

# You Dummy

by

Ibrahim

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A small apartment, dusty. Low sunlight basks the room in a red-golden hue.

A single solitary couch rests in front of a fire-place, with a hunched figure seated on it.

A knock on the door and the figure shifts in its position, raising its arm. The door opens and a young man, JUNGER, dressed in flashy clothes, stands in the doorway.

JUNGER  
Hello, professor.

JUNGER walks towards the figure. The PROFESSOR, on the couch, has both of his arms resting on the arm-rests. His hands almost seem like claws. The face of the PROFESSOR is covered with a long piece of cloth.

JUNGER  
Still not moved, eh? You're as stubborn as can be.

The PROFESSOR turns its head towards JUNGER.

JUNGER  
Now don't give me that look. I'm sure that that couch was a joy to sit in.

The PROFESSOR starts scratching the arm-rests.

JUNGER  
Alright alright. I'm sorry.

He stops clawing, and then opens his right palm.

JUNGER  
Got it right here.

JUNGER goes through his shirt pocket and produces a small vial, filled with a coloured liquid. He walks over to the PROFESSOR.

JUNGER  
Wait. You promised.

PROFESSOR starts scratching the arm-rests again.

JUNGER  
Nope. Sorry. You promised me.

PROFESSOR sighs deeply, and gives a slow nod.

A smile creeps up on JUNGER. He takes out a small marker from one of his pockets, leans over the PROFESSOR and starts marking something on the the cloth.

He takes a step-back and we see that the he has drawn a pair of blank eyes. The PROFESSOR 'stares' at JUNGER through it.

JUNGER

Better, eh?

The PROFESSOR's hands start to clench and a deep growl comes from its head.

JUNGER

Now now. We're not done yet.

JUNGER leans over the PROFESSOR again and draws something.

A straight line just below the the two eyes. It looks like a face a child would draw.

JUNGER

Sheesh. Couldn't you at least smile.

JUNGER walks over to a corner to pull up a chair and sits right besides the PROFESSOR.

JUNGER

Now that's better, eh. Feeling happy?

We see that blank expression has turned into a smile.

JUNGER

You should be. Today's a special day isn't it.

JUNGER fiddles around with the vial.

PROFESSOR's hands clench and scratch the arm-rests again. The smile has turned into a scowl.

JUNGER

Today's a special day. What's with the frown? I'm trying to make you happy!

The face twists into one of anger and rage.

JUNGER

(voice raising)

You don't get to be angry! Do you have any idea what I had to go through? To get this?

He beckons furiously at the coloured liquid.

PROFESSOR stops scratching. The expression has turned to one of sadness. He raises his arm, as if trying to reach something.

JUNGER  
(seething)  
You ungrateful little-! You want  
this so much?! HERE!

He throws it hard at the PROFESSOR, his 'face' twisted into one of shock and terror.

A loud crack.

JUNGER  
(softly)  
No

The PROFESSOR's 'eyes' are blank and glossy, mouth open and liquid all over it. It is as if his head was smashed open.

JUNGER falls on his knees and takes his head in his hands.

JUNGER  
What have you done!? You...dummy!

The cloth slips from the PROFESSOR's head, and we see the blank face of a mannequin.

In front of the PROFESSOR-MANNEQUIN is another mannequin, crouched on its knees, head in hands.

The flashy clothes of the crouched mannequin seem familiar.

FADE-OUT