

# Anesthesia

Shooting Draft

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**BLACKNESS.**

WARBLY MUZAK overtakes us as a small circle of light appears in the center of the frame.

Drifting forward, we now realize that we are inside a grimy pipe and heading for the light at the end of the tunnel.

The sound of the MUZAK grows faint as a new sound rises up. The sound of a ZIPPER.

ZIP ZAP... ZIP ZAP...

We push through a metal grate at the end of the tunnel and into --

**INT. DENTISTS' OFFICE - DAY**

A cramped dentist's office from another era.

We continue to drift down on a WOMAN sitting in a green vinyl dental chair, her face obscured by an overhead dental lamp.

She fidgets with the ZIPPER on her designer purse.

ZIP ZAP... ZIP ZAP...

The camera finally settles revealing --

MARY (28) -- Dark hair and sharp eyes. She glances around the room, wishing she was anywhere but here.

The clock on the wall reads: 2:30 Seconds tick by -- CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...

X-RAYS hang on the wall. Jaw bones. Crooked, misshapen teeth.

Shiny dental tools wait on a chrome tray.

A bit of blood dried to the edge of a small spit sink.

The sound of a DRILL draws her attention to --

**THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL --**

A NERDY KID (19) sits in the room across the hall. He stares back at Mary. Scared shitless.

They share a moment.

His eyes widen as the door to his room closes. A HIGH-PITCHED DRILL comes to life. It GRINDS as it makes contact.

**BACK IN THE ROOM --**

That's all Mary needs. She gathers her things and heads for the door.

Just as she's about to exit -- DR. CLAYTON APPEARS!

Mary startles. Drops her purse. Contents scatter.

Dr. Clayton (33) is mild. Unassuming. He has a slightly receding hairline and an easy smile. Stitched on his tunic: "Dr. Clayton, DDS."

Mary squats. Gathers her things. Clayton helps.

DR. CLAYTON

You're not running out on me are you?

MARY

Sorry. I was just...

Clayton grins. Crouches down to help.

DR. CLAYTON

No problemo. Happens all the time.

He picks up Mary's wallet. There's a photo inside --

BOBBY (6). Hugh smile. Missing a few teeth.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Looks like someone's keeping the tooth fairy busy?

MARY

Yeah, you could say that.

Clayton nods. He helps Mary back to the chair. She reluctantly takes a seat. Holds her purse close.

Clayton notes her anxiety. Takes a seat.

DR. CLAYTON

Listen Mary, I know coming to the dentist can be scary, but I want to assure you, we're not monsters.

SUE (O.S.)

Speak for yourself.

SUE (20's), Clayton's perky assistant, enters with a mischievous grin. She pushes a covered cart.

Clayton shakes his head.

DR. CLAYTON  
Sue, this is Mary. Mary, Sue.

SUE  
Howdy.

Sue fastens a bib around Mary's neck. No time for niceties. She goes to the counter and preps.

MARY  
(to Clayton)  
I just don't see why I have to get my teeth pulled. They feel perfectly fine.

DR. CLAYTON  
Sure they feel fine now, but over time, wisdom teeth tend to shift and next thing you know, you have a whole mouth full of trouble.

Sue turns toward Mary. She smiles revealing several SMALL PLASTIC STRIPS wedged into her mouth like misshapen teeth.

Mary forces a smile. Sue shrugs and goes back to work.

DR. CLAYTON  
You know, we've come a long way since your parents got their teeth yanked out in the back of the barn.

MARY  
My parents didn't grow up on--

Clayton stands and approaches the COVERED CART, already into the pitch.

DR. CLAYTON  
With recent advancements in modern dentistry, the procedure is practically painless.

Clayton tries to pull the cover off the cart, but it's stuck on a clasp. He tugs at it. Frustrated.

Sue comes to the rescue. Unhooks the cover. It slides off revealing --

A complicated setup. Glass jars and tubes. One jar labeled '**SUCTION,**' the other '**NITROUS.**'

Clayton beams like a proud parent.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
A little of this and you won't even  
remember we had this conversation.

SUE  
It's like treating yourself to a  
nice bottle of wine.

DR. CLAYTON  
Or ten.

Clayton and Sue LAUGH. Mary forces a tight smile.

Clayton takes a seat.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
So, what do you say?

Reluctantly, Mary nods agreement.

Sue places the breather over her nose. Adjusts valves on the  
tanks. Gas HISSES.

SUE  
Deep breaths through the nose.

**MARY'S POV:** of Clayton and Sue. Distorting as the gas takes  
effect.

DR. CLAYTON  
Feeling the gas, Mary. A little...  
dizzy?

Mary sucks in a deep breath through her nose.

MARY  
Yeah. I guess. A little.

Across the hall, a SCREAM OF PAIN from behind the closed  
door. HUSHED VOICES calm the patient.

**BACK IN THE OFFICE**

Clayton doesn't care. He has Mary's X-RAY held up in front of  
him.

DR. CLAYTON  
(re: the scream)  
Sorry 'bout that.  
(re: the X-RAY)  
Third molars, Sue.

Sue pulls a towel off the tray. Two hypodermic syringes with  
wicked looking needles are underneath.

Clayton picks a syringes. Spurts a little of the drug into the air.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
OK. Numb-numb time.

Mary reluctantly opens her mouth as he leans in.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Wide now. Wide.

Hands grip armrests. Claw-like. She opens her mouth wider.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Prick and a burn.

Mary squeezes her eyes shut as the needle punctures her gum. Clayton leans into her, one foot off the ground as he *slowly* pushes the drug.

His face. Next to hers. Almost eye-to-eye. He stares into her mouth.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
You've got beautiful teeth.  
They're... sumptuous. Sue, you  
gotta see this.

Sue rolls her eyes. She leans in and nods approvingly. *He's right.*

Clayton nudges the needle this way and that. Just a millimeter or two. An artist at work.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
So... How much do you give per  
tooth?

Mary can't answer. Trapped.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Most give nickel. Some give a dime.  
One lady went a quarter. *Per tooth.*  
Crazy.

Mary tries to talk, can only manage mumbles.

Clayton pulls out the needle.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Sorry?

MARY  
Ten cents. I give ten cents.

Clayton smiles. Picks up the second needle.

DR. CLAYTON  
That-a girl. Hold still now.

Clayton leans in. Pushes the second dose. Mary blinks back pain.

His face right next to hers. They're eye-to-eye.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
You know the original story behind  
the tooth fairy right?

Mary shakes her head "no". Cringes in pain --

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
No? Creepy stuff... All done.

Clayton pulls out the needle. Hands it to Sue.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
We'll just give that a second to  
take.  
(sitting)  
So, the original tooth fairies were  
a sight different then the winged  
woman we know today.  
(to Sue)  
Winged? Is that a word?

Sue nods. Continues to clean the needles. Wiping BLOOD from  
the tip.

DR. CLAYTON  
Originally they were called the  
Bone Grue. A mighty race of  
creatures that lived beneath the  
earth and fed on the bones and  
teeth of the dead.

MARY  
(skeptical)  
They ate bones?

DR. CLAYTON  
And teeth. When a child lost a  
tooth, his parents would bury it in  
the ground, to keep the Grue  
appeased.

Clayton looks around the office.

DR. CLAYTON  
Sue, can you grab some more gauze?

Sue goes to the counter, looks through the shelves.

DR. CLAYTON  
Eventually people evolved and moved  
into cities.

MARY  
And since they no longer had land  
to bury the teeth in, they used  
their pillows instead.

Clayton smiles. *He likes this one.*

DR. CLAYTON  
Correct! Children sleep tight and  
the bone Grue are fed.

Mary's eyes flutter. The gas really taking effect. Her speech  
slightly SLURRED.

MARY  
Seems like a lot of trouble to go  
through for a few measly teeth?

Clayton's smile disappears.

DR. CLAYTON  
It adds up.

Clayton turns toward the sink. Washes his hands. Mary looks  
around the room as it starts to spin.

The spit sink suddenly seems bloodier.

The tools dirtier.

The light box flickers on the wall, and suddenly all the X-  
rays have taken on a more sinister look. Almost monstrous.

Mary tries to shake it off.

**ACROSS THE HALL --**

The door opens the other dentist exits, his smock spattered  
with blood.

HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE DR. CLAYTON!

Mary's mouth drops. She looks back to Clayton who continues  
to casually wash his hands. *Did she just see that?*



Clayton dries his hands and turns toward Mary.

DR. CLAYTON

Relaxed?

Mary trembles. Shakes her head "NO."

Clayton picks up a scary looking set of CHROME PLIERS. They glint and blur in Mary's distorted vision.

Sue tries to stuff cotton in Mary's mouth. Mary reacts kicking the tray of tools.

They SCATTER on the floor.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Whoops!

Sue glares at Mary a moment, then crouches down to pick up the fallen tools. Clayton helps.

Mary notices something Glint on the back of Sue's neck.

She leans over to get a closer look and she sees it --

**A ZIPPER!**

Creeping up from her collar and disappearing into her hair. Sue reaches back and casually scratches it.

Mary's mouth drops.

Sue's eyes snap back to Mary. Makes eye contact.

Mary springs forward but Clayton is there. He easily pins her back into the chair.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Now Mary.

Mary lashes out, digs her nails into Clayton's face! Pulls --

TEARS THE BOTTOM OF CLAYTON'S HUMAN MASK AWAY, EXPOSING BLACK ROTTING FLESH AND THE JAGGED TEETH! THE BONE GRUE!

Clayton looks to Sue and she quickly MAXES the nitrous. GAS HISSES.

**MARY'S BLURRY POV:** as the edges of her vision cloud. Clayton leans in, PLIERS clenched in his fist. A devilish grin. His voice DEEP. GUTTURAL.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Let's make this quick Sue.

Sue focuses the overhead light blinding us.

**FADE TO WHITE**

DR. CLAYTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's nearly lunch time.

**LATER**

**MARY'S BLURRY POV:** Blinks awake. Sue cleans instruments, back to Mary.

On the counter. A silver bowl covered with a white towel. A dot of blood blooms. Grows.

**IN THE OFFICE**

Mary, face swollen, breather gone, dazed. Lips flecked with blood. Clayton washes up, his back to Mary. Sensing her stare, he turns toward her. His face perfectly normal.

CLAYTON  
SHE'S UP!

Sue smiles. Removes Mary's bib.

SUE  
All set! Ready to go?

Sue helps Mary from the chair. Leads her toward the door as Clayton watches them go.

DR. CLAYTON  
The nurse at the desk has instructions. Call if the pain is too much.

Sue ushers Mary into the hall.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
And let's try and get your son in here. Sooner rather than later.

Mary glances back at Clayton just as Sue is closing the door and for a split second it looks like he crams something in his mouth. The door shuts.

CRUNCH... CRUNCH... CRUNCH!

Mary rubs her swollen jaw. Shrugs and walks off.

**SNAP TO BLACK**