

DEAF JANITOR

BY

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BLACKNESS

The slow breathing of someone or something can be heard.

A small flame shoots to life through the darkness and illuminates a hand holding a lighter.

A man's face, roughly shaven and wrinkled with age comes into view. His eyes dart around in search of something.

CLICK - Lights overhead of the man turn on. The light is faint, but just enough to reveal a large gymnasium. A desk sits directly in the middle, unoccupied.

The man looks up to the light with a slight smile. In front of him is a circuit box, he closes it up and extinguishes his lighter.

Footsteps echo out as he walks over to the desk and plumps down into the chair. He takes out a laptop and places it on the desk a bright glow caresses him. He begins to type.

An electronic voice speaks out.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Hello everybody, my name is  
mister Brathsmen. I am a  
janitor working for St.  
Martha's high school. I have  
been here for thirteen years.

MR. BRATHSMEN shuffles in his seat.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Being a janitor has its perks  
I guess, like for instance I  
can check out the daily lost  
and found. This is how you  
can hear me and see me now.  
Actually I might keep these,  
they are handy.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (CONT'D)

...but I'm not here to tell  
you a lifelong story, more so  
a moment.

He takes a long, sad breath before continuing to type.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
It's been years since I heard  
anything.

He somberly stares off into space as if remembering those days.

The bright glow flicks to a beige color, the sounds of two women overcome with orgasm spill out into the gymnasium. Mr. Brathsmen is oblivious.

INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

SUPER: Two Years Earlier

A large poster is taped onto the wall just above a water fountain. It displays four teen boys and their punk band "Gus and Us". Underneath that in large bold letters is "Playing today"

A broom pushed by Mr. Brathsmen moves across the poster. He looks slightly younger and full of life. He whistles as he continues on down the empty hallway.

He sweeps the mess to a half full garbage bag and scoops it up with a dust pan.

Two girls speed past him talking excitedly to one another. They head for some double doors and open them up.

A burst of noise hits the hallways.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
I lost my hearing the day the  
punk band played at the high  
school. It was a freak  
accident, one no man should  
have to undergo.

INT. GYMNASIUM - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A sea of students extends to every corner of the gymnasium.

Four microphone stands placed side by side, immersed in a brilliant blue light on top of the stage. A large banner with the band's name hangs from above.

Girls control the rows closest to the stage. All looks with mad excitement at the microphones.

The same two girl's make their way to the front. They are greeted by friends with shrieks and hugs.

A plastic cup is held loosely in one of the girl's hands.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

They should have known there  
were no drinks or food  
allowed in the gym.

The cup slips from the girl's hand just as she embraces a friend. It hits the floor and bursts into a liquid explosion.

All girls scream and do their best to get at least one foot out of the way.

INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Mr. Brathsmen finishes mopping up a bit of floor.

The double doors open up and a teacher walks out. He makes eye contact with Mr. Brathsmen and nudges his head towards the gym. Mr. Brathsmen nods his understanding.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

It was a freak accident, one  
no man should have to  
undergo.

INT. GYMNASIUM - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

With mop in hand Mr. Brathsmen enters the gymnasium and approaches the spill.

Many lights on the sides of the stage come to life, lighting up everything.

INT. STAGE ENTRANCE - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Four teenagers equipped with acoustic guitars walk coolly towards the now fully lit up stage.

INT. GYMNASIUM - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Mr. Brathsmen walks up to the spill.

The band members walk into sight the same time Mr. Brathsmen reaches the spill.

All over the first few rows all the girl's eyes flash wide, they breathe in deeply, preparing for a screaming war cry.

The sound erupts in the gymnasium like an amplified atomic blast.

Mr. Brathsmen immediately covers his ears and sinks to his knees. His own yells are easily muffled out by the screaming of the girl's, tears well up in his eyes.

INT. GYMNASIUM - HIGH SCHOOL - PRESENT

Mr. Brathsmen sits with his hands over his ears and tears in his eyes.

Slowly he places his hand back down to the keyboard of the laptop.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Why did God make women so  
loud?

THE END