

Mr. Nasty And The Dancing Angels

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT - THIRTEENTH FLOOR - BALCONY - SUNSET

A high-rise block overlooking the city. GRACE, 30s, blonde spiky hair, stares vacantly at the skyline, watching as the sun dips below the horizon.

A black crow lands on the railing, its beady eyes staring - head cocked towards her. Grace stares back, mesmerized.

A gust of wind and the bird takes flight swooping towards the street below, and a large city dumpster.

The sun gone, Grace shivers against the chill, hugging her arms close to her body.

She walks inside to the

LOUNGEROOM

Everything is brand new. Fresh white paint, polished floorboards, plush rugs, the only blight a tatty old-lady armchair in one corner.

A suitcase lies open in the middle of the floor. Clothes spill out of it - sweaters, jeans, thong-underwear, all of it haphazardly thrown about.

LATER

Grace, on the phone, paces up and down as she speaks.

GRACE

Mom...

Her voice breaks a little as she listens to the voice on the other end.

GRACE

I can't thank you enough... You and Daddy have put up with so much...

She holds the receiver away from her ear for a moment, then brings it back.

GRACE

Oh God, Mom, please don't cry... This time will be different.

Something darts across the floor. It skitters around a corner and out of sight.

Grace whips her head around, a sharp intake of breath -

GRACE

... What...? No, it's nothing...
Mind playing tricks is all... For a
moment I thought... YES, I have
taken my pills...

Drawn to a spot on the floor, Grace puts a finger to it -
slimy to touch, follows it to another spot, and another. She
frowns - the conversation bringing her back.

GRACE

NO, of course I'm not. I thought I
saw something is all... Listen I'm
fine... really... Okay. Talk to you
tomorrow.

She hangs up the phone.

Turns the TV on, flips through channels. Ads for Halloween -
pumpkins, witches, ghouls, and a marathon horror feature -
trailers of 'Frankenstein And The Wolfman', 'Texas Chainsaw
Massacre', 'The Exorcist'.

Grace switches the TV off.

Drums her fingers on the table. Scratches at a sore on her
ankle. It's red, looks infected - pus oozes from it. She
lifts the hem of her jeans revealing other similar sores.

Glances up at a clock on the wall - the second hand slowly
ticks over. She sighs. Picks up a glossy magazine - a
perfectly airbrushed woman smiles back.

She throws the magazine down on the table. Picks up the phone
- dials a number.

An answer machine voice clicks in: sing-song-y, really
annoying:

*Hi, SARAH and AIDEN can't come to the phone right now, please
leave a message at the beep ... BEEP...*

GRACE

Aiden. Grace here. I just wanted to
phone to tell you that you can...
(she pauses)
GO FUCK YOURSELF!

She puts the phone down, a satisfied look on her face, gets
up and walks into the

KITCHEN

Sparkling new appliances, granite bench-tops, state of the art oven, cook-top, microwave, chef knife set.

Grace upturns a shopping bag and bottles of pills tumble out onto the bench - a veritable cocktail for the ailing and miserable - Zoloft, Abilify, Xyprexa, Valium and Zanax.

She stacks them neatly alongside bottles of liquor and a carton of cigarettes.

Puts a frozen meal in the microwave.

LOUNGE-ROOM

Clothes put away, now wearing only a t-shirt, she smokes a cigarette, inhaling as if her life depends on it.

Her eyes alight on a framed photograph on the mantelpiece. Grace - from another time - fuller faced, radiant. Grace, on her wedding day - Aiden by her side.

Grace raises her glass:

GRACE

Till death us do part, huh?

She turns - smack bang in the middle of the floor is a black velvet drawstring pouch. A look of confusion and pain crosses her face - and fear.

GRACE

How the hell...?

She picks the pouch up, walks to the front door.

INT. THIRTEENTH FLOOR - FOYER

Grace opens a garbage chute, about to drop the pouch in - a noise emits from within, sudden movement, she frowns - tosses it in, watches as it slides down into the darkness.

GRACE

So long, old friend.

Chute still open she glances over to see a couple of kids one dressed as a ghoul, the other, a vampire. Giggling and sucking on candy they knock at a neighboring apartment door.

She catches their eye, gestures to her own apartment.

GRACE

Sorry, no candy from me, guys.

Apologetic smile, she waves, slips back inside.

EXT. BALCONY

Night's fallen, a smog infused blood-red moon rising in the sky. Grace smokes another cigarette.

The microwave oven pings.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grace plays with a glutinous mound of lasagne pushing it around the plate.

Scrapes the remains of her meal into the sink, spots a switch on the wall, flips it to 'on'.

The disposal unit whirs into action, grinding away.

Shaking a few pills into her hand she chases them with a generous slug of whiskey. About to pour another when - a strangulated whine emits from the disposal unit, then dies.

Complete Silence - then -

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

Pop! One by one the lids on the pill-bottles jettison into the air - the pills bouncing out after them.

Grace does a double-take, baffled.

The pills appear to have doubled in size and they've acquired angel wings, smiley faces, and halos.

They dance along the counter-top:

When you go out to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise, If you go out in the woods today, you'd better go in disguise...

A melody of falsetto singing voices accompanies their dance:

Jiggling and bouncing in time to the music.

Some of the pills float, suspended in the air.

Grace is entranced. She puts her hand out to grab one but it eludes her grasp.

It circles her finger, on a plane of its own, spins, rolls, - the angel's face smiles at her. She giggles.

Suddenly all of the pills, as if pulled by a magnetic force, are sucked into the sink. They rattle and ricochet around the steel bowl then disappear into the chute.

GRACE

Nooooo!

The disposal unit revs into life once more crunching and grinding. Grace races around looking for a mains switch.

GRACE

No. No. NO!

The disposal unit's motor suddenly dies. All quiet. The pills are all gone. Panic on Grace's face as she -

Peers into the sink hole - puts her face right down into it.

Something moves fast within the void.

Grace gasps, retracts her head.

GRACE

What the...?

She leans in again, peering into the black hole. Gingerly she pokes one finger in - then two, then her whole hand and arm goes in.

A suction sound as she pulls her arm back out.

Pill-sludge covers the skin up to her elbow.

She scrapes the dregs back into one of the bottles.

Puts her hand back in, desperate to salvage more...

GRACE

That can't be all of it.

A big clump suddenly regurgitates into the sink and the motor kicks back into life.

Mushed up pill flecks fly into Grace's face and hair.

Her hand still wedged in there.

Trying to pull it out, when -
Something sharp clamps down onto her flesh.
Grace screams.

GRACE
Get the fuck, off!

She wrenches her arm, but it won't budge. Using her left hand as leverage she throws her weight against the sink and pulls -
The disposal machine revs and whines louder.

Her face contorts in pain, she screams again - one almighty yank - and her arm suddenly releases - propelling her backwards and slamming her into the refrigerator door.

She slumps to the floor.

GRACE
Ugh!

Holds her arm up. A pulpy mess. Two vertical slices along her wrist - and a lot of blood, dripping down her elbow and pooling onto the white linoleum.

She reaches for a dish-towel, wraps it around her wrist, ties one side off with her good hand while holding the other end with her teeth.

Grace stares at the sink, gobsmacked. The motor still whirs -
- but the switch is set to OFF.

Sweating profusely, she sobs.

The disposal unit's motor finally dies.

All quiet.

Grace whimpers, eyes still on the sink.

Something shoots up through the sink hole, bounces onto the kitchen floor, and darts into the next room.

Grace holds her breath, waits a few seconds then crawls to the doorway. Peeks her head around into the

LOUNGEROOM

Deathly quiet. Her eyes, searching...

A tittering noise, then something scoots out from under the couch, and scampers around the corner - cackling with glee.

From the HALLWAY -

The sound of a door as it slams shut!

EXT BATHROOM

Grace has her ear to the door - the sound of running water in the bath and shower.

She opens the door a crack, blinded by steam and fog - navigating the wet floor on tip-toes - to the bathroom window - ajar - craning her neck to look out...

Behind her the toilet seat lifts - two bulbous eyes and razor sharp teeth appear. Between its teeth it holds the velvet pouch - the one Grace threw away.

It flies out of the bowl - Grace flies after it -

Feet sliding along wet tiles, skidding in her own blood. She loses her footing - smacks into the basin, hits the floor.

A nasty gash to her chin, Grace, dazed, gets to her feet, staggers up the hallway to enter the

LOUNGEROOM

'IT' sits, cool as a cucumber, in the old armchair, Grace's lace thong wrapped around its head like a tiara. It laughs maniacally.

Bigger than when it first appeared -

Its body is a deformed gelatinous mass - transparent loose skin encasing a road-map of veins and alien-like innards. It has no nose but its eyes hang by a dangling thread of sinew - bobbing up and down as if springloaded.

This is Mr. Nasty.

In its lap, the black velvet pouch

In its hand, a hypodermic needle.

On the table a zip-loc bag filled with white powder, a water pipe, and a spoon.

Mr. Nasty holds the needle up then plunges it into his own arm - its eyes roll back - a blissful look on its face. It sighs with ecstasy.

Then, holds the needle out to her, tempting her with it.

Hunger, clearly etched on her face.

Grace shuts her eyes, tries to blink this abomination away.

LOUNGROOM - MINUTES LATER

Grace lies on the floor in the fetal position. From somewhere a noise - her eyes pop open. Drenched in sweat, she shakes violently.

The dish-towel around her arm is now soaked with blood - a trail of it on the floor. Her face is deathly pale and sweat beads on her brow.

She takes a deep breath, struggles to her feet.

A noise from the

KITCHEN

Grace creeps inside the doorway, scans the area fast -

Relief washes over her face - nothing.

GRACE

(mutters)

Is this all in my head?

She closes her eyes again, takes another deep breath.

Something moves in the corner - the chink of glass. Her eyes snap open. She gasps -

Mr. Nasty pokes his head up behind the liquor bottles - laughing maniacally.

Grace launches herself toward him -

GRACE

Don't you dare touch that!

Too late. A missile heads straight for her. She ducks as a bottle smashes into the wall behind her - shards of broken glass and liquor go everywhere.

She dives to the floor, retrieves a piece of the glass, brandishes it at Mr. Nasty.

- Ducks again, as another bottle is hurled at the wall -

Mr. Nasty leaps along the counter top - Grace throws a dummy-move - swings around, grabs a knife, stabs Mr. Nasty in the foot, hurls him into the microwave, slams it shut.

GRACE

Gotcha!

She pushes the START button.

Mr. Nasty's on the turntable - spinning - revelling with delight. 'Weee!' 'Weee!' - like a kid on a carnival ride.

Grace closes her eyes tightly once more.

The microwave oven stops. Mouthing a silent prayer, she turns around...

Looks inside. It's empty. Back cover removed, nuts and washers on the counter-top.

A tap on her shoulder - Mr. Nasty's on her back, squealing with delight. Grace screams, pivots, tries to shake it off, hand behind her back, clawing at it - she grabs it, hurls it against a cupboard.

Yanks a kitchen drawer open, grabs a metal skewer stabs at it, misses. Mr. Nasty squeals again, scuttles onto the floor clamps its teeth around her ankle runs up the inside of her leg.

Grace screams, goes down, shaking it off. Filled with rage, she latches onto another skewer, as it dances around her. Spearing its ankle, it falters - she picks it up slams it against a kitchen cabinet, another skewer to its eyeball.

Mr. Nasty is now anchored to the kitchen cabinet. He gives one last squeal. A puff of smoke from its body, and it deflates.

Grace looks around the kitchen at the gleaming new appliances - her eyes alighting on a pasta machine, then a commercial sized electric meat grinder. Fury in her eyes.

Prising Mr. Nasty's body from the cabinet, she plugs the meat grinder in, picks up the plunger attachment.

Feeds Mr. Nasty's feet into it, then its legs, then its torso. Instant hamburger. A look of delight on Grace's face.

Special treatment for Mr. Nasty's head as she takes it to the GARBAGE DISPOSAL UNIT - drops it into the sink. A squelch as Mr. Nasty's head goes into the chute - her fingers pushing, and poking him into the opening.

She hits the ON switch and the whirring and grinding begin. Laughs hysterically as bits fly up into her face and hair.

BALCONY - LATER

A faint light to the east heralds the break of dawn.

Grace smokes a cigarette, her arms resting on the railing. Her face is calmer, but sweat still dots her brow.

EXT/INT. FLAT - DAY

Two POLICEMAN kick down the door. A MAN and a WOMAN in their 60s follow close behind.

The living space is a hovel, filthy walls, grimy floor, a stained mattress in one corner. A trail of blood leads to a darkened hallway. They stop at a door, kick it open.

BATHROOM

Grace lies naked in a rusted old claw bath, the water is bright red and a needle juts out of her hand.

The woman breaks down in tears, the man averts his eyes.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - SUNSET

SUPER - ONE YEAR LATER

A dumpster lid flies open. Mr. Nasty leaps out of it onto the apartment wall, vaulting from one floor to another, like a gymnast on a balance beam.

On the fourteenth floor it jumps onto a balcony railing, peers through the window.

The Angel-Pills reappear - tap-dancing behind him on the railing to the tune of: *'The Good Ship Lollipop'*.

FADE OUT.