

Kids: They're Up to All Sorts of Horror These Days

By

J. E. Clarke

Copyright
Janetgoodman@yahoo.com
2015

FADE IN ON:

SUPER: Many experts claim puberty is starting earlier these days than it did in the past. Breast Development in girls. Menarche. Pubarche. All due, they say, to the hormones we eat. Their use is inescapable. As are the consequences. Monstrous though they may be...

INT. SCHOOL LOCKERROOM - AFTERNOON

The floor's all sorts of disgusting. Smears of sweat everywhere. TEEN VOICES holler (O.S.) in the hallway.

CLANG. Three teen girls throw open the door, march inside. Disheveled - but almost radioactive with sweat.

- TINA (14) Even her gym duds are designer. Tons of platinum peroxide hair.

- NINA (15) African American, with more edge than Tina. (But then again, who can't claim that?)

- KYLA (14) Latina, with lots of style. Her makeup's laid on heavy. Sweat's thinned it out... a bit.

NINA

Did you see Carl's moves? When I slam dunked, he winked at me!

TINA

I wish Tom would flirt with me. But I could be the Invisible Girl. As much as he cares.

(beat)

Maybe it's my hair... I look like a fright.

Tina runs a hand up the side of her cheek. She stops mid-stroke. Mortified.

She runs to her locker and opens it. Pulls out a hand mirror, inspects her face.

TINA

There, too? This is insane!

She grabs her purse, and rummages through. Kyla peeks over her shoulder.

KYLA

Can I borrow that?

Tina hands the mirror to Kyla. She HUFFS with annoyance, roots through her bag.

NINA
Whatcha looking for?

TINA
Tweezers.

KYLA
Why, Maami?

TINA
I... don't want to say!

Kyla squints into the compact. It's 3X magnification.

KYLA
Dag, I look drained. It's not fair: I slept ten whole hours last night!

Nina grabs the mirror. She squints close at her face.

NINA
This mirror's smudged. I don't see *anything*.

She turns to Kyla with a grin.

NINA
Ten hours of Zs? What'd you do? Suck down your Papi's Everclear?

KYLA
I've been feeling tired recently. Auntie Elvie gave me something to drink.

NINA
You mean - with alcohol?

KYLA
Nah, she's from the "old country." It was something herbal. Knocked me out.

NINA
(giggles)
Oh, I got it. "Herbal."

Kyla staggers to the sink.

KYLA
That shit tasted nasty, but it's not working. I feel bloated, got the cramps.

NINA
Yeah. You look like a zombie.

TINA
(mumbles)
More like "Ghoul."

NINA
Whatever. K's as pale as a Ghost.

Nina squirms to remove her shirt. She twists her head to the side. HISSES... in pain?

KYLA
What the fuck. You spring a leak?

NINA
You know that guy I met at the party?

TINA
That sexy Romanian dude named Vlad?

NINA
Yeah. He nibbled my neck.

She cranes her head sideways, for her friends to see.

NINA
When I got home, I realized. That skeezy mother-fucker bit me!

Tina locates her tweezers and goes to town. Her chin. Her neck. Between her perky breasts.

NINA
What gives? You taking steroids? Those symptoms ain't worth winning no game.

TINA
It's just - I'm getting all these hairs. My cousin Larry says it's puberty. But it feels so weird to me!

She runs to a stall. Her purse FLAPS against her side.

TINA
I need privacy. Stop watching me!

Her stall door SLAMS. Nina and Kyla eye each other.

NINA
That white girl's getting strange.

KYLA
Don't be a witch. Er, I mean "bitch."

Kyla YAWNS, a dazed look on her face.

NINA
Stop sleep walking, girl. Listen to me!

KYLA
I'm just... so distracted these days.
Auntie prays with me for good health, but
I feel zoned out. With real strange
dreams. Like I'm floating far away!

Nina grimaces. Grabs her stomach.

NINA
Yeah, I know what you mean. Today, I got
these strange cravings. I ordered *tomato
juice* for breakfast. But it didn't, uh,
satisfy my needs.

Tina darts out of the John. Relief on her face.

TINA
Me too! You know what I wanted for
breakfast? Bacon. Ate it before Mom got
it cooked!

NINA
That's whack, Tina. Food poisoning'll
kill you dead.

Tina cocks her head. Approaches Kyla, takes a SNIFF.

TINA
Wow. Take a shower, K. You stink.

KYLA
Bullshit. I don't smell.

TINA
You do to me. I smell stuff these days -
easy!

Nina heads to the stall next. HOWLS in horror when she
gets inside.

NINA (O.S.)
Tina, you nasty bitch. You didn't flush.
Your tampon's floating in the bowl!

A CLANG in the stall. And a FLUSH. Nina STOMPS from the
John, annoyed. She holds up a wrapped Maxi-Pad.

NINA
Go buy some of these.

She glances at her hand: a fascinated look on her face.

NINA
Oh. Blood. Interesting...

She wipes it off, embarrassed.

KYLA
You got your period?

NINA
Yeah, I'm on the rag. Obviously.

KYLA
OMG - it's true! We're in sync. It's that
'time of month' for me, too!

The girls grab their bags and head for the exit.

NINA
Let's go to lunch. So we're killing this
topic. I wanna keep my appetite.

TINA
So what do you want? Pizza?

NINA
Pizza? Nah - I *hate* garlic. A hamburger
would be perfect. As long as they cook it
real rare.

TINA
Rare? No kidding. Screw the steak - I
want Sushi!

KYLA
(shrugs)
I don't need anything. Haven't been
hungry for a week.

The door CLANGS shut behind them. Followed by a GURGLE,
near the stall.

INT. BATHROOM STALL

The metal pad dispenser shakes up and down. The toilet
bowl lid CLATTERS as well.

Something's inside both of them - trying desperately to
escape!

Which is when IT emerges - out of both recepticals: A REDDISH PURPLE BLOB OF GOO. Hormone laden blood cells float inside.

The thing grows exponentially.

Gentlemen (and all you gentle ladies): the fearsome BLOB has arrived!

FADE OUT.