

BROKEN TEETH

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUNBURST DENTISTRY BUILDING - NIGHT

A pleasant, one-story building located somewhere in upscale suburbia. A large wooden sign staked into the lush, green grass out front reads: "Sunburst Dentistry Group, Dr. Arnold Feingold D.D.S., Dr. Grant Flemister D.D.S."

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SUNBURST DENTISTRY - NIGHT

DR. ARNOLD FEINGOLD, tan and fit at 50, lays an open patient file on the counter, peruses it. He pulls a pen from the pocket of his white lab coat and makes some notations.

He glances at a framed photo of himself and his wife LOUISE, late forties.

The sound of male and female laughter from down the hall.

Arnold turns to see DR. GRANT FLEMISTER, early thirties and handsome. He walks with SABRINA, 25, a strikingly beautiful nurse. Their flirtation is obvious.

GRANT

So yeah, Cancun is awesome this time of year. Think about it.

SABRINA

I will.

Sabrina passes Arnold on her way to the waiting room.

SABRINA

Goodnight, Dr. Feingold.

ARNOLD

Goodnight, Sabrina. Have a nice weekend.

Arnold watches as Grant follows Sabrina into the waiting room.

WAITING ROOM

Grant gives her a playful pat on the butt.

GRANT

I'll give you a call.

He smiles and heads back toward the offices.

RECEPTION AREA

Grant slaps a hand on Arnold's shoulder.

GRANT

So, what are you up to this weekend, Arnold? Little golf? Yardwork with the missus?

Arnold exhales, slowly closes the patient file.

ARNOLD

Grant, I think we need to have a talk.

GRANT

Sure.

ARNOLD

I've told you before, I don't want you fraternizing with the nurses.

GRANT

Oh, come on, man. You saw her, we were just having fun.

ARNOLD

And you were just having fun with Lydia last year, and she threatened to slap us with a lawsuit. I was hoping you learned your lesson.

GRANT

What is this? I try to keep it fun and happy around the office and you're all over me.

ARNOLD

It's not just the flirting with the nurses. That temper of yours doesn't seem to be improving. You had that argument with Mrs. Monroe on Tuesday. Everyone heard that, Grant. Including the patients.

GRANT

She said I was incompetent and spit water on my shoes.

ARNOLD

She's seventy years old. Look, I've given this a lot of thought. I'm not going to renew your contract. Okay? There it is.

Grant stares at Arnold in disbelief.

ARNOLD

Fact is, I took a chance when I hired you. Your previous employer warned me about some of these issues you had, but you seemed like a genuinely nice, professional guy. But, it just hasn't worked out.

GRANT

You can't do this.

ARNOLD

I can. I have. Your contract expires next month. If you want to leave now, I'll understand. In fact, I'd prefer it. I'll just take on your patients until I find a replacement.

Grant lowers his head, lets out a chuckle of disbelief.

GRANT

I think we need to discuss this, Arnold.

ARNOLD

There's nothing to discuss. I'm sorry. You can pick up your things on Monday.

Arnold turns and starts walking toward his office.

GRANT

What if I told your wife you were fucking Sabrina?

Arnold freezes, slowly turns to face him.

ARNOLD

What? You know that's not true.

GRANT

Of course it's not true. Sabrina would never fuck an old goat like you. But I promise you...

He takes a few steps closer to Arnold.

GRANT

...by the time I'm done spilling my guts to your wife, she's gonna think you plowed Sabrina, along with every other nurse and receptionist we've ever had.

Arnold stares at him in disbelief.

GRANT

But let's talk about this change in my contract. I'm thinking now I want half the business. Whaddya say, partner?

ARNOLD

And you honestly believe I'd let you get away with this?

GRANT

Kinda. Yeah. Just think of your poor wife.

ARNOLD

Well, this is me calling your bluff. Get out. Now.

Grant frowns, angry his tactic didn't work.

GRANT

This place sucks anyway. Strictly bush league.

Grant sees a small, ceramic sculpture on the reception counter, obviously made by a child. It says, "#1 Dentist."

He picks it up.

ARNOLD

Don't.

Grant smiles as he smashes it on the floor.

GRANT

Whoops.

Arnold seethes.

ARNOLD

My kid made me that.

GRANT

I know. I mean, if this is my last night here, may as well have some fun, right?

Grant walks to the wall, removes Arnold's framed diploma from Princeton College of Medicine.

Arnold rushes forward, tries to grab it from Grant.

ARNOLD

Put that down!

They struggle with it. Grant yanks it away, then flings it down the hallway. It skips along the floor, glass shattering, frame busting.

Arnold slams Grant into the wall, creating a crater. Grant pushes back. He and Arnold grapple, then burst into the...

X-RAY ROOM

Arnold clutches Grant's face, drives his head backward into the x-ray illuminator on the wall. The glass shatters.

Grant, his face a mask of rage, returns the favor by lifting Arnold off his feet and throttling him against the huge x-ray machine.

Stunned, Arnold drops to the floor. Grant grabs a lead apron and covers Arnold's face with it. He places both hands and his entire body weight on top of Arnold's mouth.

GRANT

I'll fucking kill you!

Arnold flails under the apron.

GRANT

That's right! I'll take the whole fucking business for myself!

Arnold manages to get a knee between himself and Grant. He nudges Grant a few inches away, then uses that space to kick Grant clear out of the room.

Grant lands in the hallway. Arnold sits up, rushes forward with the apron.

HALLWAY

Grant manages to stand, but not before Arnold wraps his head with the lead apron. He twists Grant's head and throws him into the...

LASERBRITE ROOM

Grant stumbles in a dental chair. When he yanks the apron off his face, he gets a eyeful of blue laser light.

Grant recoils and clutches his eyes. Arnold rams the rolling laser forward and the steel end smashes into Grant's mouth.

Arnold steps back.

Grant stands up from the chair, his hands now covering his mouth. His eyes blink wildly.

He looks to Arnold, then lowers his hands. Broken teeth fall from his mouth like bloody Chiclets.

He lets out a primal scream and storms at Arnold.

HALLWAY

Overwhelmed by the younger, stronger man, Arnold whacks the back of his head on a wall stud. He groans in pain.

Grant punches Arnold in the face repeatedly as blood streams down his mouth.

He grabs Arnold by the throat and launches him into...

EXAMINATION ROOM #1

Arnold lands on the floor. Grant grabs a metal tray off the counter, smashes it down on Arnold's head.

Arnold collapses, semi-conscious. Grant lifts him up, tosses him into the chair. He punches him twice more across the mouth, knocking out three of Arnold's teeth.

Grant looks to his left, sees the clown nose gas mask. He turns the machine to full strength, the shoves the mask hard onto Arnold's nose.

He kneels on top of Arnold, pinning him to the chair. He covers Arnold's mouth with his hand as the nitrous oxide floods into his nose.

GRANT

That's right. That's right, old man. Time to float away.

Arnold's eyes begin to flutter. His struggling limbs begin to calm.

GRANT

That's it. Almost there. I'm gonna take everything you got. This office. Your wife. Your kid. Everything.

Arnold's fingers slowly feel their way across the tray next to the chair. They wrap around the handle of a surgical steel retractor.

Arnold thrusts the blunt end of the instrument at Grant's head. It connects and Grant falls backward from the blow.

Arnold rolls out of the chair, gasping for breath.

Grant grasps Arnold by the chin, then traps him against the wall. He grabs the swinging arm drill and hits the power switch.

His clutch tightens and he brings the drill toward Arnold's eye.

GRANT

Open wide.

The high-pitched whine of the drill gets louder.

Arnold reaches above him, grasps the ceiling-mounted examination light and brings it crashing down on Grant's head.

Grant drops to the floor unconscious.

Arnold, still dizzy from the gas, tries to run from the room but stumbles into the hallway.

HALLWAY

Arnold breathes deeply, slumped against the wall.

WAITING ROOM

Sabrina enters.

SABRINA

Hello? Forgot my phone.

She walks toward the hallway, sees the crater in the drywall.

SABRINA

What...

She pokes her head into the hallway, sees Arnold sitting there.

SABRINA

Arnold!

She runs over to him.

SABRINA

What happened!?

Arnold continues to breathe deeply, points toward the exam room.

Sabrina looks to the room, sees Grant lying on the floor.

SABRINA

Grant?

ARNOLD

He...he went crazy. Tried to kill me.

Sabrina wipes the blood from Arnold's mouth.

SABRINA

But why?

ARNOLD

I told him I was gonna fire him.
He...threatened to tell my wife you
and I were sleeping together.

Sabrina gasps, widens her eyes.

SABRINA

How did he know?

ARNOLD

He didn't.

Grant pushes himself up off the floor, holds his bleeding head.

GRANT

I...I don't believe it. You two?
You and him?

He leans against a counter for balance, then laughs.

GRANT

All this time. I love it.

He laughs harder.

GRANT

Wait 'til I tell your wife, Arnold.
She'll take half of everything.
And guess who's gonna be there to
comfort her?

Arnold glances at Sabrina, darts his eyes to a small refrigerator in an alcove. Sabrina gets the message and subtly moves out of Grant's line of sight.

GRANT

I told you. I'm gonna take
everything you have.

He staggers closer to Arnold, who stands his ground.

GRANT

But not before I fuck you up so
bad...

He takes a step into the hallway. Sabrina injects him in the side of the neck with a hypodermic needle.

Grant swats at her, but she ducks away.

GRANT

What did you...

He feels his neck.

GRANT

Novocaine?

She holds up the empty syringe.

SABRINA

Demerol.

Grant's face goes pale. He runs at her, but Arnold jumps him from behind and rides him to the floor.

Grant grunts and struggles, but Arnold keeps him down.

ARNOLD

Don't worry, partner. This won't
hurt a bit.

Grant's movements begin to slow. He stops breathing.

Arnold steps away from Grant.

ARNOLD

We killed him. Oh my God, we
killed him.

SABRINA

We had to, Arnold. Listen to me,
it's going to be fine. You just
tell the police you had no choice.
He tried to kill you.

Arnold nods.

ARNOLD

Yes.

Sabrina holds his face gently in her hands and kisses him.

SABRINA

I love you.

ARNOLD

I love you, too.

The sound of a gun hammer being clicked back.

Arnold and Sabrina whip their heads toward the sound.

Louise Feingold stands there, pistol in hand, horrible look
on her face.

ARNOLD

Louise! How long have you...

LOUISE

Too long.

EXT. SUNBURST DENTISTRY BUILDING - NIGHT

Two shots echo into the night. Then a third.

FADE OUT.