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Teeth

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Teeth

by *Tau Bennett*

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE—NIGHT

A man is standing outside on his fire escape, fussing with his teeth. His girlfriend or wife or whatever comes out to talk to him.

ELAINE: Hey, honey, your favorite show is on and I was—

MORT: Not now, honey.

ELAINE: Something wrong?

MORT: Oh, it's nothing. Don't worry about it.

ELAINE: Okay.

She starts to go back in the apartment, but he stops her.

MORT: But if you really want to know, it's my teeth.

ELAINE: Your teeth?

MORT: Yeah, they're really starting to bother me these days. I don't know; I'm just suddenly hyperaware of them or something.

ELAINE: Well what do you think you should do about it?

MORT: I don't know. Sometimes I just wish I didn't have any more teeth.

ELAINE (*light-hearted*): Oh Mort, don't be ridiculous.

MORT: I'm not being ridiculous, Elaine! It's a very serious problem that's been plaguing me for a long time now and I would appreciate a little more support and a little less belittling from my significant other.—All right, you insensitive little—! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you. I didn't mean any of that. I think it's just the stress from my little oral ordeal. Try saying that ten times fast. Oral ordeal, oral ordeal, oral ordeal ...

ELAINE: Mort!

MORT: Sorry, yeah. I shouldn't be making light of this. I just yelled at you and now I'm

saying tongue twisters. Jeez! I'm such a menace!

ELAINE: Oh my God! It's fine, Mort! This isn't the first time that's happened and it won't be the last, but I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about that (*she points to a shooting star*).

MORT: Oh boy, a shooting star! Make a wish, honey.

ELAINE: Oh, Morty ... All right. I wish for—

MORT: Wait! Oh I've got the perfect wish! I wish I didn't have to be bothered with these pesky teeth anymore!

ELAINE: You've gotta be kidding.

Cut to ...

INT. GELATO'S OFFICE—NIGHT

GELATO is sitting in his office. Someone knocks on the door.

GELATO: Come in!

A bumbling young intern (elf or dwarf or something) comes rushing in with a bunch of papers.

INTERN: Mister—the Genie! We've just dispatched another shooting star.

GELATO: Did the wish order come in yet?

INTERN: Yes, sir.

He shows him the order form. GELATO looks it over and signs it.

GELATO: Granted.

INTERN: Thank you, sir.

He exits the room. Cut back to the fire escape.

MORT: Well ...? What, no wish? Well, that sucks.

ELAINE: All right, honey, come inside and forget about your teeth.

MORT: *(sigh)* If only I could.

They start to go inside when suddenly, MORT notices a quarter on the ground.

MORT: Ooh! A quarter!

He bends down to pick it up, but in doing so, hits his face on the fire escape ledge and loses a tooth. He's in great pain. ELAINE rushes back over.

ELAINE: Oh my God! Honey, are you all right?

She notices a tooth on the ground. She picks it up.

ELAINE: Oh Morty, your tooth! It came out!

MORT: Oh! Hey, how about that! *(Gasp.)* Do you think this has something to do with my wish?

ELAINE: Morty, that's crazy.

MORT: I'm not crazy, Elaine!!!! *(Clears throat.)* Let's go in and watch TV.

Cut to ...

INT. LIVING ROOM—NIGHT

The two sit on the couch watching TV. The ceiling fan has a string hanging from it. It keeps brushing against MORT's head.

MORT: What the ... what is that?

ELAINE: Oh, how'd that get up there?

MORT: I don't know but it's really getting on my nerves. I'm gonna try to get it off.

Before he can even make the attempt, the string gets caught on another tooth as the fan spins. The tooth gets yanked out. MORT goes flying over the back of the couch.

ELAINE: Mort! Honey, are you all right?

MORT (*trying to suppress his pain*): All right? I'm better than all right! I'm ECSTATIC (*said with a lisp*).

He runs off, overjoyed. The next day ...

INT. BEDROOM—DAY

MORT wakes up next to his wife.

MORT: Good morning, honey!

He gives her a big kiss and then leaps out of bed. She sits up and fishes one of her husband's teeth out of her mouth. Cut to MORT at the bedroom door. He opens his mouth to present his teeth. He then swings the door open, which smacks another tooth out of his mouth. He then leaps out of the room. Cut to the kitchen. MORT is eating a bowl of cereal. As he eats, he becomes aware of the spoon. He thinks about it for a few seconds and finally sticks the spoon behind a tooth, plucking it from his gums. It goes flying across the room, breaks a window and hits someone outside.

BONES (*from outside*): Ay! What in the world? Yo, Ziggy! Look at this here!

ZIGGY: Yeah, boss?

BONES: Some smart aleck thought it would be humorous to pelt me with a tooth!

ZIGGY: A tooth?

BONES: A tooth!

ZIGGY: Ya been hit, boss?

BONES: Yeah! Right on the lapel!

ZIGGY: What now, boss?

BONES: Now it is time for Mr. Tooth-Tosser to atone!

BONES and ZIGGY start walking towards MORT's house. As they're passing the broken window, they notice MORT sitting in the kitchen.

BONES: Ay, you! This here tooth wouldn't happen to be yours, would it?

MORT (*trying to appear unfazed by the two thugs*): Uh ... what if it is?

The two greasers give each other a look and then begin to walk away from the window. MORT feels momentary relief, when he thinks they've left him alone. The door is then abruptly kicked down and BONES and ZIGGY come running in.

MORT: Dear God! No!

The two greasers grab him forcefully.

BONES: It ain't polite to go peltin' your loose teeth everywhere, buddy boy.

ZIGGY: Yeah, bad choice, duddy. Right, boss?

BONES: Right. You've made a real critical error messin' with ol' Bones Malone.

ZIGGY: Yeah, that's him. Right, boss?

BONES: Yes, that is me. Now we're gonna take you outside and you're gonna pay, bucko.

ZIGGY: Yeah, top dollar; lots of pennies and nickels. Right, boss?

BONES: What are you talkin' about?!

ZIGGY: Well I was just—

BONES: Just take the guy outside.

They drag MORT outside. He tries to break free and scream for help. ELAINE can't hear him. Cut to her, singing in the shower. Cut back to the action with MORT and the two greasers.

EXT. STREET—DAY

BONES and ZIGGY continue to drag MORT around until they reach an alley. They throw him onto the ground and loom over him menacingly.

MORT: Fellas, you gotta believe me. I didn't mean to pelt you with my teeth. It just slipped. I have nothing to gain from making you angry, honest!

BONES: Ay, I'm hip. I ain't no fool. I know you wouldn't intentionally do nothin' to arouse my demons. But it's too late now, Mister. You've already got our attention.

ZIGGY: Yeah, we're intrigued now. Right, boss?

BONES: Right.

MORT: Wha ... what do you want from me?

BONE grabs MORT by his collar in an intimidating fashion.

BONES: We want what you've got.

He then tosses MORT to ZIGGY. MORT, now being held in a full nelson, whimpers with fear as ZIGGY's grasp grows stronger and more deliberate. BONES then grabs MORT's remaining teeth and violently yanks them from his mouth, leaving him to writhe on the ground in agony. BONES and ZIGGY flee the scene. Cross fade.

INT. APARTMENT—DAY

We now see MORT slowly making his way back into his house. He is crying like a kid who has just received a spanking from his mother. ELAINE is there to greet him as he enters.

ELAINE: Mort! What happened? Where've you been?!

MORT (*sniffing uncontrollably*): The ... the bad men ... took my teeth!

ELAINE (*now talking like a mother*): Awwww, poor baby.

He rests his head on her shoulder as she tries to console him. His sniffles and whimpers turn into loud, pitiful bawling.

ELAINE: Ssshhh, it's all right. Let's go get you some applesauce.

They walk out of frame. Cross fade into the secret lair of BONES and ZIGGY.

INT. SECRET LAIR—DAY

BONES and ZIGGY walk sheepishly toward their boss, SALVADOR SINATRA VI, a real Godfather type. He speaks like Marlon Brando's Godfather, but with an extreme lisp because of his under bite. He sits in a large chair facing away from them. They come up to him with teeth in tow, to present as a gift.

BONES: Excuse us, your highness. But my associate Ziggy and I have come, bearing gifts to please your needs and whatnot.

SAL: You are aware of the one and only thing I require.

BONES: Oh yes, sir.

SAL (*He says this as he turns to face them*): So you are aware that I, Salvador Sinatra the Sixth, will be extremely disappointed if I turn around and see that you have brought anything other than ... (*gasp*) Teeth!

ZIGGY: We traveled for many, many, many, many, many, many (*BONES smacks him in the head*) ... blocks for these here pearly whites.

SALVADOR snatches the handful of teeth and turns away again to shove them in his mouth.

BONES: Did me and Ziggy do good?

SAL turns back around to smile with the two full rows of teeth in his mouth, now speaking with no lisp and crisp, clear diction.

SAL: Good? Boys, you have done exceptional work! I love ya, love ya, love ya! I could just chew you boys up right now! But instead, I think I'll chew on somethin' else.

ZIGGY: What's that?

SAL: Somethin' I have been waiting to sink my teeth into for a long, long time. Tell me, boys, what do you think of when I say the word "candy"?

Slow zoom in on BONES as he says the following line:

BONES: Candy ... sweet, sweet Candy. I think of her—Candy D'Anelli, the one who got away.

ZIGGY gets into BONES' tight shot and ruins his moment of brooding as he obnoxiously licks his lollipop.

ZIGGY: Really? I think of this here lolly.

BONES: ... Why, I oughta ...

SAL: You're both wrong! You boys ain't thinkin' big enough. I'm talkin' about ...

He walks over to a Roman pillar with a silk sheet over it. He pulls the sheet off to reveal a giant jawbreaker.

SAL: Candy!

ZIGGY: Holy cow! Is that a jawbreaker?

SAL: Yes, it is.

BONES: Where in the name of Willy Wonka did you get that?!

SAL: *(grabbing BONES by his lapel)* Hey, that's a bit of a personal question, don't ya think?

BONES: Right. Sorry, boss. I didn't mean anything by it.

SAL backs off and makes his way to the jawbreaker. He picks it up.

SAL: Now like I was sayin', this jawbreaker was passed down my bloodline through generations. My ancestors tried to chomp this thing for years, but alas, we were cursed

with underbites that didn't serve us in any way, shape or form. They only prevented us from reaching our destiny. It started way back with Salvador Sinatra the first. When he couldn't do it, he passed it down to Salvador Sinatra, Junior, then Salvador Sinatra the third, then Salvad—

BONES: And eventually, it was passed down to you.

SAL: ... You're on thin ice, Malone. Anyway, yes. Now I've got the jawbreaker and it is my turn to give it a go. And thanks to you too, I now have the advantage of two perfectly functional rows of teeth. And you will watch me chew this here jawbreaker that has plagued my family for six generations.

ZIGGY: Wow, that thing must be old.

Sal shoots him a dirty look. ZIGGY looks away abashedly.

SAL: Now, if you don't mind, drumroll please, boys. This is history in the making.

BONES grabs ZIGGY and drums on his head. SALVADOR takes the jawbreaker and slowly starts to bring it towards his mouth. Cut to BONES and ZIGGY looking on in anticipation. The jawbreaker inches closer and closer to SAL's mouth. It finally makes its way inside and he bites down with all his might. His teeth immediately shatter. Both rows are gone; nothing but gums and nubs. Cut around for different reaction shots. ZIGGY and BONES stare in amazement. They don't know what to do. The silence hangs for quite a few seconds.

SAL: ... Get out.

BONES: Uh ... sir, you want I should—

SAL: I want you should get out!!

ZIGGY: We can find you some new teeth.

SAL: GET THE HELL OUT!!!!

The two crooks run out of the room, leaving SAL to wallow.

SAL (*weeping*): WHY???!!!!!!!

Abruptly cut to a Jawbreakers REPRESENTATIVE holding up a jawbreaker, showing us the packaging.

REP: You see, it says right there, “jawbreaker.” It’s written right there on the wrapper, nice and neat. I don’t understand why folks don’t take it seriously. We are not responsible for any chips, cracks or breaks that may occur if you happen to chomp on one of these things. We told you plain and simple. This product will, in fact, break your jaw. And if you get yourself an extra big one like the unintelligent man in the previous comedy bit just had, forget about it. You may as well just give yourself a good whack in the teeth with a spade.