

Don't F(beep)k With the Coloureds

FADE IN:

White letters against a black screen: Generic Films Presents...

DISSOLVE TO:

It is the middle of the night. We open on a wide, three-story, Rundbogenstil-style building set dead center in the frame. The letters carved into the archway above the large front door read: **Harrington House Retirement Center.**

Narrator: Someone is killing the residents of Harrington House...

CUT TO:

A hand wrapped in a latex surgical glove fills the frame, fingers tense and straight. A second hand simultaneously pulls the glove at the wrist to work the fingers in.

Narrator: ...someone who promised to care for them.

CUT TO:

A nervous-looking woman dressed in office attire is talking on the phone. Fear colors her voice.

Nervous-looking woman: I think Dr. Everhardt is experimenting on the residents.

She is suddenly startled by someone who enters the room from behind. She turns and sees a distinguished-looking, middle-aged man (Dr. Everhardt) standing there.

CUT TO:

A group of nurses struggle to hold down an elderly man who thrashes in pain on his hospital bed. Heart monitors are beeping. The nurses are talking over each other. The man's eyes are rolled back, veins bulging. His body shoots to a rigid arch as the worst pain hits him. He is foaming at the mouth and shaking his head back and forth in a vain attempt to signal "no." His screams begin to echo.

Narrator: Lifetime Movie Channel presents a film based on a true story. Crystal Bernard, Tracey Gold, and Bruce Boxleitner star in...

There is a sudden distortion.

The narrator's voice recedes to incoherent mumbling. The frame begins to stutter and tear, then finally melt as if the film is burning.

Beneath the celluloid surface, words began to materialize...

Three years ago...

The winding driveway that led up the hill to the wide, three-story, Rundbogenstil-style building (the Harrington House Retirement Center) writhed with activity like a tongue rolling out in effigy of something dead sexy. Sirens screeching like mechanized infant calls, amplified by the dark-matter din of night in the 'burbs. Two police cars raced up the long driveway, which was finger-flecked by branches that reached out on both sides from the semi-wooded land between Route 1 below and the old building at the top of the hill. "Private Property, No Trespass" signs dotted the road.

The first two officers at the scene (McMahon and Shields) were already crouching behind their opened car doors when the first backup car roared up, slid sideways, and stopped a few feet from them. Then the next ones screeched to a halt right up on *them*.

Officer McMahon waved his hand down to signal Officers three (Simmons), four (Tate), five (Carter), and six (Reilly) to stay the fuck down. The new arrivals crouched in the open night and assumed defensive positions behind their cars' bulk.

"So, what've we got?" Reilly inquired, hungry for action.

This was Cloverleaf County after all. The most that ever happened here was the occasional date rape on campus at the college or a drunken bar fight over a chick between privileged frat boys.

"Nothing yet," McMahon responded. "A neighbor phoned in the complaint. Said she heard gunshots while she was out walking her dog."

"Spotted some movement in one of the upstairs windows," said Shields, pointing with his eyes. "Not sure if it's our shooter."

Sporting a knowing grimace, Simmons grumbled, "Nearest house is half a mile from here. What the hell's she doing walking her dog in front of this place?"

"Looking for trouble... just like everyone else," Shields responded.

"It was a rhetorical question, man. Of course she was looking for trouble."

It wasn't the first time the police had been called to Harrington House. In fact, they'd been around more than they would have liked lately. The old folks had been acting strange lately, running around naked, scaring the locals, and playing mean-spirited pranks on each other and the staff.

Harrington House was a place for well-to-do retirees. The brochure boasted grand ballrooms and suites sporting décor and furnishings from the 1920s and '30s. "Take a trip back to the good old days," the pamphlet claimed, "to a time when gentility reigned, when women were ladies and men were gentlemen." Elegant social gatherings and theme parties in the style of old Hollywood were touted as the norm.

"So, what's it gonna be this time?" said McMahon. "Some old fart who forgot to take his medicine?"

"An old fart with a gun," Shields added.

McMahon rolled his eyes.

"You have a knack for pointing out the obvious, Shields..."

Though generally an overlooked sound, the click of a heavy lock sliding open screamed at them from the front door. Bouncing to ready, the officers trained their guns on the sound, following its echo back from the air around them to the front door as it yawned open and allowed a woman to exit before slamming shut.

Her hips spoke loudly through the thigh-length nurse's uniform that stuck to her ample curves like white on rice. A Harrington House crest was stitched just above her right breast. Her intoxicated state fell upon them secondary to her overall beauty. In fact, it wasn't until she nearly fell down the front steps that they noticed her inebriation.

It was a miracle that she didn't fall on her face. The move that she performed to save her balance, like a retarded step and slide, was the kind of thing that she could never duplicate no matter how hard she tried.

"Are you all right, ma'am?" McMahon called out, sympathetic, yet stern. "Is there anyone else inside?"

Judging by the look in her eyes, she was somewhere else entirely (and ridin' bareback on some quality shit).

The police, with their little guns and flashing lights, were nothing to the toxic god who violated her sobriety. To her impaired eyes, they were like gnats bouncing around the beacon of the red and blue orbs, swirling and stuttering, making colorful tracers.

“I said, is there anyone else inside?”

Lulled into calm by her drunkenness, the officers relaxed their gun-arms, hands loosening their grips. They traded faces to decide who'd approach her. None of them wanted to come off as overeager, even though they all felt the same tingle in their loins. As indirect an opportunity as it might have been, it was still an opportunity to secure some down-the-road-pussy once this chick was all rehabbed and back in the world.

The way she began to move her hips sparked a lurid curiosity in them—well, five of them anyway. Married with children, Officer Jack Tate was as straight as they come. He had even convinced himself that looking at other women *that way* was a sin.

The others did everything to get a good look at what was about to happen. Fuck safety.

The nurse writhed as they watched, their expressions adopting a figurative dog-pant, their eyes bulging like the fronts of their trousers in testament to dirty, stinkin' sex vibes.

Hanging onto visions of hinted-at nakedness that enhanced the scene, they gawked like prepubescent boys who were tasting real lust for the first time as the nurse let her uniform fall from her shoulders. It caught and lingered at each curve of her S dance before eventually landing in a soft heap around her dainty feet.

Disbelief made the officers smile at the extended full-frontal shot that she gave them.

Tate, who pitied her behavior, shook his head.

The woman's body was firm; her torso long with subtle curves; her skin glowing sepia, with licks of dark brown around her plump nipples and radiating from her wide eyes. They seemed to shine brighter now that she was naked. The look on her face said "I'm high as fuck," yet behind it was solid confidence.

Tate's first plan—to simply clear his throat—didn't even come close to diverting his colleagues attention away from the naked, writhing woman.

Plan number two—grabbing a blanket from his squad car and approaching her with it held out in front of him—only made the other officers groan, as if he was killing their buzz.

But then...

They didn't notice it all at once, but they all eventually saw it: the impression of subdermal arms and hands caressing and embracing the nurse and causing her to sway euphorically to their slithering embraces.

Tate, who was the closest to her, was the first to see it. He didn't want to touch her from the get-go, mainly out of disgust and some twisted idea of loyalty to his wife, but now he was plain-old scared. They all were. One or two of the men hinted at raising their weapons.

The rhythm of her dance suggested a slow, seductive, yet animalistic melody; the skin-deep appendages proffered eerie strings.

The woman turned her back to them and juttred her tight, round ass outward. The dark valley between well-rounded teardrops of flesh invited ogling eyes to look closer. Subdermal hands teased the teardrops open and let them bounce closed.

When she turned back around, a single blue eye, reddened by anger or maybe hatred, glared at the officers in the place of each nipple. Her navel had stretched into a large mouth that was grinning deviously and leaking saliva from its sepia-toned bottom lip. Her head was slumped to the side, her eyes rolled up under her eyelids, mouth hanging open. Although she maintained her dance, her hands tracing her own curves—down her flat stomach and between her legs. She was clearly unconscious.

Diverted by the hands and arms and the moist slurp-snap as the nurse raised her hand from between her legs, the officers didn't see what it was that she pulled from her vagina until it was too late.

The nurse fired off three shots from the small handgun before they had time to react.

“In-a-gadda-da-vida, baby,” quipped the mouth in her stomach in a gravely, Wolfman Jack-like tone. “Donchu know that I lu-u-uv you?”

The first shot caught Tate in the throat and passed clean through. He collapsed immediately, clutching his neck and gurgling out a brief response as he hit the ground and writhed. The blanket he was holding fell over him.

The remaining officers drew their weapons and fired.

Aside from the bang of their revolvers, the night was quiet enough that the smack-smacking of their bullets punching through the nurse's silky flesh could be heard clearly.

She didn't bother to wait for the last gunshot before she straightened, tipped over like fleshy Swiss cheese and hit the ground ugly.

When it was all over, Simmons and Carter ran over to the thrashing lump partially hidden under Tate's blanket. Simmons paused, knelt down, and pinched back the edge of the blanket. He could only look at his partner's face for a split-second before it overwhelmed him. Tate desperately tried to breathe as he gagged and choked on his own blood, grabbing at the mangled flesh where his esophagus used to be.

Reilly ran to his car and radioed for an ambulance.

"Officer down!!!!" he yelled into the receiver. "Get an ambulance here. Fast!"

McMahon and Shields approached the nurse's body with caution, stepping tentatively, arms held straight, but pointed down in text book, TV-cop style. She lay with her back, right shoulder and breast to them, twisted in a wildly beautiful pose.

She flinched once... twice...

McMahon pulled the trigger and fired into the ground, then lifted his gun and fired once more at the woman's head.

Instead of blood, the wound drained and spurted colors: reds, oranges, yellows, greens, blues, indigos, and violets. There was blood—real blood—pooling around her abdomen and chest, but from her head there were only colors, thick, frothy, and alive.

McMahon and Shields couldn't believe what they were seeing. Even as they watched the colorful liquid ooze five feet to the manicured lawn and soak into the dirt, their subconscious minds told them that it was impossible, that they must be seeing things, that maybe they were slipping. Each had his reasons for questioning his own

sanity, and neither of them knew if the other had seen the colorful liquid. And they just might have seen two eyes and a smile float by in the ooze.

McMahon was going to play it cool until Shields said something. That was the safest way. Shields, however, was planning to do the same thing.

Leaping full-throttle out of the quiet, laughter came at them in varied pitches and volumes, suggesting very large and very small things lurking inside the building, things that didn't sound at all like people laughing, but almost. Whatever they were, they were busting a gut. The sound was flowing from every window and doorway along the front of the building, as if heads with open mouths were leaning out. It contradicted what the officers saw through the lit windows, which was nothing: a lamp, maybe a dresser, a bed, a few paintings of scenery. They could see a few feet into the unlit windows as well. Clearly, there was no one there.

It was as if the weather had suddenly changed, the way the officers stiffened against the chill. The laughter had them ready to shoot first and shoot any-fucking-thing-that-moved. It wasn't as if "What to do when confronted with a gorgeous woman with eyes for nipples and a mouth in her gut" or "What to do in case of disembodied, inhuman laughter" was in the handbook.

Simmons, however, was beyond all that. Watching his partner gurgle and choke and drown in blood left him numb. The laughter tickled his inner savage and gave it an appetite for vengeance.

Carter was the first to snap out of “What the fuck!?” and snap right into panic when he realized that they were standing out in the open, completely vulnerable to... whatever was inside.

“Everybody take cover!” he yelled.

The officers scattered. By the time anyone noticed Simmons, he was halfway inside the main doors.

Crouching behind their cars, they watched the door slam shut.

Old cartoon characters reciting trademark phrases was the last thing Simmons expected to hear when he entered the main lobby—laughing woodpeckers, smartass wabbits, a stressed-out Chihuahua in the middle of a meltdown.... It was coming from the door-lined corridor at the back of the lobby. There were three rooms on either side, blue light flickering from the doorways like high beams. All the televisions seemed to be on.

What was going on?

The long corridor intersected with another a few feet from the fifth and sixth rooms. There was an office on the other side, directly ahead. There were letters on the frosted window of the door; some sort of official title, he guessed. He was too far away to read it.

Simmons paid little attention to the lobby he was standing in. He could not have cared less about the antique leather furniture, the Italian chandelier that hung from the ceiling, the brown and white murals of “roarin’ ‘20s” city life that decorated the walls, the wide, winding staircase that snaked upward to darker places.

The voices stopped as soon as his foot crossed the threshold from the lobby to the hallway. Static and pitch-bending radiofrequency noise filled the void. And there was one more thing: the smell of fresh paint. It was a toxic stench, so strong that it stung his eyes.

Strange, he thought, but currently it registered about a 4 on his “give-a-fuck” meter. Finding out who was behind what happened to his partner blotted out everything else.

Simmons came to the first two rooms and found nothing but an unmade bed and a television screen filled with static in each.

There were still four more rooms, and the office. He could read the letters on the office door now: Reigert Everhardt, MD.

Settling into his surroundings, Simmons thought he saw things on the walls all around him, and the ceiling, too—cartoon characters smiling down on him. Their smiles shook the weight of whatever they were trying to mask. It looked like anger, or maybe disgust.

The characters were born of completely different styles and levels of talent. He recognized a number of them from his youth; back when credits with names like Chuck Jones, Tex Avery, and Hanna-Barbera were burned into his mind. Others reminded him of Ralph Bakshi, John Kricfalusi, and Frank Frazetta—a few favorites from his teenage years.

They have kids here too, he thought. Then he noticed the nudity, both male and female. *What kind of fuckin’ place is this?*

A jumble of sounds indicated movement down the hall. It was coming from the office.

Snapping into position, his gun pointed, Simmons called out, “Somebody inn’ere?”

He turned his ear to the door and listened. The silence spooked him. It wasn’t actually dead silence, but a weird marriage of static, emptiness, and feverish pounding and muffled voices coming from the front door.

“Simmons? Open up...”

“You okay in there, Simmons?”

Simmons ignored them.

“Don’t make me have to come in there after you... whoever you are,” Simmons warned the eyes peeking out from behind the office door.

They disappeared behind the office door in reaction.

From his immediate left came a voice...

“Eh... I don’t think he’s coming out, bub.”

Simmons whipped left and ended up face to face with the things on the wall. Only now, he saw frowns; pink lips peeking out from black faces. It gave him a jolt. He backed away and spun to check the wall behind him. Same thing.

“What’s goin’ on in there, Simmons? Talk to me, man!” MacMahon said into the front door.

Simmons suddenly felt ambushed, closed in. Somehow his eyes found their way back to the office door. The eyes were back. They were watching him hard.

He started to back away when paint from the walls rained down on and around him as if an invisible levee had finally been breached.

McMahon and Shields fell into the lobby and right on top of each other. Carter and Reilly followed them and planted themselves into position, their weapons aimed at the “thing” that coughed and flailed at the air in the middle of the door-lined corridor. From its feet up to its waist, it looked like a man wearing police blue.

Simmons? They wondered in unison.

From the waist up, the man was animated—a weird, elongated caricature of Officer Simmons. Whatever it was that had painted him to look like some bastard lovechild of Stephen Gammell and Peter Chung was creeping down his body and coloring the rest of him.