

"Barbershop Quintet"

by  
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## 1 INT. MORGANELLI'S BARBERSHOP - DAY

Two white-coated barbers are on duty: MR. MORGANELLI, the elderly shop owner, and JASON, a new hire in his late 20s. Jason is cutting the hair of MR. HARPER, a regular customer. Morganelli stands at the front counter by the cash register - having just rung in a sale. A beaten-up TV, suspended in the corner, is showing a baseball game. A few customers, in chairs along the wall, are waiting for haircuts.

Jason finishes with Harper, who pays Morganelli, returns to Jason with a tip, and then leaves the shop. Jason calls after him as the shop's door closes.

JASON

Thanks again, Mr. Harper.

MORGANELLI

There goes one *nice* guy.

JASON

He sure is! He gave me a *really* good tip.

MORGANELLI

Ben Harper is a generous man.

JASON

I didn't know he served in the military.

MORGANELLI

Did he?

JASON

He's got a metal plate in his head. Must be from a war injury.

MORGANELLI

Could be.

(beat)

Your next customer is waiting, Jason.

FADE OUT.

## 2 INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason and his girlfriend, PAM, are lying in bed in their apartment. The lights are off, but the streetlights are casting a dim glow over the room.

JASON

I'm telling you, Pam, it was strange: Both Mr. Harper and Mr. Chambers have these small, circular metal plates in their heads. Two customers in one day!

PAM

Are both of these guys older gents?

JASON

Yeah.

PAM

Maybe they were in Vietnam.

(beat)

Do they have to have served in the military?

JASON

What else would explain the plates?

PAM

Maybe an accident or a birth defect. I don't think that such a thing has to be *only* for injured vets.

JASON

(beat)

Yeah, I guess you're right.

FADE OUT

3

INT. MORGANELLI'S BARBERSHOP - ANOTHER MORNING

The scene is similar to before, but only three customers are in the shop this time. Mr. Harper and MR. CHAMBERS are shooting the breeze, while Jason cuts the hair of MR. RUSSELL, a man in his late 50s.

JASON

Almost done, Mr. Russell - another couple of minutes.

RUSSELL

Don't cut it *too* short, kid. I don't have much left.

JASON  
(chuckles)  
Don't you worry, sir. You have a  
good head of hair.

As Jason cuts, we hear a ding as his scissors hit  
Russell's metal head plate. Jason looks shocked and  
surprised. Russell yanks off the cape and angrily stands.

JASON  
But I'm not done yet, sir.

RUSSELL  
Oh yes you are.  
(beat)  
Get him!

Jason is quickly set upon by Chambers, Harper, and  
Morganelli. He is forced into the chair Russell just  
vacated. Jason struggles in vain to get free.

MORGANELLI  
Be comfortable, kid. You're not  
getting out of that chair until we  
say so.

JASON  
Let me go!

MORGANELLI  
Russell, the door.

Russell snaps his fingers and, with a loud clang, the  
accordion metal door closes over the shop's front window  
and entrance. Amazed, Jason stops struggling.

JASON  
How'd. . . How'd you do that?

RUSSELL  
It's an easy trick. . . for one of  
us.

JASON  
One of. . . you?

MORGANELLI  
Since you're so curious about  
these metal plates we all have in  
our heads, I thought we'd let you  
in on our secret.

JASON  
You too, Mr. Morganelli?

MORGANELLI

Yes.

(beat)

The plates cover some very special guests. Mine is named Porsdro.

RUSSELL

Mine is called Freeb.

MORGANELLI

All of us - Mr. Harper, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Russell, and I - have our own.

JASON

Your own. . . *what?*

MORGANELLI

You'll see.

(beat)

Chambers, the container.

Chambers walks to a cabinet at the far end of the shop. He opens it and removes what looks like an oversized mason jar. Inside it, something is spitting, squealing, and trying to get free. Chambers brings the thing to Morganelli, who sets it down in front of Jason.

Chambers helps hold Jason down as Morganelli backs off.

JASON

What is that. . . *thing?*

MORGANELLI

Show some respect. That "thing," as you so rudely put it, is a native of Venus.

JASON

(beat; chuckles  
nervously)

It's a gag.

MORGANELLI

His name is Huklot. He will soon be a part of *you*, and no one will ever notice the difference.

Jason starts struggling again, but is easily held down.

MORGANELLI

You will enjoy sharing your body with your new host.

Jason stops struggling.

JASON

No, I won't.

MORGANELLI

Huklot will take over near total control of your being, as you become a spectator watching your body do things you will not condone.

JASON

Let me go! *Please!* I. . . I won't tell anyone. Pam and I will move far, far away from here.

MORGANELLI

We can't take that chance. It might upset our plan.

JASON

What plan?

RUSSELL

World domination, of course. Isn't that what aliens *always* want with your planet?

JASON

With just the four of you?

RUSSELL

One of us could do it with ease.

MORGANELLI

And with you added to our number, there will soon be *five* of us.

(beat)

Let's begin.

Russell opens a draw in a stand by the barber's chair and removes a circular saw. He plugs it in and turns it on.

Jason desperately tries to get free.

MORGANELLI

(chuckles)

And still you fight?

JASON

You *bet* I do.

MORGANELLI

You'll enjoy being part Venusian.  
Of course, you *will* need haircuts  
more frequently. For some reason,  
the meshing of Earthling and  
Venusian DNA makes the hair  
follicles grow at a greatly  
accelerated rate.

JASON

*Please, Mr. Morganelli. No!*

MORGANELLI

As I have already mentioned, I am  
Porsdro.

Russell moves behind the squirming Jason. Morganelli and Harper hold Jason's head still. With a spurt of blood, the saw pierces his skull. He screams out in pain and is silent. Russell goes about his work. The others let go of Jason.

We see that the saw has cut a small, circular hole in Jason's head. Russell turns the saw off and tears away a small piece of dangling tissue.

Morganelli moves behind Jason and looks down into his brain. He seems sad.

MORGANELLI

*So lonely. . . but not for long.*

Morganelli picks up the jar and unscrews the lid. The thing inside becomes louder and more active.

MORGANELLI

Welcome to your new home.

He tips the jar above the hole in Jason's skull. The thing inside slithers out of the jar and into Jason's brain. Jason begins grunting and groaning.

MORGANELLI

And the meshing begins. How I envy  
you. I remember my time. Oh, the  
*joy!*

RUSSELL

I'll insert his plate.

MORGANELLI

Please do.

Russell removes a drill from the cabinet, plugs it in, and turns it on. He happily watches the drill bit spin.

MORGANELLI

Once the meshing is complete and  
Huklot is in charge of this human,  
this "barbershop quintet" can get  
back to what we came here for.

FADE TO BLACK.