

Haircut (Beware-Cut)

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A hair clipper buzzes. BOBBY, 20s, watches his shorn locks tumble down a dark plastic smock to the floor. He sweats and breathes through his mouth.

Big-bellied MICHEL, 20s, hums along with the clippers as he leisurely zips away Bobby's hair, starting in the back.

Seated nearby on a lawn chair is QUIET LOU, scrawny, 20s. He folds a dollar bill repeatedly.

MICHAEL

Ain't gotta sweat so much, Bobby.

BOBBY

Hot in here, man.

MICHAEL

Gonna dehydrate.

BOBBY

Naw. All good. Cool.

MICHAEL

You want air conditioning, you should've gone somewhere else, not my garage, ain't that right, Quiet Lou?

Quiet Lou shrugs, fold his bill.

MICHAEL

You gettin' no frills in here, brother, but you'll walk outta here lookin' pretty. This's the best garage haircut in town, tell him, Lou.

Quiet Lou grunts.

MICHAEL

Heard you got a new job, Bobby.

BOBBY

Up at the quarry. Bustin' my ass.

Suddenly, Michael gasps/kills the clippers.

Exposed in the newly-shorn section of Bobby's head is a spiraling fungus--ridged, angry, and puss-filled.

MICHAEL
 (steps back)
 Aw shit.

BOBBY
 What?

MICHAEL
 Something's been growin' underneath
 your hair, dude. Real nasty.

Bobby's eyes widen. He reaches to touch it, but Michael grabs his hand.

MICHAEL
 Don't touch it, dummy. Gonna spread
 that shit around.

BOBBY
 What is it?

Keeping his distance, Michael squints at the fungus.

MICHAEL
 Ringworm maybe, but bigger. Looks
 like it's been growin' a long-ass
 time under your hair. Alien shit.

Quiet Lou glimpses the fungus. His face shows silent awe.

Sweat pours from Bobby's face.

BOBBY
 Get it off me, Michael!

MICHAEL
 I can't.

Michael rubs his hands on his shirt in repulsion.

MICHAEL
 You're infected with somethin',
 bro. You're a carrier.

BOBBY
 (panicked)
 I wanna see.

Michael grabs his cell phone, aims it nervously at the back of Bobby's head, snaps a picture, moves a little closer--

Splat--a bubbly growth on Bobby's head ruptures/spews projectile-style onto Michael's face...

Michael's skin sizzles, burns, smokes. He screams. His cell phone drops.

The clippers activate. Their electric buzz accompanies Michael's awful screams.

Quiet Lou steps forward to help Michael, but he stops cold...

Much of Michael's face melts away--a horrible, bloody mash.

He collapses onto the floor. The clippers whine.

Bobby kicks out of the chair/rips the smock violently off his shoulders. Locks of his hair fly everywhere.

Bobby stares at Michael's body and then at Quiet Lou--stunned and speechless.

BOBBY
(stammers)
This ain't my fault, man. Can't
blame me for this.

Quiet Lou retreats. The clippers buzz. Bobby stomps them. They die.

BOBBY
It's that shit I've been breathing
in at the quarry. That's what did
this...Can't blame me...

Quiet Lou can keep silent no longer. He lets loose. His voice reverberates through the garage.

QUIET LOU
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Bobby steps toward him.

QUIET LOU
Get back, mother fucker. What the
fuck? What the actual fuck? Stay
back. Stay all the way back.

Quiet Lou snatches Michael's phone.

QUIET LOU
I'm callin' for help.

Quiet Lou fumbles in his attempt to dial 9-1-1.

Bobby waves his arms.

BOBBY

Stop for a second. Stop. Stop.
They're gonna blame me. They're
gonna lock me up. Put me in a cage.
Send me to a lab. Cut me to pieces.

Bobby reaches. Quiet Lou evades/keeps fumbling with the phone. Bobby lunges.

Quiet Lou grabs scissors from Michael's barber stand and slashes them through the air.

QUIET LOU

Back off.

BOBBY

Look, it's the corporation that's spreading this, not me. I just do what they say. Got no choice. Can't blame me. Gimme a chance here.

Quiet Lou stumbles over Michel's body/nearly goes down.

BOBBY

Please, man. Don't call yet.

Quiet Lou dials a couple of numbers and then hesitates.

BOBBY

Please...

QUIET LOU

Michael needs help.

Tears form in Bobby's eyes.

BOBBY

We'll get him help, but don't call anyone. We'll help him on our own.

Quiet Lou punches the final digit to complete his emergency call.

QUIET LOU

Sorry.

Suddenly bloody Michael--still clinging to life--twitches.

He grasps Quiet Lou's ankle desperately and pulls him down.

In a final effort to survive, Michael struggles to his knees --and--he collapses in sudden exhaustion onto Quiet Lou.

Quiet Lou screams underneath Michael's crushing weight. He fights to get out, but Michael is too heavy. Quiet Lou waves the scissors in the air.

Michael shifts. Parts of his bloody face ooze and drop onto Quiet Lou's nose and cheeks, instantly burning them with an acidic hiss.

Lou scream, vomits, melts, and falls permanently silent. Both he and Michael are bloody and dead, their faces eaten away.

A voice sounds from the cell phone.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Hello. What's your emergency?

Bobby grabs the phone.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Can you respond? What's your emergency?

Bobby shakes his head and ends the call.

BOBBY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. This ain't my fault. I didn't know.

He looks sadly at Michael and Quiet Lou.

He scrolls quickly through the cell phone and finds the photo of his fungus. He deletes it, drops the phone, and crushes it under his foot.

He turns to the door, but stops and searches.

On a garage shelf he finds an old hat--patriotic stars and stripes.

He slips it over his exposed fungus and runs out the door, leaving the two bodies behind.

A moment crawls by.

Into the garage whirls Michael's girlfriend MIA, 20s. She wears a bikini top to show off her beautiful figure.

Loud music blares from her headphones--she has not heard a thing that has happened.

Mia holds two tall glasses filled with orange juice.

MIA
Made you a mimosa, honey.

She sways to the beat.

MIA
Michael?

She spots the two bodies on the ground and drops the glasses--shattering them. Complete shock.

The clippers suddenly whir back to life. The electric current has haphazardly been restored to them.

The clippers buzz and rattle against the hard garage floor. A stream of blood flows in their direction.

Standing in a puddle of orange juice and broken glass, Mia screams and screams and screams.

FADE OUT:

THE END