

Toilet Head

By

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2025 Toilet Head Josep Ulloa

EXT.SHINJUKU - NIGHT

SHINJUKU, JAPAN, vast, modern, electric. Huge billboards people the landscape. Bright neon giant's as far as the eye can see.

Jake, 30's, a perpetual tourist, wanders the vast kaleidoscopic ocean. Slightly intoxicated, at midnight.

He stumbles along hoping to catch a second wind. The night's young.

JAKE
(drunk)
Winners don't quit.

For a Monday night, Shinjuku is strangely mellow. The sudden lack of people really brings out an air of mystery.

Rain sprinkles the neon drenched cinematic city.

JAKE
Shit, where to?

Just LEFT of view, a narrow passageway, lined with curio shops and izakayas. Jake stumbles down towards the narrow cobblestone path.

Twenty stumbling steps in he STOPS.

Here.

The air is thick with grilled yakitori and soft music. Echoes of laughter drift in the air for a brief moment, then fade away. But no one seems to be around. How strange.

Neatly tucked away between two crumbling building's is the KAWA NO IZAKAYA.

EXT.KAWA NO IZAKAYA - NIGHT

A cozy izakaya all right, but somehow off. Early 19th century, the stained wooden beams, once lacquer rich, now cracked and dark with age. The door, unassuming if not for the brass door nob, dull with age and shaped like a GARGOYLE, its face twisted, mouth open, as if to whisper to anyone who enters.

And just next to the entrance, missing person POSTERS--too many to count--covered the crumbling wall. Some were cracked and faded with age, while others looked brand new.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
What the hell.

Rain's coming down now. Jake hastily steps inside.

Just as Jake enters the establishment, he glances back at the two akachōchin (red paper lanterns) by the doorway. Both are dull, dirty, and faded. The characters almost seem to read as 'Mei-e Sake' or 'Drink of the Underworld.'

Probably a trick of the light.

INT.KAWA NO IZAKAYA - NIGHT

It's dimly lit in here. The ambiance is surprisingly pleasant, soothing even.

Old lanterns hang from the ceiling, their paper skins now brittle from age. The bar COUNTER is a long stretch of dark, richly stained wood, slick and smooth. Just above the bar, countless varieties of SAKE bottles, and nestled between them is what looks like a tarnished police badge

Jake stumbles to the bar and takes a seat. The moody lighting makes him feel sleepy.

A sudden and strong baritone voice breaks the stupor.

SUDA
Otsukaresama. - You must be tired.

Jake looks up. SUDA, 50s, is the stereotypical Japanese bartender--refined, well-groomed and polite. His eyes carry a weight though, a sort of darkness. Jake shakes his head. He's drunk. Suda smiles politely.

SUDA
O-nomi-mono wa nani ni nasaimasu
ka? - What would you like to drink?

Jake spies the bar. So much sake, whiskey and assorted liquors. What to drink?

JAKE
What do you recommend?

Suda smiles slightly. From behind the counter, he pulls out a warm bottle of sake and delicately pours it into a small cup and pushes the cup toward Jake.

(CONTINUED)

SUDA

Nagusame no sake. Yukkuri to
shizumi yuku tame ni. - A
comforting sake. To slowly sink
away.

JAKE

Arigatou. - Thank you.

Jake downs the cup of Saki. It's warm and comforting. A
slight smile escapes Jake's lips.

JAKE

Another please!

Jake pulls out a thousand yen bill from his wallet and
places it on the counter.

JAKE

This place has a nice vibe, SO
what's your name?

Suda pours Jake's drink and offer's a small, polite nod.

SUDA

Suda desu. Koko de wa, sō
yobareteru. - My name is Suda.
That's what they call me around
here.

He wipes the counter slowly, eyes on Jake. Jake drinks the
second cup. Ah, perfection!

Jake looks up and takes in more of the interior. The izakaya
is as old inside as it is outside--old and comfortable, like
a worn-out pair of jeans

The troubling thing is, there are missing posters inside as
well, scattered all over. For as comfortable as Kawa no
Izakaya is, it has an ominous air about it.

JAKE

You have a lot of missing people
posters here.

Suda busies himself wiping the counter, his eyes not meeting
Jake's as he answers softly.

SUDA

Ee, sou desu ne. Koko ni kuru hito
wa, yoku inaku narun desu yo. -
Yes, we do. People who come here
they tend to disappear.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
(grins)
In that case more sake!

SUDA
Yoru wa mada nagai. - The night is
still long.

Sudo pours Jake more sake.

Jake's face slightly blushes. He's feeling fine and friendly.

JAKE
Damn that's good stuff! So Suda
what's with the old badge if you
don't mind me asking?

SUDA
Aa, sore wa mukashi, nakushita mono
da ga, bā ni nokotte iru.- Ah, it's
something lost, but it stays in the
bar.

JAKE
Something lost, I can understand.

SUDA
You...visiting?

Jake aimlessly eyes more of the bars interior.

Old photographs nailed to the wall by the bar showing
previous customers... but most look marked out, blurred
almost.

On the liquor shelf, a daruma doll, eyes scratched out, now
a dead white, unnerving.

At the end of the bar, a Maneki-neko cat. It's missing a paw
and it's smile is chipped which makes it look more a sneer.

Jake glances down stuck on the wooden floor and old,
yellowed Ofuda talisman, half ripped.

Weird.

SUDA
You been in SHINJUKU long?

Sudas voice shakes Jake out of his stupor.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Huh? Sorry.

SUDA
Traveler?

JAKE
I guess you can say that..
Another sake down the hatch! So warm...

JAKE
Ah..so good!

Suda has a look, something off about it, almost a warning look.

SUDA
Another?

JAKE
(hesitantly)
Yes, please.

With slow and deliberate moves Suda pours another..

The CUP is pushed forward very slowly this time. Jake downs it...It's good, warm, like a blanket.

JAKE
How many is that now?

SUDA
Shi - Four.

Jake checks the time now,..an hours past but it seemed like just fifteen minutes ago.

JAKE
How late are you open?

SUDA
Saigo no ippai ga owaru made. -
Until the last drink is finished.

JAKE
Guess I got a lot of drinking to do!

Time passes. Jake continues to indulge. Making small talk along the way with Suda. It's almost Jake's ninth drink at this point. Like a weekend warrior he climbs that hill to oblivion.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
(slightly slurring)
Where we at now Suda?

SUDA
Kore wa anata no kyūhai-me desu. -
This will be your ninth drink.

JAKE
(drunk)
That many,...huh. Let's go for an
even ten and call in an night Suda.

SUDA
Hai. - Yes.

The ninth drink is poured. A very slow and deliberate push to Jake. He eyes the drink. It's not the usual clear sake he's been drinking. This ones dark. An almost inky blackness to it.

Jake stares down into the cup. Even the moody lighting doesn't seem to reflect on the inky surface.

JAKE
What's this?

Suda face is unusually stoic. Blank even.

SUDA
Saigo no ippai de rei o tōzakeru. -
Last drink to keep the spirits
away.

JAKE
(smiles)
There's one more actually. And
spirits? You don't mean ghost do ya
Suda? That's just superstition.

Suda leans in a little more, closer to a drunk Jake, face serious in a low almost whispery tone replies.

SUDA
Nihon wa furui. Sakaba yori mo,
michi yori mo furui.
Kono kuni no hone wa, hitobito ga
wasureyou to shita mono o oboete
iru.
Dakara, jinja o tate, o-fuda o
kake, shikii ni shio o maki, yoru
ni wa kaze o fukanai...
Soredemo, kage wa ugoku.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUDA (cont'd)

Oni wa yama ni hisomu to omou ka?

Tera no oku ni iru to omou ka?

Iya...

Machi o aruki, sakaba ni suwatte
iru.

Kauntā no mukō ni tachi, sake ni
yotta yatsura ni sotto chikazuki,
sasayaku.

Mou ippai. Mou ichijikan. Mou
hitotsu no ayamachi.

Saru mono mo iru.

Todomaru mono mo iru.

Daga... modoranai mono mo iru. -

Japan is old, older than the bars,
older than the roads. The bones of
this country remember things it's
people have long tried to forget.
They build shrines to keep them at
bay. They hang talismans over
doors, leave salt at their
thresholds and never whistle at
night...but still, the shadows
move. People think demons hide in
the mountains, in old temples? No.
They walk in the cities. They sit
in bars, behind counters. They lean
close when you drink too much,
whispering, asking for one more
cup, one more hour, one more
mistake. Some people leave, some
stay...but some?

Suda glances at the missing posters on the wall, then back
at Jake.

SUDA

Some are lost.

JAKE

Ok...that's too much info Suda.

Jake stumbles up out of his chair.

JAKE

Bathroom, please!

Suda points to the left down a dimly lit small hallway. It's
ancient, wet and creaky. Jake scampers quickly into the
bathroom. The door gives off an ominous SLAM when shut.

INT.KAWA NO IZAKAYA - BATHROOM

It's like another world in here. The light is dull and dim, casting a faint glow. A single bulb that flickers, and crackles as if it's about to die at any moment.

The floor is an ugly green tile, and the one mirror above the small sink is cracked across.

The stalls on the left look menacing somehow. The wood is dark and splintered. There doesn't seem to be much light above either.

Jake tries the first stall door. It's STUCK. He tries with force,...nothing.

He tries the second stall door,...still stuck and third,...no luck until the FOURTH.

The stall door CREAKS open. It's dark inside the western styled bathroom. Jake takes a seat.

JAKE
WHOA! CHILLY!

He settles in and relaxes. There's only the slightest head spin.

CREAK...the entrance door opens and closes. Heavy footsteps echo pass the stalls and stop at Jake's.

JAKE
Isogashii! - Busy.

No response.

JAKE
Isogashii!! - Busy.

Still nothing.

Jake struggles to get off the toilet, when the footsteps slowly backtrack to one of the previous stalls.

SLAM!

JAKE
Jeez,...whatever.

Jake sits back down.

SILENCE.

MOMENT PASS.

(CONTINUED)

As Jake wipes a cold creeping sensation crawls down his back. There's no noise coming out of the stall. Not a peep!

Then breathing...slight at first then harder more course. BREATHING. It's in the next stall.

HEAVY BREATHING...

JAKE

Hello?

The breathing STOPS. Nothing. Eerie. Jake pauses,...listen's nothing. Jake flushes the toilet.

WHOOSH...the flushing noise makes Jake cringe.

Afraid to even breath Jake is about to get off the toilet when a BOX is slid under the stall next to him. That crawling sensation comes back, like a gut punch.

It's a WOODEN BOX,...seems taped up and has a strange SIGIL on it.

JAKE

What the fuck?

JAKE

(yells)

Who's there? I'm not playing around here!

Silence. Jake feels his face drop. Terror slowly crawls and creeps up his back. Jake get off the toilet seat zips up and attempts to leave to stall.

The door WON'T OPEN.

Jake tries again. IT'S STUCK. HARDER. Jake pulls with all his strength.

The stall door simply won't open.

HAHAHAHA!

The laughter is low, guttural almost.

JAKE

Suda! Is that you? Suda? I swear I'll tip! Just let me out ok.

Jake pulls hard on the stall door desperate to leave....

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
Suda! Goddamn it!

Silence. Panic creeps into every pore.

JAKE
Help! Suda,...Help goddamn it!

Jake pushes on the stall door with all his strength, till he slips on the slick tile floor and crashes to the floor.

JAKE
Fuck!!

His cries of fear echoes through the bathroom. Jake takes the moment on the bathroom floor to reflect.

JAKE
It's ok, Suda will come in at some point.

HAHAHAHAHA!

The laughter morphs into a cackle now. Something brushes up against Jake's head.

JAKE
Fuckkk!

Jake jumps up and back in fear. His back to the stall. He looks down,..It's the small wooden box, it's moved closer somehow.

Jake stares at it for a moment before picking it up.

The TAPE isn't very strong. Jake easily rips to cover off. There's a white cloth inside with the same SIGIL embroidered on it.

Jake lifts it up and underneath is a FINGER.

JAKE
Oh God!

Jake drops the box and falls back against the bathroom stalls crashing through the stall door.

JAKE
What the fuck! Suda! Suda!!

No answer.

As Jake gets up....CRASH!

(CONTINUED)

There's a pool of BLOOD just underneath him. It's a big pool. It spreads across the tile floor. But how? Where did it come -

Just then Jake notice his left hand. His FINGER missing.

JAKE

Fuckkkk!

His once-drunken screams now ring out sober and raw, filling the izakaya bathroom. Huddled on the floor, Jake clutches his hand, his face twisted in confusion and dismay.

HAHAHAHAH...Sudden laughter slices through the air, sending a chill through Jake as dread crawls over him.

JAKE

Who's there!? Suda, Is that you?
This isn't fucking funny!

Silence....

JAKE

Fuck this!

Jake gets off the bathroom floor, his clothes now bloody and dripping.

JAKE

I'm leaving!

As Jake leaves all the stall DOORS slam open. The bathroom light starts to flicker wildly and grow dim.

GURGLE, GURGLE...

Something is emerging from the toilet in the stall Jake just left. Frozen in fear, he watches in horror as a HEAD slowly rises from the water. Its face is swollen and distorted, with tar-like black hair oozing out alongside it. A thick, purple tongue lolls from its gaping mouth, grotesquely distended.

JAKE

What the Fuc-

Jake steps away from the stall, unknowingly there is SOMETHING large just behind Jake.

INT.KAWA NO IZAKAYA - NIGHT

Jake's SCREAMS fill the izakaya. Suda is perched comfortably behind the bar. He pours himself a cup of SAKI. The tenth one.

SUDA

Norowareshi mono no tame no sake. -
A drink for the damned.

THE END.