

FOR A GOOD TIME  
By Dave McClain

An ordinary visit to a public restroom reveals a frightening truth.

FADE IN:

INT. BUFFET-STYLE RESTAURANT - EVENING

TOM, 18, and CHRIS, 17, walk away from their table. They both have unkempt hair, mischievous looks on their faces and wear unbuttoned flannel shirts over dirty white T-shirts. The boys approach a WAITRESS who is walking towards them.

CHRIS

Pardon, miss. Might I trouble you for directions to the gentleman's room?

WAITRESS

(unsure how to answer)

Um, sure. It's over there, just past the bakery section of the buffet.

CHRIS

(under his breath)

Thanks, bitch.

Tom and Chris continue towards the restroom, laughing. As they pass the bakery section, Tom looks through the Plexiglas and sees the baker walk away from his station.

Tom notices a half empty bag of sugar sitting at the end of the counter. Barely breaking his stride, he reaches around the plastic barrier and stashes the bag under his shirt.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(laughing, confused)

What the hell are you doing?

TOM

(walking quickly)

Shhh! It's for the gas tank of that asshole who took that parking spot from me when we got here!

CHRIS

That's kinda messed up, even for you!

TOM

At least I DO something when someone fucks with me! Unlike you, carrying that switchblade around everywhere and never even using it for anything!

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The boys enter the restroom. Tom sets the bag of sugar near the sink. Tom goes to the urinal. Chris enters the stall.

TOM (cont'd)  
See? Even gotta sit down to piss!  
Fucking pussy!

CHRIS  
(laughs as he closes  
the stall door)  
I gotta take a shit, asshole!

After a brief silence, Tom hears Chris laughing louder.

TOM  
I bet girls have the same reaction  
when they see your tiny dick!

CHRIS  
No, dude, check this out: Call Sheila  
Gonzales at 546-5559 for a good time!

TOM  
(suddenly serious)  
Sheila Gonzales?

CHRIS  
Yeah! It's written right here inside  
this stall! That's gotta be that  
whore from school! I am SO calling!

Chris dials the number on his cell phone. Tom listens quietly as he finishes at the urinal and zips his fly.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Hello? Yeah, Is Sheila Gonzales  
there? I'd really like a good time!

Chris gets quiet as he listens to the person who answered the phone. Tom stands there, soberly, looking at the stall.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
No. Sorry.

Chris hangs up his phone and puts it back in his pocket.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
That was her father. He said that  
Sheila went missing two days ago.

TOM  
Missing, huh?

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CHRIS

Yeah, he said they think someone  
snatched her up. He asked me if I've  
seen her since Friday.

(beat)

Wait. You said you were hooking up  
with some whore from school on  
Friday! It wasn't her, was it?

Suddenly, the lights go out. The music playing over the  
sound system gets louder and switches to "Highway to Hell".

Chris hears scratching inside his stall. He yanks his cell  
phone out and uses the flashlight. Below the words "For a  
good time", there's new writing appearing: "OR DIE TRYING!"

Chris' phone falls to the floor with the flashlight still  
on. He hears a loud metallic thud outside his stall,  
followed by Tom crying out in pain. Chris opens the door and  
sees Tom's head repeatedly hitting the edge of the sink.

FEMALE VOICE

You shouldn't have hit me for saying  
"no" to you, Tommy!

Tom is flung against the wall. His hands go to his throat.

FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)

You shouldn't have choked me, Tommy!

TOM

(choking)

HELP ME! GET HER OFF OF ME!

CHRIS

I DON'T SEE ANYONE!

TOM

SUGAR! USE THE SUGAR!

Chris grabs the bag, rips it open and throws the sugar  
towards the attacker. He briefly sees the sugar hit a figure  
standing in front of Tom before the granules fall away.

TOM (cont'd)

YOUR KNIFE! STAB THE BITCH!

Chris takes out his switchblade, slashing and stabbing  
wildly as he approaches Tom. He hears a scream and a thud.  
Chris scrambles for his phone and turns its light toward  
Tom. Tom is lying silently with Chris' knife in his chest.

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CONTINUED: (3)

FEMALE VOICE

And you shouldn't have killed me,  
asshole!

In shock, Chris drops his cell phone to the floor.

FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)

As for YOU, you prank-calling dick  
head! Ready for a good time?

A look of terror spreads across Chris' face.

FADE OUT