

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A SURVEY?

by

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EXT. CITY- AFTERNOON

We open in the upscale district of a hustling, bustling metropolis. It is this virulent petri dish of consumerist corruption that will culture the terrifying story ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE MALL- AFTERNOON

We are inside an expensive, upscale mall filled with overpriced, designer items brutally manufactured by meagerly-paid slaves overseen by cane-wielding foremen in Mandarin sweatshops. Many of the people who purchase these goods are either blissfully ignorant or just simply don't care, since the comfort and social status that comes with owning such useless trinkets outweighs any compassion and empathy they may feel.

The mall is garishly decorated and filled with shallow, preppy rich girls. Pleasant and unchallenging elevator music is being incessantly piped in the place. The only men inside this house of consumer whore horror are the hen-pecked boyfriends along for the ride and hoping (often in vain) that enduring this will get them a warm orifice to deposit their semen into that evening.

One YOUNG WOMAN in her early 20s catches our eye, unlike the other women she is alone and of normal financial standing, just out of college and dipping her toes into the (now drying up thanks to a stagnating economy) stream of the workforce.

Her attractive but not exceptional appearance matches her economic standing, but she is in many ways much more beautiful than the make-up slathered artificially implanted freaks of nature who surround her.

She clutches a few bags of clothing, lingerie and a few trinkets to her. As these fashion items are above her financially, she can thank American Express for making this shopaholic binge possible.

She walks past the glitzy, neon lit stores with Italian and French names and then goes through the windowed high-rise boardwalk that takes you out to the mall's exit.

She steps onto the enormous escalators as she clutches her bags.

Suddenly, we switch to a very strange distorted perspective from a hand-held camera and hear heavy breathing behind her. Someone or something rather unusual is following her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY- DUSK

THE YOUNG WOMAN exits the mall and walks down the street and past the city's mammoth library to the subway. The sun is setting and the day is starting to darken into night. The city's visually striking lights start to go up.

As she walks toward the subway. She hears a shrill yet forceful voice, like the sound emitted by the Harpies of Greek myth. It has a uniquely obnoxious cadence that sounds for all the world like if you took a samurai sword's blade and scraped it across a chalkboard.

SURVEYOR

Would you like to take a survey?

THE YOUNG WOMAN, slightly disconcerted by the unpleasantness of the voice, looks to her left side in front of her. There stands the being who emitted it.

He is a medium sized young man of slim build wearing a garish blue and red business suit with a black and white striped tie and holding a clipboard containing a heavy chunk of pages with a nice pen attached to it. His haircut is spic and span but the most notable and frightening part of this walking riddle is his face which resembles that of a ghastly clown. He wears a shit-eating grin so grotesquely obnoxious you just want to knock his teeth right out. His lips are bright red like he wears lipstick and his teeth are so pearly white they look like they were carved from ivory. His skin is pale like a corpse's and his eyes, encased in odd black circles that look like he sleeps an average of a half hour every night, bulge like he lives in an ongoing orgasm.

THE WOMAN is so put back by his odd appearance that she stutters upon answering him.

YOUNG WOMAN

W...W...What?

SURVEYOR

I said would you like to a survey?!

YOUNG WOMAN  
Survey? For what?

SURVEYOR  
Well, let me introduce myself. I'm Daniel. I'm an aspiring businessman eager for the input of my potential customer base. And by potential customer base, I mean you.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Look I don't know what you're talking about...I don't have time for this...

SURVEYOR  
It will only take a minute!

YOUNG WOMAN  
Sorry, I have to go...

SURVEYOR  
Awww...

The WOMAN walks away and is consumed by the subway. The SURVEYOR looks most disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

THE YOUNG WOMAN sits in the small living room of her apartment on one of the few pieces of furniture she has, a small sofa. She channel surfs, nothing but decadent reality TV, cartoons and boring soap operas. She settles on an old movie on TOMC (The Old Movie Channel) that looks mildly interesting.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

We cut to outside the apartment and that weird POV again. More heavy breathing, something unearthly is watching our HEROINE.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK- DAY

It's midday on the next day, a Saturday. THE YOUNG WOMAN is sitting in a city park reading THE GIRL WHO PLAYED WITH FIRE while occasionally pausing between passages to throw the birds some graham cracker crumbs.

Suddenly, a startingly shrill yet haunting familiar voice erupts from behind her.

SURVEYOR

Would you like to take a survey?!

THE YOUNG WOMAN is so startled she drops her book as she yelps. It's the SURVEYOR again. His smile isn't any less disturbing, his black circled eyes still bulge with a strange ecstasy and his grotesque wardrobe is still lacking in the most basic of taste.

YOUNG WOMAN

It's you again!

SURVEYOR

What?

YOUNG WOMAN

I saw you yesterday!

SURVEYOR

I don't remember...So would you to take my survey?

YOUNG WOMAN

I said no already, you weirdo!

SURVEYOR

It won't take long! Your input is important to my fledging business!

YOUNG WOMAN

Get away!

She gets up and leaves.

SURVEYOR

Oh...Come on...

THE SURVEYOR looks disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- AFTERNOON

A trolley speeds away. As it leaves the frame, we see THE GIRL emerge from behind it, walking toward her apartment building.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING- AFTERNOON

THE YOUNG WOMAN walks into the building and toward the elevators. She pushes the button and waits for an elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF APARTMENT BUILDING- AFTERNOON

We are in the dingy basement and laundry room area of the apartment building in that weird handheld wide-angle POV again. We hear heavy breathing once more. It sounds a little more harsh now. We start to ascend the stairs from the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING- AFTERNOON

The elevator arrives. THE WOMAN gets into it.

INT. ELEVATOR- AFTERNOON

THE YOUNG WOMAN pushes the button for the 4th floor. The elevator starts to go up. Suddenly it stops at the second floor.

The doors open. As they spread apart they reveal a dreaded clownish smile. Oh God, not again.

SURVEYOR

Would you like to take a survey?!

His voice is louder and even more obnoxious than earlier and before the girl can bolt from the elevator. He advances into it as the doors close behind him and gets right into her personal space.

She screams.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Get the Hell away!

SURVEYOR  
Would you take my survey?! I just  
need a few moments of your time!

YOUNG WOMAN  
No! Leave me alone, you freak!

SURVEYOR  
Please...

His already nearly ear to ear grin somehow angles even more,  
perhaps defying the laws of physics. God never intended a  
man to grin like that.

THE GIRL pants with fear as she looks into his glowing eyes  
that emit a demonic energy.

The elevator reaches the fourth floor.

She elbows him in the balls. He lets out an oddly high  
pitched groan of pain that from any other human would sound  
like a cry of ecstasy and she darts for the door. She gets  
out just as the doors close, thankfully keeping him in.

She pants from exhaustion and stress as she walks toward her  
apartment.

She nervously puts her key in the door and unlocks it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

As quickly as she can, the THE GIRL double locks the door  
behind her as she breathes heavily.

She walks into her living room, where her landline phone and  
answering machine stands near her sofa and TV. Oh, looks  
like she's got a voicemail.

She pushes the "play" button on the machine.

VOICE  
You have (1) new message.

On the message, she hears the last voice on Earth she wanted  
to hear.

SURVEYOR

Would you like to take a survey?

THE GIRL screams and jumps back from the machine a foot.

VOICE

End of message.

Suddenly you hear a knock at the door.

The startled YOUNG WOMAN jumps. She cautiously walks over to her door and looks through the fisheye peep hole to make sure you know who isn't there. It would seem he isn't. That's funny.

Confused, she opens the door. There stands the dreaded, abominable SURVEYOR.

SURVEYOR

Would you like to take a survey?

THE GIRL lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

YOUNG WOMAN

Leave me alone, you fuck!

She slams the door on his face as hard as she can, double locks it again and grabs a knife from the kitchen. She kneels down next to the door clutching the knife.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

Hey you...Freakazoid! You still there?

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

So would you like to take my survey now?

YOUNG WOMAN

Look...I don't know who the Hell you are or where the Heck you come from...

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

I'm Daniel and I'm a fledging businessman who values your input as a potential customer.

YOUNG WOMAN

Potential customer?

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

Yeah.

YOUNG WOMAN

If I urgently needed something to save my own life I'd think twice before buying it from you...

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

Awww...

YOUNG WOMAN

My boyfriend is going to kick your ass so hard you're gonna land on the moon!

THE GIRL backs away from the door and sits on the sofa. She lays the knife down on her table and pulls out her cellphone.

She's got a text message. She opens it.

It reads "Would you like to take a survey?".

She yelps and almost drops the phone. She breathes heavy and calls her boyfriend. She hears it ring on the other line.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

Tommy...Tommy pick up please...

He picks up.

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

Heather...Hi!

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh Tommy!

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

What's wrong Heathie?!

YOUNG WOMAN

Something really weird's going on...There's this weird guy who won't leave me alone...He wants me to take this survey! Will you come over?

THE GIRL turns on the TV and flips to the Cartoon Channel to ease her mind with some animated slapstick silliness.

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

So he's like a salesman or something?

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't know what he is...He dresses funny...He has this annoying voice...Will you please come over? Tommy I'm so scared...

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

Say, here's an idea...

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah...What?

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

Why don't you just take the survey?

YOUNG WOMAN

What?!

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

You know, just give that weirdo what he wants...It's simple enough...

YOUNG WOMAN

You bastard! You actually think I should give in to that fuck?! You know why the world is so fucked up? It's because people do what you're telling me to do right now! Then the bad people know they can get away with even more...He's gonna do this to some other poor girl next...

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

Well...Sorry princess...I'm just sayin'.

YOUNG WOMAN

Will you come over, please?

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

I'm busy...

YOUNG WOMAN

What the Hell's gotten into  
you...You're being such an  
asshole...

BOYFRIEND

(O.S.)

You should really think about  
taking that survey...

The girl's face contorts with disgust. As her boyfriend  
speaks the last line, his voice starts to change and  
heighten. The next thing she hears from the phone makes her  
blood freeze faster than a Siberian pond in the dead of  
winter.

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

Say, would you like to take a  
survey?

THE YOUNG WOMAN lets out a hysterical shriek and smashes her  
phone into a million pieces.

She starts to cry and whimper.

YOUNG WOMAN

You fuck! What the fuck are you?!  
What the hell did you do to Tommy?!  
Why are you doing this to me?

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

I just value your input...

She picks up the knife.

YOUNG WOMAN

Alright whatever...I'll take your  
fucking survey...Okay?

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

Yay!

She undoes the locks and slides the door open an inch, but  
makes sure he can't see her through it.

YOUNG WOMAN

Just hand it to me!

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

Okay...

His hand darts through with lightning speed holding the clipboard with the paper.

She slams the door on his hand and stabs it with the kitchen knife as she screams with rage. He makes that obnoxious groan again.

You see him reacting on the other side of the door.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

Oww...That hurts!

The clipboard with the survey drops from his hand. He tries to pull his hand out from the door but she violently slams the door on it a few times before he can free it.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

(O.S.)

Owww...You're hurting me...

He clenches his bleeding fist on the other side of the door.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

That wasn't very nice...

YOUNG WOMAN

(O.S.)

Fuck you!

THE GIRL grabs the clipboard, she tears the pages up. As she tears she reads some of the questions, they're really creepy, intimate, personal and often oddly incidental or pointless such as "In your opinion what is the best smelling flower?" and "What is your favorite brand of commercial sealant?". She then breaks the clipboard over her knee and throws it at the door.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

There's your fucking survey for you!

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

I brought another one just in case.

THE WOMAN lets out a scream of anguish and drops herself on her sofa. She flicks on the TV to distract herself. The cartoons ain't doing it for her. Agitated, she changes the channel. There's an old Japanese movie playing, but no sooner does she settle on it then it cuts to commercials.

An infomercial comes on. Standing there, behind a blue screen, just as atrociously dressed as ever and with his grotesque smirk stretching ear to ear and black circled eyes bulging with unearthly, demonic mirth, is THE SURVEYOR.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

Would you like to take a survey?

THE YOUNG WOMAN lets out a horrified scream and shuts the TV off, throwing the remote on the ground which breaks it.

YOUNG WOMAN

You fuck! How the fuck are you doing all this?!

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

I was top of my class in business strategy!

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you go to business school in Hell?!

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

No, Baltimore...

THE GIRL pants and goes over to her laptop computer and pushes the "on" button. Maybe thirty minutes of Facebook shallowness will distract her. Plus she can post a Facebook status update about all this so her friends can know.

The computer starts up. She logs in. Instant Messenger starts.

Suddenly a message from a "KnightEntrepreneur" pops up and invades her screen.

It reads "Would you like to talk a survey?".

The YOUNG WOMAN lets out a bloodcurdling scream and unplugs the computer, instantly blacking its screen.

YOUNG WOMAN

That's it, you freak! I'm calling the cops!

SURVEYOR

(O.S.)

You could do that.

THE GIRL angrily shrugs and walks over to her landline phone near the kitchen. She dials a mere three numbers: 9, 1, 1.

The phone rings. An OPERATOR answers.

OPERATOR

Hello?

YOUNG WOMAN

Help!

OPERATOR

What is the nature of your emergency?

YOUNG WOMAN

A man is stalking me...He's really weird...He's doing all this freaky stuff...He can move really fast...He's got my boyfriend hostage...He keeps rambling about me taking this survey...He's on TV too.

OPERATOR

Yikes slow down...

YOUNG WOMAN

He's outside my door and won't leave...I think he wants to...rape me...

OPERATOR

We'll send someone...Just tell me again, a little clearer...A man? Stalking you?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah...He keeps asking me to take some survey...I saw him yesterday outside the mall...And ever since then...

OPERATOR

Survey, huh?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah! Will you please send somebody?!

OPERATOR

I kinda like surveys...Hey Mike, don't you like taking surveys?

You hear some jabbering in the background. Tears start to stream down the girl's eyes. She swallows to try to rid herself of the lump in her throat.

OPERATOR (cont'd)

Say, since we're on the subject of surveys...

Suddenly, as with TOMMY, his voice supernaturally morphs into that of the SURVEYOR.

SURVEYOR

Would you like to take a survey?!

She lets out a bloodcurdling scream, tears the phone from the table and smashes it. She takes a pan and breaks it into a million pieces as she shrieks with anguish.

THE GIRL starts to weep and pull at her hair, her hair is a mess.

Sobbing, she crawls over to the doorway.

YOUNG WOMAN

You monster...You monster...What the fuck are you, what the fuck are you?! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU?!

SURVEYOR

I'm a business. A *tenacious* businessman.

She starts to sob. Suddenly she looks over her kitchen and remembers that her junk drawer has some contents that could be of use in this increasingly dire situation as you hear a bell ring.

Cheered up a bit with just a surge of hope at the prospect of taking the law into her own hands, she darts over to the kitchen.

She whips open the drawer, inside is her salvation in the form of two illegal items essential for any remotely attractive young lady in the land of Ted Bundy and age of Craigslist killings: a can of pepper spray and an electric taser. She takes the mace and puts in her pocket and then tests the taser. It still works, emitting its potently energetic sparks.

She puts the taser in her pocket and walks over to the door.

YOUNG WOMAN

Alright, you son of a bitch...I'll take your survey now...

She opens the door. He's standing there, smiling his ass off. His hand already looks better.

SURVEYOR

Your decision pleases me.

He takes his second clipboard out and walks in. She closes the door behind him, double-locking it.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

Hey why are you locking the door?  
You'd better not be trying to kill  
me again...

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh no...I just want to keep things  
*as private and intimate as*  
*possible...*

SURVEYOR

Oh, okay. That sounds good.

They walk further into her apartment. She pulls out the mace and sprays it into his eyes.

He emits his obnoxious, whiny scream again as he writhes around with his hands in his eyes. His second survey drops to the floor.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

Ahhhhhhhh....That was  
disrespectful...My eyes are killing  
me...

YOUNG WOMAN

How does that feel, huh? That's how  
you make people feel! You fuck!

SURVEYOR

What are you talking about?! I  
don't douse people's eyes with  
pepper spray...

THE GIRL takes the taser out and hits him with it. He yelps.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

That was even more disrespectful...

YOUNG WOMAN

Go to Hell!

She hits him again. He annoyingly yelps again, as if in near ecstasy in some way.

His body jitters a little bit with the second shock.

THE WOMAN starts to walk toward her bed room, panting. The man gets up, his eyes are so red it looks like he smoked three whole bowls of marijuana in a row.

SURVEYOR

So can you keep your promise and  
take my survey now?

THE YOUNG WOMAN screams. She grabs her mace and sprays him with it again as she screams. He whines again.

SURVEYOR (cont'd)

Owww...Heeeeeeyyyyyyy...You women  
need to learn to control your  
emotions!

As she's right near her closet, she opens it looking for something to bring this corporate agent of darkness down once and for all.

She sees her boyfriend's baseball bat he bought at Fenwaay Paahk and got autographed by that Japanese guy in the Red Sox. Sorry TOMMY, who knows, it might be worth more encrusted with dried human blood.

YOUNG WOMAN

Would you like to take a survey?!

She bashes him on the head with it as hard as she can. The blow knocks him down.

Again, he whimpers obnoxiously as his head hits the floor with a huge thump. She hits him again as he lays on the floor.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

Fuck you! You fucking psychopath!  
Go to Hell!

She hits him again and again. His body start to shake from the blunt trauma, it just makes his obnoxious moaning sound like someone put electricity through it. Finally, after maybe the seventh or eighth blow, he goes (seemingly) limp.

Blood trickles from his head, still contorted in that fucking clownish grin with his eyes still wide open and looking creepy as all get out. THE GIRL starts to pant and whimper and then she throws the bat aside.

THE YOUNG WOMAN drags the Surveyor's still grinning corpse across the floor. A bloody streak forms under his head across the floor.

THE YOUNG WOMAN grabs a trash bag to put him from the kitchen. She tries to put his heavy, limp body in the bag but he's way too big. Again, however, the bell in her head rings. He'll fit if *he's broken down*.

She runs into the kitchen and grabs a meat-cleaver.

She kneels down on top of THE SURVEYOR and proceeds to dismember him, starting with his arm. Blood spurts as she chops off his limbs. Next we see her chop off one of his legs.

She takes the bag of severed limbs and sets it by the door. Next we see her wiping up all the blood with cleaning solution and paper towels. She puts the bloody paper towels in the trash bag with the Surveyor's parts.

She sees his survey lying on the ground. She takes the pieces of paper out of the clipboard, then snaps the clipboard in two pieces. She gets a glimpse at more of the bizarre questions like "What is your favorite type of condom?" and "What is your opinion on the politics of President Grover Cleveland?"

She then walks over to her sink and takes a cigarette lighter from her junk drawer, setting the survey on fire as she hysterically laughs.

It crumbles to ash in her sink.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS- NIGHT

The moon glows. The leaves rustle. We are in the woods late, late at night. THE YOUNG WOMAN sticks a shovel in the ground, trying to get rid of the Surveyor's remains.

The night passes and morning begins to approach. A small hole has been dug. The girl drops the bag with the surveyor's parts into the hole and then starts to cover it with dirt.

Morning starts to break over the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- MORNING

The day just breaking, THE GIRL lies down in her bed wearing pajamas and quietly nods off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- DAY

THE YOUNG WOMAN wakes up in her room. It is midday, probably around 1 pm in the afternoon. She gets out of bed and starts to walk around her apartment with bare feet.

Her apartment is very quiet and tranquil, almost ghostly. The midday shine beams into her windows like heavenly light.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS- DAY

We are in that weird, handheld camera angle again, deep in the woods. You can hear breathing, but it is very labored and raspy. No, this cannot be...

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- DAY

THE YOUNG WOMAN sits on her porch in her pajamas, drinking a cup of coffee in the beautiful sunlight. The birds sing and there seems to be nothing outside that shouldn't be there. God is in his Heaven and all is right with the World.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

But is this really true? We are back in that handheld camera angle again and hear the labored, heavy breathing. The camera ducks behind a tree near the girl's apartment and then starts to advance.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- AFTERNOON

THE GIRL enters her bathroom. She slides her panties past her ankles as she gets into the shower.

The hot water shoots on. She soaps up her belly as the soap and water trickles down the drain.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GIRL'S APARTMENT- AFTERNOON

The camera angle and breathing is in her apartment. You can hear the shower running in the other room. It makes toward her bathroom.

You can blood dripping in the wake of this figure. The floor is also covered with muddy footsteps.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- AFTERNOON

THE YOUNG WOMAN continues to shower. Suddenly, the bathroom door swings open. Bernard Herrmann-like violin chords blare.

THE GIRL swings her head around. The figure pulls back the curtain. It's THE SURVEYOR.

His face is covered and caked with mud, dirt and a little bit of blood. His hair is stringy, but his eyes still bulge and his smile is no less obnoxious. His clothes are filthy and bloodstained but he still wears the same suit and grotesque black and white tie.

And most frightening of all, he holds his left severed arm in his right hand. It is dripping blood. You can see blood leaking a little around his feet.

THE GIRL lets out a bloodcurdling scream for about 30 whole seconds. He smirks and reattaches his left arm. It makes a creepy, organic noise as it supernaturally reattaches. He wiggles the fingers on his left hand, all the while the girl screams and backs against the shower wall.

THE SURVEYOR

Ah, that feels better...

He pulls out yet another clipboard from his coat.

THE SURVEYOR (cont'd)  
So, would you like to take a  
survey?

THE GIRL lets out another hoarse scream and starts to cry.

YOUNG WOMAN  
What are you?! What the fuck are  
you?!

THE SURVEYOR  
I'm just a businessman...A  
*tenacious* businessman!

THE YOUNG GIRL screams and puts her face in her hands and  
she weeps.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I'll do it...I'll take your  
survey...Just leave me alone...

THE SURVEYOR  
Don't worry...Alright, here  
goes...Who is your favorite brand  
of tennis ball?

YOUNG WOMAN  
I don't know! How do expect me  
to...

THE SURVEYOR  
I'll just put no preference...So  
how old were you when you lost your  
virginity?

YOUNG WOMAN  
What kind of a fucking question is  
that?!

THE SURVEYOR  
Just answer!

THE GIRL slouches against the wall as she shuts the water  
off.

YOUNG WOMAN  
17 and a half...

THE SURVEYOR  
Interesting...Maybe a little late  
in today's day and age...So *Star  
Wars* or *Star Trek*?

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't like sci-fi that much!

THE SURVEYOR

Okay, but you have to have a preference...Say someone put a gun in your face and said "Watch a *Star Wars* film or an episode of *Star Trek!*", which would you pick?

YOUNG WOMAN

Alright, *Star Trek!*

THE SURVEYOR

Okay...What's opinion on Hugo Chavez?

The film fades to black. A title card comes up on the screen.

TITLE

Two and a half hours later.

The film fades back up. THE GIRL is still sitting in the shower naked as the THE SURVEYOR grills her with his very strange questions. She look like she's ready to commit suicide momentarily.

THE SURVEYOR

...I'll put Burger King since they have more vegetarian options, though McDonalds does have more low calorie choices...

YOUNG WOMAN

Look I fucking hate fast food!

THE SURVEYOR

Okay, I'll put neither. What's your opinion of the historical legacy of James K. Polk?

YOUNG WOMAN

Who the Hell is James K. Polk?

THE SURVEYOR

He was President of the United States from 1845 to 1849. He has been sometimes called the "least known consequential US president", his most notable accomplishment being...

YOUNG WOMAN

Whatever! I don't give a fuck!

THE SURVEYOR

Okay, I'll put no opinion  
then...Thank for your time...Your  
input is most appreciated...

THE WOMAN sobs.

THE SURVEYOR (cont'd)

Say, you wouldn't want to have a  
Starbucks latte with me sometime?

THE WOMAN screams and puts her face in her hands.

THE SURVEYOR (cont'd)

I'll take that as a no. Don't  
worry. I won't ask you again. This  
was fun, thanks.

He walks out of the bathroom with his completed survey.

THE GIRL looks around and just starts to hysterically  
scream. The film fades to black, her screaming continues into  
the film's credits.

FADE OUT

THE END