

**BUGS!**  
**SCRIPT BY: Katie Marcum**

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Panel 1: Close shot of a cockroach sitting on a wooden surface.

1. NARRATION: "I cannot make you understand. I cannot make anyone understand what is happening inside me. I cannot even explain it to myself." -Kafka

Panel 2: The bug starts to quickly crawl along the surface, showing off the window behind it. New York City from 80 stories up.

1. NARRATION: New York City is an unforgiving place.

Panel 3: A shadow comes over the cockroach. The bug is nearly to the crack between the table and the window- freedom.

1. NARRATION: You fight, and you fight, and you fight, just trying to survive.

Panels 4+5: The magazine comes down on the bug, curled into a deadly weapon, and strikes it.

1. NARRATION: Then, once you've run out of fight, the city crushes you under its boot.

**Page 2**

Panel 1: Nancy is standing next to the window, her rolled magazine held proudly in her hand. The apartment is sleek and modern. There isn't any sign of mess around. In contrast, Nancy is wearing white overalls that are splattered with various colors of paint, and her hair is in a messy bun. She doesn't quite fit into the scene, but she looks comfortable there.

1. NANCY: I got it! Man, these guys have been really sneaky lately.

Panel 2: George is a clean cut guy. Almost boring in appearance. He has a little bit of pudginess to him, and he's grown his beard out a bit to cover that. It's still meticulously formed, though, and his t-shirt and khakis are free of wrinkles and stains. He looks scared as he flinches away from his wife, walking past him with the magazine.

1. GEORGE: They're trying to get out of the cold. This is why we should have set up the cedar earlier. Their pheromones are attracting more.
2. NANCY: Right, and our apartment is slowly succumbing to their takeover.

Panel 3: George relaxes a bit as Nancy bangs the side of the magazine against the slide-out trash can, knocking the roach carcass in.

1. GEORGE: I'm serious.
2. NANCY: I know you are. You're always serious.

**Page 3**

Panel 1: George starts scrubbing at the table where the bug had been with disinfectant wipes.

1. GEORGE: No, I'm not. But pests can bring real problems into a home.

Panel 2: His expression goes from casual relief to frustration and anger.

1. NANCY (OFF): You never used to care this much. You had the whole bug thing, but this is getting out of hand.

Panel 3: George turns and spreads his arms in an exasperated gesture. Nancy is rolling her eyes.

1. GEORGE: That's because we were renting places. Now that we own--
2. NANCY: I know, I know. You're worried about the bugs making holes and stuff.

Panel 4: George's anger abates a little bit, but he slams the disinfectant back down onto the table with a smack.

1. GEORGE: It isn't just that..

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Panel 1: Shot of George's knuckles going white around the rag.

1. GEORGE (OFF): ...bugs are festerants.

Panel 2: Close on George's face. There's darkness there. A genuine malice and hate.

1. GEORGE: They carry every molecule of filth and disease and danger with them wherever they go.

2. GEORGE: I don't think it's crazy for me to want my apartment to be clean.

Panel 3: Nancy is shaking her head and opening the fridge.

1. NANCY: You aren't. But when you're too afraid to kill them yourself, it becomes an issue.

Panel 4: She tosses a snack into her purse- also more colorful and messy than the apartment. She looks frustrated. It doesn't seem to take much for them to get on each other's nerves.

1. NANCY: I don't want to have to throw down whatever I'm doing to come kill every cockroach that makes it past your hokey little wives' tale solutions.

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Panel 1: George is riled up even more by her anger, and he is practically yelling at her as she crosses the apartment.

1. GEORGE: The salt works! The ammonium dissuades bugs from passing over it.

Panel 2: Nancy is stepping out the door, not even looking back.

1. NANCY: Clearly it doesn't!
2. NANCY: I'm going to work. I'll see you tonight.

Panel 3: The door slams behind her.

1. NANCY (OFF): Happy anniversary.

Panel 4: George deflates and sinks into a chair.

Panel 5: He put his head in his hands. He looks small.

1. GEORGE: Happy... anniversary...

**Page 6**

Panel 1: George is in the same chair where we last saw him, leaning back and snoring loudly. The window outside shows the setting sun, and the apartment is mostly dark.

1. GEORGE: snnnnnrrrr

Panel 2: There is a crack of light from the apartment building hallway as Nancy opens the door.

1. NANCY (OFF): George?

Panel 3: Nancy is smiling as she takes a seat on the arm of the chair, stroking George's hair. George is wide eyed and surprised as he wakes up. He's been out for a while.

1. NANCY: Georgie, wake up.

2. GEORGE: Huh? Ah! Nancy?

3. NANCY: Hi, baby.

Panel 4: Nancy leans in and kisses George's cheek. They look happy, even if just for a moment.

1. GEORGE: I must've...

2. NANCY: I've been looking forward to this all day.

Panel 5: Close on George as panic takes over and he realizes that he didn't prepare the anniversary dinner he was supposed to.

1. GEORGE: Our dinner! Shit, shit, shit!

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Panel 1: George bursts to his feet and Nancy stumbles back off the arm of the chair, his move disorienting her. She doesn't look mad... more sad.

1. NANCY: You didn't make the dinner?

Panel 2: George's hostility brings hers out, too. He rips open the refrigerator, shaking his head. Nancy follows after him, angry now, too.

1. GEORGE: No, Nancy, I didn't make the dinner. I obviously fell asleep.

2. NANCY: Because you had such a taxing day?

Panel 3: George spins, shutting the refrigerator door.

1. GEORGE: You know what? I don't need to hear this from you.

Panel 4: Nancy is angry, and tears are forming in her eyes.

1. NANCY: I had to deal with all of our clients today. I assumed you weren't taking the calls because you were busy doing something nice and romantic to make up for this morning!

Panel 5: George's hostility is only growing.

1. GEORGE: This morning again! Why can't you just accept that I don't want bugs running around my apartment?

Panel 6: Tears are fully falling down Nancy's cheeks as she yells.

1. NANCY: Because it's always me who has to get rid of them!

2. NANCY: From OUR apartment!

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Panel 1: George still looks angry, but he's glaring at the ground instead of his wife.

1. GEORGE: I'm sorry.

Panel 2: He takes a deep breath, controlling his emotions. He looks back up and speaks calmly.

1. GEORGE: Look, it's our anniversary. Let's just... forget about all of this and try to enjoy our evening.

Panel 3: Nancy is holding herself around the waist and is clearly hurt.

1. NANCY: I just want to go to bed.

Panel 4: George steps forward, putting an arm around her shoulders.

1. GEORGE: A glass of wine. That's all I'm asking. I'll even break out your favorite.

2. NANCY: You mean the dry, cheap stuff?

Panel 5: George smiles and nods.

1. GEORGE: The dry cheap stuff.



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Panels 1-4: The couple enjoy their dinner. They become progressively happier as the panels go on, laughing together, and it actually looks like they might have a nice evening. George lifts his wine glass to toast his wife...

Panel 5: There is a fly on the rim of the glass, and George stumbles back, spilling the wine and yelling out in fear.

1. GEORGE: Gah!

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Panel 1: Nancy stands from the table, too.

1. NANCY: Are you fucking serious right now?
2. GEORGE: It's your cheap ass wine! It attracts pests!

Panel 2: Nancy and George are getting more and more heated as they fight.

1. NANCY: That's it. Congratulations, George. You've ruined another nice thing.
2. GEORGE: It isn't my fault the fucker showed up!
3. GEORGE: If you ever actually cleaned, maybe we wouldn't have so many bugs in the apartment!

Panel 3: George finally crosses the line, and Nancy is deeply hurt.

1. NANCY: If *I* ever cleaned? That's absolutely rich. I'm not allowed to even make a mess with you sniffing around all the time!
2. GEORGE: What!? I can barely keep up with your chaos. You're one of the filthiest people I've ever met!

Panel 4: They both pause, Nancy hurt and George regretful.

Panel 5: She quickly masks it with apathy.

1. NANCY: I'm leaving. I'm going to go to sleep in the studio.
2. GEORGE: Nan--
3. NANCY: No.

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Panel 1: George braces his hands against the counter, surrounded by the things he fears.

1. CAPTIONS: Filthy. Disgusting. Festerant. Disease. Carrier.  
Pest. Rotten. Feces. Bug. Insect.

Panel 2: Shot of him grabbing the half-drunk bottle of cheap wine.

Panel 3: He drags himself towards the same chair again.

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Panel 1: Morning comes, and George sulks around the apartment. He doesn't look like he slept at all, and the wine bottle is on its side on the ground next to him, a small puddle on the floor beneath it. George's shirt and pants are tossed haphazardly around the room.

Panel 2: Same shot, George just staring off into the distance. The only difference is the time of day- the sun has risen higher in the sky. His phone buzzes off the panel.

Panel 3: George reaches for the phone, the screen lit up with a message from Nancy.

Panel 4: Shot of the phone.

1. TEXT: I'm coming home. Don't be there.

Panel 5: George just lets his arm fall limp at his side.

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Panel 1: The door opens, and Nan steps inside.

1. GEORGE (OFF): Hey, Nan.

Panel 2: Close shot, really showing off her emotion. Nancy looks angry as she sees George.

1. NANCY: I thought I told you not to be here.

Panel 3: Nancy stares at George. George is staring at the floor. He isn't quite ashamed of himself, but he looks pathetic.

Panel 4: Nancy hangs her purse on a hook near the door, looking away from her husband.

1. NANCY: You look like shit.

Panel 5: George doesn't get up from the chair.

1. GEORGE: I didn't sleep.

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Panel 1: Nancy starts moving around in the kitchen, preparing breakfast.

1. NANCY: Sleeping in the studio wasn't exactly comfortable, either.
2. GEORGE (OFF): You didn't have to do that.

Panel 2: Close shot of Nancy cracking an egg.

1. NANCY (OFF): Sometimes with you, I really do.

Panel 3: Nancy minds herself with breakfast, and George stares at her.

Panel 4: He moves into the kitchen, keeping his distance from her.

1. GEORGE: I'm sorry.
2. NANCY: You've said that before.
3. GEORGE: And I meant it. I mean it now, too.

Panel 5: Nancy puts down what she's doing and braces her hands on the counter, looking down and fighting off tears.

1. NANCY: You make it so hard to love you.

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Panel 1: George steps behind Nancy, wrapping his arms around her from behind. He speaks quietly into her ear.

1. GEORGE: Maybe I can... be better.

Panel 2: Nancy looks up but not back, staring into the distance.

1. NANCY: I know you can...

2. NANCY: ...if you just try.

Panel 3: George brings a hand up and tilts her face towards his.

Panel 4: The two of them kiss softly.

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Panel 1: The kiss escalates as she turns in his arms, embracing him fully.

Panel 2: They move together, connected at the lips, back through the kitchen.

Panel 3: George kisses her against the bedroom door.

Panel 4: She turns the handle behind her, letting them in.

Panel 5: Shot of their feet going in, showing Nancy's foot dragging through the white salt outline of the room.



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Panel 1: George is on the bed alone, the sheets covering his lower half. He is staring into the distance, his expression blank.

1. NANCY (NARRATION): "No! No more apologies!"

2. NANCY (NARRATION): "This is the last straw!"

Panel 2: He pulls the sheets aside and moves to get off the bed.

1. NANCY (NARRATION): "Goodbye, George!"

Panel 3: Shot of his feet on the ground. Between them is a dead roach.

1. NANCY (NARRATION): "For good this time!"

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Panel 1: George has his sheet around himself as he walks through the hallway. There are small bugs everywhere. He doesn't respond to them. He doesn't even seem to notice them.

Panel 2: Close shot of him grabbing his phone, bugs scattering away from it as he reaches in.

Panel 3: He has his phone against his face, his head bowed.

1. GEORGE: Nancy, please. I'm... I'm sorry. I want to be better. I wish I didn't... I wish I could let it all be, but I can't.

Panel 4: He leans his head back, trying to explain himself.

1. GEORGE: They're disgusting. I can't keep my mind off of them once I've seen one. I just...

Panel 5: There's a knock at the door, cutting George off.

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Panel 1: George stumbles over himself getting to the door, grasping for the doorknob.

1. GEORGE: Nancy!?

Panel 2: George pulls open the door, but instead of Nancy it is a short man with beady eyes and a green jumpsuit on. He smiles.

1. EXTERMINATOR: Matt, actually.

Panel 3: George clings to his sheet with one hand, the other still on the door ready to close it in this guy's face.

1. GEORGE: Who the hell are you?

2. EXTERMINATOR: Exterminator. Heard there was a pest problem in this unit.

Panel 4: Close on George, desperation on his face.

1. GEORGE: Did... did Nancy send you?

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Panel 1: The exterminator steps inside, looking around the apartment. Almost every surface is covered in insects at this point.

1. EXTERMINATOR: You sure do have a lot of bugs in here.

Panel 2: George watches the exterminator crouch down to look at a lone cockroach.

1. GEORGE: That's what you're here to take care of, right? You sound surprised.

Panel 3: A shadow is over the exterminator, like the cockroach at the start before the magazine hit him. George is behind him. The exterminator is reaching out with a glass container.

1. EXTERMINATOR: I take care of pests. Not bugs.

Panel 4: George's bare foot cuts in, stomping on the roach. The exterminator is horrified.

1. GEORGE: Well, get the bugs, too.

Panel 5: The exterminator keeps his head down, his face contorted in anger and shadow.

1. GEORGE (OFF): I'll pay you extra.

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Panel 1: George is standing next to the exterminator who is hunched in a strange posture.

Panel 2: The exterminator stands, his jumpsuit ripping as he grows.

1. EXTERMINATOR: No, George.

Panel 3: The exterminator turns, his true massive bug form filling the room. He is raising one of his limbs, casting a shadow on George.

1. EXTERMINATOR: I'm just here for the pests!

Panel 4: Shot of the foot solidly on the floor. You can't even see George beneath it.