

Collapse  
by  
Insane Mike Saunders

Robert Callback 1

INT. STORE - DAY

Robert, with Bob in his hand, dives behind a fixture.

ROBERT  
Shit! Where did they come from?

Robert looks at Bob.

ROBERT  
Friends of yours?

Robert sets Bob down.

ROBERT  
Now what are we going to do?

Robert sits there and thinks.

Bob tries to make a sound, but with no vocal cords, all that comes out is gurgles.

ROBERT  
You're right Bob. I bet they picked up my scent. I'm all sweaty. I probably smell like a neighborhood barbecue to you guys. It won't be long before they follow my trail into here.

Robert looks around the store from where he is sitting.

He sees a hunting video on one of the shelves.

Robert gets an idea.

He picks up Bob and turns him over.

ROBERT  
I can't believe I'm doing this.  
Sorry Bob.

Robert digs into Bob's open neck and pulls out blood and gore.

ROBERT  
It's only deer scent. It's only deer scent. It's only deer scent.

He starts rubbing the blood all over his clothes.

He starts to retch.

Keeps going.

Finally, it's too much. He doubles over and throws up in the aisle.

He straightens and checks himself.

ROBERT

Damn, you smell bad Bob. I hope that's enough.