

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

A girl, DARCY (mid-20s) fails to get toothpaste out of an empty tube. Annoyed.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)

Let me guess. Housemate used all your toothpaste again? We can't have that.

INT. LOUNGE. DAY.

DARCY and JUNE (mid 20s) sit on the sofa. DARCY glares at JUNE who smiles and chats, not noticing.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)

She thinks she can just get away with anything doesn't she? She knows you won't say anything, because she knows, you know it would only make things awkward. And neither of you want that do you?

Darcy's glare straightens.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)

Here's what you do.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

DARCY's hands follow the Narrator's instructions.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)

Edible sugar paste. Fairly cheap online. Mix with a teaspoon of mint flavouring.

DARCY stirs.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)

The result is something that looks like toothpaste, tastes like toothpaste...

CUT TO.

JUNE grins at us, teeth and lips covered with paste.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)

But is detrimental for your gums.

CUT TO.

DARCY's hands attempt to fill a toothpaste tube with the paste. It's a messy job.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Pop it inside that empty toothpaste
tube that she so kindly provided.

We see a roll of floss. Darcy unravels it with crazed glee.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Next up. Floss. She may not be using
it yet but she will. Shake-

DARCY pushes the floss into a bottle of coke. Puts the lid back on and shakes.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
- and leave to soak, three days should
do the trick.

We see the coke bottle sat on a windowsill.

DARCY holds up a bottle of mouthwash. Unscrews the lid and pours out.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Mouthwash is where the real artistry
comes in.

DARCY puts cigarettes, red wine and bleach into a blender.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
I know this seems excessive.

DARCY pours the gross, blue mixture into the mouthwash bottle.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
But it probably won't kill her. Not so
long as she spits.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Thick, blue spit hits the sink.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Darcy pours from a freshly boiled kettle into a mug.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Now the hard work is done. All you

have to do now is keep things civil.
Whatever she wants, you provide.

June pokes her head into the kitchen. Darcy smiles at her,
nods. Turns back to the mugs.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Including an extra sugar in her tea.
Go on, you know she deserves it.

DARCY pours in an entire bag of sugar.

JUNE sips the coffee. Clutches her jaw in pain.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
It won't be long before the cracks
start to show.

Blood drips onto the mug.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

It's dark. The door swings open, we see DARCY's silhouette.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Then you can take your revenge

DARCY brushes a piece of hair off of JUNE's face.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
Gentle now so's not to wake her.

Darcy puts a pair of pliers into JUNE's mouth.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
It shouldn't be too hard, it's not
like pulling teeth.

DARCY holds up a tooth in the light.

INT. LOUNGE. DAY.

DARCY and JUNE are sat on the sofa, mirroring their earlier
positions. DARCY now full of life and chatting. JUNE in a
toothless, depressed gawk.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
I wonder if she notices...

DARCY wears a tooth around her neck.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
...new necklace...

And tooth earrings.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
...new earrings...

DARCY smiles, revealing she has too many teeth.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
...brand new set of incisors. Jealousy
is a bad look but, she won't say
anything, it would only make things
awkward.

JUNE gawks in pathetic horror.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O)
And neither of you want that.