

Toothache

By

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FADE IN:

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Comic books, clothes and a computer game litter the bedroom floor.

A pair of fluffy pink slippers approach the door.

Curled up tightly in bed is FREDDY (6), he whimpers as his hand supports his grimaced face. He reaches for...

MAX, a worn out, brown Teddy bear.

In the doorway stands his Mother, SANDRA (27), with an expression on her face midway between confused and exhausted.

SANDRA
Toothache?

FREDDY
Uh, huh...

SANDRA
You should do something.

FREDDY
How's about the Dentist?

SANDRA
The Dentist?

FREDDY
Yeah.

SANDRA
Interesting. Want something for the pain? I've got some whiskey downstairs.

FREDDY
Nope.

SANDRA
Well just try and keep it down.
Mummy needs her beauty sleep.

She spins and disappears, only to be replaced by his bucktoothed arch-enemy and sibling, ABBY (9), she leans against the doorway.

ABBY
So...Off to the dentist tomorrow?
You. Are. Brave.

FREDDY
What do mean...Brave?

ABBY
Didn't you hear? All dentists are
Mask-o-chists.

FREDDY
What's a Mask-o-chist?

ABBY
Those bad guys from horror films
who chase after you with drills and
wear masks. Like Jason or Freddy
Kruger.

FREDDY
No way.

ABBY
Well you might be one of the lucky
ones, I have friend who only lost
one arm. But if you must, whatever
you do...Stay away from the drills

Freddy almost jumps out of his skin.

Abby stretches out a bony finger toward Max.

ABBY
Is that Miss Honeydrops?

She snatches Max away from Freddy's grip.

ABBY
Look at this. She's ruined. No
hair. No Pink ribbon, and her eye's
falling out...

FREDDY
Hey, that's mine, I've had it a
whole year, and his name is Max!

Freddy pokes his tongue out at her.

ABBY
Not anymore, you don't deserve her.

Freddy grabs hold of Max and they tussle side to side, to
and fro until...Rip!

The teddy bear's gizzard lies strewn across the floor.

Tears form in Freddy's eyes.

Abby shrugs her shoulders and hops onto the top bunk.

ABBY

I didn't want him anyway.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Freddy clings desperately to his Mother's hand, they march up to the front reception desk. She gains the receptionist's attention with a swift wave.

SANDRA

Hello, Miss, Woman, Dentist lady.

She leans closer, reads her name tag.

SANDRA

Debra! I need one of your dentists.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, have you booked an appointment with us?

SANDRA

I have not.

RECEPTIONIST

Well...

SANDRA

No-one told me I had too.

RECEPTIONIST

It's this practice's policy too...

SANDRA

There's no sign telling me I had too.

RECEPTIONIST

But there is a notice here on the glass, and one in the far corner.

Sandra pauses for a moment, and then leans in with godfather-like menace.

SANDRA

Listen to me. Do you have children?

RECEPTIONIST

I do not.

SANDRA

Well let me tell you, they're extremely annoying at the best of times, but when they whine and snivel all night because they have a problem with there mouth areas. They are unbearable. Now get me one of your Dentists before I tear you a new one.

RECEPTIONIST

Right away.

As they sit in the waiting area, Freddy looks on in horror at woozy teenagers with horrific metal structures around their mouths.

He tugs at his mother's sleeve.

SANDRA

Do not bother Mummy, I love you but do not bother me.

FREDDY

But, look...

She looks over at the teenager.

SANDRA

It's just a robot boy, Freddy.

A scream accompanied by a drill echoes down one of the corridors.

The receptionist halts, greets them with a menacing smile and escorts Sandra and Freddy down a long white corridor, complete with 'elevator' music.

Freddy's view of the corridor is distorted, it grows long and narrow, then twisted.

The music has distorted with the noise of the drills and screams.

Freddy stands frozen.

SANDRA
(Gritted Teeth)
Mummy loves you dear...Come along
now.

INT. DENTIST'S ROOM - DAY

Freddy is perched atop an over sized, worn out Dentist's chair.

His eyes are wide with fear.

Into his view hunches the cross-eyed, shiny toothed, Dentist, ALAN. His skin a deep tan and the owner of two frighteningly hairy hands.

ALAN
Don't worry sunshine, we'll have
your mouth right as rain in no
time.

His terrified eyes dart toward his Mother. She lets out a 'yawn'.

Alan bounds closer to Freddy. Intrusive.

ALAN
I remember my first trip to the
dentist like it was yesterday.
Terrifying really, not to worry
though your in good hands.

Alan then produces a drill, equal only to a medieval torture device.

As it moves closer to his mouth Freddy winces in horror.

ALAN
Oops, one moment. I've only forgot
your bloody anesthetic.

Alan coldly clicks his fingers. A NURSE appears from out of the blue.

ALAN
(Menacing)
Silly me....

The dentist's chair jolts backward, Alan shines a large bright light into the whites of poor Freddy's eyes.

A nurse administers a needle, within seconds his drowsy eyes blink once, twice and...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

The monotonous windscreen wipers discard rain with ease.

As his groggy head sways from side to side, Freddy reveals a smile with three teeth missing. He holds the loose teeth in a bloody rag.

Sandra drives with one hand on the wheel. Easily distracted.

SANDRA

You better save those for the tooth
fairy

FREDDY

What's the tooth fairy?

SANDRA

She'll pay a handsome price for
those bloody pearls.

FREDDY

Yeah?

SANDRA

Especially big ones like yours.

She glares at her son with disgust.

SANDRA

Why do my children have to have
such large teeth?

FREDDY

Cool.

SANDRA

Yep, but don't forget to put them
under your pillow or she'll get
confused and take the ones from
your mouth.

FREDDY

Oh...

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Abby and Freddy cast scornful glances at each other and at the teeth across the table.

He slurps soup through a straw.

Abby's hand slowly dances across the table in search of the teeth, just as she gets close...

Whack! her hand is patted away.

SANDRA

Now you two be good I'm popping out
to the shops for five.

Abby rubs her sore hand.

FREDDY

Can I come with you mum?

SANDRA

Sure...Abby wanna come with?

ABBY

Urgh, no...

A knowing smile appears in the corner of her mother's mouth.

Freddy and Sandra leave.

SANDRA

(O.S)

Bye hunny...

ABBY

Yeah, Yeah.

Abby waits till the front door shuts before she makes a move.

She waltzes along the table and slowly releases the teeth from a bloody prison.

As she puts them in her pocket a door creaks...Somewhere in the house.

She places the teeth back onto the table.

ABBY

Hello...

As the door swings open an earsplitting drill sounds, stood there is a drill wielding bloodstained maniac wearing a ski mask.

Her jaw drops to the floor and eyes widen.

She sprints, arms flailed, out of the room.

The maniac then reveals herself to be Sandra.

She nudges Freddy now stood by her side. A toothy grin forms.

SANDRA

That should do the trick.

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The morning sunlight creeps through superhero curtains.

Freddy's sleep encrusted eyes bat open.

He stretches fully out of bed, not realizing, but then...His eyebrow raises in remembrance.

Softly he peels back his pillow, his eyes light up in wonder.

His feet scurry downstairs, round the banister and past the torn remains of the onlooking Max.

EXT. HIGHSTREET - DAY

Freddy clutches his money in one hand, and his mother's hand with the other. They trudge past each toy shop window, each one a gradual disappointment, until -- Max! perched atop a shelf and brand-spanking new.

FREDDY

Hey look. Max! We've got to see him, he looks great.

SANDRA

Hold your horses, you've not got quite enough money to buy him.

FREDDY

But Abby torn him apart.

SANDRA

And how do you intend on paying for
him?

Freddy's eyes dart from side to side.

His nose twitches in frustration.

His fingers scratch his head.

A wide grin forms across his face.

FREDDY

Toothache?

FADE OUT: