

SAD MAN'S DANCE

Written by

Juliet Reynolds

Juliet Reynolds
1026 S Broadway, Los Angeles, CA 90015
(480) 544-0284
julietmreynolds@gmail.com

FADE IN:

1 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

1

A school bell RINGS through a CHAOTIC classroom.

Backpacks sling open, candy wrappers drop to the ground, and feet SHUFFLE out of the room.

MISS ELFIE (30s), a small, ordinary woman, stands near the door with a bowl full of candy.

MISS ELFIE

(raised voice)

Okay, everyone! You can take one piece of candy before leaving for the day. Don't forget to push in your chairs and throw your trash away. Have a safe Halloween!

One student, ABBY (11), stands in front of Miss Elfie with a vacant look. The lights are on but no one is home.

ABBY

Miss Elfie, when is Mrs. Skinner coming back?

MISS ELFIE

Oh- well- that's an excellent question, Abby. I'm sure she'll be back soon, just so excited to see your shining face again!

ABBY

My dad said she got murdered.

Miss Elfie- caught off guard.

MISS ELFIE

Oh, I'm sure he was just pulling a Halloween prank on you. Don't think about scary stuff like that, okay?

Miss Elfie shines a warm, motherly smile.

Abby says nothing, just leaves.

Miss Elfie grabs her things at her desk.

In her bag, an obviously already-read newspaper titled: "MIDDLE SCHOOL TEACHER BROOKE SKINNER MISSING"

She crumples it up and throws it away on her way out.

2 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY 2

Miss Elfie's heels CLACK down the hallway.

Pumpkin banners hanging and black and orange streamers covering the walls.

The hallway is eerily empty; dead.

The faint tune of an OLD HAUNTING SONG echoes throughout the emptiness.

The CLACK of her heels slows, comes to stop in front of the gym doors.

3 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - GYM - DAY 3

Miss Elfie edges delicately across the gym floor towards the direction of the SONG- the girl's locker room door.

The door slightly ajar, the SONG gets louder as she approaches.

Unintelligible WORDS reach Miss Elfie's words, deep like a man's.

She slowly pushes the door open. She leaves her heels.

4 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY 4

Miss Elfie advances, cautious.

The SONG yet grows.

She ventures through the sea of lockers, stopping behind a row and peaking out to see- the shadow of a flopping figure dancing on the wall.

She peers just barely around the lockers to see the backside of a tall, spindly MAN (40s) dancing sensually with himself in a full-length mirror propped against the wall.

A BOOMBOX on a bench nearby.

Wearing a JANITOR'S JUMPSUIT, The Man wraps his arms around his torso. He rubs up his chest, snaking his skinny hands over his shoulders and around his neck.

His arms and legs move like butter controlling the flop of his torso and head. He breaks out into perfect ballet twists and turns, truly a graceful yet haunting sight.

The SONG ends.

The Man collapses to the floor, as if his bones give out.

He BREATHES intensely on the floor.

Miss Elfie watches stuck- entranced with fear.

The Man rolls up to a standing position, facing the mirror.

He turns around to grab the BOOMBOX, Miss Elfie ducks.

The Man does not see her.

He ejects the tape and inserts another one from his pocket- another haunting, yet beautiful SONG.

Miss Elfie peaks again.

The Man turns to a nearby locker and pulls out a large, humanoid object.

Miss Elfie's gaze tightens.

The Man holds a fleshy, floppy CORPSE of a woman with tangled, matted hair and yellow-gray skin.

Miss Elfie covers her mouth to stop a gag.

Holding the fleshy CORPSE, he once again begins to dance, this time in tandem with his partner.

The spins and twirls increase and increase until- the SONG stops.

THE MAN

(angry)

NO! NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

He slams the CORPSE down in a rage.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

INTERRUPTED AGAIN! How many times must we practice this, Brooke? How many times before you are perfect?

He picks the CORPSE up.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my beautiful girl, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. How bruised you've become. You're due for a re-stuffing soon. But I fear if you can't master this move...

The Man whips around to unknowingly meet the eyes of Miss Elfie.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
(high-pitched)

AH!

Miss Elfie stumbles back in shock.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Sneak! This is a private rehearsal!
GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT!

MISS ELFIE
(terrified)
I'm, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it-

She clambers to her feet.

MISS ELFIE (CONT'D)
I'll- I'll just be going-

THE MAN
Whorish TEMPTRESS!

Miss Elfie rushes backwards.

The Man stops his raving, dropping both the CORPSE and his exaggerated expression.

His disgusting gaze befalls Miss Elfie.

She stops, paralyzed with confusion and fear.

The Man walks to a locker, out of her view, and returns in graceful full-sprint with a knife in hand.

Miss Elfie stumbles before whipping around into a sprint of her own.

With his long ballet legs, The Man catches up quickly to strike Miss Elfie in the back.

She goes down with a SCREAM and a THUD, knife in her flesh.

On top of her, The Man whisper's in her ear:

THE MAN (CONT'D)
My new partner, my *fresh* muse...
Dance with me, my love.

He hoists her to her feet and drags her to the BOOMBOX, resuming the SONG.

Miss Elfie writhes and kicks, losing blood.

The two twist and spin together as Miss Elfie loses more and more of her strength.

The Man is again in a haunting, passionate trance.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
And now, for the finale...

With her remaining strength, Miss Elfie drags the man down into the full-length mirror, shattering it.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
My God!

The two twist around on the floor, continuing the dance.

Miss Elfie struggles for a shard of glass.

Firmly in her grasp, cutting her own hand, she impales The Man's throat.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Wha-?! But our energy! Unparalleled
exuberance!

Miss Elfie rips the shard out, a GASP from the man, blood pooling around.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
(choking, sputtering)
My, my partner! My- partner...
Please, please don't leave...

He WEEPS.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Such lovely, lovely skin.

Miss Elfie looks at The Man- a mixture of fear, relief, sadness, and confusion. A non-violent person pushed to survival.

Blood floods the entire locker room floor, seeping down the center drain.

Painted red, she stumbles towards the exit.

The SONG remains.

5 INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - GYM - CONTINUOUS

5

Miss Elfie grabs her heels, leaving blood on the floor.

The SONG echoes throughout the empty gym.

FADE OUT.