

UNMASKED

Short Film by Luis Garza

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"UNMASKED"

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The TAPPING of a pencil fills up a rather quiet environment, and then a GRUNT. A GIRL hides under a plain, red mask. She looks down at her arm.

There is a razor trapped between her fingers. She holds it directly above her wrist, and SLITS right across. Blood spurts out of the open wound and DRIPS onto the desk.

The girl looks up from her desk, her eyes fixate on THE TEACHER, a tall and robust man who also wears a red, more detailed mask. He writes something down, then STOMPS toward her, paper in hand. The teacher SLAMS the paper on the desk.

The student looks down at the paper, there is writing in red pen.

INSERT: PAPER

Sideways for attention, long way for results. C-

The student scowls at the teacher. a loud GRUNT emits from behind her mask.

The teacher looks around the room.

On one end of the classroom, sits a person who hides behind a blue mask, his eyes grimace at him. By his side, stands an OFFICER, who wears a red, highly detailed mask. His slightly crouched posture indicates he anticipates something. He brings his hand over his baton.

On the other end of the classroom, sits another student with a red mask with yellow swirls on the temples. He quietly scribbles on his notebook, not displaying any care for anything else.

The teacher dawdles forward, a playful melody in form of a WHISTLE resonates from behind his mask.

He pauses right in front of another student. A woman stripped from everything but her underwear, she wears a purple mask with a tear cascading from her eyes. She brings her arm forward to cover her cleavage.

The woman WHIMPERS. Her eyes fall on a poster on the wall.

INSERT: POSTER

NO HIJABS

The teacher shrugs, and continues pacing the classroom.

His footsteps stop right in front of the student with the blue mask. The student looks upward to meet the teacher's eyes.

The officer's hand tightens on his baton.

The teacher reaches for something. He pulls out a red mask, along with a sewing needle and offers it to the student. The student's eyes scan the red mask: white swirls, yellow lips.

The student responds to the teacher's offer with a scoff.

The teacher moves on to another student with a blue mask and offers her the same red mask.

The student studies her surroundings. Almost the entirety of the room is filled with an ocean of students with red masks, some more detailed than others. The student strikes the red mask from the teacher's hand and it falls with a THUD.

A long object connects with the student's head, she GRUNTS in pain. The officer stands next to her desk, baton in hand.

The teacher continues forward, he lands right next to the girl with the plain, red mask.

Her body dangles off the desk, motionless, dead, a great slit has been made along her wrist.

The teacher pulls out his pen, scribbles the **C-** and replaces it with an **A+**.

The teacher moves along, whistling a lovely tune.