

RUBBER BABY

A Horror / Fantasy

By

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FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, "Is it good, friend?"
"It is bitter-bitter," he answered;
"But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart."
Stephen Crane, 1895

FADE OUT / FADE IN

EXT. GRASSY PATHWAY THROUGH A CREEPY FOREST - EVENING

The imagery is grainy black and white like a German
Expressionist silent movie.

On the path in the trees, a darkly dressed person, JUNKY, is
seated on a bench next to an infant baby not yet one year
old. The Junky's face visually distorts making it difficult
to see who it is.

The infant baby is weird in appearance. The baby sits upright
and does not move, eyes closed. The baby looks asleep or even
dead. In a certain way it doesn't even look like a baby, but
is a lifelike doll made of rubber. It is a Rubber Baby.

The Junky is talking to the Rubber Baby. The Junky mimics
movements like a silent film actor as he speaks. There is no
voice, Silent Film subtitles appear.

JUNKY (SUBTITLE)

There are spirits all around us.
They have driven me from home and
hearth. From wife and child.

A ghostly woman, VIVIAN, appears in the distance on the
pathway. She is dressed in a white nightgown. Her eyes, lips
and hair are black. She walks in a trance and slowly
approaches.

The Junky sees the ghostly woman. He is scared, but also
captivated as she is attractive.

He tries to move but discovers his legs are chained to the bench. The Rubber Baby speaks, subtitles appear.

RUBBER BABY (SUBTITLE)
My Bride. Isn't she pretty.

The Junky stares wide eyed at Vivian as she moves past him and Rubber Baby seated on the bench. She then fades away like a ghost.

RUBBER BABY (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
You must take me to our wedding
feast.

The Junky discovers the chains around his legs are loose. He stands and takes Rubber Baby. He walks with Rubber Baby cradled in his arms.

CLOSE UP. THE JUNKY - CONTINUOUS

The BLACK/WHITE slides away off frame as CAMERA PAN view of the Junky's waist becomes colour. He is carrying a paper bag. He is walking the sidewalk of an inner city street.

He meets up with another person, DRUG DEALER, on the street. They walk away together.

INT. GRUNGY HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

The Junky and Drug Dealer enter. Their face's still not seen. The Junky pulls a full hard liquor bottle from the paper bag he holds and places it on a table next to an old typewriter. The table is dirty and stacked with old books, typewriter and ash tray full of cigarette butts.

The Drug Dealer holds out his hand to the Junky. The Junky gives him some money. The Drug Dealer gives him a small paper wrapped packet.

The Drug Dealer sits in down in a chair next to the table and typewriter, he is now seen, he is in his late thirties, tattoos, looks like a rough street person.

He watches as the Junky opens up the paper packet. In it is a course brown powder, heroin.

On a grungy dresser table is the drug items for shooting up heroin. The Junky takes a dirty worn spoon and quickly cooks the heroin in it with and old lighter. He then prepares a needle.

The Junky sits down on a dirty old hotel bed and ties a belt tight around his arm bruised with needle marks. The Drug Dealer watches as the Junky sticks the needle into a vein and shoots up.

The Junky slowly raises his head, we now see him, he is older, late forties, has hard look of a tragic life. In a way he doesn't look like a Junky, but he is.

The Drug Dealer shakes his head.

DRUG DEALER

Look what you're doing to yourself.

The Junky is silent as he concentrates on shooting up. The Drug Dealer shakes his head and stands. He starts to head for the door.

The Junky slowly looks up at him. He notices the handle of a handgun tucked in the Drug Dealer's jacket.

JUNKY

You carry a gun.

The Drug Dealer looks suspicious at the Junky.

DRUG DEALER

Ya. I can get you one? Helps when you deal with these streets.

The Junky points at the desk with the typewriter and books.

JUNKY

I already got one. Over there.

The Drug Dealer looks at the desk and empty typewriter.

DRUG DEALER

Is it loaded?

The Junky stares sad at the typewriter.

JUNKY

No.

The Drug Dealer pats the Junky on the shoulder.

DRUG DEALER

Well, maybe it will be when you come back from Palookaville.

Drug Dealer exits the room. The Junky lays slowly down on his bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. GRASSY PATHWAY THROUGH A CREEPY FOREST - DAY

The imagery is grainy black and white like a German Expressionist silent movie.

The Junky walks with a jolted silent film step. Holding the Rubber Baby. His head is down and face distorted. He walks to camera Close Up. Then quickly looks up. His distorting face forms into the Junky's face. His eyes are black voids that drip with blood.

CUT TO:

INT. GRUNGY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FIRST PERSON VIEW. The eyelids quickly open. As the eyelids open to reveal the room, a dark shadow shape of a human figure is in view at CLOSE UP, but quickly moves away, disappearing out of the corner of the eye as if the specter shape was caught and darts away.

BACK TO SCENE

The Junky quickly wakes up with a frightened start. He is thin and sweaty. He is mid-aged, but looks older from drug use. He has the air of an old school addict from the 1950's, 1960's.

He is laying on a small cot bed. He looks beside him trying to figure out what he just saw, but realizes he is alone in the room.

He sits up and sees a typewriter on a small table. A sheet of paper is in it, but nothing is written. A sad look comes to his eyes.

INT. GRUNGY HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The Junky paces as he smokes a cigarette and finishes drinking the last of his hard liquor. He keeps his eye on the typewriter. He puts on a worn leather jacket. He puts out the cigarette and swigs down the last of his liquor.

He notices the used heroin injection items on the dresser. He then quickly pulls out the paper sheet from the typewriter and takes the typewriter.

He goes to the main door and is about to open it to leave, but stops. His head is down with a struggling sad expression.

He breathes deep. He opens the door and steps out into the hallway.

INT. GRUNGY HOTEL HALLWAY

The Junky is about to shut the door to his room when he sees a young woman further down the hallway. He stops, frozen, staring at her.

VIVIAN, she is in her mid-twenties, attractive, but is an obvious victim of street life and drug abuse which makes her look older and hard.

She is edgy as she paces and looks at the floor, walls and room doors like she is trying to find something. She and the Junky look at each other. She stops moving and stares at him.

The Junky feels her stare. He quickly returns to his room and shuts the door.

INT. GRUNGY HOTEL ROOM

The Junky steps back from the door and paces anxious with his typewriter. Suddenly there is a knock at the door. He looks at the door, nervous to go to it. There is another knock and he finally opens it with reluctance.

Vivian is there. She is twitchy and doesn't look the Junky in the eye. She looks around as she talks.

VIVIAN

So you got something?

JUNKY

Like what?

VIVIAN

Come on. You know. You holdin' or what?

JUNKY

No. I'm not holdin'.

Vivian notices the typewriter.

VIVIAN
So what's with that?

The Junky looks at the typewriter with a sad conflicted expression.

JUNKY
This?... My typewriter. But I haven't written on it in ages.

VIVIAN
So you getting rid of it?

The Junky is quiet as he stares at it. He then returns the typewriter to the small table. Vivian enters. She eyes the room and its contents.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
You some sort of writer?

JUNKY
I used to be.

VIVIAN
Why did you stop...?

Her eyes widen when she sees the used heroin injection items on the dresser.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Liar.

The Junky is surprised by her sudden accusation.

JUNKY
What?

He sees her rushing to the dresser. She intensely looks over the drug items like a treasure. The Junky quickly goes to the dresser and pushes her away as he takes the needle and spoon and cotton balls. He puts them in the drawer. She glares at him.

VIVIAN
Junky.

The Junky looks Vivian up and down with a similar glare.

JUNKY
Crack head.

Vivian's eyes go blank with hostility. She slaps the Junky hard across the face. The Junky stumbles and falls onto the bed, feeling his cheek in pain.

Vivian quickly goes to the dresser and looks through the drawers in frustration. She spies the typewriter and takes it. She runs out of the room.

The Junky sees his typewriter gone and the door to the room open. He becomes angry.

JUNKY (CONT'D)

Hey.

He runs out of the room.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - EVENING

The Junky runs out of the grungy hotel. He looks down the street and sidewalk in a panic. The street is dirty with the homeless, addicts and prostitutes wandering lost or standing the street corners.

He sees Vivian in the distance running away around a street corner. He goes after her.

EXT. INNER CITY SIDE STREET

Vivian runs down the less populated street to a pawn shop. It is closed for business.

VIVIAN

Shit.

She is suddenly grabbed by someone and she becomes filled with fear and paranoia. It is the Junky.

JUNKY

That's mine.

He tries to take the typewriter away from her, but she resists.

VIVIAN

No.

They pull on the typewriter until Vivian finally lets go of it.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Take it. The fucking thing is heavy anyways.

The Junky holds the typewriter and then looks at the closed pawn shop. He becomes disappointed.