

FRAZER'S

ON EDGE

SHOOTING SCRIPT V.2

FADE IN:

1. INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT DAY 4

TRACKING

Grinding INDUSTRIAL MUSIC blares out.

A small crowd dances to the music. They wear fetish clothes and have pierced faces.

Through the STROBE LIGHTS and SMOKE, we see a lone figure sitting at the bar bathed in cool blue light. We can't make out his features.

WHITEOUT

CUT TO:

(OPENING TITLES)

2. INT. DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM. DAY

JIB DOWN from skylight revealing a poster advocating dental health and regular brushing techniques.

PETER THURLOW sits in the waiting room uncomfortably. His mouth is bruised and inflamed.

He is clearly in a lot of pain.

He frowns in disgust at one of the posters and looks over to the Reception Desk.

3. INT. DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM. DAY

TRACKING

Peter rises and stomps over to the Reception desk.

3A. INT. DENTIST'S RECEPTION DESK. DAY

WIDE

PETER

(struggling to speak)

When am I going to be seen? I've been waiting for hours... I'm a private patient you know... I demand to see Doctor Samuelson immediately...

2 SHOT

RECEPTIONIST

(cutting in)

I'm afraid Doctor Samuelson is
away on holiday at the moment...
Patients with appointments have
to be seen first...
...So if I can ask you to be
patient and wait your turn...
You will be seen...

REVERSE WIDE

She turns to answer the phone and starts talking to a friend.
Peter is already walking away.

4. INT. CORRIDOR - DENTIST'S. DAY

He stops short of the exit, distracted by the sound of drilling
(O.S.)
He follows the sound to SURGERY ROOM #1.
He peers inside...

~~DELETED~~

5. INT. SURGERY ROOM #1. DAY

PETER'S POV

Odd-ball salsa music plays in the background.
A DENTIST leans over a FAT LADY.
He is drilling her teeth.
Her legs hang over the sides of the dentist's chair.
The scene looks like some bizarre sexual encounter.
Peter is looking through the door...

MATTHEWS (OS)

(very well-spoken)

You're not supposed to be back here,
you know...

7. INT. CORRIDOR - DENTIST'S. DAY

OVER PETER'S SHOULDER

Peter turns to see DR MATTHEWS watching him crossly.

Matthews is a clean cut man, immaculately dressed beneath his
white dentist's coat. He wears a fresh flower in his lapel.

PETER

I... I've been waiting for...
nearly an hour...

MATTHEWS

And you are?

PETER
Mr Thurlow. Peter Thurlow. Broken
tooth. ~~I was eating a Brazil nut~~
~~and~~ I WAS EATING ONE AND ...

MATTHEWS
Let's not discuss it in the corridor.
You'd better come up.

7A INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

Matthews steps into a PRIVATE SURGERY ROOM.
Peter follows him.

He looks relieved that he is to be seen at last.

8. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

The surgery is pristine, brilliantly white.
A huge leather dentist's chair takes centre stage.
A TV screen sits on an arm attached to the ceiling above the
chair. Tables with dental instruments line the walls.
Strips of daylight illuminate the room through the slits of a
blind hanging over a single large window.

Dr Matthews sits at a desk in the corner and flips through a file.

Peter stands next to the dentist's chair expectantly.

PETER
(looking around)
I normally have Dr Samuelson...

MATTHEWS
I'm afraid he's not here, he's...

PETER
On holiday, I know. All right for
some...
(he winces, his
tooth hurts)

MATTHEWS
(smiling)
I'm Dr Matthews.

Dr Matthews looks at Peter's file.

MATTHEWS
(rises)
We haven't seen you for a check-up
in... oh, well over a year.

TRACKING

PETER
(climbing onto
the chair)
Not for a check-up, no.

MATTHEWS
So you haven't seen the hygienist
for a while?

END TRACK
2 SHOT

PETER
(impatient)
And I don't need to see one now.
Are you on commission or something?

Dr Matthews ignores this remark and smiles reassuringly. He approaches the chair and fastens a paper bib around Peter's neck. Matthews sits on a chair next to Peter.

9. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY
OVER PETER'S SHOULDER

Peter makes himself comfortable.

PETER
Don't you have an assistant?

MATTHEWS
(smiles)
No need for one Mr Thurlow. Not
with all this modern technology...

Dr Matthews presses a control pad with his foot and a tray of dental instruments appears on a robotic arm above Peter's chest. Matthews presses another button to adjust the position of the chair. Another button activates the TV screen which flickers with static in Peter's view.

MATTHEWS
(selecting instruments
from the tray)
One of the benefits of being a
private patient, for those who
can afford it... What do you
do for a living Mr Thurlow, if you
don't mind me asking?

tilts chair

CLOSE UP:
A CAR ADVERTISEMENT appears on the TV screen.

ON EDGE

PETER (OS)

Car salesman...

TRACK ROUND

MATTHEWS

(jolly)

Ah, then you know *all* about modern technology... Man and machine in perfect harmony, eh Mr Thurlow? Airbags save lives, fillings save teeth. Braces improve dental alignment, chrome spoilers make a car look cool... It's all the same thing really isn't it?

Puts on rubber gloves

CLOSE ON PETER

Peter is more relaxed. He attempts a smile.

MATTHEWS

Now then, let's take a look at you. Mouth open please.

Peter opens his mouth wide.

10. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY -- PETER'S POV

PETER'S POV: The light from a dental penlight/camera fills Peter's vision.

Matthews brings it in.

11. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - MICRO CAMERA/SCREEN

CLOSE UP:

Inside Peter's mouth, on the TV screen.

12. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

WIDER

Matthews is examining Peter's mouth with a penlight and hooked probe.

Suddenly, Peter convulses.

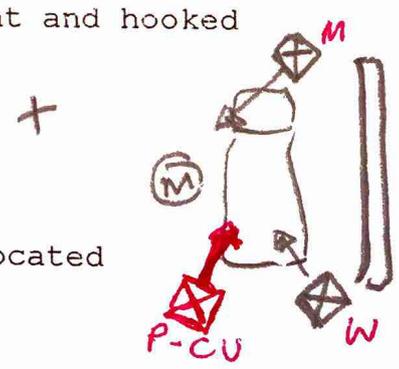
MATTHEWS

(dryly)

I think we can safely say we've located the problem area.

13. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

Matthews activates an overhead light which he lowers to illuminate Peter's mouth.



14. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

Spittle begins to escape from Peter's mouth.

15. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

FROM PETER'S FEET

Matthews places the penlight in the instrument tray.
He takes a spit-pump and puts it in the corner of Peter's mouth.

16. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

2 SHOT - MOVING IN CLOSER

MATTHEWS

That's pretty nasty. Wouldn't be so bad if it was an incisor, of course. It's split all the way from the crown to the root. The gum is starting to swell and redden, so I imagine it's infected. I'm afraid I'll have to cut part of it away...

Peter tries to speak.
He can't.
He pulls the spit-pump from the corner of his mouth.

STAY ON PETER

PETER

Please, no gory details...

Matthews pops the pump back into Peter's mouth.

Peter lies back and closes his eyes.

MATTHEWS

Fine, I'll give you a jab and we'll get started.

2 SHOT

Matthews prepares a syringe.
He inserts the needle into the lower part of Peter's left gum.

MATTHEWS

As you're squeamish, I'll give you an additional valium shot. Then I can work without upsetting you.

Matthews rolls back Peter's sleeve and inserts another syringe.

17. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP: The syringe empties, slowly, as Matthews

continues speaking.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)

It's funny when you think of it, considering all the food that has to be cut and crushed by your deciduous and permanent canines, incisors and molars, it's a miracle there's anything left in your mouth at all. Of course, humans have comparatively tiny teeth. It's a sign of our superiority over the animals.

18. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - TV SCREEN

PETER'S POV: On the TV screen, a gleaming new car brakes in a country lane.

~~A small bunny rabbit hops to safety.~~

19. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - PETER'S POV

ALL FROM PETER'S POV:

Matthews is humming a tune, off-screen (he comes in and out of view as he continues his work).

Peter's vision is at times blurred, distorted. When he blinks, his vision turns red due to the light shining through his eyelids.

MATTHEWS

I don't think there'll be enough left to cap. The one next to it is cracked pretty badly too. What the hell was in that nut?

There is a drilling sound, followed by a sharp crack. The drilling stops.

Matthews holds up the tooth for Peter to see.

First one half, then the other.

MATTHEWS

Want this as a souvenir?

(a beat)

Thought not... Now to do this properly I should really clear out your root canal and drive a metal post into the gum. It's

quite a long process, but really it's the best thing for you. It'll save you a lot of bother in the long run...

Peter's vision is red.
His vision clears to reveal Matthews at work again.
There is a fuzzy drilling sound.

MATTHEWS

That's better. I can see daylight through the hole. Now that we have room to manoeuvre let's bring in the big guns and get things in place for you...

20. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - PETER'S POV

PETER'S POV: His vision red again.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)

You know, we had a nasty case of tooth squeeze in here last week, ever hear of that?

Peter's vision clears.

Matthews is smiling at him as he works.
Peter's vision flickers and fades in and out as Matthews speaks.

MATTHEWS

Sorry... Of course you can't answer me right now... Anyway, he was an airline pilot. His plane depressurised and it turned out he had an air bubble trapped beneath a filling. When the cabin atmosphere decreased, the air expanded. His tooth literally blew up in his mouth. Bits were embedded in his tongue. What a mess.

Peter groans in protest.

Matthews' face comes closer.

MATTHEWS

(whispering secretively)

It happens to deep sea divers, too, only their teeth implode. And I've seen worse. There was this one kid... poor kid... who rollerskated

face-first into a drinking fountain
and...

Peter lets out a mixture of guttural gurgle and whining moan.

Matthews stops in mid sentence and moves back.

Matthews is a blur.

MATTHEWS

No gory details, right?

I'm sorry Mr Thurlow...

(a beat)

Tell you what. I'd better put you
under while I finish off. That way
I can work without disturbing you.

Okay?

Peter's vision flashes bright, like lightning...

Spiraling into red again...

21. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY
STATIC OVER PETER'S SHOULDER

(SAME AS 12-16)

No longer PETER'S POV, but we don't see exactly what Matthews is
doing.

Matthews prepares a syringe.

MATTHEWS

Don't worry, when you wake up I'll
have finished. You'll be as good
as new. I think you've been
through enough for one day, so
I'll give you a temporary filling
for now, and we'll do that root
canal on your next appointment.

2 shot

Matthews injects Peter.

MATTHEWS

You know, I always wanted to be an
artist really... I took the exam
at school... I'm afraid I was a
bit of a... stropky child...

22. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

(TO RIGHT OF 12-16)

CLOSE UP: on MATTHEWS

Matthews mixes dental cement in a bowl.

MOVE IN ON MATTHEWS - ZOOM

MATTHEWS
(to himself,
quietly, thoughtfully)
Yes, they took me out of circulation
for a while...

Matthews puts the bowl of dental cement down and sighs.

MATTHEWS
This is no good, no good at all...
I need something else. Something
modern, something... technological...

Matthews looks over to his SACHEL by the desk.

23. *DELETED*

24. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

JIB UP MATTHEW'S LEGS - REST ON SACHEL

MATTHEWS
Ah, that last batch seems to have
done the trick... Now, I have
some finishing off to do...

25. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY (CONTINUOUS)

CLOSE UP:

Matthews pulls a bizarre dental instrument from his satchel. The sound of metal clanking suggests there are more objects inside.

The dental instrument is like a Swiss Army knife which has been constructed by a criminally insane metalworker.

It is part claw-hammer, part razor blade, part laser drill.

MATTHEWS
You're a very lucky man, Mr Thurlow.
Not many people get to have this
baby in their mouths...

SIDE ON MATTHEWS

The sound of metal on enamel.
The sound of laser drilling.

MATTHEWS
One day, all dentistry will be
performed by laser. Just think of
it. Precision. Artistry. Oh
what fun we'll have.

2 shot

Single

(PAN WITH INSTRUMENT)

ON EDGE

A violent squishing, spurting sound.

MATTHEWS

Shit... My fault. Wasn't watching what I was doing... No problem...

The squishing stops.

MATTHEWS

Of course, they were wrong to boot me out like that... But all they did was nurture and reinforce a great talent... My talent... It's a vocation with me... A calling... I know what I'm doing is right. I'm simply ahead of my time...

Matthews adjusts the instrument.

26. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE UP: A small circular saw pops out, whirring.

27. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

SIDE ON MATTHEWS

The sound of sawing.

MATTHEWS

You have been a brave boy Mr Thurlow... You know, a hundred years ago this would have been a horribly painful experience, performed without an anaesthetic. Thanks to modern techniques I'll have you finished in just a few more hours. Ha ha. Just kidding...

The sawing sound reaches a new intensity, becoming a high pitched squeal...

28. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - PETER'S POV

The sound of ringing in Peter's ears gradually fades.

Peter's vision FADES IN from black, to red.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)

Oh good. Back in the land of the living. For a minute there I thought I'd overdosed you. Ha ha.

We're just waiting for the last
bit to dry.

Peter's vision becomes a watery blur.

Suddenly his vision shifts from side to side as if Peter is
shaking his head violently.

A desperate heaving, choking sound emanates from Peter's throat.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)
Wait a minute. Wait, wait, I know
what that is...

Through the blur, we can just make out Matthews reaching into
Peter's mouth with his hand.

There is a weird unplugging sound.

We hear Peter taking sharp deep, but rattling, breaths.

The violent shifting of his vision stops.

Blurred, we see Matthews discard something he has pulled out of
Peter's throat.

There is a metallic plop as something lands in a dish.

29. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - PETER'S POV

Peter lurches forward.

His milky vision reveals Matthews pushing him back into the chair.

MATTHEWS
You shouldn't be up and about yet,
I'm not quite finished.

Peter gurgles.

Something like a ratchet screwdriver enters his mouth.

MATTHEWS
(ratcheting away)
The final touches... Ah, I know
what to do with this bit...

Peter tries to speak.

Horrible rasps and exhalations come out instead of words.

Matthews seems to understand Peter, though.

MATTHEWS

You're right. I'm no dentist. I really wanted to be one, but I couldn't pass my exams...

30. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - EXTREME CLOSE UP

EXTREME CLOSE UP: On Matthews' eyeball, moving quickly as he speaks.

MATTHEWS

I just couldn't get my certificate. I can't pass exams. I get angry too easily...

31. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE ON MATTHEWS: HEAD ON

MATTHEWS

Yes, they took me out of circulation for a while. Bastards. Still, every now and again, I get to try out a few of my ideas. I go to a new area and look in the Yellow Pages. Then I visit all the private dentists they list. Sometimes I find a vacant operating room... Although they're not all as nice as this...

MATTHEWS
SITS ON
SIDE OF
CHAIR.



32. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - TV SCREEN

CLOSE UP: A few spots of blood trickle down the TV screen over images of an auto wrecking yard.

33. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE ON MATTHEWS:

MATTHEWS

Then I wait for custom... I look the part, you see. White coat, smart tie, good speaking voice. I mean, let's face it, when was the last time you asked to see a dentist's credentials? You don't give a shit, as long as you get seen first... Am I right, or am I right?

34. INT. OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

The Receptionist listens at the door of the Private Surgery. She knocks.

RECEPTIONIST

Who's in there?

She tries the door handle. It is locked.

She looks puzzled and searches for keys in her pockets.

35. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE ON MATTHEWS: (REACTS TO DOOR)

MATTHEWS

Ah, my cue to leave. Good job I
locked the door, eh? Don't worry,
you'll get used to your new look...
They all do eventually...

M
GETS UP

36. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE UP: Matthews drops a circular mirror into Peter's lap.

37. INT. OUTSIDE PRIVATE SURGERY DOOR. DAY

The Receptionist finds the key.

38. *DELETED*

39. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

(MATTHEWS at the WINDOW)

Matthews swings his satchel over his shoulder and opens the window blind. Bright sunlight floods in through the window.

Matthews has rather a lot of blood on his white coat. There is a little blood on the flower in his lapel. He sniffs it.

He opens the window and climbs out onto the FIRE ESCAPE.

As an afterthought, he pops his head through the window...

MATTHEWS

Whatever you do...
Don't forget to floss...

Matthews leaves.

40. INT. OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

ON EDGE

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The Receptionist opens the door.

CLOSE UP: Door handle.

41. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

WIDE:

Of the Receptionist bursting into the room.

CLOSE UP:

Receptionist's face. Pure horror at what she sees.

42. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE UP:

Peter's hand. Trembling. Holding the mirror.

43. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - RECEPTIONIST'S POV

The scene is bathed in the shaft of harsh white daylight from the window.

Peter's face is unrecognisable.

His lips have been cut and peeled back in fleshy strips. The strips of flesh are pinned to his cheeks with steel pins.

Most of his teeth have been filed into angular shapes, some pointed, others in jagged slants.

His upper gums have been opened, exposing the pale bone beneath. Screws have been driven into his flayed jaw and attached to cables.

44. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - TV SCREEN

CLOSE UP:

The TV screen displays images of machinery working. Conveyor belts whir. Pistons pump violently.

45. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY - RECEPTIONIST'S POV

Around Peter's mouth, a contraption of polished steel has been fitted to function as an insane brace. A complex network of wires and springs, cogs and filaments.

The skin beneath his eyes is black from the pummelling his mouth

ON EDGE

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has taken.

A silver handle in Peter's neck turns as he tries to open his mouth to scream.

The springs and wires pull taut, making fresh wounds.

His mouth is pulled into an absurd rictus of a laugh.

46. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

CLOSE UP: Thick, dark blood spills from a trachytomy tube in Peter's throat.

47. INT. PRIVATE SURGERY. DAY

He drops the mirror.

It shatters.

Peter lets out a weird gushing squeal as he falls to his knees in a pool of blood.

✓ DISSOLVE TO:

48. INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT DAY 4

TRACKING

Same as opening scene. This time, intercut with CLOSE UP images of the clubber's faces, pierced with metal in a variety of ways, through the nose, eyebrows, lips, cheeks...

We GLIDE towards the lone figure at the bar. He is watching the dancers, a little smirk on his face. It is MATTHEWS. He takes a sip of his drink.

FADE OUT:

(END CREDITS)

THE END