

Clogged

by

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FADE IN:

ON A SILHOUETTE SKYLINE OF A CRUMBLING CITY

A shaft of light from a setting sun reveals -

EXT. CITY DUMP - DUSK

That the "skyline" is nothing more than heaped piles of discarded waste and junk.

An archaic television set that juts out of the garbage plays static...even though there's no logical reason for it to still be playing.

A wind-up alarm clock begins to ring. Its rusty bells shaking off a layer of recently dumped newspapers and food scraps.

A pile of garbage jolts and from under a layer of trash MILO, an aged derelict toothless mass of wild hair and all other lovable qualities of a city vagabond, emerges from his slumber.

He checks the three broken watches on his wrist and yawns.

EXT. CITY DUMP - NIGHT

Milo strikes a match against a strip of sandpaper and lights a lamp built from a cracked teapot and salvaged candle.

As he wanders over a mountain of trash, something scuttles away from the light.

LATER

Milo, alone and surround by the waste of the city, sifts through the garbage, his "lamp" the only source of light...even the moon doesn't shine on this hell hole.

Just out of the glow of the light, something hides in the shadows...watching.

Milo pulls free a partially clean towel and beams with joy.

A small hunched shadow scuttles under a pile of mattresses.

EXT. CITY DUMP - BORDER - NIGHT

Milo whistles an eerie toothless tune...completely at ease in this place. He quietens, peers over a hill of old bicycles.

The rusting chain fence of the dump's borders loom ominously close.

Milo cocks his head...listening for a sound...nothing. He diligently pushes on.

A soft groan gurgles from the darkness behind him.

EXT. CITY DUMP - BORDER - NIGHT

Milo quietly sneaks towards a concrete block of public toilets. He glances around. The coast is clear.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET BLOCK - NIGHT

A faucet drips. Mould thrives on the damp walls and tiled floors, pulsing with a heart of their own.

Milo freshens himself up with the salvaged towel. He gives himself a once over in the stained cracked mirror.

Satisfied he turns to leave, his eerie whistle echoing around the empty block.

And then - a NOISE

A soft gurgle in the dark. Milo freezes.

The gurgling continues...something about it seems human. Like the gurgle of an agitated newborn.

The gurgle breaks into a whine. A baby's cry.

But still not the cry of a human child.

Milo follows the cry into the darkness...the cry reaches a crescendo as Milo edges open a rotting door.

He shines his lamp in.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET BLOCK - SHOWER CUBICLE - NIGHT

Milo cautiously edges in, his feet crunching on dried moss and mud.

The crying stops...only the soft whimper and a gurgle now echo around the concrete block.

He kneels down...the whimper coming not from the room itself...but from the shower drain.

A clump of thick black hair clogs the drain. Another gurgle.

Milo cautiously sets the lamp down, his dirty fingers edging towards the black grimy hair.

He softly pulls at it, matted black hair threading from the depths of the drain.

With a sickening pop the hair dislodges with a soggy brown mass dangling from the hair...joined to the hair.

It's a creature. A small, hunched, bulbous creature with a thick mane of black grimy greasy hair.

It screams.

Milo's eyes widen...

And behind him...

Hunched creatures scuttle over the wet tiles.

The candle flame dies.

ON BLACK

A soft gurgle.

FADE OUT:

FIN