

UNTITLED

Written By

RM

INT. DAY. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM.

JAKE is pacing around his living room, it is bright and early, *today's the day*. He paces anxiously, then, a doorbell. He goes to the door, waiting a bit before opening, as to prepare himself. Finally, he builds up the courage and opens the door, to reveal a small, unlabeled indistinguishable package - a simple brown box. He takes the box, opens it and walks to the bathroom. He comes back in a hospital gown and walks over to have a seat at his kitchen counter and places his laptop. He grimaces as his arms touch the cold countertops. The lights are all off, the curtains are shut, the doors are closed, there is no light save the cold light hanging over his head and a ring light in front of him. He sits with his hands on the laptop for a beat, *do I really want to go through with this?* Eventually, he musters up the courage and opens the laptop. He boots it up and opens up Google Chrome and goes to his email. He clicks through folders and eventually opens up to a zoom link, he clicks it and braces himself. A man in a doctor's uniform appears on the screen.

DR. MUTCER

Jake! My name is Dr. Suna Mutcer, but you can just call me Doctor, Doc, or Suna. Great to see you.

JAKE

(obviously shaken and uncomfortable)
You too, Doctor.

DR. MUTCER

Now it seems you've gotten the package, got the gown on. Have you swallowed the pill yet?

JAKE

(deep in thought)
Yeah, yeah I was just about to I was just...

DR. MUTCER
Jake, listen. I understand. This is a big step alone, but it's
one that needs to be done. And it's for your own good.

JAKE
Yeah, I know I just, won't it get better out there soon? The CDC
is saying that cases are going down and-

DR. MUTCER
I know what the CDC said, but still, just walking outside can
expose you, and the death toll is too high to be risking anymore
lives needlessly. This is not the first of these procedures I've
done and it will not be the last.

Beat.

DR. MUTCER
(cont.)
Now, are you ready?

JAKE
Yeah, I guess so.

JAKE then takes a smaller box out of the generic box from
earlier, then from the smaller box, unveils a pill, a thick one.
He takes it and swallows it.

DR. MUTCER
Alright and you have the laxatives?

JAKE
Wait, there are laxatives?

DR. MUTCER
Of course, we don't want anything to get stuck in there right?

JAKE
I guess so.

JAKE rummages through the bag once more and takes out a bag of laxatives. He takes one out, and swallows it.

JAKE
What do I do with the rest?

DR. MUTCER
You can just keep them, in case you need them for the procedure in case of it going ary or you just want to poop more! (:

JAKE
Uh, alright.

DR. MUTCER
Alright, perfect! Just give me one moment here.

Through the Zoom screen we see DR. MUTCER rummage through a random assortment of indistinguishable belongings. We cut to his side of things, where his setup is nothing like normal. He has a desk with an assortment of knickknacks, most notably, a joint, a VR headset, and a plush mockup of the small and large intestines and a colon. JAKE is up on one monitor screen, in the center, on the right is a monitor that is blacked out saying "awaiting uplink" on it, on the left is an additional monitor with rapid-fire texts going through it. It's twitch.tv, he's streaming. A poll result comes through, as DR. MUTCER inspects the result: "Use the VR headset." DR. MUTCER reluctantly agrees and says:

DR. MUTCER
(under his breath)
Thank you for the dono "MudTonuge9070," I'll be sure to use the VR headset this time.

JAKE

What was that?

DR. MUTCER

Oh, nothing. Don't worry.

He takes the VR headset in his hands.

DR. MUTCER

(cont.)

This is generally considered the most uncomfortable part of the entire procedure, and you're about to get it done right now. So if you could turn around for me and-

Ding! A new notification comes through. A new donation, \$5000. It reads "Tell him to spread those juicy cheeks on the screen."

DR. MUTCER

(under his breath)

Thank you for the dono MasterCatLover3 but I cannot do that for you.

JAKE

What?

DR. MUTCER

Nothing, nothing, just talking to myself. Can you please go ahead and place your behind against the computer screen and use your hands to open up your crack?

JAKE

(embarrassingly)

Yeah, got it.

As he finishes his sentence, JAKE turns around and shows his bare ass to the laptop screen.

JAKE

(cont.)

Is this good?

DR. MUTCER

(searching)
Uhh, could you please spread them a bit wider?

JAKE
(adjusting)
This?

DR. MUTCER
No, I'm afraid we're going to need to see much more than that.

JAKE
We?

DR. MUTCER
It's a figure of expression. To make we, us, you and I, feel more connected in this intimate experience. Now, wider.

JAKE
(in great discomfort)
Rghhh, this?

DR. MUTCER
Perfect! Give me one moment to complete the uplink.

DR. MUTCER clicks some buttons and twists some knobs.

DR. MUTCER
(cont.)
Now you're going to feel a little pinch, it's normal, and it won't be that bad.

Then, JAKE recoils greatly in pain. At the same time, the dark screen on the right side of DR. MUTCER's desk lights up, the uplink has completed. We now see the inside of JAKE's body, specifically, his colon. After a while:

JAKE
Alright, how's it looking in there Doc?

