

Hand And Foot Disease

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles are lit on the side. A film is playing on the TV. Peace and serenity engulfs the room.

On the sofa is HELEN, 34. She has a blanket over her middle section and in one hand she has a glass of wine.

Next to her is DENNIS, 38. They're a happily married couple.

He is in the process of giving her a foot massage.

They look at each other and smile heartily.

Dennis wipes one of his hands down his jeans.

HELEN

Sweaty?

DENNIS

No, just an itch.

He carries on wiping. A bit harder.

HELEN

You keep wiping like that, you're gonna start a fire.

DENNIS

Ha. Fire in my loins.

Helen rolls her eyes and smiles.

DENNIS

Okay, lets try that again.

He carries on back to rubbing her feet.

He then quickly has to wipe the other hand.

Helen sits closer to him.

HELEN

Just go and wash them or something. I don't know what the matter is.

DENNIS

No, me neither.

He looks confused at his hands.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS
I'll be back in a tick.

He gets up and goes to:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dennis clicks the bathroom light on and runs the tap.
He quickly picks the scrubber up and rubs it vigorously between his fingers and over his palms.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen has now placed her feet back in Dennis' seat. Her foot begins to twitch. She looks at it then back at the TV. She scratches her foot and then is distracted from the TV to then scratch more on her foot.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dennis finishes and dries his hands on the towel before shutting the light off and walking out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis stands by the couch and Helen looks up at him. She goes to put her socks back on.

DENNIS
Everything alright?

She mumbles something inaudibly.

HELEN
My feet feel itchy now.

DENNIS
Oh sorry, honey.

HELEN
It's fine. Just don't worry about it and sit.

Dennis does as instructed and the two cuddle up.

CROSS FADE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The TV has changed to a blank screen and Helen and Dennis are fast asleep.

Dennis twitches awake and then looks at his phone.

DENNIS
Oh shit, it's 3am.

Helen dozily opens her eyes.

HELEN
Shit. Come on, bear. Let's get to bed.

Dennis stands up and goes to turn the TV off from the wall but then looks at his hand.

DENNIS
Hellie, have you bought a different hand soap or something?

HELEN
No, why?

Dennis goes to her and shows her.

Blistered. Big boils. Dry, flaky skin.

HELEN
Oh my God. That's not right. Best call the doctors in the morning. You can't go to work like that.

DENNIS
Yeah I'll do that. It's weird.

HELEN
Are you in pain? Feel faint?

DENNIS
No I'm fine. Hands are itchy is all. That's all it is.

Helen looks at his hands more then stands up.

HELEN
Lets get to bed. You poor thing do you want some ibuprofen or something?

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS

No, maybe just sleep it off.

She puts her arm behind him to support him in a hug way then they both take off down the hallway.

CROSS FADE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Helen and Dennis are both asleep again.

Dennis has his hands in a praying formation tucked under his pillow whilst Helen has taken up most of the bed.

She begins to scratch one foot with the other and eventually kicks her part of the duvet off her side.

She still carries on scratching, intensely.

She turns over and lets out slight noises of frustration. Still sleeping.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dennis opens his eyes and goes to pull his hands out from the pillow.

His face is disgusted as he feels a slight rip. He winces at the rip again.

He sits up and bites one of his pillows to lift up.

Some blisters have burst under his pillow leaving yellow and red stained patches along with a stringy bit of white from his hand to the pillow.

HELEN

Everything okay?

Dennis turns around and sees Helen sat on the end of the bed. She dressed in jeans and a hoodie.

He looks at the pillow then back at her.

DENNIS

Fine.

HELEN

Good.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS
You?

HELEN
No.

DENNIS
What is it?

She looks around and is saddened by something.

HELEN
Whatever you had you passed it onto me.

DENNIS
What do you mean?

HELEN
Come and see for yourself.

Dennis gets up and walks around the bed to see the state of Helen's feet match the same state as his hands. Blistered, boiled, dry flaky skin.

HELEN
I don't know what it is. Something you touched? An STD?

Dennis goes to talk then stops.

DENNIS
Is it just on your feet or...anywhere else?

HELEN
I'm too scared to look. You?

DENNIS
I haven't looked.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They're both in the bathroom for a short period of time.

DENNIS
(OS)
You're all clear. Just your feet.

HELEN
(OS)
Same. Just your hands.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

They're both sat down looking distraught.

HELEN
It's making me feel really woozy.

DENNIS
The feeling?

HELEN
No, looking at your hands.

Dennis tucks them off the table and onto his knees.

DENNIS
Well think how I feel, I won't be able to touch your feet the same way again.

HELEN
You're not touching them ever again. This is all your fault anyway.

DENNIS
Mine?

HELEN
Yes. Yours.

DENNIS
Stick to buying the same hand soap then maybe we -

HELEN
Shut up about the fucking hand soap will you?!

There's a break and they're sat in silence. They calm down.

HELEN
I'm sorry.

DENNIS
No I'm sorry.

HELEN
I just don't know what to do.

She notices him scratching his hands under the table.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Stop that! You'll make it worse.

DENNIS

Well what am I suppose to do?!

Helen looks at the floor then up at Dennis.

HELEN

I have an idea but you have to help me out first.

DENNIS

Let's hear it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Helen has a load of socks taped on her feet. Dennis is wrapping her leg with sellotape to keep them on for a while.

HELEN

Maybe sweat the bastard disease off.

DENNIS

Yeah. That'll do it alright. Ok my turn.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Helen is wrapping oven mitts onto Dennis' hands.

She wraps a few times.

HELEN

Okay that'll be enough. How'd you feel?

DENNIS

Well.. I won't have trouble getting anything hot out of the oven.

Helen laughs and goes to hug Dennis but then stops.

Dennis looks at her hurt.

HELEN

Just in case...you know.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS
Yeah...I know.

HELEN
Just to keep it from spreading is
all.

Dennis nods.

She blows him a kiss and then he catches it in his mitt.

They sit there for a beat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Helen is sat down on the phone and Dennis is eagerly
awaiting her words.

She angrily shouts and throws the phone to the couch.

DENNIS
What is it?

HELEN
That...piece of sh-

DENNIS
Calm down.

Helen takes a deep breath.

HELEN
That...doctor is on holiday. When
put through to his replacement I
kept getting cut off.

DENNIS
So then we drive there.

HELEN
HA! How? You can't work the
steering wheel and I can't work
pedals. We can't get a taxi due to
the strike.

She puts her hands in her face and lets out an angry muffled
shout.

DENNIS
Oh look we'll just sweat it out
ourselves. It's obviously just a
little infection. We have enough
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS (cont'd)
food and medicine in the house,
we'll get by and this'll be a
moment we can look back on and
laugh about.

HELEN
I hope you're right.

DENNIS
Five years ago we made a vow that
we're in this together, right?

Helen, touched by his words, smiles.

HELEN
Right.

DENNIS
We can do this.

She smiles.

CUT TO BLACK

ONE DAY LATER

INT. KITCHEN SINK - DAY

Dennis is at the sink filling it up with hot water. He looks
defeated. He wipes his lip with his oven glove.

HELEN
(OS)
Where's the hot water gone?!

DENNIS
I told you I'm putting the stuff in
soak.

HELEN
(OS)
So you take all the hot water? Nice
one.

DENNIS
(under breath)
Oh shut up you fu...

He bites hard on the mitt.

(CONTINUED)

He stares at the sink. The hot water glistening. The urge to stop him from itching. The hot water calling to him. He begins to sweat at the brow.

DENNIS

I need you...ah screw it!

He bites the tape covering his hands off and rips the mitts off. He shoves them in the sink but then grimaces. He tries to figure out what's in the sink. Then he feels it again and seems to get pleasure out of it.

He lifts it out.

CHEESE GRATER.

He looks it over and then suddenly starts to grate his palms.

DENNIS

Ah that's good. That's the stuff,
baby come on.

The blisters burst and stick and leak in and around the grater.

Helen walks in and he puts his hands back in the sink as if nothing's happened.

HELEN

What's going on?

DENNIS

Nothing.

HELEN

You've taken your mitts off.

DENNIS

Oh...yeah.

He can't help but scratch whilst in the sink.

HELEN

Have you not thought about the
contamination?

DENNIS

(euphoric)

No....

Helen goes to the sink and looks in.

The water is a bloody and yellow colour as he rakes his hands with it.

She reaches in and takes the cheese grater off him.

They look at each other. Then;

Helen sits down on the sofa calmly and places the grater next to her. Then she slowly takes the sellotape off her feet and then the socks.

Thread from the socks stick to her blisters.

She smiles soothingly at Dennis then she takes the grater and mashes it on her sole. She grinds away and the blisters pop and fizz out. Brown, yellow and red pour through the grater.

She screams out in pleasure mixed with pain at this.

DENNIS

That was mine.

He goes to her to stop her but she sticks her foot out at him. As soon as her foot touches him it burns him.

He recoils and looks at the acid like blotch on his stomach.

He goes to attack her but she mashes the grater against his face. She gets him into a headlock and grinds away at his face.

Blood runs down her hand and out the bottom of the grater.

HELEN

Is this what you want? Huh?!

He shoves her off and stands holding his head.

DENNIS

I don't know what's happening but I just feel an urge to kill you.

HELEN

That makes both of us.

He reaches his hands out to strangle her but as soon as his fingers touch her neck, they fall off.

He cries out in shock.

His fingers hit the floor.

He looks at his fingerless hand (stump) and cries in terror.

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS
MY HAND! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

Helen recoils in a pained expression.

Dennis bends down to try to pick his fingers up but fumbles about.

Helen looks down and her expression turns to serious.

He's under her now. It's her chance.

She lifts her foot up and sends it crashing down onto his head. Again and again. Cracking, squelching.

Every time she strikes him, she lets out a pained cry. Her foot is covered in blood after each strike.

He's dead.

She's out of breath now and slides down the couch to the floor.

One leg stretched out over his body, the other tucked under her.

She looks out of the window, dazed.

HELEN
I'm sorry but I wanted you out of
your misery.

She hears a cracking noise and looks at her foot.

It slowly seeps forward.

HELEN
Go on...do it.

There's a thud.

Her foot has fallen off.

Helen's eyes roll into the back of her head as she seeps into unconsciousness.

HELEN
Till death... do us ...part.

She closes her eyes and dies.

TWO MONTHS LATER

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A YOUNG LADY, 27 is pacing around the living room. She examines clothes on the floor by the couch. She holds a phone to her ear.

YOUNG LADY

(On phone)

No sign of them whatsoever. It looks like they've done a runner.

(Pause)

There clothes and belongings are still here.

She stops and sees the cheese grater on the floor.

She picks it up and studies it.

Dried blood and matter are stuck to it. Crispy and sticky.

She dabs at the mess on the grater with her finger then smells it.

YOUNG LADY

(to herself)

What the hell is that?

(On phone)

Oh no, not you Dad, just it looks like they lived like slobs. It'd be best if you got guys here to repossess their stuff. Been two months, they're not coming back.

She places the cheese grater on the side and then walks to the door.

YOUNG LADY

(On phone)

But you know something else? I'd get an exterminator in here or something cause right now I'm feeling really itchy.

She scratches her leg.

YOUNG LADY

(On phone)

Okay I'm on my way home.

She closes the door.

THE END