

Mascot

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

Spacious. Gleaming. Multiple stalls. White tile.

BRANDON BISHOP, 20s, splashes his face with faucet water.

Gazing into the mirror, he mutters.

BRANDON  
She'll take you back.

He dries his face with his hand.

BRANDON  
Just say something positive. All  
you gotta do.

Presses his cheek bones.

BRANDON  
About her teeth, maybe.

He searches the bathroom. All alone. He faces the mirror.

BRANDON  
Romantic. You got this. All you.

Shill laughter from a stall. Hee--Ha-hhhh. It echoes.

Brandon's not alone in here.

Embarrassment flashes across his face. Caught in the act of giving himself a stupid pep talk.

Brandon presses the faucet. Water spurts. High pressure.

A flush. Two legs emerge in the stall.

The latch on the stall door clicks. The door swings.

Brandon turns his head that way...and gulps.

Stepping out of the stall is a colossal, warped, misshapen MASCOT. Its bulbous head barely squeezes past the stall frame.

The mascot's paper mache noggin is frayed, discolored, and moldy. One googly eye rolls--on the verge of falling off.

At one time, this thing might have cheered on the local high school football team. Then it rotted in a swamp or crypt.

Brandon's mouth drops.

BRANDON

God...

Uncertain whether to laugh or scream.

BRANDON

Damn.

Stillness. The Mascot looms. A nightmare.

Brandon stares. Frozen.

The mascot moves toward him. One step. Two.

BRANDON

(nervously)

Yo.

Three steps. Four. Close.

Brandon looks to the exit. Far.

Just six inches away now, the Mascot stands.

BRANDON

Yeah. Yo. Nice costume.

With a clipped giggle, the Mascot reaches into its pockets.

Out come two sharp, bloody knives. Flesh hangs from one.

Brandon backpedals. Falls.

No advance from the Mascot. Instead, it taps the faucet and washes down the two blades.

Brandon slides along the floor, but can't quite make it to his feet.

He gulps for air.

BRANDON

Okay. Oh. Oh-kay.

Blades clean, the Mascot faces him--and stares. The loose eye rolls slightly back and forth.

The Mascot takes one blade and scrapes it against the other: Shhhkk. Shhhkk. Shhhkk. Steel sharpening steel. Again and again.

Brandon pushes against a wall.

BRANDON  
Listen. Man...Hey.

Two quick steps. The Mascot is upon him.

It lifts the knives...and twirls them back into its pockets.

Stunned Brandon watches the Mascot amble to the exit.

Just before pushing out, the Mascot turns to Brandon and gives him a chilling wave. Bye-Bye, friend. Bye-Bye.

Gone. Out the door. Just like that.

It takes several moments for Brandon to stand. He uses the wall to steady himself.

BRANDON  
What the hell? What in the hell?

He gawks in disbelief at the restroom exit.

BRANDON  
Crazy-crazy-crazy.

As he watches the door, something else emerges from behind...

From another stall steps the SECOND MASCOT.

It sneaks along the far wall, undetected by Brandon.

Its head isn't as large as the first Mascot, but the paint and decorations on it are more sinister and devilish.

The Second Mascot removes a hatchet from its waistband.

Brandon keeps facing the wrong way.

He doesn't see the Second Mascot reach for the light switch.

Flick.

Darkness.

BRANDON  
Hey!

A few quick steps. Hack. Thud. Rip. Tear. Splat.

Brandon Bishop's screams reverberate off the tile.

Then silence takes hold in the dark.

FADE OUT: