

Witch Hazel

by

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INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The aftermath of a bathroom murder. Blood drips from a sink in the early morning light. Blood daubed paper mache litters the floor. An empty bottle of Witch Hazel Cream is dropped from a bloodied hand. The label reads:

Witch Hazel.

Ditch that itch!

A beat.

Feet. Bare. Sleepily shuffling towards the sink. On the back of an ankle, an angry bug bite glows a hot red...

In the mirror, the tired face of a MAN. He wipes sleep from his eyes and glances down-

-to a red mark on his arm. He scratches an itch, leaving behind more redness. He applies cream. The itch persists.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The floor. The feet. The redness on the ankles has grown.

The bite looks infected. It weeps.

The Man shuffles to the sink, scratching absentmindedly.

His haggard face in the mirror once more.

He scratches at the redness now covering his arms.

He applies more cream.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The floor. The feet. The redness all up the back of the legs.

A stained plaster covers the bite but it's like slapping a sticker on a leaky dam.

The Man's sleepless face has a touch of delirium at its edges.

His arms are covered in grimy plasters. The angry skin beneath leaks poison through the fabric as he scratches.

JUMP CUT TO:

He applies more cream with mounting desperation.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The Man staggers to the sink, scratching fervently.

Fingernails scrape up crust and blood and old plasters.

His eyes are bloodshot. Red pustules creep up his neck. The itch is inside him, burrowed deep like an obstreperous insect.

He furiously scrubs himself with steel wool-

-and grits his teeth in agony.

Fresh blood stains cool cream.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Close on maddened eyes in the mirror.

Boiling skin. The angry plague across the body.

He is fractured. Barely human. It's been forever since he last slept.

He touches a pox ridden hand to a seething mass of boils on his face. His skin is on fire. He cannot remember a time before this.

He slaps cream on to boils without even scratching. His salvation sputters and dies...

There is none left...

He hurls the bottle at the wall and crumples to the floor. He weeps.

A stain seeps through the cotton of his shirt.

He peels fabric from skin. Tendrils of gluey puss cling to cotton as he reveals a mass of sores covering his torso.

He throws the stained shirt to the ground and stands in hideous nakedness.

The itch and the man intertwined in one writhing mass of agonizing heat.

A straight razor on the edge of the sink. It's him or the skin.

His wild eyes find focus in his grim task. He stares determined into the mirror.

CUT TO BLACK.