

A man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a grey ruffled shirt over a blue sweater, is shown in a state of extreme shock and fear. He has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression. His face is smeared with bright red blood, particularly around his mouth and on his cheek. He is holding a severed human hand in his left hand, which also has blood on it. A purple VIP pass hangs from his neck, featuring a photo of a man with a mustache and the text "Mayor Thomas Elliot VIP". The background is a dark, textured wall with peeling paint in shades of brown and orange.

*The*  
**MAYOR**  
*goes*  
**MONSTER**

by Thomas Elliot

## THE MAYOR GOES MONSTER – A Thomas Elliott production!



Thomas Elliott had wanted to be *Mayor of Barnstaple* for as long as he could remember. And he made sure everyone knew. Of course, there were those who thought it was just Thomas spinning a good story. But he never let that stop him dreaming and planning. In fact, he thrived on doing the unexpected... (*Like getting people to listen to his ticking heart - yes, it actually ticks!! But that's another story.*)

Thomas had always lived at home in Bishop Tawton – in the valley of the River Taw, a few miles south of Barnstaple. The middle brother of three, with one younger sister, his parents had owned the Butcher's shop there for many years. Since his father's death there was just Thomas and his mother (Oh! and his white cat called Ted). The shop had since passed into new hands, but for Thomas there was always the reminder from the sausage rolls his mother continued to make. Exceedingly good sausage rolls. And *pasties*. Thomas had never to this day seen a pasty as big as the ones his mother made. Mmm. All that pastry and mince-meat and vegetables...

How he loved his mother's cooking. But he had big plans. Plans bigger even than his mother's famous pasties!

As a child, Thomas was bullied at school, but that was all left in the past. For Thomas was a man with an eye on the future. However, if asked, he could recall that he also had friends at school and liked the fish and chips!

Nowadays Thomas's popularity was clear for all to see. “*Thomas*

*always comes with a smiley face. That's what I appreciate.*” said Joe, who worked at Silver Hill – a place Thomas visited regularly to socialise with his many friends. *“He enjoys a laugh and I definitely think he cheers people up. Though as for being Mayor? It's a serious job and I don't think he's got a serious bone in his body!”* But Thomas was serious. As he told The Mayor herself at the annual Barnstaple Fair when their paths crossed. The local paper even reported on the meeting, with a photograph showing the two of them smiling together. Not wanting to pass up an opportunity, (for Thomas was a resourceful chap) he then invited The Mayor to visit Silver Hill. True to form, his charm worked...

*“I'm going to have my own office here – with my name on the door in black and white, so everybody knows!”* he proudly announced while showing The Mayor around. Little did she know of his *real* ambition. Or of what lengths he would go to in order to wear those robes and *that* chain. (He had even made a number of imitation ones and an I.D badge just to practice wearing them.) For being *Mayor* was but a first step...

*Mayors are busy people*, thought Thomas. *And I like to be kept busy.* Then again, he could also enjoy being lazy and plied with biscuits in the morning too. *Hmm? Mayors help people. And I like people*, he thought. He did wonder if the Mayor watched horror films? *He* did. But only if they weren't *too* scary.

*It could be fun to be scary though*, thought Thomas. Like his hero from the films, Vincent Price. *And Mayors, like everyone, need to have fun!* Thomas loved music too and could give a good rendition of Lady In Red at the Karaoke. *West Life, Michael Ball* (who he'd seen once with his mum on his birthday) even *Big Band music* – he could see himself in his Mayor's robes, chain clinking and glinting, attending events and everyone cheering. Yes, he would certainly enjoy the popularity.

*And the limo!*

All in all, Thomas felt he had lots that would work in his favour when he was standing for Mayor. So, when the invitation arrived to participate in *The Mayor's Big Parade*, he jumped at the chance!

The morning of the parade came. Everyone at Silver Hill was ready and waiting to leave in time for the main event, when the Mayor would lead the procession of floats through the town. Everyone that is, except Thomas. It was not like him to miss something like this! The Mayor had even sent one of her spare robes over and included a ticket for 'Thomas and Friend' to attend *The Mayor's Big Breakfast* at The Guildhall afterwards. As her special guests. Thomas had asked Joe, to accompany him and it had been Thomas's main topic of conversation for the past few weeks.

*But where was Thomas now? If they didn't leave soon, they would miss the parade.*

Then Joe found a note pinned to the front door.

“I'll see you there! Thomas ☺” Joe had a sinking feeling. What was Thomas up to *now*?

*The idea had come when Thomas was looking at a Movie magazine on one of his 'lazy' days. The date of The Mayor's Big Parade was the same date as the birthdays of both his horror film heroes, Christopher Lee and Vincent Price. 27<sup>th</sup> May! Christopher Lee in 1922 and Vincent Price, eleven years earlier in 1911. It was weird that they shared the same birthday... thought Thomas. And now, THE SAME DATE AS THE MAYOR'S BIG PARADE? It was a sign! Maybe he could honour his heroes AND get his plan to be the next Mayor of Barnstaple underway?!*

When the parade reached the square, the Mayor's float turned off and headed for the Bus Station which had been cleared of all the buses, especially for the occasion. Joe scanned the crowd but Thomas was nowhere to be seen...

When all the floats were assembled, the Mayor was handed a

microphone and began to address the crowds. “*My dear people of Barnstaple, it is with great pleasure that...*” And then she stopped. Because there *were* no crowds. In fact, there were hardly any people at all, except a few curious shoppers who had wandered in from a back street, together with *Joe* and a handful of VIPs (looking out of place in their smart suits and big hats, who were there for the free breakfast).

“*Where ARE they all?*” she whispered loudly to one of her attendants, covering the microphone with her hand. A timid man in a tight suit opened his mouth as if to say something, then turned, sniffing the air deeply. Before anyone could say, “*Mayor's Big Breakfast!*” he had jumped down from the float and was running in the direction of The Square to join the steady stream of people snaking their way past the fountain and the clock tower, to a small table with a large banner...

In all the commotion of the floats going by, the organisers had not noticed the table being set up, outside the *Museum and Information Centre*. Nor even the banner tied to the railings, flapping in the wind with its hand-drawn message,

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Christopher Lee and Vincent Price! From Barnstaple's Mayor-In-Waiting, Thomas Elliott'

And there *was* Thomas! Dressed as a VAMPIRE! (The Mayor's spare robe had come in handy after- all.) Wearing his favourite gold mayoral chain and identity badge, he stood grinning, fangs dripping with ketchup, at the ever-growing line of people as he handed out, to one and all...

Monster Pasties!