swiftly through the hall complex. Turning a corner, the creature stops momentarily upon noticing a distracted JOHNNY, back-facing the creature.

The creature moves rapidly towards JOHNNY. JOHNNY tilts his head to look behind him, which prompts the creature to immediately stops in its tracks.

From JOHNNY's side, we can see the perceived threat was in fact a rubber duckling. It stares voraciously at JOHNNY with empty rubber duck eyes. JOHNNY kneels down to get a closer inspection of the duck in question, which he then steps over it with the intention of going back the way he came.

JOHNNY glances over his shoulder again to find the duck has turned one-hundred and eighty degrees in place. He picks up the duckling and places it down one-hundred and eighty degrees back in its original direction.

Turning a corner, JOHNNY is stunned to see a rubber duckling sitting there to greet him. Looking back, he sees the first duckling hasn't moved from its location, but has turned back to face him. JOHNNY steps over the new duckling.

JOHNNY continues walking. He hears a high-pitched 'ding' emanating from his pocket. He reaches for his phone. Bringing it to his face, new text received from contact name: Duck. The text reads "Quack bitch". JOHNNY then lowers the phone, only to reveal a rubber duck with a Nokia flip phone open adjacent it. JOHNNY glances over his shoulder only to see a pack of five rubber ducklings, spread across the hallway, frozen in hot pursuit.

JOHNNY begins speed-walking in the direction of the men's rest room, following the appropriate signs.

INT. BATHROOM

The lights flicker overhead as the door swings open and JOHNNY enters, immediately locking the door behind him.

He begins looking in each individual bathroom stall for any kind of weapon-like implement. He finally comes out of one of the stalls with a lead pipe. He tests the blunt club in his hand - giving it a few practice swings just for sure measure. The lights flicker. JOHNNY violently swings the door open.

Waiting just outside for him is a quite literal army of rubber ducks. They are densely packed together not unlike sardines - lining the floor - all facing the bathroom entrance with those unsettling duck smiles of theirs.

JOHNNY slams the door shut. He begins panting heavily. Giving his weapon a few more practice swings, he decides to try for a direct assault. At the corner of his eye, JOHNNY sees a black marker resting in one of the sinks.

JOHNNY positions himself in front of the mirror, and with his stained-black finger, proceeds to write "DUCK" on his forehead.

CARDINAL
(inside stall)
I'll have a coffee, please.

One of the stall door swings open. CARDINAL sits on the toilet, dressed in red.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)
Two sugars, one milk.

JOHNNY
We don't serve coffee here.

CARDINAL
You serve ham?

JOHNNY
Sir, this is a kosher-friendly establishment - we serve duck.

JOHNNY tries the door. To his delight and frustration, he finds the army of ducks has dissipated - no duck remains. He makes his way out.

INT. HALLWAY

JOHNNY navigates the hallways, clutching the steel pipe and whispering "quack" under his breath with every step.

The floor he walks on becomes puddle of black ichor.

He stops suddenly. A about ten feet forward the hallway continues around a sharp corner.

JOHNNY tightens his grip on his weapon.

JOHNNY
(softly)
Quack.

His brow becomes furrowed in concentration and heightened perception. There's an eerie silence.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(louder)
Quack.

Finally confident that nothing awaits him around the corner, he takes a peak. Nothing. His phone rings with a new text. Contact name: duck. Message: "hyd qt?" With a kissy face emoji. He slowly turns around in horror to find Nokia duck, sitting alone.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(quietly, panicky)
Quack?

JOHNNY stands shivering in the corner facing the duck. The lights flicker. Suddenly, JOHNNY is surrounded completely by rubber ducks - all sat facing him like the Kaaba.

He grips his pipe with a pale white clutch. One of the ducks on the floor inches towards him.

JOHNNY is overtaken by an animalistic rage, smashing the duck masses left and right with his lead pipe. With every stroke comes a series of squeaks, like those heard when you compress a squishy toy.

Cut to an empty hallway a few minutes later. A fatigued JOHNNY covered in duck blood stares down a rubber duck with a french mustache from across the hall. After a few seconds of them staring each other down, french duck books it down an orthogonal hall. JOHNNY pursues.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

JOHNNY furiously enters the same laundry room as from the first scene. Beads of sweat smear the "DUCK" on his forehead as he tightly grips his lead pipe.

The room is flooded by a shallow pool of black ichor. JOHNNY can't help but notice a faint scratching sound coming from inside the washer that guy entered in the first scene.

French duck pounces on a distracted JOHNNY from a nearby shelf. JOHNNY throws french duck against the wall. He then proceeds to savagely beat the duck

With every hit, the duck spays a black ichor. After having wailed on the mass a considerable amount, he throws the club to one side and begins repeatedly thrusting his fists into the duck until his forearms are covered with the black ichor.

INT. HALLWAYS - A FEW HOURS LATER

JOHNNY limps with disheveled hair and crazed look on his face. The word "DUCK" is smeared on his forehead. His forearms are now covered with the thick, black, ichor which is also sprayed across his shirt. He grips his pipe with one hand.

INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING

The twilight sun break in through the windows flanking the massive, near-empty auditorium. A cohort of frat brothers - each with matching sweaters with the frat's name in greek smeared across - stand on stage, watching the fatigued JOHNNY make his way down the center aisle. Upon approaching the stage, he underhand-tosses the corpse of french duck at their feet. The larger frat brother appears to be none other than BIG MAN, who inspects the duck. JOHNNY puts on an exhausted grin. BIG MAN addresses his brethren.

BIG MAN

He's good.

(turning to JOHNNY)

You did good, recruit.

JOHNNY lets out a smile of relief. Collectively, the FRAT BROTHERS begin chanting their frat name. The name is interchangeable depending on the sweaters provided.

FRAT BROTHERS (ALL)

(chanting)

Brothers tight, walls high! Other
brothers, fear our pride! Alpha
Sigma Beta, Alpha Sigma Beta, Alpha
Sigma Beta 'till we die!

Cut to black.

End.