

**The Finger**

Written By

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INT. HOME - DAY

GUY presses the button on his remote, turning the tv on.

Sitting on the couch, with a bong in front of him, he is eating cereal and flicking through the channels. He settles on NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. A few moments into it, as he is about to take a hit, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Dressed in boxers and a bathrobe, he opens the door, keeping a firm grip on his favourite coffee mug, the one with the terrible dad joke written on it.

He doesn't see anyone there, so he goes back inside, closing the door behind him. He sits on the couch, goes to light the bong, the doorbell rings again. He angrily shuts off the tv.

Irritated, he opens the door again and seeing no one there, he begins to close the door. He hesitates, looking down on his welcome mat and seeing a single disembodied FINGER laying there.

He squats down and investigates, poking the thing. He realizes it's no prank, this is a real human finger. He almost vomits, using both his hands to stay the illness, not realizing he has a death grip on his mug.

He quickly closes the door, and sprints to the coffee table, picks up his phone and begins to dial 911.

OPERATOR

911. What's your emergency?

GUY

Yeah I found a finger on my porch!

OPERATOR

I'm sorry... did you say a finger?

Our Guy looks at this coffee table, and realizes he left his weed out, and there's still smoke pouring out of the bong.

GUY

Nevermind, I think it's poop.

Our guy presses the off button on his phone, goes back to the door, and stares at the finger for a while through the window. He grabs some letters from the table by the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME - DAY

Our guy is awkwardly trying to pick up the finger without touching it without his hands. He fumbles with it, his hands shaking. It's like trying to pick up wet poop, except it's a human body part.

While he struggles, he notices someone walking down the sidewalk on the other side of the street. The other person is deeply engrossed in his phone.

They both stop, make eye contact, and hurriedly go back to their business.

He gets the finger off the mat, walks inside with the finger, and throws it in the garbage. He closes the lid and shuts the closet door with a finality, dusting off his hands as if it's a job well done.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. HOME - DAY

Our guy is back at the couch. He picks up the remote and turns the tv back on. He goes to light the bong. As he does the sound of the finger hitting the floor echoes. He peeks around the corner, sees the finger lying there. He rushes over, grabbing a washcloth and wholesale yeets both the finger and the cloth into the garbage.

He turns to leave and as he crosses out of the kitchen he hears the finger hit the floor behind him. He spins around and stares, concern growing across his face.

He reaches down, barehanded, hands shaking, and picks up the finger, making gagging noises the entire time.

He throws the finger into the garbage again, it almost immediately jumps out and hits the ground.

He whimpers, looking around the room. He stares at the knives, the microwave, settles on the garbage disposal.

He pulls out tongs from the drawer and uses them to pick up the finger. He turns on the garbage disposal and drops the finger into the drain. It is sucked in and is ground into a pulp.

He watches the drain for a while, watching to see if it returns. Satisfied with his work, he shuts off the disposal.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. HOME - DAY

Our guy is in the kitchen, pacing, as he is microwaving a cup of instant mac & cheese. He keeps glancing at the sink, worried that the finger will come back. At one point he even drops to the floor and looks under the sink.

The microwave beeps and it startles him. He grabs the cup, grabs a spoon.

He opens the cup, stirs it, and spoons a heaping amount of food to his mouth. Just before he puts the pasta to his lips, he sees the finger is on the spoon.

He freaks out, dropping the mac onto the floor, screeching like a girl. He runs out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME - DAY

He's pacing back and forth across the street, mumbling protest to himself. He walks back up to the door, rests his forehead against the glass, and squints his eyes closed.

GUY

You can do this, you can do this,  
you can do this.

He swings the door open and steps inside, girding himself for what's next.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - DAY

Mac is spilled on the floor, smoke is trickling from the bong, and the finger is on the table, slowly crawling towards the tv remote. Guy rushes in, grabs the finger, and leaves the house again, a choked screaming building in his throat like an incoming fire truck siren.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

Guy is running down the street, holding the finger away from his body like a torch bearer. He keeps running until he makes it to a local lake, and he bodily yeets the finger into the water. The finger hits the surface of the water with a 'plop' and sinks to the bottom.

Guy falls to the ground, panting.

GUY

I beat you! I beat you!

He starts laughing. Suddenly he turns and bolts up to run back to the house.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOME - DAY

Guy walks up to his front door. His hand hesitates as he goes to open the door. He realizes the door is cracked open. He reaches into the doorway, grabs a bat, and steps inside, ready to beat the finger to death. He carefully walks around the house. He checks over and under the living room table. He checks the kitchen. The floor, under the sink again. He even gingerly lifts up the garbage can lid with the end of his bat.

He sees no trace of the finger. He rests the bat on the counter next to the sink. He notices his hands are gross, and he washes up in the sink.

His frantic washing isn't good enough for him, even though his hands are clean.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Our guy is in the shower, scrubbing and crying, trying to get a hold of himself. He eventually calms down. He shuts off the shower and is about to leave and he hears the wet plop of the finger as it falls out of the drain next to his feet.

Guy freaks out and starts screaming like Marion from Psycho. He kicks the finger and bolts out of the shower, grabbing a towel on the way out.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOORS - DAY

Guy is running and crying. He's frantic and he has no idea what to do. He eventually falls to his hands and knees, crying.

GUY

Why me? Why me? Why anyone?!?

He curls up into a fetal position on the ground somewhere in the woods.

FADE OUT:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Guy is broken and defeated as he steps into his house through the front door. The finger is on the table, next to the bong and the tv remote.

He sits on the couch, dejected. He stares at the finger for a while. He gingerly reaches for the bong. The finger doesn't move.

He takes a hit, puts the bong down, and stares at the finger.

He reaches for the remote and the finger twitches. He pulls his hand back for a second and stares at the finger.

He reaches for the remote a second time, and when the finger reacts he pushes the remote towards the finger.

The finger climbs onto the remote and presses the on button, clicking the tv back on.

Night of the Living Dead comes on. Guy sighs and grabs the bong.